

The following issue is misdated.

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March 30, 2005.**

PRESS

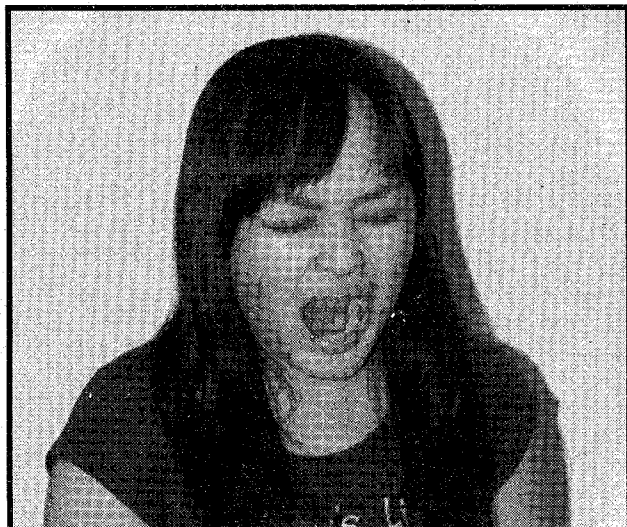
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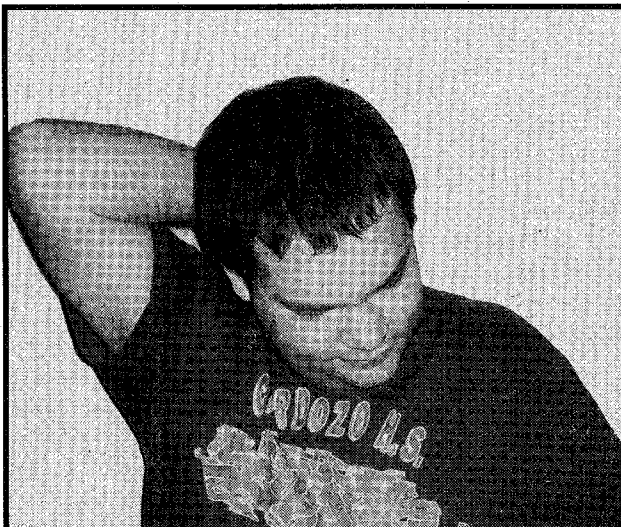
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"He really should just own up and kiss a boy."

March 30, 2004



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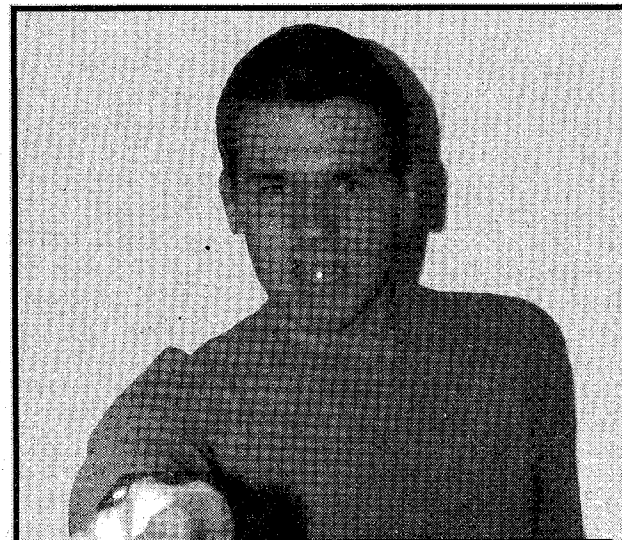


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Underhanded Politics
and Mealy-Mouthed
Republican Propaganda?

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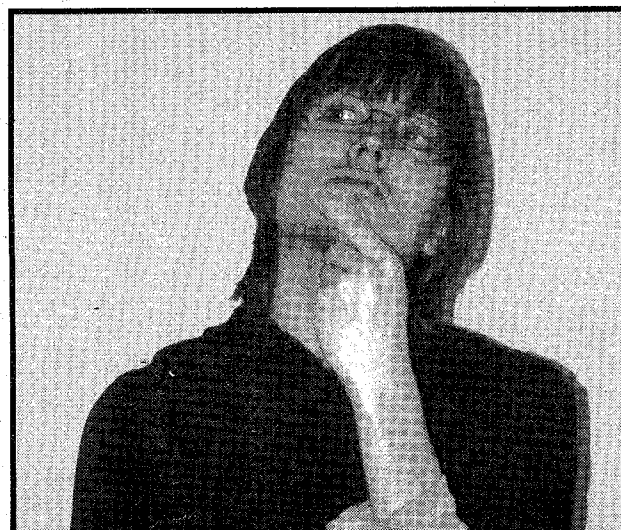
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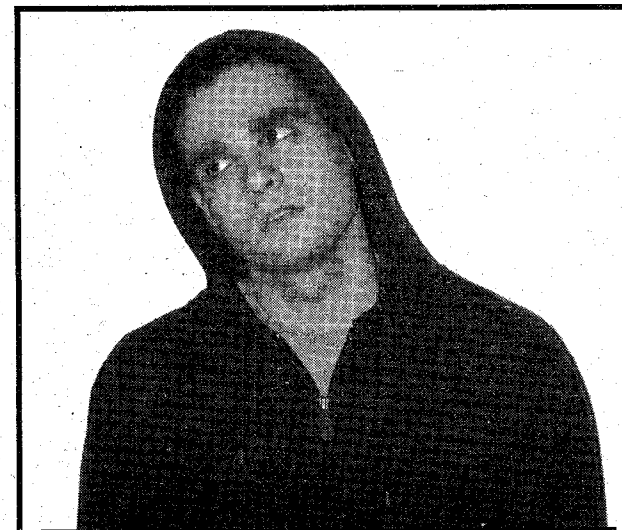
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Romano Forces Changes in Election Bylaws Against Executive Council's Wishes

By Mike Billings

At the March 14 meeting of the Executive Council, Elections Board Chair Robert Romano made a final presentation of the revisions he had proposed to the Elections Board Bylaws. According to the USG constitution, Romano needed two thirds of the filled seats of the Council to vote in favor of these changes in order for his revisions to be passed. After a heated debate over two main points that have been highly contested throughout the entire process, the Council voted on the changes and Romano did not get the number of votes he needed. Rather than accepting his defeat, Romano pouted and stormed off while threatening to go to the judiciary. After the meeting, Romano unilaterally made the changes official despite the will of the council.

The whole debacle started early in the semester when Romano first introduced his changes at a USG Senate meeting. Citing the fact that the current bylaws had been drafted 11 years ago, several years before the current USG constitution, there were a number of inconsistencies and contradictions between the two documents. To fix this, Romano proposed numerous changes to the bylaws, mostly cosmetic in nature, to allow the bylaws to conform to the USG constitution. While most of these changes were necessary, Romano insisted on including two basic tenets that forced several weeks of debate.

The first of these ideas is the elimination of flyer limits for candidates. Previously, a candidate running for a USG position could make no more than 800 flyers that he or she could distribute around the campus. In addition to this, each flyer needed to have a stamp of approval given by the Elections Board in order to ensure that the flyer limit was being enforced. With the new bylaws, there is now no limit to the amount of flyers, posters, or general campaign expenditures a candidate can utilize. In addition to this, there is no cap on the amount of money that can be donated to a campaign from any source, regardless of whether or not they are involved with the university.

In other words, the more money one has, the more likely one is to win. For example, if one person runs who has access to hundreds, even thousands of dollars to throw at an election, he or she can simply print out 30,000 flyers while the other candidate can only produce a few hundred. Although this scenario may seem outlandish, one of Romano's points was that candidates should be able to print enough flyers to enable a candidate to give one to every student, meaning he or she would print at least 13,000. This is simply not fair to the students who have to take out loans just to pay their tuition, let alone try to compete with someone who can spend hundreds of dollars on flyers.

Romano's response to this criticism has been "every politician needs to be a good fundraiser." While this may be true for people running in large elections, Mr. Romano seems to have forgotten that Stony Brook University is still a school. The time constraints of being a full time student alone would make fundraising a challenge, but when the economic state of most college

students is factored in, the notion is laughable. What are students going to do to fundraise? Hold a bake sale? Unfortunately, students don't have the luxury of holding formal galas that serve \$10,000-a-plate dinners. If a student were to raise any significant amount of money, it would probably be going towards bills, rent, tuition, food, or paying off loans. At a time in one's life where going to the movie theatre can present an economic crisis, it is mind bogglingly unrealistic to expect students to fundraise money for a position in student government.

Related to this is the issue of clutter. Now that there is no limit to the amount of flyers one can produce, where are they all going to go? To put one flyer on every billboard on campus, one needs roughly 50 flyers. What happens if a candidate papers the campus with 5,000? There would be flyers on every wall, window, door, chalkboard, and just about every other flat surface on campus. Now imagine that roughly 50 candidates are running for positions in USG, and they've all decided to print 5,000 flyers. That's 250,000 pieces of paper littering the campus. Crews would be working overtime to clean billboards, clubs and organizations wouldn't be able to advertise events through their own flyers, and the campus will look ridiculous to visitors and prospective students.

Interestingly, Romano uses this idea of clutter as another loophole for the rich to exploit. It is stipulated in the bylaws that "Any costs incurred by the University in cleaning up any candidate campaign materials shall be billed to the candidate provided that there is clear evidence that the candidate or campaign was responsible for the mess." If I am a wealthy candidate, I can easily use this notion to crush a less financially gifted opponent. First, I take a copy of my opponent's flyers and go to Kinko's where I will make another 1,000 copies. Then, I will litter the ground of the academic mall with my opponent's flyers. This may seem counter-intuitive as people will now be more likely to see my opponent's flyer, but remember, this is only 1,000; I've already distributed 10 times that amount of my own flyer!

When the University looks to bill someone, they're going to take the money from my opponent, since he or she is the one who wanted to get their name out there. Since flyers no longer have to be individually stamped, this is perfectly plausible. Now, not only can my opponent not afford to make any new flyers, they'll be lucky if they can afford to pay their electric bill this month.

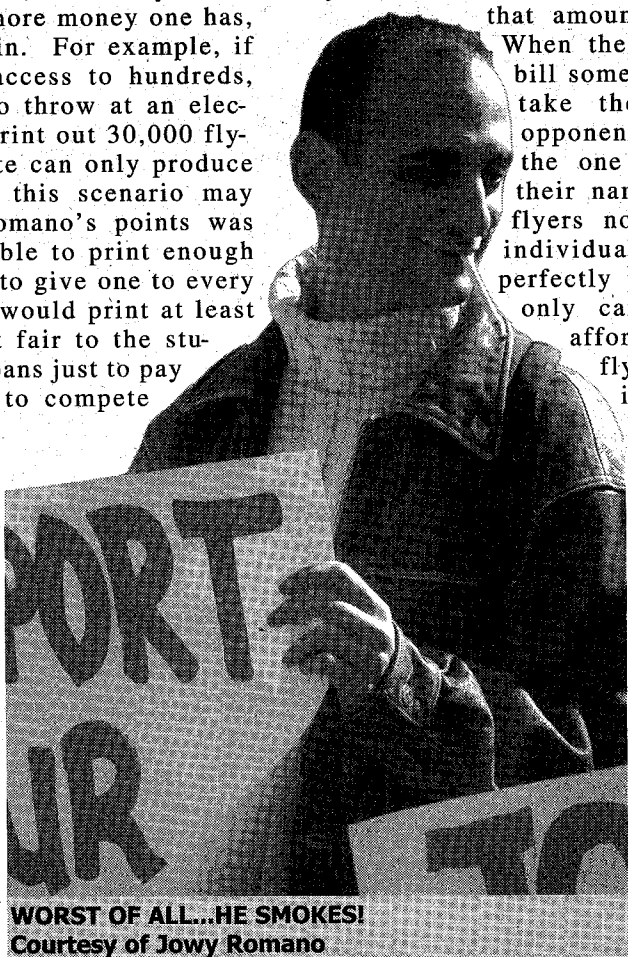
Of course, this only encompasses one of the two most contested points in the bylaws. The other problem is the notion of party tickets. Through these bylaws, Mr. Romano has made it possible for students to group themselves into political factions. Ostensibly, this has been done to make it

easier for a voter to understand what a given candidate believes in. While some may find this a useful tool, party tickets will do more harm than good. It is readily apparent to anyone who follows USG that, as it is, the government is quite polarized. For example, although it has been effectively neutered, The Coalition of Righteous Egalitarians, or CORE party, is a group of a few senators and two pitiable hangers-on that have openly attacked EOP. President Wong is filling every vacancy in the government with College Republicans, Robert Romano included. Chief Justice Vlad Frants is at odds with the Senate, and the Senate has been harshly criticized by members of the Executive Council. The sheer weight of this tension and animosity has slowed USG to a crawl, and openly labeling and creating opposing factions is only going to make the situation worse.

In addition to this, once certain parties have become firmly entrenched within the government, they will eliminate opportunities for other candidates. The ills of the American two-party system could easily find their way into USG. Specifically, anyone not belonging to a party is at an extreme disadvantage. One of the perks of running on a party ticket is that everyone's ideas are in one, easily accessible place on the Elections Board website. This way, it is infinitely easier for parties to get their messages across than single candidates. In addition, parties can divvy up the cost of electioneering, forcing less wealthy candidates to either join a party or perish. Another unfair situation is created where a candidate with limited funds and independent thought has almost no chance to succeed.

What Robert Romano is doing is over-politicizing the Undergraduate Student Government by applying the principles of the federal government to USG. With no spending cap on electioneering and the validation of party tickets, USG will eventually boil down to trench warfare between the most powerful groups on campus. When the College Republicans form their party ticket, which they will undoubtedly do in the near future, USG will become another avenue for politicians to get their message across. Since parties can accept an unlimited amount of money from outside sources, what's to stop the Suffolk County GOP from donating a few thousand dollars to the next Republican candidate's USG campaign? With just a little bit of money, the GOP could ensure that no Republican candidate will lose another USG election. Soon, USG will no longer be a place where students can become involved in the University; it will be a conservative breeding ground.

From that first presentation up until he stormed out of the last Executive Council meeting, Robert Romano stated that his goals in proposing these changes was simply to ensure fair, democratic elections. In accordance with this, Romano also pledged to go through the proper channels in getting these changes passed, even though the previous bylaws gave him the power of unilateral revision. Although that was a noble intention, Romano neglected to mention that he would follow the proper channels as long as his revisions were passed by the Executive Council. As soon as the Council rejected his changes based on the aforementioned problems, Romano rescinded on his promise and made the changes anyway. Unfortunately, our Elections Board Chair is under the impression that democracy is only for the rich, and the USG constitution is only valid as long as it serves his needs.



WORST OF ALL...HE SMOKES!
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Senate Votes to Drill in Arctic Refuge

By Brian Wasser

On March 16, the Senate voted 51-49 not to remove a refuge drilling provision in next year's budget, clearing the way for drilling approval. The vote was one of the most important decisions in this heated debate, and all but guarantees major drilling will take place in about a decade. The Senate has shown that it would rather continue to line the pockets of oil executives than uphold the principle of federal land preservation or act in the interest of the people.

But the issue isn't just about the tired battle between environmental and economic incentives. There's more at play here than a simple weighing of interests so often made out to be opposing. First are the ways in which the issue has been manipulated by those capable and desirous of doing so. Second are the ways in which this specific case is being used as a stepping stone for future, more frantic "free market" advances, as the increasing urgency of environmental and public welfare battles knocks louder on the door of the profit-driven world.

The battle over the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR), a preserve about the size of South Carolina, began in 1987, and many of the original players still remain, Exxon Mobil being the key. Almost two decades later, with significant majorities in the House and Senate, and a President who will sign anything that promises to destroy a natural landscape, Republicans and industry representatives have correctly determined this to be the best chance to realize their agenda.

It's also no surprise how much mileage the Republicans are getting out of the ANWR issue. Foremost is the campaign to capitalize on popular anxiety concerning both political turmoil and Hubbert's Peak. The campaign has been largely effective at trivializing the environmental impacts and exaggerating the economic benefits. A million differing risk/benefit opinions are floating around (and, when in doubt, people will almost always believe the environmentalists to be the exaggerators). There are, however, two reports that provide the definitive assessment of the drilling. One was the meta-analysis of peer-reviewed United States Fish and Wildlife (USFW) studies, the other a survey by the United States Geological Survey. The juxtaposition of the two leaves little doubt about how effective certain parties have been at completely distorting the picture. In reality, the payoff in oil production is negligible, unless you are affiliated with an oil company. The Interior Department, under the Bush appointed Secretary Gale Norton, has done its best to hide the USFW study.

In fact, it seems that the *only* certainty is the negligible benefit for consumers. Even if there was a benefit in oil, what would reaping that benefit do? Increase emissions for a month or two? Provided drilling plans proceed (two different budget measures still need to be approved by Congress), it's likely that the oil won't even see U.S. gas pumps, anyway. ANWR oil is destined for China and Japan. Perhaps the fact that many Japanese elites own resort property on Hawaii explains, in part, why the two Hawaiian Senators voted in favor of drilling.

More important than the specifics is the overall message of the drilling debate. In times of trouble (a war on terror and high gas prices, conveniently), Republicans show themselves to

be strong proponents of commerce and wealth generation, the "foundation" of our great society. The opponents of the drilling are depicted as weak, idealistic environmentalists who care more for caribou migration than they do for the stability of our proud civilization. This duality frames the issue in a way by which the industry interests will always win out. It's time for the opposition to this machine to stand up, use some tactics of their own and stop getting screwed over.

If Bush and his Republican Congress *really* wanted to save us from the dangers of relying on foreign resources, they could make filling up the tank a little less upsetting for the "average Joe," create jobs or even just ease the

mate. The symbolism of a debate that has been framed the way they want it is much more productive for them than any oil field. They come across as reasonable people, willing to make "small sacrifices" to ensure people can work, make money and live comfortable lives. ANWR drilling will never be felt economically by anyone, not even slightly. And yet, in a destructive wave of the hand, this decision, as part of an energy "policy" that is about as hollow and frivolous as it can get, will permanently destroy a vast landscape.

But wait. What about those new technologies that will minimize environmental impact? Think "fish net." The string width is very small, but, opening the net up, the area it covers is huge. Proponents have a clever way of making us think that the actual strings are all that matters. They simplify a very complex situation in an area that is already stressed disproportionately by every conceivable global environmental problem. They give their definition of "roadless" (the attempt only to "minimize" *permanent* road surface) only when they have to.

So, why would Bush and the Republican Congress want so badly something that offers so little, in the name of an energy independence they know is impossible? Future leverage? An investment of precedent with enormous psychological returns? Call it what you like. For them, this is not about the risks to the arctic species, nor about the benefits to us. It's about using the perfect location (distant from most everyone's immediate consciousness) at the perfect time, to set the standard for just how far we will go for a mere façade of economic security, in a time when real economic security, real energy prudence and real environmental policy are, for those who are paying attention, even more distant notions than any arctic tundra.



THERE'S OIL IN THEM THAR HILLS! C'MON RICHARD, LET'S GO GET RICH!
Courtesy of Brian Wasser

trade imbalance; they would be infinitely more active in trying to curb consumption culture and promote technological development that may require corporate sacrifices. They wouldn't have opposed funding for a new pipeline in an existing Alaskan oil field, an endeavor that would have been cheaper and much less destructive than ANWR, and would have increased the amount of oil coming out by much more than the ANWR drilling will ever produce, by any esti-

Paul Wolfowitz Nominated to Run the World Bank: What is Wrong With This Picture?

By Joan Leong

The World Bank is an organization made up of over 180 countries devoted to fighting poverty in underdeveloped nations. They issue no-interest loans to poverty-stricken countries, they extend their support when a country undergoes a national disaster and they are the largest contributor to AIDS/HIV programs. So why the hell is a deranged war-hawk being nominated for President of the World Bank? Well, if you smell something fishy, you know by now that Bush is behind it and there is an ulterior motive.

Wolfowitz is the current Deputy Secretary of Defense and was one of biggest advocates for invading Iraq without UN approval. He is known as a staunch neoconservative and he gave misleading reports about Weapons of Mass Destruction (WMD) in Iraq in order to move ahead with the invasion.

He is currently also the only nominee for this position because Bush feels that he is "*a compassionate, decent man who will do a fine job at the World Bank.*" Every time Georgie makes a move, it feels like we should take it with a grain of salt. Wolfowitz was the former ambassador to Indonesia and did a fairly decent job negotiating aid grants and developing a better relationship with them. He has that going for him, but that is the only advantage as far as I can see. His present political views foreshadow a very different picture for the future of the World Bank. His influence in the organization will more than likely increase US' control over nations they view as a threat to them. Holding this power over countries in need of aid will inevitably force everyone who wants help to comply with the

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Award Ceremony Debacle

On March 28, about 250 scholars from all 64 SUNY schools convened at the Empire State Convention Center in Albany for the Chancellor's Award ceremony. The award, technically called the "Chancellor's Award for Student Excellence," is the highest honor that can be bestowed on a SUNY student, and represents the culmination of four years of outstanding academic and extracurricular achievement. Out of the nearly 13,000 undergraduates at Stony Brook University, the award was bestowed to fourteen students. The way the ceremony was organized, the award recipients lined up behind the stage and emerged in alphabetical order according to institution, so the people from Binghamton got their awards a few hours before the folks from Utica.

School by school, the President, Vice-President of student affairs, or Dean came out to greet their particular recipients. When it was Stony Brook's turn, no one was there. The recipients walked onto the stage, met the Chancellor, and shook the hand of the random guy handing out certificates. Not a single administrator came to the ceremony to recognize the accomplishments of Stony Brook's award winners. To be fair, however, Dr. Fred Preston, Vice-President of Student Affairs, did make an appearance; but he ducked out

before the Stony Brook students went to the stage. Although he reportedly had a flight to catch, he didn't even bother to acknowledge all of the recipients while he was still there.

The fact that out of 64 SUNY institutions, Stony Brook was one of only two schools to have no one from administration greet the recipients on stage, and the fact that no administrator deemed the award ceremony to be important enough to stay for is deplorable. Every day, students, faculty, and administration ceaselessly lament about the rampant apathy on a campus with so much potential. The problem is, how are students supposed to be motivated to care about their school when the administrators themselves can't be bothered? Everyone seems to want students to become more involved in campus activities, but when they do, the people that run this school could care less. To reiterate, this is the highest overall achievement a SUNY can obtain, and not one administrator cared enough to shake their hands. Next time, administration should make it a point to appreciate the top students, athletes, and contributors to the community this University has to offer.

New Jersey Highway Littered with Bullshit

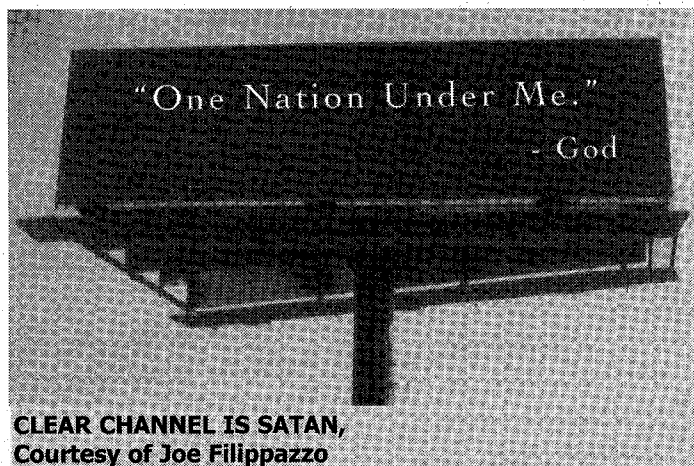
If you haven't fully grasped how deranged the religious right can be, just take the Outerbridge Crossing into New Jersey and hop on Route 9 South. After about ten minutes, you will be able to turn your head to the right and see the latest in religious conservative propaganda; a full-size, black billboard with white lettering that reads "One Nation Under Me," and it is apparently signed by God himself. When something like this pops up, the first thing that should enter your mind is, "No, it's not." Whether you are religious or not, this is a nation where religion *must not* have any role in government, whatsoever. Although the religious right believes that there is a broad conspiracy to drain the United States of its faith, this is entirely not the case. In fact, it's exactly the opposite. By removing faith from legislation, we are effectively protecting it. It's true that government shouldn't be able to touch our beliefs, but this freedom is a double edged sword. Keep God, Vishnu, Yahweh and all other religious idols where they belong; in our imaginations, and not the White House.

I don't mean to beat a dead horse, but what happened to separation of church and state? Yes, "One nation under God," does appear in the Pledge of

Allegiance, but the Pledge of Allegiance is not the law! The Pledge was not written by lawmakers and voted upon. It's just a nice, little, meaningless song we all mumble at baseball games. The separation of church and state, however, *does* appear in the Constitution of the United States as the First Amendment. It was put there to protect everyone's personal beliefs, not to force the religion of a few on the rest of the country.

What does the religious right in this country not understand? You can be moral and ethical without being religious. You can remove God from the government without removing him from your life. That's great, George Bush has found his faith, but something is wrong here. One would assume that the president of the United States would have a basic comprehension of the United States Constitution, but that is clearly not the case. Faith-

based Initiative healthcare? Cutting funding for safe abortions? Proposing a ban on gay marriage? And the list goes on. Religion is the antithesis of law since the former is a personal choice and the latter is mandatory for everyone who lives in this country. The United States government is for the people, but, even more importantly, it is *by* the people. Tear down the billboard. Keep God out of it.



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An Open Letter to the Fascist Warmongers in Washington

Dear Fascists,

In a nutshell, you all deserve to die.

You deserve to be blown to bits by land mines. You deserve to have your homes crush you as they are blown up by bombs. You deserve to lose a limb or two...or three—Hell, why not *all* of them? You deserve to have your throats cut, your face painted with your own blood. You deserve to be shot in several vital organs, then linger in a ditch for a couple of days before you slip into Death's cold embrace. You deserve to be raped in a filthy prison cell. You deserve to have lit cigarettes stuck in your ears. You deserve to be run over by a Bradley armored vehicle. You deserve to contract radiation poisoning from depleted uranium shells. You deserve to lose your homes and families and loved ones, to live on the uncaring streets, alone and helpless. You deserve to get a bullet between your myopic eyes, then get shit on by a

mangy dog as you bleed to death on a cold concrete floor in Abu Ghraib prison.

The innocent blood of tens of thousands of American, Coalition, Iraqi soldiers, Iraqi citizens is staining your damned hands. The anguished cries of amputees and maimed civilians and military personnel are assailing your ears. The tears of the bereaved; the widowed, the fatherless, the motherless, the sisterless, the brotherless, those who have lost good friends and close kin alike, their homes and the very world around them, are soaking your feet. And, predictably, you don't give a god damn about it all.

You didn't care about using lies and deception and circumstantial evidence to prop up all your conspiracy theories. You didn't care about using these flimsy conspiracy theories to justify the mass murder of tens of thousands of innocents. You didn't care when families were torn apart when a loved one was murdered in the crimson slaughter. You didn't care when cities were bombed and houses turned to rubble, while you lived comfortably in your own homes, safe from the fray while egging it all on. You didn't care when you saw the horrid photos of death and destruction—that is, if you weren't cowardly enough to look away from this horror of your own creation.

Every single justification you used for this war has been *thoroughly* and *irrefutably* debunked, from phantom WMDs to ties to Al Qaeda to mobile weapons labs to yellowcake uranium to drones that could attack our cities,

et cetera ad nauseum. The "evidence" you fabricated may as well have come out of a Tom Clancy novel. There was absolutely no defensible reason to attack and invade and conquer that country—*America was and is not under threat!*

Yet you sons of bitches lied and deceived millions around the world and murdered thousands to satisfy your insane lust for power. Go ahead, just try to defend your actions...*I dare you!* Just try to worm your way out of your moral bankruptcy! Just try it! You bastards! No, no...forget it. Never mind...don't say anything. All of you warmongers and those who are enablers and apologists for you and your disgusting wars of imperialist aggression deserve a fate worse than death. And anyone who is not outraged over this moral atrocity had better wake up and smell the bullshit.

But you know what? I hope you enjoyed all those inauguration balls and parties and celebrations anyway. Your Great Conquering Hero, George W. Bush was just re-elected. So yeah, spend forty or fifty million on the re-coronation ceremonies...while thousands starve in Southeast Asia. Looks like the tsunami beat you to it, huh?

Sincerely,

An Outraged Citizen

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Exhibition Begins

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\$5-\$15 suggested donation

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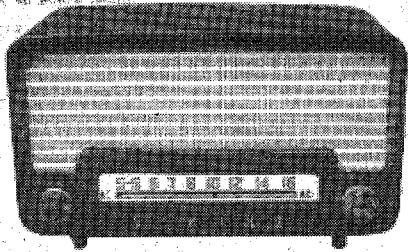
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Cipher, 50 Ways to Kill Me, + more

w/ Special Guest Speaker/Educational event about the proposed "Suffolk Super Jail" and how you can halt it from being built! (www.suffolksuperjail.com)

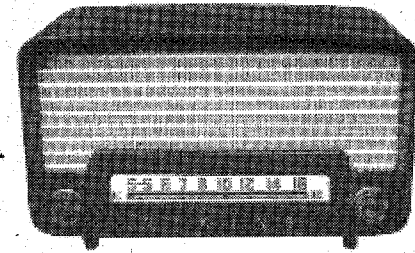
Plus bakesale w/ vegan goodies!





News in Brief

~For Lazy People~



Contributors: Joan Leong, Melanie Donovan, and Matt Willemain

International

Pro-Syrian Protest in Lebanon

Half a million protesters marched into Beirut, Lebanon for a pro-Syrian rally. Tensions between Lebanon and Syria reached its breaking point when a beloved former Prime Minister was assassinated and led to the demand to remove Syrian troops from Lebanon. This rally was lead by Hezbollah, a Lebanese Islamic militant group often labeled a terrorist group by some. However, the march is believed by some to be a hoax contrived by Syrian intelligence and Hezbollah. There are about 700,000 Syrian workers in Lebanon and its believed they were given the day off in order to march in the protest to make it appear that ordinary Lebanese citizens want the Syrian troops to stay. The former Prime Minister Michel Aoun believed the Syrian government coerced students and municipal workers to attend the protest as well. This protest may have been intended to make it appear that not every citizen is Lebanon is so adamantly opposed to Syrian troops staying; it has been quite obvious in the past weeks the citizens want Syria out. The reoccurring protests and violence that has been breaking out even caused the puppet-of-Syria Lebanese government to resign. Syria is also being heavily pressured by the United States and other Western Allies to immediately begin removing their troops. As of right now, talks are still being concluded to determine the situation and members of the Arab world are criticizing the United States for its pressure on Syria. 2,000 Syrian troops are expected to leave by the end of the week.

Kofi Annan Close to Quitting the UN

UN Secretary General Kofi Annan is close to quitting because of depression. With the recent scandals such as the sexual abuse of children by UN peacekeepers and his son's role in the controversial Iraqi oil for food conspiracy, his moods have been extremely varied. Under his term there have been a couple mishaps and his credibility and voice have been declining. This reporter hopes he will not quit because despite the many shortcomings of the UN, Annan has tried to exert his influence and voice over important issues that had taken a backseat on the UN agenda. His efforts to try to bring peace to Africa and his other humanitarian projects obviously show that he is compassionate and a wonderful person. I hope he prevails over the recent and ongoing corruptions in the UN and continues fighting for those who have been ignored.

UN Peacekeeping Troops will Finally Arrive in Sudan

This week, the UN Security Council unanimously approved of deploying over 10,000 UN peacekeeping troops to the war-stricken area of Darfur, Sudan. In the two years of fighting over 180,000 people have died and about 2 million have been displaced from their homes. There were only about 2,000 peacekeeping troops there to cover a region that is about the size of France. The African Union and Kofi Annan helped shine a light to this area in desperate need of outside help. There is continuous violence and rape going on in this region and the

severity of their situation has mostly been ignored although it has been discussed in the UN. Finally, this hell on earth will get much needed help and although the force is still relatively small, it is a step towards improvement.

Earthquake in Indonesia

Recent reports reveal that about 300 have been killed in a massive earthquake late Monday. Thousands are panicking in countries along the Indian Ocean for fear of tsunami warnings. This quake occurred around 11 am and had a magnitude reading of about 8.7. More details to follow.

National

Neo-Nazi Student Kills 10

Jeff Weise, a 16-year-old from Minnesota killed 9 people and then himself on March 21st. On that Monday morning before leaving for his school on the Red Lake Indian Reservation he killed his grandfather and his grandfather's girlfriend. He then went to school and killed 5 students, wounded 7 others, a teacher and a security guard before pulling the trigger on himself. People who knew him said he visited neo-Nazi websites and worshipped Adolf Hitler. He believed in ethnic purity and did not like the mixing of American Indians on his reservation and investigators are looking into whether or not that was the cause of the shootings. The motive behind this horrific act of violence is still unknown. Memorial services were held on Friday. This has been the worst school shooting since Columbine which killed 15 people six years ago. Bush's approval ratings is the worst it has ever been since he did not speak out on this issue and finally broke his silence five days after much criticism from the public. The school is still closed and not expected to open until after April 12. This tragedy resurfaced the memories of Columbine and reminded the nation of the need to address the issue of troubled adolescents and look out for early warning signs.

Gray Wolves Thrive in Yellowstone Park

10 years ago, 66 gray wolves were released into Yellowstone National Park in hopes of them thriving and increasing their population. New reports declare that there are around 850 wolves and about 93 different packs. In the spring, 200 more wolf pups are expected to be born. Many ranchers were at first opposed this to because of the previous livestock problems. However, they are grudgingly accepting this because the wolves adjusting to eating elk and in the long run, less elk will mean more willow trees and as a result more beavers and etc. This is a good cycle and environmentalists are ecstatic to see man and wolves co-existing. This is a victory for ecologists, biologists and environmentalists because gray wolves have not inhabited the Yellowstone since the 1920s and the return of these native wolves means a healthier and more stable ecosystem.

Student Activists Secure a Living Wage for Georgetown Staff

A nine day hunger streak by student activists, itself the culmination of a campaign spanning years, has succeeded in pressuring

the administration of Georgetown University into paying its lowest paid workers enough to live outside of poverty. Compensation for the President of Georgetown has, in the last few years, almost doubled, to \$600,000. At the same time, studies had shown that the lowest paid university staffers, whose wage was only as high as it was due to previous student action, could not afford to provide for housing, health care and transportation for families.

