

The *Stony Brook*

1979-2004 **PRESS** 25th Anniversary

The Community News & Features Paper

Vol. XXV, Issue 10

"Not enough gun"

Feb 29, 2004



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We're Not the Worst!

By Mike Billings

Recently, Ralph Nader, the perennial Green Party sacrifice to the presidential election, declared his candidacy to occupy the Oval Office for the next four years. Running as an independent in this upcoming election, Nader will no doubt renew his message of consumer rights in a corporate America. Although he probably isn't harboring any realistic beliefs about getting into the White House without signing up for the official tour, Nader plans to challenge the traditional two-party political race by offering the voting public an arguably viable alternative. Seemingly acting out of sheer principle, Nader is attempting to prove that the nation can accept a third-party candidate. Democrats, however, could care less about any of this.

For the Democratic Party, the concern here is not Nader's stance on any particular issue, but the notion that he is running at all. In fact, a great deal of Democrats, including Terry McAuliffe, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, seem to be visibly frightened of Ralph Nader. Before Nader officially announced his candidacy, McAuliffe noted in an interview with CNN that the Democratic Party "can't afford to have Ralph Nader in the race," alluding to the idea that the former Green party candidate may have tipped the electoral scales in President Bush's favor during the 2000 election. McAuliffe goes so far as to request that people try to talk Nader out of running, which seems like someone begging the smartest kid in class not to study for a test

so the curve works in their favor, while precluding them from applying any real effort. Obviously, McAuliffe's current concern is that Nader may once again play the spoiler and divert enough votes away from the Democratic candidate to keep Bush sleeping in the Lincoln bedroom.

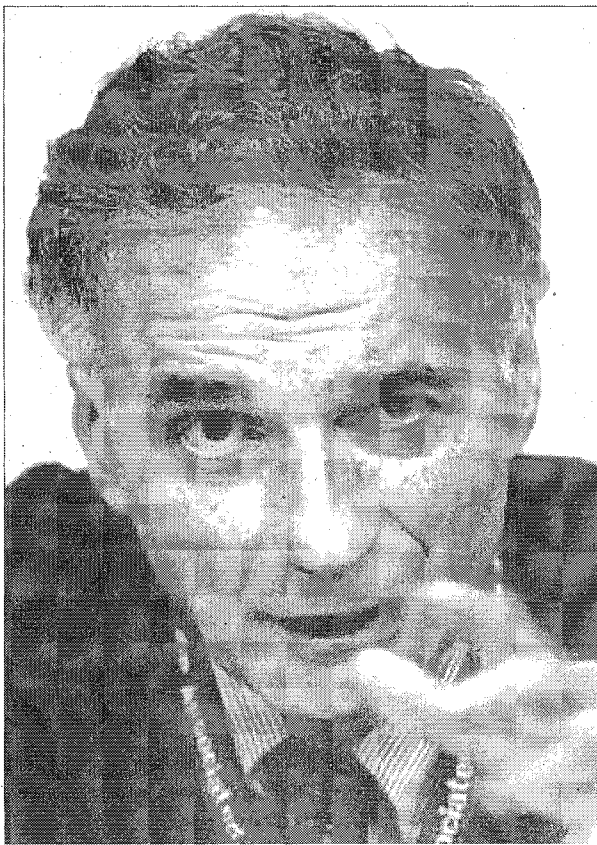
Whether or not this is the case, however, is not the real story. What is noteworthy about this whole scenario is the reaction of the Democratic Party as a whole. McAuliffe, along with numerous other prominent Democrats, has been urging Nader to reconsider his campaign bid in a rather pathetic attempt to ensure an election with no viable third-party candidate. In doing so, Democrats end up looking sad and desperate. When faced with the rather moderate

challenge of entering into a race where Nader has the ability to steal a small number of votes, McAuliffe and other Democrats have chosen to whine about it rather than retool their own strategy to overcome this obstacle. This is the equivalent of running out of toothpaste and crying rather than buying a new tube. Even if the Democrats have just cause for concern, their reaction to this situation portrays them in a rather unflattering light.

Oddly enough, the Republicans actually look better in this situation when analyzing their own reaction to Nader and the campaign as a whole. Responding to the news that Nader would run once again in an inter-

view with CBS, Republican National Committee Chairman Ed Gillespie contended "If Ralph Nader runs, President Bush is going to be re-elected, and if Ralph Nader doesn't run, President Bush is going to be re-elected," making the Republicans out to be far more confident than the Democrats. Instead of begging for an obstacle to disappear, Gillespie shows a resolve that McAuliffe would do well to emulate. As it stands, however, Democrats are complaining rather than working towards internal improvement. In reacting to this issue the way he has, McAuliffe unintentionally implies that the Democrats won't be able to field a candidate strong enough to beat Bush.

Looking closer at the manner in which the Democratic National Committee has handled the entire campaign thus far yields similar results. For months, a popular mantra among the Committee has been the idea of "ABB," or "Anybody But Bush." Withholding any value judgments on the idea itself, it leads Democrats, and America in general, into dangerous territory. This notion doesn't call for the best candidate for the presidency; it simply calls for a replacement that is at least one step above the absolute worst. This is like begging to be punched in the face rather than being kicked in the genitals. The request may garner an improvement, but it isn't making an attempt to find the best possible solution. The consequence is McAuliffe and company are satisfied that the emergent Democratic candidate may not be the most desirable choice, but he won't be the worst, either. This kind of logic effectively halts all hope of progress, since the next guy only has to be less terrible than the last. Simply put, Democrats like McAuliffe need to put more effort into producing an impressive candidate rather than complaining about uncontrollable circumstances while rolling out a presidential hopeful that will be billed as "not quite as bad as the last guy."



RALPH NADER.

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The Land of the Free, Provided You're Straight

By Merl Wayne

I'm sure by now that everyone is aware of the gay marriage issue at hand in this nation. The Massachusetts Supreme Court decided to begin issuing marriage licenses to same-sex couples on May 17. In time for Valentine's Day, the mayor of San Francisco decided to issue marriage licenses to same-sex couples. And on February 27, Green Party Mayor Jason West of New Paltz began solemnizing homosexual couples.

In response to these events, and in an attempt to gain favor with conservative Christians, President Bush publicly announced his support for a constitutional ban on gay marriages on Ash Wednesday, one of the most holy days in the Christian calendar.

And so I ask you, why is the 'leader of the free world' such a fucking moron? Who does he think he is to determine what marriage should be? Who does he think he is that he can deny something so sacred and special to his constituents?

Who is he to say that marriage should only be between a man and a woman? Marriage should be something sacred between two people who desperately love each other and want to share the rest of their lives together with the blessing and support of their friends and family, while being recognized by their country.

Rather than address the real concerns of Americans such as the economy or the war, President Bush has opted for leg-

islative gay bashing. It speaks volumes about the George Bush's low moral character and lack of family values that he would scapegoat an entire community in a desperate attempt to save his own political skin," said John Aravosis, co-chair of DontAmend.com, a website to raise money and organize rallies in opposition to the proposed amendment.

DontAmend.com, in connection with DearMary.com, organized protest rallies across the country on Valentine's Day in support of gay marriage. The sites offer news related to their goals and have sections for donations. DearMary.com is an appeal to Mary Cheney, lesbian daughter of Vice President Cheney, to stand up to her father for her rights as a citizen. Mary Cheney, previously a liaison to the gay and lesbian community for Coors Brewing Company, now works full-time for the Bush-Cheney re-election campaign.

Currently, a draft law on "gay matrimony" is being debated in Canada. A "civil union" draft giving homosexual couples the rights of heterosexual couples was published by the British government. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, and Finland have civil union registries giving the same rights to gays as to straight marriages with the exception of adoption (excluding Sweden which has allowed for adoption since 2002). Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Croatia have similar arrangements that

afford fiscal and social rights to homosexual couples in civil unions.

Why, then, is the United States so far behind? What kind of a "land of the free" are we, if we are relegating more than one tenth of our society to second-class citizenship?

"I strongly believe that marriage should be defined as between a man and a woman. I am troubled by activist judges who are defining marriage," Bush said. Activist judges who are defining marriage? More like pro-14th amendment judges who wish to uphold the constitutional diction of equality for all people. Or are we back in the 1850's? Are people not equal? Is it now sexual orientation that we're condemning instead of race? What will happen next? A constitutional amendment to limit the representation of homosexuals to 2/3 of a person?

It seems the future of this nation is up for discussion. History will change and law will be rewritten. The future is up to us. Take a stand against bigotry. As Andrew, age 16, wrote in his letter to Mary Cheney: "People at different times throughout our history have a moment that can change everything. Will you let this moment pass you by? Will you do what is right and help us create a country of love and understanding? Will you help people who are treated like second class citizens the chance to be respected?"

Soap Boxes Rock

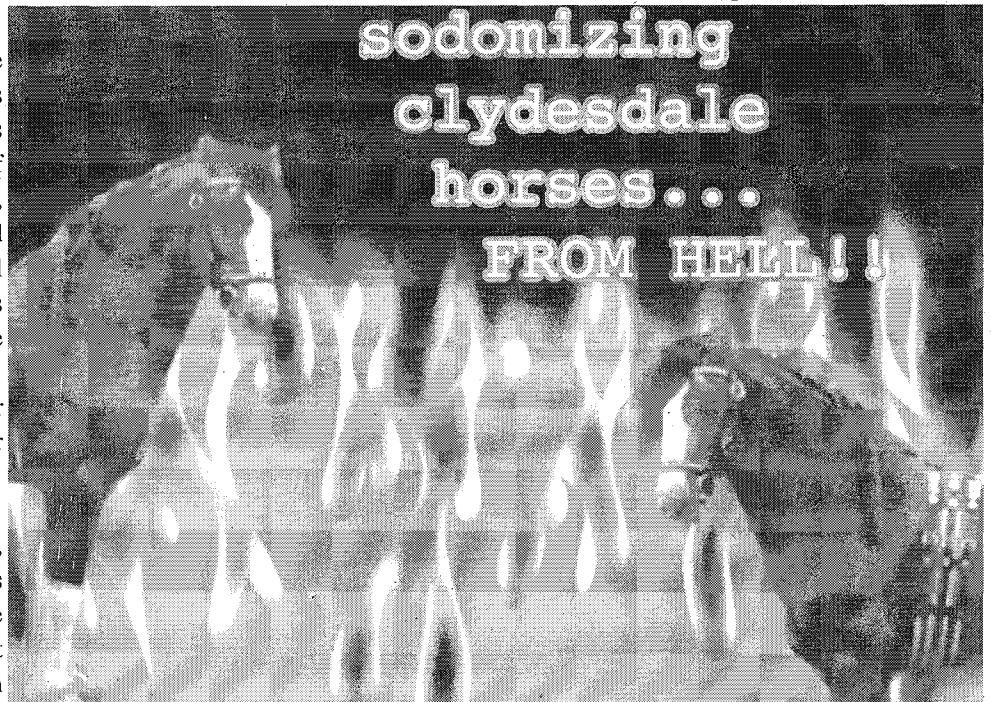
By Dustin Herlich

Being Executive Editor of the paper, every once in a while I get to write down some things to paper and have them printed. Everyone else in the university community has the same opportunity, but I can make mine as crazy, disjointed and strange as possible. I can cover completely unrelated topics all in one article and make bad jokes. HA HA HA!! Oh, wait, everyone else seems to do the same thing. I sigh, and then realize I should actually get on with writing an article...

First up on my list are Bush and his stance on Gay marriage, and that stupid stupid moron who wrote the proposed amendment. Bush is a closet homosexual who's probably had lots and lots and lots of sweaty, nasty man-sex with Jerry Falwell. I'd like to see Falwell in hell, as Satan's personal Ass Gerbil. I can't say anything like that about Bush, because no matter how much of it is a joke, the Secret Service and the CIA will come up here and kick my ass faster then we can finish distribution. The hoe-bag who wrote the amendment should get sodomized for eternity by Clydesdale horses that are high on angel dust. Now that we got that out of the way, I can actually explain why I think that this may be the worst idea any world leader's ever had, besides attacking Russia during their win-

ter.

The United States of America is the land of opportunity, freedom, and laws that tell employers that you have to hire someone no matter what their sexual orientation, religion, etc, etc. This is also the same nation that proved in Brown Vs. Board of Ed that SEPARATE IS NEVER EQUAL IN ANY WAY SHAPE OR FORM! We are supposed to have separation of church and state in this country, but having any sort of amendment that defines marriage on legal terms destroys that boundary. What's more is that this is a clear case of the federal government overstepping their bounds, and taking away rights that are absolutely reserved for the state. Why should homo-



sexual couples be denied any rights that are afforded to heterosexuals? What's next? The repealing of equal opportunity, and the re-instatement of discrimination?

Religion is allowed to not honor same sex unions of any kind, and protheletize against them all they want. That does not mean that the unions can't exist as a legal marriage. In this country we are fortunate

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EDITORIAL:

Kurds Get Screwed Again

On May 1, at about 4 am in the morning, the 25 member, US-appointed Iraqi Governing Council set down a Constitution. The discussions were mediated by Paul Bremer, the American Administrator of Iraq. According to Faisal Istrabadi, one of the lead drafters, "Every single article, and each subparagraph, had the consensus of all 25 people in the room... In the best tradition of democracy—granted, we are an aspiring democracy... we all compromised." Aside from the blatant problem that a US-appointed, US mediated Council is not a democratic body and a consensus amongst 25 people is not a democratic process, another problem becomes apparent. The Kurds, again, have been overlooked in the drafting of the new Constitution.

Many might remember the upsetting situation that the Kurds were put in at the conclusion of the Gulf War. George Bush Sr. had promised many groups opposing Saddam's regime, including the Kurds, US military support if they took up

arms against Saddam. Yet shortly after, Bush signed a cease-fire agreement leaving the Kurds alone to be slaughtered by Saddam's forces. The Kurds have continued to fight for autonomy to little or no avail. Adding insult to injury, the Kurdish population has been, again, overlooked in the new Constitution. One of their demands had been to redraw the map of Kurdistan, yet borders remain static. Another demand was for the Kurdish population to receive a share of the oil revenue, since much of the oil comes from reservoirs in land claimed by Kurds. Although the Council said the populations in and around the reservoirs would be a factor in deciding how revenue was allocated, they did not lay down in detail how this would be acted out. Many are already speculating that the unfulfilled demands will lead to future unrest. Proving further evidence to what most people have already realized; that the War in Iraq has been an utter and complete failure.

