

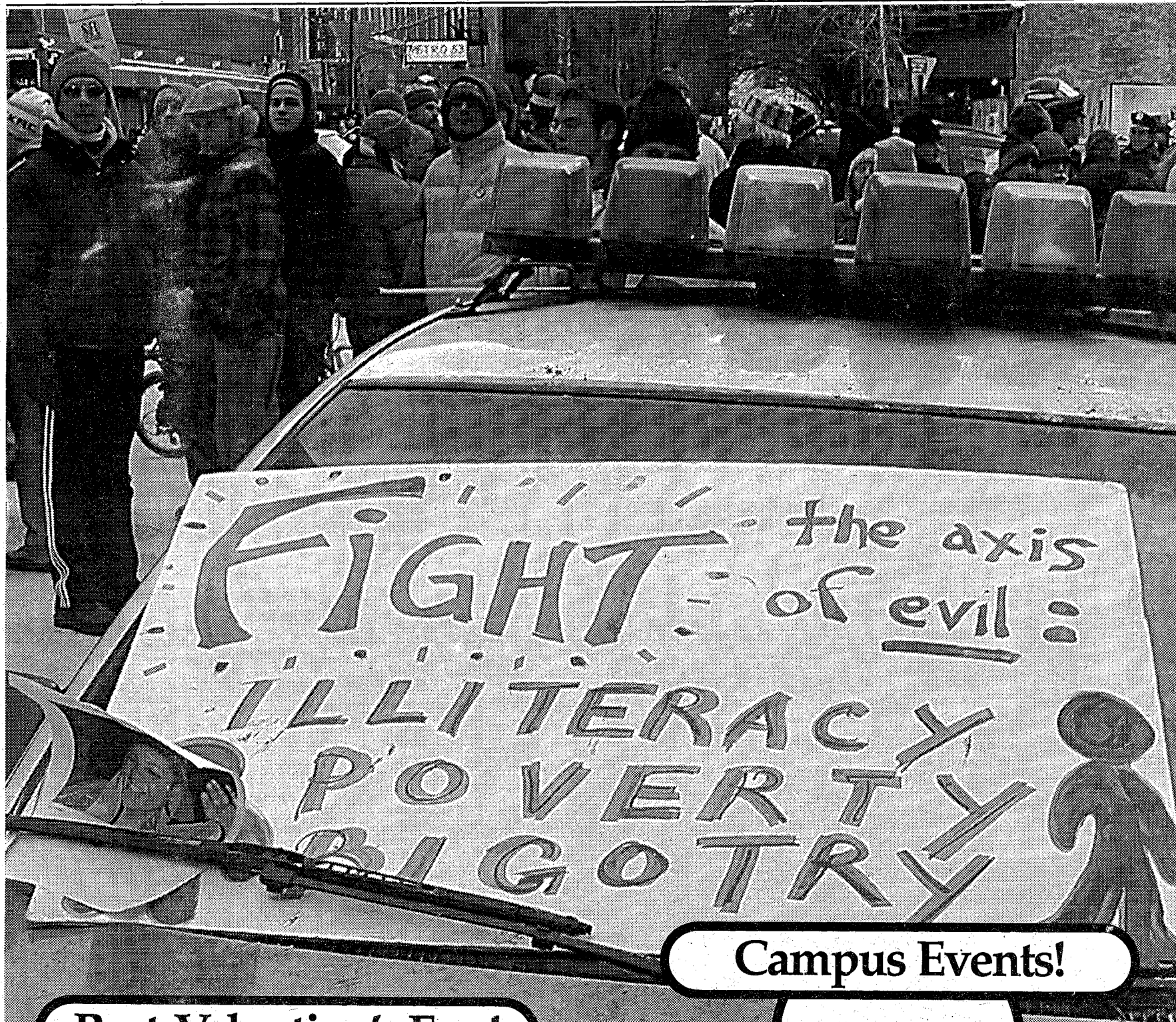
THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 9

"Way to kill Jesus."

Feb. 27, 2003



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The Peace Movement in Suffolk

By Beverly Bryan

A group of about thirty Suffolk county residents marched or stood in front of Setauket United Methodist Church on 25A in the cold night of January 19th. Those without candles held up signs that said "Honk For Peace". It was a mostly older crowd but there were few a college age kids. A lot of people honked for peace. The vigil was positioned at an intersection and at some red lights there would be two or three motorists leaning on their horns at once. A few shouted pro-war sentiments at those assembled but most sped by.

The vigil was one of three organized by a group called the Interfaith Alliance for Peace. Based in the congregation of the North Shore Methodist Church the group wants to be a voice of dissent on the North Shore of Long Island. Lucy Burrows, 57, of Shoreham is the project's main organizer. She said the Alliance began when she and her "band of rebels" from the congregation got permission to use church stationery to write other churches.

"We've been dangling progressive concepts in front of our congregation for 20 or 30 years. And they've been tolerating our politics," Burrows said, indicating that not everyone in the church shares her pacifism.

But many in her church do. Twenty people from the small church came to the first vigil. The church's pastor, Rev. Susumu Ando, while not a leader of the alliance, believes in what the peace activists are doing. "He didn't drive this at all," said Burrows. But when the photos came back from the first vigil he attended, Burrows said, Ando he had them projected on the wall during Sunday services.

One church member told the pastor that he was leaving the congregation because he believed that churches should not get involved in

politics.

Ando's position on his subject is clear. "We are not talking about Republicans and Democrats. We are not talking about politics," the minister said. "We are talking about war and solving problems by violence," he said in an interview. Ando expressed the feeling echoed by others in the Alliance that resisting war is a natural outgrowth of faith. Several pastors have attended vigils as private citizens.

Both President Bush and Vice-President Cheney are members of the United Methodist Church. The church has publicly opposed the war, and urged the President to reconsider his hawkish foreign policy in light of Christian values. A press release put out by the General Conference of Methodist Churches August 30th read: "Jesus proved on the cross the failure of state-sponsored revenge. It is inconceivable that Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior and the Prince of Peace, would support this proposed attack."

In January the church ran TV ads featuring Methodist Bishop Melvin Talbert condemning military action in Iraq on CNN and Fox in New York and Washington to coincide with the State of the Union address.

In December the National Council of Churches took out a full page ad reading: "Jesus Changed Your Heart. Now Let Him Change Your Mind." It pictures the President kneeling in prayer. The ad is displayed prominently near the entrance of North Shore Methodist Church.

The alliance is growing slowly. Reverend Diane Samuels of Mt. Sinai Congregational Church was encouraged by the vigil held at her church. Thirteen people came. "We had four Jews, a dog and a Methodist. It was a big success. And then a few Congregational Presbyterians made 13," said Burrows.

There is a demonstration from 10 to 11AM Saturdays on a little stretch of sidewalk on 25A between Bennetts and Nicolls Rd. Bill McNulty, who attends Catholic Church in Setauket, started the event on December 1st. The protest is organized through Pax Christi which is the biggest church related peace network on Long Island. McNulty also started Pax Christi. Burrows explained that one reason the Alliance was formed was to fill in a gap. Pax Cristi is most active on the South shore of Long Island.

"There was almost no public demonstration going on along the North Side of Long Island," said Burrows. The Alliance works closely with Pax Christi and members generally attend one another's events.

There are a few Jewish Alliance members but no rabbis. A temple director in Huntington wanted a vigil in front of her temple but eventually said she couldn't because they were interviewing for a new rabbi. One Jewish member, Marsha Slatkin, 60, of Shoreham offered the explanation that Israel was a barrier to many Jews who might otherwise join in a movement against war in Iraq. "I think many people identify any Middle Eastern cause with the Israeli-Palestinian cause," she said.

Are there any Muslims affiliated with the group? "We're waiting," said Burrows. There is some talk of getting Stony Brook University's Muslim Chaplain Sister Sanaa to speak at events, but she prefers more intimate settings than demonstrations, Burroughs said.

Burrows described the value she sees in small local demonstrations: "There are a lot of people with reservations about what our government is planning. Demonstrating allows someone to verbalize and be empowered to express their reservations about the war."

The Pursuit Of Knowledge Is Worth Any Risk

By Scott Perl

On Saturday, February 1 at around 11:30am I was awoken by the ring of my dorm room phone. The person on the other line, a friend of mine, told me something that I did not believe, something that did not even enter my mind as being at all factual. After a few minutes lying in bed, pondering what he had said I slipped back into sleep and received another phone call. Another friend left a message which said only, "I know you probably already know, but turn on the news anyway, call me if you need to." With the tone of my second friend's voice I knew that the earlier call was unfortunately true. I hurried out of my room and sat in the television room, turned on CNN and watched everything. Five emotional hours later I turned off the TV and just thought, thought about the future.

NASA and the future of space flight was held back almost three years after the 1986 Challenger accident. In a time where for some reason space flight has become a commonplace event;

so routine that over the last few years we have seen two rich businessmen pay their way into a seat of a Russian shuttle and an arrogant-boy band member try to do the same. We have failed to realize the frailty and resolve of these missions.

Hours after the Columbia accident, the news media, as well as numerous online polls were switched to NASA's comments and views about the seven astronauts, their families, and the future of the space shuttle as well as NASA as a whole. One poll that I participated in was from America Online. It asked a simple, straight-forward question: "Do you think space travel is worth the risk?" Before even finishing the question and clicking "yes," I wondered who would say "no." Apparently, a surprising 14% of

America Online users don't think that space travel is worth the risk. I thought for a second that this 14% must be uneducated morons, who would prefer to live in prehistoric times because that's where we would be if no one ever took a risk. It is an

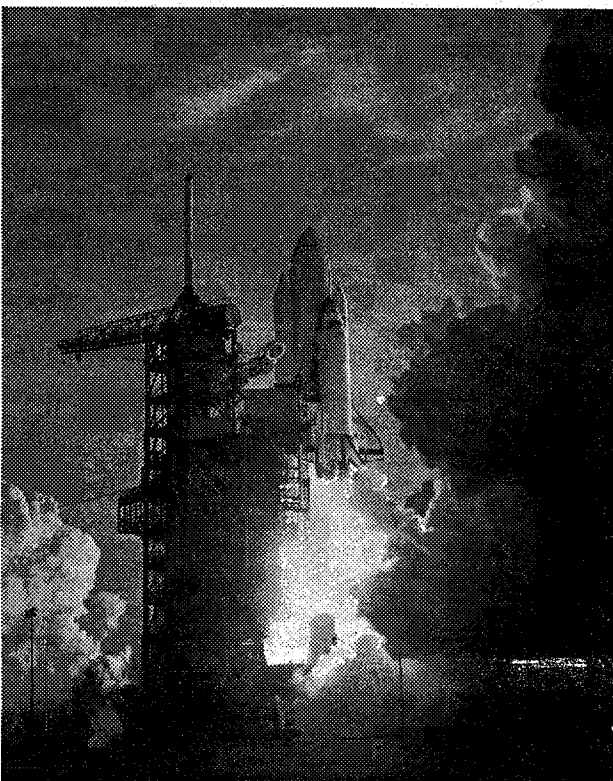
essential part of the human condition to be curious and to explore the unknown territories within our lives. Some people are willing to just sit back and never get into the drivers seat of their own lives.

Risk is a part of everyone's life, whether they like it or not. Those seven courageous Astronauts loved what they were doing. In watching interviews that they had done some time before the mission, all of them said in one way or another that they wouldn't trade their shuttle mission for the world.

I have gladly accepted the risks of space travel. I know this because my future career hopefully will bring me to the same status as the Columbia's crew. I find it so hard that some people can't see past their own lives, to see that the space program as a whole enables us to understand areas of science that cannot be done on earth. It is our instinct to learn and explore. Why do we even go to school if we have no desire to learn? In many ways, astronauts are students, studying on the frontier of knowledge.

In order to understand the risks of space travel we have to understand the reasons for these unique missions. These risks have been ignored and not comprehended. This is due to the belief that spaceflight is a common occurrence.

What happened on February 1st was a tragic accident. It was something that reminded us that space travel is not yet a commonplace occurrence. Those seven astronauts were doing something that would allow for the progress of our species to continue. For that reason we cannot allow their sacrifice to be in vein.



The Biggest Protest, EVER!

By Jackie Hayes

On Saturday February 15th, crowds began spilling out of Penn and Grand Central Station, making their way towards the rally on 51st Street and 1st Avenue, near the United Nations. Bundled in warm clothes, many carried signs stating, "No Blood For Oil" and "The World Says No To War." The protest drew a crowd estimated at nearly 500,000 to New York City and about 10 million protesters worldwide in London, Madrid, Barcelona, Rome, Athens, and over 350 cities across the world, including 150 U.S. cities. United for Justice and Peace, the event's organizers, claimed Saturday was, "the largest day of coordinated protest ever known."

As protesters poured out onto the Manhattan city streets, police responded by setting up blockades as a form of crowd control. The police succeeded in driving estimated thousands from the actual site of the protest, which resulted

in a high number of confrontations. According to the Independent Media Center, "The NYPD's strategy seems to have been to divide and corral protesters west of 1st Avenue."

About 270 people were arrested, for mostly minor charges. There were 30 complaints of police misconduct filed after the protest. In the complaints, protesters reported being "corralled, punched, pushed to the ground, and trampled by police horses."

The Independent Media Center released a seven-minute video showing footage of police misconduct. NYC Mayor Bloomberg commented, "not everybody was happy about the way the police controlled the crowds, but they keep this city safe."

