

The *Stony Brook*
1979-2004 **PRESS** 25th Anniversary
The Community News & Features Paper

Vol. XXV, Issue 11

"Our yearbook is named after a gynecologist's tool!"

March 17, 2004

Campus Fuzz In Full Effect!

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- AND MUCH MUCH MORE**

Define "Closed Meeting"

By Joe Filippazzo

"To serve Fred Preston and protect my job" is how the old police officer motto goes. The law-abiding citizens of Stony Brook can rest assured in the fact that the police department on campus is here for their well-being if Administration wills it so. Were you assaulted on campus? Well if Fred hates assault, then the cops hate assault and everything will be right as rain (if Fred likes rain, of course). Otherwise, no one cares and it didn't happen. You are a liar and there is no documentation of this "assault" you speak of, you obstructionist rabblouser! Whether you like this method or not, it is how things are run here at Stony Brook University. One perfect example of this type of "law" and "order" occurred this past Tuesday, March 9 in the Student Activities Center.

Vincent Rasulo is a senator for the Undergraduate Student Government. In this author's opinion, he is one of the few senators that are actually motivated and genuinely concerned with student life. Of the 19 senators, there are maybe five that will sacrifice personal time to improve our community and Senator Rasulo is certainly one of them. In fact, he was the chair of the Ad Hoc committee and a co-author of the Transparency In Government Act, which were set up to look into the less-than-constitutional behavior of the Executive Council early in USG's history. On a side note, this is the same USG that Vice President of Student Affairs Fred Preston said was doing a great job and had the full backing of his office. Needless to say, Senator Rasulo didn't have much support from anyone in USG save three or four other senators. One especially belligerent individual who tried his best to shoot down any positive input from Senator Rasulo was the senate chair, Vice President Sergio deFreitas.

On sheer coincidence, the Executive Council decided that it was a good time to check the GPA of each senator since, according to USG requirements, each senator must have a GPA of 2.5 to qualify for a position. It turns out that Senator Rasulo had a 2.45 GPA. As soon as the opportunity arose, he was "advised" by several members of USG and Administration, including President Sandy Curtis, Administrative Director Luis Medina, and Director of Student Activities Alexandra Duggan, to step down. Senator Rasulo refused, stating that the requirement only had two significant digits and his GPA correct to two significant digits is a 2.5. He notes that if the requirement were 2.50 and not 2.5, he would concede and step down. Rasulo says, "I contend their interpretation."

Senator Rasulo's biggest qualm was the lengths the powers-that-be took to get rid of him without having to actually deal with

him. Since his grade point average was not actually violating the USG Constitution, he could not be impeached. Instead, he was simply not fulfilling a "requirement" and there was no mechanism to remove him. In fact, he didn't even receive an official explanation or warning that he was to be removed from the Senate. Senator Rasulo said he was only given a "dubious explanation" of the constitution and references to several instances where people suggested he step down. These are what USG considers "official conversations." As far as USG is concerned, he has been removed and the problem has been resolved. The only problem though is that it isn't. USG just does what is most convenient for them.

Rasulo notes that it isn't his fault that Sandy Curtis appointed him without checking his "qualifications" or making some sort of process to remove or penalize those that don't qualify. In a statement he made to SBU-TV, Vincent states, "You would think that during the appointment process they would go and look this stuff up but I guess 'Don't let the Constitution get in the way of conducting business'" And they certainly don't. This brings us to the meeting of March 9.

Senate meetings are usually Tuesdays at 7pm in SAC Ballroom B and they are open to the public. The reason they are open to the public is that they handle public matters and are required to be open by the New York State Open Meetings Law. Anyone can attend. This is a problem for people with a specific agenda. So what do they do? They have a closed meeting where only specific people on a list are allowed to attend. This is legal by the Open Meetings Law if it satisfies certain criteria. What do you do if the criteria aren't met? Call a closed meeting and only invite people who won't rat you out! Problem solved in USG's mind!

So a closed meeting was called on Tuesday, March 9 in lieu of a regular Senate meeting. The guest list included fan favorites such as Fred Preston, the USG Executive Council (Fred likes them), Alexandra Duggan (Fred likes her), and most of the senators (the ones Fred likes) to name a few. Senator Rasulo (whom Fred dislikes) was not invited but showed up anyway. He entered the room before the meeting began and took his seat, at which point several people asked him to leave since they believed he was no longer a sena-

tor and not on the list. Vincent refused remarking that they can't just "remove" him from the senate. There has to be a procedure. Finally, Fred Preston walks over and tells him to leave but again he refuses. At this

point Fred came out with a boisterous, "Do you know who I am?!" and threatened to take Senator Rasulo "beyond Polity" (yes, he said Polity) and all the way to the Academic Judiciary if he didn't leave. Rasulo demanded they make him leave because he thought the whole situation was ridiculously unfair.

As mere students should know, madder Fred gets, STRONGER FRED GETS!! Fred Preston had a plain-clothes detective show Vincent his badge and escort him out.

Vincent felt that this was not a legal action so he called the University Police to file a civil complaint. When they picked up, Vincent asked to speak to a police officer and the person on the phone said that he was one. He said that he wanted to file a complaint against Fred Preston for illegally removing him from a public meeting. The person on the phone said they were sending two officers to file his complaint. When they got there, the two officers refused to take his statement stating that it was a closed meeting. When Vincent contended that he wanted to file the complaint anyway, the cops refused to do so. Here was a Stony Brook University student seeking assistance from the University Police and they wouldn't help him. In fact, Senator Rasulo said that the police were "unnecessarily argumentative" and scolded him for filing a complaint for something that was not illegal.

Rasulo then asked why the police showed up at all and they said that the receptionist just gave them the call and didn't know. When Vincent said that he talked to an officer but didn't get his name, the police just brushed it off. Senator Rasulo thinks that the police stopped at the meeting to talk to Fred Preston before coming to him to take his report, but it has not been confirmed.

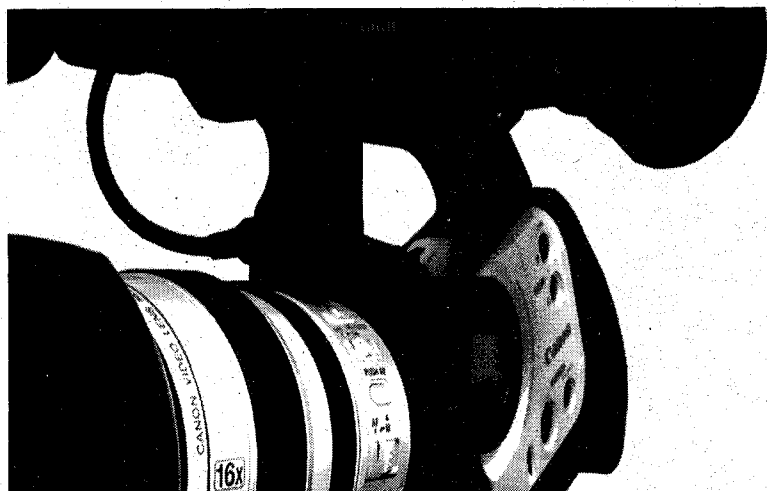
Is this how we want our University Police to behave when a situation arises on campus? Should the police be judge and jury, deciding on the spot who can file complaints and who can't? The answer is no. Stony Brook's residents should not have to go off-campus to file reports with "real cops" if they want justice. We pay the police to be fair and unbiased, providing the same service to everyone, student and faculty alike.



VINCENT RASULO,
Courtesy of SBU-TV



VICE PRESIDENT OF STUDENT AFFAIRS
FRED PRESTON,
Courtesy of www.Stonybrook.edu



SB DV
Festival

sbdvfestival.org

Global Issues Forum Addresses SB Anti-War Activism; Vietnam to Iraq

By Jackie Hayes

The second panel discussion of the Global Issues Forum was held on Wednesday, March 10 from 12:30-2pm in the Wang Center. The topic, Anti-War Activism from Vietnam to Iraq, was addressed by the six panelists: Stony Brook History Professors Joel Rosenthal and Judy Wishnia, Sociology Professor Mike Schwartz, Green Party activist and editor of Green Politix Mitch Cohen, Economics Professor Michael Zweig, and Stony Brook graduate student and one of the founding members of the Social Justice Alliance (SJA) Chad Kautzer. The panelists discussed their

experiences with organizing on campus, their contributions to the anti-war efforts, and explained the advantages and disadvantages of organizing on Stony Brook's campus.

Joel Rosenthal, the first speaker, started with a general historical background explaining, "Stony Brook was plunked down in 1962 on land donated by Ward Melville... the original campus was small... we were dealing with a mainly white, Christian, reactionary, conservative community." He also stated, "the campus was built quickly and poorly, which sparked student discontent." Rosenthal pointed to the older brick buildings on campus as remnants of the original campus. The Administration was, "trying to build up the University," he explained, which resulted in almost constant construction on campus. Despite the conservative community and the disruption of construction, students were still able to effectively organize through strikes, teach-ins, protests, and various other methods (both legal and illegal). Rosenthal pointed out, "the campus was closely tied to Manhattan," describing the links with NYU and Columbia. Although staff, faculty, and professors often provided much support for their anti-war efforts, Rosenthal pointed out that, "the Administration's main priority was growth... they were insensitive to student protest."

Judy Wishnia, continued on Rosenthal's points and drew attention to the events that initially prompted students to action. "One thing that galvanized students was the draft," she explained, "...at that time students had three main choices either protest, be drafted, or move to Canada." Wishnia said students were faced with images of body bags on the news, of climbing death tolls reaching over 50,000, and the fear or reality of being drafted. By the end of the war deaths on both sides would total to about 2.5 million. At the same time as students were being bombarded by images of death, information was coming out that the current US Administration was misleading the public regarding the success of the war. Wishnia stated students were, "angry they were being lied to." Also, many students felt, "I do not want to kill anyone in a war I don't agree with." Wishnia concluded stating, "this was the political situation that galvanized students."

Micheal Schwartz detailed his experiences, emphasizing the importance of action that has practical effects. "I arrived (at Stony Brook) in Fall 1970, at the peak of the anti-war movement," he began. In May of 1970 four students were killed and nine wounded by shots

fired by Ohio National Guardsmen at Kent State University during a protest. One of those students, Jeffrey Miller, was from Long Island and had graduated from Plainview High. In that same month, 2 students were killed and 11 wounded at Jackson State College, again during protests. "This triggered a national academic strike," explained Schwartz, which character-



THE SIX PANELISTS.
Courtesy of Andre Levy

ized the height of the anti-war movement. The success of the anti-war movement was also seen amongst troops, "you had soldiers refusing to fight," Schwartz stated.

Schwartz encouraged students to take action that had concrete effects stating, "think in terms of practical effects... think, what can I do to hinder the US government from pursuing these policies?" He pointed to the Civil Rights Movement explaining that the sit-ins, "drove those restaurants out of business," which ultimately meant those businesses could not survive if they continued enforcing racial segregation. He outlined some tactics organizers used on Stony Brook's campus to hinder the Vietnam War. They organized often-brutal demonstrations, resulting in arrests, against DOW Chemical recruiters. DOW Chemical produced napalm, one of the horrific trademarks of the Vietnam War. DOW Chemical would recruit potential employees on college campuses, including Stony Brook. Over the course of the war there were 221 separate, large-scale anti-DOW Chemical protests at campuses across the country. The tactics used by Schwartz and fellow organizers often prevented DOW Chemical recruiters from being able to recruit and also brought DOW Chemical bad publicity. They also organized anti-ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) protests. ROTC would recruit on campuses, offering students scholarships, in exchange for service. Schwartz explained, "there was a shortage of officers," which lead to increased recruiting. Blocking recruiters "choked the supply of students to the Army and the Government."

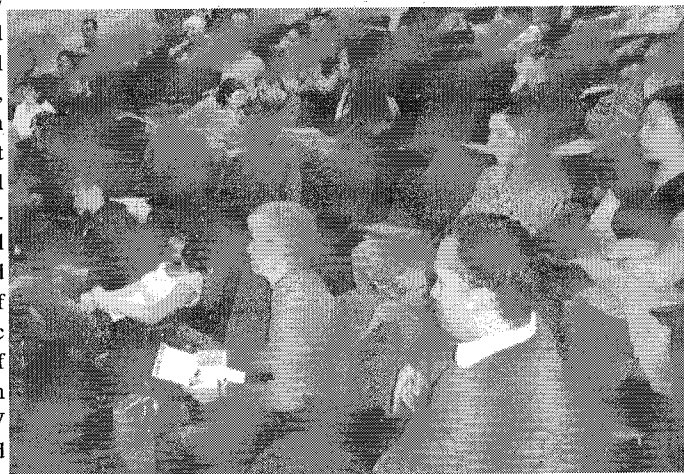
Mitchel Cohen suggested students organize a strike against the current War in Iraq, answering Schwartz's call for direct action. He pointed to California stating, "Today a California Workers Union has called for a one-day strike against the war effort, why don't students call a one-day strike against the war?" Pointing out the necessity of protest, Cohen continued stating, "this is a critical

time, we are facing a period of endless war." He also agreed with points Schwartz made earlier stating, "our job is not to send a message to Washington, but to directly impact the war effort."

Cohen then offered an anecdote of his early activist career. Jacob Javits, Republican Senator, was speaking on campus in regards to the Vietnam War. Javits defended the war, arguing the difficulty of pulling out at that time. Cohen, innocently asked, "why not just bring the troops home?" Javits, apparently annoyed by this question, berated Cohen for asking. Cohen began to feel ashamed that he had brought up such a question when a fellow student, Susie McLean, started charging the podium screaming, "you fascist murderer!" Susie was soon forced off the premises

and Javits was escorted back to his helicopter, illustrating the tension on campus during the war. Cohen recounted a few other personal stories, including one where he was kicked off campus for raiding a Department of Defense Office to copy documents detailing their relationship with Stony Brook University.

Michael Zweig came to Stony Brook University after graduating from University of Michigan, where he had helped organize the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). According to the Department of Special Collections and Archives at Kent State, SDS was established in 1959 and developed out of the League for Industrial Democracy. They were critical of the American political system for their inability to address major social issues like racism, materialism, poverty, militarism, and exploitation. SDS was one of the major organizers for the first large anti-war rally in Washington, DC on April 17, 1965. After coming to Stony Brook Zweig was active in the



THE GALLERY.
Courtesy of Andre Levy

anti-war movement and also interested in the intellectual side of struggle. "We studied, we read, we tried to understand what was happening ... we came to try to link intellectualism with the activism." Zweig continued stating, "we were trying to understand how things work, not just mindless activism."

Currently a Professor at Stony Brook, Zweig related some differences in regards to the environment surrounding the current anti-war movement and previous ones. "One of the principal differences is a greater receptivity to the idea that the government is lying... and a greater response." Zweig thinks this change or increased receptivity is due to many experiencing the Vietnam War era, where it was blatant during and after the war that the US Government had lied. Zweig also pointed out improvements in technology, making organization easier and faster. Yet he emphasized that, "nothing beats face to face contact... you need to engage people."

"I absolutely agree that there's nothing

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EDITORIAL: Spain- Tragedy and Public Action

We keep hearing about the new global climate and the threats of terrorism, as if terrorism is something completely new and different in the world. Spain recently had a terrible tragedy perpetrated on their soil, resulting in the loss of nearly two hundred lives, and over 1200 injured. Mass media in the United States was, at the very least, all too quick to blame Al-Qaeda and other groups who have attacked US interests in the recent past, while Spain was quick to blame a group they love to hate, the Basque Separatists. While Al-Qaeda itself claimed responsibility, and the separatists say they had nothing to do with it, Spain's arrests have come in the form of the separatists. It all goes to show that no nation is immune to its own forms of racism, even to this day. Our government clearly has it in for anyone of Middle Eastern descent, and Spain's new inquisition is aimed at the people from the Basque region.

Because of the separate agendas of everyone involved, it is going to be some time before we find out the truth behind it all. No matter how valid your cause may be, terrorism instantly negates your legitimacy - people are less inclined to support your cause if you've killed their friends and family. It's a sad situation when a group feels that their only viable means of communication is violence. We need to examine the causes of terrorism, and why groups resort to violence of this type specifically as a means to their ends.

This event has already been given media buzz names like "Europe's 9/11". The letter which Al-Qaeda supposedly sent claiming responsibility for the attack also warned that attacks may soon come to US interests. Obviously, this has prompted responses from

our elected leaders. None of the responses have been anything but canned and lackluster. Spain as a nation has come together and held vigils in honor of the tragedy. Spain grieves; we prepare to bomb more people. Spain makes investigations and arrests. We detain people and forget things like habeas corpus, and other rights our prisoners are supposed to have. Tragedy strikes different nations in different ways. Not to say either one is wrong or right, just noting differences.

It seems that Spain has had more experience with terrorism than the United States has had. While the separatists have been known for as many as four or five bombings a month, this is the first time they've ever killed more than a handful of people. That's assuming that it really was the separatists, even though Al-Qaeda claims responsibility.

The people of Spain have reacted to what decisions their government has made. In a sweeping election, the political machine that got them involved with the war on terror, and many now blame for having acts of terror perpetrated against them, has been removed from power. The Socialists are now going to run the country, at least for a few years. Maybe that in itself says something.

EDITORIAL: Protesting The Protest Policy

Twenty-five years ago, one of the very first issues of the *Stony Brook Press* dealt with massive campus protests against Undergraduate Student Polity. The right to protest peacefully has been used often and to great effect by numerous clubs and/or individuals on this campus throughout the years. There were protests against administration, against the meal plan, against the student government, against tuition hikes, against the Vietnam War, and pretty much anything else one could think about that is worthy of protesting. This earned us the moniker of "the Berkeley from the east."

Recently, Chad Kautzer of the Social Justice Alliance informed us that from now on, a protest permit needed to be requested and submitted to University Police six weeks in advance. What this does is effectively neutralize the effectiveness of any protest, in several ways. First, it prevents the possibility of protest against any event announced only, say, 2 or 3 weeks in advance. Last semester's Campus Combat tour with the Source and the U.S. Army is a good example - they only advertised for it a week or so in advance, and if this policy was in effect then, people who wanted to organize a protest would not be able to do so in time. Secondly, for protesters to have to wait over a month to protest anything allows the public time to forget about issues that may be

important to them. Let's say, for instance, Administration announces some new stupid policy. For anyone to have to wait two months to protest the policy is ineffective because many people will move on to other things. It's important that protests occur while things are still fresh in people's minds.

This boneheaded policy will inevitably lead to a situation where people will peacefully protest something, and University Police will shut them down anyway, because the protesters felt they had to strike while the iron is hot and not wait six weeks. It will lead to chaos and finger pointing. It has the very real possibility of leading to a serious disaster which will rain down bad publicity, which is the thing Administration hates more than anything in the world.

The policy should be modified to allow both University Police time to provide a police presence AND allow those who wish to peacefully protest to make it something truly meaningful. We should not shy away from our past; an active, activist campus community is a blessing, not a curse.

Letters: They love us, they love us not...

To sam, dustin, and everyone else,

I was sitting in cognitive psych today reading the new issue of the press. I was reading dustin's article about gay marriages and a bunch of other stuff (this was awesome, by the way). He mentioned how little people appreciate things and how little feedback you guys receive. I wanted to tell you guys that Victor's pages were amazing. You guys were so great to put that in the paper, especially on such short notice. It really came out beautifully. I then turned back to the page with the editorials and saw the corrections section and knew that I had to write something. I could not believe that the time had been taken to put in a message to me. You guys handled my temper tantrum so well. Not only that, but you fixed the entire situation as well. That meant so much to me. It may not have seemed very important but myself and Jessica want to thank you guys for what you did and the genuine care that you put into that edition of the Press. You guys all deserve way more credit. We miss Victor so much and that sectopm was so sweet and oddly comforting.

Thanks again, Shauna

Dear Press,

I am an alumnus of SUNY- Stony Brook who has friends that still attend the University. Recently, I sat down with them and we took a look at two of the newspapers on campus: yours and your distinguished competition, the Statesman. I saw that there has been a lot of work done to raise the standards of your publication while the Statesman has fallen by the wayside. What frustrates me is the fact that Statesman is still considered the "main" paper on campus and yet they don't cover Stony Brook in any meaningful way. Many of the stories they do publish can just be picked up off the AP wire and don't even relate directly to Stony Brook. It's lazy journalism and no redesign of the masthead can hide that.

For instance, I recently picked up the March 1, 2004 paper and determined that in a twelve page paper allegedly devoted to the students of this institution, exactly two pages related to Stony Brook directly. This does not include advertisements or the classified section. Meanwhile, the Press is devoting entire issues to the numerous problems on this campus. For shame, Statesman! This campus has been a hotbed of scandal and corruption in the last few years and yet Statesman's coverage of this has not only gone downhill in quality but also in quantity. The Statesman used to be a shining example of student journalism and now has become nothing but a college version of the Pennysaver or the Yankee Trader.

I am ashamed of the fact that I hold an English degree from this university when I see the utter feculence of what is being published

in the name of raising student awareness. The Press has fewer financial resources and a more fettered budget and has done more to represent the student voice than the Statesman apparently would care to do. Maybe the Press should take the motto that used to adorn the Statesman's masthead: "Let each become aware."

Thank you for taking up the call and filling the void left by the festering carcass of what used to be a shining example of student journalism. I'll be reading the Stony Brook Press from now on when I want an honest opinion on what's going on at my alma mater.

-Mike Imprixis, Class of 2002

P.S.- Thank you for helping me save money that would ordinarily get donated to the Alumni Association by letting me know how badly things are run over there.

