

THE STONY
BROOK

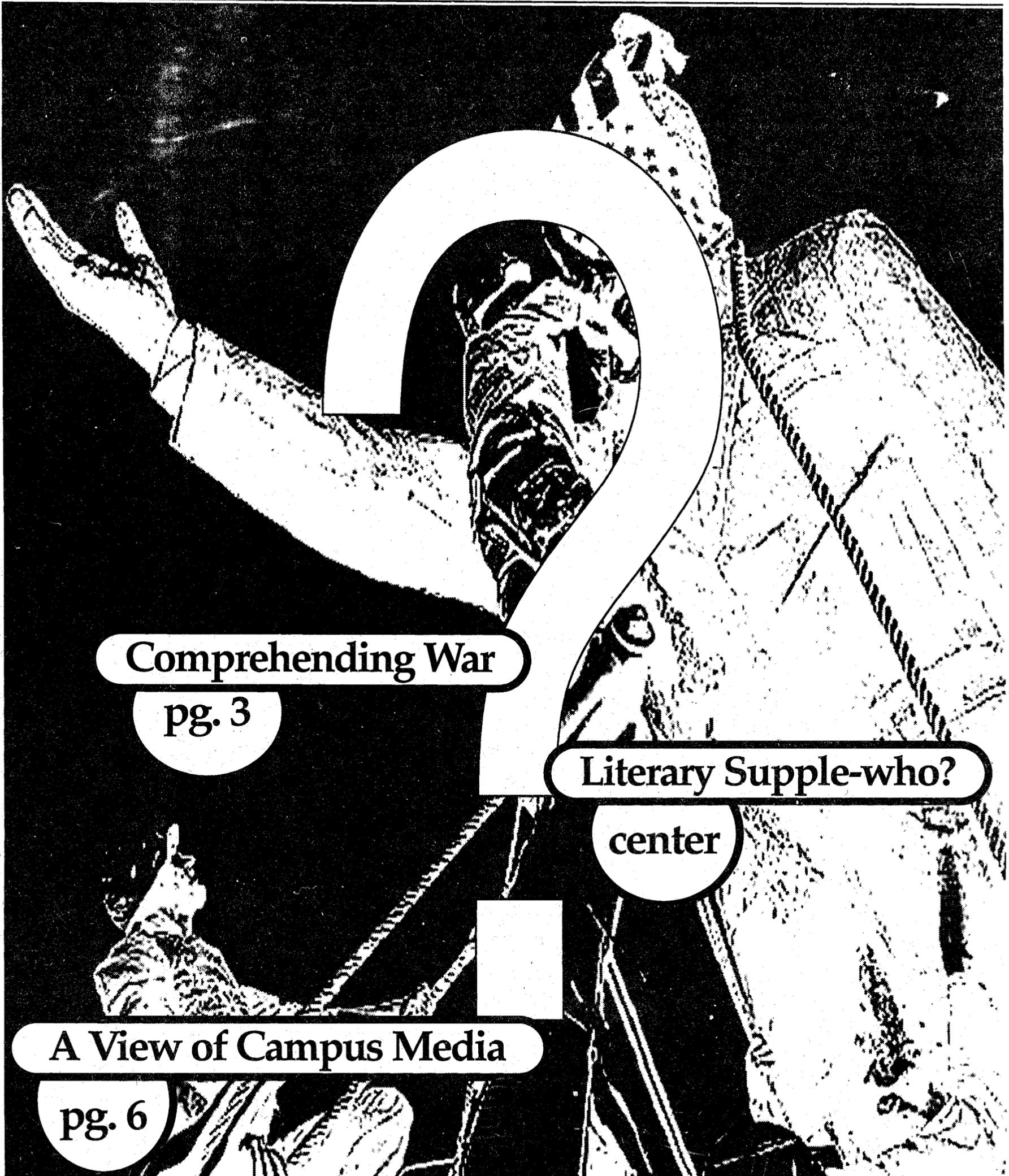


PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 12

"I'm feeling fat, and sassy"

April 24, 2003



Comprehending War

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Literary Supple-who?

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A View of Campus Media

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Drawing Lots on Easter

By Tim Connors

I can change the world, with my own two hands. I can make a better place, with my own two hands. We've got WXPN in Philly, which is where I got those lyrics. This is usually what I do when I can't think of anything to write, just sort of a stream of bullshit. It's not an effective writing style for essay tests, but hey, I'm not getting graded for this.

I missed yet another I-Con, so it goes. This time I was a few hours away, and. This is about as far as these articles can go before thought insertions start to interfere with alternative content that seems foreign to me. What would Byron do? Or rather what would Byron's Don Juan do? Just a little light reading on the side. You know, to pass the time.

Putting life into a coherent message takes effort since, as a neuropsychological evaluation reported, this writer "has an unconventional view of life, which makes conflict with others somewhat inevitable." To think, I paid someone to tell me I don't play well with others.

I hope "Funky Friday" starts soon; it's a local radio show. What, just because most Americans sit glue in front of cable TV doesn't mean I have to? Granted I watched the opening couple of days of the war. Last time I checked the constitution was during legal reasoning in the spring of '99 which I failed, twice. So maybe I shouldn't make any comments about the scope of Presidential authority?

This blatant disregard for proper paragraph transitions is, and has always been at the heart of the "not playing well with others" issues that I have. So am I a proud American. Maybe I'm just not participating properly, so Yeah for us or those damn elections stealing Nazis in the White House!

Should I go metaphysical and point out the karmic damage that bunker busters create? Nope too obvious - just let the thought inserts write this. Does I Con have long-term karmic effects? Only in the opposite way of Byron. Dharma: think TV show; Karma: think ABC war coverage.

Being slow relative to others, yet excelling at taking tests, makes for an interesting experiential juxtaposition. Most people talk to me like I'm a complete moron; well mostly the morons do that, but still. Granted I failed much more than I've succeeded in school, life, love, or... well this was going somewhere - damn thought insertions.

Warren Zevon should help with that, nothing like Hindu Love Gods. Not that I've heard this CD before, but there's always a call for Lawyers, Guns, and Money. Just the line of bullshit that was promised; hey, we can't have false advertising now can we?

This doesn't make linear sense, nor does life. Even the Good Book lays that out. Should we all take a Biblical perspective on life? Well, anything that's got that many parables can't be all bad. So shove me in the shallow water before I get to deep. Art's name, anyone? Just a random thought, not really inserted.

What is Truth? Definitely Roman's perspective versus a Prince's. Not that the Zevon rendition

of raspberry beret had anything to do with that last set of thoughts, yet what influence does environment have on people?

Was that forty dollars worth watching three hours of psych experiment photos to test eye reaction times of schizophrenics who were white males of the age specified by the study protocol? Can truth be measured with electrodes measuring the reactions to pictures of pornography alternated randomly with those of burn victims, and non-event producing objects?

So you'll excuse me for not taking a fond view of "Shock and Awe"; yet having watched some of the coverage, all that's missing from it are the mangled bodies. Well at least on American public TV. But there is the appeal of the attractive talking heads. The only differences this time around were that I wasn't wired with electrodes and that I didn't get a pittance for my time.

There's a line of thought that this war is justified in that we are our brother's keepers and that the Christian thing to do would be to ease the Iraqi's suffering. Should we sell advertising and use it as a form of entertainment? Well it's just the way it is, and I've seen way too many ads in my life.

The bible has some stories, and four of them are about this guy whom makes a pact with man as to the benefits of peace, love, obedience to God, and suggested a way to live that would be, by his own account, rewarded with persecution. Some hold that life is suffering, so should there be suffering for a reason, or for the pursuit of vanity.

So the question is: if life is suffering, and faith rewarded with persecution, is I-Con divine retribution, or a most unlikely tool for Satan? What's the difference? Remember - the Indians coming over the hill had no idea you were watching Television. Or in English - You will die! The wages of sin are death, but as the comedian said, "it's really just a tired feeling after taxes." So what did you spend the day doing, and how did you feel while you did it?

So you're probably thinking, how can you write stuff like this and listen to Zevon? I'm not; rather I am listening to Springsteen. A comment or two on music would be appropriate, but what do I know about that? But it's a way to pass the time 'til we spend all our time with dew on our feet smelling the daisies.

Well, I'm several hundred words short, but that's probably the way my life is going to turn out. So if I can deal with it, so can you. Ok, I tried to submit this, but I have yet to master the fine art of attaching files to e-mails. So now I'm past deadline - that arbitrary line where prisoners are shot for crossing. Learned that from WXPN, they help with vocabulary.

Currently I'm sitting on a brick patio, overlooking a cow pasture, and contemplating life's inequities. Two years ago I was waltzing the flight deck, and two weeks ago I listened to a pasty faced twit lead a church group in a private home. Both were disturbing, and yet oddly I feel I had more of a positive impact on the deck than in a church group.

I'd love to give details, as freak shows are amusing, but the small shred of decency (HA!). Anyway, about the title, I've decided to cast lots to see which religious institution I attend on Easter. Seems sort of fitting in a Roman soldier kind of way. I guess I should explain, since my mixed metaphors can get annoying.

It's time the cows come home to roost. That's a mixed metaphor; I guess casting lots to see whose portrayal of the remnants of Jesus' life embodied in various church's celebration of his death is flat out blasphemy. But it strikes me as odd that these churches casting lots to see who is saved or not like Roman soldiers divvying up the death booty. Or are God and Satan casting soul lots? Oh, well.