Local and Regional

Artwork Smuggled into MOMA Goes Unseen

British graffiti artist, "Banksy," prepared a plan to place his own artwork in four of NYC's top museums. He succeeded in hanging his own artwork of a can of soup in the Museum of Modern Art, where it stayed hanging for three days. The other targets were the Brooklyn Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History. Last year he pulled off the same stunt at the Louvre in Paris and London's Tate. His motivation was summed up by his own explanation, "My sister inspired me to do it. She was throwing away loads of my pictures one day, and I asked her why. She said 'It's not like they're going to be hanging in the Louvre.'"

The Press meets Ice-T

On Saturday, March 26th, Press editors Melanie Donovan and Joan Leong ran into legendary hip-hop rapper and actor Ice-T in the West Village of New York City. On their quest of finding good vintage shops, they ran into one of their favorite characters on Law and Order, Detective Fin. They casually said hello and walked away. "Go get Ice-T's autograph!" "No!! I don't wanna ask Ice-T for his autograph," said Melanie Donovan

Editor's Note: Unbeknownst to Melanie, etiquette would have required her to approach Ice-T with, "I want your autograph so bad, my dick's hard!"

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Paul Wolfowitz Nominated to Run World Bank

By Joan Leong

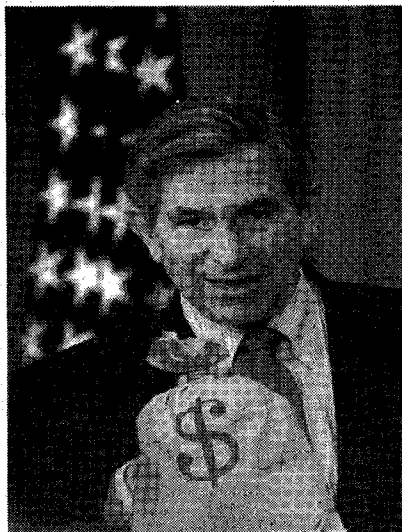
Continued from page 3

US way of thinking. It furthers the Bush Administration's dream of globalization and promoting neoconservatives to control the most important jobs in the world, therefore securing their own ideologies even when the administration's reign of terror is over.

The secret to success in the Bush regime is to fail miserably at your old position as many times as humanly possible. There have been several requests and demands that Wolfowitz be removed from his current position because of his many blunders in his duration as Deputy Secretary of Defense. That Appropriations Committee is probably thinking, "Is this some kind of twisted joke?" The man who has been wrong so many times that he has never been right is being promoted to one of the powerful positions in the world. They are trying to make the public forget the fact that this man is a dope by promoting him to a position he is clearly not competent for. He wasn't even competent at his old job, why would he be able to tackle an enormous assignment that would affect millions of people globally?

Let's take a look at his blooper reel as Deputy boy, for kicks.

- He believed the country of Iraq itself was behind the September 11 attacks and could not understand why everyone was talking about bin Laden. *"You give bin Laden too much credit. He could not do all these things like the 1993 attack on New York, not without a state sponsor. Just because FBI and CIA have failed to find the linkages does not mean they don't exist."* Uh...who wants to help him with this one?



GREEDY OLD WARHAWK COOT,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

- Wolfowitz believed all of the Iraqi people would greet our troops as liberators and cry and throw flowers when they arrived. Instead they launched mortar attacks and suicide bombers blew themselves up near the troops and campgrounds. At least 11,442 troops have been injured and 1,502 have died, as of today.

- He wanted to "punish" France for not supporting the war. What a prick.

- He admitted to choosing the theory of WMD in Iraq because it would gather the most American public support for the war. "It was the most saleable argument." He made up a lie, that Saddam bought yellow-cake uranium from Niger and was about to launch it upon the United States and Western World.

- He predicted that we shouldn't worry about the cost of war because the revenues obtained from the Iraqi oil would cover our debt. It most certainly did not happen that way. We did not see any oil revenues and we are in so much debt that even veteran's funds have been cut, because nothing is off-limits to this administration anymore.

- *"I was wildly off the mark."* In reference to the amount of troops needed to provide stability in a post-Saddam Iraq.

You are wildly off your rocker, you old coot.

- The closest you will ever get to an "I'm sorry I was wrong" or "Whoops" is his lackluster explanation using a Yogi Berra quote. "That great Yankee catcher, and occasional philosopher, Yogi Berra once observed that it's dangerous to make predictions, especially about the future." No one can correctly predict the future, but it would be nice if he owned up to his mistakes.

The Europeans, and other countries, are opposed to the nomination of Wolfowitz as well, but it's predicted that they will have pretty much no choice but to allow it. I've got to hand it to Bush, he is a tricky little fox. In recent weeks, the United States has been trying to patch up its European relations. How would it look for the Europeans to adamantly oppose the nomination of Wolfowitz when we're supposed to be working things out? The Japanese and British support the nomination, but it's not a surprise, considering that their lips have not left our ass these recent years. The French Foreign Minister, Michel Barnier, is not actively opposing Wolfowitz, but he wants other candidates to also be considered. Others have called his nomination "terrifying" and a "bad omen" for the developing world.

Paul Wolfowitz is a terrible candidate for leading the World Bank. His direction for the Bank will lead to even more criticism of it being a corporate machine, because of its past behaviors of undermining the independence of those countries receiving aid. The World Bank in the past has restructured economic policies and minimized the role of the government as they saw fit. Helping other countries in need does not mean making them hand over all autonomy to the World Bank. That is not what the World Bank stands for; that is not what should happen to these countries. The World Bank is supposed to be focused more on relief for the poor and not on encouraging rampant capitalistic programs in these nations. With crazy Paul Wolfowitz's extremely unfaltering attitudes, the latter is predicted to happen. Some say he has experience in dealing with what countries in need because of his time helping out in Indonesia. However, his recent actions speak much louder. When the time comes, these countries have to stop cowering in fear of the United States and do what is right for the impoverished people of the world.

A Rally for Peace in Central Park

By Marcel Votlucka

Cops.

There were so many of them patrolling the subways, I figured they knew I was coming.

It was a crisp Saturday afternoon, and here I was in Central Park, making my way towards the cacophony of voices and the sea of people in the distance. Before long I found myself engulfed in a sea of protesters, many in colorful outfits, holding up signs and posters for everyone to admire. Music and voices of outrage filled the crisp air as speaker after speaker took their place on a stage erected in the midst of a clearing. A banner stretched above it read "Say No to the Bush Agenda!"

Two years ago to the day, on March 19, 2003, eight million people joined together in a massive worldwide day of protest against the Iraq War. No major city was left untouched by antiwar activity. Not that the corporate networks gave a damn about it, but the message was sent, and those in power undoubtedly received that message. Now, two years later, we were here to protest the continued occupation of that country, imperialism, and whatever new war the Administration might be cooking up as I write this...

As I wandered into the ocean of protesters I wondered how I would manage to find my friends from the *Press*. I was sporting my cute black and white "Marriage For All" T-shirt with a bright orange cap; with that getup, I figured maybe they'd see me before I saw them. But for

the moment I put these thoughts aside as I got as close to the stage as the NYPD's steel barricades would allow.

I listened intently to the current speaker digress about what he called "Bush's criminal actions in Venezuela." President Hugo Chavez was the main subject of this speech. He talked about how the US government has been funding campaigns in Venezuela to unseat the popularly elected Chavez through referendum after referendum, all of which have met defeat. The speaker suggested that Bush and the government oppose Chavez because he is not only a popular leader, but also because this popular leader happens to oppose Bush's wars and abuses of power.

"A mother world is possible. Let's work together to make it real!"

Another speaker talked about "militant Filipinos" opposed to continued US imperialism in the Philippines. She mentioned that the US military continues to conduct military operations in that country, and that to date 1.5 mil-

lion Filipinos have allegedly died at the hands of their repressive US backed government. She went on to lament the US' continued military presence in this supposedly sovereign nation, and the exploitation at the hands of multinational corporations operating in what she described as a colonial state.

As I furiously scribbled in my notebook, my earlier prediction came true; my friends from the *Press* indeed spotted me before I spotted them. It must've been the orange cap. I sat down by my buddies just in time to enjoy a rap performance. The rapper led the crowd in his refrain:

"Are you a Republican?" We all shouted, "NO!"

"Are you a Democrat?" We all roared back, "NO!"

"If you put money in the system, do they give it back?" We screamed, "NO!"

I couldn't help but agree.

Yet another speaker talked a bit about Palestine and the struggle between the Palestinians and Israelis. "If you leave here today with one thought, it's this: there is no such thing as a Palestinian terrorist. 'Terrorist' is a term used by the oppressors to de-humanize and de-legitimize the resistance." He and others expressed similar sentiments about the Iraqi insurgents.

Continued on page 16

The Death of Environmentalism

By Brian Wasser

In last Fall's Presidential debates, more questions were asked about the candidates' wives than about the environment. Which issue, after all, gets more ratings? It would seem that almost all interest in the environment has disintegrated.

And yet, it's hard to tell what the motives are of those who are hopping on the bandwagon of this latest sensation of debating whether or not environmentalism is "dead." It's difficult to discern where they pinpoint this death, and how they are able to claim, in retrospect, that it was ever alive to begin with. It's hard to tell who is nostalgic and who is restless. Most of all, only a few months into the debate, which was sparked by an essay written by Michael Shellenberger and Ted Nordhaus, it's hard to tell if this trend of philosophizing about environmentalism in the context of this dichotomy is good for whatever movement there is, or if it's simply counterproductive.

The essay, released by the Environmental Grantmakers Association last Fall, makes several claims. It basically says that simply because environmentalism has been marginalized to interest group status (a very good point), an appropriate re-evaluation is to call it dead, implying a need to start over.

The article has ruffled the feathers of many national environmental organizations, most of which have become increasingly mainstream in the face of both an extinct EPA and the growing threat of being labeled as extremist. They are facing the age-old political reactionary problem of whether to make the umbrella large and the impact gradual, or make the umbrella small and plan what is hopefully more effective resistance to the societal current. If there is a "death," this fragmentation has been a major cause. The ensuing debate, therefore, is only a furthering of this multi-faceted, destructive rift. The solution, which no one in this debate seems to be offering, is first to transcend these petty, useless debates and, second, to begin creating a mass culture that allows for an umbrella that is both large and ambitiously effectual. Right now, the environmental "community" is subject to the same reductionism that turned national political debate into a red v. blue match last year. It's slightly entertaining, but (and there's the catch) it drains the issue of any substance or perspective.

Here's the reality. In a March 11 interview with the *BBC World Service*, Hilary Benn, Britain's Secretary of State for International

Development, talked about strategies for helping the developing world progress out of poverty and into the modern world. His strategy reflects the general worldview—helping them to help themselves in the exploiting of their natural resources, so that they can help themselves develop gradually. No real sacrifices from us, just small increases in financial assistance. When it comes to significant goals, most people are content to believe small, superficial sacrifices to be more than enough. Vagaries of both inequality and environmentalism lend themselves to abstractions. With abstractions of complex problems, ideological fragmentation forms to account for varying interpretations of the undermining effect of the simplification. The movement falls apart in the face of a persistent current of immediacy.

In other words, it seems to me that environmentalism is weak because of the nature of its appeal—an appeal that, at its most important, requires sacrifice of those who have profited most from the environment's destruction and from the subjugation of other peoples. In order to be effective, it requires the destruction of a façade that pretends we're actually doing something to help. Why does environmentalism increasingly consist solely of "green" products and new technologies?

Anyone who went to last year's Earth Stock at the Wang Center knows what I'm talking about. Why has it become mainly a hollow, consumerist, lounge-chair movement, while those who are trying to affect real change are marginalized beyond recognition? Because most people can't think on scales beyond about a year. Sacrifices won't be made for economic inequality, and certainly not for environmental protection. We need some kind of revolution, but not a revolution in the movements which, when all the centrist fluff is removed, seek to advocate the necessary progress.

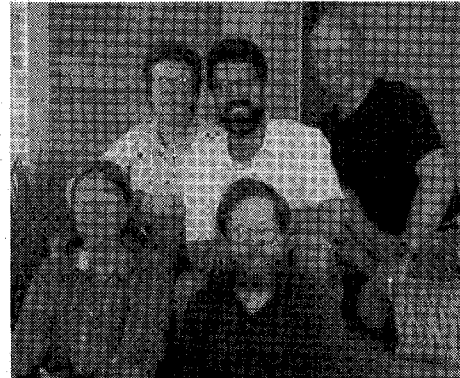
We don't need anyone telling us environmentalism is dead. The psychological impact of the claim is counterproductive beyond belief. In a March 12 *New York Times* editorial, Nicholas Kristof jumps on board, abstracting complex problems he seems to know nothing

about. He agrees with the death warrant. If anything, articles like Kristof's are the environmental movement's worst enemy. Let alone that he claims we need to focus solely on the main, irreversible environmental issues (typical streamlining bullshit), arguments like his call for a new movement. This sounds great, but if specifics can't be outlined, this call for a new environmentalism has the effect of undermining the reactionary, vitally radical culture that underlies the movement in the first place, even if unintentionally. The environmental movement has been powerful and articulate, even when it leans to the center. Blindly calling for change for the sake of doing so, without really knowing the intricacies, weakens the foundations already built in the past few decades, making real, direct progress impossible.

The reapers bash the trends of mainstream organizations, while simultaneously arguing against the environmental extremism that they say is superfluous. In reality, there's nothing wrong with a little extremism in order to counter the extremism already invested with political and economic power. There seems to be some kind of delusion as to which institutions are really in need of a coup. We need to do more in movements such as the environmental one. We need to cultivate a very young child, not issue a death warrant and start over.

It is the worst thing that could happen to the movement, to pit various sects against each other. But, hopefully, some good will come out of it. Maybe, people will start to see that environmentalists aren't exaggerators after all, for example.

In the end, environmentalism is, in fact, limited. It should be a lot more extreme and a lot more pervasive if it is to accomplish anything other than requesting donations and providing tote bags. It's faced with the difficult task of having to overcome scientific, cultural, economic, philosophical and political hurdles, all at once. The one thing it doesn't need is the disuniting idea, planted from within, that it should be buried and reborn. We have modern society for that.



BUSTIN' MAKES ME FEEL GOOD!
Courtesy of Brian Wasser

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The Question of Abstinence Education

By Mike Billings

Over the years, most people have come to understand that reading, writing, and arithmetic are not the only aspects of life that need to be taught to children and adolescents in order to thrive in our society. Physical education, music programs, science, and history have all become integral parts of the educational curriculum in America. One aspect of education, however, is never without controversy. While the vast majority of people recognize the usefulness of sexual education in one form or another, the content of said programs has always been a divisive issue.

According to one viewpoint, sex education should be an avenue to tell adolescents that abstinence from all pre-marital sexual activity is the only acceptable path. To the conflicting viewpoint, sex education needs to be a comprehensive program designed to give as much information as possible so that they can weigh all of the options before them; with abstinence being just one of those options. Not surprisingly, the current political climate makes it easier for abstinence education to flourish. Since 1999, Congress has spent about \$900 million on abstinence-only education according to figures from *The Washington Post*. Despite its popularity in Congress, however, sex education programs that preach abstinence as the only route to a happy and healthy lifestyle has an army of critics that attempts to uncover the truth about these programs.

The crux of abstinence education programs is the idea that sex in all of its forms should be put off until marriage, the goal of this being to prevent the spread of Sexually Transmitted Diseases (STD's), reduce teen pregnancy and abortion rates, and curb the psychological issues that go along with participating in a sexual relationship. To accomplish these goals, abstinence programs focus on the dangers of pre-marital sex. The descriptions and causes of STD's are obviously discussed, but much of the information focuses on how condoms are ineffective and how easy and common it is to contract such ailments. In terms of pregnancy, the focus again lies on the ineffectiveness of condoms and other forms of birth control. The underlying tactic is fear; if you make teens afraid of sexual activity, they will be less like-

ly to engage in it.

The question is, are these programs effective in achieving these goals? A mountain of research and common sense indicates that the answer is "no." The most recent study to examine these programs, a joint venture of Yale and Columbia University, found that students who take an abstinence pledge, a promise not to engage in any sexual activity before marriage, often experiment with other kinds of sex besides traditional intercourse. According to the study, these teens are six times more likely to engage in oral sex than teens who did not take the pledge, and abstinence-pledging teens are less likely to use a condom during their first sexual experience.



HEY KIDS, DON'T HAVE SEX!
Courtesy of www.paulduncan.org

This most recent study adds gravity to December's Waxman Report, a venture conducted by California Congressman Henry Waxman to analyze abstinence programs. According to the report, teens who pledge abstinence are just as likely as other teens to have STD's, and students in these programs were frequently given misleading or outright false information about sex and health in general. Essentially, Congress is

pumping almost a billion dollars into a program that is controversial at best and harmful at worst. One of the problems in terms of changing the situation is that a comprehensive sex education program is a difficult sell in a government where Christian conservatives have control over every branch of the federal government.

Ironically, the goals of comprehensive sex education programs are essentially the same as their abstinent counterparts, but the means are quite different. Rather than conducting a program based on fear, comprehensive programs are based on information and instruction. Rather than interpreting statistics in one direction, information is discussed objectively. For example, abstinence-only programs often cite the fact that condoms aren't completely effective in preventing unwanted pregnancy. While this is true, if used properly, condoms are about 98% effective in preventing unwanted pregnancies; and when coupled with an oral contraceptive, the rates of birth control ineffectiveness are astronomically low compared to their effectiveness.

Critics of comprehensive programs that discuss birth control in anything but a negative light, or even distribute free condoms in some instances, contend that educators are essentially inviting teens to have sex. According to a 2002 study published in the *Journal of Sex and Research*, however, it was found that condom distribution does not lead to sexual activity among adolescents. The fact is, abstinence programs are based on fear, misinformation, lies, and outmoded notions of gender stereotypes. The idea that these programs are set to receive about 170 million dollars this year alone is staggering when faced with the evidence of the ineffectiveness of abstinence-only sex education programs. As of 1998, the average age of marriage is 29 for males and 26 for females. To expect adolescents and adults to abstain from all sexual activity until they are nearly 30 is foolishly unrealistic. If politicians really want to do students a service, they will reexamine their notions of reality and form policy based on facts and research rather than puritanical morality.

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How A Victim Became A Hero

By Laura Positano

A nationally televised nightmare from hell came to a miraculous end. Brian Nichols, the accused rapist on trial in Atlanta, Georgia, who proceeded to infamy with courthouse killings and carjackings, was on the loose. Since March 11, the nation anxiously watched as law enforcement officials were on a frantic search for Mr. Nichols.

After carjacking a local reporter's pickup truck, Mr. Nichols, 35, followed Ashley Smith, 26, who was returning from early morning shopping, into her apartment at gunpoint. After binding her hands and feet—the typical act of a man holding someone hostage in their home, making them helpless and in the role of a victim—Mr. Nichols stopped his incivility. Mr. Nichols did not just untie Ms. Smith, he actually began listening to her, hearing the story of her tumultuous life, and what she held as important in her belief system. Smith, who had experienced enough drama in her life to be strong in such a perilous situation as being held hostage by a known killer, allowed him to understand humanity.

She told him about life as a single mother, and specifically as a young widow. Her husband's violent murder a few years back made her child have only one parent, and if anything were to happen to her due to Mr. Nichols, her child would become an orphan. Having a child was a centering experience for Ms. Smith, a cherished gift that she was not ready to part with.

Prior to motherhood, Ms. Smith was a good student who ended up becoming a college dropout, with uncertain goals about her future. When she met her husband, she was working for her stepfather as a bookkeeper. Her husband was a loving man who brought her much happiness. After his murder in a bar, which still is unsolved, she only had her daughter to remind her of her husband's countenance and, most importantly, his spirit.

Her love of her daughter, along with her desire to live and not be another victim of Mr. Nichols, fueled her determination to reason with him. She made him pancakes, and read him the chapters in Rick Warren's "The Purpose Driven Life" pertaining to helping others. "The Purpose Driven Life" applies Christian concepts to everyday struggles in words that even those who are not religious or even Christian could feel the impact of. Smith had the foresight to calmly read these chapters to Mr. Nichols. He experienced a spiritual and emotional transformation, thanks to Smith's wisdom and perseverance.

He changed from someone who was cold and unsympathetic to the effect his killings had on others to someone who wanted to allow a mother to see her child. Ms. Smith explained to the newly rational Nichols that she had to meet with her daughter later that morning. He understood the urgency of her request, and allowed her to leave. She called the authorities, and he surrendered.

Ashley Smith, a woman still in her twenties, with a little more than a high school education, accomplished something those who were older and more educated than her failed to accomplish. The Federal Bureau of Investigation and other law enforcement agencies, all of which tend to employ those with at least an associate's degree from college, were unable to locate Nichols.

While she did not intend to find Nichols, she certainly was the impetus that made him be willing to have a nonviolent surrender. Ashley Smith was the one who used street smarts, spirituality, and compassion to make him examine his motivations. Smith, a woman who had herself struggled with the direction of her own life, albeit not violently like Nichols, was able to use her experiences to reach out to him and alter the path that he was on.

I think what can be drawn from this tragedy which was turned by around by this average gal, a regular person who was minding her own business, is that anyone can be a hero. Even if you think you are not smart or strong enough to actually make an impact, there always will be the possibility that you can make a substantial one at that. Once you know what you stand for and what you are all about, any challenge that seems insurmountable can be surmounted. Ashley Smith, without any college degrees or any weapons other than her faith, wisdom, compassion and strength, stopped a killer.

Congress Continues Uncritical Support for the Ongoing Occupation of Iraq

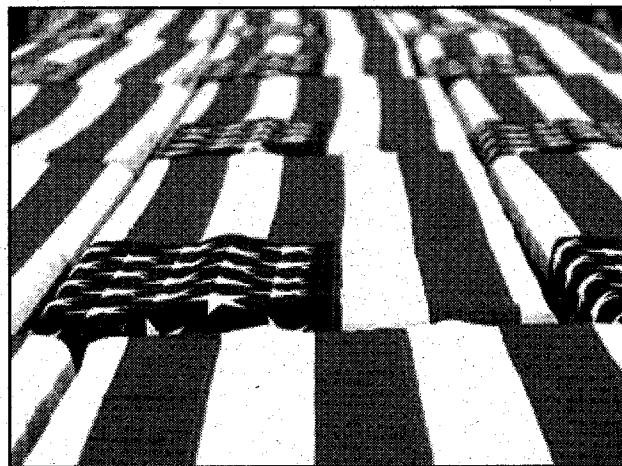
By Matt Willemain

On March 16, the House of Representatives voted 388 to 43 (with 3 not voting) to pass an "emergency" spending bill to fund, principally, the ongoing occupation of Iraq. This easily foreseen spending need was not included in President Bush's regular budget, which is already running a deficit. The bill provides more than \$81 billion of our money for the war, above and beyond the already appropriated budgets for the Departments of Defense and Homeland Security. The "emergency" money is about a half a billion less than President Bush requested. Democratic Representative Tim Bishop, who represents Stony Brook, voted yes on the bill, known formally as HR 1268. The Senate is expected to consider the bill next week, and New York's Democratic Senators, Chuck Schumer and Hillary Clinton, are likely to vote yes. If the House and Senate pass the same bill, the President will then sign it and it will become a law. Contact information for Bishop, Schumer and Clinton appear at the end of this article.

Bush issued a brief, pleased press release when the bill passed in the House. "I applaud the House of Representatives for its strong bipartisan support for our troops and for our strategy to win the war on terror. The people of Iraq and Afghanistan are building new democracies and defying the terrorists, and America is standing with them. Both countries are assuming greater responsibility for their own security, which will help our troops return home as quickly as possible with the honor they have earned. . . I thank the House for its quick action and look forward to working with the Senate so that all of my top priorities are included in the final legislation."

United for Peace and Justice (UFPJ), the national coalition of antiwar groups, was disap-

pointed with the House's decision. In an effort to provoke opponents of the war into action, UFPJ leaders sent an e-mail to member organizations. "[The House Vote for the spending bill] is not in itself surprising, given the Republican majority in Congress. But shamefully, 162 Democrats voted in favor of this new war spend-



CONGRESS HAS THE POWER TO STOP THIS, Courtesy of marzone.com

ing. Only 43 representatives had the courage to vote no. . . Over the next two weeks, Congress will be on recess, and most representatives will be in their home districts for at least some of that time. Let your representative know we're tired of Democrats who ignore the majority anti-war sentiment in this country—and the overwhelming anti-war sentiment within the Democratic Party. If your representative voted for the new war money, we urge you to organize a demonstration outside their district office next week: a picket, vigil, or civil disobedience action. You can find the location of your representative's district office at <http://www.congress.org>

Be sure to list your protest on our website calendar at <http://www.unitedforpeace.org/events> (use event type "\$80 billion/Congressional visits"). . . The \$80+ billion supplemental appropriation will be coming up for a vote in the Senate after the two-week recess, so this is also an ideal time to pressure your Senators to take a principled stand against the pointless waste of our tax dollars on this unnecessary war.

Visit <http://www.congress.org> for contact information. And don't forget to list any activities you plan on the UFPJ website calendar."

Representative Bishop's office, contacted over the holiday weekend, was understaffed, and failed to provide *The Press* with information about the Congressman's schedule of public appearances in his home district by press time.

Representative Tim Bishop, of New York's 1st district, represents Eastern Long Island, including Stony Brook. Bishop voted yes on HR1268, the \$80 billion emergency war spending bill. You can call his Washington office at (202) 225-3826. Letters for the Congressman can be sent to 1133 Longworth H.O.B. Washington, DC 20515.

New York's Senior Senator, Chuck Schumer, will probably vote on the spending bill next week. You can call Schumer's Washington office at (202) 224-6542. Letters for Senator Schumer can be sent to 313 Hart Senate Building Washington, DC 20510.

New York's Junior Senator, Hillary Clinton, will also probably vote on the spending bill next week. can be reached in Washington at (202) 224-4451. Letters for Senator Clinton can be sent to 476 Russell Senate Office Building Washington, DC 20510.

Fight The Power

By Paula Guy (lost in America)

Saturday morning, and a pack of Stony Brook students are waiting to catch a 7:19 train into New York City. Climbing aboard, someone yells, "Peace Train!" It is horribly early in the morning, but people are smiling. I am not a morning person. Somewhere, a muffled transistor radio is struggling out a Beatles song. A tambourine starts up, and people are singing. At 7 am...awesome. I want to sleep, but one of my feet starts tapping, and the guy behind me is using my seat as a percussion instrument. "Revolution" breaks out on the tiny invisible radio, and I am somewhere in the 60's, even though today is March 18 and the second anniversary to George Bush's war on Iraq.

Today's protests, organized largely by the groups 'United for Peace and Justice' and 'Troops Out Now', are scattered over the city: Times Square, Brooklyn, Harlem, Queens and Central Park's east meadow. The protestors are ideologically heterogeneous. Communists and anarchists hand out pamphlets, while feminists and Free-Palestine supporters wave their respective placards as they march. There is one binding theme though—"Peace", in capital letters. "Bring the Troops Home NOW," painted on red, black and green banners. I follow the Stony Brook kids onto the subway and up to Marcus Garvey Park, where Harlem protestors are gathering.

I meet a greying woman on the subway. She is carrying flowers, and is covered in bright badges and orange ribbon. Politically apathetic when she was younger, never protested Vietnam. Now is her second chance, she says. She won't let "it" happen again: the war and the stupidity and the sadness. She smiles, and we walk out of the subway into the Harlem vibe and sun. I talk to a reporter girl about American political buggery for a while and am given jam-filled doughnuts by a random happy person.

In Marcus Garvey Park, a crowd of rainbow people melt together like funfetti, as they unfurl their banners and hand out placards. The crowd gathers in front of the stage to hear the Secretary of City College speak about the two students who were arrested after protesting against military recruitment at their school. People whoop in support, and my eardrums are forced out of sleep-mode. "Troops out now!" shout hundreds of the funfetti-people. "Harlem's legacy is fighting back!" screams another woman.

"Asians, Blacks, and Pasty White Kids walk alongside greying couples down Malcolm X Boulevard."

Labour activist Brenda Stokely takes to the stage, "We are taking over the streets today...showing the world we will fight back...[we are] the conscience of this country." The crowd rises around me; hyped-up hippies, punks, middle-aged moms 'n dads, anarchists and grey-haired veterans of long-ago wars. All together, we begin to march through the streets of Harlem, past the blood red buildings crumbling into their blue plastered railings. Public Enemy is playing in my head. I want someone to hear "Fight the Power" and throw a garbage can through the window of McDonalds or a recruiting station. Someone starts remixing the Beatles: "We All Live in a Terrorist Regime." Gorgeous.

Police and shiny fences barricade off the Recruiting Station on 125th Street. Speakers speak while the crowd chants, and then we're bouncing on again, bubbling along 125th towards Madison Ave, on to Lennox Ave and finally south, towards Central Park's east meadow (a Mayoral decree stopped protestors from walking along 5th Avenue—maybe someone can protest this decree some other time). Most of the route is open, though, and protestors take over the road, dissolving in with the foot-path walking public. The houses here are orange and blue like radical ice-blocks; sexy Spanish-looking housewives press their noses against the windows, and clusters of little brown children lean over the balconies and wave at the rainbow-flag-people. People lean out of their windows and yell or stare or laugh. It is too early and too sunny to have a political conscience, but I feel nice and light and beautiful watching all these people with their passionate beliefs and their jangling tambourines.

Somehow we end up in Central Park. I lie on the hillside and take a nap in the sun. In the background I can hear the voices from the stage below, as people talk about the war and the troops and the lies. Iraq and Palestine, deficits and death. I don't really care because I am no

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China and Taiwan Face Off, US Goes to War

By Dustin Herlich

China and Taiwan are squaring off against each other and it's going to get ugly. Simply put, China has a new anti-succession law it wants to enforce, and it wants to reclaim Taiwan. Taiwan is a functioning democratic nation, with a fairly healthy capitalistic economy. Hong Kong returned back to Chinese control, as per an agreement made long ago, but Taiwan has no intentions of going the way Hong Kong went, and is getting ready for a fight.

China's army probably has more soldiers than the entire populous of Taiwan. They could, theoretically, just land and conquer. Since we have a Cowboy in office, bred on Cold War propaganda, we're going to have to step in to this mess. Hence, US enters in to war with China. We can't let the communists win, and no one else in the world has any chance against China (so say many). It's a sad situation fueled by greed, corrupt leaders and "principle."

Taiwan is a sore spot for China, and has been for some time. Control of Taiwan has gone from Dutch to Japanese to Chinese hands over the years, and it's hard to tell who really governs who any more. There are some Taiwanese who claim that they should be the seat of power for all of China. There are others who say that Taiwan is a completely separate nation. There are Chinese who just want Taiwan to be part of China. All of that does matter, and that mess does need to be sorted out; that is the whole reason for this conflict. What matters most,

though, to Americans, right now, is not so much that Taiwan may fall to communism, it's that our current administration feels it needs to stop this from happening.



SHEN,
Courtesy of skeletonworm.fw.hu

The question really on the minds of many is "can we survive a war with China?" War with China would be bloody, and probably

"Nuclear." It would also be disastrous for both of our economies, as we would no longer be buying cheap goods, and they would no longer be getting paid for the cheap goods. A worldwide shortage of Nikes and bubble gum machine toys would ensue. While Taiwan should be able to keep its independence if it wants to, the US should not have to go to war again for a cause that's clearly not our own. This situation, hopefully, will go through diplomatic channels and be taken care of that way, but should the situation explode into war, the US may not actually be able to defend Taiwan. We'll need the help of other nations, and there is no telling if we will actually get that or not.

We are stretched thin as it is with the war on terror. A war on communism would have to mean a draft. This conflict, unfortunately, could quickly devolve into World War III, if we are not careful. China is a large nation, with a huge military and rulers who have absolute rule. Going up against another nuclear power in an all out war would provide us, not just six more weeks of winter—like Punxsutawney Phil predicts, but with years of nuclear winter.

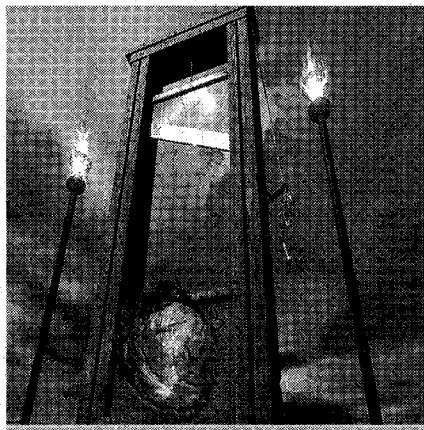
To stay out of this mess, the US and the UN need to put diplomatic pressure on the situation. Concessions will have to be made, and maybe Taiwan will end up being under Chinese control. While this may be an awful thing, it's still better than total annihilation and radioactive fallout.

The Schiavo Case is Dumb

By Rob Pearsall

This is not a fucking Congressional matter. This should not be using the time and money of our government. This is pro-life fodder for the conservative administration. The Pope said people have the basic right to nutrition and care (thanks *New York Times*). I don't give a fuck what the Pope said. Right or wrong, he shouldn't have been involved in this, taking this matter to the head of the goddamn Catholic church is as wrong as making a federal issue about it. A bill should not be passed for a single person, the government should not be involved in this. "Today it's Terri, tomorrow it's another disabled person," said Tony Perkins as quoted in the *New York Times* (thanks again guys). Tomorrow, huh? Maybe tomorrow we'll execute some retard on death row; why doesn't that make the front page? This should have been a matter between two free thinking parties, namely the husband and the parents, but why do that in America? Why do that when we can let it get blown out of proportion? I'll ask again after the movie deal, in five years, when she gets rehabilitated from use of stem cell research. I wonder if magic stem cells could help her get out of a "persistent vegetative state." Too bad the research is looked down upon by the very administration that wants to keep her alive.

Democrats agreed to the bill because it only pertains to Terri Schiavo. That was a bad idea. This bill might only affect her, but what about opening the doors to other bills? I believe the legal system here in America is based on what's called *precedent*. Imagine what we can do for the pro-life movement with precedents like this! We can custom tailor government care for each individual, if you want to argue for fifteen years and bring the matter into federal court. That's right, fifteen years this has been going on. Why is Dubya rushing back to the White House in anticipation of signing this bill, when neither his dad, nor Clinton, got involved? They were in office while this was going on. Why don't we focus on national security or foreign affairs? Sure, Condi's kicking around in Korea saying we want to see disarmament brought to a "satisfactory conclusion," but satisfactory for whom? Us? We're never satisfied, we're fucking *America*! We're not satisfied with multiple decisions to remove and insert a feeding tube in one woman who's been in a persistent vegetative state for fifteen years! We just can't stay out of other people's problems. Especially not when it benefits someone else. And isn't that what this administration is really about, benefiting specific people? The Republicans in the House might have convinced some Democrats that this was a humanitarian mission, saving the life of a woman who can't speak for herself, but those Democrats got fooled. The outcome of this is going to be a boon for the pro-life cause, no abortion or assisted suicide in this country. Republicans want to look like the hero, saving this woman, but fifteen years late makes me wonder if they're heroes at all.