Dear Press,

I need to respond to "we're not the worst!" arical by Mike Billings. Ralph Nader can only be a spoiler in the next election, if he gets the opportunity. In 2000 he and the green party swung two states Florida and New Hampshire. Al Gore needs 1000 extra vote in Florida to secure a victory over Bush. That is a fact. Nader took almost 100,000 votes in Florida. That swung the election and gave Bush 25 electors in the electoral college. a swing of 50 vote. That was the difference. Thank you very much.

This administration has lied us into a war, broke international treaties for the environment. Has engaged in an unresigned attack on our civil liberties and our free speech. This president appoint a racist Charles Pickering to the federal bench, Pickering was one of 4 judges the Democrats tried to block from being nominated to the bench. The Republicans in congress got all indignant about this and did lots of grandstanding on this. The republicans in congress blocked 65 Clinton appointees to federal bench. Bush appointed Pickering while congress was on break.

When Nader swung the election in 2000 He and the Green party went into spin mode. They blamed Gore for losing the election. The Best Spin has an element of truth to it. Al Gore had no business losing that election. All he had to do is run on Clinton's record. He could have said "We came in 8 years earlier from someone named George Bush, the economy was in the tank, we had huge deficit, unemployment was high, in short everything sucked, now 8 years later we have record surplus, the most sustained growth in the history of the republic, and violent crime is down 70% all over the country. You never had so good, and you know it." If he had said that and stayed on message he would have won the election. Gore also picked the most boring, dry running mate ever. Picking a Jewish running

mate was a good idea, Russ Fiengold would have been a better choice. The mainstream media loved Lieberman because he is a conservative.

We are living in a very dangerous time. The Government is headed up by Psycho Christian right wing war profiteering liars. They lied about the Weapons of Mass Destruction, the Danger Saddam Hussein poses to us. Bush suggested that Iraq had nuclear weapons. They used 9/11 to push the war knowing that Iraq has nothing to do with the attack. The fact of the matter is Al Qaeda and The Baath Movement, that Saddam Hussein was a part of, are rival political movements. Baath is a pan Arab secular movement. Al Qaeda hate the Baath political movement. As we speak Governor Pataki is planning to lay a brick at ground zero, that he was brought back from Iraq. The Lies never stop.

Bush is planning to monitor Foreign Students, and in the process go after professors who teach the middle east in way the administration doesn't like. We need Higher education not higher Propaganda

If you care about any progressive ideals like the protecting the environment, The Geneva convention, make the UN a stronger organization to protect peace and Human rights. Peace issues and seeing the dangers and unprovoked idea of Preemptive war. That was no basis in international law. If you care about Free Speech, Gay and Lesbian issues, Health care accessibility, or Women's rights, Bush must go. John Kerry has my 100% unqualified support in November. Nader can only help Bush. Isn't it interesting that the only time the corporate media pay attention to Nader and give him a forum is when he helps Bush. Hmmm.

I urge everyone not to sign any Nader Petitions. Keep him off the ballot. Stop Nader. Bush must go. All of our lives depend on it.

-Robert V. Gilheany

Dear Press,

I am appalled not of the trashing and idiotic articles written about our President, but of the disrespectful portrayal of our President on the Feb. 29, 2004 cover. I love our freedoms of speech (including the Press). In addition, if The Stony Brook Press wants to print trash let them be,

however not a penny from me! I propose a check off system for all clubs and organizations that are supported by our student activities fee. This system would be processed on the Solar System and students would be able to log on and vote (check off) which organizations they don't support. We should give all the students the right and choice to choose where their money goes. It's the American Way!

- Anonymous

Thanks to those who love us and those who hate us. Keep on writin'! - The Stony Brook Press



You Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?
(hint: It Rhymes With "Stained-Glasshole")

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

and the forums at

board.thepress.info

Interview With Jackie Smith; Organizer of Global Issues Forum

By Jackie Hayes

Editor's Note: The Global Issues Forum is a series of six panel discussions on a number of topics including an analysis of news reporting and its affects on democracy and freedom, Stony Brook anti-war activism, the Patriot Act, the effects of IMF and World Bank policies, globalization, and the Zapatistas. Below is an interview with Jackie Smith, Sociology Professor at Stony Brook and organizer of the Global Issues Forum. The questions mainly refer to the second panel discussion entitled, "The Wars at Home: Stony Brook Campus Activism from Vietnam to Iraq."

Q: What prompted you to organize this panel? Have you gotten feedback from the panelists?

A: I don't think students have much sense of the history of activism on our campus. Also, the experiences of faculty and students who were active here during the Vietnam War can help inform today's struggles to prevent U.S. military interventions abroad. We need to take advantage of the lessons of the past and build upon that knowledge. Finally, I think there is not enough discussion of opposition to Bush's unilateral approach to foreign policy on campus and in the broader public debate. Democracy requires that citizens get together to discuss controversial issues like this and explore the implications of different policy choices. There has been a general aversion-- which has intensified during this administration-- to serious public debate about controversial foreign policy matters. In an effort to project an image of internal unity and to demonstrate support for the soldiers deployed overseas, our elected officials and commercial media have avoided major challenges to Bush's policies. They're now just starting to ask the tough questions that they should have been asking years ago. Anyway, universities are places where this kind of informed debate can take place, and we need to see much more of this at Stony Brook University in my view.

Q: How long have you been organizing on campus? Has organizing changed over time (i.e. easier now, harder now)?

A: I've organized (or helped organize) occasional events on issues like global trade, controversies over genetically modified foods, and the global challenges of the HIV/AIDS crisis. When the Bush Administration began threatening an invasion of Iraq, I was pleased to be able to be part of the Social Justice Alliance's anti-war rallies. I wish there were more faculty on campus who were willing to be more active, since I think we need to help students see how one might put his or her knowledge and analyses into action in our democracy. Citizenship requires that we speak up about our views of various policy issues. And on foreign policy matters, we

have few real opportunities to influence the actions of our government outside of public protests. The president retains immense control over the course of U.S. foreign policy, and Congress has few formal checks on that. What checks they do have, e.g., the power to declare war and the power of the purse, are often -- and this case is no exception-- voluntarily relinquished as politicians rally behind the flag, not wishing to be seen as unpatriotic or as not willing to provide U.S. troops with the financing they need to do their dangerous jobs.

I haven't been organizing on campus that long, but I think there are some important changes in the United States that make activism harder on our campuses. First, there is less funding for public higher education, and fewer scholarships that allow students ample time to expand their knowledge by taking a variety of courses, reading a wide range of materials, and attending public lectures. The weak economy and the war are going to limit public funding even more, and state legislators are now deciding on plans for another tuition hike. Many students here work at least part time to help pay for their education, and they have little time outside their classes to read for fun or for curiosity. They don't have time to go to campus lectures and

other events. This was, of course, true to some extent before, but I think it is even more of a problem now. There is also a political culture in the U.S. that is conflict-avoidant. This may be related to the monopolistic tendencies of the commercial media, which really constrain the public debate and delegitimize perspectives that are critical of corporate power and the political forces that support it. This is just my perspective, though. The panelists who were organizing in the 60s and 70s argue that they faced similar constraints at that time. That may be true, but we do know that the Nixon administration responded to those protests in two important ways that would limit future threats of mass protests by youth. First, he eliminated the draft. Second, he eliminated many federal programs for higher education scholarships and loans.

Q: Is it difficult as a faculty member to organize on campus? Are there conflicts with Administration that arise? Do you feel the University promotes anti-war discussion or activism?

A: It is difficult to organize on this campus generally. For some reason, it seems inordinately difficult to communicate effectively. There is little coordination of

efforts. And there isn't much financial or logistical support for people who want to organize the kind of events that are needed to have a vibrant intellectual community. And younger faculty especially are under tremendous pressure to do research and publish, so activism is generally effort we put in on top of an already full workload. I hardly have a weekend that I'm not working at least one day to keep up. But if we didn't organize events, the campus would be remiss in carrying out its duty of preparing students to be engaged and critical citizens in our democracy. So far I haven't had any conflicts with the

Administration, but I certainly do not feel that the University promotes discussion of any controversial political issue. They were, however, quite supportive of our efforts to host "Interdependence Day" last September 12, which advocated more multilateralist responses to terrorist threats. My department (Sociology) has been very active and supportive, though, and I appreciate that. Our faculty/professionals union, the United University Professions, has also been a strong advocate for free speech, and it has joined a national coalition called U.S. Labor Against the War. UUP is sending a delegation to join the SJA students in New York for the March 20 global day of action against the war. A key concern of UUP is that this war is threatening the already very limited resources this country devotes to public higher education.



JACKIE SMITH,
Courtesy of www.Stonybrook.edu

Upcoming Panels

Tuesday March 23 4:00-6:00 p.m.

"The Patriot Act on Campus: How the 'war on terror' affects us at home" Panel of experts on campus will discuss how this new regulation, and proposals for expanding it, affect students and faculty at Stony Brook University. Wang Center Lecture Hall 1.

Tuesday April 13- 4:00-6:00 p.m.

"Life and Debt" A film and discussion on how the World Bank and International Monetary Fund (IMF) policies have affected Jamaica and its people. Wang Center Lecture Hall 1.

Tuesday April 27- 4:00-6:00 p.m.

"Globalization and Jobs: Friends or Foes?" A panel of experts will discuss the evidence about the links between global trade and the availability of good jobs in the United States. Wang Center Lecture Hall 1.

Wednesday May 5- 12:40-2:00 p.m.

"Zapatista" Film and discussion of Mexican indigenous activists' resistance to international trade pacts and their struggles to improve their lives and defend their political rights. Wang Center Lecture Hall 1.

Wet Hot American College Alternative Newspaper

By Sam Goldman

It's been an interesting couple of weeks here at The Stony Brook Press. Well, it's probably more accurate to say it's been an interesting year for the Press, but the last few weeks have topped them all. I want to talk to you, the reader, about what the last two weeks have meant to me, not because I think you actually care at all, but more so as a kind of cleansing of one's soul.

First, we'll start with the USG Senate meeting that took place March 2nd. As was reported in the Statesman, the meeting devolved into chaos as bickering between the Senators and Executive Vice President Sergio de Freitas turned downright nasty. The Statesman reporter basically got the facts about the meeting right, and he did a fine job on his article. But there's some background info that he didn't have, so let me fill you in:

At that meeting, Senator Ben Bravmann was supposed to introduce what is currently titled the Club and Organization Bill of Rights. The bill would set up a defined system under which clubs and organizations would be notified of changes in their budget situation in a timely manner, and have a right to appeal it to the Treasurer's Office. It would also establish the rights of clubs and organizations to be notified of meetings, to have access to any USG documents, and would defend the rights of student media organizations such as ourselves from governmental intrusion. This bill was not, as some think, a "Press thing"; it was worked on by the Commuter Students Association, SBVAC, the Math Club, SBU-TV, and even several members of both the USG Executive Council and the USG Senate.

The fact that the bill was not even brought to the table angered the club members present that Tuesday, which resulted in the rowdiness on display after the meeting. USG Administrative Director Louis Medina talked to many of us (including myself) after the meeting in an attempt to calm us down. He explained why he felt the actions that took place (i.e. reading the Constitution verbatim) were necessary, and he promised to help us get the bill crafted, even with help from Steve Fiore-Rosenfeld. Personally? I'm still kind of pissed, because I think that while Louis Medina has the right idea about what he wants the Senate – and USG in general – to eventually become, the way he went about it was not the best way to do it. But I could wallow in my anger, or I could move on and help try to construct the best bill we possibly can, so that the shit that's been going on over the past several months between USG and student clubs stops dead in its tracks.

As an aside, although I wasn't there at the March 9th "meeting", and only heard about it from several people (including one Senator), I want to add my two cents: VP of Student Affairs Fred Preston should have NO input in the workings of USG, other than its certification. None. Zero. It is not Fred Preston's place to even tell anyone he/she's no longer part of USG, let alone call the police to remove someone. He is not a USG member, he is not a USG representative, he has no official affiliation with USG. Any administrator having that much power over any student government only serves to de-legitimize, cheapen, and generally make a mockery of it, and in my

mind, that's exactly what happened. I cannot in good conscience call USG the representative body of the students if Fred Preston can manipulate it whenever he wants. It then becomes just an administrative body responsible for doleing out the Student Activity Fee.

Fast forward to the next day. I'm unlike most of my fellow Press editors in that I'm a sports fan, specifically a New York Rangers fan. So when I heard that defenseman Brian Leetch, basically the face of the franchise, was traded, I almost cried. There's something about sports teams that allow you to get close to people you don't know, to make them feel like they're a part of you. I remember my father letting me take time off from studying to watch Game 7 of the 1994 Stanley Cup Finals, watching Leetch pick up the Conn Smythe Trophy for playoff most valuable player. Hearing that one of my childhood idols got traded affected me more than anything even remotely related to sports should.

Then came the weekend. I went back home to Brooklyn to spend time with my parents. On Saturday morning, a call came from our Executive Editor, Dustin Herlich. The call came in kind of fuzzy, but I got the gist of what he was saying: People were outraged about our cover, and we will have to defend it.

Now, if you for some reason did not pick up the last issue, our last front cover shows President George W. Bush's face morphed (via Photoshop) onto the body of Adolf Hitler, and Donald Rumsfeld's face onto Mussolini's body. My opinion is as follows: Controversial? Yes. Offensive? Quite possibly. Anti-Semitic? Nope. If two Jews (myself and Dustin) felt the cover was justified, considering the content of our last issue, then I feel comfortable making it our front cover. And those people who found our cover offensive simply because we even used a picture of Adolf Hitler, or because we even dared poke fun at our President, are the types of people who probably find EVERY issue of our paper offensive, because we tend to do many of these things in every issue. And, quite frankly, I couldn't care less about those people, because they're never going to pick up an issue, never going to read an article, never going to vote for us on referendum, never going to care about the Stony Brook Press.

By the way, our cover before that one had Jesus getting married to another man, and we didn't hear a word. Let me repeat: OUR COVER BEFORE THAT ONE HAD JESUS GETTING MARRIED TO ANOTHER MAN, AND WE DIDN'T HEAR A WORD (except for one member of our staff).

I come back to Stony Brook; back to the Press office. I talk to Jackie Hayes and Amberly Timperio; they clarify what's going on. Someone decided our cover was so offensive, they called up Norm Prusslin, our media advisor; USG offices; and Bill O'Reilly (who, I'm sure, has nothing better to do than deal with a tiny student newspaper). A meeting was scheduled between members of our newspaper and members of the campus community, including USG President Sandy Curtis, Rabbi Topeck, LIPC's Carl Corry, and others. The details of the meeting won't make it to print, unfortunately.

I also come back to a message on our

answering machine. The message was from a man who said he has "never been so disgusted in [his] life, ever." He didn't leave a name, and he blocked his phone number. I played the message at last Wednesday's staff meeting; the entire assembled staff laughed at it. I mention this not to make us look like we don't care about criticism; on the contrary, we're sorry people were offended by it. I mention this to make two points: first, people who say those types of things should have the balls to put their names to it, secondly, people who leave those types of messages instead of politely yet firmly stating the reasons WHY they are pissed off accomplish nothing.

Later that night, we got a letter. The 2004 Newsday awards were announced. We got one award – Beverly Bryan's article on the Ashley Schiff Preserve won 3rd Place for Local News/History. To me, that means we got our asses handed to us, and that is an indication that, contrary to popular belief, we have insanely high standards here at the Press.

Pretty much every time we've entered, we've won multiple Newsday awards. And, being the kind of guy who likes to sit around reading old Press issues (we have a copy of Issue #1 floating about in our archives), my opinion is that this year is just as good, if not better, than any year in the past decade. For us to win one measly fucking third-place award, well, it made me feel like shit. Like maybe we're not as good as we thought we were. Like maybe I haven't been doing as good a job as I thought I was.

Then a letter comes in. It's from Shauna, and it's regarding the Victor Melendez tribute from 2 issues ago, and an apology made to her in the last issue.

The issue with the Victor tribute was the second such issue printed out. The first time the issues were printed out, those two pages lacked what Shauna and Jessica wrote about Victor. This was totally my responsibility; I had stated that I wanted to layout the tribute personally. So, Shauna freaked out (which she had every right in the world to do) and I felt like a dick. We ended up changing those pages and reprinting the issue.

After reading the apology, Shauna sent us the email thanking us for doing the tribute and for even taking the time out to apologize to her personally. It was really heartfelt, and it really touched me (thanks, Shauna!!). Fuck the awards – it's shit like this that makes being Managing Editor of this newspaper is one of the best things I've ever had the pleasure of doing. There's always the ability of doing something special for someone, always the chance that you'll make a new friend, always the chance that right will prevail over wrong, good will grow from the ashes of evil, and a soft light can chase away the shadows that inhabit your soul when you feel – like I have the past two weeks – like life is just a dreary march to your death.

It's been at once a tough year and a very successful year for the Stony Brook Press and all the people involved in it. It's as if we're a sword that was tempered under the intense flame. Fuck the haters, fuck the doubters, fuck even our own mistakes; I wouldn't trade this for the world.

Try Reading the Issue!

By Dustin Herlich

The February 29th Issue of the Stony Brook Press seems to have made a few people unhappy. Let me stress the word few. The vast majority of people have complimented and thanked us. They use words like "brilliant" and "creative". So many people so plainly understood the link we were making between the policies of our current president, and the leader of Germany during world war two that I ask anyone who's said anything negative about the last issue "did you even read it"? Most people didn't, and I know for a fact that several didn't even bother noticing that the faces on the cover are Bush and Rumsfeld.

It would be easy to talk about how Bush's grandfather was an ardent supporter of the Nazi regime and gave millions to the cause, or how many parallels have been drawn in the past, but that's not what this piece is all about. This piece is my personal response to those who asked "how can you let this happen?" It wasn't simply letting it happen, it was a decision to have it happen.

The cover itself didn't offend me, or any of the other Jews in the office. In fact, it didn't offend anyone we asked about it, and if it had, we would have discussed the matter. The cover wasn't meant to offend, but meant to incite debate, and make people think. Shocking covers draw attention and make people pick up the paper. Perhaps this cover was too shocking as so few people actually read the issue, it seems. Those who did read it have sent us numerous letters of thanks and voiced their opinions to us in person. Of the people who actually have spoken to me regarding the cover, I've apologized to them, as personal offense was not the goal of the issue, and I've invited them to send their comments to be printed in the issue. As of my writing this, we've received very little in writing; one E-mail, two phone calls, and I've spoken to two people in person. In support of the issue and it's content, I've gotten four e-mails, spoken to about 15 people, but unfortunately gotten no specific phone calls. Let me stress that all of the positive feedback I speak of did not factor in the number of current staff who are in support of what we've done.

It was an oversight to have the issue with this cover come out during the festival of Purim, a holiday that commemorates the almost-massacre of the Jews. The timing

itself was in poor taste, in my opinion. That leads me to another very important point. There are no laws defining poor taste. Nothing that The Press did was illegal in any conceivable way. It was 100% within our free speech rights. It would be very easy to use our freedom of speech laws and not even have to respond to the issue, but being part of student media is more than just doing or not doing what's in your rights. There is also the question of responsibilities. I feel that it is my responsibility as a Jew, and as

do is OK. We must hold them accountable for their decisions, and as media, we have the responsibility also to inform the public of those decisions and their impact on the citizens.

There is absolutely a strong relationship between the proposed amendment to the constitution which would define marriage as a union solely between a man and a woman, and the policies regarding homosexuality enacted under fascist regimes and specifically in Nazi Germany. If Bush supporters don't feel comfortable with the comparison, maybe they should re-think their support of Bush's policies. I could go on with the similarities, but like I stated earlier, this is about the last issue we printed, and really not much else. Many on the E-board, including myself, have made many attempts to reach out to those with questions about the content, and have been pro-active in dealing with the situation, as we do serve a specific community for the most part, and we are concerned with both negative and positive feedback. By the time this issue is on the stands, there will have been a discussion about symbols and symbolism in media in which our cover will be specifically mentioned.

If you're angry about what we did, that's great. Get active. Send the paper letters, come to the office, write articles countering what we've said. I've always said that the paper is a free speech open forum. For the most part "If it's not illegal, we'll print it". I took more offense to what Bush is doing to this nation then to what was depicted on the cover of the paper. While I'll be the first to admit that the atrocities perpetuated by Bush as of yet do not equal those of Hitler, and hopefully they never will. I challenge someone to come up with a better, more wholly recognizable figure that we could have put Bush's face on. If we had excluded the swastika from the arm band, then very very few people would have gotten the comparison we had made.

Nazi imagery is very powerful, and invokes rather disturbing emotions and memories of one of the darkest hours in human history. The cover did not make light of the situation nor cheapen the events of that time period. On the contrary, it was a powerful reminder not to allow our society to degrade to that level.



THE CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE!
Courtesy of The Stony Brook Press

the current Executive Editor of the paper, to respond personally and separately from any and all editorial responses generated by the editorial board as a whole.

We have every right to make the visual comparison that we made. We are also entitled to our opinions of what kind of leader President Bush is, and we have every right to compare him to any other world leader, past present or future as we see fit. Anyone who'd like to tell us we should be blindly supporting the President and not being critical is a terrible citizen. The true patriot questions government and makes sure it's actually doing its job. If no one is critical of what our elected officials are doing, then that means that everything they



Gay Marriage

By Lauren Ashley Trankle

Everyone dreams about the perfect marriage at one point in their life, regardless of their gender. Every woman designs the most beautiful and stunning wedding gown in her mind at the age of eight. The church or temple is filled with uncountable numbers of vanilla and white roses. Everyone can picture that little gold or silver ring being slid ever so gently on their finger. When the ceremony has concluded the best part is still to come - the reception. Endless amounts of food, friends, and family fill the ballroom with delight. When it is time to cut the wedding cake, the only difference between the cake that you imagine and the cake one of your peers is the décor. Their cake might be topped with a bride and a groom, while your cake has two brides embracing or two grooms that have their arms around each other with love.