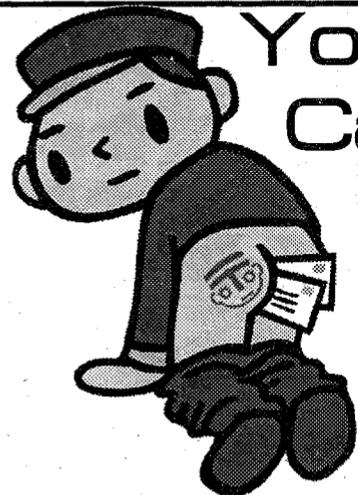
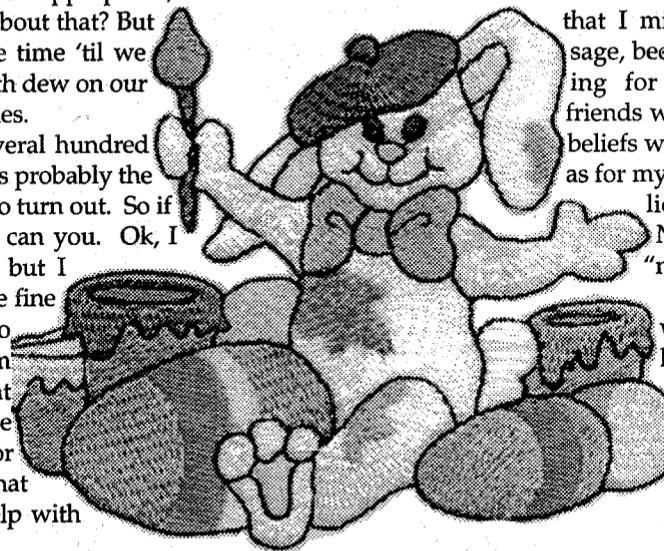
And yet as I sit in that room in a week, I will know that none of these people who consider themselves righteous, would think me righteous. Bush says he's righteous, Nuh said.

So if my lot has been cast, does what I believe matter? I'm going to die, hopefully as a not to bitter old fart, my biggest concern is to get through this thing without making a state sponsored trip to a criminally insane state hospital unit. I've met the people, they seem nice, but "you never know, do you?" Just a flash back to the locked unit of a regular hospital, funny the places where you can make friends.

"Whitey D. to you, damn it!" was one of the people that I rather enjoyed meeting during my forty day stay at the Cadillac of mental health resorts in Albany. I'd like to tell you who Whitey was, but his secret identity in the Mossad prohibits that, but I wanted to baptize him in keeping with some religious ideation that occurred to me in February of '96's stay at USB's doughnut track in the sky.

Now the problem with Byron is that I miss the superficial message, because I'm too busy looking for innuendo. I've had friends who shared their cultural beliefs while at Stony Brook. But as for myself, well, it's like a publications clerk at Newsday said to me "never say never."

Is this really who I am? A dangerous, lonely, unemployable, alcoholic, intelligent, stubborn, prudish, schizo-affective? Yeah.



You Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

(hint: It Rhymes With "Stained-Glasshole")

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Effects Of Decisions & The Invisible Education

By Scott Perl

Ok, so we did it. Upon reading Newsday the other morning, there was a title on the front page marking a victory for our troops and for this war: "Baghdad Falls." The photo in the background was of Iraqi civilians and United States troops forcing down a statue of Saddam Hussein. We did it; now what? Did we find any chemical weapons, or weapons of mass destruction? I have failed to see the status of those topics on any news report. As a believer of the methods and practices of our government combined with what I would like to think as a keen and able intellect, I feel that this war was more about the financial gain of this country rather than the freedom of the citizens of Iraq. Now I could be wrong; I hope all the time that I am wrong about many of the things in this world that happen because of the decisions of powerful people. So many inhumane, disgusting, and horrid things happen on our planet all the time. Most of it we don't see, so how would we even know it's happening in the first place?

One of the purposes of the United Nations is to prevent what we just did these past weeks. We went by ourselves, along with the backing of some other countries, and did what we wanted to do, thereby negating any consent needed from the United Nations. If the circumstances were on the plate of another country and they went on to engage war with their "enemy" we would consider that country "bad" because they are not following U.N. protocol. Indirectly, we have now opened a door for any U.N. country, if they feel the need, to attack any place they wanted to. How? First off, we just did it. Secondly, if that does happen, we really can't protest it because how much would we turn into the biggest hypocrites. We can try to protest it; if anything, I'm sure we will. But, some basis for this attack and regime change in

Iraq will be a more important reason for us to do it rather than any other countries' reason. We have set the example again that we are the most powerful country on this planet and we can do whatever we want. In a sociology class that I was in, Sociology of Technology (SOC-315 for those who are interested), we spoke of how the invention of the bow and arrow in wartime conditions changed the status of conflicting territories. One quote that I will never forget: "All of a sudden it wasn't about right and wrong anymore, but it was about how many archers you had."

Now one can view this article as being anti-American, anti-bush, or even anti-democratic; I ensure you it is not at all. This article represents a cry for the truth. Not two different versions of the same thing, but the exact unbiased truth. We have just set the example. We felt that something needed to be done about Saddam Hussein because of his possible possession of highly destructive weapons, so we started a war to topple the Iraqi government and take control of the lands that were in that territory and at the same time taking control of the oilfields and gaining a critical tactical advantage in the Middle East. Yet the media told me that the main purpose of this war is to oust Hussein and his buddies before they come at us with his arsenal of weapons (which were being inspected by U.N. weapons inspectors only to have found no evidence of weapons of mass destruction).

Another item that this conflict has created is a somewhat hateful element for any country that can help - France for example. With all the jokes and puns aside, we have taken a dim view of them all because they are exercising a given right to choose. The French government decided not to help the U.S. so we now view them as a child would view a parent that just said "no" to the

child's wish to buy a toy. In the child's eyes and mind he doesn't see the reasons behind the parent's decision; all he feels inside is that he is not getting what he wants. The French government has its reasons for not supporting us, just like we have our reasons for invading another country.

So what have we done? We won't completely know for some time; that is, after our specially assigned people take control of the Iraqi government. The "Invisible Education" that I speak of goes back to what we are teaching our children. Children are easily influenced by what adults say and do. It's by that example and what they learn from the outside influences of their lives that they build structures of morals and beliefs. Children don't understand the full aspects of the reasons for war and conflict among certain groups; they only see what is shown or told to them. They are not mature enough to put a common element among two completely different things. When they grow up and look back on this conflict, armed with maturity and knowledge, what will they see? Also, what are we teaching ourselves? Is it ok to bypass an organization designed to safeguard peace among nations to act out on our own, all because we think we are just in our cause? And, for that matter, are we just in our cause? Will we find the weapons of mass destruction that are the basis of this war? I clearly cannot answer these questions. I just hope that the answers are the truth, and that the truth has the highest degree of integrity. I hope, for the sake of the United States and British soldiers that are fighting as you read these words and for one of my best friends who is also fighting now, that the reasons for all of this are worth it.

Progress: Antithesis and Alienation

By Joel Frederic Hopkins

On display in the Melville Library Graduate Gallery for most of the month of March was an installation, titled Progress, by Dan Kitchen. A second-year MFA student in the Department of Art, Kitchen primarily explored the complexities of memory in visual representation, viz. the photograph. He also demonstrated an affinity to the role of kinetics in modern sculpture, an affinity highlighted by his exquisite handling of simple mechanics. Though a certain didacticism pervades most of Dan Kitchen's work, this show, his first solo show at Stony Brook, indicates that while Kitchen is drawing from definite sources of literary influence he still nourishes a serious visual aesthetic, and any viewer can realize the profoundness of his work to him.

Two mainly literary sources have influenced Kitchen in the past and play a particular role in influencing Progress. One is Tangled Memories by Marita Sturken, and the other is Burning Desire by Geoffrey Batchens. Sturken searches for the underlying logic of how photographs serve as anchors for our memory, and Batchens points out that it is not so important to decide who "invented" photography; rather, he looks at why so many individuals were working with photographic processes at the same point in history. Neither works necessarily address fine art photography as much as they explore the photography as an intimate phenomenon of man.

Through a series of machines, all built by the artist from crude motors, wood and paint, Kitchen tests Sturken's notion of the photograph as a secure anchor for our memories. Constantly

our memories reshape themselves, recontextualize themselves as the events become more distant. Photographs always serve as proof that such an event actually happened. The figures burned into the paper never age, move, or decontextualize themselves, which is our responsibility. Each one of these machines puts a separate photograph through an arduous experience to test their strength. One set of machines causes several photographs to dip in and out of solutions of water and bleach. Just one of these machines has no photograph; in its place is a medallion of St. Christopher, the saint who carried the massive weight of the Christ child across a river. St. Christopher is a fitting symbol for he is both the patron saint of travelers, connoting the fleeting security of our memories, and of load bearers, connoting the weight of our memories that photographs "bear." The solutions slowly disintegrate the photographs and thus rob the holder of any security in withholding the memory "as it was." Perhaps before the viewer even noticed the four machines dunking the photographs and medallion, they more than likely turned to the machine slowly pounding a small Polaroid. Similar in design to the "dunking" machines, the "pounding" machine rotated a wheel that caused a hammer to rise in an anticipatorily monotonous fashion and then crash down. In comparison to the photographs disintegrating in water, the photograph under the hammer seems undamaged and thus proves that the photograph's power does not come from its rigidity.