EDITORIAL:

The Gay Marriage Gambit

President Bush is against gay marriage, so much so he intends to pass a constitutional amendment banning its possibility. Typically, such a strong stance on any issue, especially so close to an election, would be suicidal. Could Bush possibly be this stupid, has he bought into his press and converted to type? This would be the rational observation, supported by historic proof attesting to its merit. However, there is a potential underlying element to this move that would not be immediately perceptible.

Perhaps Bush's stance isn't as facile and moronic as one would initially guess. It is possible he's using this polemical issue in order to bitch out the potential Democratic candidates that are being run through hoops at this current time. You see, by taking such a hard-line stance, he's forcing the candidates to react. They, unfortunately, are not, which is kind of bad, considering that their recent surge of support has come from loyal Dean supporters as well as fearful Green Party members. Seeming luke-warm to

them is a terrible move at this time..Those tenuous votes, gained due to the adoption of the Anybody But Bush policy in most left wing circles, are greatly threatened by this possibility. It is also curious that Bush's announcement of a constitutional amendment coincides so closely with Nader throwing his hat into the proverbial ring. This providing of a third option will be what tears the solidarity against Bush apart. Without a strong Democratic candidate engaging real issues, many of those who transferred their support to the Democrats, may soon hear the siren song of their old allegiances.

So, we at the Press have an idea. Why doesn't each party provide candidates we actually want to fucking vote for? Or, you know, maybe people we wouldn't fear giving nuclear weapons to.

Letters

Letter: Victor Melendez was a good man

victor was a ve y very good friend of mine -- he loved me and cared for me when to most of the people i knew i was just someone to get wasted with....i dont go to stonybrook right now, someone contacted me the other day and said i think victor od and died... i just found out that this is true -- and well im sort of paralysed -- if you could give me any information about a memorial service, i heard about funds being raised to get his writing published (he was a brilliant writer) .. or if youd like any words from someone who loved him dearly -- please let me know

tohereknowswhen
sabrina

Dear Sabrina,

Thanks for your kind words. We're sure that Victor's family and friends appreciate them.

While we don't know the details surrounding Victor's death, or his memorial service, we can tell you that Victor's friends are still collecting funds which they hope to use to fulfill Victor's lifelong dream - getting his poetry published.

If anyone would like to contribute, contact Julie Adeshchenko at Desertpear19@juno.com, or send a check or money order to:

Julie Adeshchenko
2460 E. 18 St
Brooklyn, NY, 11235.

Make the check or money order out to Yulya Adeschhenko, Julie's legal name.

Thanks,
The Stony Brook Press

CORRECTIONS, RETRACTIONS and APOLOGIES

Apologies to Robby Barkan; his name was spelled as Robby Barkam in the 52-page issue [Feb. 2, 2004].

Also in that issue, Dan Hofer forgot to credit his photo sources for The Definitive Beerfest Review. He thanks Ricardo Martinez for the photos of the party and of course Russ Heller for the professional pictures.

A long-overdue apology to Fianna Sogomonyan and Beverly Bryan; they were poorly credited for contributing content to our literary issue, published over the break.

A clarification regarding the memo given out at the USG Leadership Conference: One item states that USG "violated federal law by releasing a student's GPA without their consent." The Press would like to stress that this has NOTHING to do with the Executive Session held during the February 24th Senate Meeting; it refers to a separate incident involving a former USG employee.

Lastly, Managing Editor Sam Goldman would like to personally apologize to Shauna for the events surrounding the Victor Melendez tribute in our last issue [Feb. 12, 2004]. He takes full responsibility in the matter, and is deeply sorry.

Thanks,
Stony Brook Press

You Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?



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

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

Food is Good

By Dustin Herlich

Even if you don't want to, eventually, you gotta eat. Whether it's Roth Pond's catch of the day, or something actually edible off-campus, most of us eat at least once a day. Some, like my old roommate only eat one meal a day, but the meal starts when he wakes up, and the food stuffing doesn't stop till he goes to sleep. By the way, he's probably in better shape than anyone else on this campus, so go figure. Bottom line, if you have to do it, might as well enjoy it.

Personally, I like food. A lot. Not as much as my hollow-legged ex-roommate, but I've been known to pack it away. There's a lot more to food than just filling yourself. There are all kinds of levels of enjoying food. There's enjoying it for whatever it does to any one of your five senses, and then there's the times you even enjoy fast food because you're having a good time hanging out with all your pals.

Food gets a lot of attention these days since Food Network came on TV. It's amazing how many people watch the shows on television and suddenly think they know everything there is to know about food. It's wonderful that you actually might gain some knowledge from watching TV, but nothing beats experience and training.

That being said, I wish I could have gone to cooking school, but it's so much more expensive than a regular college, I could never go. I am writing a cookbook however, and I think that it'll be good, but I still wish I had the formal training that would make it fantastic. Food is a part of

everyone's life, and we have the ability to make it something good to look forward to - and that can be even more important in college than at any other time.

In college most of us learn how much we miss home cooked meals. When we do go home, the food's usually what makes the visit the most special. Eating at school is a perfect time to take a break from all the stress and the hustle and bustle of everyday life. It's also a great time to get together with friends and enjoy yourselves. Most of us are for the first time making all of the decisions about what we eat and when we get to do it in college. It sometimes takes some time to realize that the reason you don't feel well and are really sluggish is because you've been eating only Burger King for the past 4 months. Aside from what Ronald Reagan wanted poor people to believe, ketchup is not a vegetable.

All of the buildings on campus have at least one kitchen in the dorm. It doesn't hurt to actually try and use it once in a while. While some of the kitchens aren't in pristine condition, most are in good enough condition to at least boil water. Trying your hand at cooking is fun, and it's a great way to spend time with people. Experiment, play food scientist. The worst that happens is you can't eat what you've made. It happens to the best of us.

When it's time for us here at The Press (and usually the TV station too) to sit down and eat, it seems I get elected to cook for everyone. I'm absolutely and complete-

ly honored. There really isn't anything much more satisfying for me than seeing people line up and devour something I've made before it gets a chance to even hit a plate. Last time I made pretzels, people were burning their fingers trying to rip them off the pans before anyone else got to them. If nothing else, it was a great show for me to watch.

Heck, if you cook you don't have to clean, that in itself is worth something to me. You don't have to be a dynamo in the kitchen to make people happy. Yeah, I can make lobster ravioli from scratch and even stuff like gourmet pizza with goat cheese and sun-dried tomatoes, but really, when I'm cooking for myself, most of the time I'll make plain pasta and sprinkle a little parmesan cheese on it. Strange? Maybe, but everyone has different tastes, and simple is sometimes better.

So what's really the point of me writing this? Well, there are a few points really. Food is not just the fuel that lets our bodies run (and all of those things they told you in elementary school), it's part of human psychology too. Eating well, enjoying what you eat, and with whom you do it really can make a difference in your college life.

Eat up, be happy, be healthy, and make the most of what you've got. Good food is one of those little things in life that can really make a big difference overall.



RACE TO THE LINCOLN BEDROOM MARDI GRAS EDITION

By Sam Goldman

Interesting things have happened since last we met.

Let's start how we ended last issue – Darth Nader. On NBC's "Meet The Press" two weeks ago, Ralph Nader announced his candidacy for President on an independent (non-Green Party) ticket. Nader stated that he feels both major parties are in the pocket of large corporations, and that anyone who feels he shouldn't run so that the Democratic nominee would have a better chance of winning is making "a contemptuous statement against democracy, against freedom, against more voices and choices for the American people." However, Nader has far less support now than he did in 2000, and without the Green Party's nomination, he will have to struggle to get on the ballot in the 40 states that he still can do so. He has therefore spent the last two weeks battling criticism that this candidacy is nothing more than an ego trip, but it will ultimately be up to the voters to decide whether they feel Nader actually has a point, or whether he should get off the stage.

In the meantime, John Kerry continues to roll towards the Democratic nomination, and John Edwards continues to attempt to keep pace. Edwards is continuing to sell the idea that it's a two-man race. An interesting note is how the two have been going after each other; Kerry keeps saying that Edwards doesn't have the experience necessary to lead in the new age of terrorism, while Edwards says the fact that he

hasn't spent a lot of time in politics is a plus, and talks up his status as a Washington "outsider." Super Tuesday will be the ultimate judge, as half the delegates necessary for the nomination will be up for grabs in ten states: California, Connecticut, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, and Vermont. Edwards needs to win decisively in most of these states; if Kerry comes away with a majority of the votes, the rest of the nominating process will be but a formality.

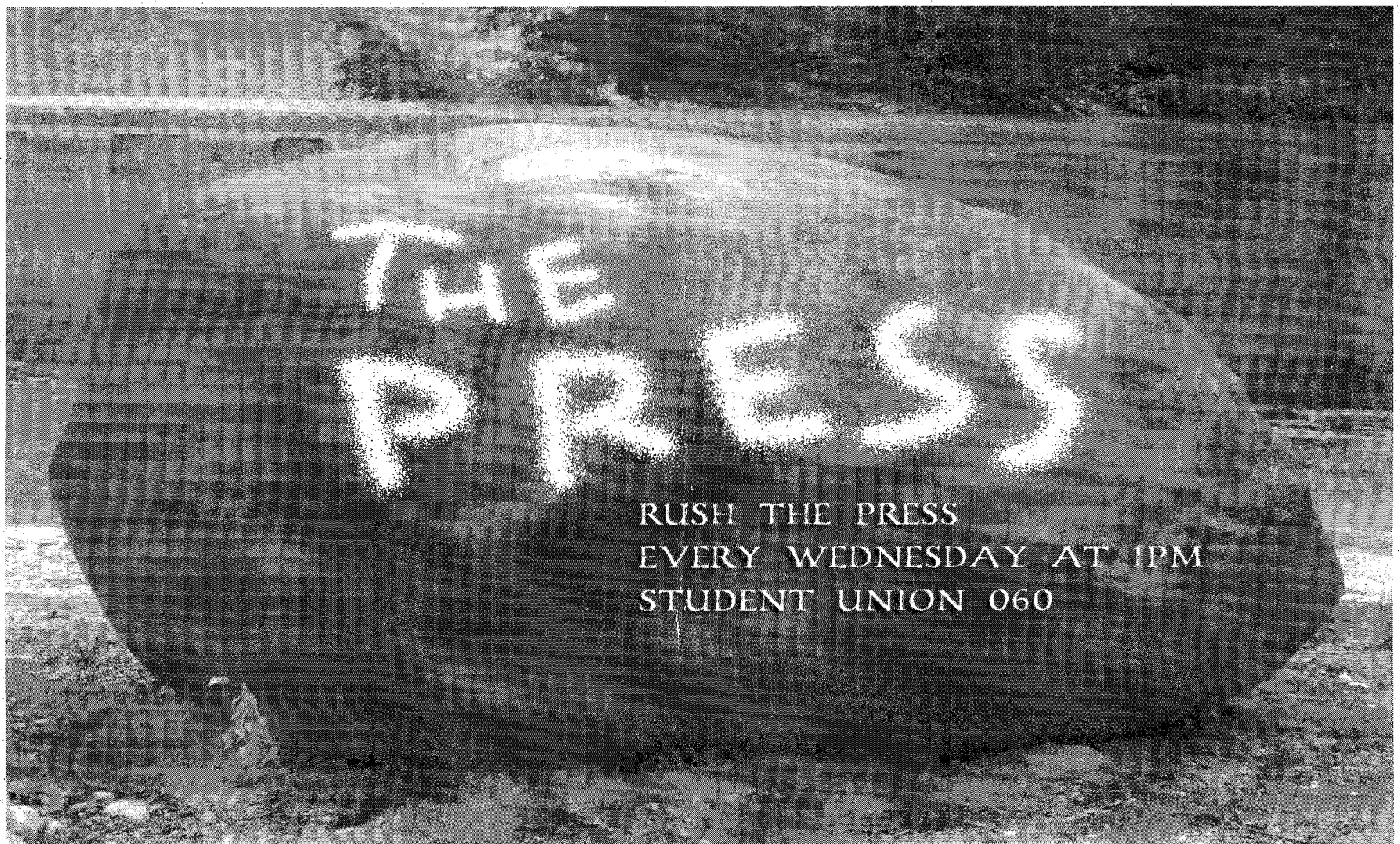
In a long-awaited shift in campaign strategy, President George Bush unveiled a new campaign "stump" speech last week, the focus of which is highlighting his decisiveness and highlighting the indecisiveness of his rivals: "They're for tax cuts and against them. They're for NAFTA and against NAFTA. They're for the Patriot Act and against the Patriot Act. They're in favor of liberating Iraq and opposed to it. And that's just one senator from Massachusetts." Expect Bush and his team to continue to hammer that point home from now till November, no matter who the Democratic candidate is.

In a little side note, remember the last issue, when I stated that the Federal Reserve said 2004 will bring 2.6 million new jobs? Oops. That statement was retracted a little over a week later. Along with that, Alan Greenspan made Bush's life worse by warning that benefits to senior citizens are going to have to be cut to keep

the economy going, which the Democratic candidates immediately latched on to (Kerry: "If I'm president, we're simply not going to do it").

Finally, the biggest news of the week: Bush backs a constitutional amendment that would define marriage as a union between a man and a woman, effectively banning gay marriage, saying it was necessary after the events that have transpired in San Francisco, Massachusetts, and more recently New Mexico and New Paltz, NY, over the past week. This action, done to placate social conservatives (the core of Bush's constituency), has pushed the controversy over gay marriage into the forefront, and you can bet that any debate held between now and November will discuss gay marriage. Kerry and Edwards both oppose gay marriage, but both oppose the constitutional amendment. This could come back to haunt them, as Bush could make it seem like they're both indecisive on that issue. And what about civil unions? All three candidates support them, a sign of just how far this issue has come over the past year.

So what's next? Super motherfucking Tuesday! If you're a Democrat, go vote!! If this issue gets distributed after Tuesday, and you didn't vote, you should stick your head in an elephant's ass and stay there 'til November, because you're an idiot. But I digress – by next Tuesday, Kerry could sew the nomination up, or Edwards could really make this a two-man race. Stay tuned, Superfriends!