Gay marriage has become one of the most controversial topics in the United States, especially with the presidential election heating up. It is simple, you're either for gay marriage or you're against it. Some citizens argue that gay marriage is morally and ethically wrong, while gays and many heterosexuals feel their rights as United States citizens are being denied.

Those who are in favor of gay marriage believe gay marriage should be legalized in the United States. Gay couples are denied significant rights when they are not allowed to marry, and this results in injustices. The arguments against the legalization of same-sex marriage do not merit the legal support of the state, since the state's job is not to promote popular morality or opinion, but the rights of its citizens.

Keeping gay marriage illegal also vio-

lates the Due Process clause of the Fifth Amendment. According to the American Civil Liberties Union in 1996, "the law [against same-sex marriage] discriminates on the basis of sex because it makes one's ability to marry depend on one's gender." The ACLU goes on to say, "Classifications which discriminate on the basis of gender must be substantially related to some important government purpose.... Tradition by itself is not an important government purpose. If it were, sex discrimination would be quite permissible; discrimination against women has a pedigree in tradition at least as long and time honored as that of discrimination against the same-sex couples in marriage."

Please note: nowhere in the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution is preservation of tradition cited as a power or intention of our government. There is no constitutional basis for denying gay couples marriage. Our government should actively pursue legalizing gay marriage in order to give gay men and lesbians their rights as equal citizens of the United States and to ensure that their inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness is guaranteed. One can argue that our government's purpose is to defend the rights of the people, and in this instance our government has undoubtedly failed in its duties.

The General Accounting Office of the Federal Government in 1997, in a 75 page brief prepared for the Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, enumerated some 1,049 laws giving rights to married heterosexual couples (<http://www.marriageequality.com/facts/index.htm>). These rights are denied to gay couples. In an editorial from March 2000, the New Jersey Law Journal gives some examples of

rights denied to committed same-sex couples. "Same sex couples who are prohibited from marrying are excluded from a panoply of legal benefits specifically tied to legally recognized marriage: for example, access to a spouse's medical, life and disability insurance; hospital visitation and medical decision-making privileges... workers' compensation survivor benefits; spousal benefits under annuity and retirement plans...the right to refuse to testify against one's spouse..." and many others. These instances of discrimination based on the preference for legally married couples effect many people negatively when they least expect it. Unmarried heterosexual couples, however, have the option of being legally married. Same-sex couples have no such resource.

Another popular argument is that allowing gays to marry will further degrade the already struggling institution of marriage. As conservatives tirelessly and rightly point out, marriage is society's most fundamental institution. To bar any class from marrying as they choose is an extraordinary deprivation.

Consider this for thought; would any heterosexual in America believe he had a right to pursue happiness if he could not marry the person he loved?

In the 21st century, you would think that we would be a much more accepting nation, especially towards gay rights. I hope that in the near future our nation realizes that the union between two men or two women is no different from the union of a man and a woman. All these couples have the same thing in common and that is they are in love and want to make their union legalized and known to the world. The only way to achieve equality for gay members of our society is to continue to demand change and not give up, despite the inevitable struggles.



Plastic Trash in the Ocean – What to do?

By Christina Beltrami

Who enjoys being reprimanded for something they do not even know they did? Under EPA legislation, water pollution is the "man-made... alteration of the... integrity of water." Being born places blame on you for polluting the world's oceans. Unnerving, is it not?

Maybe that is why many choose to ignore the problem. Hearing people preach about the environment is repetitive, unproductive and downright annoying. But looking at the way the trash problem directly affects you may stir enough interest to pay attention.



It is no surprise our oceans are suffering from our pressed-for-time, plastic-loving society. The EPA has warned us before about what happens to the water and marine life when foreign debris goes where it does not belong. The Federal Water Pollution Control Act, the London Convention, the Shore Protection Act, the Beaches Environmental Assessment and Coastal Health Act—these all sound great but have no meaning to the average American.

So how does trash make its way from our kitchen garbage cans to the middle of the Pacific Ocean? Flooded sewers, water runoff, and landfills all contribute to ocean trash. These sources seem out of our hands, and for the typical person, they are. But garbage out the car window, down the sewer,

or overboard all find their way to our waters.

I know you have heard stories about seals getting caught in old fishing nets or albatrosses throwing up plastic bottle caps. While it is heartbreaking to think about eating, strangulation, or even dying from plastic,

it is too abstract to connect with. But it is also hard to believe that in a 1.5 mile stretch of beach there were more than 950 pieces of garbage, including 171 glass bottles from 15 countries, 71 plastic bottles, and 268 pieces of broken plastic. And I would bet that the seals and dolphins did not trash their own home.

As sad as that it, there is one thing everyone is concerned with—money. New Jersey spends \$1,500,000 yearly cleaning its beaches, plus \$40,000 to clean garbage from the New York/New Jersey Harbor. But money is not only spent on cleaning. Dents made in ships from garbage can cost thousands of dollars for repairs, and thousands in lost fees while in the shop. In 1992, Japan spent \$4.1 billion on these repairs. New England lost \$250 million in missing lobster traps and lost profits in 1978, hurting the economy. All of these cost more money when diminished aesthetics and tourism are added in.

Another concern, especially now, is

our health. With everyone worrying about cancer, why would we want to be adding toxins to our oceans? Floating plastic attracts non-water soluble toxins, including those declared illegal. Dining on fresh tuna full of DDT does not sound appetizing.

Okay, so after all that, what can you do? Glad you asked. Beach raking affects natural processes on the shorelines and it is not expected that everyone should buy a tractor, nor is it expected that everyone would give up their time to fish out garbage over the boat side. Buy less, recycle more: it is not a new idea, nor is it brain surgery. It is taught in second grade science class but maybe a reminder is overdue. When you do not need a plastic bag, speak up and tell the cashier; when the floor of your car is covered in fast food wrappers, throw them in the trash; when the people at the beach on the blanket over pack up and leave their garbage behind; tell them the consequences of their actions; and if you enjoy relaxing on a clean shore, do your part and volunteer to keep it that way. There are constant cleanups organized and your local beaches or government would love to receive a phone call from you.

No one should expect that they will single-handedly clean the planet and save the world. Let us face it—the damage is done, but adding to it will not help. So use a garbage can, pick up after yourself, do not be lazy—after all, this Earth is not here to serve us.

King Snake Oil

By Vincent Michael Festa

It never seems to fail. As if all the oil refineries are out to outdo each other in trying to make the most money off of our souls.

New York State, just like the rest of the United States game board, is experiencing another rising gas prices, with no signs of slowing down. A lot of us have heard it first on our local evening television newscast, how our journalists are warning us that oil prices are going up once again. In fact, petrol prices will continue to rise all throughout the springtime and even top out in the summertime when many families use cars as transportation for the busiest activity of the year.

What's even worse is that the same journalists who tell us that our gasoline prices are rising, aren't giving us help on how to lower them. Amusing how the ones who give us bad news are the ones who are better off than us.

Realize that just one week before the blackout of 2003, the average price of a single gallon of gasoline jumped from approximately \$1.45 to an alarming \$1.60. Nowadays, if our gas prices even hit the dollar-sixties, we would all be dancing in the streets.

And there was no stopping the market. When the same blackout disrupted the entire Eastern and northeastern board, prices again surged to record-highs. No less than \$1.90 for a gallon of petrol, and if you were good, you could find some for \$1.85. Since the die-down, prices have never really been the same.

There could've been news that oil production was declared to be reduced by 1,000,000 barrels a day that could cause the jump. More likely the means justify the end, that demand is much higher than sup-

ply. But who knows?

Some of us even believed that after the U.S. took over Baghdad, Iraq, all of us would breath easily at our local BP, Amoco, or Exxon. Wrong!

"Oh, it's nothing. It's a few more cents a gallon. You can do it," say the detractors who accept life as it is. I say, STFU! Everyday gasoline prices have been rising, but not my hourly pay or any one of our paltry minimum wages. Just like me, I could have a good number of students with short arms and deep pockets, rookie drivers already paying a hiltload in insurance, and good citizens who do not have good financial standing or predicament struggling to make several ends meet. And let's not even start with Nassau residents facing their own hell called "the Nassau Budget Crisis."

But wait a minute! One person has stepped up against the EPA and the Bush Administration. Lo and behold, Senator Charles Schumer! Very recently, Schumer requested to waive the requirement of ethanol from our state gasoline that could result in a reduction of 20 to 30 cents a gallon. But at another price: removing ethanol causes fuel to burn up at a dirtier level not helping out with the environment.

That's the error of our ways. We tend to think more about our own well being than the environment. When we think about high gas prices, we don't care about the environment!



DIGGIN' FOR BLACK GOLD,
Courtesy of Texas T.

ment! We just want to ease our wallets!

So what can we do? Not much that we or spark plugs and inflated tires can do. It's hard to refuse to fill up on gasoline so that we can cause a dent in the oil companies' profits to drive down the price if we wanted to! Because it's a necessity to drive just to get around to work or school, we have no choice. So what better position Could we

be in for the refineries and oil companies to choke us out for more! And since Summertime is on her way, oil companies can sleep at night knowing that we can't help but to spend more just to go the local bowling alley, amusement center, baseball stadium spree, or national milestone or landmark.

So how do we weigh our options? Do we vie to save mere pennies to be better off and to eat another day over saving the environment? Can various state senators do their will to help us out? Will the Government Issue more electric-powered vehicles?

And on a lighter note, what about those teleportation devices that science fiction promised us? How about we make all the SUV's... "poof"... disappear? (Wishful thinking for the activists, maybe?!) When gasoline prices hit the world-high \$5.30 a gallon like Hong Kong will we all go Mad Max on each other? Oh, sorry...too much gas huffing on my part.

So until we can get gas for 27 cents a gallon like Caracas, Venezuela, happy driving!

Bush aka The Child Playing God

By Aryeh Benmayor

Its good to know that the man we supposedly chose nearly four years ago has made it a policy to turn our nation in the world's biggest bully. It's bad enough that people around the world from various cultures and political backgrounds already disapprove of our foreign and domestic policies; but now the coke-head Texan that is standing in the oval office, an office that should rightfully belong to a religious man from Tennessee, has made it a policy to destroy every standing structure that disobeys his every whim. For the last 38 months, the American reputation to the world has gone from bad to horrible.

George W. Bush, a man who has admitted to not paying attention to worldly news, is on the brink of going into November a strong favorite. Here is a person who holds the globe in the palm of his hand, yet has little idea of what is going on with the anarchic stage that is known as the political globe. The world as it once was, saw the United States as a global power that sometimes overstepped its boundaries and international legal rights. Now we are seen as the not so gentle giant that would rather wield around a nuclear weapon as a threat. Under Bush, we have been flexing our muscles and imposing our whim even on our closest and longest-lasting allies. Our lapdog across the Atlantic would sooner give in to Bush's

demands than stand up and say "wait a minute".

A few weeks ago I heard someone in school compare George W. to Hitler. Although at the time I could not see the similarities when it came to psychotic demands and childish mindset, recently it struck me as to why that analogy was made. Prior to World War Two, Adolph Hitler, who had just come to power in then futile Germany, began making many demands to have his small state grow in size. Under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was not supposed to build up a military nor expand its borders. However Hitler pushed and cried his will until the powers at the time, England and France, succumbed to his will and allowed him to build up his military, annex Austria and Czechoslovakia. Look how that turned out in the end.

Now we have George Bush, who is hopefully a little more sane than his dominating predecessor, on the same path Hitler was. We have already amassed our military to unimaginable proportions, invaded two foreign states in the hopes of "securing our safety", and declared war on one of the largest communities of the U.S., the gays and lesbians. My only hope is that their rights will not be stripped to the same level that Jews of pre-war Germany.

The Holocaust was a horrific event for

millions of people. Jews, Gentiles, political dissenters, homosexuals, and anyone who opposed the Reich were exterminated in the most inhumane way. I myself lost many family members to the fierce iron fist that was the Nazi regime, and I am reminded of it everyday I think of my surviving grandfather. But I fear that my hopes for a better life will not come true. I fear that the Ivy League graduate with a 2.0 will remain a headstrong favorite and his four-year contract renewal will give him the power to do as he pleases.

There is still time for us to stop the menacing, yet idiotic, force. Junior must not, nor should not be allowed to stay on the thrown of this hegemonic world. There is still time to inform the people of his faults and his mistakes. When I graduate from my University, I get to look forward to years of high-unemployment rates, and chaotic neighborhoods divided by racial and sexual preference walls. We have the power to remind ourselves of the hardships that our parents, and siblings and peers faced when he took the Oath. We should remind our fellow voters of the pains millions of families faced with the cut of welfare. We should keep in mind the many senior citizens, our grandparents, who will no longer be financially supported by the same institution that they supported. We should keep in mind that thousands of urban schools face tight budgets and poor educational opportunities. We should keep in mind the college students of today who may not have an open job waiting for them when they leave their respective universities. We should remember his political record.



GOD LATER CRIES TO MOMMY AFTER
WETTING HIS BRITCHES AND RUINING
HIS KICKASS SANDCASTLE,
Courtesy of Heaven

Grad Students Fight For Affordable Healthcare

By Amberly Timperio

On Wednesday, March 3, several protesters picketed outside the Wang Center, fighting for affordable healthcare, and distributing the following bulletin:

"New graduate students enter Stony Brook with many high hopes. Intellectual development, lifelong friendships and career advancement are just a few of the blissful expectations that accompany these students. Being forced to declare bankruptcy because of medical bills or paying exorbitant fees for medication are not normally foreseen as part of this life experience. However, if our employer, the State of New York, is allowed to impose their will in our current contract negotiations, the cost of our already expensive healthcare plan will skyrocket.

The healthcare coverage for teaching (TA's) and graduate assistants (GA's) is a mandatory bargaining issue in every contract negotiation. Our current plan is woefully inadequate since it includes a large member cost contribution, offers little dental and vision coverage and places unfair limits on the number of visits to a variety of healthcare practitioners. The question of the member's contribution to the healthcare plan reached a critical point this semester as a member reported to the Graduate Student Employees Union (GSEU) that they had incurred more than \$80,000 in medical bills. It seems that the spouse of the member required emergency life-saving surgery and, since our plan includes an 80/20 split of costs, a mountain of debt was heaped upon this family. The choices for this member are few: file for bankruptcy or work as an indentured laborer to re-pay these unfair debts. After an investigation, the union discovered that three other members faced the same disturbing possibilities.

Given our already precarious situation, one would expect a joint effort between our employer and the union to ameliorate the terms of our healthcare plan. Instead, during our latest round of contract negotiations, the state has demanded further concessions through cost shifting. Using a motto that entirely strips healthcare of its human aspects, "these numbers are on the high-end but this is negotiations," the state has demanded increases of more than 200% in co-payments for medical services. Even more severe is their plan for

prescription drugs, which, if accepted, could increase the cost of prescription medication by more than 230%. These astronomical cost increases are part of a multi-layered plan to reduce the size of a state budget starved by decades of corporate give-backs and tax cuts for the richest New Yorkers.

In response, the GSEU has issued a sensible counter-proposal that, while recognizing the need to fight against the increasing costs of healthcare, is guided by the very real human need for affordable healthcare coverage. Our primary demand involves the elimination of



the 80/20 cost split. If implemented, this demand would provide both the material and psychological relief to members in case of an emergency hospitalization. In addition, since our membership is remarkably younger than most of the state workforce, hospitalization that incurs high costs is a relatively rare occurrence. It will therefore cost the state very little to provide this coverage to GSEU members.

Overall, the GSEU has proposed that a pedagogical strategy be developed instead of attempting to shape behavior by punitive economic sanctions. For instance, the state has proposed increasing the co-payment for emergency room visits from \$15 to \$50 (more than 200%). The stated reason is their belief that members often use the emergency room to receive routine medical care that is dispensed more affordably in a doctor's office. The union

recognizes this problem but has proposed that it be addressed by running a joint union-employer educational campaign to make members aware that a doctor's office can provide both more cost efficient and healthful medical treatment. For an insignificant cost, members who make only \$11,500 a year in salary could be spared a 200% increase, enjoy better healthcare and save the state money on the plan.

There are reasonable demands that could allow graduate students to return to their dreams of advancement without being haunted by the looming specter of healthcare debt. However, it has become increasingly clear that the state is intent on seizing their pound of flesh from our membership. This leaves the GSEU with little choice but to bring contract negotiations normally conducted in private into the public sphere where we hope that the entire college community will support the notion that providing quality affordable healthcare coverage should be a basic pre-requisite of employment. It is in fact this environment of rising health care costs that challenges all workers to re-double their efforts to link healthcare and employment. By

raising our voice in public we hope to enhance the notion that healthcare is, at worst, a minimum requirement for employment and, more precisely, a basic human right. The GSEU therefore asks that all members of our union and all sympathetic members of our college community contact us and become part of the spring campaign to win our demand for quality and affordable healthcare.

The GSEU can be contacted at gseu-rankandfile@yahoo.com."



*The Radiant Sisters of
Omega Phi Beta
Sorority Incorporated*



Cordially invite you to our 5th Annual

Domestic Violence Banquet



*"Out Of the Closet..
But Behind Closed Doors."*

*Date: March 20, 2004
Place: Student Activities Center
Time: 6:00- 9:00pm
\$15.00 All Inclusive*

For More Information, call 631-216-4675 or 631-216-144.

Ride the **PEACE**
TRAIN from the
Stony Brook LIRR Station!
Train departs at 8:48am.

Email
justice@ic.sunysb.edu
before March 4 for discounted
advance tickets.
SOCIAL JUSTICE ALLIANCE



MAR 20
Saturday - Noon

Assemble on
MADISON AVENUE
stretching north from
23RD STREET

Join our volunteer network:
nycvolunteers@unitedforpeace.org

UNITED FOR PEACE & JUSTICE
www.unitedforpeace.org (212) 868-5545

★ **August 29: Say No to the Bush Agenda!** ★
Massive Protest at the Republican National Convention, NYC

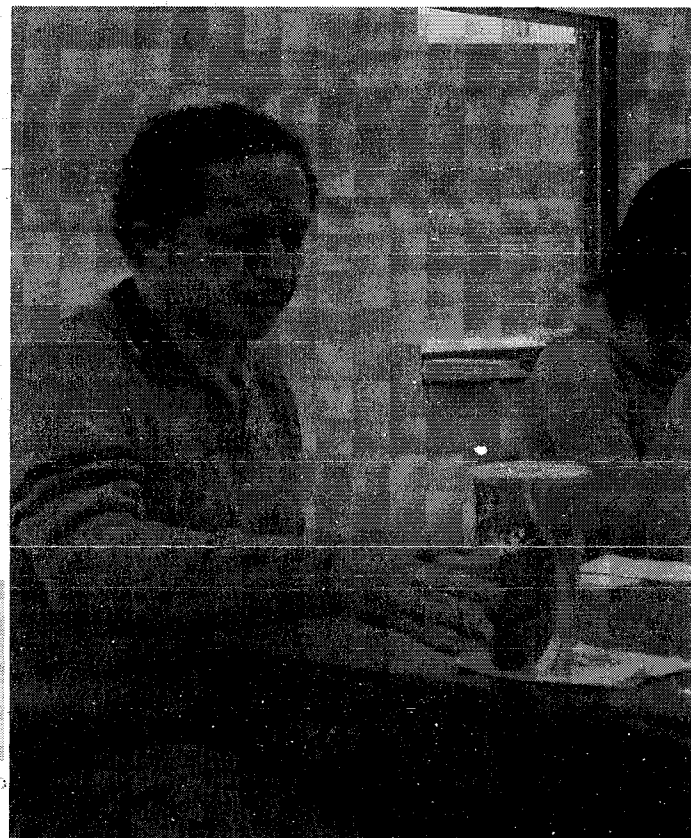
Everyone knows that their student
activity fee is at work!

Now lets meet the people in USG
who are workin' it!



"We really want to get away from the
corruption of Polity"

- USG President Sandy Curtis



Vice President Sergio deFrietas really
needs the sauce to get out of this one!



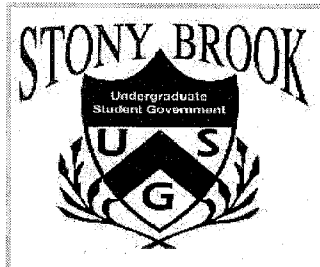
No Senate?... No Problem!
Vice Treasurer Clayton John has
been appointed to chill!

Treasurer Andrew Raffi
(second from left) is
ready to funnel...
student funds to your
club or organization!