Bloomberg was not the only politician unsympathetic to protesters. President Bush and UK Prime Minister Tony Blair also made comments in regards to the anti-war rally. In reference to the millions that protested worldwide, Bush stated, "Size of protest- it's like deciding, well, I'm going to decide policy based upon a focus group." Although Bush claims to disagree with basing policy on "focus groups", his use of polling and focus groups is comparable to that of the Clinton administration. The Clinton administration was well known for its use of polling to judge public support of public policy. Bush continued

stating, "The role of a leader is to decide policy based upon the security, in this case, the security of the people." Blair reaffirmed his support of U.S.

policy in regards to Iraq stating, "I do not seek unpopularity as a badge of honor... But sometimes it is the price of leadership and the cost of conviction." It is hard to gauge the price Blair will pay for his convictions.

Although politicians seemed unmoved by the mass protests, the

protests were still impressive. About 200 faculty and students met at the Stony Brook train station to ride the Peace Train to the rally at 8:30 Saturday morning. The Peace Train was organized through Stony Brook's Coalition Against War, a coalition of multiple student groups, departments, local and community organizations, along with individuals who oppose the war. Some of the groups aligned with the coalition include Food Not Bombs, Musicians Alliance for Peace, the Muslim Student Association, the Socialist Alternative, United University Professions, Students for Peace and Humanity, among numerous others. The group was formed for the specific purpose of opposing war with Iraq. In their statement of purpose they express their belief that war with Iraq is, "illegal, immoral, and recklessly dangerous to people of all nations." If you would like to find out more about joining the coalition you can visit their website at www.sbcoalition.net.



The Middle Eastern Voice Against War With Iraq

By Daniel Hofer

On February 15th, the world came out to voice their opposition to an impending war with Iraq. This was the largest international protest ever held; covering every inhabited continent and drawing about six million people. There has never been a protest of this magnitude before.

Strangely, the region with the lightest attendance last weekend was the place that should have had the most. The Middle Eastern nations missed the opportunity to organize themselves against something they did not want.

But this is not new. Since the arrival of the Jewish settlers in (what was then only known as) Palestine, the surrounding Arab nations have not been able to manage a single moment of unity. Over the past century of distrust, only extremist views were publicly allowed. Any Arab moderate thinkers on the Jewish-Arab conflict were silenced. Even the king of Jordan was killed in 1951 for his compassionate view toward Israel.

However, the right wing has been driven by personal greed instead of betterment of the Arab community. Frequently throughout Israel's history, the surrounding Arab nations attempted to destroy the young nation. While Israel's valiant fighting was a major factor in their victories, the disorganization and greed of the Arab leaders played a part as well. Israel's survival is in part due to the Arab's ineffective organization.

It is this disorganized quality that appeared to resurface on February 15th. Here was a chance for the Arab nations to stand with millions of others against war. There were virtually no Arab protests, and no Arab intellectuals speaking out.

Maybe this time the lack of support was due to a feeling of hopelessness within the Arab community. An Egyptian writer was quoted in

Haaretz, an Israeli newspaper saying, "We are very encouraged by the fact that millions of citizens of the world are suddenly coming out against the bullying policy of the United States," but on the other hand he states, "We are very well aware that the Western public struggle against the war is not in favor of Iraq or the Arabs, but rather against the United States."

"There is no reason to get excited about the European protest, because Europe is also looking out for its economic interests, out of the necessity of competing with the United States for the resources of the Middle East," a Jordanian publicist is quoted in *Haaretz*. "They don't want to leave 'the new map of the Middle East' to the United States."

In the past, the map of the Middle East was redrawn according to European powers. This time however, a regime designed by the US would introduce democracy in the region. While many Arab intellectuals may want democracy instilled in the Middle East, most of them realize the people are not ready.

Another Egyptian publicist wrote that placing democratic ideas on the region through force will only further destroy the Arab view of the US. According to the Saudi Arabian ambassador to Britain, democracy does not fit with certain Islamic principles. At the same time however, he said he was for a Saudi Arabian "partnership government with the public."

While Arab governments don't seem to consider democracy a threat to their power, their



newspapers do. "The problem is that Arab governments are so backward that they prefer not to see mass demonstrations of popular sentiment - even when that sentiment is aligned with their own public positions," said an editorial in the Lebanese publication *The Daily Star*. "It is a classic case of tyranny imagining that by preventing the expression of the people's will it can prevent that will from existing. Contrary to the myth, ostriches do not stick their heads in the sand at any sign of danger - but Arab leaders do."

According to *The Daily Star*, these Arab leaders must realize and adapt to democracy before it makes their own form of governing irrelevant. Yet democracy is something that, according to the Jordanian publicist, must come from within when the people are ready, and not forced upon from the outside.

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Editorial: Bad Taste In Music Kills

Recently, there have been reports of tragedy in nightclubs around the nation. These have gained notoriety in part because of their severity, but also because they are happening within such a small amount of time. In the past, nightclubs have been notoriously dangerous places. Between fires, drugs, and the occasional sociopath infecting people with aids from needle pricks, it's a wonder people still go to clubs sometimes at all. Isn't there a better way to spend an evening?

Now, in all fairness, there are different types of nightclubs, ranging from the newly closed Exit and Sound Factory to supper clubs that are almost all but extinct. Nightclubs were once respectable watering holes for a city's elite. Now, they are mostly associated with trashy music, drugs, and annoying blinking lights. Clubs and discos of this sort have been around for quite some time, but, there is a crucial difference between the Apollo Theater (yes, that was once considered a night club) and Limelight. Dance clubs operate with little to no overhead, deal in cash, and are pure unadulterated money makers. You can smell the illegal blocks away. It's hard to find a club anywhere

that has not at least once in its history had a battle with drugs, selling alcohol to minors, and any combination of offenses thereof. A club's philosophy is, "pack in as many people as can fit." Period. In today's popular culture, if you're not "being seen" or if you don't shell out retarded amounts of money just to say you danced in the same club that Britney Spears once went to.

Of course the clubs weren't up to fire code. The fire codes themselves being antiquated is an entirely different matter. No club owner cares for his clients. As long as people keep coming through the doors, owners don't care how they exit. It's about the Benjamins. Maybe club goers should out a little more thought into whether it's really necessary to go to clubs at all. A club can be a great place to dance, hang out, and have fun, but it can also become an overly expensive hobby that leads to appreciation of terrible music and death by stampede. Something like that can be said for almost anything you do out of the house. Attending college included. Just be careful, and keep your wits about you.

Editorial: Love and Baskets?

If you've ever been to Tabler Quad (which you probably haven't if you've never lived there, because there's no food and it's damn near off campus), you may have noticed the names of some of the colleges. If so, you may also have noticed that there is a college named after Margaret Sanger, a well-documented racist and Anti-Semite. To make an already questionable decision downright offensive, Sanger college happens to be located directly across from Frederick Douglass college, named after one of the greatest champions of civil rights and the fight for equality this country has ever known. This type of shit you just can't make up. Welcome to racial acceptance at Stony Brook, and join in the universities borderline pathetic Black History Month celebration.

Granted, there have been some impressive and noteworthy programs celebrating African-American culture the past few weeks. But with a few exceptions, they've all been student organized. The University itself has done almost nothing to educate the students of this campus on a culture that is as much an integral part of this country's history as any other. The best SBU could do was have Kelly Dining play a few movies starring black actors and actresses,

including Roots, The Color Purple, and Love and Baskets. For those of you who don't recognize that last title, it's probably because there is no movie called Love and Baskets. The proper title of the movie is actually Love and Basketball, contrary to what the fliers on campus would have you believe. An embarrassing typo to say the least, wouldn't you agree? And for the record, while Love and Basketball is a pretty good movie, it does very little to promote the idea of racial equality or educate viewers on African-American culture. What a joke.

Perhaps the biggest problem this country faces (aside from wasting billions of dollars on a pointless war) is its severe lack of cultural acceptance. This aversion to different cultures is mostly a bi-product of a lack of education, or an excess of false knowledge being given to the youth of this nation. After all, no one is actually born a racist. Universities being the alleged "bastions of higher education" that they are, one would assume that the job falls on their shoulders to quell the ignorance of many when they reach the college level by introducing them to the truth, something they may never have seen before. Too bad Stony Brook so often fails to get the job done.

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Letter: When It's Time To Party, We Will Party Hard

Hi Everyone at The Press -

Although we have never met, I am an old alumna who knew the original Press founders - I have dinner with Chris Fairhall and his wife Lisa Berger every summer, talk on the phone with Prakash Mishra monthly, and I went to the Alumni Awards Dinner because I know Scott Higham and his wife Kathy. I am currently the Alumni Advisor - a volunteer position so that you do not mistakenly believe I work for the University - for the SBU AA E-Zine. You can talk to Kevin Quan and I am sure he will tell you that I am an okay person to deal with. (The Powers That Be at SBU probably dislike me even more than The SB Press!)

Although it is difficult to get students and alumni to understand where I am coming from - after they hear me out they usually agree with me. Although we all feel/felt treated as fodder as students doesn't mean that as alumni we can't work/donate to improve the quality of life for current and future students - not necessarily in the ways the University wants us to - but in ways that we know are important to students.

In a shortened version, here is what I would like you to consider. The SBU Alumni Association is going to attempt to have its first Reunion Weekend June 6- 8th. It will have no sports attached to it like Homecoming. Instead it will have lots to entertain everyone. It is being billed as a World's Fair and the academic mall will look like Strawberry Fest but bigger. You'll visit Mexico for tacos and Margaritas sort of thing.

I would like you to consider either having two

reunions this year (depending on the date of your currently planned one), or changing the date to have it during that Reunion weekend.

Here are the advantages:

a) The Alumni Association supplies most of everything so its simply a matter of inviting Press alumni.

b) They are working out a deal with Res Life so that alumni can stay in the dorms.

c) It makes it easier for alumni because it gives them a whole package to come back for that even keeps the wife and kids occupied rather than leaving them home in Washington. (You'll appreciate that more when you're in that boat.)

They want affinity groups but being Administrators, they don't exactly have lots of contacts with the student and alumni affinity populations. And in The Press' case they probably don't want any contact! No, seriously, the best thing that happened was Scott winning the Pulitzer because it elevated the potential star quality of each of you in their eyes. And I know you don't give a damn about that but what it means is that they now look at Press alumni in a better light.

Bottom line is that this is something that would need to be decided quickly because the info for the first big mailing has to be in by the end of the first week of March. So if there is any interest at all let's talk and I'll introduce you to Sandra Skinner, the woman running the weekend.

Take care,
Ja Young

Letter: Good Work Sherlock

Dear Stony Brook Press-

I always enjoy reading your articles, and last issue was no exception. I think its great that you wrote about crotchball, I've been wondering what those stickers meant for a while now. Hopefully in the future you can cover more stony brook underground things like that. Oh and of course bob was back to complaining about campus things, I think that's when bob is the best. Anyway, I read your last issue and I couldn't help but notice the editorial about the Statesman. Now, while you may be right in what you are saying, don't you think bashing them and then using the same picture they had on their cover for your cover kind of hypocritical? Just wondering. Keep up the good work anyway.

Dear Mike,

Thanks for all your words of encouragement! We too were wondering about crotchball and thought it would be an interesting campus oriented topic as well. As far as Bob, well, the title of the comic is "Bob is Cool," what else is there to say?

Since you are wondering, the candlelight vigil picture on our last cover is our own. We did not use the Statesman's picture. It was just a strange coincidence. In fact, if you take a closer look, the guy on the right (The Press' very own Associate Editor) has his head turned in the Statesman's issue, while his face is showing in ours.

-The Stony Brook Press



scared?



alienated?



angry?



sad?



pensive?



cynical?



peeved?



wistful?



lonely?



thirsty?

silly Goth
come to....

the Spot

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

Poet Robert Bly Calls on Patriarchs and Shouts Out Loneliness

By Christopher Gennari

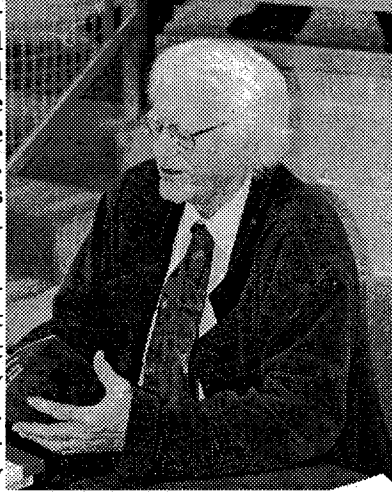
A snowfall before last (7 February, to be exact) Poet Robert Bly read from his thin new book *The Night Abraham Called to the Stars* in the SAC Auditorium. Given the terrible weather there was a very good turnout for the Protestant Campus Ministry supported event who also provided warming coffee and hot chocolate after the festivities.

The artistic celebrations began with some fantastic drumming on African congo drums. Brother Clarke Berge, the head of the Protestant Campus Ministry organization, joined in halfway through the second song and the three drums pounded out rhythms and beats which are hard to redescribe in print but left me wishing this group had a CD for sale next to the poetry books. The drums pulsed and banged. My friend and I nodded along to the bass beat. One observer was hypnotized at the stage front, charmed like a snake. He moved slightly, swaying in his spot, fixated on the rhythms coming from one corner of the stage. After seeing the DVD documentary *Poetry in Motion* (available at the Stony Brook library) I thought I was in for a real treat and doubly glad I brought my friend along. *Poetry in Motion* is a documentary movie from 1983 about how poets were combining music and poetry to make their work both more energetic and popularist. It has Allen Ginsberg, the infamous Beat Poet and author of *Howl*, reading about anarchy and communism backed by a great punk band so that the words come out as machine gun bullets. I knew any poetry with these drummers provided backbeats was going to kick some serious ass. But it was not to be.