THAT VEGGIE'S GONNA GET IT, Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Everyone has a story. Everyone knows someone, or knows someone who knows someone. A family member who had a terminal cancer. Or was brain damaged to the point of no return. Or was in a coma after a life-changing accident of some sort. Everyone has a story.

Many people in the media ask why so much attention has been paid to the Terri Schiavo situation. In truth, the answer is pretty easy. The Terri Schiavo case is important because it represents a touchstone, morally, religiously, culturally. It is a highly public case that has everyone asking themselves the most personal of questions: *what would we do?*

What would you do if you were Michael Schiavo? A man who loves his wife, who has agonized over this for fifteen years, and who believes that Terri would want to die. You see her lying there, unable to respond to your jokes, to your caresses; unable to reciprocate your love, or even enjoy life at all. You believe, you know, that she would not want to live this way. What would you do?

What would you do if you were the Schindlers, Terri's parents? Watching your daughter, a girl who you saw grow up into a woman, lie there, seemingly brain dead. And yet, she laughs sometimes, and cries sometimes, and maybe, just maybe, you see that spark of life inside her eyes. How are you going to pull the plug when there's the chance, even the slimmest chance, that your Terri could come back? How could you let someone else pull the plug on your daughter? What would you do?

Everyone has a story. And everyone sees Terri Schiavo, and they think, instinctively, of their family. You can't help it. Even if the circumstances were—*are*—different. And yet, everyone's answer is different. All believe in the sanctity of life, but people have different interpretations.

Some believe that only God has the ability to give or take life; that, even in the direst circumstances, it's better to live. Some would even go so far as to say that the suffering felt by certain people near their deaths has a kind of pious nobility; that you should suffer like Christ suffered.

Others believe in what is called quality of life; that a life that is spent in total oblivion, or excruciating, never-ending pain, is no life to live at all. They believe that they should have the right to relieve themselves of the pain and suffering;

On Terri Schiavo: Everyone Has A Story

By Sam Goldman

that they should be able to find peace in death.

But the Terri Schiavo case has become about more than that. Much more. It has become a referendum on our morality, our judicial system, and, as is seemingly the case with just about any social issue from steroids in baseball to Spongebob Squarepants, on politics.

The reason it has become politics is simple: because it can be. You see, in Politics circa 2000, what matters most isn't finance, education, or saving our planet. What matters most in Politics circa 2000 are Values. Good old American, Christian Values. And the Terri Schiavo case is a perfect opportunity to go in front of the cameras and show how much you care about Values and what you are willing to do to save these Christian Values in this country.

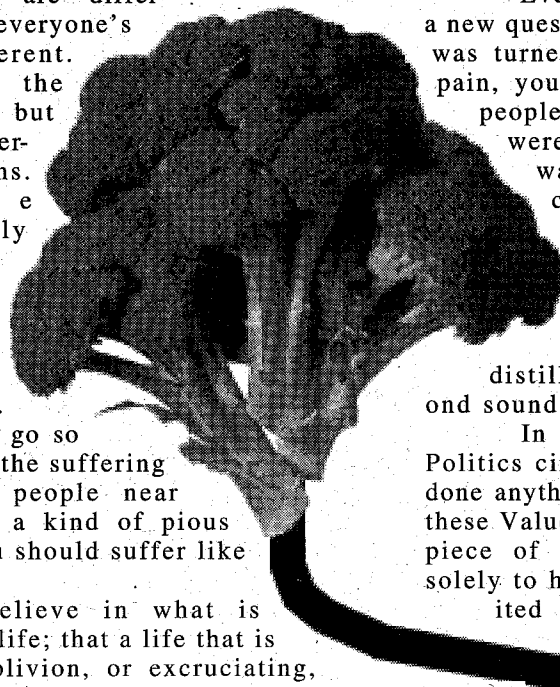
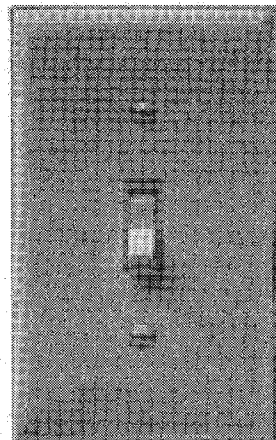
These people, who claim to care about Values, send out a memo to their fellow lawmakers saying that the Terri Schiavo case is "a great political issue" that would appeal to the party's core supporters.

These people, who claim to care about Values, go on television and call Michael Schiavo a liar, an unfit husband and worse. Bob Novak said Michael abandoned Terri. Florida Governor Jeb Bush claimed that Michael abused her. They attempt to bribe him to waive his guardianship of Terri; when that doesn't work, they attempt to strip it from him by force. They attempt to demonize him as much as possible. Then, they have the balls to say things like, "the other side has figured out how to win and to defeat the conservative movement, and that is to go after people personally, charge them with frivolous charges...and then get the national media on their side." Well, Mr. DeLay, don't dish it out if you can't take it.

These people, who claim to care about Values, throw away every other value the party they represent had held for well over a century; things like states' rights, limited government, and the sanctity of marriage. They do so to the point that former Congressman Bob Barr, who spearheaded the effort to get Bill Clinton impeached, actually has become a vocal opponent of their efforts; as have several other prominent Republicans like Virginia Governor (and possible 2008 presidential candidate) Mark Warner.

Everyone has a story. Now ask yourself a new question: how would you feel if your story was turned into a political football? If your pain, your sorrow, became a means for those people to advance their agenda? If cameras were stuck in your face every week, watching you fight case after case after case to either save your loved one or let them die with dignity (whichever side you are on—it doesn't matter, really)? If greedy politicians took what is the most agonizing, complex situation a family can go through and distilled it into talking points and 30 second sound bites?

In their zeal to impose the Values of Politics circa 2000, these people have said and done anything—anything—in the quest to impose these Values. They went into Congress to pass a piece of extraordinary legislation pertaining solely to her (there goes states' rights and limited government). They even used the piece of legislation as an



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Current Events

Terri's Law Reached Too Far

By Jorge Sierra

The ugly, heartbreaking spectacle last week, in which Terri Schiavo's desperate parents and their increasingly outraged supporters demanded that every government body within striking distance order the reinsertion of the brain damaged woman's feeding tube, should never have been allowed to happen.

An unprecedented law rushed through Congress allowed parents Bob and Mary Schindler to file a new lawsuit in federal court after a Florida court granted Michael Schiavo's request that his wife be permitted to die. President Bush declared that "in extraordinary circumstances like this it is always wise to err on the side of life." Backed by social and religious conservatives, Terri's Law belittles a seven-year judicial process that has examined the case, given all sides a fair hearing, and decided multiple times that Terri's wishes are best met by acknowledging her quality of life.

It is not always correct to make the presumption of life in all circumstances. During my social work internship in a nursing home this year, I have been told that many residents would prefer not to receive life-sustaining or life-saving treatments such as IVs, breathing and feeding tubes, and CPR, particularly if certain circumstances were to befall them. Others state that they would want to receive all available treatments. Everyone has different personal views about whether, and when, to err in favor of life or quality of life; that's why it's a good idea to make your wishes known in writing. Unfortunately, the only evidence of Terri Schiavo's wishes is hearsay, which is what this whole case is about.

Deciding in favor of quality of life does not mean devaluing life. Simply contemplating the termination of life is an act of agonizing fortitude. Who wants to order withholding life-saving treatment for oneself, or imagine experiencing the human degradation necessary to even

consider such an option? What spouse or child, what mother, who brought a life into this world, or father, who watched it grow, ever wants to say, "my loved one would not want this, do not give this treatment," and end that life? Your heart has to go out to Terri Schiavo's bitterly divided family, whose pain is being repeated in our national debate.

As to this case itself, although Terri Schiavo is not dying, the medical judgment and legal affirmation that she has no consciousness and no hope of recovery is critical to the resulting order to remove her feeding tube. Multiple news sources indicate that Florida courts have judged that Terri would not want to be kept alive in her current medical condition. These facts and Michael Schiavo's motives were both disputed and merited a careful review, which is exactly why the state process took so long to resolve. The bottom line is that the decision to remove Terri's feeding tube is valid for both legal and moral reasons and is backed by medical evidence.

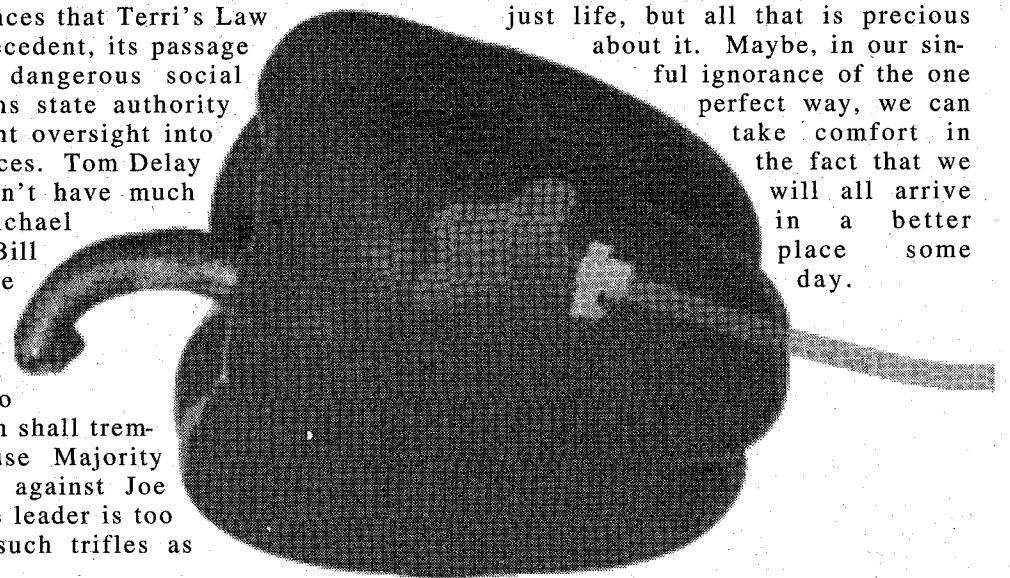
Despite assurances that Terri's Law will carry no legal precedent, its passage risks establishing a dangerous social precedent that weakens state authority and affirms government oversight into our most personal choices. Tom Delay has said that he doesn't have much respect for what Michael Schiavo is doing. Bill Frist decided the judges and his fellow doctors might be wrong after viewing a brief ten second video clip. Heaven and earth shall tremble because the House Majority Leader has a grudge against Joe Nobody and the Senate leader is too lazy to bother with such trifles as

evidence and facts!

Up to now, the public has generally allowed social conservatives to use Congress and the presidency as a bully pulpit to promote sweeping changes to national social policy and dialogue. Their passionate stance against the decaying moral standards in this country is commendable, but the public rightfully objects to this legislative adjudication. Individual decisions and disputes are by definition susceptible to bad judgments and honest mistakes. However, allowing Congress to examine and moralize about distinct decisions reached through reasonable moral or legal reflection threatens the right of—indeed the obligation for—people and states alike to exercise their own respective consciences.

When people deal with agonizing moral issues such as the decision to end life, it is not whether the decision is right or wrong, pro-life or quality of life that makes the difference. It's whether the choice that has been made is honest, heartfelt and allows them to honor not

just life, but all that is precious about it. Maybe, in our sinful ignorance of the one perfect way, we can take comfort in the fact that we will all arrive in a better place some day.



Republicans Are Exploiting Terri Schiavo for Their Own Political Gain

By Marcel Votlucka

I just can't look at politicians anymore without feeling a strong urge to vomit in the nearest gutter. The Terri Schiavo case is a perfect example of how politicians are amoral opportunists scrounging for political points, like rats scrounging for stale cheese.

For those unfamiliar with the details of this case, Terri Schiavo is a Florida woman who has been brain-dead for fifteen years. Numerous doctors have diagnosed her to be in a permanent vegetative state, and her brain is actually starting to liquefy. Her body is kept alive by machines and she is fed intravenously through a feeding tube. Her husband—her legal guardian—wishes to allow her to die peacefully by having her feeding tube removed. He claims that this is what his wife Terri would've wanted in this situation. Her parents, though, wish to keep her feeding tube in, so to keep her alive, and they have spent years fighting a legal battle with Mr. Schiavo over the fate of their daughter. Thirty-two judges have heard this case and all have ruled that Mr. Schiavo is Terri's legal guardian, that Mrs. Schiavo is, for all intents and purposes, brain-dead, and that she may be allowed to pass on.

Florida governor Jeb Bush, and now House Republicans,

are trying to ensure that Mr. Schiavo cannot make medical decisions on behalf of his brain-dead spouse. Congress is just going gaga over Terri Schiavo: calling special sessions (which is inappropriate, as this does not constitute a national emergency); passing special legislation to keep doctors from removing her feeding tube (which is unconstitutional, as legislation cannot apply merely to a single person); sending forth Congressmen who are M.D.s to "re-diagnose" her, so to back up their arguments (it is a crime for an M.D. to diagnose a patient he or she has never met and examined); and House Republicans are promoting her case and their treatment of it as an important moral issue. All of this is under the guise that they are "pro-life."

Excuse me while I re-attach my ass; I seem to have laughed it off.

Whatever your views on euthanasia may be, one thing about this fiasco remains clear: the Republicans in Congress are nothing more than

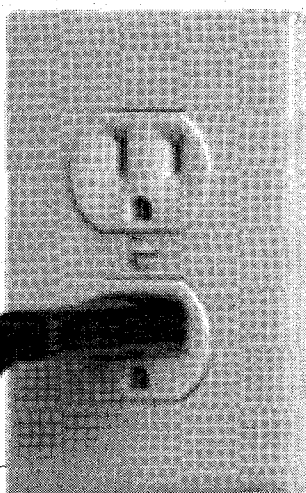
serpentine opportunists who are exploiting this

poor brain-dead woman as a means to further their own political agenda. House majority leader Tom DeLay admitted, at a meeting with constituents, that "God sent us Terri Schiavo" because "this is an important issue to energize the pro-life constituency."

This is the same Tom DeLay who, in 1988, pulled the plug on his own father. This is the same Tom DeLay who, along with most congressional Republicans and Democrats, voted to authorize the invasion and conquest of Iraq—which has claimed the lives of tens of thousands of innocent Iraqis. Yet his party, and Congress, now claim to be embarking on a moral crusade to save one woman's life. Too bad they're only pretending to care about her or any other person's life.

To Terri Schiavo's husband and family, this is a gut-wrenching and tragic ethical dilemma, but to Congress, this is just an opportunity to gain some political points. Any rational or moral person should be able to see through this disgusting charade. Neither Congress nor pro-war Republicans have any moral authority whatsoever to claim to be "pro-life." Indeed they are not. Indeed they are sleazy *anti-life* opportunists, at their core.

But maybe I shouldn't be too harsh on these misguided crooks. After all, they have to compensate for their role in murdering all those innocent Iraqi children somehow.



Rock Radio Rolls Over: Will It Play Dead?

By Sam Goldman

At midnight on Tuesday, February 24th, Philadelphia's WPLY radio station, better known as Y100, the last modern rock station in the nation's sixth-largest media market, ended their day quietly, playing an old Pearl Jam song. As its last bars faded into the air, the young rockers who were listening would fidget through a couple of minutes of silence, after which they would, to their horror, realize that their beloved radio station was no more.

Just the Thursday before, Radio One, the station's owner, told the assembled staff of their plans to move a hip-hop radio station onto their spot on the radio dial and open a new gospel station in the hip-hop station's place, effectively folding Y100, according to Zack, a late-night-DJ at the station. Y100's death was the fourth folding of a major-market rock station in the past six months, joining stations in Washington, D.C., Miami and Houston.

Many have for years speculated about the future of modern rock radio, as the music they play has increasingly received less attention from every music-related area of American life, from MTV to the Grammys to Top 40 radio to the fashion world. Now, however, rock music stations are under more scrutiny than ever, and Y100 will most likely not be the last to go.

THE NUMBERS

According to Arbitron, the company that compiles ratings for radio stations, the percentage of people in America listening to a commercial modern rock station in a given quarter-hour has decreased from a high of 9.9 percent in the spring of 1999 to 7.8 percent in the most recent quarter. To put it in easier terms, right now, as you're reading this, 7.8 percent of Americans who happen to have their radios on have it tuned to their local modern rock station. So a drop of 2% theoretically could represent millions of listeners.

Coupled with the loss of audience, and the loss of ad revenues associated with it, is the upcoming loss of *The Howard Stern Show*, which brings in more male listeners between the ages of 25 and 34, the most coveted demographic by advertisers, than any other radio show in America. Approximately 50% of the 45 stations in America that feature Stern's show happen to be modern rock radio stations; these stations' local Arbitron ratings are boosted in no small part due to the Jupiter-size pull of the King Of

all Media. These stations will lose Stern in 9 months, when his contract with Viacom's Infinity Broadcasting expires and he moves to Sirius satellite radio to escape the FCC watchdogs.

Meanwhile, urban music and Spanish-language formats are flourishing, and companies are looking to capitalize on it. Urban



philadelphia's new rock @ 100.3 fm

I WANNA ROCK!

Courtesy of Philadelphia's New Rock, I hope...

radio's share of the radio audience has jumped from 7.5% in the fall of 1999 to 10.1% now; Spanish-language stations jumped from 6.5% in the winter of 1999 to 9.6% now. Clear Channel, by far the nation's largest radio company, has announced that they plan to convert at least 25 of their 1,200 stations to a Spanish-language format by mid-2006, many of them in major markets; modern rock stations in Houston (KLOL) and Miami (WZTA) were victims of this initiative. In fact, Radio One has positioned itself as an almost solely urban radio provider. Only three of its stations do not play an urban radio format, and only one of those three, in Louisville, Kentucky, is a modern rock station.

IS ROCK ITSELF TO BLAME?

"Some good new bands are getting airplay," Dave Wellington told *Rolling Stone*. Wellington is program director at Boston's WBCN, a modern/classic rock station cited by Infinity Broadcasting CEO Joel Hollander as a possible casualty post-Stern, along with New York's WXRK (see "Is K-Rock Next To Go?" sidebar). "But nothing has really emerged as the new grunge, a single style that creates a massive radio movement."

Not even million-selling artists like Linkin Park, or the rise of the emo genre and its various offshoots, have been the catalysts for that new rock movement, and listeners and program directors alike have complained for sever-

al years about the amount of airplay given to bands which were considered of poor quality, thanks largely to corporate influences. However, bands like The Killers, Interpol, Franz Ferdinand, Modest Mouse, and Green Day have been gaining attention, critical acclaim, and most importantly, airplay, whether it be on modern rock radio, on music video channels, or Top 40 radio (a good place to help rock music reach a wider audience).

Many have, in looking for inspiration, turned to Los Angeles' Indie 103 KDLE as a blueprint for future success. Indie 103, while in the shadow of Infinity's KROQ 106.7, perhaps the nation's best-known and most-revered rock radio station, has been garnering a burgeoning fanbase and widespread praise. Their playlist boasts new music from Billy Idol and William Shatner alongside recent radio staples U2 and Queens of the Stone Age, played by deejays like former Sex Pistols guitarist Steve Jones.

FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO MOSH

The very day Y100 went off the air, Y100rocks.com was born. A website created by ex-Y100 fans, it grew quickly, as most of the fired Y100 crew, from program director on, came on board to deejay a 24/7 Internet radio station. As of March 18, 2005, over 57,000 people have signed an online petition trying to get Y100 back on the radio. And the bands they play are also getting into the act: recently, Hot Hot Heat served as guest deejays on the streaming radio station and performed a concert in the area where they repeatedly and insistently implored the crowd to support Y100. Dashboard Confessional has promised to do a special show fairly soon in support of the station.

Mary Catherine Sneed, chief operating officer of Radio One, acknowledged to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that the response to Y100's shutdown has "been crazy." But she told the paper that Radio One will not reconsider its decision, citing its low Arbitron numbers - Y100 was 8th in Philly's Arbitron ratings. Sneed told the *Inquirer* that she believes the new gospel format will be more profitable. (Neither Sneed nor Radio One responded by press time to a *Press* request for comment.) The gospel station Radio One owns in Philly runs without on-air talent, keeping costs down; in addition, Radio One can offer advertisers packages for commercials across all of their properties.

However, for those bemoaning Y100's loss, there is hope. After massive protests, modern rock lovers in Washington D.C., Miami and Houston were heard...kind of. Washington's WFHS was resuscitated in Baltimore; it alternates between talk radio on weekdays and rock on weekends. A 24/7 rock version of WFHS also became Infinity's first Internet-only station. Houston's KLOL isn't coming back, but Cumulus Media has launched a new rock station (KIOL) in the area, hiring many of KLOL's former on-air talent and staff in the process, and told *Billboard* that a second Houston rock station may be coming. In Miami, just three days after WZTA folded, Cox Media, seeing an opportunity, flipped a languishing dance-music station into a modern rock station to take its place.

Finally, Nassau Broadcasting, which owns several radio stations in the northeastern US, has applied for Y100's old call letters, fueling rabid speculation that they may attempt to revive the modern rock format in the Philadelphia area.

Continued on next page

IS K-ROCK NEXT TO GO?

One station affected greatly by Howard Stern's departure happens to be New York City's very own WXRK, better known as 92.3 K-Rock. At the 18th Annual Bear Stearns Media Conference held March 1st, Infinity Radio chairman and CEO Joel Hollander brought the future of K-Rock into question. "In New York City, there's a lot of revenue attributed to Howard on K-Rock, but I also have a challenged radio station," Hollander told *Billboard*. "We could potentially change the format, who knows? That's an opportunity, with [Howard's exit] going on, to do that." In the most recent Arbitron ratings, K-Rock was out of the top ten, even with Howard Stern dominating his time period. The comments have sparked a firestorm of speculation as to K-Rock's future.

K-Rock's demise could possibly affect the city's larger rock-oriented venues such as Roseland Ballroom, the Hammerstein Ballroom, Irving Plaza, and Bowery Ballroom. Even now, more and more rock shows are being held outside of Manhattan in places like the Downtown in Farmingdale and the Starland Ballroom in Sayreville, New Jersey, due to, among other things, cheaper operating costs and less hassle. Without the advertising and marketing (through free ticket promos and the like) that K-Rock has offered these venues in the past, one or more of these venues may find it harder to operate profitably.

Shortly after the remarks were picked up by industry trade magazines, K-Rock's program director went on air and assured listeners that nothing will happen to K-Rock in the near future.

- Sam Goldman

Rock Radio Rolls Over Continued...

By Sam Goldman

Continued from previous page

THE ROCK SYMBIOSIS

Many in the Philadelphia rock community hope that the effort is successful. Electric Factory Concerts, operator of several venues in the greater Philly area, is one of several area businesses sponsoring Y100rocks.com. The loss of the radio station is a big loss to Electric Factory Concerts, because Y100 was one of the few major outlets the company had for marketing the rock shows at their 49 venues in the Philly/South Jersey metropolitan area, which include Philadelphia's Electric Factory, Hershey Park and the Tweeter Center in Camden, N.J. Electric Factory is even allowing Y100rocks.com to book and sponsor concerts, such as the recent Hot Hot Heat show.

Record labels are also lamenting the demise of modern rock radio in the nation's sixth largest market. "A Top Twenty market that doesn't have a modern-rock station hurts us. There's nothing like getting thirty or forty spins on a radio station to sell records," Richard Sanders, vice president of RCA Records, whose modern rock artists include Velvet Revolver, The Strokes, and newcomer Kasabian, told *Rolling Stone*.

Also feeling the heat are the station's former employees. "I am hoping someone else will pick up the format, of course," said Zack, who was not given an option to stay within Radio One. "However, I need to pay my rent, my bills, and I'd like to have some kind of medical insurance. And my iguana, Fluffy, is sick right now too. So, if someone wants to talk to me about a job, I'm certainly not going to say, 'No, go away, leave me alone.'"

And, of course, there are the fans. "Y100 was at the forefront of breaking new rock in Philadelphia, and, did a great deal to support local bands. . . from the outpouring of support from unhappy listeners, it's clear that many people feel they don't have a home on the radio dial anymore to go to, and not just for the music that they're not hearing anymore," Zack told *The Press*. "Y100 was something special, and it makes me glad to know that the audience we were reaching thought it was too."

WHAT NEXT?

Many believe that salvation for modern rock radio may lie in satellite or Internet radio; others believe that modern rock may simply not be a profitable format anymore. But Zack remains hopeful. "Musical trends do change sometimes, but there's still plenty of quality music out there in the rock genre for people to listen to. Sure, it may not sell as many records as Ashlee Simpson or 50 Cent—but that doesn't mean that people out there don't want modern rock."

Whatever happens to modern rock radio will obviously depend on those who listen to it; Zack believes that "the audience may need to be more vocal in letting the radio industry know that they want a station to play modern rock for them in their hometown."

Meanwhile, according to our own calculations derived from various industry data found on the web, Y100rocks.com is averaging about 27,000 unique listeners a week. While it's a relatively tiny number compared to the amount of Philadelphians who used to listen to WPLY, seeing as how only 400 listeners at a time can catch their stream via Live365, it's no small number, either; Y100 is one of the most popular online radio stations in the Live365 network. It seems that, as happy as Y100's ex-jocks are with the amazing outpouring of fan support, loyal listeners are just as happy to hear those jocks' voices again. But will it all translate into the return of Y100 to the public airwaves? And what about all those other modern rock stations; who, if anyone, will save them from the radio scrap heap?

Stay tuned. Or else.

Current Events

Crisis in the Congo; The Scars of Colonialism

By Jackie Hayes

The Congo has one of the most brutal colonial pasts, and is the current site of what UN officials classify as the world's worst ongoing humanitarian crisis. Between 1998 and 2002, eight nations' militias have invaded Congolese soil due to ethnic rivalries and fighting over the country's vast mineral wealth, including oil. Four million people have died since 1998 from direct combat, along with hunger and disease resulting from war. Due to the lack of media attention and an insufficient international response, it is often referred to as the 'forgotten emergency.'

Historic Background: King Leopold's Legacy

"Legalized robbery enforced by violence," is the phrase people of Leopold's time used to describe the Congo. In 1885, King Leopold II secured the Congo as his personal possession and began exploiting it for its vast material wealth, including rubber and ivory, turning it into a labor camp. He was able to convince the Belgian people that his intentions were moral, justifying ownership through religious and financial means. He claimed he was protecting the Congolese people from Arab slave traders, and opening the country up for Christian missionaries and capitalism.

As world markets increased their demand for rubber, Leopold intensified his exploitation of the Congo. Leopold's soldiers were told to demand quotas, and held women and children hostage until men returned with sufficient amounts of rubber. If quotas weren't met, men were often shot as an example to others. As the brutal tactics spurred rebellion, violence intensified. Escaping rebels were hunted down and villages were burnt to the ground with no warning. Officers, at one point, demanded that the right hand of any rebel killed be saved, as evidence of heightened control

over the region. Yet, the hands of living men, women and children were cut off to justify the demand for more guns and ammunition.

Edmund Dene Morel, a British shipping clerk, was one of the first to notice the disturbing amount of guns pouring into the Congolese ports. His suspicion led to the discovery of Leopold's 'secret society of murderers', and resulted in Leopold turning his personal possession over to the Belgian government. Historians estimate that anywhere from 8-10 million Congolese people died over the course of Leopold's reign.

The Scars of Colonialism

Given the brutal past of the Congo, it is no wonder the tradition of violent exploitation has surpassed Leopold. The Congo gained its independence from Belgium in 1960. Shortly after, in 1965, army chief Joseph Mobutu seized control, renaming the Congo region Zaire. He remained in power until 1997. Mobutu's rule was characterized by vast corruption and exploitation. According to the World Policy Institute, "Mobutu came to be known as one of Africa's most brutal dictators." He maintained a close relationship with the US by allowing the Congo to harbor operations against the Soviet-backed, Angola.

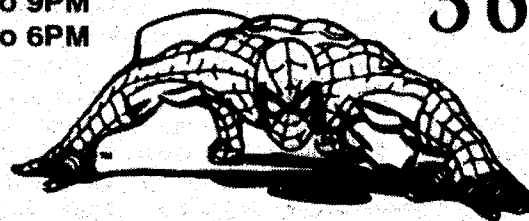
In 1997, Rwanda invaded the Congo (known as Zaire during Mobutu's rule) to track down radical Hutu militias. Their invasion gave support to rebels opposed to Mobutu, leading to his overthrow. President Laurent Kabila was installed by the Mobutu rebels. Yet soon after he took power, he began to slowly chip away the democratic freedoms he initially supported. The World Policy Institute reports that, "Within a few short months of taking power, the new president banned political parties, suspended

Continued on page 17

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A Rally for Peace in Central Park Continued...

By Marcel Votlucka

Continued from page 7

Before long, the speakers had finished whatever they had to say, and we were exhorted to gather together and start marching. All of us, the whole mass of protesters, began trickling through the narrow pathways of Central Park. As we exited the park and made our way to Park Avenue, the brook became a churning river of protesters. Everywhere I looked there was someone nearby hoisting a sign.

"Bring The Troops Home!"

"Feed The Cities, Not The War!"

"Money For Jobs, Not War!"

"Military Recruiters Out Of Our Schools!"

"Unite To Fight War And Racism!"

A particularly amusing sign depicted a fat rich man (with a striking resemblance to the guy on the Monopoly box) getting an unwelcome kick in the rear from a large boot.

"Kick The Ass Of The Ruling Class!"

And then I stopped short in surprise to see four young ladies sporting gaudy red, white, and blue costumes, complete with large model missiles strapped strategically to the front of their costumes that bounced in time with their dancing. The girls were singing "Stop, in the name of War..." a clever re-wording of the Diana Ross classic. Their amusing performance, with the bouncing missiles distracting many a passing protester, reminded me of a classic George Carlin sketch in which he describes war as being a product of penis envy among politicians ("do they have bigger dicks than us? BOMB THEM! And of course the bombs, rockets, and bullets are all shaped like-you guessed it-dicks!"). But I digress.

We finally arrived at Park Avenue and began our twenty-block march southward. Our voices echoed off the surrounding buildings:

"Whose streets? Our streets!"

"Whose streets? Our streets!"

"Whose streets? OUR STREETS!"

People waved to us and cheered us on as we marched down the avenue. One man called out to us, "You are the future of the United States of America!" Passing drivers honked their horns in encouragement. The most exiting moment was when we passed a church where, apparently, a wedding was taking place, as a newly wed bride and groom and their entourage stood by the church doors, waving to us in support. The throng cheered and applauded in delight.

"What do we want?"

"Revolution!"

"When do we want it?"

"NOW!"

For a short time I was swept along in the horde of protesters, trying to keep astride my friends. The vast majority of the protesters stayed confined to one side of Park Avenue as northbound traffic whizzed by on the other lane. We needed to be bolder, I figured. I snatched a sign on a pole, hopped onto the narrow belt of greenery dividing the two lanes of the avenue, and brandished the sign boldly for all to see. I must have made quite a spectacle of myself; several passing drivers greeted me by honking their loud horns.

After an hour of marching we reached our destination: Mayor Michael Bloomberg's mansion on Fifth Avenue and 74th Street, where a woman's voice boomed over loudspeakers. A message of resistance and outrage ripped through the air directed at Mayor Bloomberg ("You shall *not* get another term!"), President Bush, and the corporate fascists who profit off the death and destruction of war. She called the Democrats "traitors," a thought undoubtedly shared by the throng of protesters who applauded in response.

I was treated to the spectacle of a bunch

of kids attempting to set fire to the Stars and Stripes within the park nearby. They fled almost as soon as they attracted notice. The cops were definitely not in any mood for fun and games today.

As the rally came to a close and the protesters wandered away, the speaker thanked the Pacifica Network and WBAI (99.5 FM) for broadcasting the rally and the march live over the radio for those who weren't able to brave the chilly weather to be with us that day. The rally concluded to a catchy and danceable conga beat accompanied by the refrain, "Power...to the people...right now!"

As I write this, over 1,500 American soldiers have died in Iraq. Untold thousands of innocent Iraqis have lost their lives in the violence of the war, the occupation, and the resistance. I'll refrain from bombarding you with my own opinions of the war (something I've done with relish in other articles); the fact that millions around the world joined us in one voice of protest speaks for itself ten thousand times over. At times the images of war on the TV screen or the newspaper may tempt us to feel pessimistic about the future. I'll admit that it's difficult to hold onto optimism in such times. So you might wonder; why do we do it?

Why do we brave the cold to rally against war and imperialism? Why do we march to spread the word of our cause to an often unresponsive mass media? Why do we hold up signs and shout slogans over and over again? Why do we face threats and epithets that we are less than American? Why do we face the possibility of arrest and incarceration for speaking uncomfortable truths to those in power?

Why do we do it? Because, as a young lady assured us in Central Park on that chilly day, "Another world is possible-let's work together to make it real!"

Congressman Conyer's Office Halfassedly Disputes Claim he Considered Impeaching Bush

By Matt Willemain

In the previous issue, dated March 11, the *Press* covered a public speech by Ralph Nader. As we reported, Nader said that Representative John Conyers had been considering beginning an impeachment inquiry against George W. Bush, for invading Iraq illegally and lying to the public to make it happen. According to Nader, Conyers had personally told Nader that he was weighing the impeachment inquiry, but that he had heard very little from the public in favor of it. Nader, then, encouraged opponents of the war to contact Conyers' Washington office, at (202) 225-5126, and reinforce the congressman's resolve.

Representative Conyers' office declined the opportunity to formally respond to a call from the *Press* about this matter, but an anonymous staffer described the possibility that Conyers would introduce an impeachment inquiry as a "false rumor." The anonymous staffer suggested that Conyers had never been considering the option. In response to this, Kevin Zeese, press liaison for Nader's antiwar operation Democracy Rising, maintained that "Conyers has said it himself." Zeese described the staffer's denial as Conyers "backing away from" the impeachment inquiry.