Dog, Roebuck and Lapwing

By Andrew Permick

Welcome and Merry Meet, dear readers, to the latest Dog, Roebuck, and Lapwing, the column for Pagans, about Paganism, by a Pagan. Someone had asked me the other day whether I was a "good witch" or a "bad witch." Since I get asked this question quite often, I thought I would take the time to write about good and bad magic.

First and foremost, assuming all witches are "bad witches" would be in error, just like assuming that all Christians are "bad Christians." We are all just people, regardless of our religion. That said, witches do practice magic and human nature can (and does) play a part in the motives, aims, and methods used in the practice of magic. So, my friends, in the coming weeks we shall discuss what "good magic" and "bad magic" are, how to tell the difference, and why people practice magic from both schools.

In reality, life often appears so complex, so full of distractions, that telling "good magic" from "bad magic" becomes an occasionally daunting task; shades of gray do exist. Therefore, I would like to introduce something a friend of mine once taught me: the CHARM test. CHARM stands for Control, Harm, Anger, Revenge, and Malice. In most cases, the CHARM test can be used to tell the difference between an act of "good magic" and an act of "bad magic." Note well that I said "in most cases": while CHARM can be a helpful tool in navigating the murky waters of magical ethics, a spell or magical working that passes the CHARM test is not, in and of itself, an act of "good magic" – CHARM serves as a guide, not the be all

and end all of magical ethics.

Simply put, spells and/or magical workings (which, for the sake of simplicity, I will refer to as spells) designed or intended to control the acts, thoughts, deeds, motives or perceptions of others are plainly unethical, regardless of your personal philosophy. For this reason, most so-called "love spells" are, in fact, acts of "bad magic"; "love spells" seek to control the perceptions, thoughts and feelings of the beloved. Sex is meant to be a beautiful, natural and (in some schools of thought) even divine act; sex brought about by a spell is nothing more than magically-induced rape.

The harm portion of the CHARM test should be self-explanatory, but I believe a crash-course in why couldn't hurt. Anything done with the intent to harm another (or yourself) cannot be justified. Period. It really is elementary to see why a particular spell would violate the harm condition in CHARM. And, because of the harm case, spells to "blind" others to facts or situations (often referred to as "glamour spells") are obviously unethical; if you need to have others "look the other way," chances are whatever you are up to is unethical.

The third part of CHARM perhaps needs the most explanation. Magic has risks, side-effects, and consequences. It is never a good idea to do anything without a clear, level head. So, spells done out of anger, or while you are still angry, generally involve hurting those whom you are angry at. Since it is a cornerstone of most ethical schools that intentionally causing injury to

others, whether physical, emotional or psychological, is unethical, it should be easy to see why casting spells out of anger is so dangerous.

The fourth and fifth cases of CHARM, revenge and malice, are relatively easy to explain. Seeking revenge can involve powerful, dark forces, usually with unforeseen consequences; I am reminded of the example of a man who had been wronged and summoned a goddess of justice to set things right only to come under Her scrutiny himself. While there may be a few, rare cases where magic is used out of a desire to seek revenge, most of the time people, including witches, set our ethics aside to obtain their vengeance. Malice, intentionally bringing suffering to others, is so clearly unethical that it bears no further discussion.

This has been just a brief overview of "bad magic." In general, spells that pass the CHARM test are at the very least fall into the many shades of gray between "good magic" and "bad magic." Next time, we will discuss what makes "good magic" good, and in two issues we will discuss "bad magic" in more detail. In the meantime, you can always reach me via cbwoodstein@yahoo.com. Until we meet again, Blessed Be!

By The Time You Read This...

By Gregory Aiello

By the time you read this, I can only hope that The Big Bounce is out of theaters by a long shot. I have seen this movie, as it is my job in some sick and twisted self-inflicted way – and it is not good. It's been out for a while, so they say, but how it's lasted this long ... I'm not entirely sure. My take on it, well, it's hard to say.

From start to finish, I had no clue what the blazing hell this movie was all about. Not an inkling of an idea. The plot is based on grifting, and has many, many twists and turns and backstabbing developments. Unfortunately, it wasn't even done in a clever way. It was done in a 'there seems to be giant chunks of plot and important dialog, not just left out, but not filmed at all' kind of way. What does that make this movie into? It's a one-hour-and-10-minute-long commercial for Hawaii. Yes indeed, us New Yorkers walk in from the snow to see surfing, sand, babes, and riches which ultimately leads us to the conclusion that we should move far, far away. It's not a feel good movie. It's not a feel bad movie. It's not a feel clever movie. It's a feel nothing movie. So sit there, watch surfing, watch babes in tiny bikinis, watch the sun, and

wish you were there.

I began to wonder why this movie was made. I only figured it out just now, nearly an hour after I walked out of the theater with a billion less brain cells. I see it as Morgan Freeman, Charlie Sheen, Gary Sinise, and Owen Wilson on vacation on the lovely island of Hawaii. The producers of The Big Bounce kept calling the lot of them bugging the shit out of them to make this movie, and ultimately in the 10 minutes between the bathroom and the bar, they made it.

Nothing good. Nothing bad. Nothing at all. A movie that took up a few minutes of time to film combined with the shame-

less promotion of the island of Hawaii. I wish I had a bit more to say about it, but there's not really much to work with. I guess you can derive from that - what I'm saying is, it's not much of a movie. Skip it if you haven't already.



Wo/Men's Center Celebrates Birthday

By Jackie Hayes

On February 13, the Wo/Men's Center celebrated the completion of their third year of operation. Among those present were staff members, volunteers, supporters, the Vice President of Student Affairs Dr. Frederick Preston and the Assistant Vice President of Student Affairs, Dr. Peter Baigent. Dr. Laura Williams, the Founding Director of the Center, commented on the candle theme of the celebration, stating that her personal theme song has always been, "This Little Light of Mine." In the wake of its near closing over the summer, the Wo/Men's Center has certainly proven its vitality and ability to shine on.

The Wo/Men's Center opened in the Fall of 2000 after a sequence of events that necessitated the creation of a space dealing with gender issues. "There was a budget, space, and a proposal," stated Williams, in reference to the creation of the Center. Dr. Sally Sternglanz, Assistant Director of the Women Studies Department, had been advocating for the University to create a Center specifically for women and gender issues. Middle States Accrediting Board (which will be doing a site visit in about a month) had also recommended that the University create a Women's Center. During the previous semester, there were three well-publicized rapes on campus drawing attention to women's safety issues. The Women's Safety Council attempted to improve lighting and increase accessibility of phones. Yet the majority of rapes occurring on University campuses, including Stony Brook, are date or acquaintance rape. At the time there were no specialized services for rape survivors and continued victim support.

Initially, the Center was staffed by Laura Williams and a few volunteers. Now it has grown to include interns, externs, and postgraduate residents. Linda Aserr, a postgraduate resident who started at the Center in mid-January, stated that Williams "combines a feminist viewpoint with a psychodynamic viewpoint." She continued, "Laura's great. She really focuses on training, which makes for a supportive environment." Aserr also mentioned some of the projects the Center is currently working on, including the formation of a group for survivors of rape and sexual trauma. "We think it's going to be powerful,"

commented Aserr in regard to the group.

Williams hopes to continue developing the Center. When asked of her goals, she mentioned hiring an Assistant Director. Currently Williams is the only licensed psychologist, creating in her words, "not the best liability situation." Williams also made references to the University of California at Santa Barbara's Women's Center, which includes an Art Gallery, an extensive library with about 3,000 books, and a full-time librarian. "I would like to see the space fully realized," Williams concluded. The Wo/Men's Center is in the process of applying for one \$50,000 - \$100,000 grant to develop a gender issues library.



LAURA WILLIAMS.
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

Over this past summer the Center almost closed, mainly due to large cuts in state funding. The uncertainty of the Center's continued existence caused waitlists in the Counseling Center, which was unable to direct referrals to the Wo/Men's Center. Some students experience two to three weeks on the waiting list. An article in the September 11, 2003 issue of the Statesman entitled "Hillary Clinton Helps Save Wo/Men's Center," details their strug-

gle and near shut down. The campus would certainly be at a loss if the Wo/Men's Center were ever forced to shut down. Last semester brought many tragic events to the campus including a rape and suicide. Many students have been hit hard by these events and find it difficult to deal with such tragedies on such a large and, often, impersonal campus, yet it provides students with some hope to know the Wo/Men's Center provides a safe space and personal support. Currently there is no waiting list at the Center.

"The students here are great," commented Williams in regard to the students she has worked with. "A lot of their stories are unfortunately tragic," she said, but stressed that the Center isn't only about coping with tragedy, "it's also about celebrating women." Aserr commented on the student body stating, "The 20's can be exhausting to go through," but noted that, "we offer a safe place."

The Wo/Men's Center is located on the second floor of the Union and spans over three spaces. The counseling center, the lending library, and the meeting room are what make up the Center. The Center offers a number of services to the campus including individual and group counseling to all genders. Although they focus on rape, sexual assault, incest, molestation, physical and emotion abuse, eating disorders, and other issues relating to women and gender, they also handle depression, anxiety, and basically any issue that students might struggle with. They handle walk-ins as well as referrals from the University Counseling Center. Along with counseling and support services, the Center also offers their space to and works with the Feminist Majority, Center for Womyn's Concerns, S.A.F.E. (Sexual Assault Facts Education), and Students for Choice. Their lending library is open to all and contains books addressing feminist and gender topics. If you would like more information about the Center you can email them at womenscenter@notes.cc.sunysb.edu, call them at 632-9666, or just drop by (Union Rooms 216 and 221). Spring semester hours are Monday-Thursday, noon-8pm and Fridays, noon-6pm.

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TOP TEN

Reasons Why We Should Ban Gay Marriage

10 "Cause fags ain't natural."

9 The urethra is not big enough...
TRUST ME!

8 Brownies don't make
themselves, Lance.

7 The words "union" and "onion"
look too much alike.

6 Would the priest have to be
gay too?

5 Let's see an egg fertilize an egg. No, I'd really, really
like to see it happen cause I don't think it can.
I think you can't do it. Go ahead. Do it.

4 Because Jerry Falwell said so, and as we know,
Jerry Falwell is omniscient and should be
worshiped with daily sacrifices of virgin lesbos.

3 Because then gay porn would be meaningless.
If I wanted to see a married couple go at it,
I'd just hide under my parent's bed.

2 Cats are really smart and boy cats don't
do other boy cats. Explain THAT!

1 Votes

Battle

of the

Century

PICTURE

VS

1000
WORDS

- They's not
force me for
read!

- Pictures of dead
prostitutes good
masturbating
material...wait...
I mean...uh...

- Getting hit with
picture album
hurts less than
dictionary.

PRO

- If pictures are
made out of pixels,
then words
should be made
out of wixels, and I
like the sound of that.

- About 4500 letters-
that's a lotta meat-
ball!

- Takes up more
space in the issue
than a picture.

- Once thought to
steal one's soul.
Claim later
refuted when
son-of-a-bitch picture
caught running off
with my wife.

-Photoshop harder to
use them Microsoft
Word.

- Black and White
picture makes for
unimpressive sunset.

CON

- Masturbating
to naked words
of hot moms just
a ridiculous concept.

- Due to symbolic
representation, 1,000
words just a big
picture. HA!

- Black and white
words make for...
The Fountainhead?

THE COMICS SECTION



Soap Boxes Rock

Continued from page 3

that marriage is not just something religious. Many people are married legally, and never pass before any kind of religious authority. Not everyone in America cares about religion. What's more damaging to 'the moral fiber of America' is intolerance - not letting people have the freedom they deserve. Should we instate the kind of systems they have in some parts of the world where if you're even accused of being gay you can be put to death? An amendment that defines what marriage is or is not is completely unconstitutional, and against each and every ideal of this nation that's been crammed down my throat since I was 4.

The only plausible explanation as to why people are so afraid of gay marriage is ignorance, fear or plain old stupidity. Strom Thurmond sure hated African Americans, but that didn't stop him from having an illegitimate child with one. Most of the conservative Christians in this country sure do hate gay people. Using the same logic should I dare assert that most of them are just fighting their own feelings? I think you get the point. I challenge anyone to explain to me how banning gay marriage can POSSIBLY benefit this country, and when you do, you are completely banned from using religion, references to religion, or faith of any kind in any way. This is because we are supposed to separate our church and state. If you use religion in your argument in any way, you are not following the laws of this nation. End of story. I can almost guarantee that no one can possibly separate church and state and still have any kind of argument against gay marriage. Marriage is a legal term in this country, not religious, and people should be allowed to marry anyone they want. Since when did another person have the right to tell another who to love, how, and what benefits they can get from loving the right person, or living the right lifestyle? Not everyone is a straight, devout Christian. Deal with it.

Moving on down my list of what's important, I have to give a few quick thank-yous to some people who deserve them, and don't seem to get them often. I'd like to thank the people who take care of the buildings on campus, each and every one of them, from the lowest-ranked custodial engineer, to the most important building manager. Especially those in the Student Union. A lot of people complain about the state of the buildings on campus and how some like the Admin building look like mansions, while there are dorms with flies living in the bathrooms, but I still say that some of these people work hard to accommodate a large student population, and well, this place at its worst is still worlds better than my High School ever was. Sometimes, it's just not anyone's fault in particular that a building is in shambles. The Union's old. There's only so much you can do. Other times, it's the disgusting pig students who go to Stony Brook that are to blame, and no amount of

cleaning can keep up with some people. You wonder how their parents ever did. I guess they all had armies of personal maids.

I'd also like to thank the people that work in the Bleacher Club. Since I spend most of my time on campus in the Union when I'm not in class, I eat a lot of meals there, and really most of them are really pleasant, and at the very least give a smile. Sometimes, that goes a long way. Penny The Pasta Lady is forever our favorite person in the universe, but a lot of her co-workers deserve merit as well. The food in the Union is also some of the best on campus. The SAC sometimes is better, but I still prefer the people in the Union, and having the Deli open till 11 really helps during late night production.

I'd like to make mention of the fact that Sandy

Curtis is the only person on the Executive Council with enough guts to come into the Media wing this semester. Actually, I bet most of

the rest don't even know where it is. The new Administrative Director of USG, Lou Medina not only has been to my office, but has come to Media Council meetings, and has really done a lot to make some of us think that maybe someone is actually listening to us, and not everyone is dead set against us just for the sake of being against The Press. It would be easier to say better things about USG and what they've done if:

A) Someone would actually come to this office or even write to us with any kind of list of events and accomplishments that we would be glad to publish

B) Actually do something or make a decision that's visible and helps the student body.