When the music ended Brother Clarke came to the podium and introduced Robert Bly marking both the man's work and the importance of poetry to both culture and the spiritual life of the soul. It was an impressive speech, which reveals truths many of us who write only discover after we've written our 152nd version of "Why does No One Love Me?" Many never discover it.

Robert Bly rose to the podium and introduced fellow poet Louis Simpson asking him to read some poems. Mr. Simpson rose out of his seat, right amongst the audience, and came to the podium. Like Mr. Bly, Mr. Simpson is a poet of an older generation and his work (at least the bit he read) shows a different nature of storytelling than Mr. Bly. Mr. Simpson's first poem "A Spot on the

Kitchen Floor" was a heartwarming chuckler about a lonely man and his relationship with a bug scurrying across the bathroom floor. Mr. Simpson's second poem was about an aborigine who finds the people of western civilization more interesting than the events in which they participate. (The main character's anthropologist "guide" takes him to the circus and while the crowd watches the elephants he watches the expression of the crowd. Very much like the priceless Alfred Eisenstaedt pictures of the French schoolchildren watching a puppetry show.) Both Mr. Simpson's poems left with pondering questions, which acted as a good warm up for Mr. Bly's reading. The Stony Brook library has 50+ poetry books by Louis Simpson.



Finally, the main event. Mr. Bly thanked Mr. Simpson and took the podium. His voice sounded like Paul Newman in his newest roles; gruff, scratchy, old yet energetic and authoritarian like your grandfather as he remembers long ago battles with that enigmatic sense of power and purpose. Mr. Bly read for an hour and a half mostly from his new collection though he did through in some old favorites. His poems were good and interesting. The poems in *The Night Abraham...* are written in an Arabic style of poetry created back when Islamic culture was the pinnacle of science and Cordoba, in Spain, had a million people and lit streets while London and Paris were small villages of mudfarmers. It is very interesting, given the current state of Western vs. Muslim rhetoric and discord, that Mr. Bly purposefully picked a style (and for a Free Verse writer this style must have been inordinately constricting) which illuminates the civilization of Islamic culture.

Mr. Bly was quite political during his reading. He denounced both the coming war and President Bush, calling him "a little demented" (to which he received a round of loud applause). He went on to say "we live in a time of cultural disaster" citing the decline of the New York Times Book Review section. He made fun of television and especially bad sitcoms and reality shows and saying, "Did we really kill the Indians just to get shit like that" to which he received nervous laughter of educated people putting two and two together. He then waxed philosophy saying Freud's genius was to make us feel more grief than we admit to and the natural state of existence was separation. That the idea of separation goes back to the first

words of Genesis.

This brings us to his reading. I've been to poetry readings in the past and many are dull and lifeless. The author reads, from behind a podium, looking down at his book instead of at his audience. Mr. Bly's reading was none of this though it was the most unusual reading I have ever been to. He looked out at his audience, when he read his right hand floated in the air as if conducting the words along. But the reading itself was part reading, part lecture, part summary, part rereading, and part talkative conversation. The audience did not help him out at all. We sat quiet and respectful to the point Mr. Bly said "You don't do much as an audience." A little while later he told us it had been a long time since he had an audience so dead. And we deserved the criticism.

But Mr. Bly's poems, while interesting, never got going. On nearly every poem he stopped at the end of the third stanza and asked the audience "Do you understand this?" to which he received nods and silence. Then he would introduce his last stanza with a "Last stanza" as if we were a class waiting, begging, to be released from the last day of school. In between he stopped in various places to explain his references, to make conversation about his writing style, history and purpose, and then he would reread from weird places. In short, the reading lack a continuity and given the style it was hard to discern where the poem ended and his talkative riff began. Still, the night was highly enjoyable to the audience.

After the readings, to Mr. Bly's credit, he sat at a table in the back of the auditorium (as the drummers took up their instruments again) and signed books for everyone who wanted a signature. The lined moved slowly because Mr. Bly had a brief conversation with each person who approached. Which, in this age of isolationist celebrity, was a welcome and impressive touch. When I went to get a book signed by President Carter, I was the only person on line and the President pushed me aside as if the multitudes were breaking down the doors. Still, despite the strangeness of the reading it was an enjoyable night of poetry, music and illumination. It is the author's hope SUNY Stony Brook will bring in more artists of Mr. Bly's and Mr. Simpson's stature to perform on campus.





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The World is My Representation: The 2003 MFA Review

By Ana Maria Ramirez

The Master of Fine ART (MFA) exhibit is up and the doors to the gallery are opened and the five artists, each in their own way, have constructed doors into their own perceptions. The works encapsulate the graduates' developments throughout their three years at Stony Brook.

Glenn Webb, one of the graduate students in the MFA show, may be better known to his regular audience through his performances as Alligator Boy. Webb states that Alligator Boy is a character, who he created, acts as his alter ego and with him, combines both installation and video to his live performances.

Alligator Boy raises questions of heteronormal society's obsession to categorize and label individuals. In his performances, Webb plays sexually ambiguous roles, breaking down the limited, enforced, gendered categories of male or female. In his previous performances at the Graduate Gallery, Webb openly expresses his own innate differences and embraces it by demonstrating to the audience a raw, bold and blunt passion; seemingly abrasive but in fact brings them in closer.

"I've come to understand how to bring people along with me on my ride, unifying my experiences with the audience's experiences," Webb said. "I am a minority. Minorities will always be minorities until people understand their experiences." When Webb performs as Alligator Boy, he wears a green latex mask and skins, imitating the scales of an alligator. Through the mask, he becomes more empowered.

"When you look at a ritual or a masquerade... when you mask yourself, you unmask yourself," Webb states. "It's hiding, but it is also revealing. Hiding yourself liberates you to do something." In the bizarre, but vibrant video, Alligator Boy's Little Mermaid, Alligator Boy plays the role of the Little Mermaid who wishes to have legs so she can live above the water and amongst men, but to do so, the mermaid must make a sacrifice and give up his/her voice in exchange for legs. "I think the Little Mermaid is quintessential. She lives in this world that she does not belong in," Webb said.

In Webb's second piece, Your Place or Mine, Webb erects two life-sized paper houses. A crescent Astroturf lawn grows under it and a crude baby blue fabric is hung behind it as the sky. Here he erects a seemingly three-dimensional landscape of a child's drawing, very minimal and very rudimentary. The installation represents the world of Suburbia, what he believes is not just a location, but a lifestyle.

In each window of the two houses, videos are played. On the left is a woman dressed in drag, (a woman attempting to look like a man dressed as a woman) with a fake blonde wig and a painted mustache and in the other house is Webb. As the videos continue to play together in sequence, the woman force-feeds Webb a dry, well-done piece of steak in the shape of a heart.

Towards the end of the film, Webb induces himself to vomit. This purging acts as a cleansing. It is also an act of defiance against the imposed setroles between the two characters.

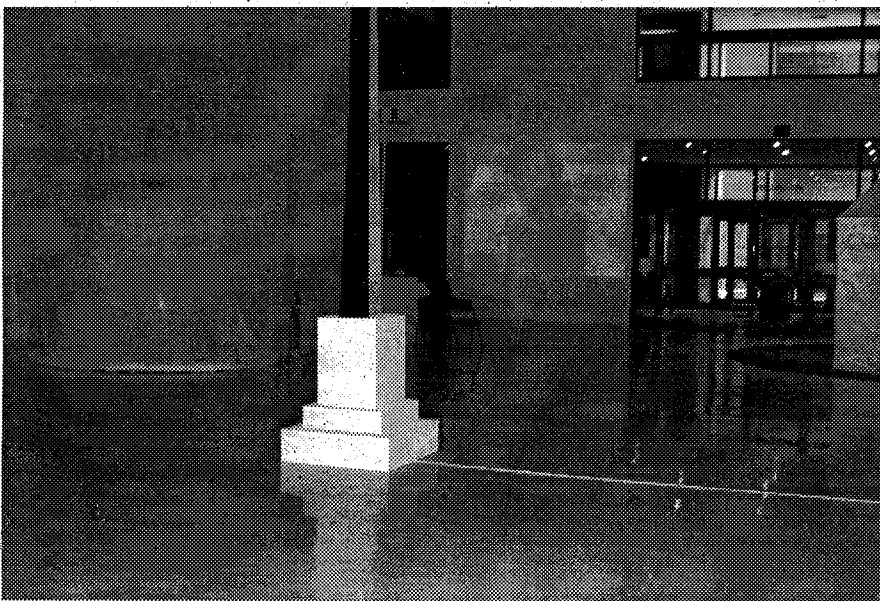
"I love the idea of puking or any action where liquids and shit leaving your body. You deny that you're this organism," Webb said.

To the right corner to Webb's Your Place or Mine is nestled Makiko Miyamoto's installation. Miyamoto cunningly captures a serene and soothing comfort inside her world. Three layers of

white netting enclose the interior space. Miyamoto states that she uses three layers as a mode of "transportation to the inside. From the outside we can't see what is really going on." The number is purposely picked. "I don't like things you can divide in equal parts," Miyamoto said. "I like odd numbers."

Inside the canopy, biomorphic pillows are laid in a circle, inviting viewers to sit down and experience one the congruency of sounds and visual projections on the ceiling of the canopy. Unlike her previous pieces, Miyamoto states that the sounds and visuals make up a storyline that is divided into three parts.

The first segment begins before birth and then introduces the transition into life; symbolized by the sound of bubbling. The second stage is during life on the verge of disappearing, represented with orange colors. And the third uses green to emit the transition from this life to the next, a rebirth. Here xylophone sounds are used to give an effect of the unknown.



Behind both Miyamoto's and Webb's installation, proudly stands The State of the Obelisk", a lit multi-colored obelisk. Out of the five colors: red, orange, yellow, blue and green, only one is lit.

The five colors that cover the obelisk are actually based on the colors chosen by the new Home Land Security's U.S. Threat Advisory System. A chart of the colors, was implemented to or warn Americans about heightened threats of attack.

When the show first opened, the color that was first lit was yellow, but now because of the heightened threat, Price has switched the light from yellow to orange.

Behind the obelisk are three large drawings made from both ink and a brown acrylic. Depicted in the paintings, that are meant to be read from left to right, are apocalyptic scenes. The scenes include images of airplanes crashing into paired obelisks, numerous small houses, pyramids and at the last scene, airplanes crashing into buildings that render the Twin Towers. The first painting in the piece represents what actually happened on Sept. 11th. The second, called Post WTC, questions if there is ever a complete destruction, how a new civilization would arise from its survivors. Finally the third, called Apocalyptic Nightmare, depicts that every monument is a target.

"The paintings are talking about civilizations and cycles of civilizations, rises and falls. Instead of the World Trade Center there are obelisks," Jeffrey Allen Price commented on his works. "...because the WTC were like these monoliths."

His interest in obelisks, which originated in Egypt, stemmed from the fact that they were the first monolithic structures created in the history of all civilization. But as Price recounts, what obelisks had symbolized during Egypt has changed throughout its history from a spiritual monument into a phallic monument of power. "The World Trade Center...are this new myth," Price said. "I feel like these are very mythological drawings because even when I look at pictures of the World Trade Center now, it's unfathomable that these existed to me and that they don't exist anymore."

On the opposite side of the gallery, three paintings are hung up. With a high glossy surface, interior spaces of offices are shone forth. Sarah Bielski, the creator of these paintings, is interested in interior spaces and the constraints that these spaces have placed on individuals and how it impedes over us in our daily lives. In her pieces exhibited here, incorporates shadows as a reminder or as an extension of these enclosures.

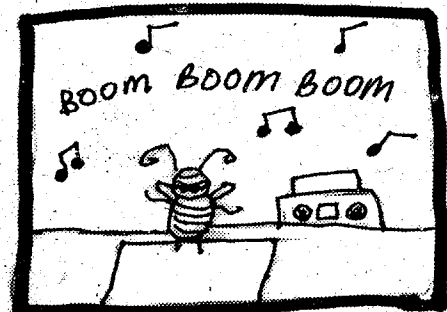
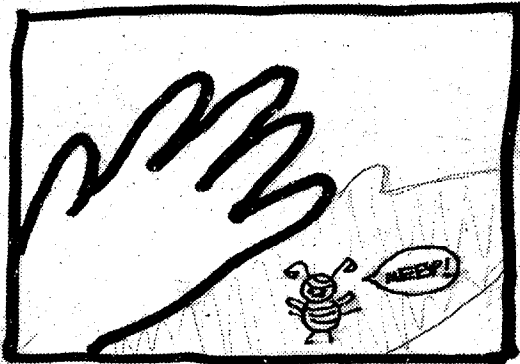
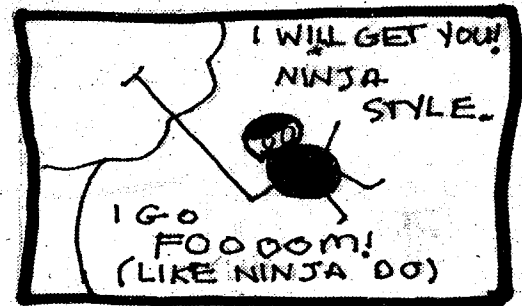
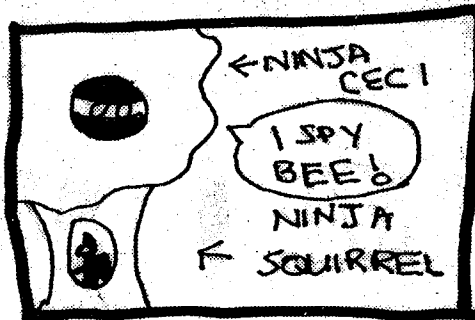
Across from these paintings, is a uniformed line of bear sculptures sitting down and staring straight at their shadows. At the end of the line, a projector plays scenes of every day life for another group of bears. Creator, Raymond Prucher, attempts to recreate Plato's Cave and the ideas of Arnold Schopenhauer. The story of Plato's Cave presented a hypothetical situation of a number prisoners chained deep inside a cave, forced to only watch the shadows that were displayed on the cave walls and nothing else, so the only thing they would know as reality, are the shadows and echoes that are reflected on the wall, an almost ideal representation of themselves. The sculptures that make up the piece are actually teddy bears encased in plaster. Their shadows are oil paintings of different tones of gray. The teddy bears are the prisoners that stare at their shadows believing that that this is the only reality that there is.