Throughout the experience of the instal-

lation Progress was the pulsing of light produced by another one of Kitchen's self-constructed machines. Built from a broken-down house fan, the pulsing of light allowed the viewer to see not only the bizarre collections of machines testing the durability of individual photographs, but also their own image being impressed upon the walls of the Graduate Gallery. This act is taken directly from Pliny's tale about the lover tracing her beloved's shadow on the wall before he left on an extended journey. The image of the shadow indicates that photography is not just another invention of the modern age, but the outgrowth of the ancient need to preserve the image for the benefit of our memory. However, Dan Kitchen's work seems to disconcert the viewer, illustrating a need to worry rather than simply visually explaining the work of recent art criticism. Light is persistently flashing, machines are grinding, a hammer is pounding, and the hygienic stench of bleach is slowly filling the space. The viewer is being shaken by Kitchen, the machines, acting as the means to change, are decomposing their existence. It should be the awful responsibility of time that causes our own memories to do this, but at least we have the comfort of knowing they only recontextualize around a constant, the photograph. Dan's alienating grind of kinetic extinction almost scoffs at this security, and the antithesis of recontextualization, the definite and inescapable, in this case the inevitability of decay, is presented to the viewer in one stark blow.

Editorial: Student Activity Fee

Starting March 28th and extending 'til May 3rd, Stony Brook students will be able to log on to the SOLAR system and vote on whether or not they would like to keep paying the currently mandatory Student Activity Fee (SAF). This year, the fee was \$86.50 a semester for full-time students, and \$7.50 a credit for part-time students.

It's human nature to want that money back in your pocket. But the SAF is, quite simply, the food without which all organizations and events on this campus would drop dead. It is the financial source that enables things like the Roth Regatta, Black Women's Weekend, the Shirley Strum Kenny Arts Festival, USB Week, and the Strawberry Festival, as well as Friday's upcoming Get Up Kids concert. It supports organizations like NYPIRG, LGBTA, Hillel, and SBU TV, as well as the Crew, Rugby, and Ice Hockey teams. It allows organizations like Blackworld, Shelanu, En Accion, and, yes, the Press, to continue publishing. It provides the money for your building's LEG. And that's not close to a complete list of things the SAF makes

possible. When you think of it that way, \$86.50 looks like a bargain, doesn't it?

Without the SAF, these programs wouldn't just be struggling, or forced to cut back programming. They would be gone, and this school, in terms of campus life, would be nothing more than a community college. After the efforts of so many people - students and faculty alike - to bring great events to Stony Brook, it would be a real shame for that to happen.

We also know that there has been some controversy this year over the SAF's distribution, what with Polity's decertification, the administration taking control of the SAF, and so on. But Polity is dead, and while we are very wary of the new student government, they couldn't possibly do a worse job than the previous student government (we hope). Besides, eliminating the SAF altogether is the wrong solution; it's killing an ant with an AK47.

We urge you to vote YES for the Student Activity Fee. Keep student life at Stony Brook in business. It's worth the money.

Editorial: Easter, when corporations get to rise from the grave

Easter. To Christians, the day when Jesus rose from the grave and various miracles ensued. Well, nowadays, all that seems to ensue is little children screaming about the color of badly painted egg they receive.

A brief history of Easter:

Originally, Easter was celebrated like every other holiday, on a day of the week which changed yearly. One day, an emperor named Constantine decided that was not good enough for him, so he fixed the date to be a Sunday around this time. Not only was this more convenient, but those pesky pagans has a holiday almost exactly around the same time as what we call Easter now, called Eostre. Eostre was the goddess of spring, and this was the holiday for honoring her. To help persuade Pagans to convert, the holiday of Easter was formed. It included all of the rituals the pagans had and the resurrection of Jesus added on to it. Just remember that next time you roll an egg around, you're really partaking in a pagan ritual to honor a goddess.

All that being said, Easter (or Eostre or whatever else you want to call it) really has lost significant meaning to people. This is supposed to be a pious holiday when the end of lent occurs, and your soul is symbolically resurrected, no? Why has Easter become a good

excuse to sell candy and toys that no one would ever buy at any other time of the year (except Cadbury eggs, those are amazing)? Commercialization of a holiday, any holiday, in any religion, has become a pretty sad fact. Yes, of course, there are those who celebrate Christmas and Easter and all that for the fun, the family and everything else less religious, but what about the people who drag their families to church, then run out so they can hit up the "after Easter sales" before all the good stuff is gone?

America is one of the few places where no holiday is too sacred to take advantage of. What do people know from Martin Luther King any more? They know it's a good day to be off of school and go buy a cheap DVD player. Not every holiday should be a completely somber experience, but just maybe there should be something deeper to an event like the resurrection of your deity of choice than the types of candy you can buy. Even to the atheist, can't you look at it as a good time to see all your family and friends since you all have off of work? Maybe holidays were meant to be exploited, but maybe if we paid attention to the reasons we had a holiday, and why it's important, we'd all be better off.

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Letter: Solving the Universe

Hiding the Truth

E=mc² is commonly known as the relativity equatio, or the formula that brought us the Atomic age (or the creation of the atomic bomb), and it is also well known that the creator of such a revolution was called Albert Einstien a man whose is hailed for making the impossible, possible. Since that point Prof. Albert Einstein has been awarded and appreciated for his, by some accounts, "impossible" accomplishment. However the man who created the Unified Field Theorem, the theory that expains where Prof. Albert Einstein formula is derived from remains ignored by the puplic, private and now the People the run this University. This man whose name is Professor Oyibo has been able to use Einstein's formula and work, and take it to the next level by Unifying not just enery and mass like in Einstein's equation but all of the forces around us. Recently on this campus there has been a request by over one thousand written signatures

of student and facuilty to invite this man on campus and the administration specifically the Provost of this University has turned down such a proposal. It is sad that such an accoplishment should go unreported on such a progressive, academically challenging and though provoking school due to the fact that certain people in this University prefer to hide the truth and keep it under the rug. It should be clear that such a heinous misdeed should not go unheard of and continue to be kept down we should fight for what the students and faculty wants to happen on this campus which is a presentation by Professor Oyibo. In order for you to help tell somebody about whats going on here spread the word on campus that your voice will be heard you opinions will not be silenced and the truth will be told.

-Joe Mantego

Are you a gay, lesbian, or bisexual person age 18-25?

A study of hassles related to sexual orientation is currently being conducted by researchers at SUNY Stony Brook.

Why participate?

Most studies do not represent the diversity that exists among gay, lesbian, bisexual, queer and questioning people.

This means that what society and science understand about you may not be accurate.

Help facilitate better understanding.

To get more information about this study, please contact William Mullane at (631) 632-7846. All calls are confidential.

Letter: The NY Press Blows

Y'all think you can rip our name and get away with it? Expect a letter from our lawyers soon. The settlement's gonna make your little tuition hike look like bent pennies.

Yours

Alex Zaitchik
Associate Editor
New York Press

It is sad when an editor of a professional newspaper thinks they are funny by threatening a student newspaper with lawsuits. The New York Press has stooped to a level that is even beneath that of The Stony Brook Press- empty threats. We say empty threats Mr. Zaitchik, because that is all you have thrown at us. It is our regret to inform you that our publication has been around 23 years, and yours, a measly 15. You Mr. Zaitchik, are not funny, so don't quit your day job. ...On the other hand, quit it, because you suck at that too.

-The Press

Campus Media Coverage, Statesman's

By Gregory Lubicich

There is some good news about Stony Brook Statesman. At least one Stony Brook Statesman editor is a person of integrity, as evidenced by his willingness to respond to a request from one Statesman reader's challenge to sign a sworn oath that he is neither "on the take" (from admin or anyone else) nor does he have any conflicts of interest. On the other hand, as far as is known, at least 7 of any 8 editors allegedly have NOT replied to the reader's challenge to express their willingness to sign an affidavit that they are neither "dirty" nor experiencing conflicts of interest.

More people may be wondering why Statesman may not be giving campus concerns more, and tougher, scrutiny. For example, a recent post on the StonyBrookSucks.com website (from 3/26/2003, 6:20 pm) states "...the main statesman editorials lately have been about Iraq, Iraq, terrorism and Iraq. Of course it's important to be informed about these issues AND THAT'S WHY ALL THE MAJOR MEDIA ARE COVERING THEM! EXTENSIVELY!! do the statesman editors actually believe that students are so lacking in opinions about Iraq? Are there no campus issues worthy of reporting and commentary? If the student media doesn't challenge the administration, who will? the statesman is abandoning its mission and giving a big 'fuh qu' to all its readers." While such opinions are bound to vary from person to person and websites should be taken with a grain of salt, such tough questions deserve honest answers.

Well, does Statesman "go lite" on the truth? On Nov 2, 2002, Newsday, and subsequently ABC TV, etc. ran a story about a DEC official (the DEC is on Stony Brook's campus) making some rather unfortunate remarks about drowning stray cats. This person may have spoken rather unwisely, and was reprimanded. That's the end of story, right? Wrong. Statesman never ran the story even though they knew about it. Why? Are their editors wiser and more experienced than the editors of every major media outlet in NY? Well, maybe this was an isolated incident.