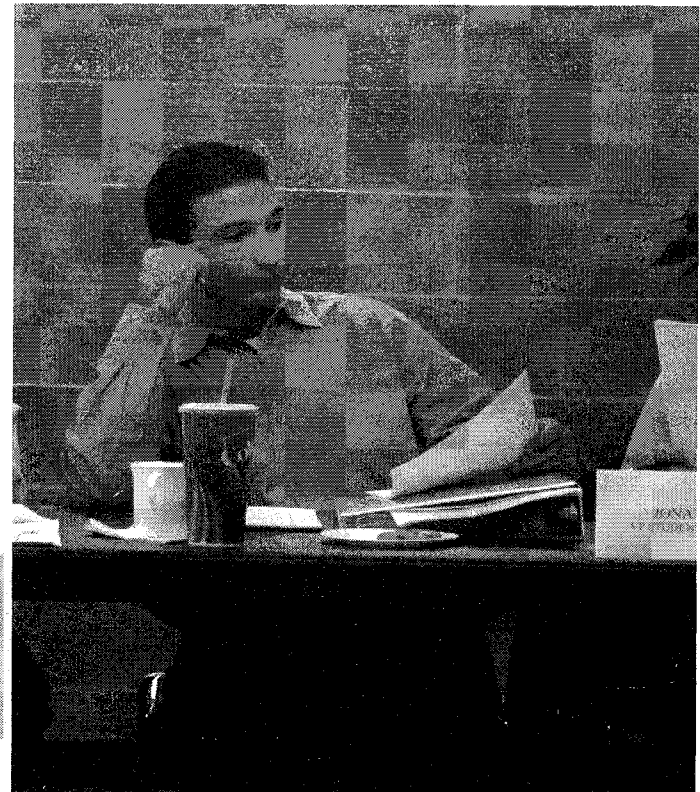




Vice Treasurer Clayton John in the Gospel Choir. Oooohhhh
Laawwwwddd! Give him the strength to increase this budget!



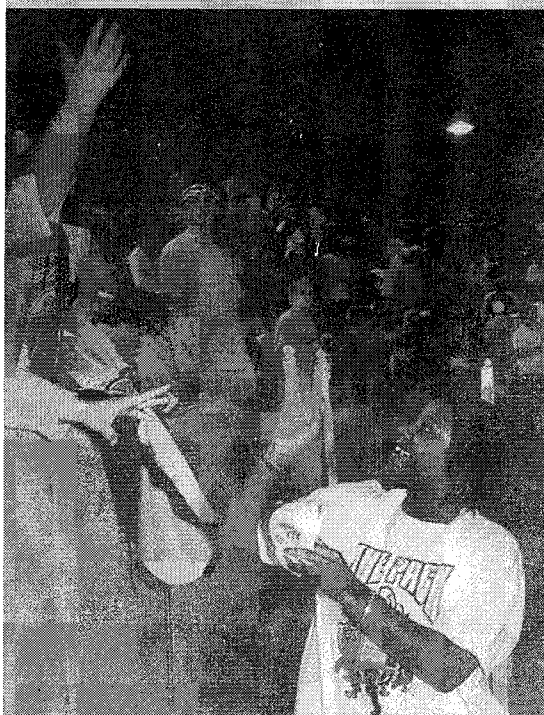
Administrative
Tools!



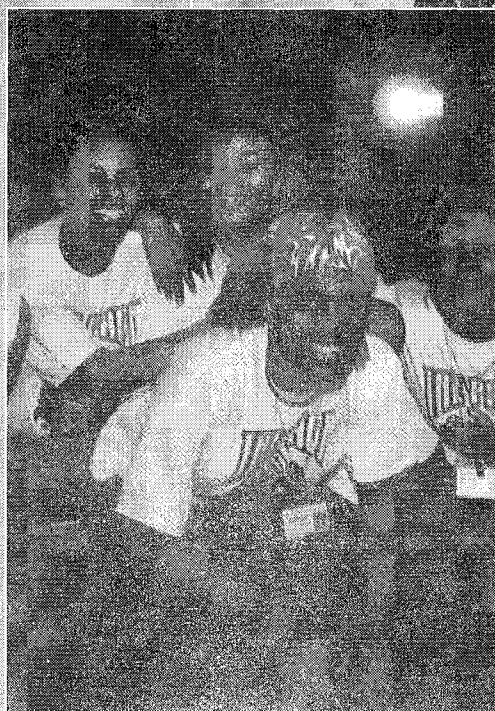
a... b.... a... c... d...
Aww crap... essays!
Think, Raffinator, think!

Pack it up, Pack it in...
let THEM begin!

It's the Brat Pack!
Hey, didn't Molly Ringwald
wear bandannas?



Vice President of Clubs and
Organizations Michelle
Morris does the Robot no
matter what people think!
Domo Arigato,
Michelle Roboto!



<gasp!>
oooooooooooooh!
That's cold!

Masters of Fine Art Thesis Exhibition

By Ana Maria Ramirez

On entering the Staller Art Gallery, one is immediately confronted by a large, black steel catapult. Already armed with a cannonball, the weapon appears menacing, yet at closer inspection, one is pacified by its latency.

To the left of the artillery lie bronze double-horned helmets spread out onto the floor. To the right are other cannonballs resting on a curious looking table. The table's surface is covered with black fur, all the way down to its criss-crossed hooved legs. The piece seems to be extracted and frozen from another time, something materialized from a fantastical mythology. This archaic war tool, entitled Meta-War, is just a façade.

Its architect, Bryan Lauch, would not be able to launch the cannonballs at any target even if threatened with war. It is a non-functional work, which loudly reverberates Dennis Oppenheim's non-functional Factory works. Oppenheim's machine sculptures materialized the cerebral processes that lead to creative products. Lauch however, plays with both creation and destruction with his artillery machine. The process of creation from the actual fabrication of the work, to actions the artillery would make once deployed, but also the destruction it threatens. By not forcing his work to be kinetic Lauch emphasizes the importance of process and not product.

A wall installation piece called Neural Circuits: Under the Big Top, also focuses on the mind as a working machine. With the use of paper, wire, paint, light and text, Kate Diago assembles a circuit board of paper constructions, each one representing certain neurons, systems and structures of the brain, all of which supervise and store memory and information. Wire tunnels that loop around, wheels and ladders, act as their synapses, joining the paper constructions together and generating a circus trapeze landscape or a sort of mouse maze landscape.

"My work is ultimately an attempt to communicate the impossibility of having control over what I choose to think, what I have repressed, what I remember, and how these are interrelated. It is the combination of all these beautifully complex functions that allows the mind to become such a visually active playground," Diago said.

A series of three canvases make up Frozen in Time, by painter Sang-Ah Suh. Ah Suh displays foggy, vaporous atmospheres, obscuring an unknown behind it. Using the colors, gray, black, and white for the whole stretch of the canvases, the artist creates a meditative field. An exception to these tones, are minute bonfires sporadically spread apart, where small groupings of individuals sit around them. Influenced by the concept of Vanitas or the representation the impermanence of human life.

"...although gray is deceptively simple, I intend to reveal its complexity; spanning extremes such as form impersonal objectivity to spiritual representation, from rigorous tonal constructions to the painterly concealment of a bleak nothingness," Sang-Ah Suh stated.

David Nelinson combines distinct objects depicted on separate canvases to create one contradictory environment. In the majority of his works, Nelinson takes objects of no value, ones that can be found in any garage sale, as his subject matter. He then joins these objects together where they seemingly share no relationship with one another, emoting an uncomfortable atmosphere.

In his artist statement, he describes his technique as 'invented environments based on my relationship with presented entities.' He dedicates a fastidious amount of detail to his objects.

Everything is taken into close consideration from shadow, to depth, to each and every peculiarities that make up his subject matter.

In Siberia: The Shopping Cart Diaries, Nelinson fuses together four canvases to describe an arctic landscape. The center canvas, one sees a distant range of ice-covered mountains making up the background. In the foreground clumps of frozen ice surround a fallen shopping cart. Above this canvas, sits a small painting of a racecar in flames, a billowing black cloud of smoke rises from it. To its right, a melting popsicle. Hanging over all of this is a miniature painting of a crescent moon.

Nelinson juxtaposes the heat from the burning car to the overall depictions of cold. The positioning of the image of flames and the melting popsicle, refer to these tensions.

In The Victory March, one finds a procession of pink plastic flamingoes arranged onto a strip of insulating sheathing. Ophelia displays a plastic kiddie pool in front of a wooden fence. His landscapes commemorate modern day's easily disposable society. The heroic and romantic stories and locations of yester years are being substituted by cheap worthless, but accessible commodities of today.

Dan Kitchen confronts the custom of categorizing and labeling identities onto individuals by taking into account the type of work he/she performs for a living. This is essentially broken up into two categories: blue-collar or white-collar workers. In his works, Kitchen transforms himself into a character he calls the Custodian.

In Portrait of Custodian and Truck,

Kitchen spray paints onto a bare panel, a life-sized stencil image of himself as the Custodian. The stenciled-in image plays with the idea of how these superficial categories can be implanted over anyone, like dresses over paper dolls. As a way of combating this labeling, Kitchen began constructing kinetic machines, facilitated him to completely blot out his identity. Spray Machine is one example of this, where the machine sprays a black X over Polaroid pictures of himself in character.

The projected video, Custodian, bring all of these elements together, where we see the character performing his job that is never appreciated or noticed.

David Luke is a subsequent artist interested in identity and representational images, yet he takes on the opposing pole than of Kitchen;

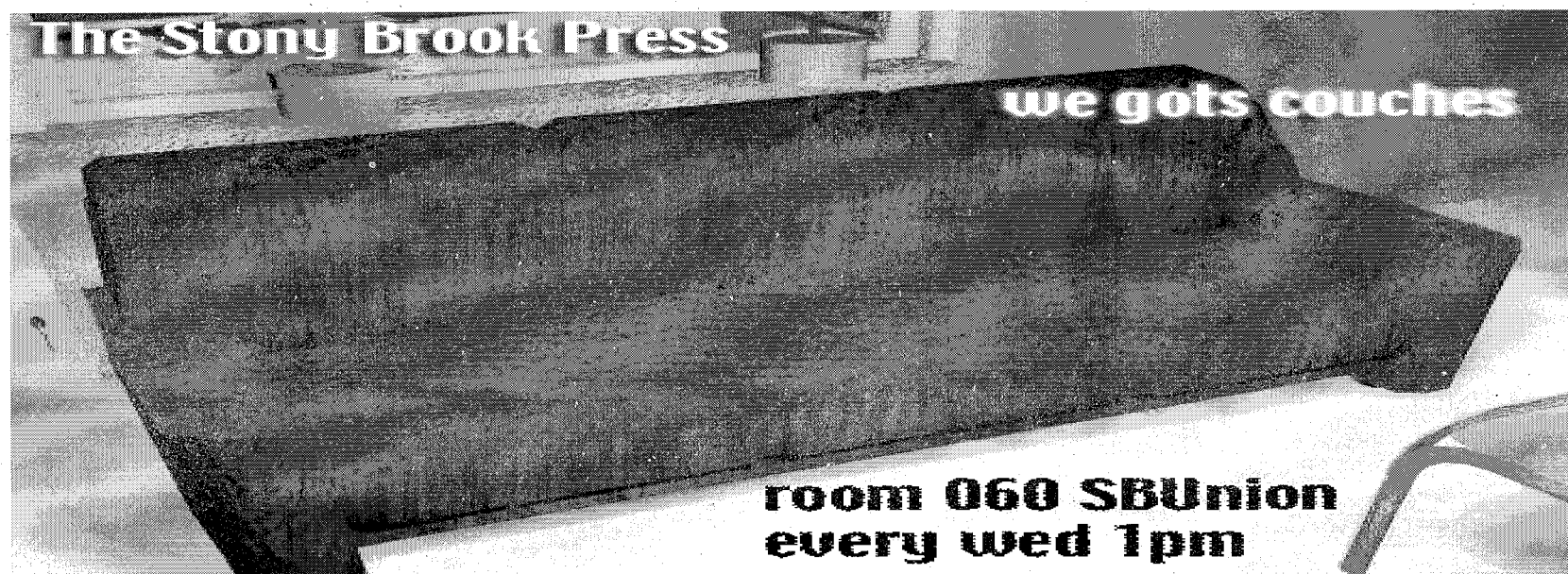
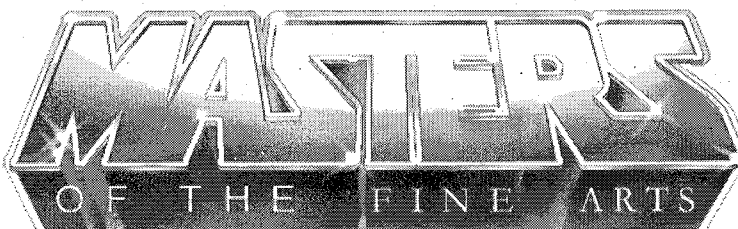
ite-collar politicians. The politics of presentation, a series of four prints, illustrates how politicians use their hands as prompts for the American people to read.

A red background dominates the images, as the viewer is shown blurred images of an unidentified male in a suit. The first, has his hand saluting, the second with his hand over his chest, another shows the suited arm shaking hands with another individual whose arms are bare. Each one of these gestures represent honor, trust and loyalty, characteristics desired in a leader, yet rarely found. One final print shows two hands shaking, although, neither one wear a suit, perhaps commenting on the fact that we are human under it all and asking for one to look beyond the face-value of these symbols that many times can be deceiving.

Memory, a second piece by Luke, is a digitally interactive game where the audience need to find connections between current governmental representatives and their deeply knotted ties with big businesses and corporations like Enron, Chevron, Phillip Morris and AOL Time Warner.

Kentaro Totuska believes sculpture is created to experience and visualize a sense of existence. With the use of porcelain, Totuska's work indicate remnants of a lost civilization, how after death, a human being can become artifact and prized objects for study as well as display.

The works of this year's MFA show, tower over its audience with their large-scale expanses, that boldly force their audience into their environments. It will be ongoing from February 28 until the 3rd of April, so check it out.



There is a time in everyone's life, when you just look in the mirror and realize what you were meant to do. It could mean changing an aspect of your life that may be pointing you in the wrong direction. It also could mean strengthening a personal belief or talent and sharing it with others. Having this epiphany is all about finding your true passion. In his latest achievement, "The Passion of the Christ," director Mel Gibson makes the audience feel his passion in this powerful epic that describes the last twelve hours in the life of Jesus Christ.

The movie, in Aramaic, Latin, and Hebrew with English subtitles, begins with Jesus (Jim Caviezel, Frequency, High Crimes) in the Garden of Gethsemane praying to God to put the burden of dying for our sins on someone else. While Jesus descends deeper into prayer and indecision, a figure dressed in black approaches Jesus and begins to tempt him, claiming that this is a burden much to difficult for one person to bear. This scene highlights Gibson's choice to portray one's inner struggle with temptation by opting to depict Satan as a visual character in the movie. The scene continues with the depth of Jesus' inner struggle with Jesus resisting the temptation of Satan, who disappears into the mists of Gethsemane.

Jesus is arrested by a few soldiers whom are led by Judas, revealing his betrayal. Judas gives Jesus a kiss, in which Jesus responds, "Judas, it is with a kiss that you betray the Son of Man." After that moment, Judas starts to have second thoughts about what he just did. Especially after the next few shots when Jesus is beaten by the crowd. He is taken before the Sanhedrin (Jewish council) and with persistence by the Jewish leader, Caiphas, they decide Jesus is guilty of blasphemy and bring Jesus to Pontius Pilate. After the proceedings, the camera briefly shifts to Peter looking on in the crowd. Someone recognizes Peter to be one of Jesus' followers; Peter denies this three times and manages to scurry away from the crowd. Along the way to Pilate, Jesus is continually beaten by the Roman soldiers and the crowd of Jews. At one point, Jesus is thrown off a bridge, but is still suspended by chains and makes eye contact with Judas who is trembling at the bottom of the bridge.

Judas begins to strongly regret what he did and tries to give back the pieces of silver to the Romans in exchange for the release of Jesus, but is refused. Gibson then uses some slow-motion shots and illustrations of what we see through Judas' eyes as possessed children harassing him, with Satan lurking in the background. Judas continues to be tortured by his betrayal as "devil enters into him" and no longer can take this weight on his conscience and hangs himself from a tree.

Jesus is then bought before Pilate. Here, Mel Gibson uses his own perception of how he believes this situation should be presented. Pilate is shown talking to his wife about how she believes Jesus has done no wrong and not to kill him. There isn't a place in the Bible in which Pilate's wife is mentioned, but I will explain Gibson's reasoning for her inclusion later.

Pilate sees this situation the same way as his wife as he finds no hard proof why Jesus should be persecuted. He tries to pass the decision to Herod, who makes fun of Jesus and sends him back. Pilate knows that rebellion must be prevented, because if it occurs it will ultimately cost him his life at the hands of Caesar. But he also knows Jesus' reputation of his performance of miracles and his curiosity eventually leads to sympathy. So Pilate goes before the crowd and offers up for release two prisoners, Jesus and a well-known murderer

Barabbas. To Pilate's dismay the crowd demands the release of Barabbas. Pilate knows Jesus is innocent, but in Pilate's fear of rebellion and mostly fear for his own life develops a weakness and folds to the pressure of the crowds. He had the power to let Jesus go but instead gave into what the crowd wanted and instructed Jesus to be beaten, though demanded that he must not be killed.

This begins, which is the most violent sequence of the film. Jesus is dragged into the courtyard and forced to slouch over a pillar that is about knee high. The camera then shifts to the crowd which shows Mary, Mary Magdalene, and John all looking on in dismay. The Roman soldiers each pick up rods and began to viciously beat Jesus, laughing and grinning with hatred as they do so. Soon, they put down the rods, pick up whips, and continue to flog Jesus. These whip cracks begin to be caught by slow-motion shots of the camera, capturing every grimace in the face of Jesus.



At one point, Pilate's wife runs to Mary, weeping, and gives her a white cloth and runs back out. The camera then begins to scan the crowd, which shows an expressionless Satan creeping in the midst of the unruly crowd.

The beating continues as the soldiers turn Jesus over and more slow-motion shots are used to capture them beating his stomach and chest. Then the beating stops, which helps build a sense of relief within the audience. But the anxiety grows as one soldier picks up a cat-o'-nine tails (a whip with hooks at the end of each leather strand) and begins to whip Jesus again. This sequence shows more slow-motion footage of Jesus being flogged with the hooks digging into his flesh, quickly ripping it from his skin. This sequence, especially as a devout Catholic, is very difficult to watch, but necessary to experience. Eventually, Pilate's deputy comes and scolds the soldiers for being too harsh and the beating comes to an end. After Jesus is released from the shackles and dragged away, Mary and Mary Magdalene are seen cleaning up the puddles of blood left in the courtyard. A crown of thorns is pushed upon Jesus' head and he is once again bought upon Pilate. Pilate then looks at Jesus and looks at the unruly crowd once again; he gives into his weakness and tells Pilate that Caiphas can do what he want with Jesus but he will have nothing to do with it.

This is where Jesus begins his long journey to the hill to Golgotha. He continues to be whipped and slowly drag the cross no longer. Simon, a bystander, is forced by the Romans to help Jesus. Unlike what I was taught in Catholic school, Simon is forced to do this against his own will and announces to the crowd that he's only doing this because he has to. Soon after this, Jesus falls to his knees and is approached by a woman who lets Jesus wipe his face with a cloth. It's not shown, but it is believed that a bloody image of Jesus' face is left on the cloth.

There is also a notable change in

Simon's demeanor, who begins to get angered by the continual beating that Jesus is enduring. In fact he demands that the soldiers stop or he won't help him carry the cross, but the Roman soldiers deliver a crazed laugh and Simon links arms with Jesus and continue to help him up the hill.

Jesus then falls once again, and appears unable to move. It is at this time where Gibson illustrates a flashback to Jesus' Sermon on the Mount, in which Jesus proclaims his death is voluntary and he does it willingly for those he loves. This is one of many flashbacks but is perhaps the most important when looking at the brutality and being able to see the true meaning of Christ's Passion.

The crowd finally reaches Golgotha, and this crucifixion scene is also very difficult to watch. Jesus is nailed to the cross, with the slow-motion camera capturing the separation of Jesus' soldier and every piercing blow of each nine inch nail. Gibson captures every spurt of blood emitting from Jesus' tattered body. As Jesus is put up, we see the thieves being crucified next to him. One praises Jesus and is assured that he will have his place in paradise. The other continues to make fun of Jesus until a raven perches upon the man's cross and attacks his face tearing out pieces of flesh. This rendition that included the raven was an interesting choice for Gibson, which could be a symbol that God can be vengeful if we are not sorry for our sins.

Finally, after Jesus is shown on the cross for awhile Jesus exclaims in of course Hebrew, "My God, why have you forsaken me?" Then he says, "It has been accomplished," and a soon after, "Father, into you hands, I commit my spirit," and his head falls to his chest. Immediately after this, a huge earthquake hits and splits the temple in two, just as Jesus had prophesized earlier in the Gospels. The soldiers panic, they break the legs of the thieves to make sure they die of suffocation. To make sure Jesus is dead a soldier pierces his side which releases a spray of blood and water in which the soldier kneels. We then see, as a separate scene, Satan screaming in anguish. This I think was Gibson showing that Satan has been defeated with Jesus not giving into temptation and going through with what he was put on earth to do. After Jesus is taken down from the cross the scene fades out.

The next scene shows the stone of Jesus' tomb being rolled away. The camera focuses on Jesus, alive, with his body as pure as it was before the Passion. He walks across, in front of the camera, as we see the holes in his hands left by the nails. The scene fades out and the movie ends.

Of the religious movies that I have seen and the many I have read about, Gibson's is by far the most powerful in capturing the meaning of Jesus' life. Even though he produced many miracles, he was put on this earth by God to die for our sins; a predetermined fate. The only aspect of this movie that I didn't like was that there should have been an extra scene with the resurrection, which further instills that Jesus overcame death in a journey of sacrifice and eternal faith. But overall, even amidst the violence, it was done very tastefully by Mel Gibson.