The story of Plato's Cave continues to states that if any one of the prisoners were allowed outside the cave to view the real world and then later brought back to tell the tale, none would ever believe the stories. "If all they knew of the world is a representation of the outside world, the other prisoners wouldn't believe him," Prucher said. As for the other bears group of teddy bears staring at the slides, they are seemingly being taught of real world with scenes of the gritty real world that Prucher had shot. "In general, I like to look at things that are out of place, that are left behind, signs of man's encroachment on the world," Prucher added.

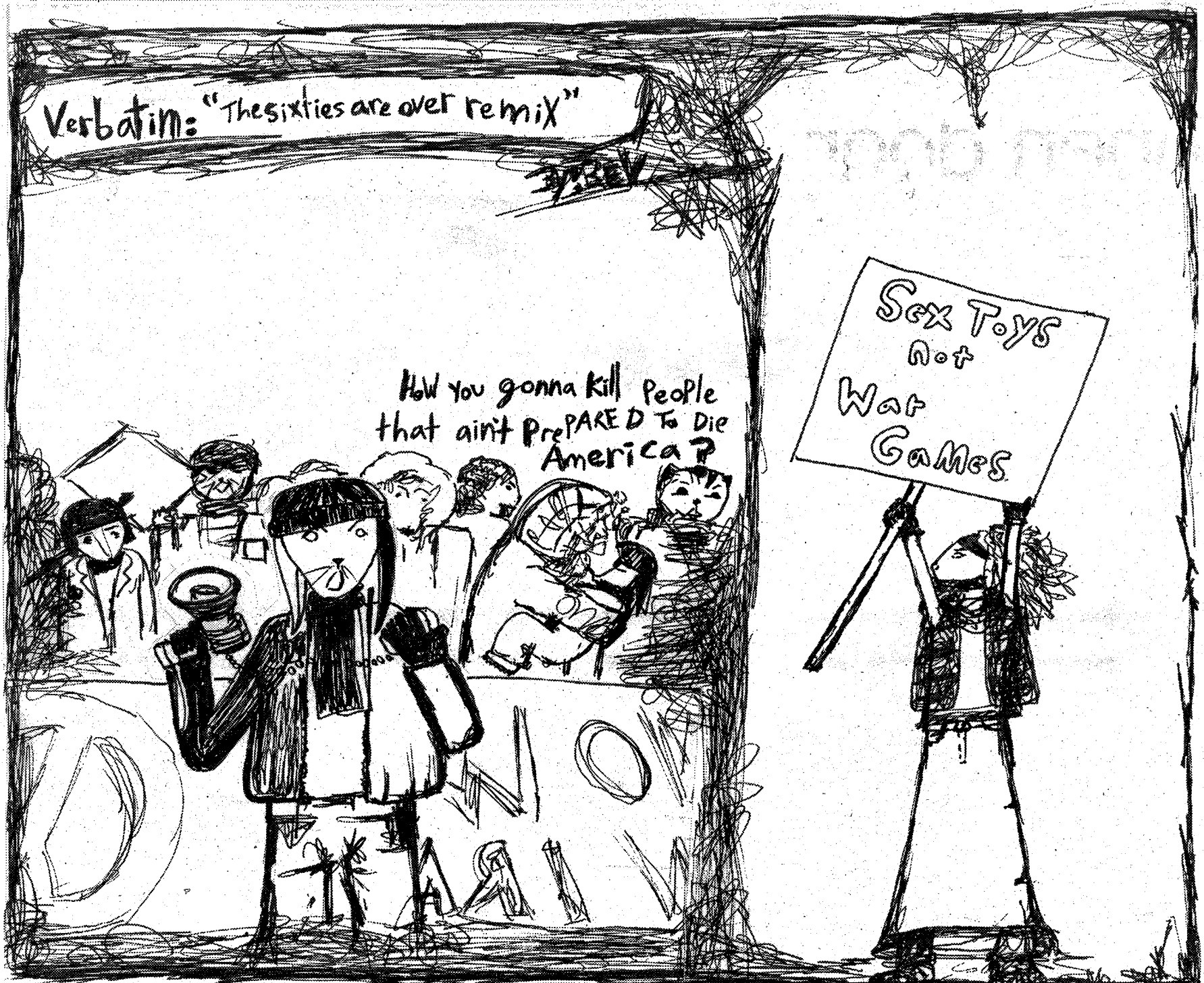
The use of plaster is a something Prucher has used in several of his preceding works and believes by encasing objects, it removes the object from the viewer and makes them imagine the object from the inside. "The plaster provides a nice clean slate that one can project themselves on it," the artist stated. The writings of Schopenhauer, also works well into the pieces because, Schopenhauer believed that every object, color, representation of the physical world is seen differently from one individual to the next. "His work boils down to the world as will and representation. The world is my representation, everything outside of me is created by my mind," Prucher said. Through this multi-faceted exhibit, one can acknowledge that Schopenhauer was on to something. The same world, but viewed through different eyes.

THE COMICS SECTION

#2 BEE DOGGY & THE NINJA EPISODE
AND ALSO THE BEE BOY EPISODE (MAYBE)