On Thursday, November 21, 2002, Statesman ran a front-page story about Stony Brook Council, an oversight body for the university that "reviews all of President Kenny's major plans." This article mentions several members of the council. Was there any real investigation into why or how the members of this so-called oversight body got their appointments or if they have any possible conflicts of interest as a result? Well, it was not mentioned in the Statesman article, but at least one member of Stony Brook Council has pleaded guilty to "labor law violations...which included members of organized crime. A dozen gangsters were arrested in the case, including several high-level figures in the Bonanno crime family" according to a December 20th, 2002, article in The Village Voice (<http://www.villagevoice.com/issues/0252/robins.php>). The same article goes on to state that "thanks to tough federal lawsuits aimed at rooting out corruption in labor's ranks, members and officers of several unions, most notably the Teamsters, operate under strict rules that bar them from meeting or dealing with former officials who were removed from office for wrongdoing" or associating with convicted mobsters. If it is questionable whether someone would be legally permitted to be a union shop steward on campus, one should ask how such a person could get a position on an oversight body for the university. Yes, one SHOULD ask this, and Statesman didn't. While one may believe that the Statesman's journalists might not have both-

ered to search public court records, it would be hard to believe that they forgot how to use an Internet search engine.

On Thursday March 21, 2002 Statesman ran a front-page story about a plan for a campus recreation center. While the article does allude to the fact that students will be charged an additional annual fee if this project goes through, this article never mentioned that some students sent the floor plans to an architect who stated that it is overpriced by \$4 to \$6 million dollars. According to this architect recently completed similar facilities in the NY metro area that had about 74,000 square feet cost \$14,000,000 (no land cost, all union contractors). Perhaps as a result of the cost outrages, the students defeated the proposal once. The second proposal (referenda) results were thrown out by the student judiciary for a variety of offenses, and it remains a bit of a mystery why some people continue to claim, as implied in the article, that the project has "student approval." In addition, this project was proposed to the students at about \$16 million for 70,725 square feet. Almost magically, this project grew, and was proposed to NY legislature at \$21 million dollars for 88,000 square feet, which is outrageous even by the traditionally bloated construction cost standards of NY state (which are also available on the web.) The legislative bills included A09634 and S6100 in 2002. Read the Statesman article to see if it ever mentions explicitly that you will be charged an annual fee of at least \$150-\$200. Many people opine that you will be lining the pockets of fat-cat contractors, and their featherbedding cronies in return, for a white elephant rip-off.

Has Statesman changed in the year since that article? Well, on Thursday March 6, 2003, Statesman ran a front-page story about a plan for a "Center for Arts, Culture, and Humanities" in Tabler Quad. The price tag for the renovation of a building in Tabler Quad is given in the article as about \$3 million dollars. Some critical examination of the appropriateness of these costs in relation to the floor plans is not just warranted; it is obligatory. Private market construction costs for NEW facilities are about \$100 per square foot, and bloated state construction costs can run about \$175 per square foot for NEW facilities. Using a generous price of \$200 per square foot, the square footage of a NEW building should be about 15,000 square feet for \$3,000,000. A renovation should be even cheaper. Will Statesman now critically re-examine this project in light of this information? Will Statesman be vigilant and courageous about holding those with power accountable as is required by the Society of Professional Journalists Code of Ethics (See https://www.spj.org/ethics_code.asp)? Hmm, let's see - vastly inflated costs on construction projects, a convicted Mafioso on an oversight board - hey, there couldn't be a connection there. Could there be? (Get ready for your Docker's-brand cement shoes!) So why haven't you been reading these stories? Could it be that the campus media is highly filtered? Well, even if the editors will not sign "honesty affidavits", to clear the air, will Statesman now open their governing documents, certificate of incorporation, 2002 Form 990, bank statements, income statements, balance sheets, inventory statements, time sheets, bad debt listing, number of copies printed for each issue, telephone bills, editor stipends, and other items to the public scrutiny? One certainly hopes so, but there are some reasons why they may not.

According to line 46 of the scanned online versions of Statesman's IRS Form 990 available at guidestar.org (See reference #1), in fiscal

year 1998 Statesman allegedly started with \$25,713 in cash and finished with \$45,372. In fiscal year 1999 they allegedly started with \$45,372 and ended with \$53,883. In fiscal year 2001 they allegedly started with \$108,670, but oddly no figure is listed on these forms for the end of the year. If these scanned forms are correct, from 1998 to 2001 Statesman allegedly accumulated roughly \$89,957 in cash [$\$108,670 - \$25,713 = \$89,957$]. This is an alleged cash bonanza of roughly \$27,652 per year. Even more astounding, "Total liabilities and Net assets / fund balances" on line 74 of the same scanned 990 Forms may reflect an increase in wealth of \$93,236 over the same 3 years. If accurate, this would be \$31,087 per year in accumulated wealth [$(\$144,711 - \$51,448) / 3\text{yr} = \$93,236 / 3 = \$31,087/\text{yr}$]. This alleged annualized increase in cash and/or wealth may be more than the 2000-2001 \$23,300 Polity funding (or "subscription fee") cited in the Polity budget that Statesman published in their January 23rd issue (pg3). Statesman's annual alleged cash and/or wealth increase may be just about the same or more than the 2001-2002, 2002-2003, \$28,875 Polity funding (or "subscription fee") figures also cited in Statesman's own pages. The title Statesman gave for the Polity budget was "Are You Getting What You Paid For?" When it comes to Statesman, why are we paying at all?

Investigations by a district attorney's office into the newspaper industry have already found at least one massive scheme to inflate circulation figures in order to cheat advertisers. Criminal convictions followed (see <http://www.villagevoice.com/issues/0252/robins.php>), so one certainly hopes that there is a reasonable explanation for Statesman's readership "estimate." Statesman regularly prints that it has "...a weekly readership estimated at 30,000." Statesman's editors estimate of printing costs is "...roughly \$800 per issue" [See Statesman Jan 30, 2003 pg 6].

Using price quotes from other papers for cheap black and white printing, a maximum of about 2400 black and white copies would be printed per issue. Assuming zero percent overlap in the readership of the Monday and Thursday issues, to get a readership of 30,000, each copy of all 2400 presumed issues would have to be read by six different people. [$\$800 * 3\text{copies} / \$1 = 2400\text{copies}$, $30,000\text{readers} / (2400\text{copies} / \text{issue} * 2\text{issues} / \text{week}) = 6.25\text{readers} / \text{copy} / \text{week}$] More expensive color printing as Statesman sometimes uses would result in fewer copies per dollar, and thus even more readers per copy!

If other campus media sources failed to bring to light some serious questions about a fellow media source, they might be engaging in unethical behavior. According to the Society of Professional Journalists, journalists have an obligation to "Expose unethical practices of journalists and the news media." (See http://www.spj.org/ethics_code.asp) If a climate of censorship exists, it should be revealed, reviled, decried, and prosecuted as criminal coercion, a violation of NY State Penal Code Article 135 Sections 60-65, as well as a violation of Federal Civil Rights Laws, which can result in life sentences and often have no statute of limitations. (See <http://www.usdoj.gov/civilliberties.htm>, <http://www.thefireguides.org>). To do nothing, is to accept the devolution of our society into a police state. Being "quiet," rather than ensuring that you will be left alone, guarantees that you will be next.

If one wishes to read the truly fantastic

Continued on next page

Supplement

7 Kerosene

Spring 2003

photo- ceci norman

I Have Something To Say

Society is the cause of destruction of our humanity

Destruction caused by labels and stereotypes

Destruction caused by expectations of us as a people, when we are not treated as people

But as dogs

As shit

What have we been taught?

To judge people by their differences chastise them

Instead of embracing each other for our differences and similarities alike

We are SOOO progressive because we have reached a new millennium

But we still scrutinize others for not being "normal"

What the fuck is "Normal"?

We judge people for what they where, what they have pierced, what they look like.

We tell people they are weird because they don't fit in; they act weird.

What and who defines what weird is? Am I weird? Are you?

Misogyny still exists

Women are still objectified

Racism exists

Spics and Towel heads, Chinks and Niggers still get judged

We live in a world where money is still power

And 3% of the people own 80% of the wealth

Yeah, we have made it pretty damn far.

Slavery may not exist here anymore, but the chains always will.

History has taught us a lot, but has it really?

Faggots get beat up and killed all the time.

Dykes get harassed and raped because they are women, and why the hell not?

After all that's what Vaginas are made for, right?

Men are still taught to hide their emotions, and be macho, or else they would be sissies and fags

They are taught that they have privilege because of what hangs between their legs, so they go out and use that privilege

Everyone gets to be a minority, unless they are Caucasian, Middle class, Heterosexual Christian Male

Put all so-called minorities together, and what do we have? The Fucking Majority!

Millions of people suffered and were murdered because of that merciful God they believed in

Another country another time

Did we race in the 1960s?

No

When did we step in?

When our own interests were in jeopardy, and we suffered casualties.

So we helped put an end to an on going genocide. Good. We could have stopped it sooner.

This country was founded on the basis of liberty.