Also, all of you poo-pooers and critics who tell us to cover stuff other than USG, I have two responses, first off, USG is a very important issue to all students and worth covering, and second, READ THE PAPER! Our last issue had almost NO USG content. Also, the editors and senior staff at the paper cover what we can, but it's ultimately up to everyone else to send us content. If no one cares enough to write about tuition hikes, we're not going to have much information about it. Last year we had two issues in a row about tuition hikes. We've had exclusive interviews with the brother of the president of Afghanistan, and a 3 part exclusive with Noam Chomsky. How come when we do that we don't get any feedback except a few university staff that wanted copies? How come three issues ago we printed a small piece about frats and sororities, and that still gets attention, but our coverage of the notable deaths of certain students goes completely unnoticed?

It's actually very sad that we get told what we don't cover, when we clearly do. I do appreciate though all the people that have noticed what we do, and all the new staff that are coming down to the office. A few people who did come down last semester haven't been coming by lately, and I encourage you all to come back. Our paper wins awards, and acclaim, and no one cares. Other editors from other papers get whisked away miraculously to med school but we get called names. Not really fair in my book, but that's what you get when you write for the paper that people actually read (no offense to our friends at the other papers, we know people read your papers too).

The thing I'm most tired of is bullshit and people who are completely closed-minded. So many ideas have come around

that those in charge are dead set against seemingly only because they didn't think of it first. I'm a whole lot less stupid than some people think, and I notice hypocrisy really quickly. Also, don't tell us what to do, or how to do

it when you're completely unwilling to aid us in doing so. Constructive criticism is always welcome, but if you back us into a corner, chew us out, and don't offer a hand to get us back up off the floor, don't expect to be treated like a Blaschka flower.

Keep reading, live a long and healthy life. Send us articles, letters, comments. Come to the office and speak to us. We're a free speech open-forum. Oh, yeah, and we're not mindless barbaric Neanderthals. Some of us are actually quite cultured and intelligent. Treat us with respect, understand that we're a real newspaper, and have been for 25 years, and we'll keep doing our job being the best paper on this campus, probably even in the world.

Kempton Tidbits

The 'Seeexxxxxy' Mix

1. "Your one of my kind", INXS
2. "I touch myself", Divinyls
3. "Too Funky", George Michael
4. "Kiss", Prince
5. "Just Wanna Be A Woman", Portishead
6. "Libanese girl", Thievery Corporation
7. "Too Sexy", Right said Fred
8. "Sexy Boy", Air
9. "Poison", Bel Biv Devoe
10. "Cream", Prince
11. "Corcovado", Astrud Gilberto

Collective Unconscious

By Tom Senkus

Initially, I wrote this article without thinking that the topic may not make sense to a cultural neophyte. After proofreading a few times, it came to my mind that not everyone knows what the hell i'm talking about. I have to face the facts:

- Long Island residents make up a large percentage of the student body at SBU.
- The student body reads the SB press.
- Long Island is 75% suburbia.
- Suburbia is a cultural vacuum.

Bear with the seemingly obtuse information. It might not be your cup of tea initially, but you may learn something more interesting than a new way to play Beer-Pong. Once you read the real body of the article with said pretext, you will then hail me across campus as the literary genius that I am!

The Open-Mic is a forum for performing artists to get their jones out. Those not familiar with the concept of an open-mic, it is as follows: A single performer or band gets a short time (usually 4-8 minutes) on stage to do a miniature showcase of their talents. Diversity and experimentation are encouraged. Sometimes, these are entertaining; sometimes not. The point to remember is that it's like a live radio; if something comes on that you don't like, tune out (or do as I do; stare at the waitress) for a few minutes and there's sure to be something enjoyable onstage afterwards.

Poetry slams are in the same vein as the open-mic, however, they are much more

specified. Instead of music, poetry and spoken word are favored. Judges are picked to score the poet. The criteria for scores is club specific (or sometimes not specified at all), but some good examples include creativity and conviction. The winner at the end is given a prize, such as an invitation to a showcase, a more competitive slam, or free drinks.

Greenwich Village, SoHo, Williamsburg. Artists moved to these NYC neighborhoods as a refuge from the mundane and the expensive. Cheap rent, cheap food. Local culture flourishes, as disassociated free-thinking individuals tend to have a lot of time on their hands to work on their art and collect unemployment checks. Artists tend to flock together, and that's how once run-down neighborhoods become revitalized by communities and artistic collectives.

In time, hipster types who forsake their original upbringings and bring only money, find solace in the cultural motto of "anything goes". Having said money entitles them to pay larger rents for what used to be, cheap property. Entrepreneurial landlords know this cycle, whether overtly or not. Rent rises, dining out becomes more expensive, and the original neighborhood takes on a new character.

Artists, always suffering financially for their art, start the same exodus that's been repeated again and again; Moving to another poverty neighborhood to once raise it up from nothing. While the hipster brought the cash, the only thing they can

create is a derivative cultural void. The old neighborhood becomes a passe' forgotten; an homage to a once chic. I forget exactly who said it, but "art is the process of making something out of nothing".

The Lower East Side (LES) is now in this period of hipster-rape/cultural decline.

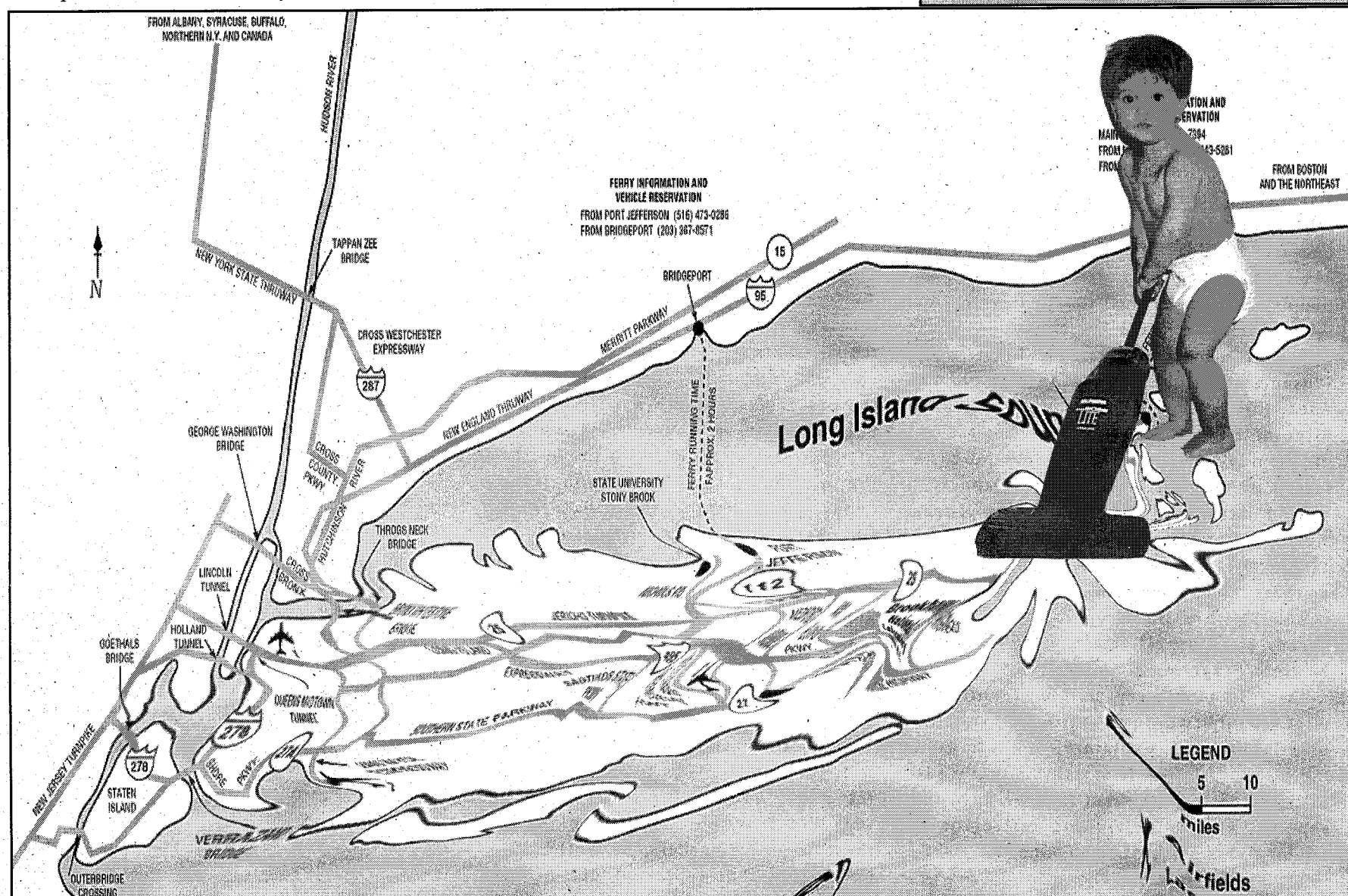
In my adventures, I discovered the last of the LES's treasures: The Collective Unconscious. Engulfed in overpriced bars and designer food (five dollars for a grilled cheese sandwich!!!!), this storefront performance space is hidden on Ludlow Street like a baldspot on a businessman. On second thought, the outside seems like a tangible secret.

Pulling open the steel entrance, a wiff of marijuana, tobacco, sweat and stale beer puts me in a familiar daze. Based on this odor, already I'm expecting a rock concert.

My friend John and I are greeted by a six-foot tall Asian character, wearing a gray faux-fur coat, long black hair, meekly smiling. His demeanor is closer to Native American than Japanese. I ask how much it is to get in, and i'm astonished to find it is only \$3.00! (Actually, I already knew this, but it's a nervous habit of mine that I ask someone something I already know to make the conversation less impromptu. Plus it make me feel like a jer-no-list!).

After walking through a black curtain vagina, we choose our seats in the "bal-

Continued on page 16



Coming up on the Season: Migrant Farm Workers on the Northeast

By Ana Maria Ramirez

We cannot seek achievement for ourselves and forget about progress and prosperity for our community... Our ambitions must be broad enough to include the aspirations and needs of others, for their sakes and for our own...

Who gets the risks? The risks are given to the consumer – the unsuspecting consumer and the poor work force. And who gets the benefits? The benefits are only for the corporations, for the money makers.

– Cesar Chavez

I remember during my freshman year walking through main campus and noticing an information table for Farmworker's Union, still at a distance. I peered ahead at a member of the union attempting to get the attention of the students that passed him by. No one seemed to stop. Once I reached this red-bearded man, I stopped.

I signed up to help with their cause, but never returned their calls.

During my sophomore year, I met Israel Perez. Perez, who I wanted to interview, was a recent immigrant from Mexico who had worked as a day laborer in Farmingville. He had been a victim of a hate crime. Two men who posed as potential day-labor employers, attempted to murder him and his friend. Sitting there next to him asking him questions, I wanted Perez, and people in his same position, to have a voice and for it to be heard.

A recently installed exhibit in L.I. Museum's History Gallery, in a small way, does this. "Coming up on the Season: Migrant Farm Workers on the Northeast", on display now until May 16, exposes the issues of migrant workers in Northeastern United States. Historian Curator Joshua Ruff, who organized the display, was interested in addressing the issue of migrant workers at the museum when he came in contact with a traveling exhibition, sponsored by Cornell University's Cornell Migrant Program.

"It is a very unique (exhibit) ... migrant farm workers' stories haven't been told," Ruff said, explaining his interest on the issue. "It's the first exhibit that's fully bilingual, it's very great that we have that, especially as more visitors reflect on the ongoing changes on Long Island."

He contacted the program and proposed for the exhibit, to make a showing at

the museum. The program collected interviews from both the workers in question and the farm owners, from 1997 – 2000. The exhibit traces the path of migrant farm workers throughout the history of the United States, delineating the transition from the first largest population of workers – African Americans; decades following it was Puerto Ricans, and finally today Mexicans, Guatemalans and El Salvadorians make up the majority. The museum concentrates on the latter group.

During an interview with Emily Smith, a broccoli grower, the interviewee brings the issue intimately close. Smith exposes the fact that when many customers enter a fruit and vegetable section at a supermarket, questions like, "Where did this come from?" or, "What did it take to get it here?" – hardly ever run through their head.

"There's a great disconnect when they pick up an apple or a box of Wheaties ... they (the customer) don't want to think about it," said Smith. "They don't appreciate how hard it is to pick up crops."

Smith describes through several of her interviews how deeply dedicated she is to her workers. She is one of the landowners who breaks away from the idea that all the farm owners are slave drivers. Through these interviews it is brought to the attention of the viewers that the supermarkets and companies who order their crops place a great strain on the farmers. The farms don't receive payment until the crops are received and if there is any certain flaw to the products, they refuse to make the purchase. One example of such an absurdity is the presence of a yellow strip on the outer peel of an onion, caused by a small excess of rain. Just a tiny flaw in the aesthetic of the produce can be reason enough to reject it, and cause the farm's annual crop to become worthless.

One of the farm owners angrily stated, "We are not a manufacturing plant. These are living things we are growing."

Combined with the video interviews are photographs, objects such as the farming tools used in the harvest and the toiling of the earth, paintings and drawings done by the children of these migrant workers, as well as objects that represent certain traditions and beliefs in

their community.

One trend that is different from the past is the fact that in recent times, workers, instead of leaving their families back home while they migrate north, instead bring their families with them. The mothers and fathers work for their children; they want them to gain education so that they never have to do this type of work.

Being a family oriented establishment, the L.I. Museum also incorporates activity centers where one can carry a bucket of blueberries, or another allowing visitors to time how many apples they can put in a basket in 15 seconds, compared to the time it takes an actual apple picker to do the same.

"It brings it all home," Ruff said. "Do we really need to impart a lesson? You have to meet people where they are and not talk down to them. That's the balance you try to play."

In conjunction with the exhibition, the L.I. Museum also plans on screening Farmingville, a documentary by Carlos Sandoval, about two day laborers who were murdered. The film was a winner at the 2004 Sundance Film Festival. The date and time of the screening will be announced on a later date.