BY: NINA ZAKHARENKO

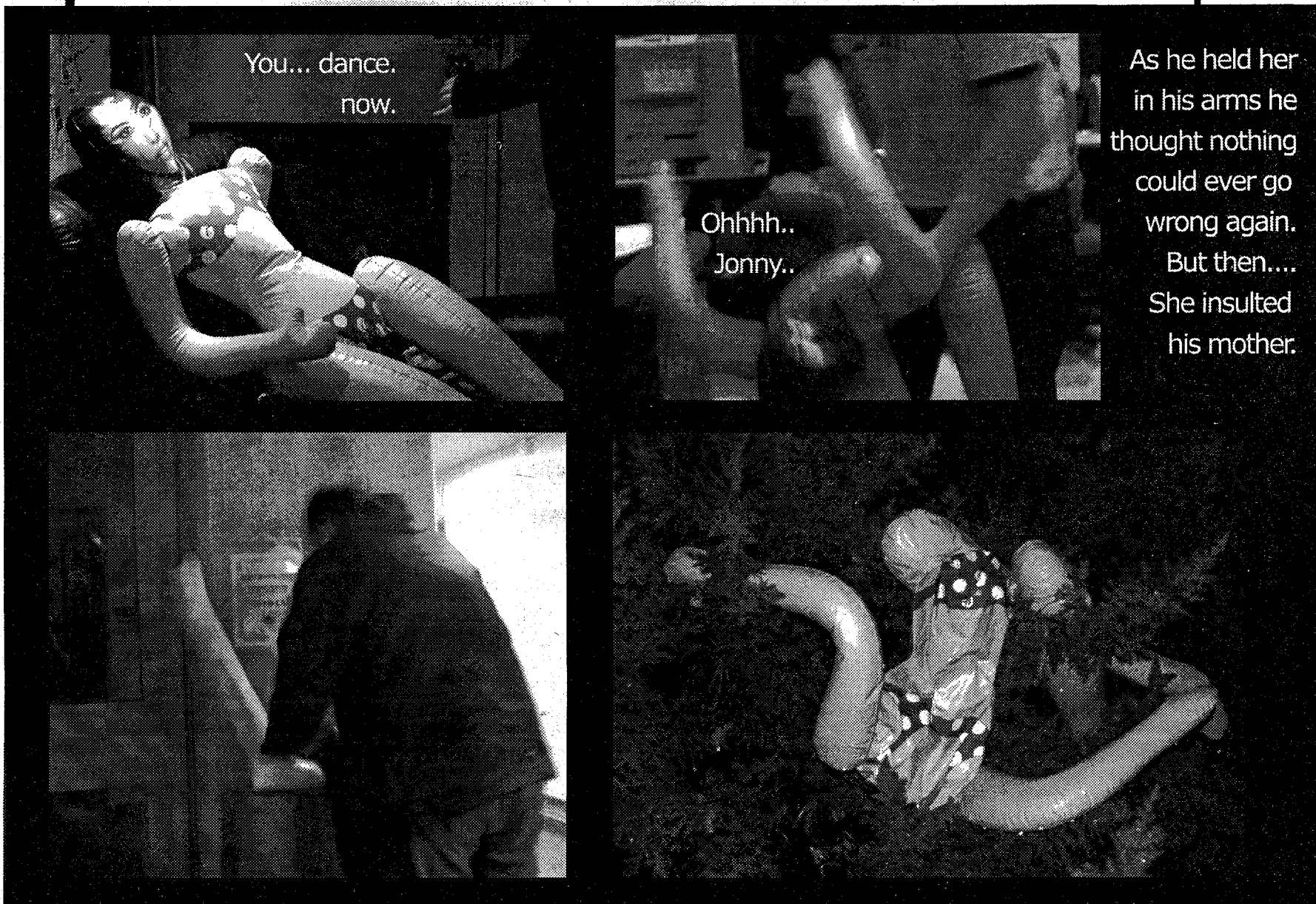


RUMINATIONS ON VALENTINE'S DAY *by Sam Goldman*



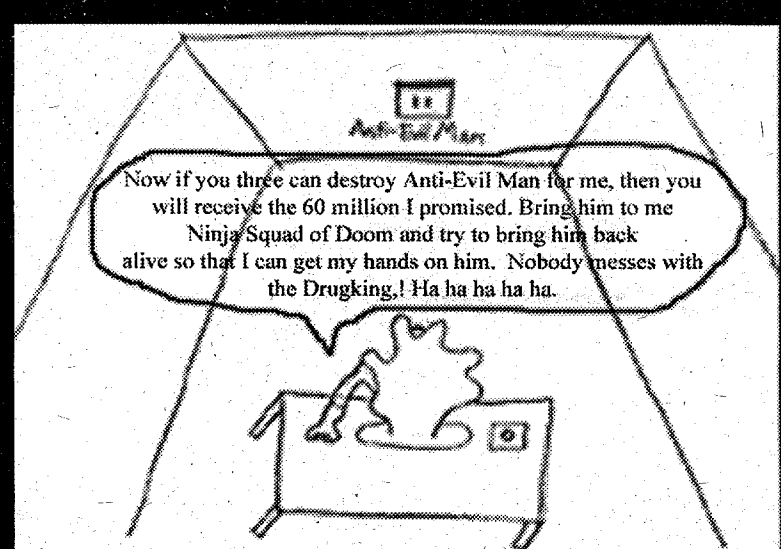
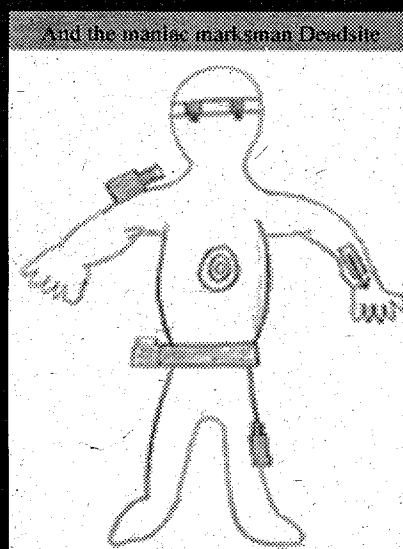
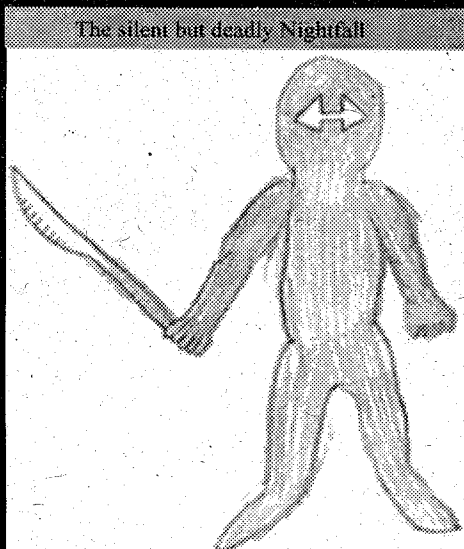
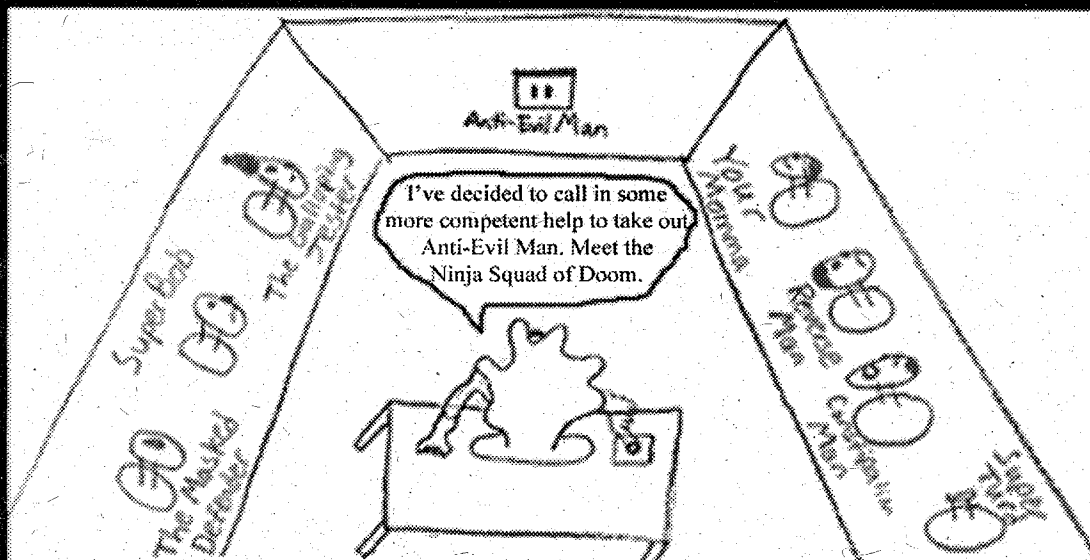
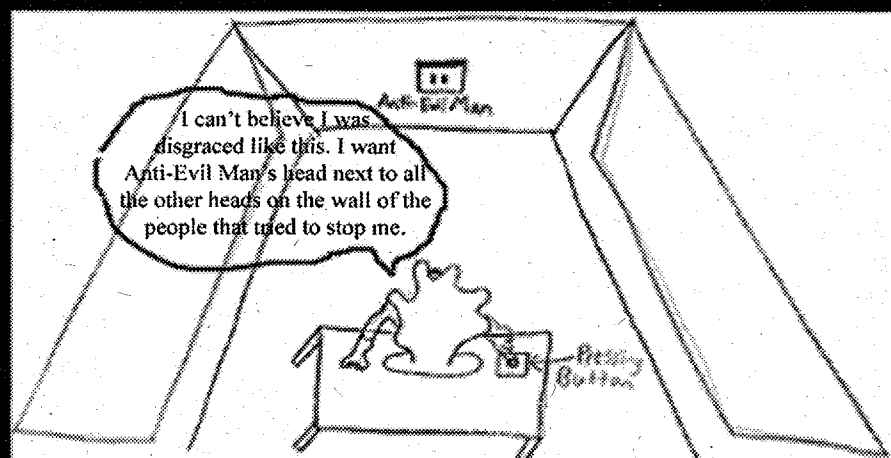
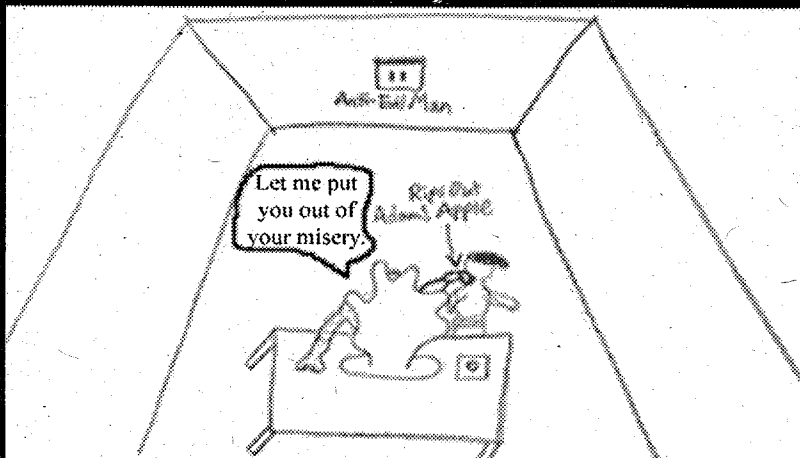
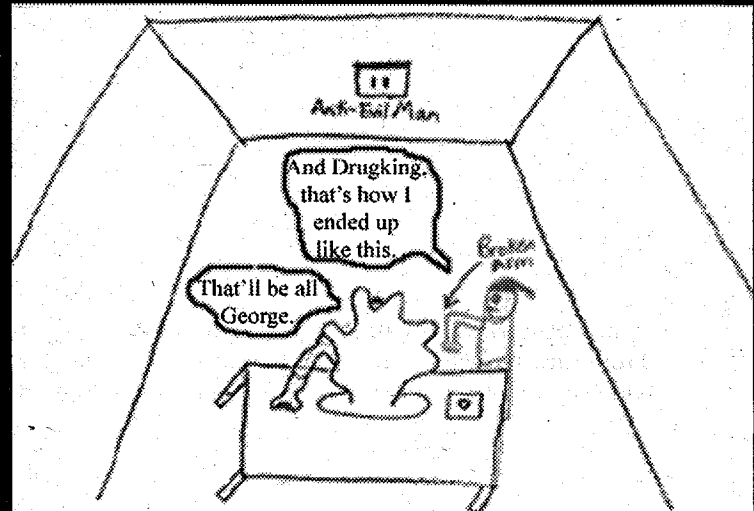
open door

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ANTI-EVIL MAN By Adam Schlagman ISSUE #5

Due to the stupidity of the writer/artist, the Anti-Evil Man symbol was left off of the character in every scene last issue. Because of this, Anti-Evil Man will not be in this issue.



Is Anti-Evil Man doomed? Will Drugking be stopped? How many licks does it take to get to the center of a tootsie roll pop? Some of these pressing questions maybe answered in the next moronic issue of Anti-Evil Man.

By Chris Sorochin

"General, man is very useful.
He can fly and he can kill.
But he has one defect:
He can think."

Bertold Brecht (quoted by Yigal Bronner, one of hundreds of Israeli "refuseniks"—soldiers who refuse duty in the Occupied Territories, in a letter to his own general)

So there I was on the Long Island Railroad, just settling in for the long easternmost leg of my journey on a biting cold winter's morn.

But my peaceful meditation was not to continue. From directly behind me came the raucous bellowing of one of my fellow males, Latino and unintentionally mimicking the half-belligerent, half-salacious tones of Cheech Marin:

"Yeah, man, that's one powerful-ass weapon," and I soon deduced that whomever he was conversing with was a newly-minted acquaintance and that they were in the midst of that communicative subgenre known as "man talk."

For those of you who may be unfamiliar, "man talk" occurs exclusively between men or boys (no girls allowed) and revolves around one or more patently "masculine" topics:

1. Weapons and their uses.
2. Musculature and physical strength
3. Sports and athletic prowess
4. Fights and brawls throughout the ages (with belabored descriptions of moments of glory)
5. The virtues of women (solely as fuckable objects, mind you)
6. Sexual prowess and practices (again, completely without any hint of emotional engagement)
7. Homophobia (the recurrent urban myth of "The Totally Hot Chick Who Blew Me Then Turned Out to Be a Guy, So I Beat the Shit Out of

Him" is a perennial favorite).

Most of us in the Testosterone Brotherhood have been known to engage in this form of discourse at one time or another, though for some it's the primary mode of communication. Yes, there is a vaguely narcissistic/homoerotic undercurrent running through it all, especially when the interlocutors don't know each other and are unlikely to see each other again.

But I digress. "Cheech" did most of the talking, and he let on that he'd been in the military (Maybe the ultimate "guy thing") and so was his new friend, a much younger sounding guy, with a voice that didn't sound too far removed from breaking at crucial moments.

Cheech was going on about the Navy SEALs and how tough their training is and how they fall asleep and out of their rubber dinghies because they're only allowed two hours' sleep a night, or some such lunacy. Such sadomasochism doesn't strike me as a very effective way to train competent people to do anything, but what do I know?

I was debating whether to go sit somewhere else, as this banter showed no signs of ceasing and I really couldn't concentrate on my Village Voice review of books debating whether a guru is a necessity on one's personal quest for spiritual enlightenment with all those pheromones bouncing around.

It turns out the younger guy is in the Marines. Right now he's in school, but when he gets out he's going to Kuwait!

Cheech made a sympathetic sound, to which Mike the Marine retorted, with the cocky assurance of someone who hasn't really seen to much of the world, "Oh, we're ready. We've been training for this for months.

And then with a little chuckle, "They're

not gonna know what hit 'em."

Well, that was just it for me, and I calmly, and without so much as a glance behind me, got up and relocated myself to the lower level of the car.

There was a time when such a display of mindless arrogance would really have ticked me off and cast a dark pall over the better part of the day. Now, it only inspires a queasy kind of sorrow. Wars have a way of surprising and sobering even the most gung-ho and it could very well be that Mike could be among those who have a rendezvous with the unexpected. There's good ole down-home "friendly fire," not to mention the mysterious illnesses that veterans of these "pushover" conflicts have been suffering from. According to Dr. Helen Caldicott, there are veterans of Gulf War I who are still excreting uranium in their urine ten years later. This is due to exposure to aerosol uranium from depleted uranium shells used in that conflict. Studies done by the US military prior to Desert Storm warned that such exposure could lead to lung cancer, bone cancer, kidney damage, neurocognitive disorders, chromosomal damage and birth defects. Indeed, high percentages of these maladies have been reported in Iraq, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, as well as ex-Yugoslavia, where DU was also used and Vieques, Puerto Rico, which the US Navy uses as a testing ground.

Uncle Sam also tests medical products on some folks who, like Mike, sign away many of their civil rights when they sign up to be all they can be. The practice of using military personnel as guinea pigs goes back at least to the "atomic veterans" of the post-World War II era, who were sent into areas where atomic bombs had just been detonated. They later developed radiation sickness and related ailments. They sued the government and lost because the court ruled that since the government

Continued on page 16

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TOP TEN

Interest Months We Would Like To See

- 10 Blatant Fear of Alien Culture
Month (American Pride Month)
- 9 Reverend Jerry Falwell
Enlightenment Month
- 8 Pull a Wallet on a Cop Month
- 7 Lobster Boy Month
- 6 Greco-Roman Orgy Re-
Enactment Month
- 5 March is Multiple Mormon
Marriage Month
- 4 Two-Ply Appreciation Month
- 3 Nietzsche Month
- 2 First Drunken Gay Experience
Remembrance Month
- 1 Penny The Pasta Lady
Appreciation Month

Fill in the... [BLANK] In Pursuit of An American History

By Ana Maria Ramirez

It was a Tuesday in the second week of February. Eight artists sat behind two black tables with one or two microphones pointing out at them.

"Well I guess we can start," Stephanie Dinkins, assistant professor in electronic media, video and curator of the [BLANK] exhibit declared at the start of the symposium.

[BLANK] In Pursuit of An American History is the art exhibition currently in the SAC gallery in celebration of African American History Month. But what makes this distinctive, is that this exhibit confronts the value of African American History Month in the contemporary day. Questioning if it hinders rather than help the lack of knowledge individuals have on African American history.

These works are meant to fill in the gaps, to make students aware that there is more to African-American history, a more global Black history, which is hardly known.

The symposium was a supplement to this exhibition. Curators and several artists sat on a panel to discuss each of the artist's works, how each confronts these issues and finally how African American history is taught and how it should be modified.

As the talks progressed, the debates became more and more heated. One artist debated that the 70 years that African American History Month has existed, has been long enough to expect much progress, another believed the Month itself has become passé.

Jefferson Pinder argued that we still need this celebration because we still live in a separate society, but Karina Aguilera Skvirsky, rebutted, "By putting it all in a month, it becomes invisible for the rest of the year. How can we cure separatism, when it causes separatism?"

Keith Miller the co-curator stated how he had first approached Stephanie Dinkins about the exhibit. "When I first asked Stephanie to do this show...the first thing she said was...Isn't that stupid, what is African American Month anyway...what is that?" Miller then added, "My first response was, the problem is, is that every day is not African-American day."

In the end Dinkins accepted to curate the show. She decided to take this venue because of her reservations towards this celebration. "O.k. so we have this African American History month and we celebrate African American history at this point in time, but where does it fall in the rest of the year? Shouldn't we be trying to fill in these spaces or this blank by trying to have the history be part of the greater American history, not just for one month, but what it really is, a completely intertwined, essential part of American history."

She decided to select the artists through an open call asking for 'technologically mediated work' and interpretations of what African American Month meant to them. The applicants did not have to mention their race, which was done purposely because Dinkins wanted to find out what this meant for people of other races.

"What I was looking for, was people to look at it critically, to send us things that address the issue from lived experiences and what they think it is, to question it," Dinkins explained.

The reasons why Dinkins decided to only exhibit video, digital and photographic works is because she feels with New Media, an audience can relate more to video because it is such a big part of every one's lives and is an easier medium to contemplate than a stagnate one.

In addition to curating the show, Dinkins has also entered one of her video pieces.

"The video is just of my eyes. On top is

the text of the song of Strange Fruit...by Billie Holiday and on the bottom is the text from the song, If you believe... from the Wiz," Dinkins said.

By choosing these two songs, that hold quite different messages, Dinkins wanted to project the contradictions that African Americans struggle with.

"I feel like as a Black American you always wear that kind of contradiction," Dinkins explained. "Especially now, when you reach affluence and you get told that you can do anything, but on the other side, I've been stuck somewhere in Georgia late at night and didn't want to go get help, because who knows what's out on the road."

Mariam Ghani is another artist in the show who uses text in her video. "I did my undergraduate in NYU in Comparative Literature and I did my MFA in the School of Visual Arts," Ghani said. The reason for the switch in mediums was because Ghani felt that what she wanted to say she couldn't say on paper.

Ghani explained that when she began doing her video works, several times she added texts to her work in her transition from her earlier desire to become a writer to now, an artist.