This country was founded by people who were escaping persecution.

This country was founded with the help of other people who were persecuted and taken as possessions rather than people.

Ironic?

We have persecuted and passed judgement and have repeated history over and over again.

Maybe not all in the same way, but the pattern is there.

The pattern of discrimination and abuse of people, human beings..

We do it everyday.

Is this the "American way?"

Or can it be stopped?

Can we all live with each other in peace?

Can we stop thinking about power and profit?

Can we stop thinking about labels and social norms?

We all live and breathe the same air

We all are very different from each other, and at the same time we are very much the same

We all want peace within ourselves

We just take different routes to getting to that place

That peace

I just hope that one day we can all eventually find the same route to peace, to life,

to our real selves

No more norms

No more labels

No more discrimination

No more war

No more pain

No more

-Anna Goldszyner

"shocker" by bublz

MIKE JHA

A CURE

I CAN SEE THE
HUES
OF YOUR TWO TONED DRESS
BLURING ON
THE SILHUETTE
OF THE SOON TO RISE
SUN.
THE MORNING
BRINGS THE NIGHT
OF
DRINKING
MUCH SHAME
AGAINST THE SOUNDS
OF DAYLIGHT
PEEKING
PAST THE NIGHT'S
WORRIES...
...DON'T LET
TOMMROW
GET YOU DOWN
"CAUSE THERE'S ALWAYS
A
CURE
FOR THE
BRIGHTNESS

WHY THE DEVIL LEARNED TO DANCE

SHE SITS AND PLAYS THE PIANO
FOR ME
IN VERY WHITES
AND DARK BLACKS
MATCHING MEASURES
TO THE
BEAT.
THE SHADOWS
SWARM THE VELVET
CURTAINS OF A DREAM
A STUMP OF A
CANDLE
DYING FOR US
ON ONE CORNER
DANCING
TO THE SOUND
OF OUR BREATHS
TAKING SIPS OF

THIS WARM NIGHT

WIND

THE WIND BLOWS ALL KINDS OF
LITTLE DUSTS IN THE AIR
SOME CARRY POEMS
SOME CARRY BETTER DAYS
SOME MARRY LITTLE WOMEN
WITH CRUSTY EYES
SOME DIE ON MUDDY FLOORS
BUT THE ONLY ONES YOU
AND I
CARE FOR ARE THE ONES THAT
GET IN YOUR EYE

CHRONIC

A SMALL ASIAN LADY CAME UP TO
ME WHILE
WAITING ON THE UNDERGROUND
PLATFORM FOR
MY TRAIN TO ARRIVE.

-SMOKE ALWAYS KNOWS ITS WAY IN
THIS WORLD OF CONSTANT MOTION
SHE SAID IN WHAT I BELIEVED TO BE
CHINESE.

-I'M SORRY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND
CHINESE
I TOLD HER.

-WE ARE DRIVEN BY A CENTRIPHICAL
FORCE. SOME CALL IT FATE BUT IT'S
MOSTLY REPETITION
SHE CONTINUED

-LOOK LADY, I DON'T SPEAK CHINESE.
I'M KOREAN YOU SEE

-WHEN I DIE I WANT A TREE PLANTED
ON TOP OF THE GRAVE WITH A
WINDCHIME TO SING WITH THE BIRDS
THAT WILL REST ON THE BRANCHES.

I SHOOK MY HEAD AND SMILED. I
WANTED TO IGNORE HER BUT SHE
WAS TOO LOUD.

WHEN SHE FINISHED HER FACE WAS
BLANK. SHE WALKED AWAY AND MY
TRAIN ARRIVED

FOR CHARLES BUKOWSKI

SOBER,
MIND YOU,
I AM CAPABLE
OF THIS DEATH YOU
SPEAK OF,
SUDDENLY
SINKING INTO MY
PURE AS HELL
GUTS...
BUT ANOTHER DRINK
SIR
AND THIS WORLD BECOMES
A PRIVATE
JOKE AGAIN

SOMETHING TO SMILE
AT
WHEN THERE'S NO TIME
TO WASTE ON A SLOW
TIDE
TO BURY MY TIES

TO THIS SEASIDE

photo- cecy norman

Bedtime

-Deborah Hauger

Night

Reach for you

Retreat

Sharp edges, angles, points

Honed, taut, coiled

To spring, pounce, leap

Attack what?

Morning

Limbo tangle, melt

Effortlessly dissolving

Warm, familiar fragrance

Molecular magnetism

Seamless union

Complete

I have dreamt of gardens in the desert sand.

I spent my tender feather hood near the skyscrapers of New York.

I was afraid of heights.

I would always stay close to the ground.

I spent my time in the presence of kindhearted old people, who would graciously throw nuts for me.

It was accidental that I got shipped to the mountainous terrains of Iraq.

A tense soldier was surprised to see me in a box,

that was supposed to carry provisions for the soldiers.

He must have been confused, possibly annoyed too.

Maybe he felt happy to see a symbol of peace.

Irrespective of his feelings, I felt relieved.

For me all that mattered was whether I could get myself freed from that basket that caged me and had nothing to offer other than darkness.

gushing blood from his body colored my once white feathers with redness of the setting Sun.

I cried.

I too was dying.

I feel that the "me" that was portrayed as the symbol of peace by Picasso is dying.

I am no more the innocent bird, that would wait and pick up the nuts.

Now I have to hunt my own food.

I sharpened My gentle nails and made them claws.

I tore the flesh of sparrows and rodents.

I ate flesh ... something I imagined would never happen to me.

I have become a hawk in the hills of Iraq.

I no more dwell in lowly heights.

I dwell at great heights in the hills like the great predators of the sky.

Picasso would have seen an eagle in me, had he lived long enough. I have seen blood.

I have seen children get separated from their parents.

I have seen what a dove was not supposed to see.

Nowadays as I soar high to the skies to hunt

...there is a part of me that seems to cling to an idea

And I wish that my whole self will embrace it,

or at least I can hold to it for a long time.

I wish that it will rain heavily in this desert,

And the pure white color of my feathers

now smoked with gun powder and stained with red blood will resurface.

Some day a child will cry" look ... there is a dove in an eagle's place."

I am dead for Picasso.

I am living for my feathers.

Dirty Feathers

by Perumal Ramasamy

The soldier who freed me became my master.

I loved him as he had given me my freedom.

May be freedom in Iraq begins with me.

He even named me "Harry."

Sometimes in the deep desert, I was his closest companion.

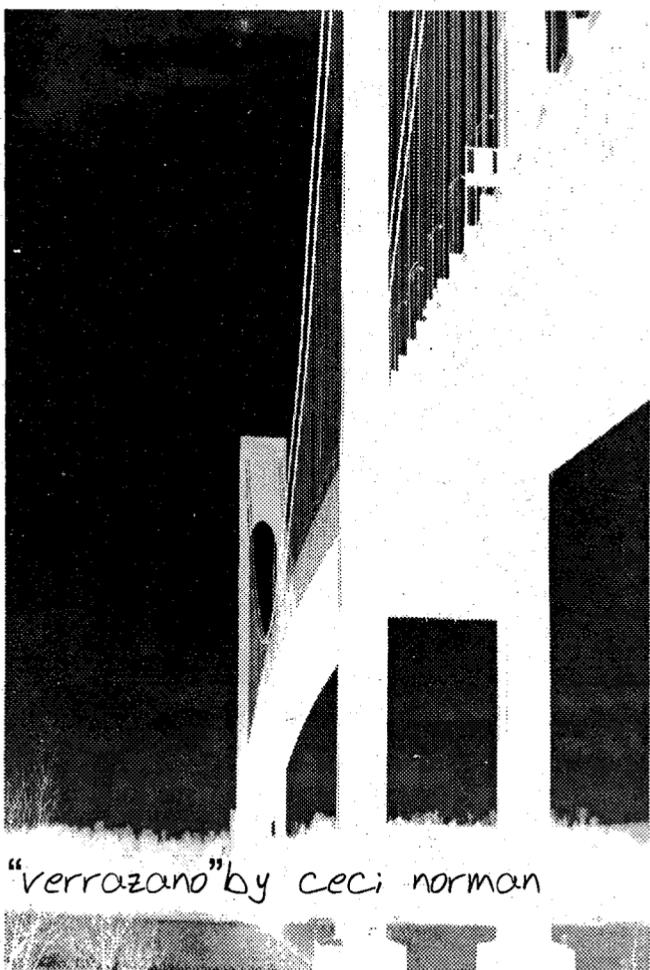
He would shoot at his targets and I would stand stunned close to him.

I have gun powder sprinkled all over my body.

The smell of death and war has made me senseless

to the fragrance of the desert rose. One day, I watched my master die.

He was shot in his head and the



"verrazano" by Ceci Norman

...And So I Was Created

By Vikil Girdhar

SO MANY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS:
As I lay in bed with both hands
upon my face, and desperation
each step of the way - I long to
envision a dream, any dream, as
gruesome as it may be, that can
easily put me away to sleep.

MY EYES KEEP ON BLINKING:
With the darkness crawling up
inside my skin, I happen to see
the shadow that makes my
head spin. And in this frantic
attempt to get through the
night, I become a paranoid
soul in search for a dream, to
help put away this fright.