Continued on page 19

TOP TEN

Things Donald Rumsfeld has Stolen from 9/11

- 10 *The Stony Brook Press' Line Budget.*
- 9 The Energon necessary to transform into Rummatron.
- 8 Condoleezza Rice's ocular virginity .
- 7 The only surviving transport ship from Zeta Reticula.
- 6 The hearts of children everywhere. Literally.
- 5 The Black Boxes... oh wait, nothing survived.
- 4 Classified documents detailing the real number of licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop.
- 3 A slew our of tasteless WTC jokes.
- 2 Dick Cheney's ability to appear in public.
- 1 First Amendment protection for dissenting opinions.

Battle of the Century

Physics

VS

The Bush Administration

- Electron Neutrinos predicted by Pauli and found shortly thereafter.

- The Relativistic Heavy Ion Collider is a Pion factory.

- Magneto-Optical Trapping makes already cold atoms colder.

- Higgs Scalar Boson continues to elude our detection.

- Cold Fusion not a viable option for energy.

- 9 out of 10 spatial dimensions agree: *The Press* is not funny.

PRO

- Weapons of mass destruction predicted by Bush and...

uh... ah...
SADDAM IS A MADMAN AND IRAQ'S OIL MUST BE FREED AND BY OIL I MEAN PEOPLE!

- The Bush Administration is an asshole factory.

- Tax breaks make already rich people richer.

CON

Condoleezza Rice's intelligence continues to elude our detection.

- Bush not a viable option for re-election.

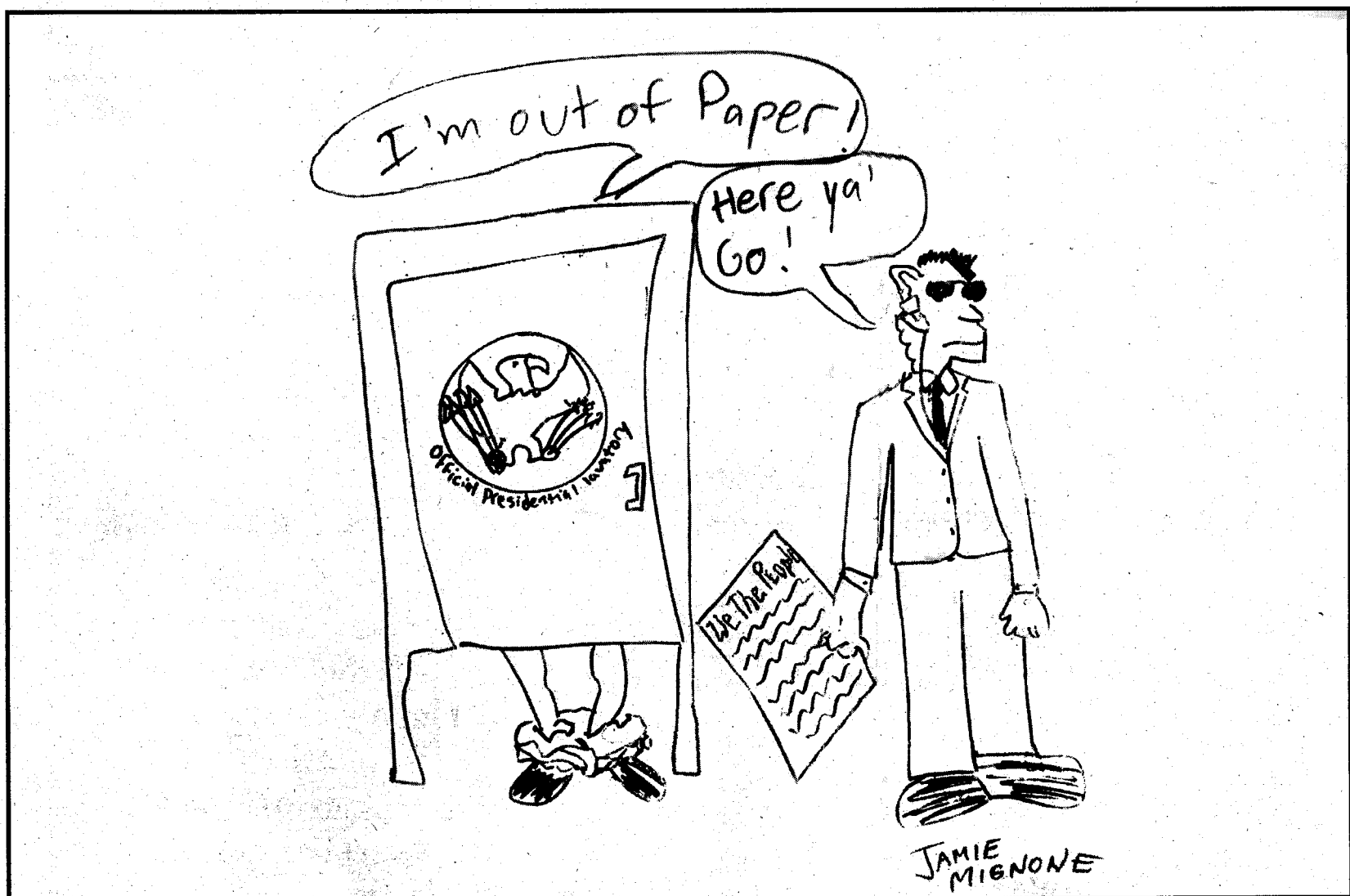
- George Bush is made of fermions. The chances of his electrons all crowding into the ground state making his atoms unstable enough to explode aren't very good.

THE COMICS SECTION



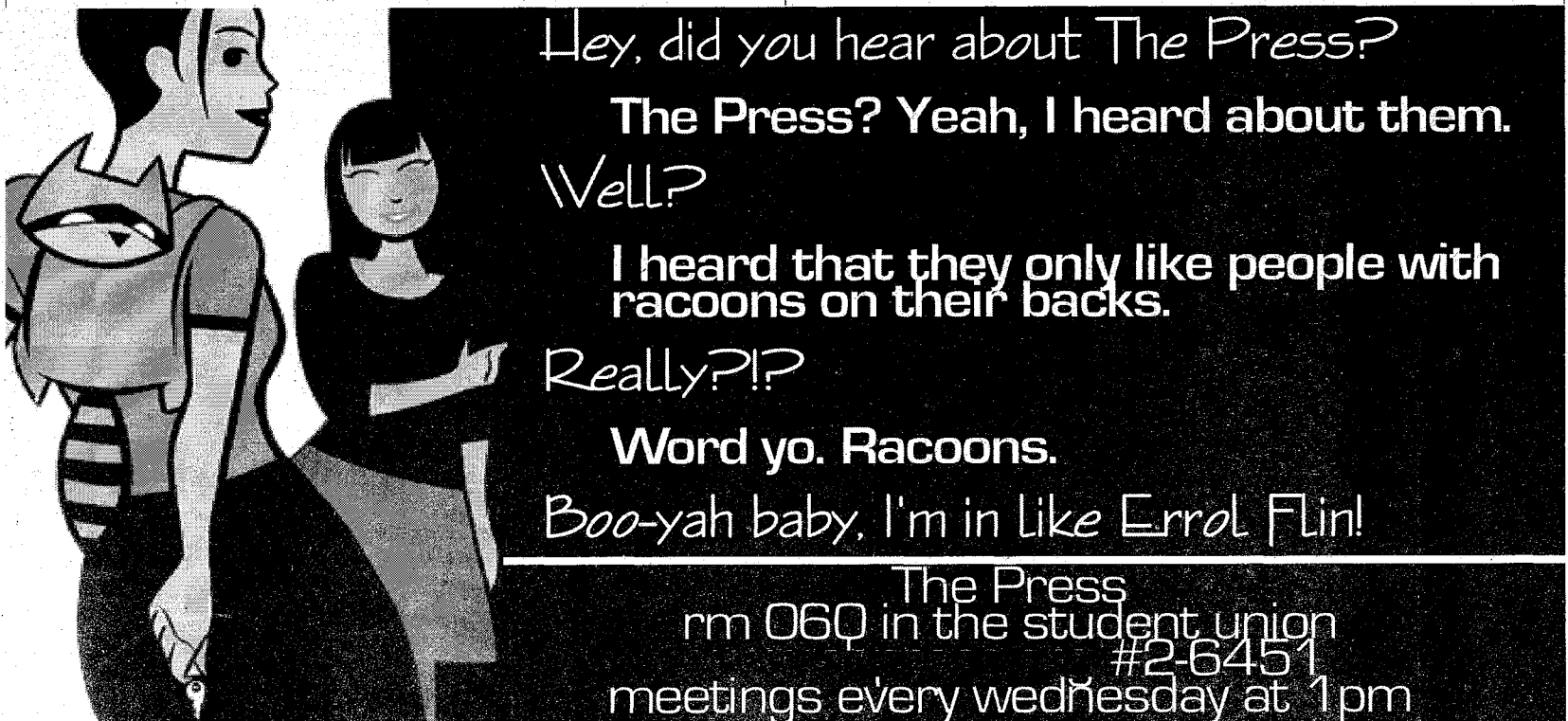
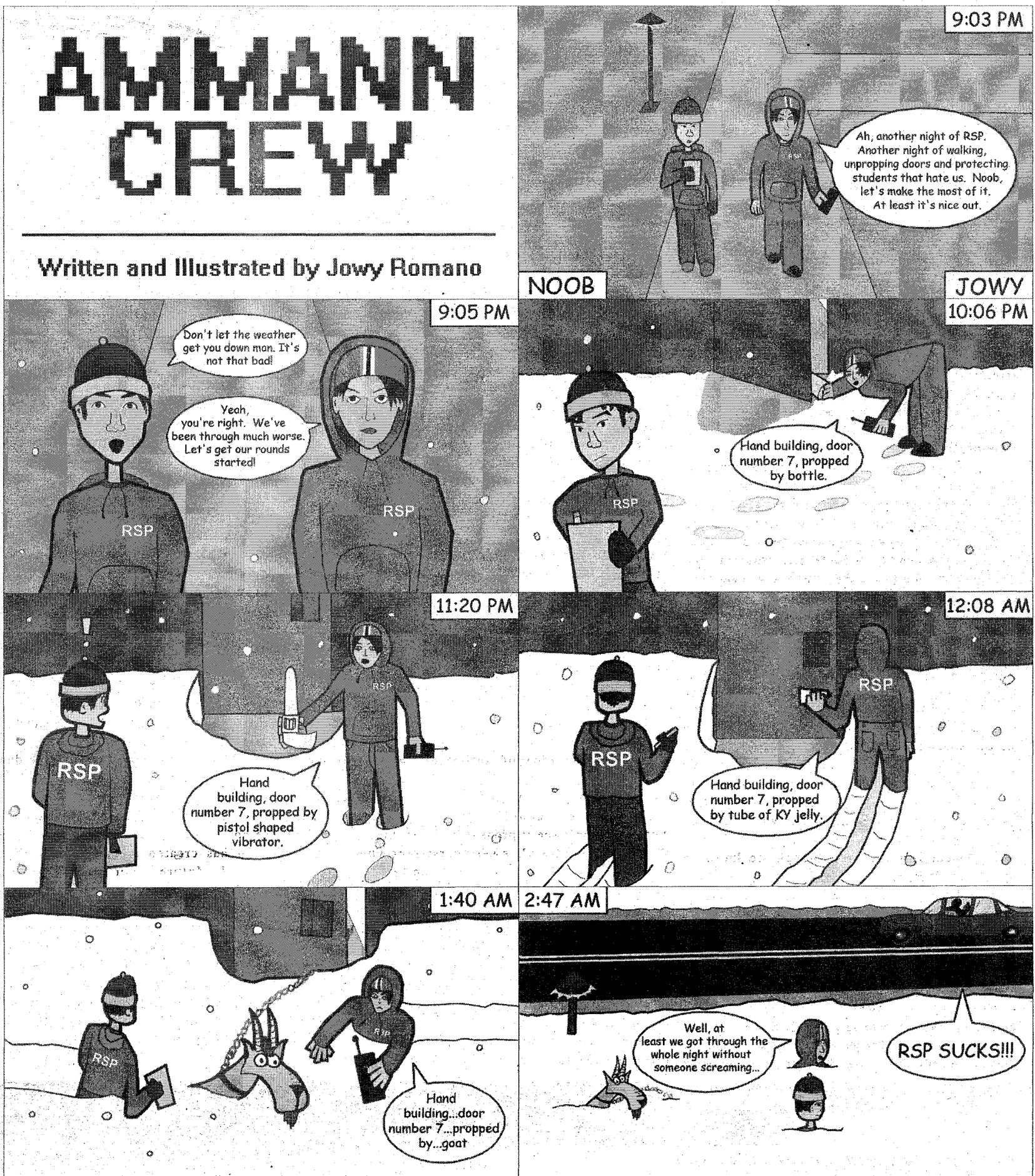
OMAHA, NE

by Steph Hayes



AMMANN CREW

Written and Illustrated by Jowy Romano



Continued from page 15

I very much agree with Gibson's intentions, especially since I've been in a Catholic school all my life up to this year. Gibson, as am I, is tired of seeing "all the pretty crucifixes on the wall" and knowing that many Catholics don't know the true meaning behind it. All we learned about in school were the miracles Jesus conducted and about how he died for our sins. I was never taught about how significant his sacrifice really was. It goes much deeper than just walking around your church and reading each pretty picture on the wall showing the 14 Stations of the Cross. The teachings in school became redundant because he was always portrayed in this pure and immortal way. Also amidst the pedophilia scandals in the Church, many people's ideas have been altered, and some have even been turned off by the cowardice of these acts of pedophilia.

In this movie, Gibson portrays Jesus as what he was when he went down to earth, human. He suffered through stages of self-doubt as well as all the physical pain he endured. As a human, he showed love and compassion towards all the soldiers and townspeople despite their hatred. "Forgive them Father, they know not what they do," he proclaimed as he the soldiers nailed him to the cross, showing his unshakeable forgiveness. What many don't know, is that in the movie, it is Mel Gibson's hand holding the nine-inch-nails as they are driven into Jesus' flesh. This shows that obviously Mel Gibson is no different from any of us, he along with all human kind, killed Jesus. The violence shown as the soldiers whipped Jesus needed to be as gruesome as it was because in essence we all were there behind the cat-o'-nine tails whipping Jesus. We whip Jesus every time we lie, cheat, and steal. We whip Jesus when we persecute others, when we hold grudges, and when betray what is right even though we know in our hearts it is wrong. As you can see by what I am writing, this movie can have a very strong affect, not only on a catholic, but anyone who has even a basic background of the Catholic faith.

The problem with this movie is, it is the "Passion" of Christ, nothing less, nothing more. Passion, by its religious definition, is the period of time following the Last Supper to the Resurrection. That is precisely what the movie goes in depth about and divulges the meaning

from. One must understand that the movie is not designed to go deeper into Jesus' life, but it does accomplish the meaning that Gibson designed it to reveal. Therefore, if you don't have a background in Catholicism, you probably won't like the film because there is much that you won't understand. If you are interested in learning more about Catholicism, I suggest browsing through the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John so you have a background of his life before you experience his death.

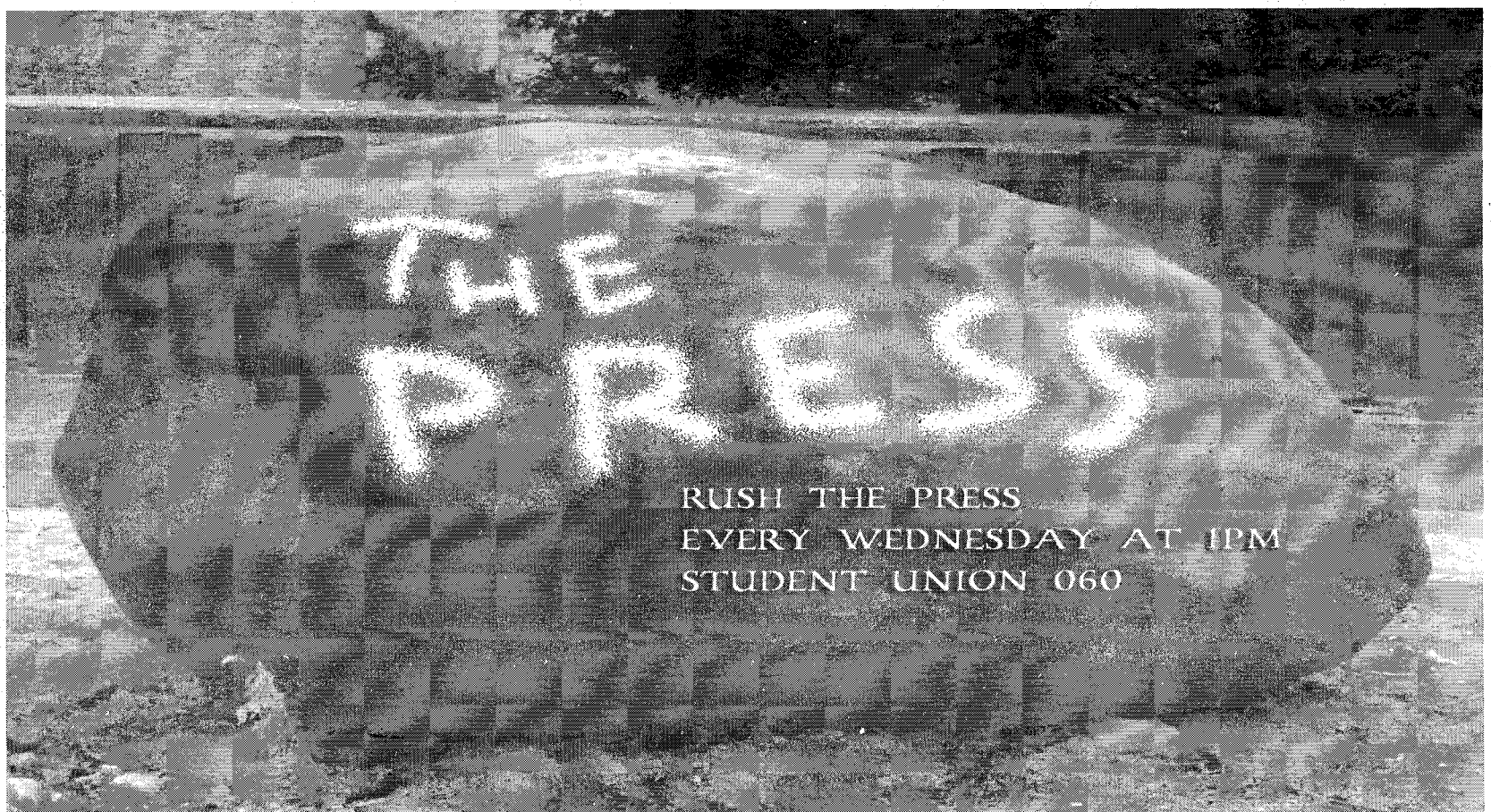
As all of you know, there is much controversy surrounding this film, but most of it is either ignorance or misunderstanding. Some Jewish people who are bashing this film, haven't even seen it. Proclaiming a movie sucks, even though you haven't seen it, is pure ignorance. But I can't be a hypocrite here, I see where these people are coming from. Jews believe that Jesus was just a prophet and the Messiah is yet to come. The birth of Christ is where the adoption of Christianity begins, and this film goes against what Jewish people believe in. If there was a film that came out about the Jewish faith I would go see it and speak about it from an artistic point of view, but that doesn't mean I would like it either. Much of the misunderstanding comes from the violence portrayed in the film. Though most of these people who don't know about the Catholic religion, do not like the movie because they view the violence as being very unnecessary and don't know why this man is getting beaten. They don't know that he was being persecuted for his proclamation of being the Messiah, and being put to death by refusing to denounce these beliefs and die for our sins.

On the idea of anti-Semitism in this film, it's just simply not there. This idea probably came about from just the sheer fact that the movie went against the Jewish religion, but I just don't see it present in the movie. Yes, Caiphas is portrayed as very persistent when it came to the death of Jesus, but even he seemed disturbed from the whipping in the courtyard. Caiphas was no more persistent than the rest of the crowd was in the crucifixion of Jesus. Yes, Pontius Pilate was looked upon in a somewhat favorable light even though he was known to put many to thieves to death. But he usually did this with solid proof that these people were cold-hearted criminals. Back in Jesus' era some of these crimes were so gruesome that these criminals deserved their fate of death.

Pilate saw no proof of any physical wrongdoing, therefore did not feel it necessary to put Jesus to death. The inclusion of Pilate's wife signified that even someone as notorious as Pontius Pilate, therefore anyone, can show compassion. This is all not to mention the fact that Jesus himself was Jewish, as was the woman who gave Jesus the cloth, as was Simon who tried to stand up for Jesus and helped him carry the cross, as was his loving mother Mary. Besides the fact the Romans dealt out by far more punishment than the Jewish leaders and the crowd did, which includes the Romans crucifying Jesus. I am Roman Catholic, I don't hate Romans or Jews, and it was a predetermined fate that was inevitable, shown as a beautiful work of art by Mel Gibson. Honestly, the only anti-Semitism that may come out of this, are the Jewish people who through ignorance and misunderstanding bash this tasteful rendition of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

One must also admire the persistence of Mel Gibson and the cast and crew of this film. Because of the box-office failure of tasteless film "The Last Temptation of Christ," (Martin Scorsese, 1989) no major production label would pick up Gibson's movie. So using over \$30 million, of his own money, he released the film through his film company, ICON. Throughout the controversy, that went back to when the film was even just an idea, he stayed with it, only making minor changes that had the potential to lessen his intention and lessen the meaning of the film. Jim Caviezel, also endured many hardships in this film. Amidst the days of never-ending hard work, he separated his shoulder while performing a scene on the set. Also, in a really freak incident, Caviezel was struck by lightning, but just took a few weeks off and continued with production. The cast and crew were clearly very passionate about the completion of this film.