"I've always thought the really great thing about the video medium is that you can combine word and image and neither has to dominate the other."

Ghani's video piece projects the moving waves of ocean waters on to the gallery wall, while a voice over of passages from Kamau Brathwaite poems plays over and over again.

"I thought that I couldn't speak about middle passage directly because it wasn't my middle passage and it wasn't my experience so I thought I needed an intermediary," Ghani explained the reasons for incorporating Brathwaite's works. "I went through his 15 long poems of his and I took every passage that referred with water and I recombined them into a new order and created a new text."

The footage of the water was shot at Chelsea Piers and the light that is reflected over the water is from an advertisement sign.

"I wanted to do it on ocean crossings and the whole myth of Ellis Island. People come to America for a lot of different reasons, not just because they want to."

As for Christian Roger and Scott Neumann, who work in conjunction together, aim to reveal the Black History from a global context, to reach further back than just slavery.

Their multi-media piece uses four light boxes and a booklet to uncover events in history of the Black experience that are not well known. Each of the light boxes image depict a different time in history. With their works, both Neumann and Roger, drive individuals to be aware of the history outside Western European teachings and to realize the history on a grander scope than the information traditionally taught in the United States.

"The blanks that we are filling in is that history talks about a really broad African experience that exists beyond slavery," Neumann states. "And you can start to develop an identity

by exposing yourself and investigating the aspects of history that we talk about in this show."

Roger adds: "I think what the media tries to give people is a sense of identity, but the sense of identity that the media wants you to have."

Across from the light boxes, proudly stands a wooden pole, with protruding nails and staples, ripped posters, nailed in bottle caps and other objects. Next to the pole is a video of Jefferson Pinder's Procession.

At the start of the piece, Pinder is seen shining his shoes and then dressing into a black suit. The next frame shows Pinder struggling to push the same pole, on a hand truck, six miles from his university located in the suburbs of Washington D.C. to Brookland, a neighborhood found in the inner city.

Throughout the piece, Nina Simone is played giving the work a stronger and emboldening aspect to it.

"I think my piece has to do with the evolution of me as an artist. And video just seemed very appropriate," Pinder said.

The pole is a representation of telephone pole and Pinder plays with the idea of how many hundreds of people continually staple posters and nail in signs and transform the context of a telephone pole into a modern day totem pole.

"I think their rich like a totem pole," Pinder said. "It's almost like African Yoruba fetish traditions of taking nails and placing them in objects. What you have left is a texture of thousands of people that have approached this pole."

For Pinder it became strongly connected to the civil rights and how the activists would make a point or statement by walking.

"I wanted to see what people on the street thought of the object that I had created. In a way by taking it to the streets, it made it more authentic," Pinder said

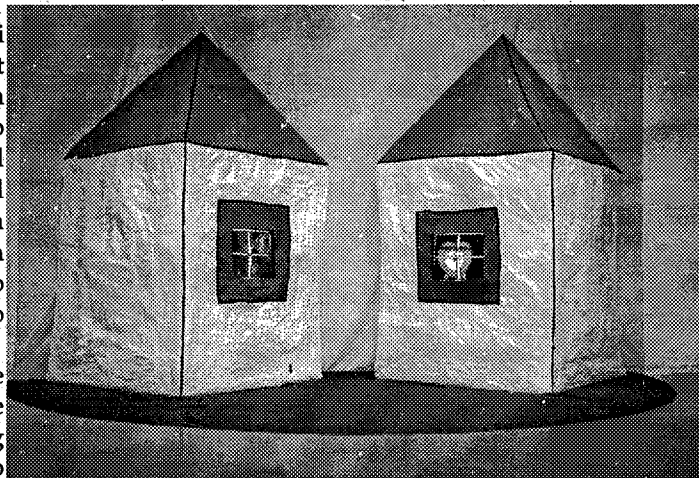
As Pinder came closer and closer to the inner city, while toiling with the pole, more people came up to him and instead of asking him what he was doing; they asked, can I help you carry this pole?

"It was very surprising. I never thought of it like that...People wanted to help. There was more of a genuine interest in what I was doing. And I never said more than, I'm moving the pole...and I think on some level they understood what I was doing."

Pinder believes that by showing the urban experience, he also displays history. By comparing a telephone pole to a modern day totem pole, he uncovers an object that displays a communal history.

"Facets of a people come and go, but the essence remains. My desire is to emulate this rhythm and iconography into contemporary terms," Pinder said.

What one can take from Pinder's piece and all the other pieces found in the exhibit, is that history, not only African American, but every human being's history is all intertwined and is not just found in a month, or in a textbook, but it's all around us, we just have to learn how to see it.



How to Break Up With Your Lover

By Amberly Timperio

There are certainly some preferable ways, out of the thousands, to break up with your significant other. But let's face it, just not calling is kind of spineless, telling them to their face that you never liked the way they chewed their hair is weak at best, and yelling at them to burn your underwear and forget they ever knew you, well, that's just unchecked aggression against perfectly good underwear. But there are scores more 'imaginative' ways of letting your lover down easy - even implicating the demise of the relationship on them. Because, let's face it - love is a battlefield. This is an article for those who just squeaked by this past Valentine's Day, not wanting to be totally cold-hearted, dumping your lover on the day of rose and chocolate asfixiation.

I actually have a lot of experience in this area. I have been the dumper, for good or bad, far more than the dumpee. Besides the one guy who broke up with me after two weeks, saying that I had "allowed him to appreciate his girlfriend (?) more," so he could now be fully committed to her. That one didn't so much hurt, as just confuse. Besides Andy, there was Billy, the guy I went out with for a month, who just up and moved to California one day out of the blue. I actually heard through the grapevine that a cult lured him to San Francisco with the promise of an Asian mail-order bride. Really. I couldn't make this up if I tried.

Those are extreme breaking-up scenarios, I certainly don't recommend commencing a 'relationship' with someone while you are screwing someone else, or joining a so-called cult. And I should also point out that the social graces called for in these situations rely heavily on how involved you are and how long you've been with the old ball and chain.

So we can separate these into two vital categories:

- 1) Casual: Dating for less than the time it takes to say "I love you" - the dreaded three words that change the rules.
- 2) Serious: Exclusive dating for more than nine months, any discussion of marriage or kids (hopefully not - listen to your mother - they'll be plenty of time for that later.)

Breaking up with a casual lover can be so much fun. Since they are not yet that aware of your sneaky ways, you can use this to your advantage for something outrageous. Tell your lover that you are converting to some religion that doesn't allow fornication (don't worry, there are many to choose from.) Or tell them that you are re-evaluating your life after a near-death experience involving large amounts of

alcohol and bong resin, and you need your freedom. Tell them you've decided to change your sexual preference. (However, this one can backfire in a big way if your lover sees this as an opportunity to divulge in some rather lurid fantasies.) Another possibility is finding or bribing a friend to help you out by walking into a conversation between you and your lover and kissing you deeply. "Oh, sorry, honey, this is ___, my long-lost lover. Don't feel bad, I knew him/her long before I knew you."

But, what if you have known your current lover since grade school and you want to remain friends after the break? Tricky. A whole different set of problems arise. This person was around when you passed out during the chorus recital on the bleachers in front of everyone's parents, and when you almost got caught smoking, nipping at the ankles of the law. Not just any old way will work for them! You could give them the old 'we are better friends than lovers' - or, worse yet - 'we should experiment now that we are in college' cliques, but trust me, those rarely work. Instead, let me suggest a great approach that worked for a close friend of mine. Set them up with someone you know that they'll drool over. Again this might require the help of a friend. Sure, it's conniving, but both parties win.

Something that worked for me (the direct approach) was telling them that you simply don't dig them anymore. Sorry.

But, if it were that simple, would you really need someone like me giving you imaginative excuses?

If you are really feeling ambitious, and patient, then you could start two weeks before you really want to break up. Find something to fight about. Something that will become a sore subject - like the fact that you hate Bush and are dating a Texan Republican. After two weeks, the seemingly small mole-hill will have achieved mountain status, and you can 'nobly' bow out of the relationship, while still agreeing to disagree.

However, if you are in a serious relationship, your options are more limited. You risk being branded a nympho who's only after one thing elsewhere. Maybe you're finding it hard to simply and honestly say, "It's not working. I'm not happy. I'm going to call it quits."

Or maybe you can't make the break because new restaurants keep opening up. I don't know.



Possible suggestions: Prepare yourself for an extended break-up, reserved for giving your lover closure, hours and hours of discussions, crying, yelling and blaming. Be strong. Don't feel guilty. And then tell them that they are turning into their mother and you can't deal. Tell them you need space to sort things out. Spend all kinds of time with your friends, and then complain that your lover is being possessive when they say they don't see you enough anymore. Dear John letters or, even worse, an e-mail, are not advised - they can be used as evidence. Speaking of which, I encourage everyone contemplating severing ties to collect any and all sexual artifacts like videos or pictures BEFORE breaking up. This is of the utmost importance. You don't want to get a frantic call from your newly computer-savvy grandmother because she saw you in all your glory on loliteens.com. Just ask my friend Lisa, she can only discuss weather and the occasional recipe with her gram now.

But for gods sake, don't cheat. Don't be THAT person. Sure it gets a point across in a not-too-subtle way, but karma will only bushwack your ass later on.

My only advice is, be careful in your next relationship. You don't know if the beer is bitter, until you buy a glass. You don't know if your piece of mind is just a piece of ass. And you don't know if there's breakfast coming, until you spend the night.

You may think that I am a horrible manipulative bitch of grand proportions, but I'm only trying to help. It's true, I got this little streak in me that's twenty times mean. But before you go on frothing at the mouth, remember ... it's not you, it's me.



Hey, did you hear about The Press?

The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.
Well?

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

Really?!?

Word yo. Raccoons.

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

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

Dare-drivel? Well, It's no bull's eye....

By Ralph Sevush

I began reading Marvel comics as a kid... a cache of silver-age magic left behind on a closet shelf by my older brothers as they went off to college. Some of my friends liked Spider-Man, but he was too creepy for me. And some preferred the Fantastic Four (I liked them too, but the "dysfunctional family" dynamic of the FF struck a little too close to home). Thor was cool, but the pseudo-Shakespearean verbiage was heavy slogging after a while. And how many times can you read, "Hulk smash! Hulk is strongest of all!" and still be interested? And then, there were kids who liked DC comics... but that's a problem of a greater magnitude than I can deal with here.

That left Daredevil. He was just a blind guy in a suit. He was athletic and strong, but not impossibly so. He didn't have gadgets beyond the Billy club (which, I grant you, had a Green Arrow-like ability to do almost anything). He was like Batman, but not as psychotic, and without the pedophilic undertones. And he wasn't some millionaire playboy, but a working man.... Just a guy named Matt Murdock, from a poor background that had worked his way through law school. He didn't fight Galactus; he fought street criminals in Hell's Kitchen. And an occasional Stilt-Man or Owl. And the Kingpin. Oh yes, the Kingpin. And Matt liked bad girls... like the Black Widow and Elektra.

DD's only superpower (his heightened senses and radar) compensated for his blindness and then some, but it had debilitating drawbacks too, as one might imagine. And he obtained those powers by saving an old man from an oncoming truck, receiving for his noble efforts a radioactive facial. No good deed goes unpunished, yet he kept doing them throughout his life. Why? Because he believed in justice. His dad, the incorruptible prize fighter Battlin' Jack Murdock, had taught him to stand up for what was right (even against mobsters who murdered Jack for refusing to throw a fight), and so Matt became all about justice, as both a lawyer during the day and a superhero at night.

Matt was able to stand toe-to-toe against stronger foes and friends alike because he had the greater heart. Once, Prince Namor the Sub-Mariner emerged from the Atlantic to cry havoc in NYC over some perceived slight. DD stood up to him, and Namor pummeled him relentlessly, but DD wouldn't quit and wouldn't stay down. Namor, out of respect for DD's courage, allowed him to live, and the prince returned to the sea. Matt Murdock was a man without fear. He was Daredevil. How cool was that?

Cooler by far than the mediocre movie selling out at a theater near you, that's for sure.

Now, you should understand my expectations were pretty low once I heard they hired Ben Affleck to star as Daredevil. You could make a long list of A-list movie stars who should NOT play Matt Murdock, and darned if Mr. Affleck isn't right near the top of that list. They want this sneering, frat house pretty boy to play a

smart, tough do-gooder with a cane? Feh.

And writer-director Mark Steven Johnson is an "auteur" that has auteur-ed nothing of any interest. Then, I started seeing the trailer, and my hopes sunk even further. That ridiculous costume. The derivative, clichéd fight scenes. The unappealing look and feel. Yuck.

Of course, there were some positives too. Jennifer Garner ("Alias") as Elektra seemed a nice piece of casting, as did Michael Clark Duncan as Kingpin, and Colin Ferrell as Bullseye. Joey Pants as newspaperman Ben Urich seemed a good idea too, as did Jon Favreau as Murdock's law partner, fat Foggy Nelson. But still, a donut with delicious frosting still has a hole in the middle. And the A-hole in the middle of DAREDEVIL was A-ffleck.

Then, of course, the reviews came out and substantiated all my worst expectations. Still, on a Sunday night, with the siren call of the multiplex echoing in my head, good neighbor John (the boy wonder) and I headed off to a 10pm screening in the suburbs.

What I discovered was that, like the TWILIGHT ZONE, this movie exists somewhere between the pit of my fears and the summit of my knowledge. It does

not, in my view, deserve the drubbing it got from all the press, who seemed intent on beating it up for no discernable reason. Neither, however, does it deserve a place in the pantheon of comic book movie adaptations. It is, however, a serviceable action entertainment with some nice qualities, despite its shortcomings.