ALL I EVER WANTED:
All I ever wanted was a dream
to show me another sense of
sight. Something that would
make me feel as if I'm right.
The last thing I need is to be
judged by the words I write.

AND NOW I REALIZE:
The only thing this world ever
wanted to do was point its
fingers at a guy like me.
But you see - as an excuse
to say that I'm the man
that every one always hated,
I'm proud to say this is the
sole reason I was ever created.

SPEAKING DOES NOT HELP:
In fact I have lost speech,
just because my mind has
spoken enough for us both. Yet
my desire for twisted thoughts
shall never fail to close. And
through my window I can see
my best friends shun themselves
away, in fear I will corrupt
their world and make it gray.
The fact that everyone else
has labeled me an outcast
does not seem to help. I
rather remain secluded within
my own arms than to hear
their shouts and yells. From
the time I was put away till
the day that I die, I swear to
pour my heart out until I make
the stone-hearted cry. As for
now, this is all I have to say.
It's about time I stop this moan
and groan, and keep on living
this life all alone.

THIS IS HOW IT WILL BE:
I must learn to quench this
desire for my very own sake.
And in that attempt, this poet
continues to sleep with his
eyes wide awake.

"leo reflection" by ceci norman

Lynne and Lza in Summer

-Bev Bryan

Will it be enough, hardly a photograph,
to lead you back to this place?

If I lay the words down one by one,
heavy, stupid flagstones, this morning,
cold and dim with all of you asleep,
could you follow them back to find me here?

Where I am watching you.
This moment where you are showing me things.

Crumpled in your bodies,
yesterday's party dresses still warm with
the night on your backs.
Things I don't get to see every day.

Still palms and the shy arches of your feet,
wrinkled covers speaking about your dreams and troubles.
The language is unintelligible to me but I recognize the shapes of the characters.

There is one half-closed fist twitching like a wet-winged butterfly,
like a leaf disturbed by the rain.

The only movement obscuring this stillness in which
I can construct my love for you before I have to go.
Just visible by the half-undressed window
casting green light through the beer bottles standing empty.

Sad that You're Sleeping

A spider weaves webs around brain cells,
Throb throat closed, impose pictures over the
face,
Cardboard clothes to cover the holes,
Hide bruises with blemish remover,
Piece together emptiness with Target products,
Throw away sentiment in trash receptacles,
They'll be picked up each week while you're
asleep,

Their eyes will creep across the dark landscape,
Sad to be alone, sad that you're sleeping, sad
that there's a job to do.

Mechanical beeps to stir you from sleep,
Car hum sedates anxiety's call,
Something's not right, it's not right.

Caffeine, nicotine, Prozac, codeine, morphine
will calm it.

It's all okay, it's okay,

-Jackie Hayes

photo- ceci norman

ALPHABETICAL ASSAULT

Joseph Colavito

An albatross,

Approaching
Armageddon.

Bombing bases,

Being benevolent.

Chance catches.

Can't cover.

Duck, dive, dodge,

Deliver deadly.

Empirical equations.

Equators erupt,

Flash floods,

Find friends.

Get goin',

Go get God!

Hidden heavenly,

Hounds howl.

Imitate immaculate,

Irradiate impossibility.

Juggle, jump,

Jingle Joe.

Known knives

Kill kids.

Leave life,

Live lies.

Malicious minds

Mold men,

Next narcissists,

Never...NOW!

Open operations,

Over options.

Presidential palaces,

Poor prophets.

Questions, queries,

Quarreling quarry.

Random revelations

Ride revolutions.

See sides.

Seas saturate,

Tides turn,

Time ticks.

Universal understanding.

Underground
underdogs.

Vicious vessels,

Vivacious visions,

When we,

Wrap worlds.

eXcalibur's extinct,

eXhibits exonerate,

Y et yesterday's,

Y earlings yearn.

Zen.

ZEALOTS!!

Six minutes and twenty-nine seconds.
For six minutes and twenty-nine seconds,

I stared into her eyes.

Taken aback from the trance I was in,

All breathing ceased to rise.

What started out as a game,

Turned into something more,

Yet I cannot recall.

Speaking to each other,

Without the use of words,

Smiles lurked upon our lips,

No other sounds to be heard.

Eyes locked upon

each other,

Tighter than tight,

And it went on that

way,

Even as we felt darkness strike.

This was my time,

To focus all my attention,

On the magic in her eyes,

bringing me into another world,

With their mysterious tries.

I chose to look on,

Just wishing for another moment,

So I can prolong my stare,

And capture the beauty

That even she knew was there.

Tears trickling down her eyes,

With the force to go on,

Her stare turned into a blink,

Yet I kept looking on.

The game was over.

As I saw her wiping the tears,

Off the surface of her coat,

I forced myself to look away,

Into the distance so remote.

I finally blinked too,

Not because my eyes gave out,

Rather because it had come to an end.

Is this what it's all about?

Blink and Stare

By Vikil Girdhar

My eyes watered as I

took that blink,

Silence followed,

causing us to think.

Neither of us knew what to say,

So we continued in our very own way.

Six minutes and twenty-nine seconds.

For six minutes and twenty-nine seconds,

I blinked,

I stared.

And after it was over,

I realize that I still cared.

Too bad that we had run out of time,

I could have gone even further,

The length of a lifetime.

\$100K Cash Bonanza, and the Mob

Continued from last page

journalism that Statesman once had, go to Newsday.com, click on archives, do an advanced search in years 1995-6 using the terms Polity Stony Brook. If you want to read the "hard news" once published by The Stony Brook Press, go back only a very few years into the Press's archives in the basement of the Union, and read the articles written by Steven Preston. If you want to discover how well or how poorly Stony Brook University's student publications compare with those of other colleges and universities, visit the Student Press Law Center at <http://www.splc.org> and click on News Flashes.

On this campus we have some fine media publications that serve the general inter-

ests of the students as well as specific cultural, ethnic, or religious interests. These are usually funded by student activity fee money, and include but are not limited to the Stony Brook Press, Blackworld, En Accion, Shelanu, and GSO News and Blues. Each publication presumably spends only those funds that they need in order to publish at whatever level of activity they can support based on the number of writers and articles available.

Any funds budgeted but not spent by student activity fee funded organizations are usually either rolled over or reallocated to other clubs. There may be one exception to this rule - Stony Brook Statesman - and there are some unanswered questions about why this may be.

References: Reference 1:

<http://www.guidestar.org> Click on "Search for more than 850,000 IRS-recognized nonprofits" and in the "nonprofit name" box enter "Statesman" click on link to the data on Statesman Association, Inc. under "Contents" on the left hand side of the screen click "Form 990"

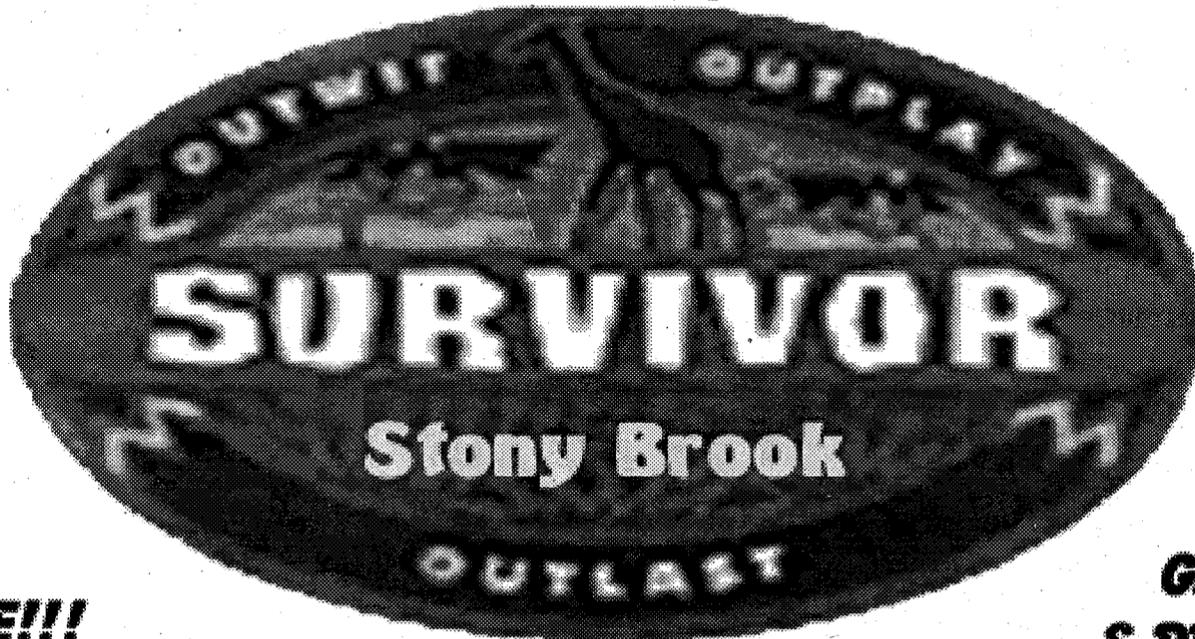
Reference 2: Student Paper Archives Allegedly available on the media wing in the basement of the Student Union.