Theresa Dillon, one of the farm workers questioned, pointed out the fact that the individuals in high positions, who use their mind to make a living, don't realize their own dependency on people they look down upon.

"People have to realize that society above the agrarian level, is supported by the agrarian level," Dillon said.



Gallery 4222 Undergraduate Exhibition

By Ana Maria Ramirez

For their first annual undergraduate exhibit, members of Gallery 4222 visited the sculpture studios and painting studios at the Staller Art building, selecting promising works, giving students an opportunity to display in a professional venue outside of the university.

What came out of the selection were 12 artists bringing together lithograph prints, pastel and charcoal drawings, digital images, painting, photography and sculpture.

The collection gives a framework allusion of a vibrancy, impact and a strong sense of desire that the artists are attempting to capture, with lush representations of female figures, vivid color-field landscapes and glimpses caught in isolated, intimate moments.

The first piece to the left of the door is two bronze figures titled, I'll think about it. A female figure is being offered a flower from the male seated to her right. Their creator, Maxie Buchanan, elongates the bodies in comparison to the head, emphasizing a physical tension and desire between the couple. Both figures are faceless and the expressions lie exclusively in their body language.

Andrew Bollerman uses Xerox transfers in his nine lithograph prints. The series conveys a powerful statement on state and religion. The prints are dominated by the colors of red and dark blue and are hung sporadically on the wall, unmatted and unframed. The images depict a medium-sized statuette of the Virgin Mary wearing the U.S. flag as a shawl over her head. Several images are detailed views of her chest, feet and face with emblazoned stars surrounding them. In the center of the grouping are two focal images set side to side. On the left side, stands Joseph, and on the right, Mary.

At first glance, the work gave a feeling of being in some way sacrilegious. The joining of state and religion is quite a chilling thought. Perhaps a reaction to recent heated debates on same-sex marriages and abortion, where many have argued how these lines are becoming blurred. When the government can tell the people what is morally and ethically wrong one must wonder if the state is more of a "Big Brother" than the representative of all peoples.

Another set of lithograph prints is from Esther Kim. Her pieces: Foggy Night, Fairy, and Korean National Anthem, give the illusion of a heavy collage. In Foggy Night layers of blue, green and turquoise generate a thick, dark atmosphere. Fairy uses purple, wine and red covering a cartoon-like caricature of a fairy bound by vines and flowers. In Korean National Anthem, Kim handwrites the anthem in Korean characters.

Olesya Ianovitch uses her digital talent in her pieces Sophy III and Sophy I. In both of these pieces, one sees grapes, shocking golden, yellow and red apples wrapped in plastic bags, as if being maliciously suf-

focated. In Sophy III a stream of water divides the image in half. In her artist statement Ianovitch explains, "I want to intrigue the viewer with ambiguous state of the content, which looks like it's either coming to life or rotting away."

Her third piece is a painting titled Rich Blue and Pink. Ianovitch uses carefully calculated brushstrokes to make up a landscape with hot, warm colors at the lower left corner at a diagonal towards the pale colder colors dominating the upper right.

Magritta Rogers introduces two self-portraits standing at 30"x 84". The two color photographs are C-prints, better known as a photogram. A photogram is a technique, where an object is placed on top of light-sensitive paper, which is then exposed to light. In the final product, shadows are imprinted by the object. In this case, the photo paper was hung up

on the wall and before exposing it to the light by the enlarger, Rogers stands in front of the paper, capturing her silhouette. By adjusting the color enlarger, she produces brilliant psychedelic colors.

Using oil, charcoal and pastel, Jacquelyn Lipp creates her signature female figures in simple free-flowing lines over pages of a calendar, which read January, February and March. Lipp reclaims the calendar girl, substituting the unrealistic figures of swimsuit models to her women depicted in a full-figure form. Standing Nude is separate from her calendar series, using watercolor to create the nude. With one daring stroke, Lipp forms her subject, becoming a type of calligraphy.

Hyongim Lim, Amanda Smith and Helen Moisan-Scott confront the female figure in a traditional manner. Smith depicts a figure contemplating her own sense of self in her reflection in a pool of water. The white tone of her skin emphasizes her susceptibility.

Lim's pastel piece makes use of a spectrum of color to create volume and weight, as well as a playful use of both figure and the playful use of line and form.

In The Chambered Nautilus, Moisan-Scott depicts a nude female stretched on the ground, in a remote landscape, using dark compressed charcoal and white conté crayon to elaborately create a great sense of depth and shadowing. The subjects shapely body remains lifelessly on the ground in an ambiguity of life and death.

Echoing the curving of the female form is Juan Luis Zepeda's still life, Guitar and Bottle Still Life. Both the bottle and guitar are found in the background of a sensuous atmospheric effect. Zepeda uses a

painting knife to scrape off the layers of color, creating a more palpable texture.

An additional artist who uses lithography is Joel Koos. Regularly working in a series, Mundane, Insecurity, Flower, Melancholy, Defensiveness, and Uninhibited make up his series called 6 Seasons of a Figure. In the center of the prints, one finds a love couch and sitting on it are curvilinear female forms. Each one of the figures are different throughout the whole series, representing the six emotional facets that make up one. 6 Seasons of a Figure resounds the artist's own sentiments of owning opposing characteristics that make up his own self.

Megan Hoffmann captures sensuality in her black and white photography, acting as a

voyeur as she shoots her subject. Three images of a woman, who has her back turned to the viewer, while the viewer intently spies on. The

subject plays with her hair, touches her back and continues about her own business as one stares on.

Previously described, the show in its entirety is a pursuit to represent a sense of vibrant life, and sensual form, yet there is a dualistic effect that can be found and felt. Like with Ianovitch's fruit we are reminded that a fruit's ripeness is soon followed by its decay.

[The exhibit will open on Feb. 28 and runs until March 21. For more information call (631) 473-5422 or check out www.gallery4222.com]

"The collection gives a framework allusion of a vibrancy, impact and a strong sense of desire that the artists are attempting to capture."

Kempleton Tidbits

The 'Sex' mix (not to be confused with The 'Seeexxxxxy' Mix)

1. "Temporary Night" Maxwell
2. "Dilemma" Nelly ft. Kelly Rowland
3. "Let's Get It on" Marvin Gaye
4. "No Ordinary Love" Sade
5. "Off or Out" Elyesian Fields
6. "Sex (I'm A)" Lovage
7. "With or without you" U2
8. "Brown Sugar" Di Angelo
9. "Makeeta" Les Nubians
10. "Hell is Around the Corner" Tricky
11. "In Your Room" Depeche Mode
12. "Three Pronged Donkey Kong" The Lugnuts

Collective Unconscious

Continued from page 13

cony". When I say balcony, I actually mean a crude riser made out of a few slabs of wood. But that's what I paid for, and it's the cheapness that I appreciate. There's a stage in front, with a black curtain backing and above us, by access of a ladder, is the soundboard. No bar, but there's fourty ounces in every other hand.

Gazing about the room, I exchange glances with a menagerie of people milling about. Freaks, weirdos, black-rimmed-glasses-toting-hipsters, hippies, the homeless. Probably the "weirdest" were my friend and I. My kind of place.

A woman, in her thirties, gets to the microphone on stage. She has elf-ears, a nasal voice, and carries her chihuahua in a tote bag. The woman is strangely alluring.

She announces the rules of a normal open-mic and some of her own eccentric ones. In fact, the rules get more absurd as she reads them. Rule #7 is stated that no one is allowed to comment on a certain woman's eating habits while she's eating! My personal favorite rule is that every performance gets judged by three judges, and that those judges only give out tens on a scale of one to ten. Instantly, memories of kindergarten come back to me. Go figure.

I find out the woman's name is Reverend Jen and the weekly open-mic is named Rev. Jen's Anti-Slam. On her website (www.revjen.com), the true origins and goings-on are described in detail. I won't bore you with the minute details.

The best way to describe what happens next is that it's like walking into an orgy: You don't know how such an event begins, but you damn well want in!

The regular performer, "art stars" as they are called, wait to be called on randomly. Their names are picked out of an empty "Snausages" can, and they are called in order.

As the art stars do their thing, the audience and performer interact more of community than of "star". The performances run the gamut of pure, off-the-cuff improvisation to a person never lifting their head from the page that they are reading.

Big Mike, a regular, starts his performance. A born spoken word artist, his speech is agitated, exaggerated and booming. Of course, he's funny by proxy. He describes one of his favorite birthday memories; a tale full of strippers, booze and bliss. "It doesn't get any better than this!", he repeated as a motif for his rant. I thought the same thing.

An old retired English teacher came later. On the edge of senility, he described in a very quiet warble, that he endorses global warming, considering how cold it is, and that he thinks it would be good for New York to be warmer. The teacher described summers where he would go down to New Jersey beaches in the 50's, watch the firework displays, and make-out with girls he couldn't even see because of how dark it was. He then proposed, in a very cute/harmless manner, that there should be make-out parties held at the Collective Unconscious! Bear in mind, this guy was 70-ish!

The Asian guy who greeted us at front revealed himself as Dirty Sanchez, a pseudo-Mexican stage act with masculinity issues. This guy is a pro, and his comic timing is impeccable. The way he starts off the act is jumping in and out of character by saying, "It's really hard to be Mexican, you know..... when you're Asian!" Not knowing exactly what a Dirty Sanchez (the act) was, he quizzed the audience and a whole bunch of responses floated throughout the space. By then, he had the entire audience in his control. His final moments on stage were of describing the tales of Bi-Curious George and the Buttplug. Comic genius!

The musicians were not of the greatest quality, but originality was in high gear. A tall 20-something sang a Tom Waitsesque song about being buried in velvet and sending his love to his family. As a change in gears, it was haunting. One girl rhaspodized about her period, and another guy played a song about (facetiously) beating his masochistic girlfriend. The audience took a cue from some songs, and people around me began to sing harmony lines to a simple, three-chord song. Amazing, I

thought.

The stand out musical act, however, was an a capella performer known (I think) as Ba-Bryan. He gets up to the microphone and taps out a gentle backbeat. I had no idea what to expect until he sung, "I've payed my dues, time after time. I've done my sentence, but committed no crime...." He was performing an a capella version of "We Are the Champions", followed by "Money (That's What I Want)". The audience soon filled in, singing harmony and drum fills as if rehearsed. In fact, with just the accompaniment of just microphone tapping, the songs were really depressing!

Not all the acts were comedy. Sneaky Dave (or something to that effect) quoted a minute long Dylan Thomas poem, followed by a 5 minute promotion for his upcoming Collective Unconscious showcase. Another regular, a large black man in a golfing hat, recited about meeting his lost love on a street corner and of escapades in Atlantic City.

Mediocre comics and poets sprinkled the set, but in my honest opinion, there was always a level of excellent performance going on. I even talked it over with John and we both agreed that what we witnessed was a surreal event. After almost 4 uninterrupted hours of merriment, I even said to myself, I'd like to be an "art star"!

Now after reading this, you are probably wondering, "Cute story, what's the point?" Well, my point is that these New York institutions are being swallowed up. Not that they desperately need your support, but the money that you pay goes directly back into the Collective Unconscious. The world becomes a better place. As I said before, it's only a matter of time before this is moved to somewhere else or gone entirely. You owe it to yourself to pay 3 dollars to have fun besides sit in your dorm, listening to Ben Harper, booze in hand. Hell, it's even better than going to a local bar and seeing 40 year olds play Kiss covers...

Kempleton Tidbits

Wake the F@S%& UP!
by Squirrel

This one's a banger! Ok, it's a pretty simple concoction.

You Will Need:

- Coffee Machine: drip coffee machine please, you can use a French Press but it might come out a little gummy
- A big ass coffee mug: one that will fit in your car cup holder pa-leeze
- Water: 3 cups
- Coffee: 6 spoonfulls (I recommend anything from Africa or the Polenysian islands, stay away from South American / Central American coffee as they will contain highly acidic flavors and we'll be getting enough of that on our own.)
- Ground Cinnamon: 1 teaspoonful
- Atomic Fireball Candy: 1
- Hard Peppermint Candy: 1
- Sugar: I recommend lots

- Milk: I recommend enough to turn the coffee the hue of Lisa Bonet
- Directions

- 1) put the coffee grinds a bowl and mix in your teaspoon of Cinnamon, mix it well.
- 2) brew the coffee/cinnamon as normal.
- 3) grind the peppermint and Atomic fireball to a fine dust.
- 4) put sugar as desired, peppermint / Atomic fireball dust at bottom of mug.
- 5) pour in three fingers of milk
- 6) pour coffee quickly into mug, a quick pour should sufficiently stir the mess at the bottom
- 7) if your feeling fancy pants you can top it with whipped cream, cinnamon and drizzle some cherry syrup on the whole shebang - but doing such would make you "the gay"
- 8) enjoy!

This is the first in a series of features I'm thinly disguising as science fiction.

After years of wandering the Arctic wilderness, I came upon an old raisined Indian ice fishing in the center of a frozen lake. He spoke to me in riddles and offered deep, somber platitudes. Once, he offered me a raw catch, but I had to refuse out of etiquette, for one never fully comprehends the intricacies of Indian fish protocols, and who was I to intentionally mangle what was probably a thousand-year-old tradition? Hungry and lost, yes, but not about to get tangled up. As I started off into the misty, ice-blue horizon he began screaming behind me. Suddenly his English was quite clear. He said "Boy, what you think you doin' out here in the middle of the tundra? Don't you know this is the top of the World? Scrawny-ass little white boys like you don't belong up here. This is God's Country." I turned to face his piercing stare, but as I did so, he stomped and the ice beneath him cracked. I ran to my insultor's aid, his body half submerged in the frigid waters. I grabbed his arms, leaned back and pulled. The feathers of his headdress gave me an allergy attack and I unintentionally sneezed, releasing my grip for a fraction of an instant, but it was too late. The poor nomadic fisherman was gone.