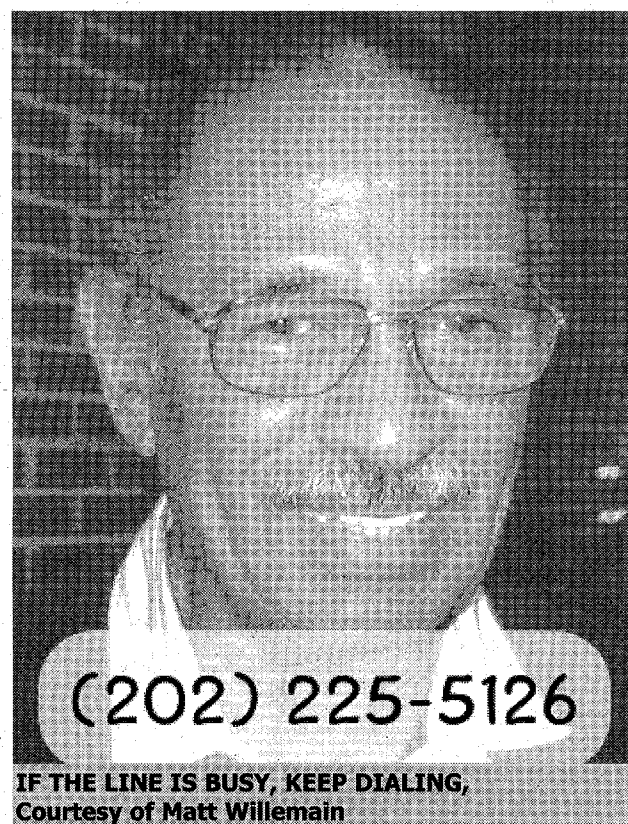
It is difficult to resolve the disputed claims, especially given the uncooperative nature of the congressman's office. Conyers

may or may not have considered the impeachment inquiry in the past. Some additional evidence suggests that he has. In 2003, political rumor-monger Matt Drudge claimed that Conyers was meeting with attorneys and legal scholars to hear from advocates of impeachment and evaluate their cause. In 2004, Russel Mokhiber, of the White House press corps, and editor of the *Corporate Crime Reporter*, said that Conyers was considering articles of impeachment, on the nationally syndicated radio program *Democracy Now*.

Regardless of Conyers' previous position on impeachment, as the ranking Democrat on the House Judiciary Committee, and a vocal opponent of the invasion, he is, as Nader says, the most likely person to begin an impeachment process against Bush. Anyone who thinks that Bush used lies to lead the nation into a needless war should call Representative Conyers and encourage him to support the impeachment inquiry. Again, Conyers' Washington office can be reached at (202) 225-5126.

An impeachment inquiry is one of several ways a possible impeachment can begin. A committee of congressional representatives considers evidence of wrongdoing and reports back to the full House of Representatives. After that, nothing happens unless a majority in the House decides that there is a problem. Then, the

Senate has to make the final decision, with two thirds of the Senators needed to convict.



Crisis in the Congo Continued...

By Jackie Hayes

Continued from page 15

civil rights, and was reported to be fueling ethnic hatred." Angola, Namibia, and Zimbabwe sided with Kabila, while Rwanda and Uganda supported his opposition. Forces from Burundi, Sudan and Chad were also involved in the conflict, at various points. War ensued for the next five years, resulting in a relative peace treaty in 2003.

Despite the fact that the war has formally ended, dislocation, disease and hunger continue to devastate the war-torn Congo. During the war, members of both sides took advantage of the relative lawlessness to pillage the Congo's material wealth. In a situation similar to colonial times, the Congolese people suffered the most during the struggle for financial and political gain. The UN's humanitarian chief, Jan Egeland, commented to ABC news that, "The Congo killing and dislocation have overtaken the attacks in Sudan's Darfur region as the worst humanitarian crisis in the world."

The International Response

There has been an insufficient response from the international community. The UN's involvement has been criticized for its failure both to protect civilians and to use force against attacks. There have also been allegations of sexual abuse and exploitation by UN workers. *The San Francisco Chronicle* reported that, "the United Nations is investigating 150 instances in which 50 peacekeeping troops or civilians in the Congo mission are suspected of having sexually abused or exploited women and girls, some as young as 12."

The media, as well, has failed to give substantial in-depth reporting of the Congo. An article in *The Miami Herald* commented, "These crises have killed millions, and leave thousands traumatized by torture, rape, imprisonment, arson, starvation and diseases, yet they had been ignored by the international media."

US Involvement: Supplying Arms to Warring Nations

The US' involvement in the Congo, and the five year war, has mainly consisted of selling arms, training militias and backing dictatorships, for the purpose of furthering the US' economic and political interests in the region.

Mobutu's near 30-year reign, classified as one of the worst dictatorships Africa has seen, was financially and militarily propped up by the US. According to a report issued by the US Arms Trade Resource Center, "The U.S. prolonged the rule of Zairian [Congolese] dictator Mobutu Sese Soko by providing more than \$300 million in weapons and \$100 million in military training." The report continues, detailing that, "Mobutu used his US-supplied arsenal to repress his own people and plunder his nation's economy for three decades." Initially, US interests were tied to the Cold War; as previously mentioned, the US used the Congo as a base for

anti-Soviet operations against Angola. Yet, following the Cold War, the US continued to back the dictatorship, mainly for strategic and economic reasons. Close to three decades of harsh repression set the stage for violent revolution and future political unrest.

When President Kabila was formally installed by anti-Mobutu rebels, the US decided to back his rule in the hopes of future stability. The US State Department claimed their main goal was to, "[develop] an apolitical military cadre that respects human rights, the rule of law and the concept of civilian control of the military." In more basic terms—to continue building a militia to back Kabila's rule. Soon, his regime began to take away the democratic freedoms they initially touted. War broke out in 1998, when the culmination of multiple ethnic and political forces erupted in the Congo.

During the five year war, the US contributed significant military and arms support to all of the nine warring nations involved.

According to the US Arms Trade Resource Center, "The U.S. has helped build the arsenals of eight of the nine governments directly involved in the war that has ravaged the DRC since Kabila's coup. US military transfers in the form of direct government-to-government weapons deliveries, commercial sales and International Military Education and Training (IMET) to the states directly involved have totaled more than \$125 million since the end of the Cold War." The US' involvement has only helped to perpetuate the vast humanitarian rights violations inflicted by almost all of the warring militias. The civilian population has paid the price for the US' irresponsible foreign policy, resulting in the deaths of over four million.

In stark contrast to our overwhelming military aid, the US ranks last among the industrialized nations in their non-military foreign aid to Africa. According the US Arms Trade Resource Center, "US development aid to all of sub-Saharan Africa dropped to just \$700 million in recent years."

Colonialism, Imperialism, and the US' Foreign Policy

It is easy to question the true intentions of US foreign policy across the globe when faced with the facts of our involvement with the Congo. The Congo does not stand as the lone example of the US supporting and fueling a dictatorship. The US has supported dictatorships, at one time or another, in Argentina, Chile, Iraq, Iran, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Nigeria, Uganda, South Korea, Guatemala and Israel (for a more substantial listing visit <http://www.thirdworld-traveler.com>).

If our true intentions are to spread democracy and freedom, as has been stated by the current President Bush, then why have we applied these ideals so sparingly across the globe? Why have we not been more consistent in our foreign policy? And why focus on Iraq, when a multitude of countries are currently ruled by dictatorships? These same questions arise again and again when analyzing US involvement, or lack thereof, in the Sudan, India, Israel, etc.

In regards to the Congo, it is obvious material wealth played a large role in our relationship with them. The US profited more from arms sales than it would have from promoting democracy. It seems the US only touts a humanitarian rhetoric when toppling a dictator's regime goes hand-in-hand with our economic interests.

It is hard to say why the international media has also ignored the situation in the Congo. It seems that the same racism that fueled colonialism also impedes a stronger international outcry. By allowing such atrocities to occur, the media is sending the message that somehow the lives of the Congolese people are more expendable. Possibly the same racism is fueling our foreign policy that allows shady dealings with third world governments at the cost of civilian lives. Either way, the result is the perpetuation of violence, poverty, hunger and disease in areas like the Congo.

Sources: *BBC News* (<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/africa/3516965.stm>), *Miami Herald* (<http://www.miami.com/mld/miamiherald/news/11230751.htm>), *Arms Trade Resource Center* (<http://www.worldpolicy.org/projects/arms/reports/congo.htm#congo>), *San Francisco Chronicle* (<http://www.sfgate.com/>)

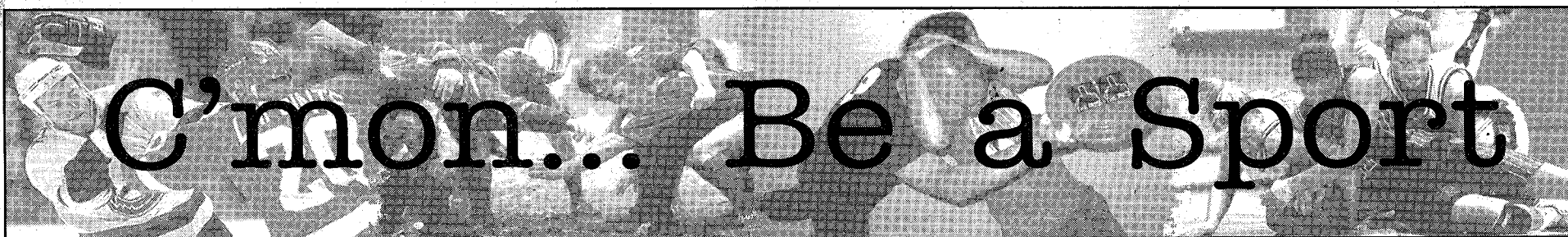
Are you an <http://Alleged.Leftist?>

Come to, supposedly, **The Stony Brook Press¹**.

According to "rumors," meetings are purported to be at 1:00pm, or thereabouts, on, what sources say, are **Wednesdays** in, as I have been told, the **Union²** in what unconfirmed reports say is **Room 060**, which is located in, some imply, the so-called <http://union.basement>.

1: Which can only be described as an "alleged leftist jamboree"

2: The act of uniting or the state of being united



C'mon... Be a Sport

HOLY CRAP, IT'S A SPORTS COLUMN!

By Sam Goldman

A QUICK WORD ON THE STERIOD SCANDAL

Steroids can kill, dude. That's why they are illegal. That's why, if baseball and its baseball union cared a lick about its constituency, they wouldn't fight tooth and nail to ensure their safety. Congress had every right to rip these guys new assholes belonging to a company that would increase revenues at the expense of its workers. You think Google would be okay with its employees taking speed so they could work more hours? Also, never have I laughed so much while watching C-SPAN.

RING MAGAZINE'S TOP TEN HEAVYWEIGHTS ARE...

The heavyweight division of the "sweet science" of people pummeling each other to oblivion has long been where the big money is, from Ali to Tyson to Lewis. Despite the emergence of many Hall of Fame fighters in lower weight classes over the past 25 years (Sugar Ray Leonard, Roberto Duran, Julio Cesar Chaves, Oscar De La Hoya, Roy Jones Jr., Bernard Hopkins, Felix Trinidad, Shane Mosley), the heavyweight division is the glamour division. Want proof? Then why did Roy Jones Jr., his legacy seemingly complete, decide to move up to fight John Ruiz a couple of years ago? It was because he knew what the heavyweight division meant to his sport.

Boxing's heavyweight division was held afloat in the 1990's by Evander Holyfield, Riddick Bowe, Lennox Lewis, and Mike Tyson. Granted, they're not Ali, Foreman, and Frazier, but they weren't slouches in their heydays either.

Now? Holyfield has been barred from boxing, and rightfully so. Tyson has become a circus act. Lewis has retired. And Bowe is attempting a comeback at 38 after spending 17 months in jail for trying to kidnap his daughter.

Their replacements? Ladies and gentlemen, meet the top ten heavyweights as ranked by

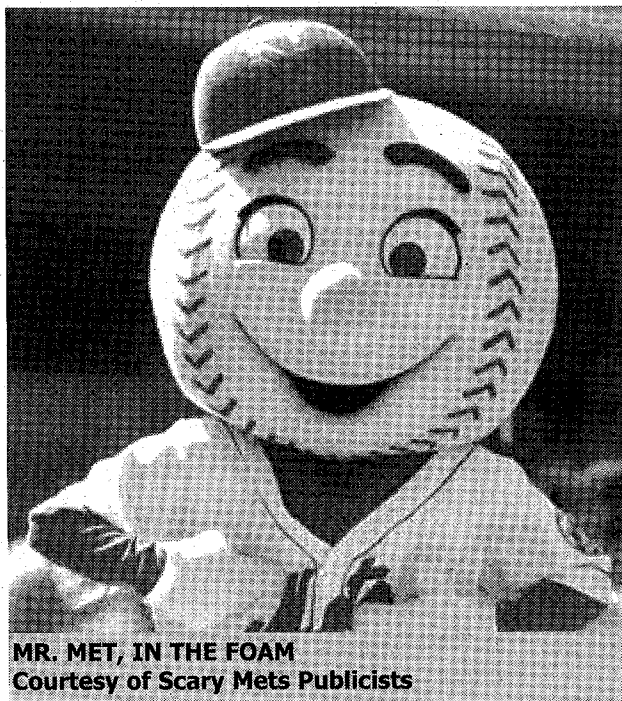
Ring Magazine. Included on the list (*Ring* doesn't rank the champ, just the contenders):

-Hasim Rahman (3), who found himself a contender after scoring a lucky KO of Lewis some time ago;

-John Ruiz (2), the World's Most Boring Fighter;

-Andrew Golota (6), who was disqualified in two separate title bouts, once for a seemingly purposeful low blow;

-James Toney (4), an aging former mid-



MR. MET, IN THE FOAM
Courtesy of Scary Mets Publicists

dleweight champion.

The rest are a bunch of unknown quantities; journeyman boxers (Corrie Sanders) or untested youngsters (Fres Oquendo).

Who will save the heavyweight division? Will it be the current champion, Vitali Klistchko? Klistchko is a good boxer, but he lacks the charisma that makes us want to plop \$44.95 on a pay-per-view bout. Will it be Chris

Byrd (1), who everyone believes is the heir apparent, but whose fighting style many believe to be boring? Will it be one of the untested youngsters like Oquendo? Or will someone else emerge as the new sensation in the boxing world?

BUY ME SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKER JACK

Baseball is upon us.

Soon we will be able to go sit at Yankee Stadium or Shea, buy a hot dog, some lukewarm Bud and enjoy a day at the park.

And since everyone loves a winner, here are four teams that will surprise people, in my opinion:

The Mets will do better than most people think; they have a very good pitching staff even with Steve Trachsel out for the year, and a good lineup, both offensively and defensively. All they need is for one of their many bullpen arms (Scott Stewart is my choice) to step up.

Barry or no Barry, the Giants will be in the thick of the race. They have upgraded their bullpen with Armando Benitez, their defense with Omar Vizquel, and their offense with Moises Alou. And taking Bonds's spot will be Pedro Feliz, who hit 22 homers and 83 RBI last year—not close to Bonds' impact on a game, but not Roger Cedeno numbers either.

The Orioles and Tigers each added premier players in Sammy Sosa and Magglio Ordonez, respectively, and their young pitching staffs are a year older. The Tigers, aided by an improved bullpen with Troy Percival, could quietly improve by 10-15 wins and contend in the clogged-up Central if their pitching holds up. The Orioles' improvement may go unnoticed in a division with the Red Sox and Yankees, but it would not be a big surprise to see them get to 85 wins; that would be an improvement of just seven games.

WE HAVE BEVERLY BRYAN.

YOU WILL WATCH CHANNEL 20.

THE ENCLOSED TIMES.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THIS GAZETTE OF A LATE NIGHT HOST A YOU WILL COMPLY.

WE WILL BE THE LION.

Late Night WITH BEVERLY BRYAN

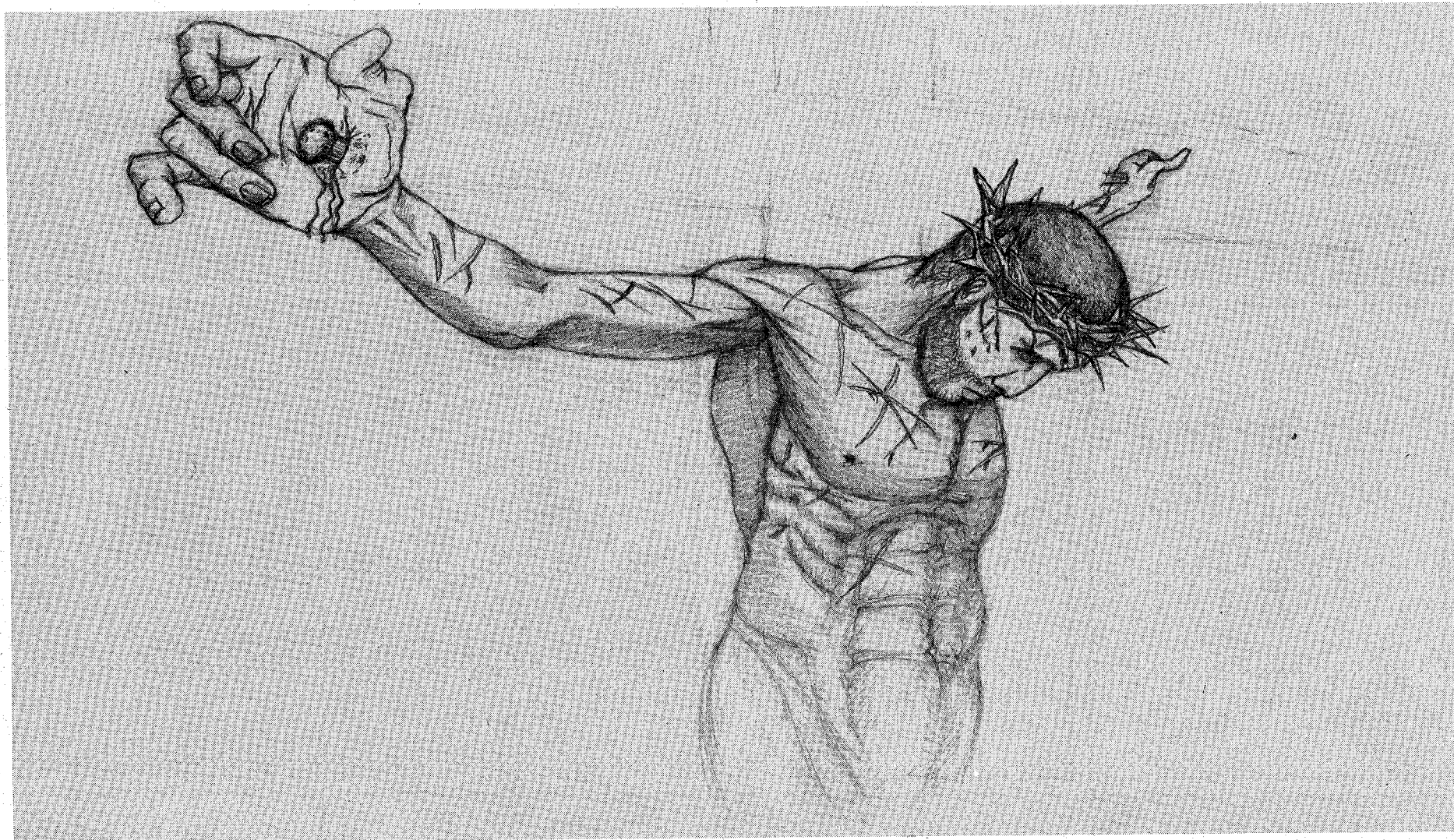
Monday, Wednesday, Fri @ 9:30pm

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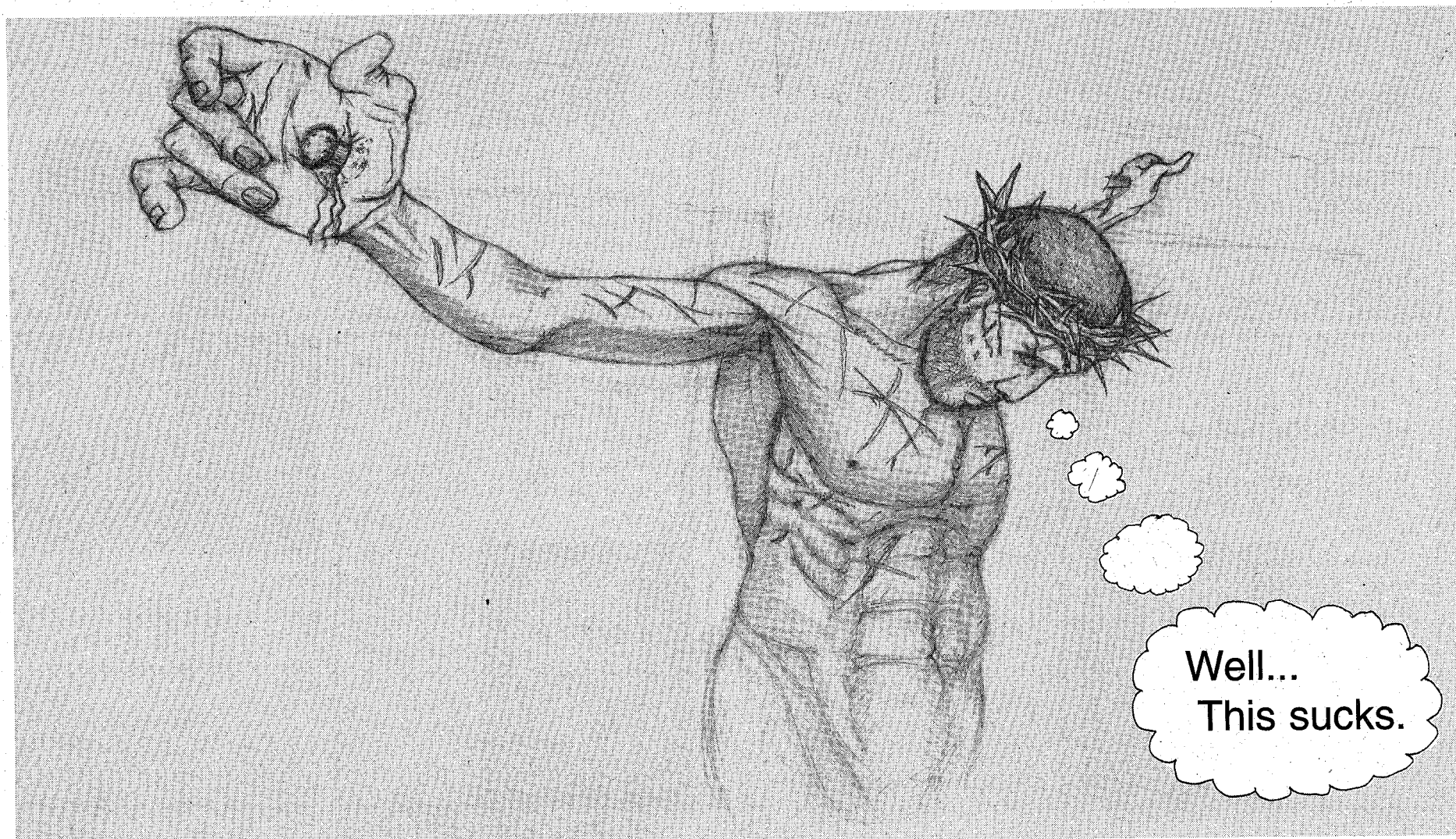
The Comics Section

BRAIN PUKE

by Chris Williams



Jesus checks equipment before take off.

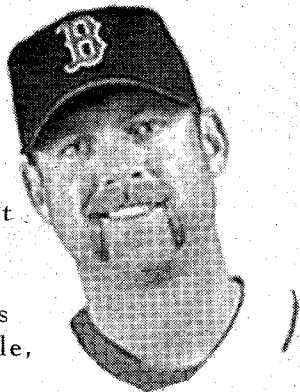


Well...
This sucks.

Manny Ramirez, rocking the Red Sox Couch, began a conversation thusly, "Hey McCarty, remember the time you tried to up your steals?"

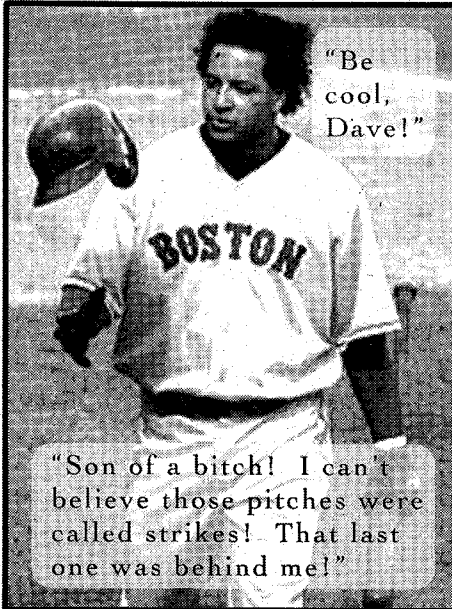


"Yeah, that was great. I thought that, maybe, if I was invisible, they would never be able to catch me as I rolled around the old base path," said McCarty.

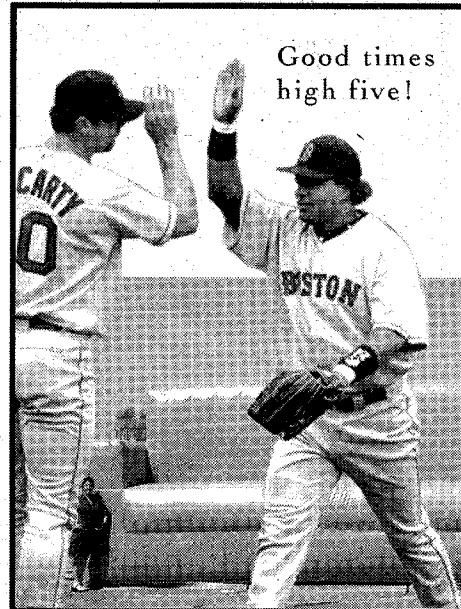


"Be cool, Dave!"

"Son of a bitch! I can't believe those pitches were called strikes! That last one was behind me!"



Good times high five!



Solving Crimes!

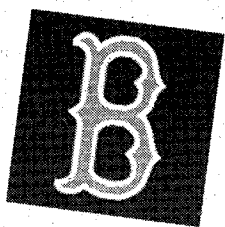
YOUR 2004 WORLD SERIES CHAMPION



Fightin' Mysteries!

By Matt Willemain

Episode Four:



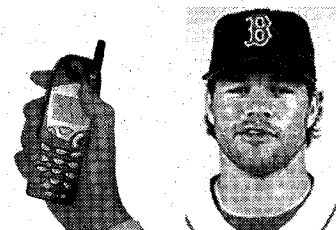
Hey Chi-Town, Where's the Fire?

A thousand miles from Red Sox Mountain, on Lake Michigan, the people of Chicago wake up to an unexpected vista...



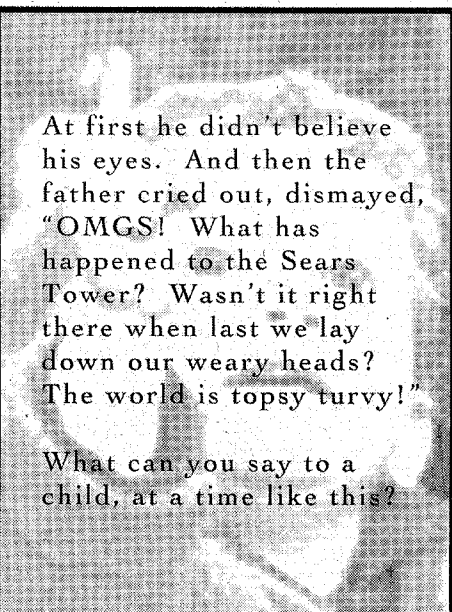
Adam Hyzdu picked up the phone on his comically oversized, and remarkably tanned, right hand.

"Hey, everybody, guess who I've got on the line, here? The telephone line, that is!"

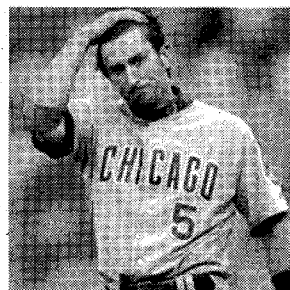


At first he didn't believe his eyes. And then the father cried out, dismayed, "OMGS! What has happened to the Sears Tower? Wasn't it right there when last we lay down our weary heads? The world is topsy turvy!"

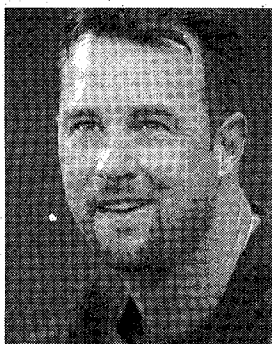
What can you say to a child, at a time like this?



Nomar Garciapara saw it, too. And he knew he had to make a phone call to some old friends.



"The entire Sears Tower? Overnight? I guess that's why they call Chicago 'The City That Sleeps at Night,'" began Tim Wakefield. "So what could we be waiting for? That's one hell of a crime for us to solve. QED."

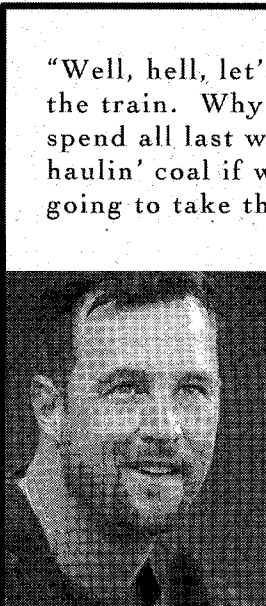


Mike Timlin interrupted his inverted crunches, "You do know that the plane is being used by the CIA to fly kidnapped foreign clerics to the legal limbo of Guantanamo Bay?"



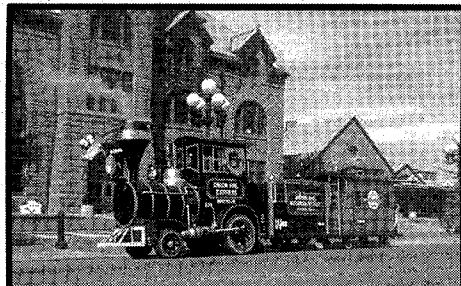
"Well, hell, let's just take the train. Why did I spend all last winter haulin' coal if we're not going to take the train?"

"Sixteen tons, and what did I get?"

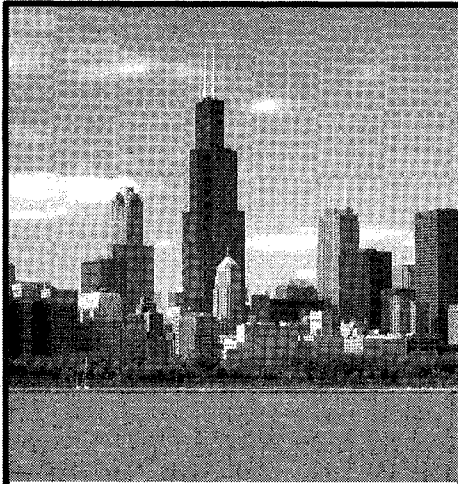


A well stocked Sox Train rides the rails at a breakneck pace.

Next stop, Third City, USA: Chicago!

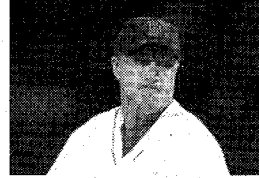


Arriving in Chicago, the World Series Champions found an excited, happy crowd...



The Sears Tower was restored!

"Huh?"



"Did we do that?"

The crowd explained, "The 2004 Chicago White Sox have returned the Sears Tower to us!"

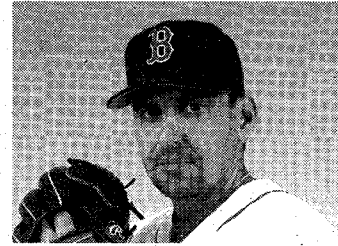


Solving Crimes!

Fighting series!

YOUR 2004 Chicago White Sox!

Manny Ramirez was none too pleased with this development, crying, "The *White Sox*? I hate the White Sox!"



Frank Castillo felt the need to interrupt. "Um...why do you hate the White Sox? It looks like they do good crime solvin' work."

"They've only beaten us, oh, about every year, for the past forty four years, in the annual triathletic SoxOff: the softball game, the four-legged sack race, the pie-eating contest."

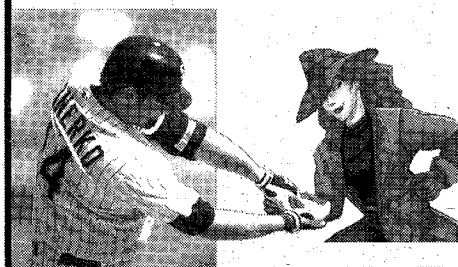


Nomar Garciaparra had just one question, "Well, what had happened to the tower, anyway?"



"It's too bad you can't solve crimes with a library book!"

"Actually, Nomar, there's no way we would have been able to nab Carmen Sandiego, here, if we hadn't been brushing up on our geography, history and general knowledge at the local library!"



Esteban Loaiza!



"Who wants shooters?"

Magglio Ordonez!



"Whose Sox? Our Sox!"

Frank Thomas!



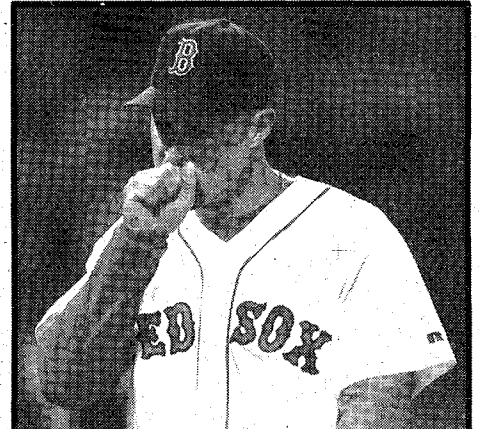
"What is this? This is bullshit!"

Billy Koch!



"Billy Koch? Wh I'll drill him in th

"Can someone explain to me what just happened?"



"Um, remember how I said I hauled all that coal? Well, I kind of exaggerated. Going back might be a nailbiter."