Mel Gibson has created a movie that will be looked upon by future generations as the real "Passion" of Jesus Christ. The film, in its fourth week of release, has already grossed over \$200 million attracting some people, to the theatres, that haven't seen a movie in years. This success at the box-office is not about the money, but the fact that Gibson has succeeded in what he tried to do in the first place; spread the meaning of Christ's ultimate sacrifice, his Passion, to people all over the world.



Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

There is a certain momentum to life. Get up. Go out and be a productive member of society. Commute. Consume. Maybe get laid. Shift. Repeat. There is a constant motion that propels all things. As I undertake my own daily experiment in self-mastery, I try to notice the people around me. All trying to get where they need to be. And it strikes me that somehow it all works out alright, because we don't usually crash into each other like dominoes or spontaneously combust. Mostly, we keep to our paths.

Inevitably, you meet people along the way. Some great. Some shit. Mostly great, I'd say. I've actually met a lot of readers lately, who've said that either they didn't know if I were a 'real' person, or they wonder how much of the events in my column are actually true. I'll tell you – taking into account journalistic license, it's about 99% true, with a few embellishments. For me, there's no reason to fabricate – I have nothing to prove anymore. I spill my guts for my own catharsis.

At the risk of turning this into a shiny, happy column – life is good these days; (with the exception of certain school responsibilities, which I have roundly ignored or rejected outright.) The weather is getting warmer, I have a steady supply of everything I need, including fantastic sex and *The Sopranos*, and there are special events on the horizon, like my friend Beate's Adios party, the protest in NYC, Allman Brothers at the Beacon, and I-CON – with a Klingon wedding this year, which is sure to be entertaining in a sad, demented sort of way.

Also in steady supply has been those great moments in life that you try to remember, but end up losing in the malted hops and bong resin of your brain. In order to counter this trend, I've relegated myself to writing everything down while I can still remember it. Out of all the people you meet on your daily quest for self-actualization, undoubtedly they all have that one great story. And everyone loves a great storyteller. Sitting around, air thick with smoke, maybe a beer, Rangers game on in the background... conversation halts, and is replaced with a bloated pause. And someone says, "Man, did I ever tell you about the time..."

Well, here are some excerpts, uncensored and uninterrupted, from a few conversations I've had in the past two weeks...

"They tried to send me to anger management classes. So when I got there they asked me, 'What makes you angry?'"

I said, "Clothes."

They said, "Clothing?"

I said, "Yeah, clothes make me angry. They cost too much, and if you get a rip or a hole you gotta throw 'em out. We should just run around naked." But they didn't really believe me.

Then later on this girl was sitting in my chair and moved my sweater over. So I got on top of the table and started throwing pencils at her and yelling at her, "Bitch, give me back my sweater!" Screaming. And she was all surprised!

And I said to them, "I told you clothes make me angry."

Another memorable exchange occurred when I told my friend John how bad my eye-sight is without my contacts. "I can't even see the big 'E'." I confessed, and told him about my childhood coke-bottle glasses.

He told me that if I couldn't see, and he was sitting next to me, he would routinely jerk-off, and I would never be the wiser. When I told him I would probably be able to hear the spanking, he imitated the sound by flapping his cheeks wildly and grunting until we were both in stitches.

My two favorite stories as of late, however, come from the same person. The first story concerns his job at the library, and how he was subsequently fired.

"The Dewey Decimal System is a bitch to do when you're high... They thought I wasn't really working hard, so they devised a trap. How they found out was, they gave me a rack, ya know, the whee-thing, with 175 books. And they had written down all the books they gave me, and put a little slip of paper with my name on it, in each one."

At the end of the week they said, "Out of 175 books, we only found three that you placed! There were 175, and we don't know where the other ones are. Only three of them!" But I was like, "Wow, I got three right?"

...and now for the – accurate and verified – big finish, concerning a daily walk past a certain house in Brooklyn.

"Every time we walked by this house we smelled weed. The first time, it's like, 'Man, that dude is smoking,' and then the second time is like, 'Man, that dude's having a party.' And then it was like, 'This dude is up to something.' So the three of us look in his backyard and we see all these weed plants, probably 15 massive nine-footers. Huge bowling-ball size buds, red hair, crystals – the whole nine. So we go back to my house and we decide to bring plastic shopping bags and go steal the weed. Mind you, it's 3:30 in the afternoon, right next to an elementary school and little kids are walking around everywhere, and parents are walking with their fucking kids and shit. If we were smart we would have went at three in the morning with black clothes and masks. But we didn't. And so we don't even go around back, we walk right through the guys front driveway and go into the guys backyard and start stuffing the shopping bags, and I'm stuffing my cargo pants, with these huge buds. And my friend gets the bright idea to try and steal a plant, but the things were like fucking trees, with really thick trunks. So he hangs on it for a good 15 seconds before it finally snaps. And then we take off booking down the street – in broad daylight – with kids and parents all around – all three of us each with two shopping bags chock-full and a fucking 8-foot marijuana plant, running down the street in Brooklyn."

So we get to my house and we just sit, and then it hits us what we just did. The guy could have come out with a shotgun, or been in with the mafia. You don't know.

It was September. That shit lasted us until October the next year! We gave it away to all our friends and smoked everyone up at school; they'd give us \$5 bucks, \$20 bucks here and there. We were the most popular kids in school.

We figured it out and calculated that we must have stolen \$50,000 in pot from that guys backyard. That was the best year of my life."

It's definitely better to hear the stories first-hand, the teller all wide-eyed and expressive, but maybe this is the next best thing. My point is this: chances are you are going to end up middle-aged at some point. Inevitably, you'll be fatter than you are now. You'll probably have a job that is not ideal, maybe a marriage that isn't either. With whiny brats you spawned to replace yourself. And you are going to sit back and actually reminisce about crazy shit that happened while you were in Stony Brook University during the fascist reign of both USG and Bush the lesser, at a suitcase school close to the city, which sometimes was good for a party, but mostly you were just waiting to share a beer with someone. Sure, you'll embellish the stories. Maybe even add interesting tid-bits here and there to make you look cooler or more daring in retrospect. Share a laugh, scratch yourself, and wish you could go back. Well, while you can't do jack shit about it when you are old and your heart dies, you can do something right now. At the risk of sounding preachy – I have faith that Jesus would want you to party.

Do it while you can still get away with it.

Dear Amberly Jane,

Just read yet another of your columns (New Orleans, Vegas, etc...)

I've been a fan for at least a year now. You are the reason that I read the Press (OK, maybe that and the Top 10 list).

Is everything that we read about you real, I wonder...? Either way, it definitely works ;)

Signed – Sarah ;)

Dear Amberly Jane,

Hi my name is Tim and I just wanted to say and I am a junior at stony brook. I really love your articles in the press. The paper itself is great although sometimes really liberal but that is what makes it great. But I think your contribution is really worthwhile and I look forward to reading it everytime I see a new one out. Thanks again for making the time at stony brook pass a little easier with the amusement I get out of your column. Please don't think of me as some weird ass stalker, just an avid admirer of your work. Take care.

Signed – Tim

Dear Sarah and Tim,

Thanks for the good word.

Peace, prosperity and kisses on pink parts.

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

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"OrangeSkinBitch"

By Tom Senkus

This is an article totally dedicated to specific females in my lecture classes who refuse to assume common courtesy of shutting-the-fuck-up when I asked them nicely TWICE to stop whispering. While I am violating the cardinal idea of "you can't judge a book by it's cover" and even my own morality for stereotypes, I figure anyone with a sense of humor would revel in the spirit in which it was written (while listening to Thrash metal and Skinny Puppy) and not in crude discriminatory agreement of "Right on, brotha!"

A cell phone ring takes center stage, summoning a meek, helpless pause from the speaker. In similar fashion to, "Quick! Get your clothes on! My parents are home!," a girl fumbles about her cell phone.

The lecture resumes, but my attention is focused to a few seats behind me, cocking my neck around to look at the disturbance. Even with my eyes closed, I should have known: OrangeSkinBitch.

OrangeSkinBitch? That's my little disaffectionate title for girls who have that certain look. George Orwell predicted in his book 1984 that the world would be full of beetle-like men and women, but I contest that it will be overrun by a different type of clones. Instead of Big Brother, MTV will be watching you. From Times Square to the Student Union, MTV will be watching....

But I'm getting off point.

Pop culture has long given an identity to those who feel that maintaining a look should be an endeavour spanning more than just aesthetics. When a current look appears, it inspires masses to imitate (see: Dirty Dancing). Apparently, there's strength and stupidity in numbers.

Originality is looked upon as having some sort of physical deformity akin to leprosy. It actually reminds me of an experiment in which a piece of red tape was attached to a seagull's neck and the seagull sent out to resume its natural course of life. Seeing this, said seagull was mercifully killed by it's brethren almost immediately. Apparently, there's strength and stupidity in numbers.

Bearing a fashion requires the correct paraphernalia. A police officer wouldn't go on the beat without his piece, a car salesman without a smile. That brings us back to OrangeSkinBitch.

Don't leave home without a cell phone, 'Hee-man'-shaped blouses, and sweat pants with a saying on your ass (such as KITTIE, JUICY, STONYBROOK, etc. Why not just write RAPE ME?). Let's not forget the ubiquitous purse with such armament as a "stench dispenser" prepared to choke the perception of those not as cool-as-you in unventilated

areas especially. I can just imagine what a guy would say to himself, years from now when he smells the same scent; "Wow, that takes me back. What a night with Erin, no wait, Jessica, no Ally, no wait....."

To be a mime, you have to have that pasty face, and to be OrangeSkinBitch, you need to have the orange skin. What do I mean by "orange skin"? If you take a look around your class room and fix your eyes on various people (I use that word loosely in this case), you'll notice that the color is not a natural tan, but a color closer to well.... orange! Somehow, achieving skin cancer became a fashion statement, or a subconscious reference to an opulent lifestyle with beach houses and frequent trips to Cancun. Observing this in the winter months, it seems to be that there's actually more orang-icity.

Explain to me the ability to sun yourself in a blizzard. Even more curious is how they have the resources, time and money, to be able to sit in a tanning salon.

Perhaps my favorite addition to the body vernacular is the lower back tattoo. If you thought that a butterfly on your leg was lame, look at the Klingon-sword emblems on your back, suggesting a "hidden sexuality". Trust me, there's nothing hidden. If I were a guy with less morals, I'd make it an ejaculatory target. Seriously, OrangeSkinBitch needs to get a bulls-eye instead of some tribute to the upcoming I-Con festival at Stony Brook.

As I said before, things are just things, and it takes more than looks to get by. OrangeSkinBitch needs her personality to match her clothing. Make sure to use words such as, "like", "knowhati'msayin'", "chill", etc. to match others around you and not put on that you are above them by using vocabulary. Who needs words like mundane and insipid? Why, those words are pretentious.... Oh wait, you don't know what that means either, do you?

Forget reading. That's a personality faux pas. Take a cue from the Fifties and know your role, bitch. Why waste time reading when you could just watch television? Holden Caulfield? Isn't he the guy who was in Home Alone? To me, there comes a problem when you know more about drinks than about books (if you aren't a bartender).

Music, sweet music. As long it has a slammin' beat, who cares if it has something that's satirizing yourself, degrading you without you even knowing it. I could care less for the true-propaganda-music because frankly, I'm laughing at you. I'm sure your idea of classical music is of Mariah Carey rather than Shostakovich.

Don't label them sluts, but watch as they "hook-up" with a few guys over the weekend, perhaps even in the same night. But who are you kidding? As long as you play hard-to-get, you are still a good girl. Prude? That's not you. Your friends look exactly like you. From a guy's point of view, it's not so much a question of whom, but of what. No points for originality. In fact, that's discouraged. Just look pretty. You are being judged on fuckability. A bit chubby? Better lose that, fattie. Ethnic origin? Not

in my country.

I can see the one in the group who looks out of place, trying too hard to fit in. Perhaps there's hope for someone who tries too hard. You fall out of the group, ostracized for having something that doesn't agree. If you ever fall in love and get rejected, chances are you'll turn goth, and don't even get me started on them!

You get left behind, and fall into suicidal tendencies. By now, if your idea of the counterculture includes the words "Hot-Topic", do us all a favor and slash your wrists. We need the fucking space.

My teachers in high school told me my conclusions to essays were weak, so you know what?? DRAW YOUR OWN FUCKING CONCLUSION! As a word of hope, I guess it's easier to be yourself. Cheaper too.

Next issue, the BureaucraticPseudoPretentiousFuck is going down!!!!

(Here's a self-indulgent plug for myself: I host the Elusive T-spot on WUSB 90.1FM on alternating Wednesdays during the coveted 3-6:30 AM spot. If you have any material (comedy, music, drama) you'd like to be aired or perform on the air, please send an email to Elusivetspot@hotmail.com and we'll setup a correspondence.)

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"Concert Review: Mike Patton and Rahzel"

By Tom Ser

March 10th, Irving Plaza. Sold-out show to see Mike Patton and Rahzel. The audience is a mixture of Strokes-esque hipster and the disenfranchised. I stand front row, right on top of a monitor. It's awfully crowded, and the best thing is that girls next to me, not familiar with rock concerts, think i'm trying to purposely touch them, not understanding the physics of humans taking up space in close proximity. Whatever.

8:35 - First act. DJ Still takes the stage after the MC hypes him up James Brown-style. Not to be hyper critical, but the light show was more interesting than he was. Apparently, when you perform in the improvisational Ambient vein, you are supposed to 1) look weird (he had a large afro for an asian), 2) not move unless it's in deliberate, fluid motion and 3) not suck. That being said, he fulfilled one and two. Multiple equipment malfunctions and movement mishaps marked by a pained grimace made him look like a novice. His total stage time equated to ten minutes and I don't think he had the skill nor variety to sustain interest, unless of course that interest was chemically altered. If his purpose was to warm up the crowd, it was only to heighten our anticipation for something better.

8:50 - Second act. DJ JS-1 takes the stage. His set was definitely more enjoyable, including old school rock influences into a hip-hop realm. Ranging from cross over acts like Rage Against the Machine to Led Zeppelin, his artistic ability of choice was impeccable. His scratching ability mixed with showmanship bravado was also impressive, especially in light

place, and out of nowhere, comes Black Sabbath's "The Wizard" followed by a VERY hip-hop-esque choice of "Behind the Wall of Sleep", another Sabbath gem. The crowd went wild. Eventually his set drifted into a lighter, more urban idiom, combining jazz organ obscurity with reggae beats. I figured this chilling out was purposeful, considering what I heard of the intensity of the following act.

Now, the main beef I had with the night. I'm not sure if it was the concert promoters or the artists themselves, but the Mike Patton and Rahzel did not come on until 10:15. Now, if we do the math, considering DJ JS-1 ended at 9:15, we will notice an HOUR of low-faded music. Any crowd arousal DJ JS-1 mustered was only a cocktease. Trying to squelch our boredom with free giveaways, there was only so much a DJ JS-1 could give away, killing a slim 5 minutes.

Normally, in a slightly filled venue, waiting would be fine and understandable; Venues like these must make money somehow and I can empathize. However, the audience was sardine-like, so the notion of buying drinks seemed impossible. What did most of the audience do? Just stand there. In fact, I was standing there, thinking of evil things to write about in my review....

10:15 - Enter Rahzel and Mike Patton. Rahzel stands stage left, Patton stage right. What's most curious is that Rahzel's equipment consists nothing more than a microphone, while Patton's side is augmented with various audio augmenting paraphernalia. The combination of personalities was refreshing. Rahzel, typically low key and collected, while Patton, wild, arrogant, and awkward, were actually a better match than a closer pair would be.

A review would be nothing without criticism and criticize I shall. After Rahzel announces that "You won't even be able to describe this", the act begins, which is Rahzel's techno-tinged hip-hop met with Patton's sonic manipulations and voice. Second composition.

The same. Third composition. The same and so forth. If there weren't eccentricities like Patton drinking a water bottle someone flung at him, barking at me, or spilling beer on a kid's head, I would have been really bummed out. Simply put, they ran out of ideas in the first song.

The dominance of Rahzel's beats, while beyond impressive, shadowed all other elements. His strength was also his limitation. Beyond hip-hop and pseudo-techno, there was nothing for Mike Patton to improv with. Being familiar with Mr. Bungle, Fantomàs, Faith No More and other of his projects, Mike Patton flourishes in the dichotomy of styles. It's his ability to channel Attention Deficit Disorder into diverging genres

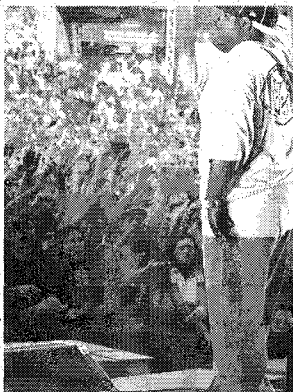
that makes him so interesting. The static beats reminded me of classmates with said affliction trying at their will to find something diverting to do and realizing that entertaining themselves, let alone a captive audience, is impossible. At times, when my critical mind left me, I took the beatboxing for granted, and all attention on Mike Patton seemed to be what he'd do over a seemingly static drum machine. This was further hampered by not having the levels balanced very well, Patton substantially lower than Rahzel. It was as if what Irving Plaza was trying to imply was that the headline should read "Rahzel w/ Mike Patton" and not vice versa.

Beyond the "remix" version of Rahzel's "If Your Mother Only Knew" and the stage antics of Patton, there was very little variation in the performance. The concert let out at 11:40, which again, led me to believe that the performance was more of an afterthought of some ill-conceived idea. It's a sign of a bad performance when the ultimate moment of my night came in the form of Bjork giving me a meek smile after the show ended rather than something during. In fact, when describing this to my friends, Rahzel was right, I can't describe this.



of the previous act.

One of the best moments of the entire night came when he scratched along a high pitched harmonica sound that I couldn't quite



Starsky & Hutch, The World of One Bit Actors

By Gregory Aiello

And so it came to pass - Starsky and Hutch was born a most gooey birth in 1975 as a TV show. A cop show, and not even the best cop show. It employed within it two of the ugliest men ever to be found on Earth. Back then, however, they had "sex appeal". No offense to those who still hold fast to this, um, "truth", but get over it. They're just plain out weird looking dudes, and that's the bottom line. Swoon away if you like, but they look like Muppet characters gone wrong to me.

And so it came to pass - Starsky and Hutch was reborn a most gooey and slimy rebirth. What I find a bit frightening about this is how similar Owen Wilson and Ben Stiller are to the original characters portrayed by David Soul and Mike Glaser. Good pick on someone's part, but in the end they're all a bunch of Muppet looking people, no matter what.

And so it came to pass - our stage is set in the 2004 version of 1975 (which as far as I hear from our dear elders, is utterly too 2004), where upon we see our characters very vintage 1975 clothing. Very interesting and amusing at first, I will give you that, but the shit wears off after the first 10 minutes of the movie. For the last hour and 30 minutes, the part where the movie goes on it's decline, we are left with the comedy talents of Owen Wilson, Ben Stiller, Will Ferrell, and... umm... Snoop Dogg.

Not in a very long time have I ever seen a cast so full of one bit actors as this one. Owen Wilson is our surfer guy as always who is never proactive in any of his roles, and just kind of sits there and makes comments about what other people are doing while he watches and every once in a rare while gets off his thin ass and does something. And he gets the girls. Every movie. Boring. Put him next to Ben Stiller, who does his well-known "I'm trying to be something I'm not and it's supposed to be funny" act like he's done in all of his movies. Slip in a little Will Ferrell, the man who gave up SNL for a pretty retarded run of an acting career, who has his "I act

like a kid, or drunk, or both" bit, but this time he's expanded his horizons to... a homosexual inmate that sews? Huh? Oh, of course I can't forget Snoop Dogg. Snoop Dogg is the most Muppet-like one of them all. Whenever I see him I think that Yoda and Othello got together and got it on one

in a hot car. Un-huh. Add one pinch Muppet-man duo, one cup bad hair cuts, two cups bad acting, and one bag of Shaft wanna-be attitude and you got yourself Starsky and Hutch. I don't have to say that they didn't change much for the movie: all they did was take cheap shots at themselves and the show that preceded them. In a way that's pretty much a slap in the face to all those that liked the show, I suppose. That's just the way I see it.

There was a group of older people sitting behind me in the movie theater when I went to go see Starsky and Hutch. They got a kick out of it all. They were very pleased with all the 70's garb, laughed at every joke, and even laughed when there were no jokes at all. I think they were high, but there's no way to really say. If they wrote this article it might go something like this: "I really liked this movie! It was trippy! Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson are awesome! The



NEITHER STARKY NOR HUTCH,
Courtesy of Warner Brothers

hot and steamy night, and the product was Snoop Dogg. Weird looking dude, but he fits right in there playing a guy who knows some people who knows some people who robbed some people. Big stretch of a role for him. Play what you know, I suppose.

Throw them all together with some babes, a definite plus, and a really hot Ford Torino and you have a movie? Well, yes you do. I think this movie proves more than the fact it can find the most untalented comedic actors and stew them into a movie. It also proves that it's possible to make movies worse every year. Cinema on a downward spiral.