It wasn't until months later that I realized his ghost had been following me, tormenting me with graceful, unexplainable phenomena. By the time I realized it was his ghost I had grown almost completely accustomed to the whole thing. Objects in my room rearranged symbolically, signs and messages concealed ever so cleverly in

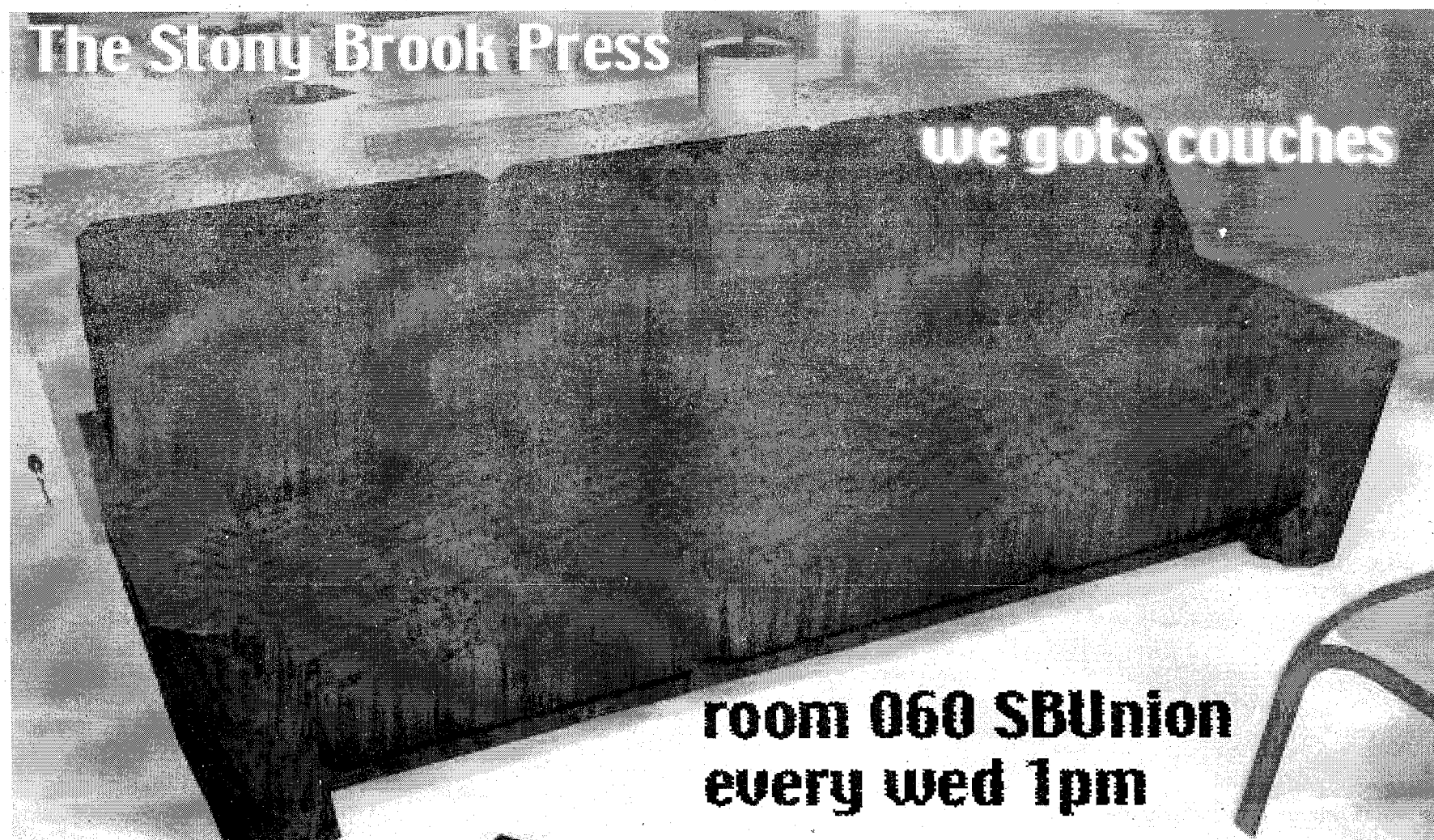
the most mundane occurrences, all pointed towards that one tragic, Arctic afternoon. All beckoning me to extract some meaning, some universal truth out of the whole experience. Was I going mad? Or had some alien pathogen infected my consciousness, disassembling preconceptions and reconfiguring my whole process to one day receive that ultimate revelation? A mystical experience is a universe unto itself, but a gap was widening between that higher dimension and the one I commonly inhabit. Bridging that distance was increasingly difficult. I needed some sign, some archetype, some bloody, ancient totem to allow me to see both worlds as one, to operate simultaneously in both systems of being.

It was then, on a groggy morning, staring blankly into the bathroom mirror, I saw the damn Indian's face. He looked amused. It clicked in me that everything weird had been his fault. "Why have you been fucking with me?" I demanded, right up in his grill. He smiled and puffed some tobacco. "Goddamn it boy, if you ain't got nothin to say, then shut your dumb ass up. You should have ate my fish, boy. You never know a good thing." His face faded away and I was left staring at me. That's no good, I thought.

So I now had a whole new riddle to decipher. Was the fish some form of Christian symbol? Was the Indian upset because of the supposed shift from the Age of Pisces to the Age of Aquarius? I was an Aquarius, did he know that? Had I been reading too much Philip Dick? These useless thoughts circled my mind at increasing velocities, making me dizzy. I got drunk. I vomited. I quit my job. Now I had all the time this conundrum necessitated. I would

eat mushrooms, light candles, toss the I Ching. Advice came, all forms of meaningless remarks involving money, sex, and death. Move here, move there, it's really nice, but what about the Fish? What about the meaning of giving? Is there room for synergistic cooperation in this society, or are we hard-wired for self-destruction? There followed the sweet priceless moments of clarity where all the questions unimportant to the immediate were swept away; I dubbed this "forgetting about it." But did you think that Indian would ever leave me alone? Hardly.

What had brought me to the tundra was the idea that in wandering, one lost themselves and found themselves at the same time. One lost all the programmed thought-reactions of civilization, and his or her true personality or soul was brought to the surface. I had miscalculated, because in truth the thought-reactions are embedded in the psychology, and no matter what you do or where you go, they remain. One hundred thousand miles is nothing when what you're trying to leave is contained in the motive apparatus itself. Watching the body of that Indian die had not shattered and realigned my perceptions, but they had been shaken, as if the Jenga tower of my ego was disheveled to the point of collapse at any second, to reveal, I hoped, some tiny golden nugget of truth the manufacturers had managed to slip inside. And now I was haunted by this hunter-gathering, nomadic old man who went to great lengths to insult me inside my own mind, who was flicking the blocks off of my structure with his wrinkled, psychic fingers, whom I realized I must understand in order to escape.



Cooking for the Common Slacker

By David

What the hell is wrong with me? Honestly. I think this was about a year or so ago. As a matter of fact it was. I remember it very vividly. My family was away for the weekend, with the exception of my older sister, and I basically had the house to myself. Yay! It's time to cook!

Now, what happened next is still kind of hazy. Not because I was on 'shrooms or anything, mind you, but because about the same time I decided to cook my sister decided to come home drunk as a skunk.

Sigh. So, she wavers her way through the door, telling me boastfully about how drunk she is and seeming to be disappointed by the fact that I don't give a shit. She's holding her pocketbook by the strap, which, for anyone who doesn't know, is a sure sign that the lady is wasted.

So, before she goes into her room and passes out, she uses the bathroom upstairs. Then she passes out. So I'm left with the house all to myself once again, if you exclude the drunken sister as a physical entity. So what do I do? I make a skillet dinner. What else would I do?

First comes the ground beef. I would have liked corned beef, but I knew better than to count on actually having any left. So I used ground beef instead. Unfortunately, we had no ground beef either, which leads us to the first and second rules of slacker cooking: 1) Improvise, and 2) Be resourceful. Remember, the idea here is that you really don't give a shit, but at the same time are pitifully obsessed.

No ground beef? No problem, I say. We did happen to have some frozen hamburger patties, so I just nuked a few of them in the microwave until they were soft enough to mash. And then, what do you know? Ground beef problem solved. This was good news.

Next would have to come the onions. We had onions. No problem with the onions. You just slice them up into rings and set them aside until your meat has cooked a little bit. Remember something, fellow slackers, that being a slacker is not about not giving a shit. Being a slacker is about caring extensively and passionately about certain things and then not giving a shit about anything else, which most often happen to be more important. Oh well. Remember something, dear reader, about sautéed onions: margarine makes the flavor, baby. Just scoop some margarine on the pan after your meat's halfway cooked and then throw your onions in. Make sure you use a lot of margarine and a lot of onions. Even if it's only to make it smell good.

Next you pick your spices. Without a second thought should ALWAYS come the black pepper and garlic. If you even think that you can get away with cooking a skillet dinner without black pepper or garlic then you are severely deluded, my dear friend. On a level note, reader, that was

not meant to sound patronizing. Really. I just can't think of any other way to write it. Leave me alone.

Okay, so where were we? Oh yes, spices. Lots of black pepper, and four times as much garlic. So much garlic that you can smell it down the block. You want to use enough garlic to make instant friends with your neighbors. People should be knocking at your door when they smell that. (With me it's not as easy, considering my neighbors on the right just sailed their longboard off the roof and my neighbor on the left is a heroin-addict who waters his lawn in woman's underwear. I kid you not.)

Next, you pick your vegetable. I am always partial to broccoli and potatoes. A broccoli note: it's always good to season the broccoli, but not too much or you'll get sick. Just keep that in mind. And about potatoes, make sure you don't throw a whole potato on the frying pan. I know this is cooking for slackers, but don't be stupid. That's just, well, disgraceful. No further comment on that.

Now, I'm all set and moving, got everything cooking and the garlic smells fantastic. But I, like any other slacker, have to be creative. Otherwise I'd just be a lazy bum. What sets me apart is that I have not just a tendency but a pitiful need to be creative. That's when I thought of my grand idea.

One time, while cooking up a nice skillet in Southern Connecticut on a fine Sunday morning, I decided to add chicken gravy. Oh, it was so good. Especially since we used real garlic cloves and not that powdered spice shit that I always end up using. So this time, alone in my house except for my drunken sister, I decided that my new experimental addition would be.... cinnamon!

Oh, boy, was that a mistake. I don't think anything has ever smelled worse in my entire life. It was just awful. The entire house smelled like a sewer, only worse. Garlic and cinnamon do not mix, and the smell is simply amazing. I don't think anyone had ever thought that smell up before me. I believe that I can credit myself with inventing a smell that had not previously existed. I call it: Cinnashit. If you ever want to reproduce it, just follow the above instructions, brave reader.

This could have been the end right here. I could have thrown it all away and then spent the rest of the night trying to make the house smell Lysol fresh. That's just not my style, though. I had spent nearly an hour of my life making the cinnashit recipe, and I was not about to let it go to waste. The solution I found: fucking

things up even more.

Basil leaves, pizza seasoning, garlic salt, taco sauce, vanilla extract, bullion cubes and oregano. It only made things worse. Every time I'd come up with a new bright idea, my pan would look more and more like a puddle of mush. It was quite depressing. In the end my meal resembled an old wet newspaper in a muddled alley, and it smelled like nothing I have ever imagined before. There is no name for that smell. It's just better left... forgotten.

So now I'm on my last ditch efforts to save my shit-meal. But then, just as I'm about to work my Jedi magic, the basement floods.

I went to use the bathroom, and I noticed that I was in an inch and a half of piss water. Knowing of course that the plumbing on the first floor runs through the basement ceiling, I knew what to expect.

Four inches of water, spreading out like a lake in my basement. Mind you that this is a finished basement, recently appraised as having its own potential market value should we choose to rent it. Now I'm standing in Pond Imindeepshit. There's really nothing I can do.

That's when my slacker side decided to take a rest. Suddenly I was hit with this sudden urge to take action, and for the next hour I mopped up that flood. My sister was passed out in the next room. She didn't even stir.

So I cleaned it all up, and I hung the area rugs out to dry, and I put the futon cover in for a spin cycle. Everything was beginning to look up. I was feeling extremely proud of myself.

Then I smelled something. Oh no! I thought. My cinnashit!

I raced up the stairs and beheld the awesome power that was my creation. I wept for a long time. It was just... horrible. There are no other ways to describe it. But do you know what I did next? I tried some!

You're damn right I did. I figured if I'd put so much work into it I might as well at least try a bite. Plus, it seemed almost biblical, prophetic even, when you consider how awful this meal turned out. It seemed like something that only came once in every eighty or ninety years. I had to try it, simply because it was my duty and responsibility as creator of said catastrophe.

So that's why you shouldn't use cinnamon on a skillet dinner. It makes the Gods angry. I haven't thought about it until now, but I think my house flooded because God couldn't stand the stench of my cooking. Not that I completely believe in God, but that if I did I could imagine he wouldn't be a fan of bad cooking.



BORK, BORK, BORK!
Courtesy of The Swedish Chef

When I Was In Jazz Band In College, I Was Playing High F's

By Dimitri Vishnepolsky

My name is Dimitri. Yeah, so I started playing trumpet my sophomore year, I taught myself over the summer. I've been a musician all my life and have been playing violin since I was 7. I was able to join the Undergraduate Orchestra after playing trumpet for a few months. I also took trumpet lessons for the entire sophomore year and got A's. But...

Now, it was my junior year and I got a new teacher, a freaking graduate student working on his masters, working in an elementary school, who played like some crappy mediocre high school trumpet player—apparently it is very common in the S.B. music department to suck, it's not Julliard after all. I've seen a few concerts where he played and he would always fuck up, even playing the easiest stuff. So he told me the way I was playing was wrong and I should change my embouchure. And I told him that I would not change the way I've been playing all along, the way my previous teacher, who now has a Ph.D. taught me, the way I've been playing first trumpet in orchestra. He got pissed. But he didn't give up; throughout the semester he kept insisting and insisting. He wanted me to play as crappily as him, no thanks.

Then bullshit started. Mr. Fat was late all the fucking time, had no room to have the lesson in, and ended classes earlier. He was unprepared, and couldn't play my pieces without fucking up. One time we were playing a duet for two trumpets and he was the one who kept getting lost and he was playing second trumpet. Finally, he kept telling me all the war stories from the past, how he played "high F's" in jazz band and then he tried to show me and he couldn't. He even brought a lead mouthpiece and he still couldn't play it—all I heard was the fucking fart that came out of his horn.

A total of five lessons were canceled throughout the semester, some of them without warning. For instance one time the Fat Fuck had rescheduled my lesson three times and I had to stay on a Friday for 3 extra hours and not go home. Then "surprise!" no lesson. I also heard such utter crappola, as "Well, then you won't have time to practice from Thursday to Tuesday, so let's just cancel the lesson this week..."