NES REDUX

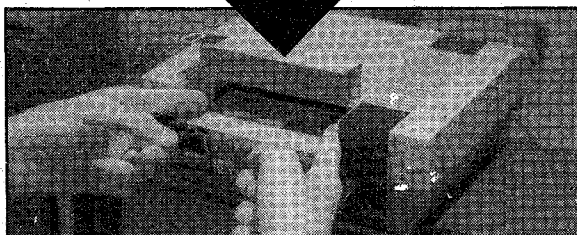
Clearly, we all know the Nintendo Entertainment System (NES) is the pinnacle of technological achievement in the video game arena. Sporting a 1.79 Mhz processor and 2kb of RAM, the NES is a god among machines. It is not perfect, however. Unlike all the visual, audio, and complex processing capabilities of this Japanese marvel, one design element of the NES has not been able to withstand the test of time. Frequent and enthusiastic use of your system can limit its performance as your NES approaches its golden years. The special zero-resistance front-loading system, once fast and convenient, has become a technological barrier to the stunning world of 8-bit fun we have come to rely upon daily for our mindless self-indulgence. But don't panic. There is hope...

Here are some *Press*-proven and *Press*-honored methods to keep your NES as crisp and sharp as the high resolution graphics. Games like *Mike Tyson's Punchout* and *Tetris*, Nintendo classics in every sense of the word, can be rejuvenated once again with these seemingly impractical methods we have compiled. Punching, spitting, and prayer are just some of the methods used to revitalize the original front-loading Nintendo Entertainment System. In fact, we are so confident that we can get any game to work, that we will even go so far as to swear by the Konami Code...

**Up, Up, Down, Down,
Left, Right, Left, Right,
B, A, Select, Start... Amen.**

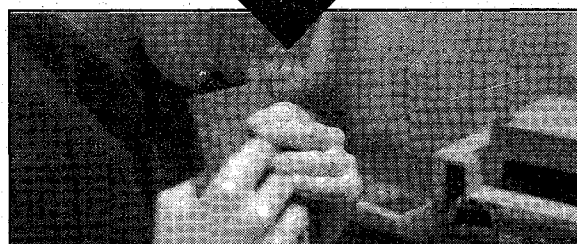
Good Cop / Bad Cop

Give the cartridge two quick, powerful bursts of air in each end. DO NOT AIRATE THE CENTER! Using your index and middle fingers, forcefully jam the cartridge into the console. The amount of force applied to the game should be roughly equivalent to the amount of force you would use to shove your little brother down the stairs. Next, use both index fingers to shimmy the cartridge gently out of its plastic Japanese prison. Finally, hold the console still with both hands and use both thumbs to push the game back in. Be sure to apply equal pressure to each side. Push until the cartridge can be pushed no more. Press power. Gloat.



The Girl Next Door

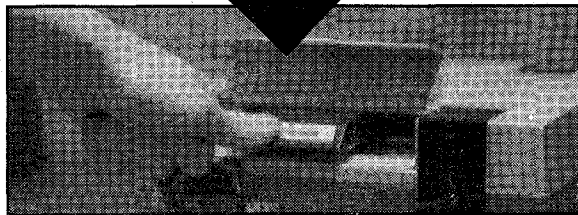
I swear on my grave I knew a kid who used to do this. His name was Tom and he knew exactly how to treat a game. Every time we couldn't get a game to work in our classroom (because we had video games in study hall, rock that), he would walk over ever so casually, pick up the game, and make out with it. I kid you not. Do you know what the most amazing part was? It fucking worked every single time!!! Tom was tall, wore glasses, and knew more about fighting games than anyone I've ever met, with the exception of Mike Prazak, who makes you feel like the kid who didn't get picked for dodgeball every time he plays you in Street Fighter. Well, anyway, there is a very specific way to make out with the game. You run your mouth over it slowly without touching, very much like the "Little Secret". Then you make contact, and run your lips along the game like sweet magic. As the tension builds up you slip it a little tongue, and then just as it gets too hot to handle you take it away. If you do this correctly the game will thank you by actually working.



Double Stuff

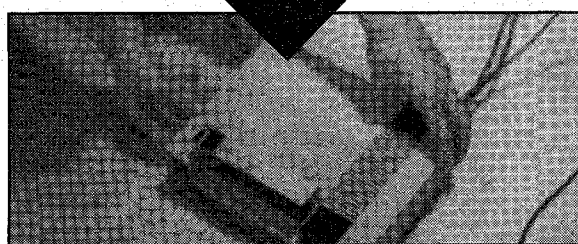
Ah, the Double Stuff. THIS IS THE ONLY FAILPROOF METHOD. I have mastered the double-stuffing art. I am the fucking DaVinci of double-stuffing. I make Oreos, fetish porno, and those sandwiches Shaggy and Scooby used to make look like worthless child's play. All you need is a stack of index cards, credit cards, or baseball cards. Do not use Pokemon cards, as you will jinx the system. Now, the problem with cards is that they are a mass made up of individual masses. Thus, they often tend to be unpredictable and quite independent. If you take into account the nearly endless number of strange attractors and calculate it into a chaotic non-linear equation you'll see that the evidence is right there.

To eliminate the large number of strange attractors that complicate your success probability you must introduce an element that is both simple and compact. As I'm sure we all know, linearity is a direct result of simplicity, and thus we must throw in Burger Time. As a matter of fact, any old Atari game, plus a few index or credit cards, will get your game working. This works because it presses the game down to the appropriate level it needs to be at in order to connect with the back of the system. The cards are absolutely necessary here because each game has its own specific height that it prefers to be played at. Be sensitive to the game's needs. Games like that.



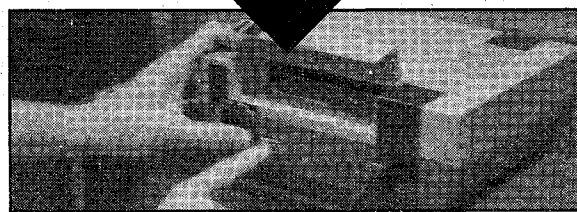
Driving Through Boston

This is when you set the Nintendo system on the floor and guide it carefully in all directions until you can get it to work. When I was a child I was convinced that The Legend of Zelda would only work on a very specific, very exact place on my floor. Much time was spent gliding that Nintendo across the carpet to find that spot.



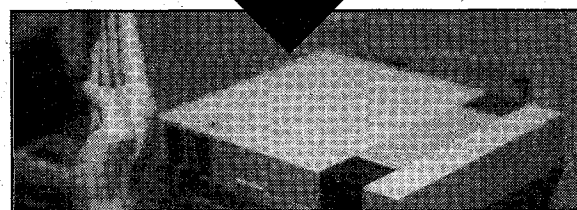
The Ol' One Two

To start off, give it a sweeping, moderately hard, well-collimated blow and load the game cartridge softly but not too softly. You want to be gentle without being a pushover. Let the game know who's playing who, you know? Just shit or get off the pot. This should all be old-hat to you by now. But here comes the tricky part; hold down the power button and press reset at least five times but no more than ten times. Finally release both buttons and enjoy.



Don't Talk Back to Mama

If you're trying to get your game to work, nothing beats the old slap in the face. After many creative and even artistic tactics you will feel ever so inclined to take your right hand and give the system a quick slap on the side. This has been known to work on many occasions, and it also serves as an outlet for your endless hostility towards the system that just won't behave.



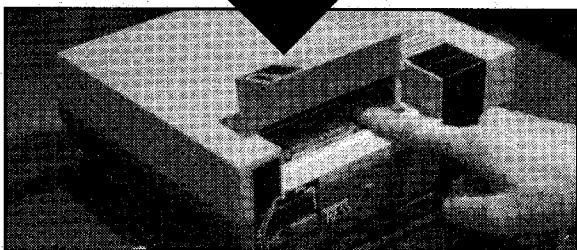
In the Bread Basket

Put the game in the console without blowing or shoving. Press the power button. The screen should be blinking in obnoxious pastels. Turn the console on its side and give it a quick sucker punch in its gray, exposed belly. Repeat punching motion until the title screen of the game comes on or until your knuckles get bloody. Nursing your open hand wounds is like a game in itself. You win either way!



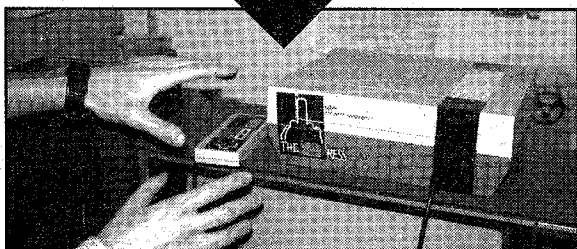
The G-Spot

This one never worked for me. I can't remember ever seeing it work for anyone, but it may have at one time or another. Way back when I was a kid, long before I realized I was feeding a part of my personality that is purely nothing but Gen-X, some friends of mine told me that by rubbing the little indentation at the top of each game you can make it work. Interestingly enough this conversation came up about seven years later, but we weren't talking about video games. If you can actually get a game to work this way, please e-mail The Press at sbpress@sunysb.edu as soon as possible. I would really like to know if this has worked for anyone but my childhood friends (who, by the way, thought Masters of the Universe was the greatest movie ever, if that gives you any insight on the type of friends I used to have).



Sloppy Seconds

This is the shady way to do it. You wait until one of the other people in the room get it going. Skulk around until you know they're finished and pounce on that motherfucker. DO NOT TOUCH THE SYSTEM! You don't want to fuck up the subtle balance they've established. Gingerly pick up the controller and let the character die fully if the first player hasn't already, don't reset the system. The point of doing this is that you can't get it to work on your own so you've got to be happy with what was played immediately before you. Hey Bitch, beggars can't be choosers.



Pushing Granny Down the Cellar

This is another one from my childhood that has remained only a theory yet to be proven. The same group of Skeletor-worshipping friends I used to hang with truly believed you could get a game to work by pushing it into the system but leaving a quarter of an inch protruding, which would then be forcibly jammed downwards. This was incredibly violent and incredibly illogical, but they believed it worked wonders. Again, if you can find success in violently knocking the game against the first step on its way down please let us know.



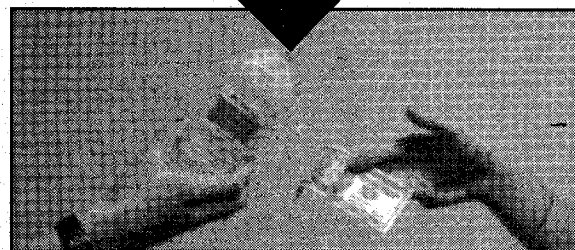
The Pap Smear

Some say that wetting the inside of the cartridge is a sure-fire way to ruin your gold copy of Zelda. I say it's a sure-fire way to fun! Get a regular old cotton swab (or Q-tip if you're fancy) and wet the end. Saliva works best but tap water will get the job done too. Now give each side of the card a quick couple of swipes. Make sure there is no excess liquid inside but don't sweat it since any self-respecting NES aficionado worth his weight in Rupees will blow into the cartridge before inserting. Using the Pap Smear Method, you will be astonished at how much dirt actually collects on the inside of the cartridge. If you're feeling especially adventurous, you can try swabbing the inside of the console too but I warn you; these are uncharted territories. I once knew a kid that tried to swab the console and died.



The Hail Mary

This is the all-out, balls to the wall, last ditch effort. When the system doesn't respond to anything else it's time for an overhaul. No one really knows how an NES works but everyone thinks they do. So you go to CVS and buy Q-Tips, canned air, isopropanol, and a screwdriver. Proceed to open the system with the screwdriver, use the canned air to blow out all the dust, saliva, excrement, and other bodily fluids. Drench the Q-Tips in the isopropanol and wipe every surface until it shines. Put the system back together if you can and hope for the best.



The Two Dollar Whore

You pick up the NES for a night of fun and tell it all you want to do to it. After checking for a badge you begin to shove the cartridge into the system and turn it on to see if it works. When it doesn't, like the bitch would comply immediately, you rip the cartridge from the system and repeat. The system will know its place before the end. You continue to shove and rip until the system works like it should or until it's dead.



Read a Book

No, really. Read a goddamn book. Or better yet, go outside and get some air. Maybe even talk to someone. Talk to them specifically NOT about video games. I know it sounds scary and new, but just try it. Maybe one day you can even make friends.

A Note on How to Sell Out...

I usually wait until someone else gets the NES working. I'll try it a few times to quite a few times, but after a while I know there's an easier way. NES ROMs. That's a lot of capital letters, but you know what I'm talking about.

I've got myself a dandy little flash card for my Gameboy Advance SP, or GBASP for those of us "in the know." On this flash card, I've amassed a number of ROMs for an NES Emulator. I should take the time to clarify the meaning of things now. NES stands for Nintendo Entertainment System. Flash card is a small game cartridge that uses flash memory to store ROMs and emulators. An emulator allows you to play ROMs on a device other than the intended system. For instance, I can use an emulator on my PC, my Xbox or my GBASP to play NES ROMs. I don't know what ROM stands for, nor do I care much; a ROM is the raw data of a cartridge-based game in a digital format. A ROM allows me to laugh and gloat at the people trying furiously to get the NES system working with credit cards, pieces of paper and the satanic offerings of human souls and first-born children. These little flash cards can cost a pretty penny, however, and we all like taking our pretty pennies to the grave with us. So for the cheap, there is another solution. The "Top-Loading NES."

The top-loading NES is rare and exquisite, as it accepts game cartridges from the top rather than the front. It's a step up from the original NES, just as the DeLorean was from those dinky cars that you had to get out of and wind up. Where the original NES had a hinged flap that you had to move manually, the top-loading NES had a spring loaded top flap that kept dust out of the system better, thereby providing greater performance. This setup will cost you less immediately, but you will need to purchase each game you want to play. The flash card and ROM setup will cost less in the long run because people "rip" NES games in record time and provide them free on the internet, if you know where to look. Besides, the flash card and ROM setup also carries the stigma of being a pirate, and who doesn't want to be a pirate?

TOP TEN

Things The EPA Will No Longer Do

- 10 Fuck around. In fact, first they'll change their name to the Agency to Protect the Environment and then they'll go A.P.E. shit on your ass.
- 9 Leave Xerox machines plugged in at EPA Christmas parties.
- 8 Offer sandwiches to all comers.
- 7 Beat their wives. They promise.
- 6 Take any crap from the Dept. of the Interior.
- 5 Read the letters you send. You crackhead.
- 4 Listen to Congress when it determines that misleading phony news broadcasts touting the President's programs are illegal propaganda activities.
- 3 Make change for a dollar.
- 2 Your Mom (some government agencies have scruples).
- 1 Their Job.

Battle

of the

Century

Mr. Potato Head

Terry Schiaivo

VS

- Removable hat
- Will accept plastic moustache in eyehole
- Better shot at the presidency than Condaleeza Rice
- Good time waster
- Reminds me of playful childhood

PRO

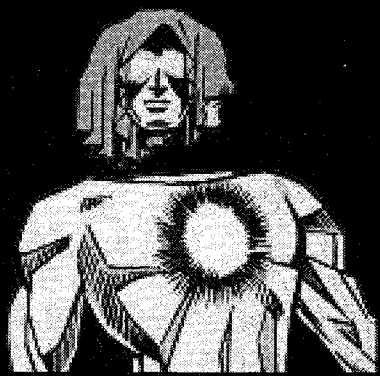
- Removable feeding tube
- Will accept plastic moustache in tube hole
- Better shot at presidency than Condaleeza Rice
- Good listener
- Reminds me of helpless, incontinent infancy

- Plastic has replaced natural potato

CON

- Provides companionship to Tom Delay in House Cloak Room
- Hogs play time
- Speechwriter for George W Bush
- Entertaining for about a week

- Spinal fluid has replaced brain
- Inspired Tom DeLay
- Hogs the news
- Upcoming "youthful indiscretion" for GW Bush
- Entertaining for about a week



The Living Tribunal Passes Judgement On: Deus Ex Machina

Animal Man: *Deus Ex Machina*

It doesn't take Tony Danza to answer, "Who's the Boss?" In *Animal Man: Deus Ex Machina*, the quest for truth leads to life-altering conclusions for both creator and creation.

PHILOSOPHY

Animal Man confronts God, or at least a reasonable facsimile of God. To us, the reader, his "God" is merely Animal Man scribe Grant Morrison indulging in a self-admittedly trite moment of writing himself in the story. Case in point, it is alluded to by Morrison himself that this whole fiasco is a byproduct of his limitations as a writer. The death of Animal Man's family, the inner turmoil and temporal displacement that resulted from this tragedy; all of this was merely an attempt by the author to infuse pain and "random violence" into the book.

So why is the employment of this literary device so substantively moving, so utterly unique in regards to its presence in other mediums? People from Woody Allen, to Kurt Vonnegut have indulged in it, but neither had tapped the same particular emotional resonance that is apparent here. It could be the very nature of comic books that allows this moment to become possible, the semi-fatalistic, but ultimately liberating aspect of a character remaining constant, while the creative force behind it tends to suffer from schizophrenia.

In a reversal of type, the God explains to his creation that, if anything, it is he that is immortal, that it is he who is the creator. Also against type, Grant Morrison turns out to show pity on his character, infusing him with a new beginning. In the end, he comes off as the shallow, a one dimensional manipulator, while the character of Animal Man achieves a new level of depth and permanence.

As with most of Morrison's work, this story illicit random tidbits of Nietzsche knowledge. If anything, I'd say this work focuses mainly on his later work, where a desperate degree of manic necessity forced out some of his most challenging thoughts. Twilight of The Idols immediately comes to mind, as the standards and preconceptions of our heroes and their perceived "creators" are tossed into a fray, creating war upon each other, possibly birthing something profoundly unique and new. This is all a loose emphasis, as is usual with anything by Morrison, due to the structural limitations to comic books. A tale of a million ideas condensed into a 32 page picture show. A daunting task to attempt, yet Morrison pulls it off admirably.

PSYCHOLOGY

At some point in everyone's life, loss will have to be dealt with. Whether it be death, divorce or misplacing a pen, grief is an unpleasant emotion that will have to be faced. In "Deus Ex Machina", Buddy Baker, or 'Animal Man', as he's better known as in the superhero community, experiences what most people have only had the displeasure of dreaming about. After a long day of heroism, Buddy came home and found his wife and two children sprawled out on the kitchen floor, with fatal gunshot wounds in their respective sternums. According to pop psychology, Buddy will deal with this loss in a strictly defined, stage-process manner that must be completed in order for him to heal fully.

The first emotion Buddy will experience is denial. Instead of grieving in a traditional manner, Buddy will simply not accept the loss. At first, our protagonist doesn't feel anything. The first utterance he makes upon witnessing the macabre scene splayed before him is a reserved "no." Once he has come to grips with the fact that what he is experiencing is not a dream, Buddy moves on to anger, the second stage in the grieving process. Most of his anger is directed inward, as Buddy blames himself for his own inadequacies as a superhero. After smashing a mirror with his head and murdering the corporate tycoons that ordered the hit on his family, Buddy decides that there must be something he can do to bring his family back.

In other words, Buddy has moved to the bargaining stage. What this means is that he will desperately try to make some kind deal that will bring his family back. To do this, Buddy visits the time traveler Rip Hunter. After lying about a crime that needed to be stopped, Buddy acquired a time machine, and went back to when his family was still alive. Although Buddy was determined to save them, he actually did himself a disservice. The tricky thing about these stages is that one has to go through all of them in order to heal. Normally, when someone tries to bargain for the lives of their loved ones with a higher power, it doesn't work and the person moves on to the next stage. In Buddy's case, however, the bargain paid off.

In going back in time, Buddy has disrupted his personal healing process. By succeeding in his sad bargaining plea, he is unable to move onto the stages of depression and acceptance. In fact, while in the past, Buddy doesn't just get stuck in the bargaining process, he actually regresses all the way back to denial. While back in time, Buddy discovers that his machinations are actually ineffective, and he is unsuccessful in resurrecting his family. Unfortunately for Buddy, he may be caught in a perpetual loop of denial, anger, and bargaining, in the perennial search for the happiness that his family brought him. Luckily, the grieving process is a highly predictable and finite endeavor, and Buddy will heal as soon as he accepts the fact that his family is not coming back.

BIOLOGY

In *Animal Man: Deus Ex Machina*, peyote leads to truth. Well...sort of. The protagonist Animal Man and his cohort Dr. James Highwater journey to Arizona in search of truth. Their quest leads them to a mountaintop, on which they find peyote buttons and that smell.

Peyote (*Lophophora williamsii* or *Lophophora diffusa*) is a small, spineless cactus, whose crown is used for hallucinogenic purposes. (I wonder if it's like the crown that Burger King wears. Hey, Burger King doesn't wear a crown. Some king. No courts or jesters or what not.) When the crown is removed and dried, hard, brown discs named "mescal buttons" develop. These buttons are consumed for their psychedelic properties. Peyote can be chewed or soaked in water to generate an indigestible solution. The peyote buttons can also be ground and smoked with leaf materials, like tobacco or cannabis.

The main active psychedelic compound is mescaline, C11 H17 NO3 (3,4,5-trimethoxy-beta-phenethylamine.) Specifically, mescaline is an amphetamine. Mescaline has a similar chemical structure to stimulants, like methamphetamine (meth), and empathogens, like MDMA (ecstasy). Mescaline is also similar to catecholamines, such as dopamine, epinephrine (adrenaline), and norepinephrine (noradrenaline). As a result, mescaline can interfere with the effects of the catecholamines on the brain.

Mescaline can be taken orally as a powder, a tablet, a capsule, or a liquid. Liquid? I'm thirsty, so thirsty. Why? Maybe, I got a terminal something. Maybe, it's going to kill me. I'm just thirsty. But, I wasn't like this a week ago. After I ate that lunch that that lunch I felt cold. Maybe, they put something in it. No. They looked funny at me. Yes. I felt bad. Those jerks! How do they think they are! They probably put something in my water. Yeah, water. Thirsty. Cold water. Cold liquid. In its purest liquid form, mescaline can also be injected. A typical dosage is 300-500 mg. Effects usually occur within one to two hours and taper ten to twelve hours after administration.

Mescaline produces various perceptual, cognitive, and emotional experiences among users. These responses are dependent on dose size, setting, expectation, personality, and drug history. One documented case of mescaline use revealed a possibility of prolonged psychotic state akin to paranoid schizophrenia. This result most likely occurs in those that are previously diagnosed as mentally ill.

The physical effects of mescaline usage include numbness, tension, anxiety, muscle twitches, dizziness, and pupil dilation. Other physical effects are elevated blood pressure and heart rate, intense nausea and vomiting, increased body temperature and sweating, and chills and shivering. The psychological effects include vivid mental images and distorted vision. Synesthesia, the experience of seeing music and hearing colors, is also common. Other psychological effects include altered spatial and time perception, exhilaration, extreme anxiety, terror, distorted perceptions of body, heightened sensory experiences, difficulty in concentrating, loss of perception of reality, preoccupation with trivial thoughts, confusion, paranoia, and depression. This orange tastes funny.

Tolerance to peyote or mescaline can occur quickly after multiple uses, especially within three to six days. Tolerance to other drugs, such as LSD, can also occur. With a period of abstinence, sensitivity can be restored. However, physical or psychological dependence has not been recorded. However, it could happen.

The Living Tribunal is: Michael Prazak, Mike Billings and Chris Williams

HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

Robots

By Eddie Zadorozny

Nuts, screws, bolts, washers, everything that fastens, joins and connects pieces that are equated with assemblage, required. We have all been there before; we put parts together and in the end there is a missing bolt, or an extra screw, or it simply takes us three hours to read the directions on how to put part A into part B (Ikea loves us). The same directions that help to build and erect show no missing pieces in the construction of the very whimsical assembled film *Robots*.

The story itself is its usual self, with all these computer generated family films; there is a moral lesson to be learned and, as always, it's about the importance of family. Also, for the hero to, most importantly, impress himself as he changes from boy to man. It is your basic fish out of water scenario, with all the elements of lessons learned, maturity and the sheep leaving its flock. In this case, it's our young spark plug, Rodney Copperbottom, voiced by Ewan McGregor, erected by his parents in a amusing birth scenario. Rodney leaves the world that he has grown up in and heads to the big city in the hopes of impressing his father and inspiring to his idol, Mr. Big Weld, who is the innovator of all that is creative in Robot City.

The story is simplistic and sincere, as most of these computer generated family films are. They aim to entertain the child in all of us, as well as supply us with a fair amount of dialogue and scenarios, so that they don't feel totally sophomoric. Let's face it; the creativity and artistry in these computer animated family films are in a whole other stratosphere than in any other big budget Hollywood picture, it surpasses and surmises the mind.

The vividness and conception of the set pieces is an eyesore. For example, the mode of transportation in Robot City is a sight. Check out the scene when Rodney arrives in Robot City

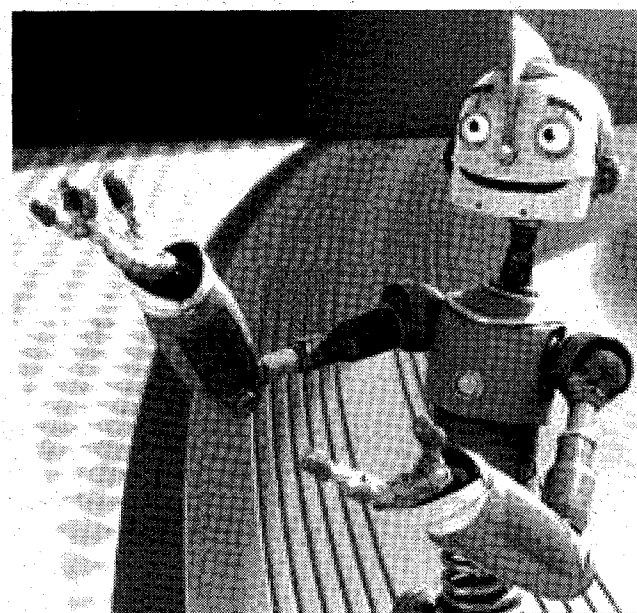
and enters the highway system. It's a combination of a car on a rollercoaster, in the middle of a pinball game, taking the form of a run away big blue marble. The creativity that went into that scene is nothing short of ingenious. The characters themselves are meticulously put together (couldn't resist that analogy). They all assemble useless scrap metal that now has a life. Robin Williams shines as Fender, his character resembles that of an oil can, his one-liners practically steal the show as he plays the friend that Rodney meets while in Robot City. Another scene-stealer is Aunt Fanny (Jennifer Coolidge), an appropriately named figure whose derriere defies all the rules, socially and physically. She is the den mother of a collection of older, outdated misfit robots who are in danger of becoming an upgrade.

The film also plays homage to *The Wizard of Oz*, as Rodney seeks out his idol, Mr. Big Weld (Mel Brooks), who is, as the wizard himself was, not as worldly as Rodney thinks. The reference there is subtle, but compared with the creativeness of vision between both worlds, eye-catching.

If the film has a flaw, I would have to say that it's the villain. It's not a major flaw, but the film has two central villains. First, Phineas T. Ratchet (Greg Kinnear), who runs Big Weld headquarters with aspirations of turning all spare parts into upgrades, which is trouble for all the outdated older model robots. There is also his mother, Madame Gasket (Jim Broadbent), who dominates her wimpy son with her brainwashing and exploits, all for her own personal agenda—that upgrades are useless for profit. They don't come across as memorable, or, for that matter, really deplorable, as other villains have in these standard family films. They're needed, yes, but I didn't find them to have the potential of being as dastardly as they

could have been; they just didn't shine (maybe their parts rusted—leave the villains to Disney).

Anyway, there are tons of sight gags and clever scenarios and innuendos throughout the total film; the names of the characters themselves are witty. The film's action scenes are visually creative and inventive. Also, the look of the film is imaginative as well as clever, expect laughs as well as moments of pure fun, and leave the theatre with a complete smile on your face. The completeness of this film feels like a finished erector set project; done, and prepared with no assemblage required—just enjoyment. Now, if only they could apply the same tactics to the current state of the Long Island Expressway.



ENTERTAIN ME, ROBOT.
Courtesy of 20th Century Fox Pictures

Mogwai Government Commissions: BBC Sessions

By Brian Wasser

When I first heard that Mogwai would be releasing a *BBC Sessions*, I prepared myself for the disappointment that usually comes with an album trying to capture the live energy of any band. Granted, Peel is a genius, but I wasn't expecting much. Especially considering the perfection of a live Mogwai experience. The album, needless to say, doesn't do them justice, not even with blown speakers. That said, *Government Commissions*, released last month, is likely to become a staple in the collection of anyone who cares about the future of rock. Oh, and it's absolutely brilliant as well. With only ten songs chosen from a sizeable repertoire, it had better be.

With five full-lengths, almost twenty singles/EP's, and dozens of collaborations, the Glasgow band has just about perfected a style that both defines and transcends the genre, a style that floats where comparable bands amble, a style

that remembers what post-rock is all about. They've built slowly on past work, adding new layers with each successive album, wandering from wall-of-sound Scottish punk to airy bedtime ballads, always modestly innovative, always the true Slint heirs. *Sessions*, which takes from recordings spanning 1996 to 2003, reflects well on this dynamic continuity.

It wouldn't be right to start off with any other than the one true Mogwai opener, "Hunted by a Freak," their only number ever to approach "pop" flavor and length. The album ends with the other recent track, "Stop Coming To My House." If Mogwai have perfected anything in the last decade, it's how to close an album. I could sleepwalk to this and never wake up.

Sandwiched in between, is an eight-song collection that approaches "best of" status. I've

never figured out if "Kappa" was a genuine song, or a genuine joke with which they mocked advertisement culture. I've never figured out how the white noise at the peak of "Superheroes of BMX" could sound so pleasant.

And I've never figured out what it is about the undisputed king of all Mogwai masterpieces, the gem that steals this album's spotlight, that gives me an out-of-body experience every time I've heard it live. "New Paths to Helicon, Pt. 1" is certainly the song most true fans will reminisce about decades from now. In Greek mythology, Mount Helicon was the home of the nine Muses who were responsible for creative inspiration, for art. It is aptly named; nothing else even comes close to this, an epic in which five normally irreverent Scotsmen suddenly find themselves wrestling with something vastly larger than themselves.

As with all teases, this release will endure only insofar as it successfully evokes dim echoes of the veritable head-fucking guitar rush only Mogwai can so flawlessly pull off on stage. Unless you have the chance to hear these songs live, you're never going to completely feel it. Somehow, for this band, the truth of that cliché rings a bit louder. For the rest, this album is the next best thing.



SCOTTISH PUNK? ANY BAGPIPES?
Courtesy of Brian Wasser

THE LONELIEST REVIEW

Blue Background *Are You Listening*

By Mike Fabbri

Sit down in nice chair. Turn on computer. Place Blue Background album into CD tray. Open my Nullsoft's WinAmp. Hit play. Commence vomiting sequence.

It was probably about three seconds into the first song on the album that I realized that the lead singer is a mixture between Avril Lavigne and Burger King. This is not a good thing for Blue Background. I am also reminded of Lisa Loeb mixed with some sort of lard infused taco salad. This is another one of those not so good things for Blue Background.

It is hard for one to actually review this album as actually listening to it is worse than getting my wisdom teeth pulled. And at least with getting my wisdom teeth pulled I got some Vicodin for all my trouble. Those were some nice Vicodin though. Any time a dentist wants to pull your teeth, make sure you are fully medicated on Vicodin.

The more generic names for Vicodin is acetaminophen and hydrocodone. Some of the more important information that you should know about your acetaminophen and hydrocodone:

1. Hydrocodone is definitely habit form-

ing. It is very well possible to become physically and psychologically dependent on this medication. Not to mention that withdrawal effects may occur if acetaminophen and hydrocodone is stopped suddenly after several weeks of continuous use.

2. Now, they also tell you to avoid alcohol while taking acetaminophen and hydrocodone. Alcohol can increase drowsiness and dizziness caused by the drugs, possibly resulting in unconsciousness and death. It can also decimate your liver.

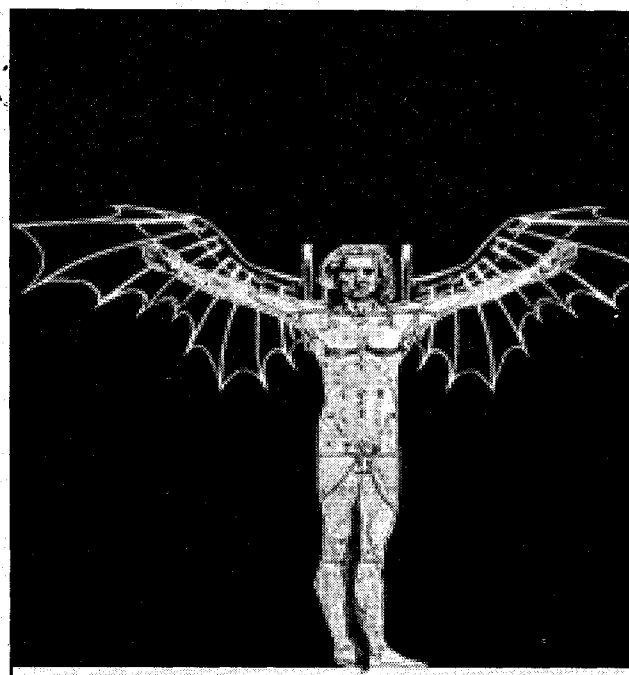
3. Dangerous sedation, dizziness, or drowsiness may occur if acetaminophen and hydrocodone is taken with most other drugs of the same ilk.

4. Acetaminophen and hydrocodone may also cause constipation apparently. Drink plenty of water (six to eight full glasses a day) to lessen this side effect. Increased fiber in the diet may also help to alleviate constipation.

So back to the issue at hand, all I have to say about these plump emo wanna be punks, is that they should put their fucking instruments down and pick up a less musically offensive hobby, like prostitution.



BUT IT'S A GRAYSCALE PICTURE...
Courtesy of Blue Background



How do you
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THE STONY BROOK PRESS



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HER BACK, COME AND GET HER.**

**MEETINGS WEDNESDAYS AT 1 pm
STUDENT UNION ROOM o6o**



Rape and David Ginn and Doctor Pepper

By Tom Senkus

Let me first explain the title. In no way are David Ginn, staffer for *The Stony Brook Press*, and rape related. Well, as far as story is concerned anyways. Regardless, he's a handsome guy and I know how you ladies do. One day, you're all, "David, complete me with your horse penis," and the next, you're crying R-A-P-E in cheerleader fashion, blasting down the doors with your local Womyn's group, and riot grll-ing it up in the hizzie. Fo' shizzle (translation: For shame...)

So let me begin this narration.