Did I say qualities? Yes I did. As expected, all the supporting characters were well played by an excellent cast. Garner and Affleck even gave off some sparks, Clark was sufficiently imposing, Farrell engagingly insane and sadistic, and Favreau and Pantoliano both suitably affable and decent, also utterly believable.

What else? Hmmm... well, some of the action is well choreographed and shot. The violent and sexy pas de deux between Matt and Elektra in the playground, for example, is kind of clever and neat. Overall, the derivative, "MATRIX-style" fight scenes are not particularly inspired or stylized in say, a John Woo-ish kind of way, but they are efficient and engaging enough. And I will not hold the CGI stuff against them, as it's no worse than the highly lauded SPIDER-MAN, or other SFX movies of recent vintage.

While DD's costume is as stiff and un-heroic as the trailers led me to believe, most of the other design aspects of the film are first rate. Farrell's Bullseye is an especially compelling-looking creature. The church setting for Bullseye's final confrontation with DD is becoming a staple of the genre, but is still well presented here. And Matt's apartment is as indicative of his character as the Bat-Cave is for Bruce Wayne.

And the script... well, it tries hard

to take its source material seriously. It is obviously crafted with some level of affection and respect, and does not at all condescend to the genre, as so many 3rd rate comic book adaptations have over the years. Unfortunately, the script isn't crafted with an equal amount of skill.

The dialogue is often cheesy in the extreme, and the voiceover narration is painfully bad. NOTE TO SCREENWRITERS: "voiceover" is a color on the palette. It is something that can add texture and depth to a story or a character. But it has to be well-written and well-performed to have any value at all, so the potential for disaster is huge. Also, if it is primarily expository (i.e., employed to convey information), then it is BAD by definition. If you need a disembodied voice giving plot information to the audience, you've written a crappy script. Go back and do it again.

The themes... well, here are some big changes from the source material. They've corrupted Matt's father by making him a reluctant enforcer for the mob. They've made Matt's accident the result of his tearful and careless flight from the scene of his father's corruption, instead of the result of a selfless act. And they've made DD into a psycho vigilante willing to kill the bad guys. Of course, they do all this so Matt can ultimately be redeemed. Unfortunately, the redemption is so clumsily developed that it seems unearned and unbelievable. [SPOILER WARNING] His willingness to spare Kingpin's life (after having just hurled Bullseye out a church window, apparently to his death) is literally laughable, causing much guffawing in the audience. Still, it was an effort at character development (however inept) that should be noted for its rarity amongst most Hollywood films these days.

So, despite what you may have heard, DAREDEVIL doesn't suck. It's no great shakes, mind you, but the drubbing it has taken in the press might lead you to believe it's in PUNISHER or BATMAN & ROBIN territory. Well, it's not. The film moves along well enough, and is mildly engaging without being excessively assaultive. Affleck was the wrong choice, but this frosty donut can still satisfy the gluttony of the Homer Simpson within us all.

And, best of all, the movie reminded me that my Daredevil comics are in the closet still, untarnished by their Hollywood incarnation...lovingly stored and awaiting rediscovery.



Black History Month Bio: Bayard Rustin

By Joseph Hughes

It's ok to say it, because so many of us have been thinking it: Black History Month has become redundant. Every year you hear about the same few people and the same few events: Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, Rosa Parks, The Montgomery Bus Boycott, Frederick Douglas, etc. It seems to defeat the purpose of having the annual event if we choose to do nothing more than reiterate the same few facts for four weeks every year. While these people and events are all obviously very important and need to be known, there were a several people who didn't seek or receive the spotlight that other prominent figures of the civil rights movement were given, and should be recognized now. Acknowledging this, I've decided to do my part in bringing to the forefront a bit of information on the legacy of a man who deserves more credit than he will probably ever receive, in the hopes that I will both educate and inspire others to read past some of the names I mentioned earlier when they're doing research on Black History. That being said, here is a brief biography on Bayard Rustin.

Rustin was born in 1912 in Westchester, Pennsylvania. He attended Wilberforce University, Cheney State College, The City College of New York and The London School of Economics. He was a Quaker, and in 1941 he became the Race Relations Secretary for the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), a religious group. Under this title he toured the country conducting Race Relations Institutes, which were designed to promote better communication and understanding amongst racial groups. In 1947, Rustin was arrested in North Carolina while taking part in a demonstration to test enforcement of the 1946 Irene Morgan case decision outlawing discrimination in interstate travel. He was put to work on a chain

gang for 30 days, and later wrote an account of this experience which was published in The New York Post. This article spurred an investigation which eventually led to the abolition of chain gangs in North Carolina. Rustin also directed the Committee against Discrimination in the Armed Forces. This committee played an integral role in securing President Truman's decision to eliminate segregation in the armed forces.

Rustin not only worked to promote equality for blacks in the United States, but also played a vital role in helping movements against oppression for other ethnic groups both here and across the globe. In 1942 he was sent to California by the FOR to help protect the property of Japanese-Americans in detention. In 1945 he organized the FOR's Free India Committee, which was created to support India's fight for independence against Great Britain. He modeled his tactics by following the examples of Gandhi and Nehru, both of whom he consulted with during his trip to India. It was these very tactics which Rustin introduced to Martin Luther King Jr. when he first came on the scene as a leader in the civil rights movement. Contrary to popular belief, Dr. King did not come up with this tactic by himself, and may never have chosen it had it not been for the influence of Rustin.

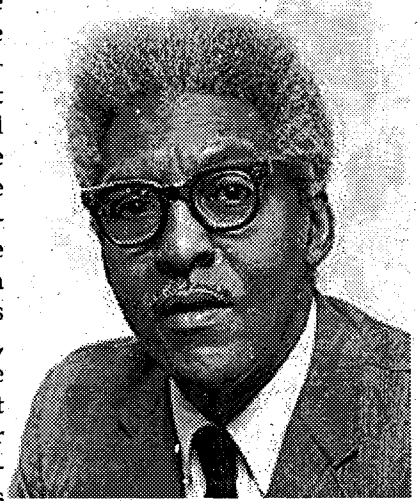
Rustin was also involved in refugee affairs across the globe. As Vice Chairman of the International Rescue Committee he traveled the world doing his best to help secure food, medical care, education, and proper resettlement for refugees. At one point he made frequent visits to Southeast Asia, which helped bring the plight of the Vietnamese "boat people" to the often ignorant American public.

Accomplishments such as the ones Rustin made throughout his life often become exponen-

tially more impressive and inspirational when it is understood that they were made in the face of adversity. At the time in which Rustin was most active, perhaps the three least popular groups of people in this

country were, in no particular order: blacks, communists, and homosexuals. Rustin took pride in being all three. As difficult as it is today to be an intelligent gay black communist, Rustin had all these characteristics at a time in which the United States public was overrun by ignorant beliefs. Despite this, he regularly did more to help make this world a better place in a month than most of us do in a lifetime.

At the time of his death in August of 1987, Rustin was Co-Chairman of the A. Phillip Randolph Institute, which he helped create, and president of the A. Phillip Randolph Educational Fund. He was a member of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, and was Chairman of Social Democrats USA. Rustin was a man who hated to see people of any race suffer, and spent nearly everyday of his adult life working toward ending oppression and suffering worldwide. It's time his legacy found the spotlight it deserves.



Man To Man

Continued from page 11

always means to do good, it can't be held responsible for any evil it might accomplish.

The succeeding decades brought drug experiments as well as the infamous Agent Orange casualties of Vietnam. During Gulf War I, troops were ordered to receive injections, supposedly to counteract biological weapons. Some refused and were courtmartialed. Some authorities blame Gulf War syndrome on these inoculations.

Last summer, three army wives were murdered, for no apparent reason, by their husbands in Fort Bragg, North Carolina. All three men were described as not overtly violent. Another thing they had in common was that all three had been in Afghanistan and had been inoculated with a new antimalarial serum.

Who knows what technological advances lay in store for Mike and his cohorts—so say nothing of the people of the region? And speaking of them, since Bush intends an occupation this time, it may not be quite the "turkey shoot" Mike envisions. People have a strange way of resenting occupiers, and have been known to carry out guerilla campaigns against them. Mike seems to have forgotten that just having better weapons does not assure one of dominance.

But the saddest thing about Mike and people like him is their blind inability to recognize themselves in others. I wonder if Mike can picture someone about his age, someone who's been convinced that killing for his country, people or religion is a noble and glorious thing. I wonder if he can picture, for example, one of the 9/11 hijackers, contemplating the great blow he thinks he's about to strike for his cause. Can he see his counterpart

chuckling to himself, saying, "They're not gonna know what hit 'em?"

Of course not—it's always different when it's "us" doing it to "them." Besides, since we're good guys we give advance warning. Never mind that we have the luxury of doing that because we're, well, so much bigger than them. And, we supposedly don't target civilians, although we do target things they depend on, like infrastructure for electricity and water. And we do use indiscriminate weapons that kill everything within a very large radius. Weapons of mass destruction, you might call them, although you won't hear them referred to in that way in the mainstream US media.

The Pentagon is also quite loose in its definition of what constitutes a "military" target. Remember that TV station in Belgrade? Not to mention those medieval churches, nursing homes and commuter trains. But, hey, it was "humanitarian."

One of the low point of this year's post-holiday family gathering was hearing, in the midst of a Fort Lauderdale steak house, my stepfather state his opinion that the way to go was to "nuke 'em." It was gratifying to see that I was not the only one to stifle a look of distaste. How very "retro" is it that there are still some who subscribe to the quaint 1950s belief that atomic weapons are a quick and easy alternative to conventional weapons. One of the truly wonderful things about this latest outbreak of warmongering is that huge segments of the American public, even very conservative segments, aren't buying. That leaves only the politicians and their media lackeys. And maybe the dumbest loudmouth in every bar ("We

oughtta just go in there and..." Another variety of man talk). Those who remember 1991 will note the contrast to the everyone's-grown-fangs temper of that era.

Latest reports indicate that the Bush regime is willing to consider a "nonmilitary solution." But how long will that last? In 1998, massive worldwide protests stopped a projected attack, but Clinton went ahead and bombed later that year, pretty much unannounced, coincidentally, when Monica was about to testify.

I wonder how much longer this can go on. Since the hijacked elections of 2000, it's been pretty obvious that something is frightfully wrong. Talk to almost anyone with a brain and you'll hear a confirmation of this, and not just on the left. The PATRIOT Act and the war plans for Iraq have been decried across the political spectrum. Yet everything just seems to go on as if nothing were amiss. Like Lady Macbeth sleepwalking on the parapet, we're all screaming, "Out damned spot!" while conveniently developing amnesia about our part in putting it there in the first place.

Despite my cynicism, I'm still holding out for a miracle. Suppose that instead of leaping into the abyss, Lady M. had woken up and demanded that her bewitched husband come to his senses. It could still happen, and we could have the bragging rights of saying we were part of the generation in which it happened. The massive demonstrations here and abroad are a hopeful sign and seem to be having an effect. Virtually no one is "on board" with Bush's war. Will they just wait until all the hullabaloo blows over and then attack when everyone is distracted? Or might this be the beginning of the end for the warmongers?

Link versus Link: Or How Gannon Got his Groove Back

By Michael Prazak

In a seedy bar, on Chicago's south-side, sits a figure many remember from childhood journeys, when dreams and expectations were as accessible as pushing a power button. "They used to think I was a God, I was totally mint," gushed a slightly inebriated and emotionally distraught Link. The hero and main focus of several digital jaunts through the kingdom of Hyrule, he began musing about the glory days of his 8-bit adventures. "You know, I was the first one to get items from across gaps with a boomerang, but what I did took skill! Damn It!" he said, between shots of whiskey and intermittent sobs.

In order to gain a better understanding as to why this inspiration to millions was trapped amongst the lowlifes and degenerates of this shattered paradise, a little background knowledge is necessary. There was a time when this boy commanded the hearts of video game players everywhere. He was on top of the world, the front man of an indestructible empire, which gave way to an incredible life of excess. Reflecting on this point in his life, Link had this to say: "They'd just leave the heroin on my nightstand; they made sure I was out of my wits, and they milked me for every ounce, I was their pixilated whore."

Life went on like this for sometime, making public appearances, attending debuts; it was a dreamland for this small boy raised on an Iowa farm. All the glitter and bright lights were not to be eternal however, the mid-nineties hit and Link found his status jeopardized. "When the Nintendo 64 hit, I thought I was just going to get another makeover, they did it to me for the Super Nintendo, so I figured it was standard procedure," stated Link. Not taking notice of what happened to Q-Bert and Pac-Man before him, he barely noticed being phased out. Link looks back

on his imperceptibility with disdain; "They hired this new guy, taller, had good taste in clothes, they told me he was a consultant at first, and then the company slowly started distancing itself. All the signs were there. They were phasing me out, and I spread my cheeks and took it with a smile." Nintendo focus groups had decided that Link's boyish charms were passé in the grim and gritty nineties, they needed a cooler Link, and they found one in Bill Sachweitz. He looked more adult and was perfect for Nintendo's attempt to have a character for Link's original fans to relate to, them having grown into teenagers and twenty-something's. Bill Sachweitz could not be reached for a response to this interview, claiming scheduling conflicts.

This of course marked the beginning of Link's decline, hooked on the drugs Nintendo had subtly given him for so long, he now found himself on the streets with a fix that would have made a hardened addict shudder. This went on for several years, ping ponging between rehab and the gutter, living wherever someone would have him. "That was the lowest point for me, cashing in on my image; I'd damn near force myself into fans homes whom I had met at Video Game fairs. They'd be like 'he's kind of dirty and manic, but

what can we do, it's Link,' I'm still disgusted till this day from doing that." Link said while choking back tears.