I haven't seen this guy for three weeks before the Jury at the end of the semester where I was supposed to play a piece. The reason for missed classes is because there was snow and classes got canceled, then another class missed due to Thanksgiving break and finally he said he couldn't have a lesson during the usual time and gave me two days I could make up the lesson on, without indication of time periods. I replied to the email suggesting two times on one of the days. He responded stating that he could not make it at "both times requested"—period, that's it.

I happened to be in the music building on the day when Fuck-Face said he

could not make it at the times that I had suggested. I had my trumpet with me, since I was going to practice my jury piece. I ran into my trumpet teacher from last year, who offered to help me with my jury piece. When we were going to his office, we ran into Fatty. When I asked him if I could have a lesson with him, he replied that he was having a lesson with his student and could not do it.

Finally the biggest surprise came when I got my grade on SOLAR—it was an F. I had played the Jury very well, the other musicians were really impressed and I was sure that I would have gotten an A. However, my jury evaluation was poor. Other people, on the other hand, got very good and excellent evaluations. One of them played "Old McDonald Had a Farm". The other one played the same piece as I did last year, only much worse.

It was early January when I emailed both Judith Lochead (Department Chairperson), and Susan Radcliff (professor of trumpet, who was teaching my professor) about my grade. It took three months for the department to get together to have another jury for me (6 people were present). Everybody concluded that the jury I played was a passing one. Everybody also concluded that MY EMBOUCHURE WAS SOLID, contrary to What's-His-Face's early opinion. I was told that my grade was now a C. Despite the fact that my orchestra professor and my previous teacher defended me saying that I am a good musician, I am playing first trumpet in orchestra and getting A's; the Chairperson of the department said that a compromise had to be made about my grade. Associate Professor Perry Goldstein and my professor have changed the story several

times.

Lies, lies and made-up bullshit followed and those lies were later denied. I was nervous as hell when I played that Jury and I played much worse than I did during that first jury. But, they made it seem that the Jury was a passing one and the one that I played before was not—my trumpet playing had magically improved over the winter break.

I asked for another fucking meeting where everybody would be present, including the "great virtuoso of a teacher," and after I filed a grievance against the music dept. towards the end of the semester, my grade was later permanently changed to a C+. Perry Goldstein stated that after this meeting, HE WOULD NOT HEAR ANY MORE ARGUMENTS FROM EITHER SIDE. During the meeting, my professor denied missing more than two classes. He also stated that it is my fault that I did not make up the class before the Jury, since his two other students made it up. My teacher made up other crazy shit like that I never brought a notebook to class, and that he found my jury piece in a pile of loose photocopies in my trumpet case (to show how unorganized I was). I have the notebook with my teacher's handwriting in it and the printed version of my jury piece, which I bought in a store, with my teacher's markings in it but no! The music department will not reconsider their decision. The motherfucker also stated that the "final straw" was when I had a lesson with my old teacher behind his back.

I had no chance. I was outnumbered. Nobody cared. Everybody was laughing behind my back. I wrote grievances, and later a letter to the Shirley Strum Kenny, and all of them were in vain.



The Wo/Men's Center

WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE TWO NEW GROUPS FORMING:

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for survivors of
rape/ sexual abuse

Group will meet weekly
at the Wo/Men's Center
Student Union, Room 216

To set up an initial appointment, please call
Linda Aserr, MA or Samantha Coit, MSW
at

632-WOMN (9666)

Individual counseling is also available

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IF YOU WISH TO JOIN, PLEASE CONTACT THE
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CALL: 632-WOMN (9666)

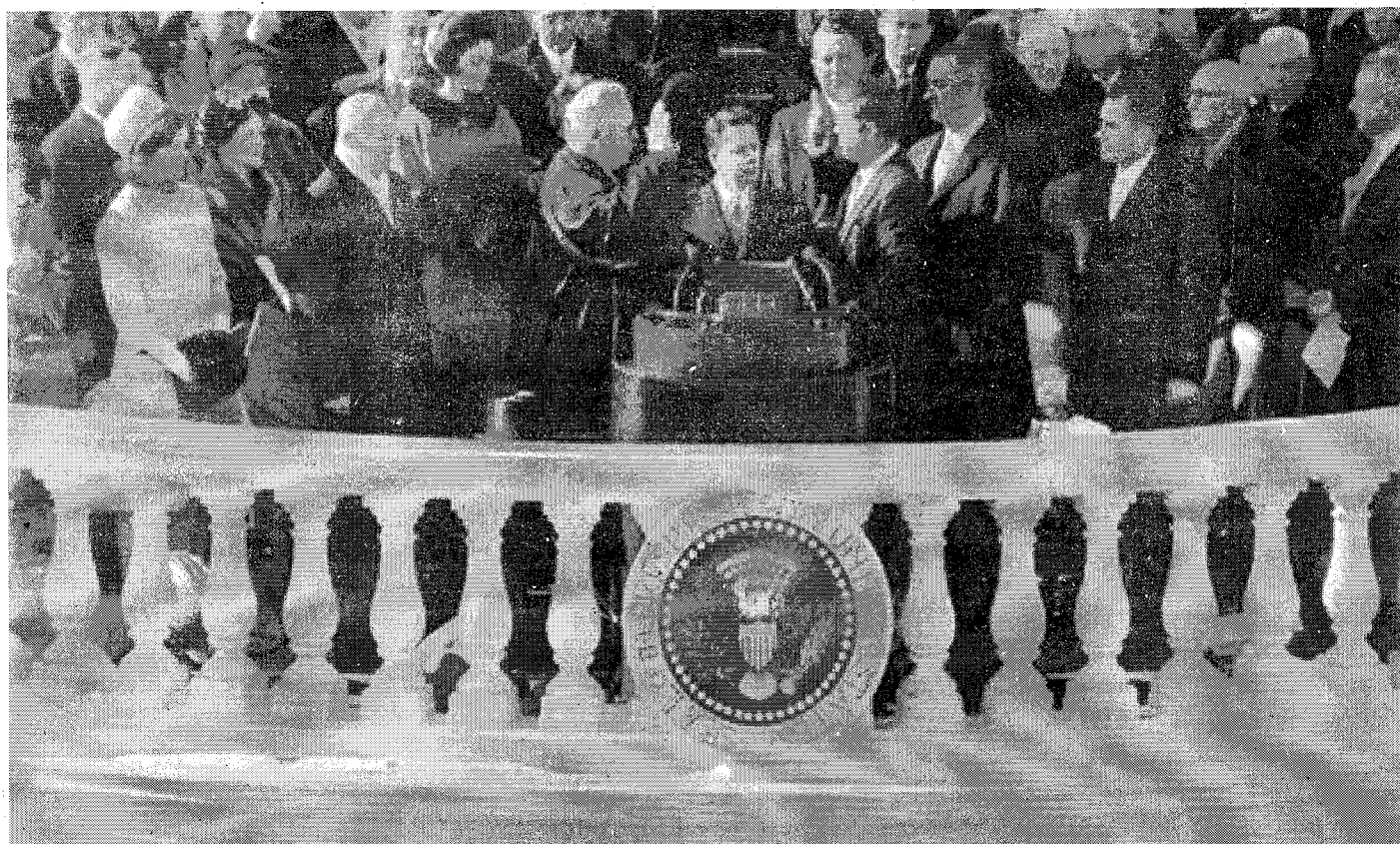
Individual counseling is also available

You are not good at Photoshop!

"I am the greatest son-of-a-bitch ever to grace a computer with my unabashed skill and unchallenged creativity! There has never been anyone born unto this earth who could out-Photoshop me. Not you, not him, not Jesus, not the makers of Photoshop, not nobody, not no-how! Once, someone tried to Photoshop a picture better than me and I put him in his place... which was very far behind myself in the "Photoshop Skillz" line. I kid you not."

- anonymous, yet extremely arrogant Photoshop goer

Sound familiar, folks? Doesn't it piss you off that EVERYBODY thinks they are better than you at Photoshop? Well here's your chance to prove them wrong!



The Stony Brook Press is holding their first-ever Photoshop contest!

Your Task:

- Go to **www.thepress.info** and download the above picture of President Kennedy's Inauguration.
- Open it in Photoshop and do WHATEVER YOU WANT TO IT! (add stuff, move stuff, anything!)
- Save your version as a .jpeg file and send it back to us!

Each submission will be rated by the entire Editorial Board based on...

- 1) Creativity
- 2) Technical Merit
- 3) Humor

The Prize:

- All three winners will receive their very own pair of the one-and-only... UNDEROOS!
- All three winners will have their picture used in the "April Fool's" Issue of *The Stony Brook Press* where we will have our staff write a "news article" for each winning picture.
- Deliciously concrete and undisputed bragging rights.

The Deadline for submissions is Saturday, March 20, 2004.

Limit 1 submission per person! See **www.thepress.info** for details and disclaimer.

Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

On all accounts, the trip to Mardi Gras was ridiculous – a grandiose success. Plenty of home-grown nudity, beer flowing freely like milk and honey, travelers and natives intermingling in carefree hedonism, drunk on revelry ... stoned on life; bladders full of Franzia, knife-throwing at 6 a.m., demolishing several bar stools, screaming "Pipes of Pan," and let's not forget balcony-diving into the back of Wiley's truck. And did I mention the nudity. But, wait ... I'm getting ahead of myself.

We started our journey of spirits driving a rental car illegally out of the tri-state area – that's the only way to get unlimited miles – with half the drivers also illegal. We joked with the rental agent that we wouldn't be able to use the convertible top. "Yup, sure, we're not straying past Jersey." Meanwhile, we got our kicks on Route 66 and partied in 80-degree Louisiana weather.

Not only did we have the necessary amount and variety of contraband, but I had in my possession a digital video camera from school, to tape any of the warped shit I saw, with the warning that no harm should befall it, or I would be stuck with a hefty bill. But hey, that's how you have to do things sometimes – by the seat of your pants, and just crazy enough to be totally confident.

We drove 24 solid, half-crazed hours, switching off and surfing the classic rock stations of Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama ... the air getting warmer and sweeter as we passed the Mason-Dixon line.

We hit New Orleans in the sunny glory of the morning, with plenty of drink to catch up on. The frat-style house we stayed in had an amazing array of 150+ Captain Morgan bottles, built-up over the course of five years, displayed on shelves lining the entire length of every wall. As I learned over the course of the next few days, it seemed as though no one ever slept, and various wayward travelers would flow in and out; a constant stream of folks from other states and time zones. I've never met so many people so dedicated – Partying was raised to a bona-fide art form.

There are only three 'rules' to Mardi Gras: 1) Don't piss in the street. 2) Don't fuck with the cops' horses – both of which will get you arrested, and you'll be thrown in lock-up and essentially forgotten about for several days until the festivities are over. 3) Never stop drinking ... you are only hurting yourself. With this cardinal info in mind – and brew in hand – we set out for

Bourbon Street.

Everywhere you went people bellowed "Happy Mardi Gras!" and raised the beer they were inevitably holding – toasting life, liberty and titties galore. I had been to Vegas earlier this year, and now to Mardi Gras: I went from loose slots – to loose sluts. Maybe it was the heat, the perpetual sight of flesh, the air of celebration ... but it seemed like everyone was in a constant state of arousal.

I won't go into my exploits, except to say that our connection in the house, a honey-skinned Hawaiian, bald with a lovely mermaid girlfriend, remarked on how he thought at first I was a "good girl," but after two days he said he changed his mind.

We had some fungus among us, so we gobbled it before heading out to the parade. I've never consumed so many mind and mood-altering drugs steadily and consecutively. It was quite an achievement ... quite a trip.

Downtown was packed with people, all sardined in, milling or standing, shouting "I'm Rick James, bitch!", drinking or mouth agape at some bouncing breasts beside them. In the beginning you're happy to catch any beads, but by the end you realize it was all shwag, and you become a total bead snob, attempting only for the best. I flashed my boobs only once – for a supreme string of killer beads – the rest of my haul I got for free. And hey, if I do end up on Girls Gone Wild, then so be it, that's what you get for flashing your goods in public.

At random points everyone would diverge and set off on their own adventures, but we would inevitably come together at the beer truck or the house later on to swap stories – the arrests, the girl who got hit in the face with a metal fire-escape ladder, who got lucky, the fights with drunken revelers...

My companion and I hit up a blues club, met some dudes from Arkansas, and perused a few sex shops. A tan, Mediterranean woman was getting her entire naked chest and midsection spray-painted with a tropical scene at sunset. Her nipples were huge pencil-eraser types, like the ones Farrah Fawcett had in her Playboy pictorial a few years back.

So as I'm coming down from the earlier-ingested toadstool, I phone my father to tell him I'm as safe as safe can be, and he needn't worry. And he tells me that – after years of needling and hawing about it, and two months on the market, my parents have finally done it – sold my childhood home to soak up the sun in Florida.

In the midst of all variety of partying on Bourbon Street, I sat down on the side of some fancy restaurant to decompress and gather my thoughts. Movement was still all around me, of course; the blend of the crowd heaving in and retreating, 11-year-old girls in black push-up bras and ripped wife-beaters, senior citizens wearing marijuana-leaf beads, the religious freaks with a giant cross and sign warning everyone to repent or die, crusty men filming 'Babes of Mardi Gras', – and I realized with infinite wistfulness that there comes a point in your life when you can never go home again.

I sat for a time with a heavy heart ... but "fuck it," I thought. "Life goes on," and with that my friend helped me up to go get another beer.

Madness, madness ... but before the night was over I would meet an Elvis impersonator with severe camel-toe, and some popping hot girls from Tulane. Out of necessity, I broke into the house we were staying at, twice, by crawling through a narrow stained-glass window over the door. After all, being locked out is only OK if you possess the necessary drugs.

After a few days of continuous consumption and insomnia, and the booming laughs that can only be had by making fun of bewildered passerby, it was time to go. I met a lot of awesome people, mostly bonding over beers and blunts and bitches. We were sorry to leave, but responsibilities nearly 2,000 miles away loomed overhead.

My fellow hooligans and I only had one run-in with 5-0, on the trip back home. The cop warned, "...and don't be smoking this stuff goin' down the road. If they catch you, some of them po-po's will jack you up." Needless to say, he let us off incredibly easy, and we survived the trip with nary a concern.