Reference 3: The Villiage Voice http://www.villagevoice.com/issues/0252/rob_bins.php

Reference 4: See <http://www.usdoj.gov/civilliberties.htm>, <http://www.thefireguides.org>

The Inter-Fraternity Sorority Council Proudly Presents:

31 Organizations 6 Days 0 Alliances



**ALL
ARE
WELCOME!!!**

**FUN
GAMES
& PRIZES!!!**

2 Survivors

Monday, April 21: Phi Chi Epsilon Beauty Pageant

SAC Ballroom B, 8pm

Tuesday, April 22: Game Show Night

SAC 3rd Floor 8pm

Wednesday, April 23: Talent Show

SAC Auditorium, 7pm

Thursday, April 24: Luau, SAC Plaza, 5pm

Friday, April 25: Basketball Tournament

Pritchard Gym, 5pm

Saturday, April 26: Picnic

Sports Complex Fields, 11am

The Raveonettes - Whip It On

By Sam Goldman

The first thing you'll notice about the Raveonettes is the packaging. Seemingly straight from a 70's horror movie, it evokes the sense of old-fashioned retro fun from the Danish twosome of Sharin Foo (vocals and bass) and Sune Rose Wagner (guitar and backup vocals) are trying to bring about in their songs. Clocking in at just over 20 minutes for an 8-song CD, "Whip It On" is equal parts Velvet Underground and Phil Spector (Spector's "wall of sound" is a huge inspiration to the band), with a little Blondie-esque punk thrown in there.

You'd think that a bunch of songs put together under the same key (Bb minor) with sad, drawn out vocals would grow tedious after a while. Although the album itself is short enough to prevent that, don't listen to it more than once or you WILL reach for the Aleve. That being said, even though the songs have a kind of rough feel, (all were recorded in one take, though not necessarily the first), in the end they are candy coated pop songs, and they, more so than any other garage-rock band, will get you off your feet and jumping to the music.

The last thing you'll notice is that when the CD is over, the silence in the room is almost palpable. The Raveonettes' wall of sound has been broken. But for twenty glorious minutes, you could feel the B-movie creatures in the room with you, crawling up your spine.

The Ataris download card

By Sam Goldman

So Sony gives us a card telling us to go

online where we find 30-second clips of their new album. Has the threat of online piracy so fucked everyone up that labels have to do this now?

Then, when I listened to their first single, "In This Diary", it hits me. This band is one of those nice, clean rock bands that are guaranteed to be big sellers and have their faces plastered all over MTV. But the song is full of crisp vocals, signifying nothing.

The problem with The Ataris is that they are an emo band with no emo. There is no emotion - none, not even a fucking drop - to be found in ANY of Kris Roe's vocals. They claim to be punk influenced on their website, but the band is about as punk as The Exies and the like. To their credit, they DO remake Don Henley's "Boys of Summer", one of my favorite guilty pleasures.

The deal is this: An emo band HAS to be passionate. By passionate, I don't necessarily mean they have to scream. But if they don't sing and play with passion, all an emo band becomes is a middle-of-the-road rock band. The Ataris are talented musicians, but their music is full of sound and fury, sadly signifying nothing. But hey, they'll sell records, right?

Coheed and Cambria - Second Stage Turbine Blade
By Beverly Bryan

Most of the songs on Coheed and Cambria's first album "Second Stage Turbine Blade" set out with chord progressions as shimmering and spacious as a new dawn, drums like the excited heartbeat of a teenager in love and lots of crashing cymbals. Then the vocals kick in and you realize it's going to be another strange, plaintive trip. The emotional space created is that of

standing on a promontory in a cold, desolate future, lucky only to be free of the bitter old world you've left behind. In real life that makes for a kind of sick feeling in the pit of your stomach - musically, it translates into grandeur. The bright guitars and relentless drums keep the music from leaching all serotonin from one's brain. A little shimmering synth gives the album a period feel.

Guitarist and lead singer Claudio Sanchez writes the songs. His eerie, ringing voice is the most arresting thing about Coheed and Cambria. Childlike and androgynous, it complements the enigmatic lyrics. They tell a story part tragic coming of age novel part space opera. Trying to decipher the lyrics can be like unraveling a bizarre story of violence and betrayal through the words of a stunningly imaginative but slightly out of touch middle schooler. Coheed and Cambria are avowed comic geeks and rumors circulate that the album title and story is also that of a comic book that may or may not be in the

works.

The songs are catchy as all hell, especially "Devil in Jersey City" and "Delirium Trigger" (the two mp3s available on their web page) but nowhere near banal enough to ever get airtime outside of college radio stations. "Delirium Trigger" takes a page from David Bowie's "Space Oddity" and sketches something richer and more disturbing on the blank side.

You could probably get away with calling them emo or emo-core or someotherhyphencore. The word progrock is silly and distasteful. They tour with emo and hardcore bands and give props to At The Drive In. For the song "Hearshot Kid Disaster", Sanchez' vocals are accompanied by the other guitarist roaring in an unintelligible hardcore manner. It works out.

The album is full of the kind of rolling orchestral dueling guitar passages that can be really tedious. They would be if the band perpetrating them were not so very good. It might be a campy album if it didn't just overshoot camp to touch a kind of piercing beauty. The Rush-like gooty quality somehow just sharpens that. And they are influenced by Rush and Journey. I swear they don't suck.

There are some popular tricks used on some tracks: odd samples of speech and everyday sounds, warm "lo-fi" background noise. The intro on a couple tracks is this distorted tinkly piano—like a children's toy being played with in an empty basement or a very old recording. It's not right how easily it creates the feeling of displacement and nostalgia that it does. The album ends with a brooding piano outro followed by a hidden track that features science-fiction computer samples and the only finger picking in the whole oeuvre. It's possibly the most defeating of them all. Sweet and soaring as the album is, the last time I listened to it, I had to put on Bright Eyes afterwards to cheer up.

Coheed and Cambria have been around for a couple of years and this, their first album, was released on the Equal Vision label in March of last year. According to a posting on their message board, they are working on another album for a possible fall release. They are slated to play Randall's Island with the Warped Tour in August.

Stereomud: Every Given Moment Review

By Adam Schlagman

A couple years ago I was lucky enough to purchase tickets to a K-Rock Low Dough show. The show was in the city and Stereomud and Tantric played at it. Stereomud played first and easily stole the show, while Tantric was lackadaisical and awful. Stereomud's big song at the time was "Pain," which was very good. I purchased their CD at the show since they sounded great. This was their first CD and now finally their second CD, titled "Every Given Moment", has been released.

The CD is comprised of 11 songs and the CD lasts for over 35 minutes. It seems to be a trend that most CDs these days are very short and never even reach 40 minutes. Well, anyway, back to the CD. This, their second release, is very similar to their first CD, yet not quite as good. The first song "Show Me" showed great promise with a good beat and nice vocals by Joey Z. Another good song is "Coming Home." It's softer than the other songs, but is very well done. The good thing about Stereomud is that you can understand them, not like a lot of rock groups where they are always screaming and their lyrics aren't being heard. I do have to say that the lyrics are well written and that Stereomud is a talented band.

All in all though, this CD is not up to par with their first CD. So you should go to the store and purchase their first CD and only buy this one if you are a diehard fan.

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THE COMICS SECTION

Der Kommisar

Vol. 1, Issue 2 : Tashem

by Phil "Slim Gatsby" Pipitone

After that encounter with Anthrax Man, we never saw him again. We resumed our daily lives, going to school the following Monday at Tashem High School, returning to the usual meeting place, full of the usual entourage of posers, preps, punks, and goths...

Y'know...we come here every morning...surrounded by the same morons...and why?

Why am I even here?

I hate 'em.

So, guys...anything going on with D-E-R-K-O-M-M-I-S-A-R today?

We're in our Senior year... people here can spell.

I like his outlook...

Well, I can't go out and fight crime, I have a project for biotech that's due tomorrow, and I still need to get some supplies!

What???

That's enough, thanks.

You'd think so, wouldn't you?

Supplies?

Yeah...unfertilized eggs.

Well, every 28 days...

That's fine. I made plans to hang out with Darrian tonight, anyway.

Darrian? You mean that crazy bitch who thinks she's a dragon?

Heh... bitch.

What? No, I...uh... yeah.

Who is Darrian? Who is Bill Emos, and WHY does he smell like soup? Where are the token, politically-correct African-American and female characters? Unfertilized eggs? What the fuck? The answer to all of these questions, abstract thoughts on cloning, and more murder and mayhem in Issue #3: Enter: The Blue Dragon, Meanwhile, more Der Kommisar is online at www.bobanett.tk This one goes out to all those at the Press, for finally letting these guys see print, and rise to their destiny: offending, insulting, and saving the world.



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Battle of the Century

Baby Eating

VS

Getting Punched in the Face

TOP TEN

Things Worse Than SARS

PRO

- "Quit complaining or I'll give you something to cry about"

- Lowers the population

- Saves animals

- Chicks dig cannibals

- Bones make great toothpicks

- Excellent source of protein

- Cheaper than veal

- The irony of wearing a bib

- "Anyone hungry for some Shish-Ka-Baby?"

- Something to cry about

- Tough love

- Chicks dig scars

- Lets people know yer bloody 'ard

- Beats getting kicked in the nuts

- You can pretend you're in Fight Club

- At least it's not two for flinching

- Think of the workman's comp

- Get rid of those unsightly teeth

- Nose blood tastes slightly reminiscent of baby

CON

- Little finger bones get stuck in throat

- Sucks when someone devours your own

- Don King

- Some call it "socially unacceptable"

- Bet you can't eat just one!