I was working for seven hours straight on a mix tape project for my friend. Since 5 PM, I slaved over WUSB's antiquated equipment, as well as coping with my own ineptness on said project. In the euphoric rush to start the project, I grabbed my guitar, microphones, patch chords and other paraphernalia, and dove in. Having completed one of the most intense slabs of Mix Tape Awesomeness, I sleepy-eye stumbled to my van.

My van is a '93 AstroVan. Blue, too. The interior has inspired such sayings as, "this is so pimp," and, "how did you afford this," and so forth. Needless to say, the van's in great condition. When I took out the floor mats, I found a tape of Hispanic music. The genre baffles me; it seems that the guitarist always leaves his damn chorus pedal on, with lyrics perpetually circe de "amor" y "besando" y "cantando." Et cetera, et cetera. Another fine feature of the van is the folding out rear seat into a mini bed. Many a time have I fallen asleep in its warm embrace, near the Sayville docks, breathing in the fresh sea air, my psyche massaged by the inexhaustible ebb flow. I feel one with the universe on that bed.

On my way to the car, I cell phoned for a veal parmigiana hero from Little Vincent's. I don't think eating meat is wrong, especially when it's this delicious. Anywho, as I went to start the car, nothing. No click, no blasting radio, no life. Separated from the universe. Skipping the depression, I thought on my feet.

A couple walked to their car.

"Excuse me, I don't suppose you guys

have jumper cables?"

"No, but you see that blue light," said the male, and I looked. "Well, if you dial 3-3-3 on it, you can get the security guards to help you out."

I thanked them, and went to my next task.

After the tenth of a mile walk, I depressed the button underneath the blue light. In Gatsby terms, what the hell does blue mean, if green was money? I ponder this question now, but back then, a voice came on—

"Hello."

"Yea, my car died." I explained that I must have left the lights on in my car as I— 'CLICK'

The line went dead.

Try again.

Dead.

Five minutes.

Dead.

The line comes back, and as I utter my cell phone number, 'CLICK'

Dead.

Any rape victim: Dead.

Finally, after ten minutes of this banter, I've been told a police officer has been dispatched. Lovely.

A frantic David Ginn comes up to me in an SUV of sorts. He explains that he went all through the Student Union looking for the idiot individual (my words, not his) that left their car lights on. "I checked everywhere," he said, somewhat downtrodden, but when I say I was holed up in the radio station, he seemed defeated. No no no, Mr. Ginn, you've done enough. For

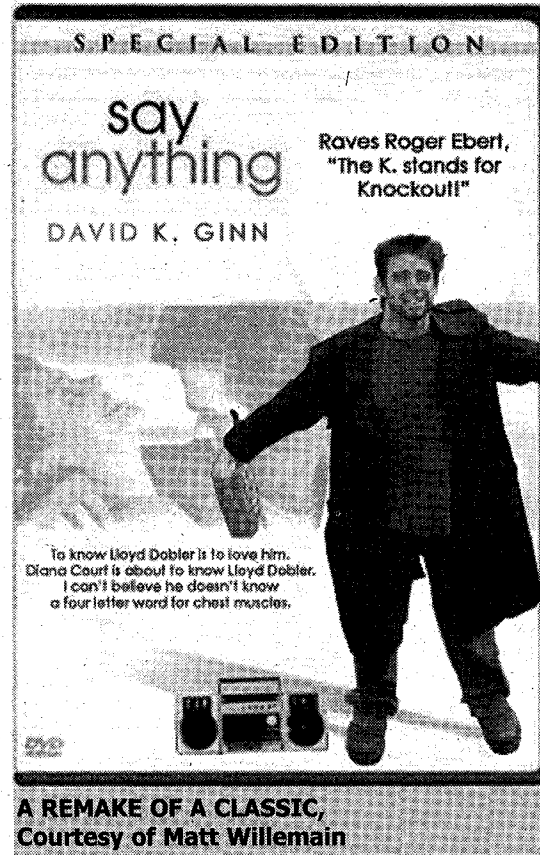
a stranger to seem genuinely concerned about a supposed strangers' vehicle, well, I'm doe-eyed thinking about it.

"I got a cop coming, but thanks," seemed like a weak response. What the fuck could I do to possibly help this human being out, and as he left, the idea came.

Write an article about it. So here's to you, David Ginn.

So I digress. To make light of rape. Here's an idea; what's up with all the movies and ass rape? Come on, Hollywood. *Deliverance* would have disturbed me a lot less if Ned Beatty didn't squeal like a pig and get rammed by some cracker spawn. Uggh...<<shudder>>Where was I? Cracker spawn? My addiction to Dr. Pepper?

Yea, that's it, Dr. Pepper. Seriously, who licensed him? Then again, there's no period after the "Dr", so I assume this doctor to be the equivalent to Dr. Nick from *The Simpsons*. "Hi Everybody!" So he says. Hell, I give myself titles all the time. I sent a letter to my brother, who foolishly is in the Army now, in an envelope with the return address of "Admiral Tom Senkus". I'd make a damn good Admiral, but frankly, who's got time to blow up small nations of bro—



On Terri Schiavo

By Sam Goldman

Continued from page 12

President Bush, who, dramatically, decided to cut his vacation short to sign said extraordinary legislation. And anyone who stands in their way, whether it's Michael Schaivo, or judge after judge after judge who has sided with him, is branded as a godless heathen who is going against the will of the people, or worse, someone who doesn't care about life.

Do these people even care about Terri Schaivo? Have they even gone to see her? Have they spent the night at her bedside? Have they spoken with her doctors, or attended to her medical care? Have they spent hours looking into those large eyes hoping to find a spark of life, of sentience? Have they seen her sit there, staring vacantly into space for hours at a time? Have they felt the pain that the Schindlers and Michael Schaivo have gone through? Have they even spoken to any of them?

I believe that these people, people like Tom Delay and Bill Frist, do not care about Values. If they did, they would value Michael and Terri Schaivo's right to privacy. They would value the opinion of judge after judge who has stated that there is proof beyond a rea-

sonable doubt that Terri Schaivo would have wanted to die. They would value the opinion of doctor after doctor who says she is in a permanent vegetative state. They would refrain from taking the most personal, the most emotionally draining, and the most emotionally harrowing of circumstances for anyone, and using it as an opportunity to improve their standing in the polls. And I believe that these people will end up in Hell for how they have used the sorry situation for their own personal gain.

Everyone has a story. Everyone knows someone; an aunt, an uncle, a mother, a father, a son, a daughter, a friend. Everyone has felt the pain, or knows someone who has. And I think that, whether you agree with Michael or the Schindlers, that even in a situation like Terri's where the facts are in dispute, no one—no one—should have to attempt to make the hardest of decisions in an arena of pitiful self-serving political grandstanding.

But that, sadly, is Politics circa 2000. People talking about Values while displaying a stunning lack of them.

NEWSBOY: —sorry to interrupt.

ME: That's quite alright, but you're going to have to say sorry to the readers.

NEWSBOY: There's no time.

ME: No time?

NEWSBOY: None!

ME: Is that so?

NEWSBOY: What's so?

ME: That there's no time.

NEWSBOY: Ummm...well...I'm sorry to interrupt this article, but it appears that because of David's actions, Palestine and Israel have resolved their differences. An angel received its wings in Heaven, or some guy named Angel has started watching *Wings* on TBS, and a canoli in Little Italy just got a little bit sweeter. Either that, or that canoli just got sprinkled with more powdered sugar. I'm pretty sure it was David, though. Take my word for it.

ME: Is that all?

NEWSBOY: No...you're a faggot! (*Newsboy makes a run for it*)

ME: You piece of shit!

(The two run off, Tom and the newsboy, Jerry, down the street. Laughter and merriment ensues, to the tune of fast-motion animation, Benny Hill-style. Watching was a man crouched in thought, thinking the end of American Graffiti to be excessively morbid. Why did the nerd have to die? And even if he had to, don't we all die eventually, leading us to have the same epitaph. Then he broke wind. "I'm alive," he thought, "and I've just begun to live." He broke wind again, stood up, and saw a young newsboy walk arm in arm with a voluptuous blond, while a twenty something failure named Tom lay in a pool of his own seething vengeance. "Oh fuck, why did I have to write this on a typewriter? When I wrote 'vengeance', I meant urine.")

Interview with Marcel Votlucka On First Drunken Experience

By Archluck von Qualueter

The *Stony Brook Press* is privileged to present you with an exclusive interview with *Press* editor and staff writer Marcel Votlucka about his experiences with getting drunk for the first time. Enjoy!

SB Press: First off, thanks for giving us this EXCLUSIVE interview—screw you Statesman!

Marcel Votlucka: You're very welcome. Care for some rum?

Press: Why thank you. So, why don't you start by giving us a bit of background info on yourself?

MV: Splendid. Well, I'm a copy editor and staff writer for the *Press*. I'm 21, a graduating Psychology Major, and I'm from Queens, NY. My goal is to be an author and journalist, and I've already written a novel and a collection of short stories, which I hope to get published someday.

Press: Nerd...

MV: What did you say?

Press: Nothing! So, uh, what've you been up to lately?

MV: Right now I'm working on another novel, but it's not turning out so well. I'm currently looking into getting a boyfriend, but that's not working out too well either. Also, I—

Press: WHAT!!! (eyes pop out of head a la *Roger Rabbit*)

MV: Put your eyes back in their sockets. It disgusts me.

Press: D-Did you just say *boyfriend*?

MV: (rolls eyes) Uh, yeah.

Press: B-but that means...I-it means...you're...

MV: That's right, I'm a ho...mo...sexual!

Press: (falls off chair) AAAAAAIIIIIIIII-IEE! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my frickin' God! I can't frickin' believe this! No way! No frickin' way!

MV: Christ Almighty, is it that big a shock?

Press: Well, you don't really come off as gay... I mean, look at how you dress! Old, beat up sneakers, camouflage pants, a hoodie, an orange trucker hat?! Hello! What in Hell's Bells were you thinking when you bought that thing? Ugh!

MV: Y'know, other people have said the same thing about that hat. Is it the color? Is the color too jarring? Would it be better if it were black or blue—they are my favorite colors after all—

Press: No, no, no...it just doesn't mesh well with the rest of the outfit.

MV: But it's an expression of my self-esteem.

Press: Well, get some more. It's 5 bucks a pop down at the Wellness Center.

MV: Oh well...in that case, I'll keep wearing it. Can't look *too* faggoty while riding the subway...them subway preachers on the N train are hella creepy and quite zealous.

Press: Fine. Have it your way. Back to the original question...

MV: Yeah, what the hell were we talking about anyway?

Press: (looks through notes)

MV: That's not very professional. And this better be off the record. If I see a word of protest about my cute trucker hat when this goes to print I'm gonna kick your ass.

Press: Okay, I was asking about what you've been up to lately.

MV: Okay, well, my novel's not going too well...I'm having problems finding true love, so I've settled on getting drunk on occasion. I started last month after three and a half years of going through college clean and sober. Boy I sure feel lousy after discovering all the fun I've missed out on all these years.

Press: Why did you wait so long to start drinking?

MV: 'Cause I wasn't sure of what would happen after consuming copious amounts of alcohol. I figured I'd become really violent or angry or

depressed and end up practicing cartwheels in front of a moving train or something stupid like that. I was afraid I'd lose control of myself and do something stupid. I was also afraid I'd become hooked and become an alcoholic. Y'know, paranoid shit like that.

Press: So, the fear and paranoia held you back.

MV: Yep. But it turns out I just get really horny and slutty.

Press: Awesome.

MV: Yes, it is. But it's always such a hassle to buy liquor 'cause I gotta carry around all these fake IDs, and pray to Allah I don't get caught every time I buy booze.

Press: What's with the fake IDs?

MV: I'm wanted in thirty two states.

Press: Sure you are.

MV: No really, I am.

Press: Yeah, sure, I believe you.

MV: Fuck you man, I'll prove it. (puts on *America's Most Wanted*) See?

Press: All right, all right already! I believe you! Gawd, must you show off like this?

MV: Do I detect a tinge of jealousy?

Press: No. Let's get back to the interview.

MV: Does the fact that I am a notorious wanted man accused of bank fraud all over the Bible Belt make you regret the fact that you're an unknown loser writing for a piss rag student publication in stinky Long Island?

Press: You happen to write for this piss rag. And I'm asking the questions here, not you. Know your role and shut your mouth, then open it again to answer inquiries!

MV: Whoops. I forgot, you're from the *Press*, not from *The Patriot*. My bad. I love the *Press*, please don't kick me out, Flip!

Press: Uh...okay...so anyway, what do you like to drink? Beer?

Continued on page 31

When Waking Up Late Just Makes Sense

By Efrén Madrid

I find myself at Sears. Looking at alarm clocks. Loathing the fact. Fuck! I just bought one a few weeks ago. Though, for the last week, I have missed class, have been late to class and have slept through scheduled homework sessions (fuck, I'm a geek). It's been all on the account of my fucken alarm clock not going off. The last time it didn't go off, I laid in bed looking at the fucken thing, unable to go to sleep. I knew what it was thinking: "Should I wake this fucker up?" Apparently it fucken didn't. I had slept through an entire class and woke up two minutes prior to the next.

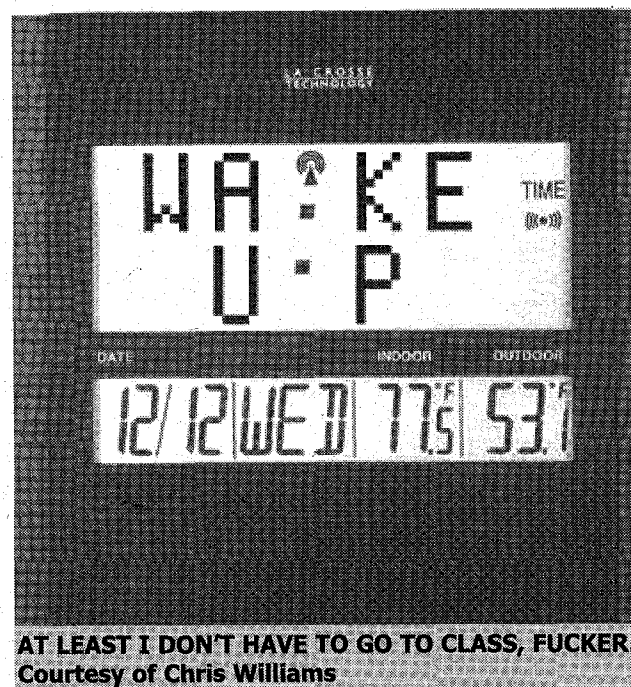
"Oh alarm clock, what did I ever do to have you treat me this way?"

"Well, you fucken neglected me. Over the last few weeks you've ridden snooze. How many times you ask me? I've lost count. How long do you ride snooze? For the entire three fucken hours. I go off eighteen times for you, and you don't get up. And then you fucken insult me by setting me another hour or two ahead, so we go through the same bullshit, you fucken lazy bastard. Just get up!"

"Oh, alarm clock, I know I have problems getting up in the morning, but I'm working on it."

"Bullshit! You think I don't know Mr. Sony, model CR9977? You were fifteen and still doing the same shit. And don't think he didn't tell me about how you abused him. Poor thing, you used to pound him with your fist. Why?

Because he was doing what you told him to do? I'm lucky I'm not Mr. Phillips, AJ3011, getting beer bottles thrown at me. Beer bottles hurt



fucker! It's been over seven years and you still can't get up. And please, call me Mr. Timex. Alarm clock sounds too general."

I find myself at Sears. Angry at the fact

that I have to dish out another ten, fifteen bucks. When I arrived back at my room, I decided to get even with Mr. Timex. I placed my new Mr. Sony on top of Mr. Timex. "Take that, fucker," I thought to myself. To top it off, I made sure to time Mr. Sony at the correct time, while I let Mr. Timex lag three minutes behind. Just think of the symbolism.

Let's just say that Mr. Timex didn't take it all that well. The next morning, while I was purposely riding through snooze (hey, I'm not going to let Mr. Timex tell me how to live my life), guess who decided to do his job three minutes into Mr. Sony's snooze? It was a nightmare. I had to get up 36 times, fumbling and trying to figure which one was going off. Not fully conscious, of course. This has been going on everyday until now. You must be shaking your head, asking, "Oh Efrén, why don't you do something about it? Why do you continue to torture yourself?"

I quote you Friedrich Nietzsche: "I assess the power of a will by how much resistance, pain, torture it endures and knows how to turn to its advantage." The advantage, in my case, being that I get a few more hours of sleep, which allows me to thrive in this cruel, harsh and difficult world; a world that requires a hell of a fight everyday. Now, Mr. Timex, where would I be had I waken up on time?

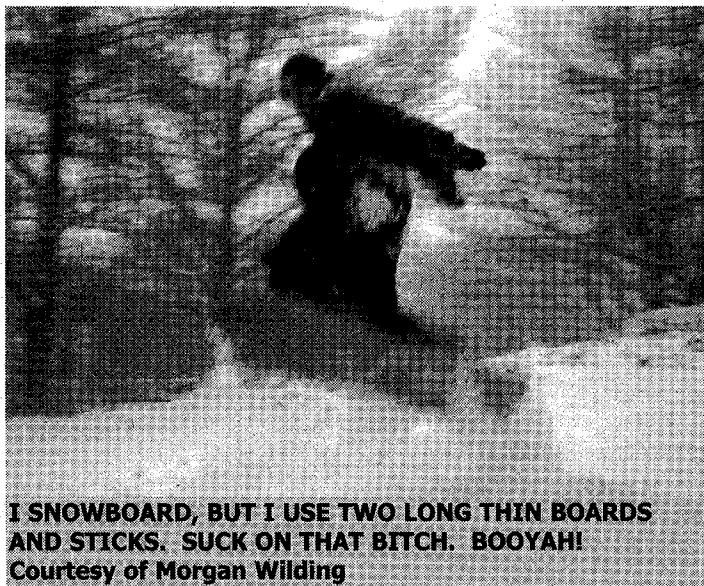
Classes Cancelled: Students Take Advantage

By Morgan Wilding

Wednesday, March 9:

Classes after 3:45pm were cancelled yesterday as large amounts of snow fell on the Stony Brook campus. Many students, primarily commuters, used the reprieve to leave town while the roads were still vaguely drivable (or else arranged to spend the night at a friend's dorm). Yet some students decided to take advantage of the foul weather and make use of the snow, by then inches-deep and covering the campus.

Sophomores David LaPoma and Jon Dela Grande, both mechanical engineering majors from Mendelssohn Quad, carried their snowboards and some trash bins all the way to Tabler Quad, where there was a hill they knew of that, they said, would make for good snowboarding. Having assembled a ramp out of snow shoveled into place with recycling bins, the pair began making their hundred-foot runs down the hill between Hand College and the Tabler Arts Center.



I SNOWBOARD, BUT I USE TWO LONG THIN BOARDS AND STICKS. SUCK ON THAT BITCH. BOOYAH!
Courtesy of Morgan Wilding

The two kept on with their descents over the makeshift jump, grabbing the boards and jumping over the laid-over bins, posing in midair for the camera. Even as the snow continued to fall almost blindingly and dusk began to descend on Stony Brook, the two continued to snowboard, shouting and laughing.

The pair had a video camera set up, which was apparently pointed in the wrong direction to capture their short flights through the air.

The two describe themselves as amateur snowboarders with 2-3 years experience who happened to have their equipment at Stony Brook because they were planning on joining a private ski trip to Vermont that leaves on Saturday (March 12). The trip, they reported, would depart at roughly three in the morning and would return either very late that night or early Sunday morning.

Fight The Power

By Paula Guy

Continued from page 11

longer in Harlem. The day has lost its energy for me.

I walk around and talk to people. Someone comments on my stupid clothes; and that seems to sum it all up: Image. That's what the protest looks like from where I'm standing. The people are trying to project an image to the government and the wider world—an image of peace, and resistance. Images and policies of peace and understanding are what the US needs—instead of images and policies of self-centered greed and violence. The war in Iraq is not a good public relations exercise; protests against the war are.

The remaining protestors are moving down towards mayor Bloomberg's house. I leave the protest and drift off to Midtown. Past the police, through Central Park, towards the museums (Guggenheim, Modern Art), past horse-drawn carriages, cabs and glossy plastic people. I was back in neon-America, where there was no hope. It smelled bad here, like chewing-gum and petrol and greasy, desperate food, but I was okay. I had my own tiny pocket of difference—walking through Harlem, jumping around to bucket-drums, lying on a rock in Central Park, and something else; a vague memory of a quote from Adler: "It is easier to fight for one's principles, than to live up to them." Well, Amen.

Going, Going...Gonzo

By Rob Gilheany

I was very saddened by the suicide of Hunter Thompson. We hear, it seems, weekly of the passing of a well known person. Unlike the figures in most such news, Hunter Thompson was someone I would have liked to have met. Even though he did come across as somewhat edgy.

He was a great observer of our culture, politics and the Human Condition. He had a gift of vitriol, a purple writer—who was good. I had five of his books, *Hell's Angels*, the two 'fear and loathing' books: 'Las Vegas' and 'on the campaign trail', *A Generation of Swine*, and *The Rum Diary*. Hunter Thompson was a believer in the ideals and values of the 1960's. We all know about his drugs and wild living. He said that he would not recommend the lifestyle that he lead. He was a supporter of Civil Rights, and an opponent of the Vietnam War.

In his first novel, *Hells Angels*, he wrote about living with, and traveling with, the infamous motorcycle club in 1965. In this work, he described getting the shit kicked out of him. He also makes comparisons between the world views of people who live on mountains and people who don't. He also talked about having the Angels oppose the Vietnam War. The leader of the Hells Angels, Sonny Berger, just dismissed the protesters as "Chicken shit". Hunter said that if Sunny Berger gave the green light, you can bet that the Angels would be gung ho against the war.

The main theme in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* was Hunter Thompson's lament that the '60s were over and the '70s were going to be an ugly time. He used metaphors that were current, like Nixon (he represented the violent side of the American character) or Ali Losing to Frasier. Hunter said something to the effect

that Ali (representing a stand up, charismatic guy) "got beat by a human hamburger." The movie, that was very close and friendly to the book, left out some of the cultural references to "The year of Our Lord, 1971." As he and his lawyer were riding out of Barstow, as the drugs kick in, Hunter (in the book) commented on the radio music. There is an awful song by this thing called Three Dog Night, about a Frog that brings Joy to the World. He made a swipe at John Lennon and his song "Imagine", "That is his political song, ten Years too late. Punks like that should just sit down."

His description of the '60s, and what was good and valuable about that time, was this little sentence, "to describe the '60s, it is the speeches of Robert Kennedy and the music of the Rolling Stones."

Hunter Thompson's lament in that book was that the dream of the '60s was dying. He talked about the peace movement and the hippies and San Francisco of '67. He said that the forces of peace was going to win. Not by force, or malevolent action or coercion. The force was going to be unstoppable, because it was right. There was a feel, and a spirituality, to the inevitability. That decade was not a feeling of overcoming by just feeling good, may the force be with you. The best sentence I have read was as follows; Tuli Kuptufeld, of the fugs, said, "The Vietnam War was an alarm clock in everyone's head, 24 hours a day."

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas was about the eventual losing, and the triumph of malevolence. At the end of the story, he looks out his window towards San Francisco, just over the horizon—like a dream of a-lost time.

He originally was going to publish *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* under the pseudonym

Raul Duke. There were questions about the 1972 presidential campaign, and whether or not he would get secret service clearance to cover the president. He finally said, "Fuck the Secret Service."

Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72 is a harsh and wonderful historical document. On Hubert Humphrey, he said, "You don't realize what a dishonest and slimy hack he is until you follow him around."

Hunter Thomson writes his book as a McGovern supporter. I like this funny Hunter Thompson story. I don't know how true it is. He went to Kinshasa, Zaire (now the Congo) to cover the Ali-Forman fight. He went there, and missed the fight.

I was in San Francisco in the summer of '87. Hunter Thompson had a regular column in *The Examiner*. He wrote about Reagan and the Contras. I read his columns religiously. Of course, his view on Reagan and the Contras was very similar to mine.

He did another campaign trail book called *A Generation of Swine* about 1988. I remember his material about Gary Hart. Thompson said that Hart was the best president in waiting we had, until he went vertical in public. Thompson was referring to Hart's campaign crashing down, after his affair with Donna Rice became public. Hunter pointed out that Hart was perceived simultaneously as a sex fiend and someone who has ice water in his veins.

There are two movies that you can rent that feature Hunter Thomson as a character. The film adaptation of his *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, starring Johnny Depp, and a film called *Where the Buffalo Room*, starring Bill Murray.

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Interview With Marcel Votlucka

By Archluck von Qualuetime

Continued from page 29

MV: Hell no! Beer's for pussies, gimme some hard liquor, dammit!

Press: How about wine?

MV: (*pinches nose and talks with French accent*) Ooh la la! I am John Kerry, look at me, I like to munch on caviar while sipping *Chianti* and *Pinot Grigio* and *Chateau LeFleur* on my luxury yacht! Ooh la la!

Press: ...okay...

MV: To be honest, I'm not much of a drinker...yet. So I'm no connoisseur. But I love Godiva Cappucino Liqueur. Twenty bucks a bottle but hey, it's worth it.

Press: Twenty bucks?! Who's the snob now?!

MV: Fuck you, I have elegant taste! That stuff is the elixir of the gods, I tell you! Handed down to us from Olympus by Dionysus himself!

Press: Anything else you like?

MV: If I really wanna get drunk off my ass, vodka's the drink of choice. Tastes like battery acid but it gets the job done. Fruit juice'll take care of that nasty taste.

Press: Good God, you fancy yourself a pro, don't you?

MV: I'll drink you under the table, lightweight. I'm Czech and Irish—the blood of a million alcoholics flows through my veins like scotch in Ted Kennedy's liver!

Press: Do you have something against Senators from Massachusetts or something?

MV: I fuckin' hate the government, yo. But that's not the issue here.

Press: Oh, I think it is.

MV: HEY! I'm the psych major here, not you. Go back to analyzing Nietzsche or something, you

wonk.

Press: I'll have you know that Nietzsche is one of the greatest philosophers who ever lived—

MV: He can't hold a candle to Ayn Rand.

Press: Well you can go fuck Ayn Rand up the ass with a serrated dildo for all I care.

MV: Okay...necrophilia isn't my thing... I think we should stop taking shots of Hennessy in between questions, don't you? I'm getting kinda antsy.

Press: Whatever man. Next question: What was your first experience like?

MV: Awkward. Very, very awkward. And messy. I just wasn't ready, but he just wouldn't listen. I was only twelve years old after all, and the bishop held such spiritual influence over me that I just couldn't resist his advances—

Press: That's *not* what I'm talking about!

MV: Well excuse me you little Commie, but I'm half drunk now so I can hardly think straight.

Press: Speaking of which, must you always flaunt your sexuality?

MV: If you heteros can do it, so can I.

Press: Tell me about your first experience drinking *alcohol*.

MV: My first time was on a Saturday night in March. I was staying at my parents' apartment in Queens, but I was all alone that weekend 'cause they'd gone off to visit family abroad. So...I figured, I have nothing to do, why not try something I've never done before! And thus I stumbled upon their liquor stash. Vodka, rum, whiskey, tequila, you name it. I just settled on the rum and vodka, which I mixed with some cranberry juice.

Press: Mixing liquors on your first time? That's hardcore. How'd it taste?

MV: Let me put it to you this way, brother. It

tasted like something you'd use to clean your car's internal combustion engine with. I nearly vomited my dinner upon the carpet.

Press: You had food before you drank? Smart move.

MV: Rice and beans. It was delicious. But not nearly as delicious as the Godiva!

Press: Oh Lord, here it comes...

MV: Shaddap! So I bought a bottle of that heavenly elixir earlier that morning. After sampling the disastrous mixture of rum and vodka I just settled on shots of Godiva. I must've had at least ten shots worth of hard liquor within a couple hours that night. I watched MAD TV while drunk, sprawled naked on the couch. And I got real chatty too, but there was nobody around to listen to my various witty remarks. I passed out and woke up on my bed four hours later wearing only my boxers and one sock.

Press: (*laughs uproariously*) The hangover must've been awful, I bet.

MV: No, not really. Just a bit fuzzy headed, but no headache.

Press: I wish I had your stamina. It probably has a lot to do with your ethnic persuasion. How much Irish do you have in you again?

MV: Not as much Irish as your mom had in her last night!

(*the entire Stony Brook Press office howls in amusement*)

Press: Th-that wasn't really necessary.

MV: Yeah it was.

Press: Screw you. This interview's over. (*runs away*)

MV: Oh well. At least I have my Godiva to keep me company. (*drinks entire bottle of Godiva Cappuchino Liqueur and passes out*)

The Internet Makes You Stupid

By Matthew Augustine

So, I opened up my Myspace profile, hoping for new messages like the whore that I am. For some sensuous female to verbally throw herself at me through the Internet. Disappointed and left wanting as always, I looked over at "My Bulletin Space," which is basically an area where people that are your friends can post messages that you, and all their friends see. If you thought Livejournal was full of attention whores, well, let's just say it pales in comparison to the stuff I expose myself to by clicking the view button. So, amongst the surveys that people fill out and send to others that really don't want to fucking read them, and the "would you—fuck me, lick me, tease me, take me home, give me your number" etc. cries for recognition, I actually found a gem. Not a gem because it was actually good, but because it was oh so bad, insert satire.

You see, I'm used to people hating Bush and Kerry, although more the former. I'm used to people badmouthing government leaders. I have three younger sisters, the younger you are the more trendy it is to hate. This seems especially prevalent when you are just coming into your identity. I don't deny them that, hell, it's a rite of passage. Unfettered hate of government and authority is the norm in my house. My sister has about three anti-Bush posters tacked to her walls. Ok, no problem. People have the right to think whatever they want, more power to you. However, when people do things blindly, it annoys me. You know, like changing lanes without looking, bumping into me because you're not watching where you're going, or preaching things like "OMG Kerry flipflops like a pancake LOLZ!!!1" forgetting to add "I heard it once on television a few weeks ago and I made it my own." I digress, because I don't expect sixteen

year-olds to be fully informed, so I'm beating a horse who isn't noticing. Yet, what was posted on my bulletin was, well, really gay. It originated from a sixteen year old, however it's going to a bunch of people who are much older, and who will probably go "oohhhhhhhh" in some-kind of revelation as a result of it. I'm here to stop that before everyone spontaneously combusts from stupidity. Here is the original message:

Question: It is time to elect a new world leader, and only your vote counts. Here are the facts about the three leading candidates:



DISAPPOINTED HE DOESN'T HAVE INTERNET; HE STARES AT DIRT INSTEAD.
Courtesy of www.loomcom.com

Candidate A: Associates with crooked politicians, and consults with astrologists. He's had two Mistresses. He also chain smokes and drinks 8 to 10 martinis a day.

Candidate B: He was kicked out of office twice, sleeps until noon, used opium in college

and drinks a quart of whisky every evening.

Candidate C: He is a decorated war hero. He's a vegetarian, doesn't smoke, drinks an occasional beer and never cheated on his wife.

Which of these candidates would be your choice?

It then proceeds to say, make your choice, don't peek, and after you have done so scroll down. Well, surprise:

Candidate A: Franklin D. Roosevelt

Candidate B: Winston Churchill

Candidate C: Adolph Hitler

I imagine we were supposed to say C. Realize we just elected Hitler, and kick ourselves in the ass, while laughing saying "That's so cool" and going on to repost this so all our friends can see. I took the path less traveled. What's great is it then goes on to say "Pretty interesting isn't it? Makes a person think before judging someone." So, I'm not really sure what the actual message is here. Are we supposed to love Hitler because we misjudged him? Or, did we judge Franklin Roosevelt poorly? Were we totally wrong about the New Deal because he likes to drink? Perhaps Winston Churchill really wasn't the Prime Minister that mobilized the British to repel and defeat the Nazis while 95% of the world awaited inevitable defeat. No, not a man who sleeps until noon, it had to have been someone behind the scenes. God, my faith in government is shaken. Here I was all this time thinking Hitler was a mass murdering mad man, alas, he's a vegetarian. How could I so misjudge someone. I mean shit, how can you hate someone that wouldn't eat Bambi? So, we are supposed to have no faith in government because everyone is

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Authority and Responsibility

By Matthew Augustine

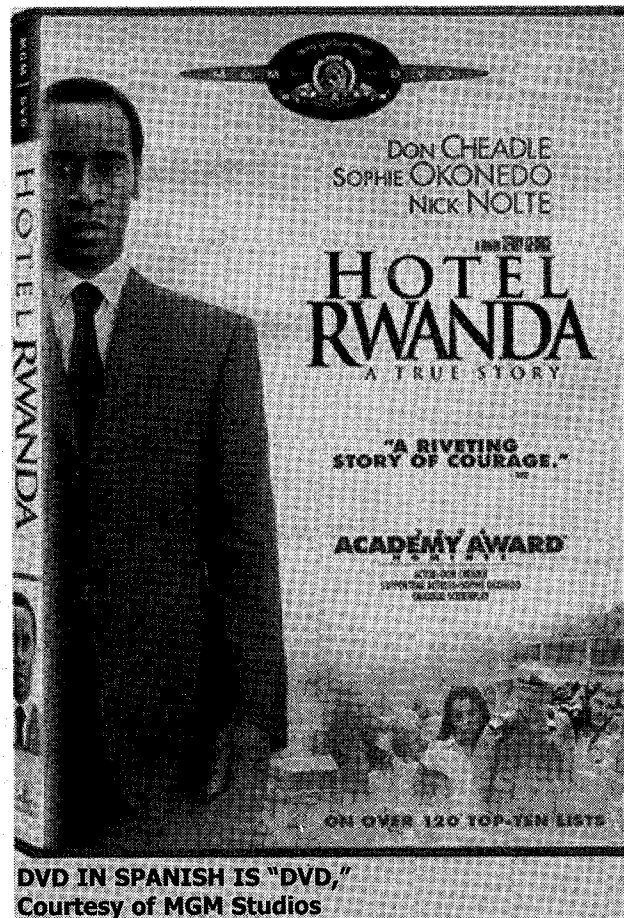
I just saw *Hotel Rwanda*. For those of you who are too enraptured with your lovers, obsessed over your grades, or cramming for tests—it's a movie about the genocide in Rwanda where over one million people were killed in a matter of months while the world turned its head. Now, I'm going to spare you a review, it's not my forte. However, this movie was so immensely compelling, provided such an interesting perspective of international relations, and was one of the best examples of what power really is.