"Tennessee, Tennessee. There ain't no place I'd rather be..."

Q: Dear Amberly Jane,

There's this girl who broke up with me, and now she sends me all these letters. And what's the deal with that?

Signed – Hopelessly Confused

A: Dear Confused,

I'll bet all my Mardi Gras beads she regrets dumping you and wants you back. Or at least wants the rod.

For questions or comments, e-mail: AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com.

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Finley Quaye Single - "Dice" By Melanie Donovan

Well, don't you just love it when you think you are getting a couple of songs on a CD single, but to your surprise it is the same song remixed four different ways? For a song to be remixed multiple times, it has to be quite good. "Dice" from Finley Quaye is no "Hey Ya," but who can stand up to the standards of good music these days? I guess this song could be categorized as R&B/Pop - sort of a British John Mayer. Yes, that's right, Mr. Quaye is British. And after some researching I found out that he has kept a steady fan base over there since 1997. Interesting enough, most Americans have never heard of him.



So let's talk about what this single is all about: "Dice." It is a nice and slow song, with some simple guitar and strange synthesizer noises. Quaye does have a unique noise that gives the song its mellow, soothing tone. Then I realized something - there are really only a couple lines of lyrics in this song: "Nothing can compare/To when you roll the dice and you swear your love's for me." Those lyrics pretty much sums up the entire song. This line is repeated nine or ten times in the song. What if everybody just repeated themselves to take up time and space? What if everybody just repeated themselves to take up time and space?

Other lyrics in the song are, "I was crying over you/I am smiling I think of you." Very deep. Then he sort of just says meaningless multi-syllabic words such as, "Virtuous sensibility/Escape velocity." But 'nothing can compare' to when he goes back to repeating "Nothing can compare/To when you roll the dice and you swear your love's for me."

After the "radio edit" version of the song, there are three remixes that follow. The first remix, called the "Layo & Bushwacka! Missing You mix" and running eight minutes long, has a lot of beats and noises until the words actually start two minutes into the song. This one has that very techno vibe to it that will be a smash hit in the clubs. The next mix, the "Ilya Remix edit," leans more to the R&B side by pumping up the bass. The last mix, which I actually found better than the original, is labeled "Finley's Version." This has a sort of jazzy sound, using horns and saxophones. Other voices can be heard vocalizing nicely

with Quaye.

Finley Quaye: big star in Britain, but will he make it here? I really doubt it. There is no place for uniqueness here in America. I think his music is enjoyable, but then again I only listened to one song. So in the words of Finley, "Nothing can compare/To when you roll the dice and you swear your love's for me." (What does that mean?)

Modest Mouse - "Float On" Single Review?? By Mike Fabbri

Ok so here's the deal: Normally we here at *The Stony Brook Press* have the unique pleasure of reviewing CD's being released by Sony, first hand. This has brought great admiration and respect to Sony. Unfortunately, for some reason Sony has not entirely bestowed this privilege upon us in more recent weeks. Rather than being able to review an entire album as a whole, they have given us the fantastic and astounding honor of reviewing singles...yes, that's right, I said singles. Now the great thing about singles is that after you listen to them, you get this great big void in your lower abdomen. The void is caused by the complete and utter lack of opinion on the music that you just listened to.

Take for example Modest Mouse. A great band that has been together since late 1994, though with no real opinion as to what their new album is going to be like, I have very little to say as far as reviewing goes. The song "Float On" is pretty damn neat, not my favorite Modest Mouse track, but definitely a good one. Somewhere between an acoustic white Outkast and a more well-refined Orgy, Modest Mouse falls comfortable onto pleasing aural sounds that will put you in a good mood.

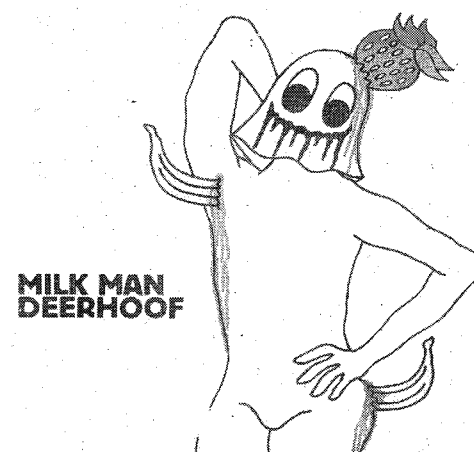
Well, to give to a band some much needed publicity, their new album is called *Good News For People Who Love Bad News*, it will be out in stores on April 6th, and is something to look forward to, at least I hope it is. I would have a better idea if I had actually listened to it, but you all know about that already.

Deerhoof - "Milk Man" by Tom Senkus

If you could put your little cousin in charge of producing an indie rock band, "Milk Man", the latest album from Deerhoof (to be released March 9, from the label KillRockStars), is what you would come up with. The package of semi-stellar musicianship, lyrical odes to e.e. cummings, nursery rhymes, and childish singing, makes you yearn for the days of wearing sweatpants and Underoos to school. Even cuter is the cover art, which is of an androgynous female body with a Pac Man-ghost head and stab-wounds from bananas and strawberries. It is QUITE bizarre!

For all you fanatics who like to fan-

tasize the possibilities of artists collaborating to make an odd musical side-project, "Milk Man" would be the cross between Frank Zappa's "Weasal's Ripped My Flesh" and King Krimson's "Starless and Bible Black". In laymen's terms, it's more of an irreverently humorous record with progressive rock tendencies. The second song "Giga Dance," mixes dissonant guitar with very danceable odd-time-signature drums. "Desapareceré", sung in pseudo-Spanish with a very jazzy Fender Rhodes playing, and studio manipulation, recalls avant-gardists' Coil and Matmos. Something tells me these guys are more talented than they let on.



The lyrics make allusions to some sort of story. The most I can garner from listening to it is that a despotic Milk Man has a rise, decline, and resurgence in a kingdom. Besides that, it's basically open to interpretation. Singer Santomi Matsuzaki sings in a high falsetto, barely piercing the mix, which makes the lyrics feel like they are more for phonetics than meaning (ala My Bloody Valentine). The fifth song, "Dog on the Sidewalk", besides being my favorite lyrically, repeats the phrase, "Dog on the sidewalk, dog on the sidewalk, I sawwww, I sawwww!" like a young child amazed at the simple discovery of life. Not exactly Leonard Cohen.

If you get that urge to dance like a child, to remember the days when you demanded ice cream for all meals, and have some cash to blow, what better way than with Deerhoof's "Milk Man".

MTVU Study/Party CD Sampler By Meri Wayne

When I first agreed to review the CD sampler MTVU was distributing in celebration of their triumphant, although monopolistic, acquisition of the College Television Network, I thought it would be fun. The two-disc sampler features a Study disc and a Party disc. Exactly what every college student needs: music to procrastinate to and music to drink to. I can honestly say that this disc is perfect for both, though probably not in a good way.

The Study disc, hot pink and looking more like it should be the party disc features some bands you've heard of and some you probably haven't. I put it in to try to crash study for my Natural Disaster exam.

Even More CD REVIEWS!!!

Maybe it was because I had no desire to study or maybe it was the music, but I couldn't even read through my notes once during the duration of the disc. Instead, I found myself playing on the computer.

To be fair, I decided to give it another try while reading gender sociology; it was still a no-go. The awfully mixed disc starts with (my favorite artist) Howie Day's "Perfect Time of Day," a great song but not really good for studying. Quickly followed by Chingy ("One Call Away") and a live Coldplay track ("The One I Love"). The thought put into mixing the disc seems to be scarce, if there was any at all. The only songs on here that I was actually able to get any work done to were the Ben Harper ("Diamonds on the Inside") and Death Cab for Cutie ("The New Year") tracks. Half the songs seemed more apropos for the Party disc, but not having listened to it yet, I decided that they must have put Butterfly Boucher ("I Can't Make Me"), Elephant Man ("Signal De Plane" – a very catchy song that made me completely stop doing my work each time it came on), and The Raveonettes ("That Great Love Sound") on Study because Party didn't have space for them.

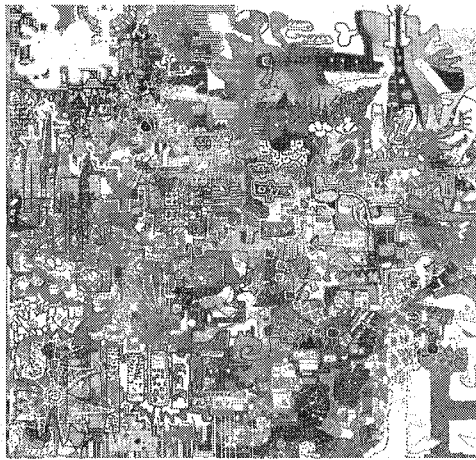
Wow, was I wrong. The Party disc turned out to be an even worse example of mixing than the Study disc. It begins with Atmosphere rapping "Trying to Find a Balance," which got me sort of moving, until Jack Johnson's laid-back voice came on. Jack Johnson, though very cool, is not exactly party music. In fact, on the whole disc, there are maybe three other songs I would party to: "Back in the Mud," Bubba Sparxx; "Silence is Easy," Starsailor; and "Marathon," Dilated Peoples. The chick rock songs of Katy Rose and Melissa Auf Der Maur seem a little too much from the Avril-mold, and Jin's "Learn Chinese" is laughably funny. The most inappropriate song on the disc though, is the 7-minute and 38-second live Switchfoot (who the fuck is Switchfoot?) track that includes at least a minute and a half of the dude talking like he's Bono, the audience clapping and cheering, and the beginning of the next song.

Considering the awful mixing of song selections, you'd at least think they could have gotten the levels right. Well, in the middle of Party, the volume goes way down. This sampler just makes me wonder – 'Who was the idiot who organized this, and what were they on at the time?'

Phantom Planet – s/t **By Joe Filippazzo**

Phantom Planet's new self-titled album is quite good. Although they don't have the most original sound of all time, they are still a fun listen. If you are a big fan of the Goo Goo Dolls, I hate you. This 11-song CD reminds me of The Bends era of Radiohead but with much stronger drums and a wonderfully melodic bass. In songs like "Badd Business," the percussion kicks

ass and takes names. The only thing that spoils the song is the frighteningly ska-esque guitar parts. Once again, ska has ruined something beautiful.



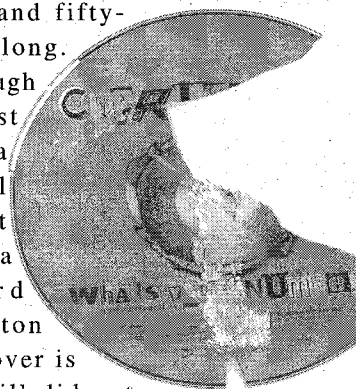
One particular song, a track called "Big Brat" is much like capitalism. It has some impressive parts, but you quickly realize that it is the downfall of western civilization. Well, maybe not that bad but I don't want to hear it again.

The guitar is all up in my grill-piece too, but I kinda like it cause it makes me feel sexy. The vocals are by no means the weak point in this album either. At times, they can be a little inaudible, but over all, he screams when you want him to yell and he rocks when you want him to pebble, whatever THAT means! Phantom Planet basically gives you a lot more than you would expect from the looks of their case's lackluster design. Truly, you should not judge a phantom by its planet.

This album is awesome when it's free, very good when it's 10 bucks and not worth your time if it's \$19.99 at FYE. They do a good job providing their listeners with quality tunes but they sound too much like The Strokes at times. You're better off calling Sony and telling them that you work for a newspaper so they send you free stuff. To recapitulate: Phantom Planet is good and I got through an entire CD review without mentioning "the guy from Rushmore." Awwwww, crap.

Cypress Hill – What's Your Number **By Joe Filippazzo**

Columbia Records just recently sent your dear compadres over at The Stony Brook Press a copy of Cypress Hill's new single What's Your Number. The song is three minutes and fifty-one seconds long. The CD, although it contains just one song, is in a full sized jewel case. The front cover is a checkerboard with a skeleton and the back cover is red. Cypress Hill did not really write this song. It is basically just



the Paul Simonon song, "The Guns of Brixton." Tim Armstrong is from the band Rancid. He plays guitar and he sings too. He is very talented.

Nellie McKay – Get Away From Me **By Jessica Worthington**

No, no, no. That's not what I titled this review. "Get Away From Me" is the title to Nellie McKay's debut album. And I kinda like it. I do have to admit, though, that I didn't think I was going to. When I was handed the album, I gave one look at the cover, rolled my eyes, and gave an "oh God" upon seeing this little-red-riding-hood-adorned, blond hair, blue-eyed, girl jumping for joy on a graffiti ridden city street. Then the back insert made me laugh again, due to the girl, (who I'm assuming is McKay) playing with a flock of dirty pigeons in an alley. After my last observation, a line printed on the back cover stating that Nellie McKay is a proud member of PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals), I summed up my prejudgment of the album as a whiney, don't-kick-my-cat-it-has-feelings bitchfest by a Jessica Simpson understudy.

I'll admit it. I was off by a little. Okay a lot. It's hard to pinpoint the style of McKay exactly, but I'll describe it as something you'd hear in a coffee shop. The syncopated piano undertones, bass lines, and a-rhythmic melodies make you want to label it as jazz. But, then she'll throw you a curve and come up with a track that's pretty much a rap, or another one that sounds like it used to be a song on Broadway. Either way, the music won't bore you, largely due to the 8 bajillion different instruments utilized by McKay and her studio. She even used a glockenspiel. I just like to say glockenspiel.

The lyrics are simple. The lines are short and they all rhyme at the end. Most of the songs paint a pretty little picture of the many observances McKay makes wandering around. You can almost imagine her sitting on a porch with a notepad just writing whatever she sees. Covering a wide range of topics from the Bush administration to her pet dog, the lyrics match the different tones of each of the songs. Sometimes, they seem a little too simple and lofty, but in no way ruin the song, because of the great voice with which they're sung. With her confident, rich sound, it's hard to imagine this talent is coming from a nineteen year old.

Overall, I can't really tell you what to expect from Nellie McKay because she's all over the place. What I can tell you is that an eclectic mix of styles and instrumentation coupled with an excellent voice and uncomplicated lyrics make this album something you'd want to check out, or at least have playing in the background as you enjoy your evening cup o' joe.

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