Starsky and Hutch 2004 is a long mock of what was Starsky and Hutch 1975, as if to say the characters and concepts of the 1975 show were not already borderline ridiculous in the first place. Beat up some bad guys, get some girls, and drive around

70's were awesome! I'm hungry, let's go eat..."

The original Starsky and Hutch show up at the end of the film with three lines a piece. Congratulations, they just made two million a piece for walk-on roles. Who cares?

How could this movie be better? I say throw it out. Get rid of all the main characters, burn the dialog, sell back the sets, put David Soul and Mike Glaser back into the old fart's home, tell Owen Wilson to go back to surfing, tell Ben Stiller to take a hike, and tell Will Ferrell to take a long walk into a forest of active chainsaws blindfolded. Leave in the girls, the yacht, the guns, and the red and white Ford Torino.

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Video Games Review: Hit 'Em Up, Shoot 'Em Up

By Vincent Michael Festa

Never mind the latest Mario invasion or the endless Grand Theft Auto copycat shooting sprees, the shoot-'em-up genre of videogames is where the real action is. Rising to the top in the late 80's early 90's, these games pushed the edge in futuristic themes, sheer power, graphics, colors, and amazing gameplay. But thanks to Street Fighter, Killer Instinct, Sega-brand racing games, and the latest Dance Dance Revolution craze, the shoot-'em-up genre took a back seat and mostly returned to Japan's gaming scene to destroy. Now, with a gracious thanks to computer emulation and the internet, most of these high-tech and innovative shooters once again invade the US shores with more power than ever. Here is a list of the most legendary, notable, and intense firing games to ever surface the video-gaming scene:

R-Type (1, 2, 3, Super, Leo, Delta, Final): possibly THE most perfect shooter ever to grace the gaming world, only because it never had a bad game in its series. Irem's R-Type, since its release in 1989, heralded entire battleships as stages, a detachable force pod, reflective lasers as its flagship weapon, and an artistic style all to its own, it's no wonder R-Type is the most memorable shooter ever. What's also memorable were the many die-hard players yelling the word "FUCK!" more than ever before in a video game: with a jacked-up difficulty curve, one hit and it's back to start. Look for Final to bring 100 more selectable ships into play, and to end the R-legacy once and for all.

Gradius (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Galaxies, Gaiden, Life Force, Salamander, Solar Assault): despite having the most confusing numerology in a shooter series, Konami's star series is deemed to be one of the most prominent. Players are floored with heavenly graphics and music, larger-than-life stages, massive boss parades, an earned-weapons system consisting of picking up capsules to rotate the selection of power ups, and an against-all-odds difficulty setting makes Gradius one you have to see to believe. If that series wasn't enough, then check out its kid sister series Parodius, a silly take on the Gradius series featuring flying cartoon characters as heroes and silly instances throughout its game. Gradius returns this year for the Playstation unit.

Raystorm/Raycrisis: another Taito creation. A lock-on system to score major points, an encroachment rate that rates on how well you do, and a realistic 3-D graphics engine that turns this game inside-out makes this series a hands-down must-play. Warning: don't forget

to cover your eyes right before those bosses explode.

Darius series: Taito's shooter made a big impression when it released Darius in 1986 by making it a triple-screened game. Add an option to choose what stage to go next, plus the fact that your enemy's ships resemble behemoth fish and other aquatic life, and Darius is a successful experiment unto itself.

8ING/Raizing series (Battle Bakraid/Battle Type Garegga/Armed Police Batrider): 8ING/Raizing's triple threat share a selection of characters, massive bosses, a plethora of power-ups and scoring opportunities, super-detailed graphics, and an insane amount of shots on screen and action make this series a hands-down must play. Just watch your face when you unleash your heat-seeking missiles and superbombs!

Neo-Geo's line-up (Last Resort/Blazing Star/Pulstar): First came Last Resort, a rip-off of R-Type with a huge selection of weapons, a detachable pod, and a mad difficulty curve. Then Blazing Star comes out on the system and Neo-Geo curse itself of its fighting disease just a little. Blazing Star is stacked with beautiful graphics, high-powered weapons, and a multiplier to make itself a race for points. Finally comes Pulstar, a result of the mistreatment of R-Type's team programmers and developers. Aside from the detailed graphics, a tap-and-charge gun and many weapons, Pulstar earns itself the award for the single most impossible shooter to ever exist,

thanks to its God-like difficulty and inability to win itself with endless swarms of enemies, unforgiving bosses, and an endless supply of enemy fire. One hit and it's back to the ol' drawing board.

Einhander: whenever there was a time when Squaresoft miraculously didn't make the 8456th installment of Final Fantasy, it made Einhander. Taking some of Raycrisis' 3-D stylings and introducing a weapons system of choosing what guns to carry and how many, Einhander's futuristic artistic stylings and Squaresoft's "black-sheep" handlings of doing things their own way makes Einhander different than your average shooter and rates up there as one the best.

40's series (Strikers 1945, 194X): Capcom and Psikyo have a fetish for 1940's-style trappings. Psikyo's Strikers 1945 series offers a blazing heat of firepower and fighting your boss battles twice. Capcom, since its Nintendo days, makes an ironic statement with its 19XX series: an old-time shooter made in Japan about the defeat of Japan's armed forces.

Space Megaforce: a super-long gaming session. SMF won hearts coming out on the Super Nintendo for overwhelming power-ups, full use of graphic effects, intense firing patterns, funky techno music, and an endless array of things to destroy. Also, the real-voice "english" must be heard to be believed!

Defender: possibly the very first shooter (1980). Williams' Defender is up there on the list of permanent video game and pop-culture legends along with Pac-Man, Space Invaders, Asteroids, and Missile Command. Defender involves destroying your enemy before they kidnap humanoids and turn them against you. This game also featured a radar system and introduces the infamous hyper-space! Just recently, Defender returned for the 21st century as a remake of itself on the Playstation.

Mars Matrix/Ikaruga/Radiant Silvergun: just what do these three games have in common? Bullets, lots of them. These three helped usher in a newfound era in shooters where dazzling graphics systems and algebraic and calculus-type patterns of enemy fire are the selling point to shooters. Mars Matrix involves a vacuum-type system that sucks up enemy fire and throws it right back at them resulting in an amazing example of a combo/experience-points system to score massive points. Radiant Silvergun and its younger, wilder brother Ikaruga also share the Venus-like graphics engine ethos to attract and suck-er veteran pilots in, paying top dollar for import versions of their titles. Ikaruga features a color-changing system to help avoid the massive floods of shots that shine the screen. Excruciatingly good.

Axelay: a shooter that's not Konami's Gradius. Axelay switches from being both a horizontal and a forward-on vertical shooter with a customizable earned-weapons system for winning stages, godly soundtrack, and its breakthrough uses of style and graphics.

Pachi series (Donpachi, Dodonpachi): Atlas/Cave's creation is all about its weight in metal. It's a very shiny shooter featuring blistering weapons, superbombs, combo system, massive amounts of enemy machinery, and a heavy-as-a-ton rock soundtrack that pushes the series over the edge.

Gaiars: remembered on the classic Genesis console for two things: its huge selection of power-ups, and for being another gut-wrenching, controller-throwing, television-destroying tough-ass shooter for being painfully hard.

Vanguard: who needs power-ups when your only weapon is a four-way gun? A classic shooter from the mid-80's Atari features a map system, refueling systems, rainbow graphics, and sluggish controls.



You Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

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

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

and the forums at

board.thepress.info

Modest Mouse - Good News For People Who Love Bad News By Jamie Mignone

Yep, that's the title of the new Modest Mouse album that won't be out for another month. The internet was nice enough to give me an advance copy for free, and so I won't be spending the consumer lawsuit refund Eliot Spitzer sent me on more CD's. As I write this on the public bus, I am hearing the familiar harmonic bends and dynamic vocals that define this band pumping through my headphones and I would be dancing if I wasn't already motion sick. They've replaced their drummer Jeremiah with someone less technically adept but more innovative. At times the drums are disco, at others they quote John Densmore, but the change-up in style is a staple of the Modest Mouse product. The guitar participates in what could be classified as new wave, bluegrass, Clash-esque reggae, jazz, and punk on Good News and with the addition of banjo and accordion on several tracks, the vibe comes out like something from an intellectual-redneck version of Tom Waits. Isaac Brock's ever odd metaphorical lyrics dwell on contempt for junkies and God, Charles Bukowski, and his usual mix of introverted weird. It's a damn good album and a damn good Modest Mouse album at that and, after having heard it, I now know why they sucked live at the Siren Fest this summer: there were none of the extra keys, horns, or banjos on stage with them that carry the songs on the best tracks...and maybe I was a little drunk...in the sun...in the middle of the summer...damn. Hopefully the next time they come around, they'll have their live shit together, but if they don't, it doesn't hurt that they've put out another impeccable LP.

WHITEHOUSE ('Cruise' and 'Bird Seed') By Vincent Michael Festa

Whitehouse will make you its bitch in two minutes.

Good. Now that you read the above sentence then you know what to expect from this UK extreme noise outlet.

Thanks to the wonderful age of the Internet, Whitehouse has newfound re-discovery, although I'm sure that not too many people were happy to discover it. The idea of tweeze high-pitched frequencies, roaring-engine synths, recycled garbage samples, and vocals loud enough for even the deaf to hear once again is enough to drive anyone not ready for their sonic assault right on the floor begging to have it all stop.

This is the sound of Whitehouse, a period of barrages, screams, and sonic torture. Creator and vocalist William Bennett wanted it that way: his dream turned reality of taking sound and using it as a weapon to floor and dominate the audience physically and mentally. And with the help of current member Philip Best, former members Kevin Tompkins and underground writer/author Peter Sotos, Whitehouse has been able to clear heads for almost 25 years.

Whitehouse's identity and sound fit exactly what it's like to be tortured, dominated, humiliated, unappreciated, or just downright sick. With their over-the-top sexual ideals and their mindless, immature, and ridiculous celebration for crazed killers used to frame their domineering image, people will be afraid before even lis-

tening to their work. Yeah, and I'm sure all of us will follow their colorful examples and messages so seriously.

The sound aspect is another story. With near-unbearable frequencies through the tiniest of equipment, Bennett's disturbing, agonizing vocals and lyrics are enough to break anyone's self esteem. Those same vocals, flourished with agonizing yelling and screaming, is the equivalent of being yelled at to get up after being pummeled by sheer brutalisation. Shrieking, screaming, and yelling are the vocal tools used along with Bennett's degrading and ungrateful lyrics to make some sorry soul feel really pathetic and worthless.



At Cruise ("Force The Truth"), what sounds like digital hardcore is met up with roaring streams of electronics noise, with Bennett seemingly going back and forth being both the victor and the victim. Bennett lashes out in the end, shouting to force the obvious, and to wonder what could have been done differently. It continues with "Princess Disease", where a sonic train ride derails itself with the help of Bennett's digital vocals only to crash-land on "Movement 2000", a pure sheet of white noise.

With the recent Bird Seed, all self-esteem goes for broke. Piercing keyboard frequencies joining with raising noises and vocal shock treatments grabbing you by the chest holds you at an overwhelming recycled barrage of noise feeling like a mix of crystal glass and heat blown right in your face. Also present is the sleaze and realization of "Why You Never Became A Dancer". And with track titles like "Wriggle Like A Fucking Eel", rest assured it's Bennett who takes the dictator spotlight.

It's ironic how Whitehouse is named after a UK female-activist who rallied against indecency in the public media. No doubt this group would be the type that would be on the very top of the FCC's and Clear Channel's shit list. It explains why Whitehouse is possibly one of the most unreal artists I've ever heard aside from Madonna that I have reviewed for the sole purpose of pointing out for their unusualness. It can't be classified under listenable music, so people will label it as an art form doubled as an over-the-counter drug: use only as needed.

The Coral- Magic and Medicine Dustin Herlich

The Coral hails from England and pays homage to another well-known band from the UK - The Beatles. The Coral is an interesting mix of early Beatles sounds and instruments, with a kind of Russian folk sound. Their web site is pretty cool, too.

Nice web sites only go so far, though, and it's really what's on the CD that counts. This album, released on Columbia records ("In Stereo," boasts the cover), is actually really good. It's absolutely not what members of the normal pop culture of this country would want to listen to, but anyone into more of a classic rock sound will complete-

ly dig this CD. By the way, in the case wasn't just the *Magic and Medicine* album, but also included was a CD entitled *NightFreak and the Sons of Becker*. Two CD's to review, and both get the thumbs up from me.

Somewhere between the late 50's/early 60's sounds, I can see myself listening to this on a nice scenic drive. Stuck in traffic, this might make me fall asleep, as most of it is pretty calming. With headphones on, at the end of a long day, this could be great for closing your eyes and letting your troubles melt away. It's got a really nice mix of sounds, and the production quality is much better than a lot of things I've heard recently.

Lyricaly, I wasn't necessarily blown away, but you don't always have to be. The words are solid, and fit well with the music, and that's important too. Don't expect anything heavy, but instead look forward to quality blues sounds and an overall acoustic experience that makes you think these guys have a pretty good understanding of music. Apparently, none of the band members are old enough to drink, and only started to play in 1996 when they met in high school and decided to teach themselves to play I gotta say, I'm actually impressed.

The second CD, *Nightfreak and The Sons of Becker*, sounds more experimental, and a lot more "trippy". It's got some musical elements from later on in time, like some 70's and 80's sounds. It's also got some hints of later 60's experimental music. Pretty good stuff, but not as smooth and flowing overall as the first disk.



All in all, it's definitely something I'd recommend, especially to someone who thinks that music is only techno or some other genre of Eurotrash. I definitely recommend this CD for the older crowd that missed the days of the music of their choice, and would like to see new sounds of that type come out again on the market. For people more our age, it's a good lesson in what music can really sound like, and a welcome reprieve from the in your face beat pounding noise we're inundated with these days.

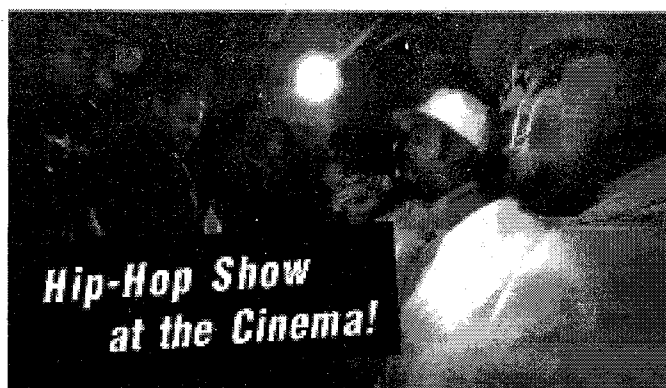
Kempton Tidbits: MP3 Mixes

The 'I Am a Bad-Ass, Watch Out World Before 1997!' Mix

(alternately: The 'I Am a Bad-Ass, Watch Out World Before Everyone Had a Cell Phone!' Mix)

1. "Wild Boys" Duran-Duran
2. "Rebel Yell" Billy Idol
3. "LA Women" The Doors
4. "Heroin" Lou Reed/ Velvet Underground
5. "Dear God", XTC (also good cover by Sarah McLachlan?)
6. "Great Leap Forward" Billy Bragg
7. "Kill the Poor" Dead Kennedys
8. "You got the look !" Prince
9. "Lodi Dodi" Snoop Doggy Dog
10. "Rocket Queen" Guns-N-Roses

Coming Soon to the CINEMA ARTS CENTRE



**Hip-Hop Show
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FREESTYLE: THE ART OF RHYME

**Saturday,
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Post-Film Hip-Hop Show featuring
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Fitzgerald, Alex Rubin, Ty Bertrand, Pac FM.

Freestyle: The Art of Rhyme, experimental in its nature as improvisational cinema: no showing of the film is ever the same experience, combining the best of independent documentary filmmaking within the hip-hop mix tape format. The film features appearances by: **Supernatural, Mos Def, Black Thought & ?uestlove of the Roots, Freestyle Fellowship, Lord Finesse, Cut Chemist, Craig G, Juice, DJ Kool Herc, Boots of the Coup, Medusa, Planet Asia, Sway, Crazy Legs, Jurassic-5, Wordsworth, Bobbito Garcia, and The Last Poets.** As these artists improvise poetry out of a mix of language, politics, and culture that make up their lives, we discover revolutionary worlds where the English language is subverted and reappropriated as a tool of economic and social empowerment. It provides an inside look into the framework of hip-hop culture, its rules, taboos, and social impact. It gives a voice to popular urban culture, which is known to be a profound influence on youth culture globally.

2000, USA, 80 min, color & b/w • Director: Kevin Fitzgerald • Cast: Supernatural, Mos Def, Black Thought, ?uestlove, Jurassic-5, Wordsworth, Planet Asia and The Last Poets

Presented As Part of the **2004 L.I. African-American Film Festival** — March 26–28, Friday–Sunday
Visit our website for complete program guide

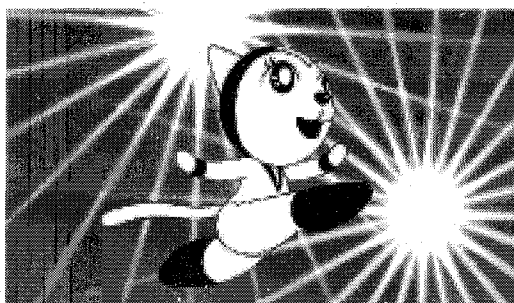
Curated by Dylan Skolnick

Japanese Animation Festival presented by Theater of the Wild

Tokyo Godfathers • March 24 •

Japan, 2003, 92 min., color

As with his earlier *Millennium Actress*, Satoshi Kon broadens our notion of Japanese *anime* beyond the well-known sci-fi-action-fantasy blockbuster. *Tokyo Godfathers* tells the beautiful story of three homeless people who rally to the aid of an abandoned baby. Their search for the baby's parents forces them to step back into the mainstream of life and, in the process, reveal the pain that forced them to retreat in the first place. Full of surprising twists and thrilling chase scenes, this hopeful tale of redemption humanizes the plight of those living at the margins of city life.



TAMALA2010 a punk cat in space

• March 31 •

Japan, 2002, 92 min., color

"Hello Kitty meets David Lynch in outer space." — Ty Burr, **BOSTON GLOBE**

Imagine Phillip K. Dick directing a Hello Kitty feature in the style of old Betty Boop cartoons and you'll get close to the indescribably weird *Tamala2010: A Punk Cat in Space*. Tamala, a cute, but very punk rock, little kitty, heads to Orion to search for her mother but her ship is diverted to Planet

Q, a place where dogs rule. Chased by a degenerate cop while evading society with the help of love interest Michelangelo, Tamala uncovers not only the secrets behind "Catty & Co.", the huge mega conglomerate that rules the Feline Galaxy, but also her own identity. Created by t.o.l. (it stands for trees of Life), a shadowy Tokyo collective of animators, designers, and musicians, most of *Tamala2010* is drawn in the faux-naïve style of early black-and-white anime. The film could be a surreal hiccup from 1962 except that whenever Tamala falls asleep, she dreams in full-color, high-resolution computer animation. *Tamala2010* is a wonderful explosion of imagination and style unlike anything you've ever seen.

METROPOLIS

• April 7 •

Japan, 2001, 108 min., color

In the futuristic city of Metropolis a struggle between the robots and the human population of the city, who once coexisted peacefully, has now exploded into a violent revolution. An investigation conducted by private detective Shunsaku Ban and his nephew Kenichi leads to an outlaw scientist named Dr. Laughton, hired by the ruler of Metropolis, Duke Red, to create a superhuman robot-girl, Tina, to succeed him. Based on a 1949 comic book by Japanese anime pioneer Osamu Tezuka (*Astro Boy, Kimba, The White Lion*), directed by Rintaro (X), and written by Katsuhiro Otomo (*Akira*), the visually dazzling *Metropolis* is a virtual journey through the history of Japanese animation with Tezuka's charmingly two-dimensional characters meshing perfectly with Otomo's stunning urban universe and Rintaro's cutting-edge computer techniques.



Admission for all programs above: \$7 Student/Senior, \$6 Members, \$8.50 Public
423 Park Ave., Huntington 11743 www.CinemaArtsCentre.org 631.423.7611

University Bench Reflections

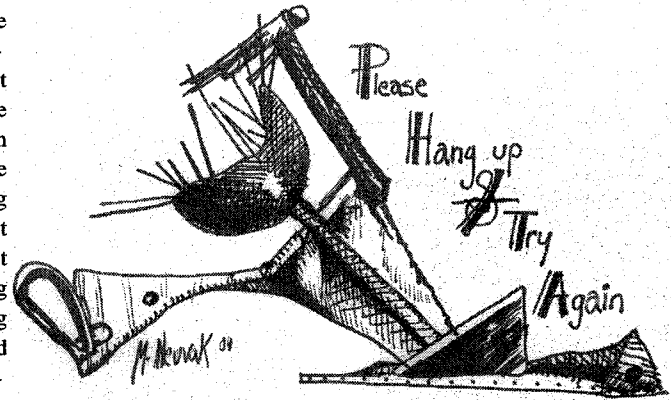
By Mat Neuvak

Ever have one of those moments you know God intended as a joke? Not that I even believe in a God, but his presence and intent to maim his own creations was more than tangible last night. Staring at the street lamp, drunk with exhaustion, my sore frame was shivering while she cried next to me. Worst part is, I didn't care. I was too tired to care. She bawled, uttering fragmented sentences professing self-disgust... and I agreed. No one should ever feel like that in a relationship. It's moments like that where statistical measures of lasting marriages enter my mind. 50% or more of all marriages end in divorce. And how many of the remaining ones are truly happy? Not many that I know of. Are we even meant to be with one person our entire lives? Our physiology says no. Put 99 men in one room, and 1 woman. Eventually, the men will have murdered each other until one is left, and then he will fuck her. Put 99 women in one room with a man, and you have 99 pregnancies.