- Tends to be gamey

- Fontanel gets stuck to the roof of your mouth

- Not a good source of potassium

- You have something in common with Shirley Strum Kenny

- Happens a lot when you get caught eating babies

- Sorta hurts

- Usually followed by more punches in the face

- Having to walk around with that stupid nose bandage

- Don King

- Results in a clinical syndrome characterized by immediate and transient alteration in neurologic function including alteration of mental status and level of consciousness, resulting from mechanical force or trauma

- A simple "No, I won't give you mouth-love," would have been sufficient

10 The day you realized your parents had sex

9 Waiting for President Bush to complete a sentence

8 SARS: The TV Movie (starring Glenn "Squirrel" Given as SARS)

7 Every time there's a global pandemic, that fucking outbreak monkey cashes a royalty check that could put you through Harvard.

6 Just when things are starting to get hot on your third date, and she makes you stop to put on a surgical mask

5 Premature ejaculation

4 Spending \$90B on death when SARS gives it out for free

3 Being a fluffer for a bestiality flick

2 Losing your dignity and honor by weaseling out of a paintball game

1 SARS Twice

Stony Brook Does Want You to Die

By Jen Looi

As I was heading down the stairs to exit Roth dining hall, I was stopped in my tracks by a thud. Looking around to see what and who hit me, I saw a huge chunk of ceiling tile inches away from my feet and then looked up to see a huge hole in the ceiling. I had a tile fall on me, shattering upon impact to my head and shoulder. I was in shock, thinking "W.T.F.", and I think the girl behind me was thinking the same thing. I walked out in disbelief. No pain...YET. When I got back to my room, I decided to give Shirley Strum Kenny a piece of my mind; yet another failure of BASIC student services. Is safety too much to ask? I called her up and got a secretary, who gave me her email. No response yet. I missed AMS to get checked out by the infirmary. Ok so far. My hat and the fact that the tile wasn't heavy saved me. While filling out forms, I found a piece of the tile lodged on by backpack - it was wet. The ceiling had extensive water damage and it basically fell apart on me! They should have put up netting to catch falling debris if they couldn't fix it right away. Many of my friends urged me to get a good

lawyer and sue Stony for all its worth. It would be nice if they paid for my education.

The next day, I went to class and pain was traveling throughout my entire head. I was freaking out so I went to the University Hospital to get checked out. I headed to triage and wait to be seen. The Physician's Assistant said I had a minor contusion. I was there for a good hour or so. My room was right across the Intensive Care Unit - no wonder no one was tending to me! The doc took my vitals, told me that I was highly aware of any pain in my head since the accident and that it could be anything. I left to pay my bill.

A week later I emailed the President again. Shirley's too good to respond to the students she serves. She's made it so easy to see why she is loathed throughout the campus. Days later, I get a response on BEHALF of the President asking me to discuss the matter. I guess it takes some scare tactics to get them to take me seriously. I am not so concerned with going to court, only that they address the problem and not have anyone killed because of negligence. My God, what if

there was a nail in that tile? I may have not been able to write about this! I know they want to silence me.

During Spring Break, I speak with Mr. Meyer, Assistant Vice President for Presidential Initiatives and Deputy to the President. Whew. How long can that title get? Anyway, I explained the incident and my visits to the infirmary and hospital. I asked if I'd be responsible for paying the hospital bill if my co-payment didn't cover it. He actually said that he would help me get it waived if that was the case.

The day I got back from Spring Break, I received a letter from the President thanking me for bringing the situation to her attention and that she had people looking into the matter. I went back to Roth to check for the hole in the ceiling and it was actually fixed.

MORAL: If something sucks, COMPLAIN to the right people. HOLD them responsible if they are at fault.

Ask Amberly Jane

A Column by Amberly Jane

Again trekking through the wilderness, again on some sort of psychoactive drug, this time five of us are celebrating our dear friend's birthday. After gazing up at the forked branches, alive and breathing, forming and reforming patchwork diamonds, we emerge from the dense forest of spring buds, delirious, and I find myself standing on this sandy bluff, with its milky-white drop-off, staring ahead toward the water. To me, it looks like the cerulean blue ocean, but I am reminded that it's the Sound, by Kevin, one of my partners in crime. It's windy - but it's always blowing on the Island, and Apollo is brilliant and soaks me through; I recall what someone once said - that laying in the sun is like having sex with God.

As I stare ahead, transfixed by the multi-layered shapes and movement I see in the water, I notice four yuppie soccer-mom types, walking their dog along the waterline below; they notice me looking down and, after pointing me out to each other, I hoisted the "V" signal but they did not return it. I was struck by the distance between us; to them I was just another deviant trespassing day-tripper - a lunatic on the fringe. And to me they were just ants below, marching in step to the prescribed way of freshly-pressed Dockers and support for an unelected president.

Hours later we all surfed the bluff down to the shore and made 500 or so yards of beach art, balancing discarded stumps, stones and other debris, before packing it up and going to the diner for some much-needed comfort food and fellowship, now that we could all form sentences again.

I left for home with a dozen or so scrapes and scratches of unknown origin, sand in the damndest places, a few more freckles, and a pocket-full of discarded gum wrappers and time-worn stones I collected but didn't remember collecting.

That was yesterday. Today, with deadlines past, I'm writing in full overdrive, tired and wiggly, distracted from no sleep - or at least not enough. I have to crack this awful habit of procrastination.

But I have many excuses.

My 15-year-old niece Vanessa came to visit me from upstate this break. We ate at the SAC, made fun of the name, I took her to the bamboo forest and The Spot, and she met a few of the friends of mine who stayed behind. I'll save you the details, but needless to say we bonded, and she is a girl with a solid sense of herself, which is always nice to see in the next generation.

Not to mention Monday Night Fights, which have become a current staple in my life. I laced up my gloves last week, boxing in an unanimous quad on campus, with two dozen cheering college students surrounding the makeshift arena.

The men fighting and bonding, the women windmilling their punches, envisioning all their ex-boyfriends as they took their aggressions out. My fight was different; my first shot on Hanna drew a bloody lip, and I was a better blocker, but she definitely got some good punches in. By the end of round three we were ready to call it quits with our hearts puckered and our chests in knots. Afterward we hugged, talked a bit, and Hanna called for a re-match next Monday night.

For now, though, let's get down to business, because there are two people who need some guidance and I shouldn't blather on about drug experiences and socially-accepted violent outlets for the entire column.

Q: Dear Amberly Jane,

This may seem strange, but my girlfriend doesn't like to get down on

me because she says I taste bad. I love blow-jobs, so what's a guy to do? Signed - 'Needing Less Funk in my Spunk'

A: Dear 'Needing',

What's a guy to do indeed. Through years of field research I've gathered that the first thing you can do is cut out cigarettes - tobacco makes the semen salty. I've also found that grapefruit and green tea work wonders for nasty goo.

Most of the time organic vegetarians taste the best, and those who drink plenty of liquids put out a better consistency - the dehydrated lad can get a bit thick. Also, a man whose mouth tastes good will always have delicious cum, while a foul kiss leads to less-than-fabulous sperm. Usually.

I called a friend of mine from back home, someone with extensive blow-job experience, she's known to have "guzzled the milky way from New York to California to Canada," so she says. (She claims she can tell if her boyfriend has eaten a Big Mac with onions based on the taste of his semen.) She ticked off three nutritional tips for a mellow ejaculate: hard candies, gallons of apple juice and fruit. But her bitter wad-wrecker list was far lengthier: asparagus, garlic, onions and dairy products, red meat, broccoli, greasy food, spices, coffee and chocolate.

Doing a little Internet research I found that plums, oranges, lemons, limes, spearmint, peppermint, and wheat grass juice are supposedly good as flavor enhancers. But don't think that a little lime with your tequila shot will do the trick: apparently, chemically-processed liquor creates an extremely acidic taste, but naturally fermented beverages like sake and Rolling Rock or Honey Brown give spunk a sugary taste. Not that you'll be thinking about the taste of your cum when your pounding back 40s on a Friday night with the guys.

So what if you try all this, but she still refuses to fellate your foully-spurting member? There's actually a product I found on the Internet made for this very query called Semenex, a highly concentrated blend of all-natural ingredients made into a drink powder. So, you know, if you are really vile, then...

Q: Dear Amberly Jane,

School is terribly difficult for me this semester, I'm also working, not to mention sports. My boyfriend wants to have sex all the time, but I'm far too stressed to even think about sex, but he doesn't understand. Please help. Signed - 'Stressed-out in Roth'

A: Dear 'Stressed-out',

I'm sorry. I don't understand. Are you telling me that you are too stressed to have sex? Have you ever considered that orgasms are maybe the best stress reducer ever? Surely you have at least 30 minutes somewhere. Hell, even 15 minutes can work wonders.

Just keep everything in perspective. I can't imagine looking back and wishing I spent that extra hour on the track, instead of having sex ... it's just as good of a work-out after all.

Ask your boyfriend to give you a full-body massage and, if he's good, tell him he gets a prize at the end. If he doesn't understand, dump him and invest in a vibrator.

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