So, what is power? Simply, the ability to make others act how you want them to. To compel others to behave as they not normally would. We've all seen the movies. Some bad guy accosts some innocent man in a vehicle, puts gun to the back of the head, and says "Drive." Some thug pulls a knife on an innocent woman, demanding "gimme ya purse." Or, come clean about your weapons of mass destruction or we will annihilate you. There are various ways you can exercise this power. It's not always violent either. A professor says to hand in the paper by Friday, or your lazy ass gets a zero. Your boss says do project X or you're fired. Clean your room, etc. Power is also not solely exercised directly by people. Laws for example are one of the most effective coercive powers. Follow these written rules, or you run the risk of losing your freedom. Stop at red lights, don't steal things, don't punch children in the face. These laws are enforced through various measures, typically the face of which is the police. If you get busted for doing something, maybe you're pissed, dejected. Perhaps you curse out the cop, cry, whatever. You may even think you had it coming. However, you do not question the cops right to subject you to questioning, to pull you over, to handcuff your stupid ass for streaking across main street.

This is legitimacy. You accept the fact it is within the cops powers to do these things to you. "He is just doing his job." In turn, by acknowledging his authority, you assent to the power of the state which forms these laws and on whose behalf he acts. If you listen to your boss, you accept his position as your superior in the workplace. Yet, if you take most people and put them in a position wherein someone demanded money at gun point, they would comply. This is clearly not legitimate use of power. However, it is just as, if not more coercive then that power which is legitimate. This is what *Hotel Rwanda* demonstrated so dramatically.

Under Belgium's colonial power the country of Rwanda was arbitrarily divided into two groups. Hutus and Tutsis. While Belgium was in control, the Tutsis were in power, and killed "not a few" Hutus. Now, with Belgium

gone, and the Hutu took over. They then started massacring the Tutsi "cockroaches" on a grand scale. Okay. I can almost guarantee you aren't moved and chances are you are aren't all too interested either. This is the problem. We accept these things as fact. We may ponder it for a second, have a fleeting reaction, and be done with it. The movie depicted this fantastically. The main character thanks a journalist for catching footage depicting dozens of Tutsi being slaughtered, knowing it will be broadcasted internationally. How can they not do anything having seen something so terrible? The journalist then says, that's just it. They will see this, say "that's terrible," and go back to eating their dinner. Long story short, the United Nations, and the "west" look the other way as it goes on, and the people are left to fend for themselves.



What does this mean? For me, the thing that really got to me was that the slaughter was not done with guns. Primarily it was done with machetes. Can you imagine that? Hundreds of thousands being hacked to death. Children being the primary targets to "wipe out the next generation." It really got me thinking. This movie is based on fact. The United Nations truly did ignore this. What is power?

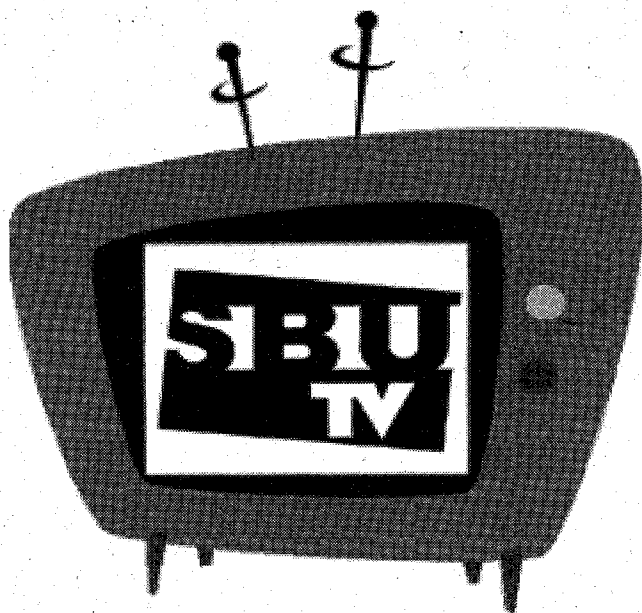
Power is the ability to act how you want. Living in America, being the sole superpower, we exercise this right quite often. We may listen to international opinion, but ultimately we make our own decisions. Look at Iraq. United Nations Security Council says no, we say yes and we move ahead. It's power in its purest form; unilateralism, case closed. The unilateral ideology is also one that is met with applause. It's brash, it's sexy, and it's demonstrative of the might of the U.S. "I will never give any nation or international institution a veto over our national security." John Kerry, not George Bush.

In being able to act how you want, you will act in a way that benefits your self interest. Jeremy Bentham, utilitarianism. So, it's clear as day it was not in the "West's" best interest to intervene in Rwanda. Face an army of tens of thousands just to save face? Put your army in harm's way to quell a small minority's protest, in turn enraging another minority? It's cost benefit analysis. It's harsh, but it's true. There is no universal template that can define humanity, however, people are generally selfish. Judge a man by how he acts towards someone who can do nothing for him. Many people sympathized, none had the power to do anything. So, what do you do?

When being subjugated, say using the aforementioned examples of robbery, or of being forced to do some task by your boss, you will comply. If someone draws a machete and says get down on your knees or die, you acquiesce. However, as people we have free will, you can disobey—and suffer the consequences. If the government ever started arresting dissenters, perhaps murdering opposition, I always imagined myself a leader, a rebel. I would be the one writing pamphlets, inciting dissent against oppression. I romanticize the situation, envisioning myself as hero of the people, the one who would make things right again. I imagine most people would. No one wants to think they would piss themselves, begging for their life. In reality, my pants would be wet and so would yours. If a gang broke into my house to murder my family, I would not go Bruce Lee on them. Most likely I'd plead with them for our lives. It's in my best interest to give in. In hopes of mercy, of pity and compassion from those in power.

We are slaves to those in power. Perhaps slaves is a strong word, but we are at the very least subject to their whims. Look at those who were put to death who are now proven innocent because of DNA evidence. I'm sure that the vast majority struggled by any means possible to prove their innocence. What good did it do

Continued on next page



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Authority and Responsibility Continued...

By Matthew Augustine

Continued from previous page

them? The system found them guilty, and they were wrongly put to death. That is not justice.

So, you can deduce that power is not always just. People make mistakes. In the former example, whether that be a judge, or a jury of twelve ordinary people, when given that power, they exercised it with error, unintentionally. We do not fault them, we fault the system. Why is that? When people whom are not ordinarily in "control" so to speak, were given sovereign authority to judge a fellow citizen, they erred, and an innocent lost their life. This has happened repeatedly. There is factual evidence. The system is that which is faulted, although the system is actually a conception which is nothing greater than those which compromise it; myself, and you.

Then, when you refer to the state, you refer to the governing body, whether elected, hereditary, or arbitrary. When you refer to a country, you refer to its executives, those with the power to make decisions. These are people, not entities. As such, the United States, which is merely a name for the body politic it encompasses in its territorial boundaries is fallible. In turn, the United Nations is fallible. Why then are we so upset when the people within these entities make decisions we deem inappropriate? That we disagree with?

I posit that it is because we superimpose our own warped sense of utopian morality on

those in power. We say that since the United States is the richest country, it is only right that we give the most to tsunami relief efforts. Yet, how many of these idealists were ready to do the same? We say that since Britain and France have such powerful armies, they should have intervened in Rwanda. Yet, how many people are willing to die for that cause? How many people are willing to accept the responsibility of sending others to their death for it? We say that we have to clean up the environment, we have to make sure kids get proper education, we have to have better health care, more sports programs, save art music and museums, we have to stop relying on oil. Yet, how many of us are out really doing something for these causes we trumpet? We complain, say the government should do it, and throw tantrums when they don't. If Bill Clinton gets a blow job in the oval office the shit hits the fan. Yet, how many of those people have done something sexual at work? If a writer at the times says he was somewhere he wasn't, we cry foul. Yet how many of us have plagiarized off of Google?

Watching the depiction of the Tutsi in Rwanda being so incredibly at the mercy of the Hutu really affected me. I can only imagine having been there in real life, watching my family being cut to pieces. For that to happen on such a grand scale is stunning. When I got out of the theater I thought to myself, "That is power," and I didn't mean it in a good way. Power is an incredible thing, and legitimacy does not claim

to have a monopoly over it. Rwanda proves this on a frightening level. I strongly suggest everyone go and see it, at the very least it will get you thinking.

We hold those in power to such incredibly high standards, it is inevitable there will be letdowns. Sometimes we fail to realize our leaders are people too. Love them or hate them, we place them on pedestals. We hold them to our highest standards and subject them to our harshest criticisms. I am by no means agreeing with or attempting to justify any event that I have mentioned. I'm merely suggesting you put on those shoes, and see how you would have reacted. There is hardly a day that goes by when I don't appreciate the fact that I can write a critique of the government without fear of reprisal. The legitimate authority of government is what protects us from unlawful use of power. Movies like *Hotel Rwanda* remind me how good we have it. The fact that it is based on things that actually occurred serves to accentuate this. Most people can't even fathom a state wherein something like that would happen. Where people are killed just for being who they are, where civil rights and liberty are laughed at. Where the concepts laid down so long ago in the Magna Carta, fought for in the French Revolution, and expounded upon in our own Constitution are not even thoughts in the backs of peoples' minds. Where survival is all that matters. Sometimes it makes me think things really aren't so bad after all.

Media Ethics: Recap of IBS Convention and Calling a Spade a Spade

By Dustin Herlich

I've been to media conventions before, and I can say, without question, this is the best I've ever even heard of. It's hard to put onto paper an entire weekend worth of events. Aside from all the people I got to meet from stations all across the country, and listening to people like Emmanuel Goldstein and Janeane Garofalo, actually getting to moderate a panel myself was really something special. The convention is more than fame and glory though, it's a forum for ideas and it's a place for all of us to show solidarity within our field.

It really makes you feel good to go to these conventions as a member of Stony Brook student media. As I've said many times before, while we don't have a journalism major (yet) our student media personnel are *far* better trained than many of our more classically trained counterparts. Our equipment is better (except the radio station, our boards are really old) and our advisor, Norm Prusslin, does a better job preparing us to be real journalists than an entire department of professors at some other schools. I think our "product", in comparison to other schools, speaks volumes not only about Norm, but about the dedicated talent we amass in our media outlets.

Sessions on topics from XM and Sirius to the demise of community radio really pulled people together in a way I have not seen at other conventions. This convention really fostered more open dialog, and fewer lectures. It was great to talk with actual FCC people and clarify rules and regulations. The ego boost of talking to other schools, and seeing how good we really have it, is something I'll never get enough of, honestly. What really needs to happen is that we need to get USG council members and Stony Brook administrators to come down to these conventions and have them see for themselves what

it's like in other schools, and why they should appreciate what we have more than they do.

The convention brought up some really interesting points. It was mentioned several times that community radio, college radio most directly, is in peril. The FCC is actually helping organizations like so-called "Family Radio" buy up radio stations that used to be college and community stations, to the point that in this very area you can hear family radio broadcasts on no less than three frequencies, at this point.

"[R]eal journalism, fair and balanced.' The pundits at FOX need to be beaten about the head with a dictionary."

Not to mention the shortwave and satellite transmissions they now produce. I've listened to family radio. It's very much not family friendly, to say the least. They spread messages of hate; all disguised through religion and discussions of The Rapture, which they fervently believe is upon us. They say over and over that "Satan lives in the church," and also talk about cleansing the holy land of the heathen Jews and Muslims.

Above what I learned about rules and regulations, I learned about how important it really is to protect what we have at WUSB. It's important for our papers and our television stu-

dio to fight for those rights as well. I personally was the moderator for a panel on having various media outlets come together to work on stories. Looking back, I should have focused on us also working together to keep each other in business. It's not just about sharing a story so we all get glory; it's about sharing resources so we all stay strong. Non-commercial media is the last stronghold of the truth, and the last bastion of actual journalism left on this planet. We need to recognize that and step it up a little. We need to bring our words to the rest of the country and show the American public there is something else out there besides flashy graphics and pundits.

Anyone considering a career in media was encouraged to skip class and join a media outlet on their campus. Nothing is a substitute for experience. No classroom can prepare you for actually being on air and actually working at a paper. They can teach you techniques, but when it comes down to it, you need to actually be in the hot seat to really learn. It's amazing how few of the professionals working in media actually have degrees in media studies and journalism. Personally, I'll have a degree in Environmental Studies, but I know I'll eventually be working in media as a true career. That will probably go a lot further for me than having been an English major. Take, for example, Janeane Garofalo. She's a comedian, but now suddenly she's a radio talk show personality as well.

Meeting Madame Garafalo was really the highlight of my year. She's one of the most singly brilliant people on earth. I've heard a myriad of criticism of her on air skills, and her actual knowledge of the topics she discusses,

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Media Ethics Continued...

By Dustin Herlich

Continued from page 33

but in terms of general intelligence and her knowledge of the world around her I've never met anyone similar. She might not do as well arguing on her show as some others do on theirs because she's actually a really nice person, and doesn't like attacking people.

What sets someone like her apart isn't her format, or even her message but the fact that she calls herself what she is. She's not there as a newscaster. She's there to make you understand that liberal isn't a dirty word, and that it's Ok to laugh, once in a while. Pundits like Sean Hannity attack you from every angle and degrade you to the point where there is no longer a message other than "you're wrong simply because of what you call yourself." A little piece of me dies inside every time Greta Van Susteren says, "real journalism, fair and balanced." The pundits at FOX need to be beaten about the head with a dictionary. Maybe that

way they'll absorb the definitions of journalism, and fair and balanced. Journalism isn't yelling at guests, and it certainly isn't unlabeled commentary. There is reason FOX viewers are the least informed of any group of TV viewers. *Daily Show* viewers are exponentially more likely to be correct about the facts than a FOX viewer. Doesn't that say something?

Give yourself the correct label, and don't pass off opinion as fact. Is that too much to ask? The most dangerous part of FOX news is that they don't do that. Right there they lose the ability to be considered real journalists. The American people have been duped. They forget what good journalism really is, in favor of commentary that pulls at emotional strings and brings out the worst in us. Terry Schiavo and Laci Peterson should be in national briefs at best. The fact that these are our lead stories every night just goes to show that we are no longer being fed news, we are being fed enter-

tainment. Those subjects, granted, are rather macabre, but they sell papers and get ratings. It's a two way street. Americans don't demand enough real news, and the media doesn't give them any real news, just entertainment.

This convention tried to stress real news above entertainment. I can only hope that the generation coming out of school now really understands the mistakes we've been making the last few years and slowly brings us back on track. It's so sad to see even truly respectable journalists like Dan Rather take the kinds of falls they do. I think he made an honest mistake, but didn't do enough to correct it. That was his downfall. All I can hope for is that we learn from these mistakes and FOX news ratings fall a little more each day. It's no longer our job simply to inform the public about the current events in the world, but it's the journalists' job, the *real* journalists job, to teach the public what actual journalism really is. Fair and balanced.

Conflict and Controversy at SBU Anti-War Protest

By Marcel Votlucka

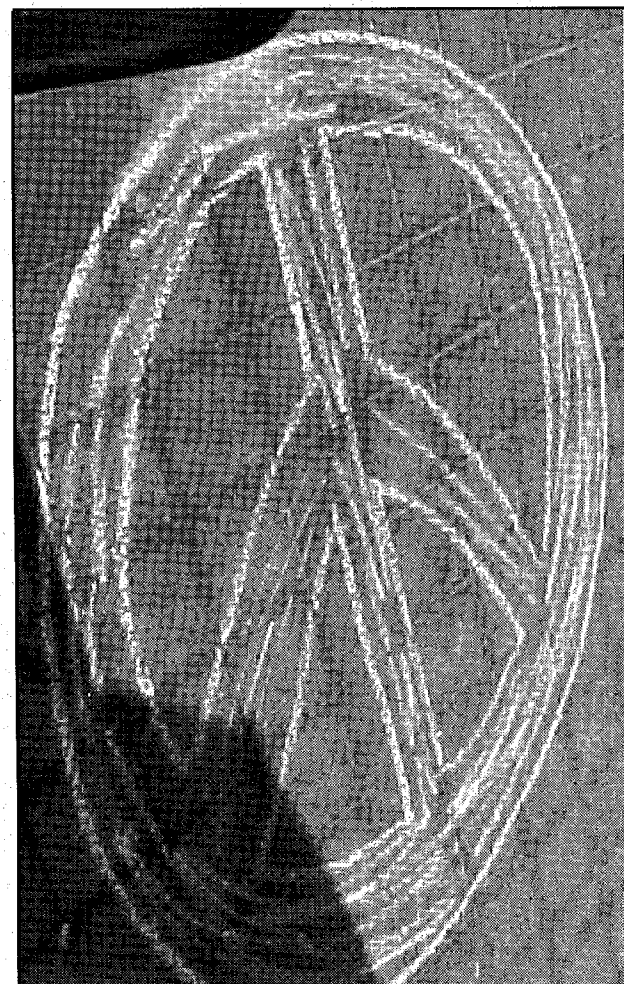
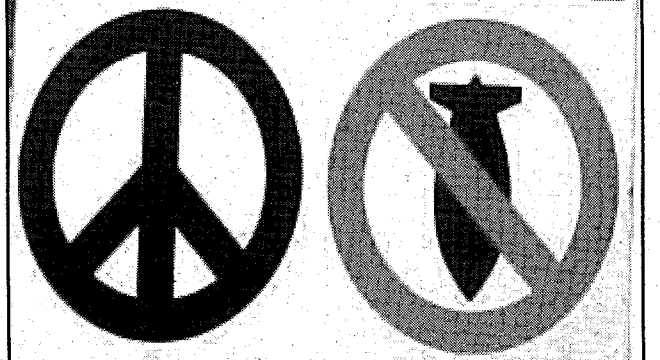
An antiwar protest on March 16 attracted counter-demonstrators who interfered with the proceedings.

The protest, sponsored by Socialist Alternative, the Muslim Students Association, and the Social Justice Alliance, attracted a crowd of students around noon in front of the Student Activities Center. The protesters held up signs such as "Money For Jobs Not For War" and "Real Patriots Go To Iraq!" The protesters also set down a black tarp along the Academic Mall with a list of the names of American soldiers killed in the Iraq war.

But the protest also attracted a group of students from the Enduring Freedom Alliance, who staged a counter-protest and interfered with the proceedings. In addition to heckling some of the speakers, they passed out literature promoting the war in Iraq to those assembled. One girl went right up where the speakers were standing and held up a sign for a large part of the protest.

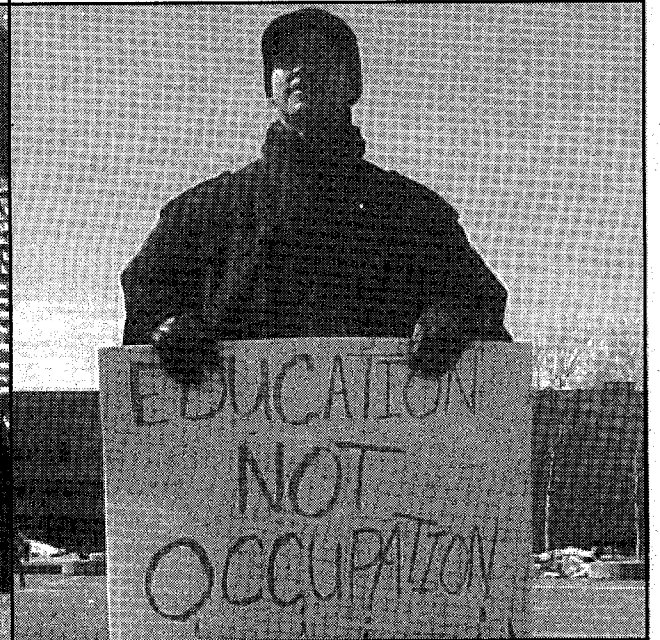
Eventually the EFA's counter-demonstrators approached the speakers and attempted to hold up their signs in front of the speakers' faces. However, some of those in attendance responded by blocking their way and holding up their own anti-war signs. However, on the whole the protest was notably calm and civil despite the interference on the part of the counter-protesters.

PEACE NOT WAR

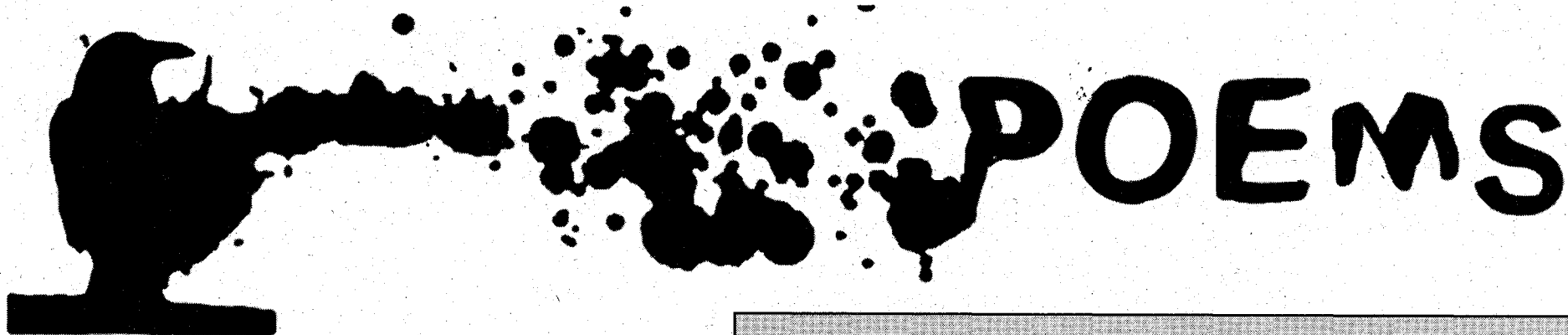


DISSENT IS PATRIOTIC

SILENCE IS BETRAYAL



All Pictures Courtesy of William Lewis



POEMS

Hollow Moon

By Jackie Hayes

Hollow Night
At night when the last shade is pulled
You slip in beside me as a ghost.
Oh, how I want to talk to you, to touch you,
To welcome you again into my red dark pulse.
A silent, shivering hollowness, a child of the night.
Your lifeless embraces make me shiver.
You come with just enough weight to shift the sheets,
Just enough presence to pull tears to you.
They fall silent.
Blue and gray light shows parade across my bedroom walls
Reminding me of life somewhere.
Car noises sound like distant space ships.
The quarreling neighbors like wolves howling at a desert moon.
In a landscape of such loneliness
I hold on tight to the chalk outline of an entire love.

Depression Era

By Jackie Hayes

So it's a chronic depression era sings Prozac Nation,
Not quite close enough to the toxic clouds that seem to permeate these times.
I watched a streetlight nod its head at passing cars,
Flickering in and out of existence wishing to break away from
The concrete roots,
To throw itself into oncoming traffic.
Coughing light into city smog,
A darkness so overwhelming it takes the apathetic exit,
Leading no where, to no one
Time to press the breaks, to slow it down to a bearable tempo
Cough, flicker, cough, flicker
Pray it will be an early grave.

Send your poetry
To the following address
And we will print it.

Close to Me

By Chris Williams

It hurts so much
For me
To be
Next to you,
When I know
That I can never
Keep you
Next to me.

It hurts so much
For me
To see
Into those eyes,
When I know
That, maybe, once
They held a little
More
For me.

Do you know
How much it hurts
To feel
Something
So beautiful?
Then, be told,
"Maybe,
It wasn't meant
To be."

Yet, still,
I sit
By your side,
Hoping
Into those eyes,
Because
You are
So close to me.

sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu

Throwing Shit at a Wall

By: Efrén Madrid

A man, A Boy, Fuck,
A Male
Thinks of the World Fucking

"They've made the Connection" he thinks to himself.

He ponders on the fact that his writing has never
made
him Cry
It's only brought him a cheap laugh
A failure He concludes

Though he keeps on writing
he figures, "Some Shit has to stick to that Wall"

What he doesn't realize is that
the
wall is
coated with Teflon

I tell him, but what does he do you ask?
He continues to throw shit at a teflon coated wall

During Spring Break after Watching the History Channel into the Wee Hours of the Night and Writing This Poem to Retain Any Sanity That I Have Left and No I Don't Revise

By: Efrén Madrid

What can I say? Always
wanting to belong and the Card
Dealers
Always wanted to bust
both of
them in the fashion of skull breaking holding on for dear life
holding on for money cash profits
Wanting to fuck
them

Don't you feel Lonely in Your room of a thousand Unwanted Silences
Staring at You knowing that what you want is to scream but you can't
scream because it's not appropriate for neighbors to scream it's 4:15 a.m.
in the morning and all you want to do is live
and die

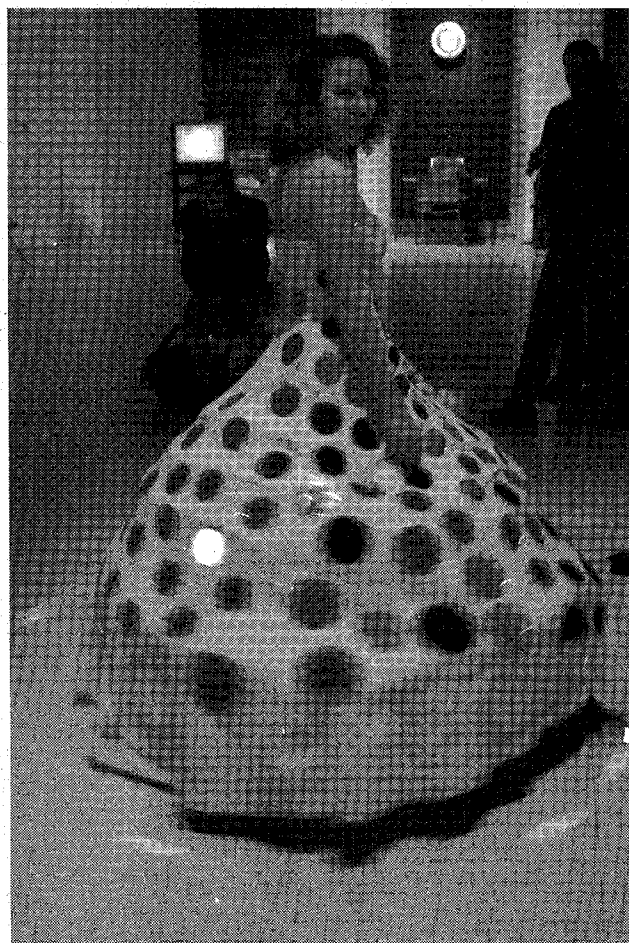
Untitled

By Matt Willemain

Ayn Rand's invisible hands
Make promises 'gainst predators
But gavel falls in marble halls
Have a way of favoring creditors

Come on Down to the MFA Thesis Exhibition!

By Jowy Romano



NILUFER OVALIOGLU IN HER MIRROR DRESS,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Three of the most familiar faces of the Staller center, Lawrence Mesich, Nilufer Ovalioglu and Gabrielle Moisan, are currently presenting their thesis projects at the University Art Gallery. Each of these artists have very diverse styles and ideas. Meshed together, they have an excellent product; a very fascinating thesis exhibition.

As a student of Stony Brook University, you are probably saying to yourself: "thesis-exhibi-who?" Chances are you that have probably never have been to an art show. And, no, your third grade trip to the MET doesn't count. Here are plenty of reasons to get off your ass, come down to the University Art Gallery in the Staller Center and experience something new.

Lawrence Mesich's presented work is divided into two projects, the first of which features multiple videos that document his rela-



GABRIELLE MOISAN TEACHING A FEW OF THE GALLERY-GOERS,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

tionship to the campus locations he occupies everyday. For example, one video features Lawrence in a Staller stairwell. He proceeds up the staircase, stopping every few seconds. Every time he stops, a still image of him is left behind, eventually leaving a stairwell full of Lawrences. Each of these videos are fun to watch, not only because of their content, but also for the creative ways they are presented.

Lawrence's second project has a similar idea, with a political flavor. The Department of Behavioral Investigation, or DBI, is his interactive creation in which people can voice their dissatisfaction with their own everyday life. One may lament through any of the various media Lawrence has provided, including activity kits, instructional videos and web works. Similarly to the other project, this one is presented in a way that is quite fun. Also similar is his use of his own image in the DBI project. You will know exactly who to thank after you check out his area of the show!

Much like Lawrence's, many of the works included in Nilufer Ovalioglu's presentation feature her own image. Nilufer uses her body, among other things like props and clothing to explore the dynamics of power through femininity. One of her works is a video called Precut Fashions, in which she is dressed up with various paper-doll outfits. This video makes an interesting statement about society, as do all of her presented works. I won't go into it, though. So, when you go view her work, be prepared to think!

Last, Gabrielle Moisan's work explores the possibility of creating community through

art. Her area of the gallery is far from what you would expect. It looks more like a living room than a gallery set-up. That's because her area was designed specifically to be a place where people can be comfortable, socialize and knit to their hearts content! The gallery's opening was a fine example of her ideas at work. Many people filled the sofas and carpets, teaching, learning, creating—and also socializing in the process. Just watching gave me a warm feeling. You can be a part of this "Tight Knit Community," as well! Just go to Gabrielle's section of the exhibition any time the gallery is open. All the materials you'll need to start knitting are provided. After you leave with your new scarf, and new friends, you too will feel warm, both literally and figuratively.

I hope I have sparked enough interest in you for you to be at least curious about the thesis exhibition. All three of the artists have worked very hard on their projects. Please go down and support them! It would be a shame for anyone on campus to miss such a great show that is right under their nose. Next time you complain that there is nothing to do on campus, remember this article and check out the gallery!

The University Art Gallery is located on the first floor of the Staller Fine Arts building. The gallery is open Tuesday thru Friday, Noon to 4 pm, Saturday, 7 pm to 9 pm, and one hour before select Staller Center performances. The thesis exhibition will be on display through April 9.



NOPE, I DIDN'T MAKE IT UP. WITT POINTS -5.
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

The Internet Makes You Stupid

By Matthew Augustine

Continued from page 31

fake? Lives double lives? Has actual flaws because they are people too? I'm not sure. However, I figured I'd put my mind to the matter for say, oh, three minutes and come up with a similarly structured "quiz" of my own. Without further ado:

Question: It is time to elect a new world leader, and only your vote counts. Here are the facts about the three leading candidates:

Candidate A: Plagiarized his doctoral dissertation, a thesis, and multiple essays from various sources. According to the FBI uses funds appropriated for civil rights for liquor, prostitutes, and hotel rooms. Goes by a name that was never legalized, Cheated on his wife, and with other married women.

Candidate B: Is known to have committed perjury, had sex in the workplace, committed adultery, was almost voted out of office, had

a long list of people which were supposedly suspiciously killed whom were relations of his.

Candidate C: Holds a degree from both Yale and Harvard, served in the military, very religious, loves his wife and is a traditional family man, loves baseball, vast business experience as both a CEO and a manager.

Which candidates would be your choice? So, pick.

Candidate A: Martin Luther King Jr. its bad for your brain.

Candidate B: Bill Clinton

Candidate C: George W. Bush

Oh no, we just elected the man we all hate so much. We disregarded people most of us like also. Who knew the people we hold in such high esteem were so dirty? Or, are they? Does this make King's advancement of the civil rights cause any less legitimate? Or Clinton's management of the nation and particularly the economy any less successful? No. Do these positive

things about George W. Bush necessarily make him a great leader? Or someone we will agree with? No. Anyone can tear anyone down if there is no rebuttal. Anyone can twist things to favor their argument or cause. You just witnessed Hitler looking good and Martin Luther King Jr. looking bad. Can you make character judgments from those things? You could, but you'd be an idiot. People in general have a tendency to accept things too easily. This of course is not all inclusive, but this happens all around us, all the time. Those kinds of people who would draw something from a poorly put together, one sided "quiz" like this, meant to prove some universal unprovable point, like "government is evil." It's these people that will tell you that the Jews are taking over the world. The kind of people who hear something that sounds edgy, or radical, or perhaps that fits with their beliefs, and they regurgitate it and preach it without any kind of factual backing. So please, don't accept everything you see. Think for yourself, question authority, and stay away from Myspace.

You Can't Go Home Again: Some Personal Rambling

By Sam Goldman

Most of my friends from Brooklyn are not what you would call success stories. They are dropouts all; the only difference is when and where. Most of them spend their days working shit jobs like behind the Hollywood Video counter, and spend their nights playing Playstation and smoking pot like there's no tomorrow. I don't partake in that too much anymore; I've given plenty of excuses (my latest one is that I'm looking for work and don't want to get caught on a drug test, something that actually happened a long time ago); but, honestly, I just don't get the same euphoric feeling I did back when I was an everyday pothead. It's not the same. I'd rather have some vodka.



THE SAFETY WORD IS "JOURNALIST."
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Most people would call these folks losers, but the fact of the matter is that, for all their faults, they are loyal and happy to see me, and for someone as insecure as me, I can definitely overlook their faults.

Anyway, one of my friends became a father yesterday. This particular friend of mine dropped out of high school as a sophomore, and has worked as a dockhand at the Staten Island ferry in Battery Park, which, while it's a seasonal job, pays better than you would think. He is taking lessons to become a boat captain, which I'm happy about, because at the very least it means he's thinking about his future.

But the man left his girlfriend and his (literally) newborn daughter to participate in his bowling league! I'm trying to chalk it up to the fact that he's way too nervous about fatherhood, and I do think that, once he comes around, he'll be a good father.

I hope that's not just wishful thinking.

It's been a lonely month so far, since I moved back home from Stony Brook. Most of the time is spent surfing the web looking for work. I even have a system—first Monster, then Hotjobs, then Careerbuilder—multiple resumes, the whole nine yards. Although the actual process is simple, in many ways finding work—and specifically the kind of career work everyone looks for post-college—is harder than any class you'll ever take; mostly because the wait is interminable, and you send out so many resumes to places where you're like, "they are so gonna call me back; I'm perfect for this" only to wait two weeks and get nothing. My parents are pushing me to be some big fucking sellout and work in a corporate PR department; I love my family, but I'd sooner lie down in the center lane of the Belt Parkway.

It's also harder because I miss my friends from Stony Brook. I mean we all knew we were going to go our separate ways eventually, but you're still not prepared for it, you know? Jess Worthington's in Philly. Jackie Hayes is in Syracuse. Bev Bryan's in Las Vegas. I miss them all, more than they know. Ceci Norman was in Savannah, but she's come back, and lives in Astoria now. She missed everyone as much as I do, it seems, even though she would always complain about the weather when she was here. I saw her recently, and it was good to see a familiar face. These days, the only person I see on any sort of regular basis is Leo Borovskiy, late of SBU TV. We went out recently to get DiFara's pizza on East 14th and Avenue J in Brooklyn; it's considered by many the best pizza in the city (and I have to agree with the many).