I should be happy, which is the worst part. I am one of a very few percentage of people that have a girlfriend who is solely dedicated to me, never a fear of cheating. She is incredibly attractive, intelligent, understanding, and I am so unenthusiastic. I can't quite tell if I am really feeling that way or I just need a change of scenery. If anyone has ever felt this way, what do you do in a situation like this? I can think of nothing but to get so plastered that I forget what country I am in. yeah, that's how you deal with stuff. The solution for dealing with almost anything the easy way is not dealing with it, and a great way to perpetuate that is to drink yourself stupid until you're thinking about something else, or at least being cathartic and crying yourself to dehydration (just to add to your upcoming hangover).

But that is still being evasive of the pain and truths you must face before reaching a state of true emotional solidity. If more people were at a point of emotional solidity, the world would be so much better. When was the last time you got road rage after settling that deal? Or getting laid for the first time in a while? But even things like that are just events at the forefront of your mind creating that ridiculously short-lived feeling called "happiness". Well this world needs to clearly understand the distinction between happiness and contentment with one's self.

Back to the scenario; so there I am, staring into space, eyebrows plastered up, as if I were fighting to stay awake...well I was. Luckily, I had that wad of tissues in my pocket from the previous week when I had a cold. She must've soaked that thing through a few times with tears and mucous. She thought I was breaking up with her. I had just mentioned that it had been a hard month for us, and her dedication to her studies left little time for our growth, as I slipped further and further away from caring. Maybe she was right. Maybe I was breaking up with her, but I wouldn't admit it to myself. And I still won't. Even right now as I type this letter, I will not admit it to myself that I have thought about being single recently, and I don't know why. Whether it is because of her, or our recent bad situations, I don't know. And it won't matter anyway because I will never admit it. So, ha. Fuck you. I beat that voice in my head, you know the one that says what it's really feeling, and when repressed (as I am doing right now) it seeps into your actions subconsciously and manifests in the ways you feel and inher-



Courtesy of Mat Neuvak

ently act towards people. Like a time bomb this repression is building up pressure. Slowly, in tiny increments, pulling the trigger further back a nanometer at a time. Until that one situation, or word even, that just pulls it that last little bit and then BLAM!!! All that buildup of opposition within your mind just spurts all over the wall, like cherry pie. Disgusting little giblets of brain and nerves, which once had the same feelings at some point traveling through their tributaries. All put to waste because you didn't have the balls to speak what your really felt, or the heart to break hers.

What is right? Ultimate selfishness, and a waste of a wonderful chance to have happiness and stability with one person. I've always dreamt of putting my hopes, dreams, secrets, and entire self into another trusted being. But my mother always says, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." That's coming from the same person who told me not to have sex before marriage. We're all pretty screwed up here on this shady realm.

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We here at *The Stony Brook Press* have decided to dedicate a page of this issue to true friendship. This comes not in the form of a grade school pal or a college sweetheart or even another human being at all. Yes, true believer, we would like to thank the friends that do not have eyes to cast judgement or hands to stab us in the back. Thank you...

COMIC BOOKS!

To show our appreciation, The Press has provided a list of...

OUR FAVORITE WOLVERINE NICKNAMES! EXCELSIOR!

- THE OL' CANUCKLEHEAD
- QUICK DRAW McCLAW
- THE GOD OF BERSERKER
- FASTEST BUB ALIVE
- YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WOLVERINE
- MASTER OF ADAMANTIUMISM
- THE MAN WITHOUT UNFEROCITY
- THE EMERALD EVISCERATOR
- MOLSON XXX-MAN

AND HE WOULD SAY BAD-ASS
THINGS LIKE -

- "IT'S CANADIAN' TIME!"
- "IN BRIGHTEST DAY, IN YELLOWIST TIGHTS!"



Sexual Assault 101

By Lauren Ashley Trankle

You're at a party throwing back a few shots talking with all the good looking ladies and gents. You're feeling no pain. Laughter and the clatter from beer cans and wine glasses ring in your ears. The last thing you are thinking about is your buddy putting his or her hands on you. Then again, why would you worry about someone you know touching you, especially when that person knows you're not into them? The night continues to roll on, as does the amount you are throwing back. Before you know it, you're in a room alone talking with your buddy about classes, past and future parties and your upcoming spring vacation plans. The next thing you know your supposed- friend has their hands all over you. You try desperately to push your friend away but they won't stop. All you see is desire and want in their eyes. You scream but no one hears. You wake up in the morning lying next to the person you thought you could trust with every bit of your mind and heart. You're confused, angry, and uncertain. A million questions run through your head. Should I tell on my friend? Did he/she use protection? Am I going to be pregnant or have an STD? What happens next is uncertain, but knowing this happened will last a lifetime.

Sexual assault is any actual or attempted nonconsensual sexual activity including but not limited to, forcible anal or oral sex, attempted intercourse, sexual touching, exhibitionism by a person(s) known or unknown to the victim. Rape is the act of sexual intercourse with a person against one's will and consent, whether their will is overcome by force or fear resulting from the threat or force, or by drugs administered without consent, or when they are unconscious, intoxicated, or otherwise physically unable to communicate. Be aware that having sex with someone who is unable to give consent by being mentally incapacitated or unconscious (passed out) is rape!

If you are a victim of a rape or sexual assault, it is essential to seek medical attention immediately. Call University Police on campus at 632-2333 or, if the rape occurs off campus, the local police at 911. University police can provide you with transportation to the hospital, and a Crisis Service sexual advocate will meet you there. It is also suggested that you do not:

- Bathe or douche;
- Change clothing, comb your hair, or brush your teeth;
- Disturb the area in which crime occurred.

These actions destroy physical evi-

dence that may be necessary to convict the attacker.

To officially report the assault: you may decide days or weeks later to press charges. By reporting the assault immediately and preserving evidence, you will have the foundation for future prosecution.

Reporting the assault does not mean you must prosecute, but the report may help authorities identify the offender and prevent victimization of other people.

Reporting the offense to the University Police or other police agencies does not obligate you to press charges and your name will not be released to the news media.

Remember, sexual assault is a crime committed against you, not by you. Do not blame yourself!!! Sexual assault is a traumatic experience, and it is recommended that victims seek counseling. Counseling services are available through the Counseling Center, free of charge and that I highly recommend whether you have been assaulted or not. You can reach the University Center by phone at 632-6740.

There are many ways you can prevent yourself from being assaulted or raped:

Let others know where you are going and when you expect to return.

Walk with confidence and alertness. Assailants are less likely to target a person who appears assertive and difficult to intimidate.

Report suspicious persons immediately to University Police.

Contact the walk service, 2-6337 on campus.

Locate Blue Light phones on campus.

Did you know that most acquaintance rapes involve alcohol or drugs? Both men and women should avoid drugs and excessive alcohol in a dating or party situation. Don't allow your judgment to become impaired. More than 60% of all reported rapes occur between acquaintances, and 4

in 10 rapes occur in the home.

Sexual assaults, including date/acquaintance rape, are of very serious concern to the University Police. If you feel you are the victim of sexual assault on campus, the University Police Department will do the following:

They will meet with you privately, at a place of your choice to take a complaint report. Also note that if you want a friend to accompany you that is 100% your choice

and right.

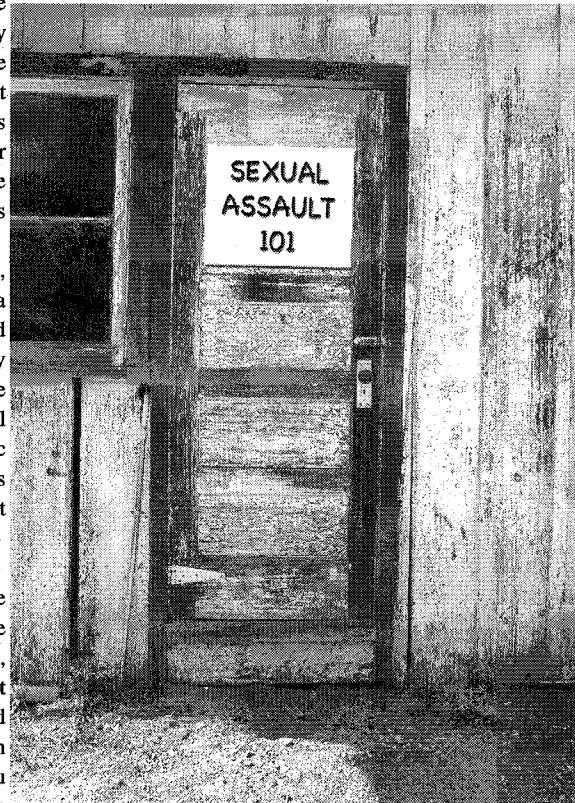
The police will not release your name to the public or press.

The police will do their best to accommodate your wish to speak to either a male or female officer.

They will assist you in privately contacting counseling, and other available resources.

The police will assist you in arranging for any hospital treatment or other medical care.

They will NOT report the incident to your family. Remember, what happens after the assault is up to the victim



THIS FILTHY DOOR SAYS IT ALL,
Courtesy of 19th Century Architecture

not the authorities!

If you believe you are a sexual assault victim, I urge you to seek the help that you deserve and that you owe to yourself. The University Police are available day and night. If a situation has occurred but you are not ready to go straight to the police, you have the option of going to the University Counseling Center where you can receive advice and get comfort. You owe it to yourself to receive closure and relief. You have every right to seek justice! When you report an incident you are not only helping yourself, but you are also making sure that the person is on file, so another incident by the same person does not happen to one of your peers. Remember and NEVER forget it is not your fault if sexual assault or rape happens to you!

Global Issues Forum Addresses SB Anti-War Activism; Vietnam to Iraq

Continued from page 3

better than one on one activism," continued Chad Kautzer, the youngest member of the panel and a major organizer of the current anti-war movement on campus. Chad explained one on one contact with students has been important over the past three years of anti-war activism, following the September 11th attacks. He brought up some issues activists have to deal with on the campus including a change in demographics, pointing out the large commuter population. "On this campus some other changes are that students are working and they're working a lot." Cohen pointed out that he had paid about \$400 a year in tuition, sharply contrasting the current \$5,306 (including fees) a year. Kautzer continued

stating, "So many students are international students... they're scared because of the new system of tracking international students." Many don't realize the pressure put on international students post September 11th. Some students have related being close to threatened for any violation of their terms of stay, including turning in paperwork late, or working in research departments before being cleared for research by the University.

Chad also pointed out the barriers that have been put in place by Administration, "Our Administration today is hostile to us... they change rules and regulations to prevent us from organizing." One example Chad mentioned was a new policy requiring that protest permits be submitted six weeks in advance. Other politi-

cal groups on campus have voiced similar concerns, including denial of space or money for events based on fluctuating policies. Despite these setbacks Chad seemed optimistic stating, "these are some of the setbacks we face, but we are doing a lot... we've been trying to create space and forums for discussion."

After the panel discussion, the panel fielded questions and listened to comments from the audience. One man, a Vietnam Veteran, voiced his thanks to the panel for their efforts opposing the Vietnam War. Others expressed their concerns about the current situation in Iraq and discussed strategies for dissent. For more information about the current anti-war movement you can check out SJA's website at www.ic.sunsb.edu/clubs/justice.

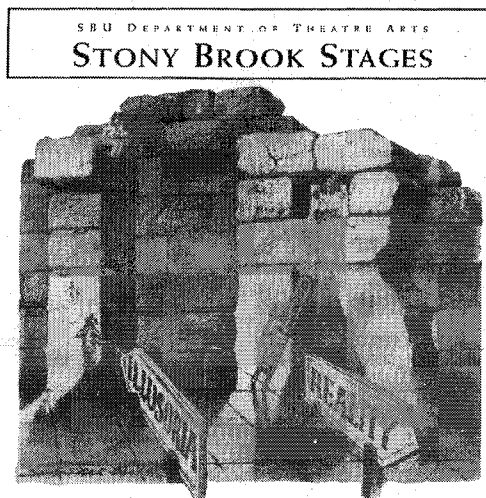
Review: Six Characters In Search Of An Author

By Jessica Worthington

Where do you draw the line between illusion and reality? When you're watching a movie, are you able to stay detached and remember that in the end "it's just a movie," or do you get so caught up in the story that you jump at the loud sounds and cry when the hero dies? The Theatre Department's awesome production of Luigi Pirandella's *Six Characters In Search Of An Author* brought to life this classic script along with several notions of what it means to be in reality.

The story is presented in a play-within-a-play setup. A modern day theatre company is feebly attempting to rehearse their show when the lights go out and six characters suddenly appear in a spooky ghost-like fashion. They claim that they are the creation of a playwright that eventually left them high and dry by never actually performing their story. They are a family that has been torn apart by mistakes and miscommunication. Forever held within the boundaries of their characterizations, they know of nothing but their own script. All they want is to tell their story as they try to persuade the theatre company to adopt their show and allow them to act it out. The tension and bickering between the six characters holds in their "performances" to the theatre company as well as in their interactions with one

another, blurring the line between truth and illusion and causing us all to wonder whether we were viewing them as characters performing their stories or people performing their lives.



STONY BROOK STAGES
LUIGI PIRANDELLO'S
**SIX CHARACTERS IN
SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR**
March 4th - 14th, 2004
(631) 632-ARTS

The entire cast gave an outstanding show to a full audience. Ilfenesh Hadera gave an amazing performance, portraying a

range of emotions as the contemptuous stepdaughter of the father, played by Steve Marsh, whose strong delivery and booming stage presence silenced the theatre as everybody hung on their every word. The chemistry of the family as they played out their anger toward each other was more than enough to draw in the real audience as well as the staged audience, forcing the entire theatre to share in the tragedy at the end and be left wondering if it was real or not. The less serious theatre company provided perfect comedic timing as they interjected with just enough humor to balance the heavy nature of the show.

Director Deborah Mayo interpreted a great script into an excellent show. Her framing of the six characters with the theatre company actors was brilliant, as they were set up several times to be mirror images of each other. The blocking was laid out to reinforce to concepts Pirandello was exploring, having the characters crossing the line between real and unreal as they told their accounts of their story.

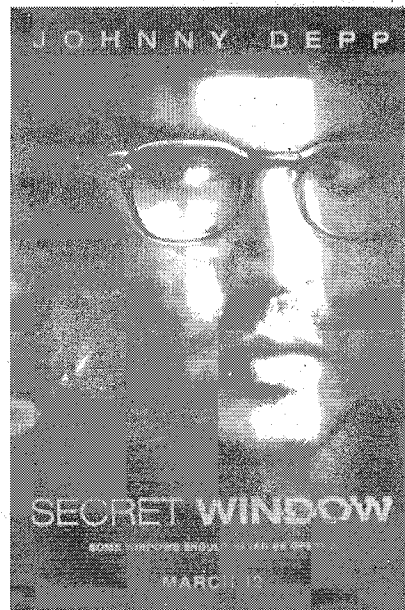
This was a great show all around. The next time Stony Brook Stages puts on a production, go to it. You'll have a great time.

Do Not Go To Early Movies

By Tori Russo

I would like to be able to give *Secret Window* a reasonable review, but I was unable to actually pay full attention to the movie because of all the stupid middle school girls lured to the theater by a new movie with Johnny Depp. My friends and I attended the 7:50 showing of *Secret Window* on Friday night as to still have plenty of time for making plans after the movie, and were utterly disgusted with our fellow moviegoers. We sat down at around 7:40, and the theater was already half-filled with girls between the ages of 11 and 15, being loud and annoying as girls of these ages are. As we watched the delightful ads for the Lake Grove Diner and some local church, the theater continued to fill with girls of said ages. We began to grumble about how loud they all were, and repeatedly state our desire that they would shut up before the movie began.

Things began to quiet down, although not to a reasonable level at all, after a couple of horrendous television ads and movie previews. However, at an opening shot of Johnny Depp sitting in a car,



more than half of the theater screamed. Sighs of repugnance could be heard from my best friend and me. Things did not get better throughout the somewhat decent movie. At the few moments where the movie actually induced somewhat of a startle, the

theater was filled with loud, annoying, completely unnecessary screams. The entire movie, which included many quiet moments seeing as it was a suspense movie, was filled with a not-so-low background noise of girls babbling about how hot Johnny Depp is. But on to the actual review:

Having previously read the novella *Secret Window*, *Secret Garden* that *Secret Window* is based on, and thinking it was not one of Stephen King's best, I was not quite sure what to expect from the movie. It was basically like the book: alright, just not the best story in the world. However, Johnny Depp did a great job of playing the psychologically disturbed author trying to deal with his wife's cheating. With a bad actor in the part, the movie probably would have been much worse. As it is, it's an okay suspense movie mostly saved by Depp's very talented acting. I would recommend it, as long as you go to a showing late enough to avoid all the fucking kids.



Dog, Roebuck and Lapwing

By Andrew Pernick

Welcome and Merry Meet, dear readers, to the latest Dog, Roebuck, and Lapwing, the column for Pagans, about Paganism, by a Pagan. Last time, we began the discussion on the differences between good and bad magic, what the CHARM test is and how to use it to determine whether a spell is an act of good or bad magic. In this column, we shall discuss what makes "good magic" good.

As we said last time, if a spell is cast due to a desire to Control, do Harm, xpress our Anger, exact Revenge or engage in acts of Malice (hence CHARM), it is an act of bad magic. This begs the obvious question: does passing the CHARM test make an act of magic good? In short, yes – spells that pass CHARM are, most of the time, good. But note that I said that this is true most of the time.

Stating that passing CHARM makes an act of magic good is a naïve assumption. In reality, the CHARM test is not the "be all and end all" of magical ethics; since shades of grey exist in magical ethics, passing the CHARM test is necessary for a spell to be considered good, but it is not sufficient. In other words, it is entirely possible for a spell to pass the test and still not be an act of good magic. We still need more information to determine whether a spell falls into the chasm of shades of grey or whether it is safely in the realm of good magic.

To aid in navigating the fine line

between good magic and grey magic, one must consider all of the possible consequences and "side effects" of one's spell. Granted, this is a quite daunting task, but it is necessary if one wishes to be a 100% pure "good witch." It is for this reason that relying on magic whenever life throws you challenges and difficulties is a dangerous and unwise idea; it is quite difficult to see the ethical landscape when using magic is your first choice to solve your problems. It is also dangerous because not all of life's problems are meant to be solved through magical endeavors. Magic should be used only after all reasonable mundane (i.e. non-magical) attempts have failed.

Another thing to consider when deciding the ethics of a magical working is whether or not all parties directly involved have consented to be a part of it. Also note that there are those who cannot consent to be the target of a magical working: those who are comatose, mentally disabled, under the legal age of consent, on mind-altering chemicals (legal and/or illegal), etc. An important factor in terms of consent when dealing with those who are ill, injured or otherwise in need of healing is whether or not that individual would consent if he or she were to be asked before the illness or injury occurred; if you believe that the person in need of healing would have given you consent in advance of his or her condition, then you can (usually) safely assume

that using magic in addition to mundane healing methods is ethically sound.

I emphasized the need to use magic in addition to mundane (non-magical) healing methods (i.e. modern medicine) because magic should never be used as the sole form of healing. Magic alone can only do so much. On the other hand, magic when used in conjunction with modern healing methods can be incredibly potent.

Another example of good magic is the direction of one's own energies to aid those who are in need of greater strength, courage, protection or (physical) energy to face what life throws them. Not only is sending one's own energy to aid those who request it an ethically sound practice, it is also something that we do in the mundane realm quite often: helping our friends and family members in person.

So it can be safe to say that "good magic" can be defined as "magic used to aid, comfort, heal, protect or otherwise better the lives of those in need" who specifically ask for such assistance or those who, under better circumstances, would have given their consent for such aid." Next time, dear readers, we shall discuss how to navigate the grey areas in magical ethics. Dog, Roebuck and Lapwing is for you, dear readers, and that's why you can always reach me via cbwoodstein@yahoo.com. Until next time, Blessed Be!

THE KEMPLETON COOKBOOK

"The Dip"

By Russell Heller

Ingredients:

- 2 packages neufchatel cheese (the lower fat cream cheese, it spreads better)
- 2 cans of refried beans (any will do, I just experimented with "rancheros" style, which are spicier)
- 1 large size jar of your preferred medium generic salsa
- An assload of shredded cheddar, monterey jack, colby, etc. 1-1/2 bags of preshredded taco blend works alright and it usually has some seasoning already in it.
- Chili powder
- Cilantro
- Onion powder
- Optional: Cayenne pepper if you want to kick it way up

NOTE: Use lots of the seasoning because you have a lot of dip to flavor and cause seasoning is yummy.

- A great big bag of corn chips.

Procedure:

Get a (non-stick if you're lucky) lasagna pan and using a spatula, spread the cream cheese evenly across the bottom. Do the same with the beans and then the salsa. you are going from harder to softer ingredients so they shouldn't disturb the lower layers. Add the seasonings and then cover the top with an even layer of shredded cheese. I usually grate some more cheddar on top for good measure. Cook this monster at about 225° for an hour. You can either mix it up or eat it layered. If you are going the layered route, it helps to use a broader pan or make less of the dip so that the layers aren't too thick. If you don't let it cool before you eat it, you will burn the roof of your mouth and you will die.

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.