I miss *Scrabble*. I miss Little Hong Kong (the greatest Chinese food ever). I miss being an integral part of *The Press*. I miss going into the NYPIRG offices solely to play darts. I miss walking 2 miles to the campus and passing by the houses so quiet that, if you didn't see the cars pass by, you'd think it was a fucking ghost town.

I miss the house we all lived in. I miss Beerfest (even though I haven't missed one yet). I miss Green Catcus. I miss being informed about student government bullshit, which I think might be sadomasochistic or something. I miss making fun of *The Statesman*, although I understand there's a new paper which is a more interesting target for *The Press*. I miss making lewd

Shirley Strum Kenny jokes. I miss going through Mike Prazak's comic collection. I miss the camaraderie and friendship most of all.

I don't miss everyone trying to take my shirt off. But that's a small price to pay.

It's been hard to stay here, harder than I ever thought possible. This house, the house that I love, the house that I spent my teen years in, fits like an old sweater, yet feels like a fucking vacuum of my spirit.

"You're going to
miss Stony Brook.
...you will."

If there's any moral at all in my rambling, I guess it would be this: So many people are so eager to get out of college. Of course you can't stay here forever. But don't be in such a hurry to leave. So this place isn't exactly Club Med—the food is bad and overpriced, the administration wants to make Stony Brook into a corporate Shangri-La, your student government, if you even care about it at all, is a fucking embarrassment on a Watergate-like scale, and if you live in Roosevelt Quad, your building looks like it was designed by the same guys who designed Rikers. So what? The real world ain't much better. And at least here you've hopefully surrounded yourself with good people. People who will care about you long after you've all went your separate ways. That's all that matters in the end, isn't it?

You're going to miss Stony Brook. You don't think you will, but you will. Trust me. I do.

HERA Group invites you to our Spring Lecture Series "EVOLUTION!" at Stony Brook University



"Discovering Stony Brook's Life Sciences Greenhouse" March 30, 7:30pm

Michael Axelrod, manager of the Life Sciences Greenhouse presents an in depth look at Greenhouse life with topics on horticulture, ethnobotany, invasive species, and plant conservation.

"Flying Colors: Evolution on the Wings of Insects" April 13, 7:30pm

Dr. True presents the genetic differences among closely related insect species, concentrating on the topic of natural selection. His talk centers on how changes in wing coloration and patterning in fruit flies plays a role in sexual behavior.

"Evolutionary Processes and Pattern in Stickleback Fish" April 30, 7:30 pm

Dr. Bell presents the genetics and ecology of natural selection. He combines lessons on how natural selection works and its results in the threespine stickleback fish. He concludes his talk with how these issues impact every person's life.

"Evolution: Fact or Theory?" April 27, 7:30 pm

Dr. Futuyma's is a Guggenheim and a Fulbright Fellow and former President of both the Society for the Study of Evolution and the American Society of Naturalists. He is the author of the successful textbook *Evolutionary Biology*. Dr. Futuyma presents the controversy concerning evolution from a scientific perspective.

"How We Try to Understand the World: Science, Philosophy, and Religion" May 13, 5:30 pm

Human beings have always attempted to explain the world around them using religion, philosophy and more recently science. In this talk, Dr. Pigliucci examines the differences, strengths and limitations of science, philosophy and religion, while attempting to understand how they relate to each other.

All events take place in room 412 of the Chemistry Building at Stony Brook University.

To reserve seats or for more information email rsvp@heragroup.org

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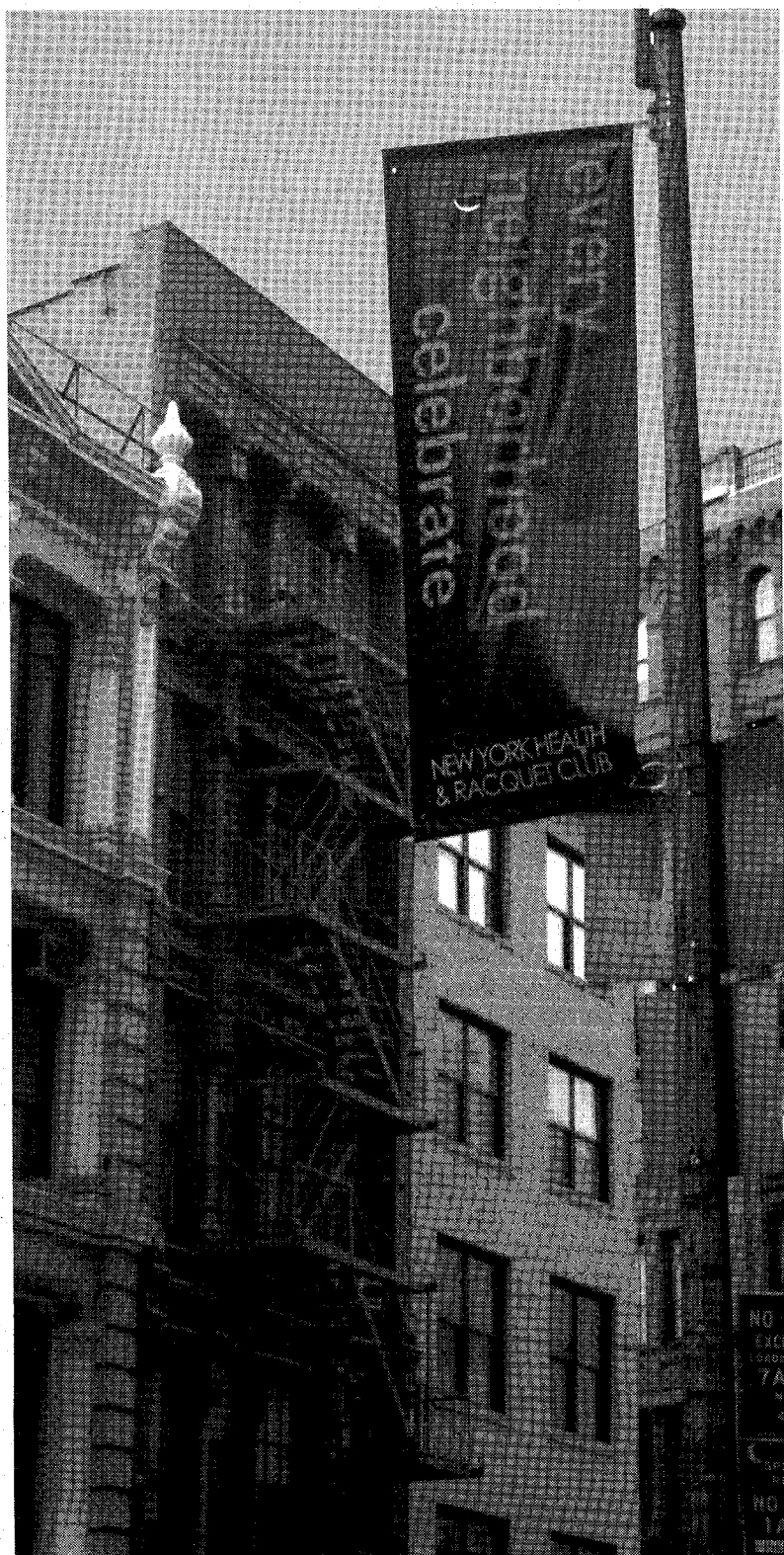
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Olympic Fever Hits NYC

By Jowy Romano

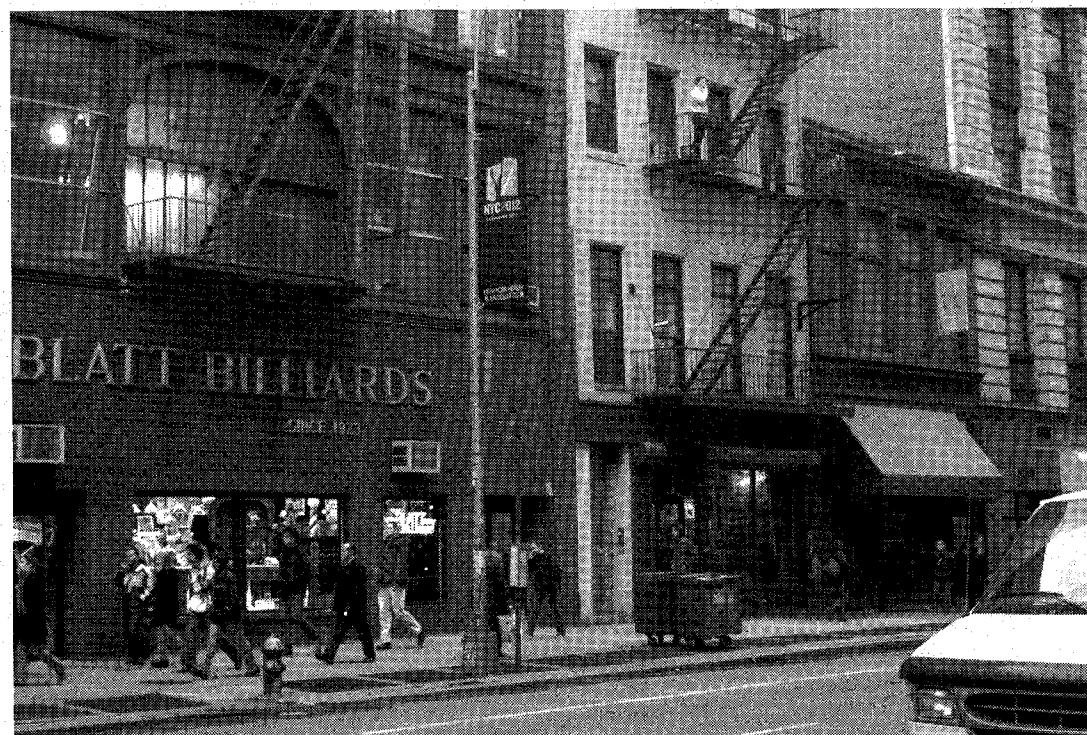
It's probably pretty obvious, by now, that New York is a candidate city for the 2012 Olympic Games. What you may not know is that New York is actually competing against four other cities, including London, Madrid, Moscow and Paris, to win the spot as host city. The International Olympic Committee will not announce their choice until July 6. Until then, supporters throughout New York have come together in a massive campaign to generate excitement, as you can see in the accompanying photo-spread.



The New York Health & Racquet Club supports the Olympics, do you?!



Check out the sexy logo they came up with!



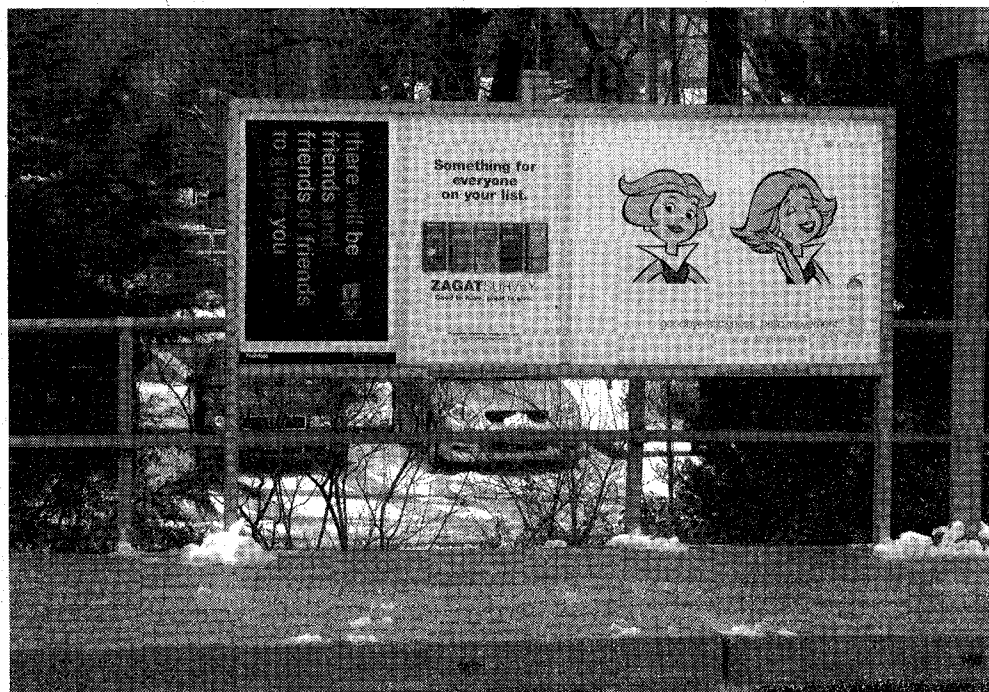
It's actually difficult to find a NYC block without some sort of Olympics ad.



The subway trains are branded.



The buses are branded.



Even the LIRR is branded.

Photography

FREE

2005

(Includes service changes as of February)

the map

olympic bid

city's 2012

to new york

NYC2012
CANDIDATE CITY

Metropolitan Transportation Authority

Peter S. Kalikow, Chairman

www.mta.info

The new subway map features the planned locations of Olympic events.

All Photos By Jowy Romano

There has been a lot of charges and a lot of things said about me and brought against the co-defendants in this case, of which a lot could be cleared up and clarified...

I never went to school, so I never grew up to read and write too good, so I have stayed in jail and I have stayed stupid, and I have stayed a child while I have watched your world grow up, and then I look at the things that you do and I don't understand...

You eat meat and you kill things that are better than you are, and then you say how bad, and even killers, your children are. You made your children what they are...

These children that come at you with knives. They are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up...

Most of the people at the ranch that you call the Family were just people that you did not want, people that were alongside the road, that their parents had kicked out, that did not want to go to Juvenile Hall. So I did the best I could and I took them up on my garbage dump and I told them this: that in love there is no wrong...

I told them that anything they do for their brothers and sisters is good if they do it with a good thought...

I was working at cleaning up my house, something that Nixon should have been doing. He should have been on the side of the road, picking up his children, but he wasn't. He was in the White House, sending them off to war...

I don't understand you, but I don't try. I don't try to judge nobody. I know that the only person I can judge is me... But I know this: that in your hearts and your own souls, you are as much responsible for the Vietnam war as I am for killing these people...

I can't judge any of you. I have no malice against you and no ribbons for you. But I think that it is high time that you all start looking at yourselves, and judging the lie that you live in.

I can't dislike you, but I will say this to you: you haven't got long before you are all going to kill yourselves, because you are all crazy. And you can project it back at me... but I am only what lives inside each and everyone of you.

My father is the jailhouse. My father is your system... I am only what you made me. I am only a reflection of you.

I have ate out of your garbage cans to stay out of jail. I have wore your second-hand clothes... I have done my best to get along in your world and now you want to kill me, and I look at you, and then I say to myself, You want to kill me? Ha! I'm already dead, have been all my life. I've spent twenty-three years in tombs that you built.

Sometimes I think about giving it back to you; sometimes I think about just jumping on you and letting you shoot me... If I could, I would jerk this microphone off and beat your brains out with it, because that is what you deserve, that is what you deserve...

If I could get angry at you, I would try to kill everyone of you. If that's guilt, I accept it... These children, everything they done, they done for the love of their brother...

If I showed them that I would do anything for my brother—including giving my life for my brother on the battlefield—and then they pick up their banner, and they go off and do what they do, that is not my responsibility. I don't tell people what to do...

These children [indicating the female defendants] were finding themselves. What they did, if they did whatever they did, is up to them. They will have to explain that to you...

It's all your fear. You look for something to project it on, and you pick out a little old scroungy nobody that eats out of a garbage can, and that nobody wants, that was kicked out of the penitentiary, that has been dragged through every hellhole that you can think of, and you drag him and put him in a courtroom.

You expect to break me? Impossible! You broke me years ago. You killed me years ago...

I have killed no one and I have ordered no one to be killed. I

may have implied on several different occasions to several different people that I may have been Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet what I am or who I am. Some called him Christ, Manson said. In prison his name was a number. Some now want a sadistic fiend, and so they see him as that. So be it. Guilty. Not guilty. They are only words. You can do anything you want with me, but you cannot touch me because I am only my love... If you put me in the penitentiary, that means nothing because you kicked me out of the last one. I didn't ask to get released. I liked it in there because I like myself.

The issues?... Mr. Bugliosi is a hard-driving prosecutor, polished education, a master of words, semantics. He is a genius. He has got everything that every lawyer would want to have except one thing: a case. He doesn't have a case. Were I allowed to defend myself, I could have proven this to you... The evidence in this case is a gun.

There was a gun that laid around the ranch. It belonged to everybody. Anybody could have picked that gun up and done anything they wanted to do with it. I don't

deny having that gun. That gun has been in my possession many times. Like the rope was there because you need rope on a ranch... It is really convenient that Mr. Baggot found those clothes. I imagine he got a little taste of money for that... They put the hideous bodies on [photographic] display and they imply: If he gets out, see what will happen to you... Helter Skelter means confusion, literally. It doesn't mean

any war with anyone. It doesn't mean that some people are going to kill other people... Helter Skelter is confusion. Confusion is coming down around you fast. If you can't see the confusion coming down around you fast, you can call it what you wish...

Is it a conspiracy that the music is telling the youth to rise up against the establishment because the establishment is rapidly destroying things? Is that a conspiracy? The music speaks to you every day, but you are too deaf, dumb, and blind to even listen to the music... It is not my conspiracy. It is not my music. I hear what it relates. It says "Rise," it says "Kill." Why blame it on me? I didn't write the music...

Danny DeCarlo... said that I hate black men, and he said that we thought alike... But actually all I ever did with Danny DeCarlo or any other human being was reflect him back at himself. If he said he did not like the black man, I would say 'O.K.' So consequently he would drink another beer and walk off and say 'Charlie thinks like I do.' But actually he does not know how Charlie thinks because Charlie has never projected himself. I don't think like you people. You people put importance on your lives. Well, my life has never been important to anyone...

[Linda Kasabian] gets on the stand and she says when she looked in that man's eyes that was dying, she knew that it was my fault. She knew it was my fault because she couldn't face death. And if she can't face death, that is not my fault. I can face death. I have all the time. In the penitentiary you live with it, with constant fear of death, because it is a violent world

in there, and you have to be on your toes constantly...

[I taught the Family] not to be weak and not to lean on me... I told [Paul Watkins], "To be a man, boy, you have to stand up and be your own father." So he goes off to the desert and finds a father image in Paul Crockett...

I do feel some responsibility. I feel a responsibility for the pollution. I feel a responsibility for the whole thing...

To be honest with you, I don't recall ever saying "Get a knife and a change of clothes and go do what Tex says." Or I don't recall saying "Get a knife and go kill the sheriff." In fact, it makes me mad when someone kills snakes or dogs or cats or horses. I don't even like to eat meat—that is how much I am against killing...

I haven't got any guilt about anything because I have never been able to see any wrong... I have always said: Do what your love tells you, and I do what my love tells me... Is it my fault that your children do what you do? What about your children? You say there are just a few? There are many, many more, coming in the same direction. They are running in the streets—and they are coming right at you!



Going, Going... Gonzo Continued...

By Rob Gilheany

Continued from page 30

The Bill Murray movie is more of a hodgepodge of Hunter Thompson stories.

He was the inventor of Gonzo Journalism. He was in the stories he wrote, his point of view and all. In the craft of journalism, you, the writer, are supposed to be invisible. Not with this guy.

Most of the reports of his death focus on his drug use, hard drinking, and love of guns. But he was a great writer, a keen observer, a quick study. He was dead-on most of the time. I had always counted him with H.L. Mencken as a revolutionary journalist who had made a name for himself for breaking rules. But I have read a better description of him. Hunter Thompson was a national treasure, like Hemingway and Faulkner.

He shot himself. I would like to know what the note that he left said. Knowing the message in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, as bad as the '70s were, I feel there is special malevolence to this decade. Andy Rooney, who was been around the block a few times, wrote for *Stars and Stripes* during World War II, and who is in his eighties, said, "I never lived through a more unpleasant time." As of now, all I can think of doing is dusting out the old books, or renting those two movies.

The Stony Brook Press



Where *all* the
lonely women are.

Meetings
Wednesdays
at 1 pm
Union room 060

Parody

Dr. Mario Cures New Strain of HIV

By Joe Sadfia

Earlier this week, perhaps one of the greatest advances in modern medicine was made by a world-renowned physician/plumber. In the Stony Brook University Medical Research Office (located in Room 060 of the Student Union and inexplicably shared with the Stony Brook Press), Dr. Mario and his assistant, Dr. Joe Rios, were hard at work finding a cure to the deadly new strain of HIV. But, at last, in the early hours of Thursday morning, the last pill was thrown, the last germ monster was killed, and the last trace of the deadly virus was gone forever.

According to Dr. Rios, they were both "very relieved" when the hard work was over. "I couldn't even imagine how many more people would get infected with this new strain when I saw the sheer number of germs that appeared on the screen, just floating there and dancing to the background music. I was like, 'Da Fug?!'"

Dr. Mario could not be reached for comment, as he had just left for the Mushroom Kingdom.

When asked what high-tech equipment was used to discover the elusive cure, Dr. Rios gave us a most shocking answer. "Actually, we used an older device known as the Nintendo Entertainment System, or NES. We do have a Nintendo 64, but nothing cures STD's like 2-D side scrolling!"

According to Dr. Rios, working with Dr. Mario to find the cure was stressful and time-consuming work, but they were able to pull through. "We had a system that works quite well but is not seen that often in the medical world. It's actually very simple. Dr. Mario would just throw the pills and I would use the NES controller to guide them into the HIV monsters. We may have found the cure a little quicker if he didn't throw the medicine at random, but when he threw that

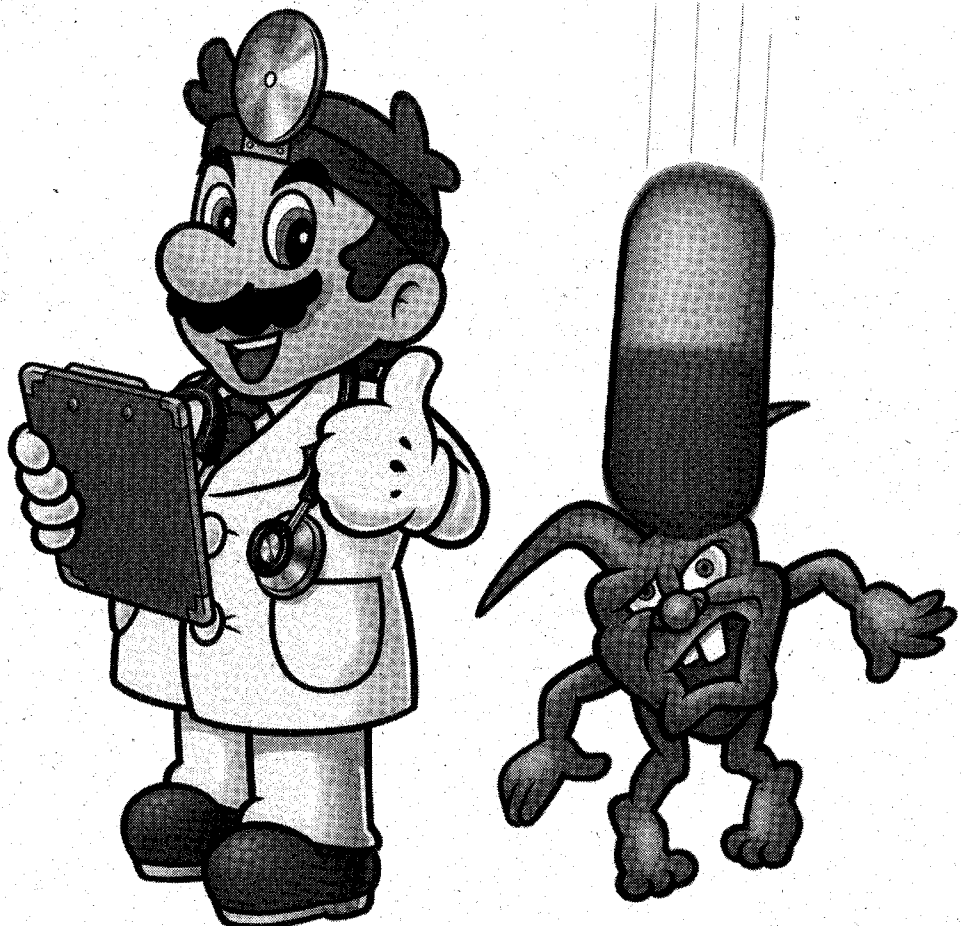
last blue-orange pill, and the orange-half fell and killed that final orange germ, we knew that we had saved more than just a group of talking mushroom people."

Dr. Rios also said during his interview, "It was exhilarating when we saw that high score because we knew it wasn't a high score. It was how many lives we had saved."

This miracle of science almost didn't happen, as the NES used to find the cure for the new HIV was on loan from "Tetris, Inc.," an alleged construction/demolition company specializing in oddly shaped falling blocks. The equipment was also very faulty, and required several pieces of paper and another cartridge just to hold the life-saving game in place.

When asked what type of relationship in the office he had with Dr. Mario, Dr. Rios wasn't very positive. "Well, he wasn't too much of a talker, but then again this was back when he was only eight bits. Maybe, if I had been working with Super Mario 64, I could have gotten more conversation out of my colleague. But we killed those germ monsters and saved millions from HIV infection, as well as getting an über-high score! So that's what really counts in the end."

Even though their work on this particular project has been completed, their work in the medical field is far from over. With his colleague now in the Mushroom Kingdom, Dr. Rios, now wearing a green tunic, announced his plans for a journey to Hyrule to research a possible method of preventing heart attacks using fairies. He also expressed his concern and desire to help heal those injured by the falling Tetris blocks. "Neither lines nor falling L-shaped bricks will stand in the way of medical progress!" exclaimed an excited Dr. Rios.



JOE RIOS IS NEITHER ITALIAN NOR A DOCTOR,
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

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Answers to The Mammoth Crossword

H	E	N	I	N	T	H	E	C	O	U	R	S	E	O	F	H	U	M	A	N	E	V	E	N	T	S
A	N	A	R	Y			S	R	I		L				U			R					C	O	P	A
N	T						P	E	L	T		O			M	O	B	I	L	E		F	O	O	L	S
G	E		P			P	R	O				O	N	T	H	E	G	R	A	S	S		L	O	S	S
I	R	R	I	T	A	T	I	N	G		C	P			R				P		B	I	C		A	
N	T	W	E	R	P		T			A	R		W		T	T		C	I	O			O		F	
W	A	I		Y			D	A	N	C	E	R	I	N	T	H	E	D	A	R	K			N	A	R
I	I	N		P	R	E	E	M	I	N	E	N	T			U	R	I	B	E			T	B	A	
T	N	N		T			C	C		E	P	A		C		M	P	A	A		S		P	E	C	S
H	E			O			O						T	R	I	P			N	U	T		O	N		
M	R	P	E	P	P	E	R		A		A	B	B	A		H	A	B	A	K	U	K		D		
R				H			P	O	L	L	Y			W	A	R			E	R	G		E		C	
C	A	N	A	A	N		S	U	P	E	R			D	I	E		P		M		O	R	C	A	
O	C	O	O	N			I	S	A	S			L	A	D	Y	B	I	R	D			E	A	R	
O			L		S	I	L	J		P	H	D		D	S		A		I		N			B	D	
P	O	V				C	A	A	N		I		K			R		N		O		T	R	I		
E	V	I	L			J	N		D	I	R	T	Y	H	A	R	R	Y	C	A	L	L	A	H	A	N
R	O	M	N	E	Y		K			N	E	W				Y	A	R			O		C	S	A	
	T				O		A	L	O	T		O	O	M	P	A		E			G				L	
R	E	B	L	E					H					A	M	E	L	I	A	B	L	O	O	M	E	R
	S			R		P			W	E	F	T		N		R	I	S	K			H	E	M	I	
I	T	A	L	I	N		R			H		R		I	S	I	S		R			W	N	B	C	
	I			E		M	A	R	G	A	R	E	T	T	H	A	T	C	H	E	R		E		H	
W	S	E			M	A	M	E		L		A		O		L		U		F	E	L	L	A	T	E
I					D		F	I	L	E	S		B	J		R		B	E	L	I	A	L			
N	M	Y	H	E	A	D		I			O		A	A	U		I		T	E	X			S	I	
	R	E	A	D			L	E	E		N	P		N			E	V	E	L		L	I	T	E	
N	E	T	R	E	E	H	I	L	L			A	C	E			R	L			T		E	U		

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Answers to Last Issue's Puzzle!

L	A	Y	S		P	R	I	S	M		S	T	U	D
I	D	E	A	S		A	S	I	A		O	A	T	H
F	U	L	L	M	E	T	A	L	J	A	C	K	E	T
E	L	L	I	O	T			K	O	H	L	E	R	
	T	O	E	R	A	I	L		R		E	I	O	
L		W	N	E		N	E	T		E	S	T		T
E	A	S	T		A	N	N	I	E	S		O	N	E
F	L	U		C	L	A	I	R	E	S		R	O	N
T	A	B		O	S	T	E	A	L		A	L	T	O
Y		M	U	D		E	N	D		A	L	E		R
	T	A	N		P		T	E	A	R	G	A	S	
	A	R	E	N	A	S			N	O	E	V	I	L
S	H	I	V	E	R	M	E	T	I	M	B	E	R	S
A	O	N	E		L	I	M	A		A	R	I	E	S
T	E	E	N		E	T	U	D	E		A	T	N	O

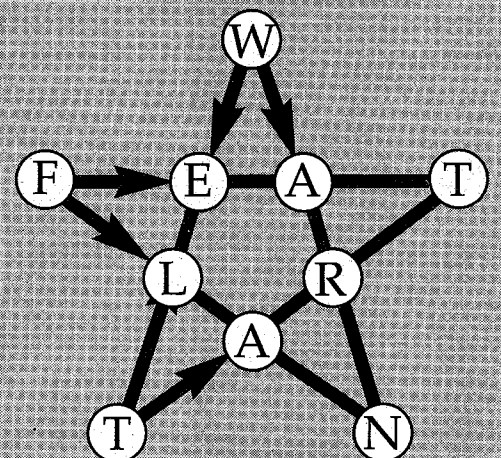
Answers to that Dang Cipher!

J	W	L	X	B	Z	M	U	N	Q	T	A	Y
O	V	S	P	K	R	I	G	E	H	F	D	C

Answers to the Word Pentagram!

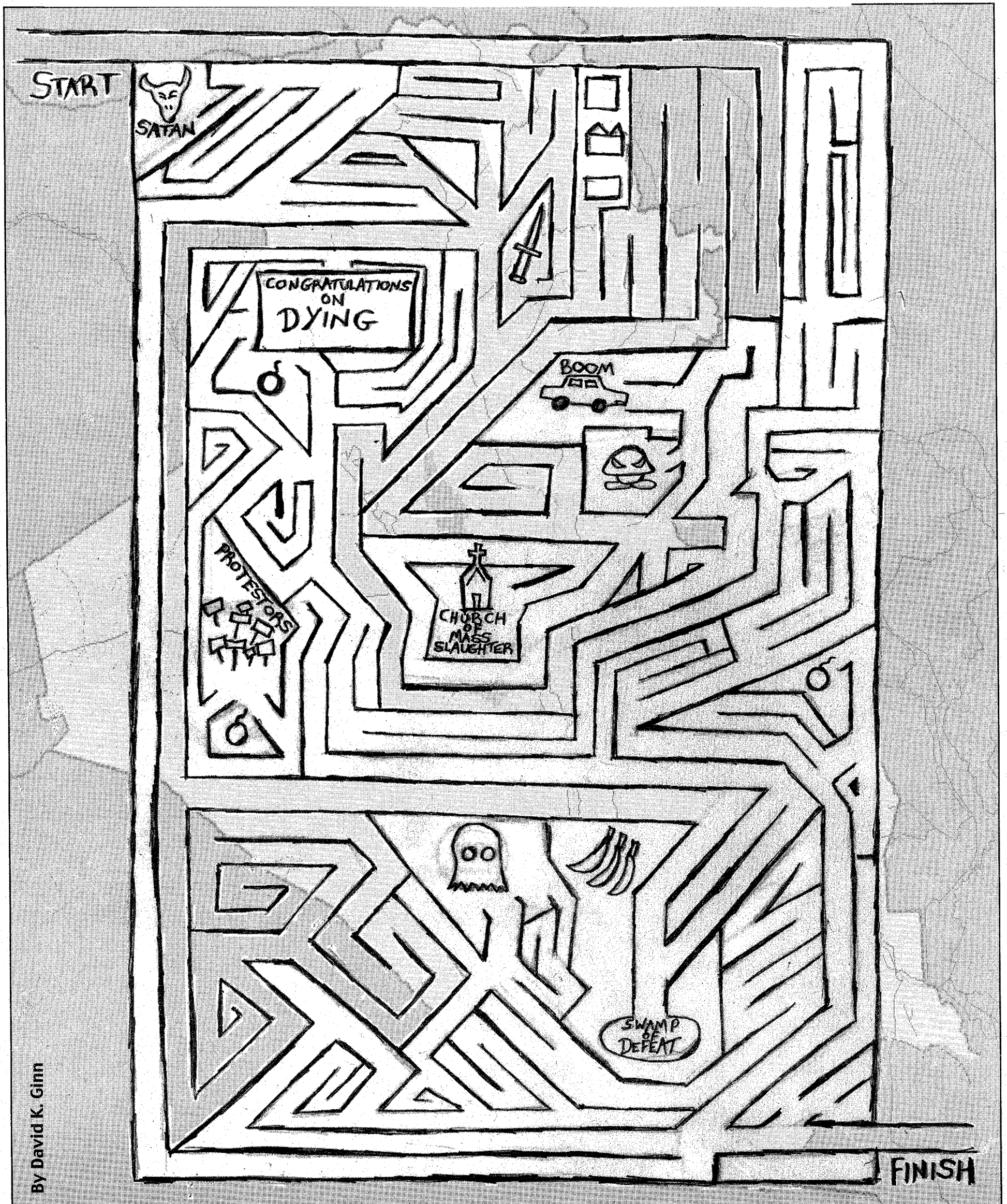
Counter clockwise
starting from the top
the words should read:

WARN,
WELT,
FEAT,
FLAN,
and TART



ESCAPE FROM IRAQ

SINCE GEORGE W. BUSH HAS NO PLAN TO GET OUT, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, SOLDIER!
JUST TRY TO ESCAPE ALIVE!



By David K. Ginn

DEATH EGG ZONE