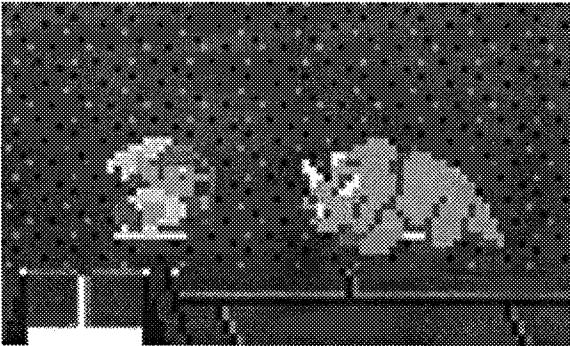
Life would have continued like this until an overdose claimed his life, if it weren't for the intervention of a man from his past. While searching through a dumpster for canned

goods, Link felt a tap on his shoulder, immediately breaking a bottle in defense of his horde of treasure; he turned to face a surprise. "It was Miyamoto; he'd been trying to find me after hearing how I was doing. He picked me up, dusted me

off, we went to a diner for coffee, and I started on my way to recovery." said Link with a heartfelt sigh. Enrolling in a high school equivalency course, Link quickly got his diploma and moved on to college. It was during his time at college that he discovered he had an affinity with cars. "It's like when I'm taking apart a carburetor, I'm really dissecting the soul of the car; we begin a beautiful dance until we've healed each other," claimed Link.

Through a life of tragedy and hardship, Link still managed to triumph over the adversities thrown at him. Starting up Tri-Force Auto provided Link the stability and responsibility he needed, and gave him a sense of fulfillment in this world which had turned on him. He even has a new game in the works,

borne of the newly strengthened bond formed between him and his good friend Miyamoto. "I'm so excited and really nervous, that's why I'm here drinking. Critics have been raving about it, but the fans are calling it childlike and kiddie. "All I have to say to that is if they can't perceive this game as the highly stylized brilliance it is then it's their loss, and they can go sit on an Octorock," said Link, visibly annoyed by the fans reaction to his new game. When asked about what would happen if the game is poorly received, Link simply smiled wryly and said "I've got my life back now, a home and a job I love. This is me just giving back to the fans that stuck to me through the worst of it; it's them who I care for, them who I dream for."



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The Diary of an Iraqi Soldier

By Maury Hirschhorn

A ground war with Iraq seems inevitable. But how long will it last? Donald Rumsfeld, Defense Secretary, said, "I can't say if the use of force would last five days or five weeks or five months, but it certainly isn't going to last longer than that."

Rumsfeld based his estimate on the fact that during the Gulf War in 1991, ground combat lasted only 100 hours. Iraqi troops on the front line in Kuwait surrendered in the thousands to coalition troops.

To understand the fighting ability of Iraqi troops, here is part of a diary of an Iraqi Lance-Corporal who served in a heavy machine-gun battery in Kuwait during the Gulf War. His name is Abdul Hassan Khaddam, and his diary was found in a trench near the oil wells in Wafra after Iraqi troops retreated. The diary and other Iraqi documents were taken to the Center for Research and Studies on Kuwait where they were translated and published. The fate of Khaddam is unknown.

The diary shows that Khaddam hopes that a war will be avoided, but that he is willing to fight and die if necessary. Is this how Iraqi troops will conduct themselves in the next war?

Here is the Lance-Corporal Abdul Hassan Khaddam's diary:

1/15/1991

Today, we are continually listening to the news. The radio is on continually, as we are anxious to hear good news to rejoice the end of the Gulf crisis. We are praying to God Almighty that there will be nowar under any circumstances. We are following the tours that the Arab leaders and whole world are making to prevent war.

1/16/1991-1/17/1991

Today, we still have faith in God's mercy, as war has yet begun after the expiration of the period specified by the Security Council. It was after 12 midnight on 1/15/1991 and was extended until eight in the morning on 1/16/1991. Today also passed, and nothing happened. All the news gave the impression of war. At night, we were on alert as the attack is expected at any time. I have duty from 12:30 after-midnight until 3 a.m. Fifteen minutes before the end of my duty, I suddenly saw the Kuwaiti skies light up from the shooting of the air defense and land defense against the enemy warplanes. Until this moment, I thought that these

were the shots of joy as a peaceful solution might be reached. Fifteen minutes later, at 3 a.m., the London radio news said that America is air-raiding Baghdad, Kuwait and all the Iraqi governorates. Fifteen minutes passed, and I'm sitting on the cannon without firing any bullets. Then I awakened my companions. I heard the sound of enemy warplanes. I fired on them. At the moment, I realized that none of us will be alive at sunrise. I'm not thinking of myself. My only thoughts are of my sisters and what they're doing. I wish that I were at home for one moment to see my family and then die. What matters to me is to see them.

1/17/1991

Our friend Abdul Hussein Zaidan came today from his leave. When I saw him coming, I ran towards him without shaking his hand. I asked him about my family and our place. I was weeping, and he assured me. I thanked God and thanked him. I asked God Almighty to keep them in good condition. At night, we went to Wafra, 10 kilometers from the Saudi border. The host group carried out an attack on the oil wells and fired surface-to-surface missiles on them. When we went out, it was 8 p.m., and we returned at 1 a.m. The night passed peacefully.

1/18/1991

This morning, enemy planes passed above us. As usual, our resistance fired at them. We heard the sound of the planes but couldn't see them because they were very high, and clouds blocked our view. At the beginning, we were afraid of the aircraft because America is known as the first country in the world to have powerful weapons. However afterwards, we were not afraid because the planes became usual to us. When we see them, we resist them bravely.

1/19/1991

At 8:30 a.m., the enemy raided us continuously. We confronted the warplanes and forced them away, achieving nothing but diverting a shell away from our unit. We thanked God very much. This day also, we didn't have any rest.

1/20/1991

Today, enemy warplanes attacked important sites of our units, as on previous days. We didn't worry about them because they were shelling at random. They wanted to fill our hearts with terror and fear, but this didn't happen because it

has become an ordinary matter for us.

1/23/1991

Today, we began our duty by launching surface-to-surface missiles on enemy concentrations from 10 p.m., and we returned at 1:30 a.m. Thank God, we returned peacefully. But before the launching, a warplane confronted us and dropped a bomb 200 meters away without any damages.

1/24/1991

My uncle Hassan Ghazi visited me today, and I was very pleased. I knew that he was transferred to our area. I asked him about my family and he said that they were all right. Today, a number of fellows were to go to leave. I calculated my leave, and I'll still be here ten more days as the two previous groups haven't left.

1/27/1991

Today, everything was ordinary except for some air raids that somewhat worried us. They were shelling the neighboring batteries, and we fired on them to drive them away.

1/28/1991

Today, we heard that we are going to move to another place because the third legion would begin an attack on Khafja in Saudi Arabia. We will move to the vanguard to assist the legion in its advance. We are waiting for the order to move at any time.

1/30/1991

At 3 a.m., we went to the assistance of the third legion in its attack. We advanced to Khafji and penetrated 40 kilometers into Saudi lands. This is the worst day of my life. We covered ourselves with sand. Everyone dug a cavity and layed in it, thinking that they would not live until the morning.

2/1/1991

Today, we attacked. All the attacks were in Wafra, which became our vanguard while the rear-guard was at the Kuwaiti Dairy Company. The attack was carried out with the grace of God.

2/2/1991

Today is the worst day of my life. Every day, we tell ourselves that we are not going to live until the next day because every moment we are facing death.

For get more information about this diary and other Iraqi army documents left in Kuwait, contact the Center for Research and Studies on Kuwait at www.crsk.org/iraqsol.htm

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Attack of the Coochie Snorchers

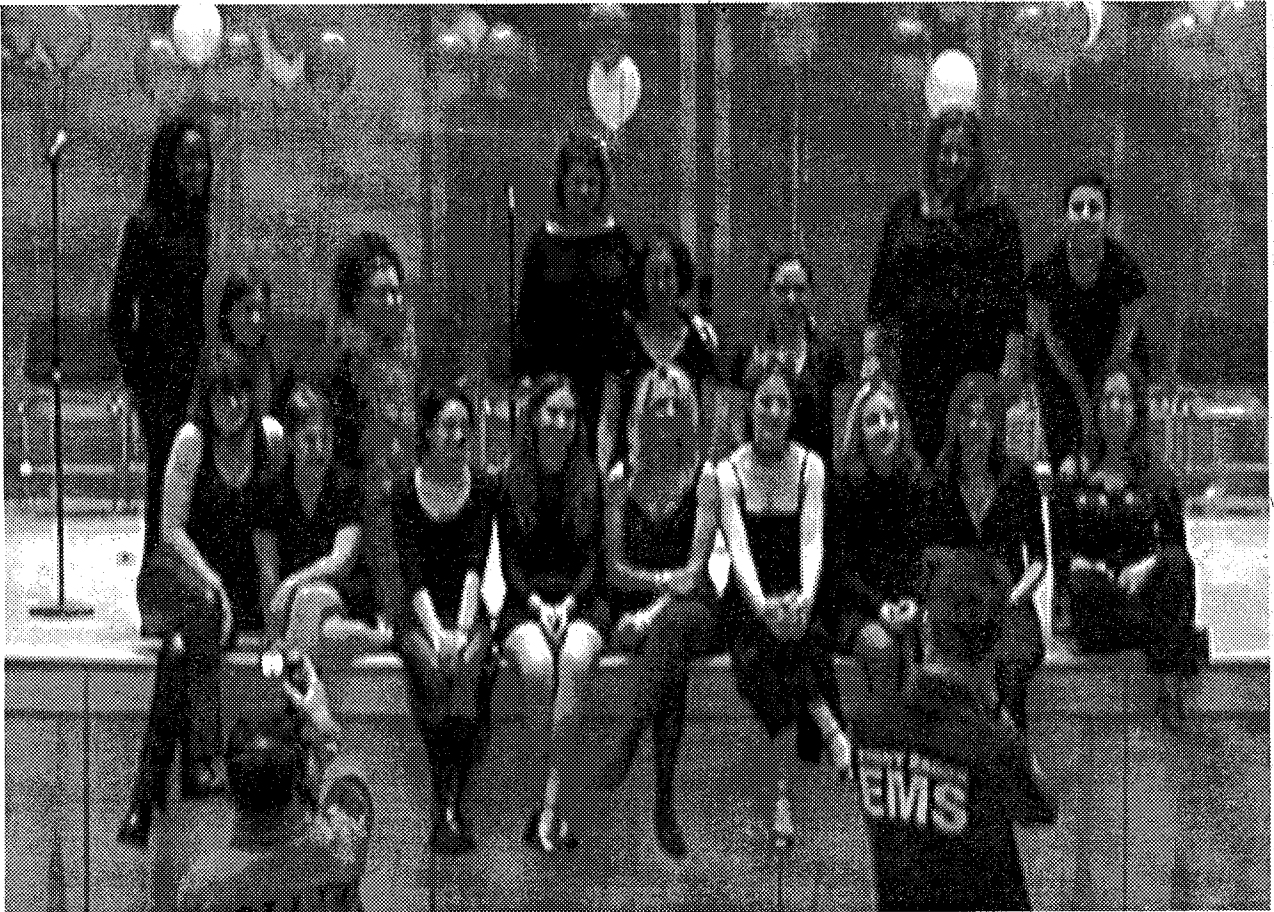
By Dustin Herlich

What is a man doing at the vagina monologues? No, not snickering and sneering. I went originally to support the press' own who were in the production, but I'm glad I went now for a few reasons. The vagina monologues is exactly what it sounds like. A group of monologues, discussing the best and the worst of vaginas. Some parts are sad, others uplifting, and others still laugh out loud funny. We can't forget one notable performance by a woman who "likes to make vaginas happy." Let's just say a few people in the audience without vaginas were happy as well.

The production was sponsored by Students For Choice, and cosponsored by The Cabaret. The monologues were actually surprisingly good, even if you don't have a vagina or have access to one. The vagina monologues, contrary to popular belief, are not some militant lesbian propaganda designed to make women hate men. There are monologues about all types of women, each with a unique take on their vagina. Even a six year old girl is represented (her's smells like snow flakes). Putting on the production took a lot of hard work and dedication.

Like most good things on this campus, it almost never came to fruition. The campus originally was going to force Students For Choice to have to pay for 16 security guards, and a supervisor. Clearly, vaginas are more dangerous than anything they had encountered before. I can't remember an event with more than 6 security guards. Now that I mention it, how come many events don't have security at all? Security costs are the first line of attack when campus wants to prevent an event from happening. Thankfully, they were able to talk campus into having only 3 guards, and a supervisor. The show must go on, and it did.

The monologues are a series of speeches put together based on interviews with countless women. Questions ranged from what your vagi-



na would smell like, to what it would wear. I personally think that if I had a vagina, it would smell like campfire and wear a Goth Mullet. But that's just me. The cast of 16 took turns reading different parts of the speeches. The transitions were seamless, and most of the performances were exceptional. Considering many did not have prior stage experience, this left me very impressed. There is a deeper meaning to the monologues, as they coincide with something called V-Day. A day to acknowledge the violence and injustice that women face all over the world. Until there is no more violence, there will always be a V-day, raising money and consciousness, and combating ignorance.

All proceeds from this event were donated to the Victims Information Bureau of Suffolk

County. Along this note, after the monologues were the "vagina dialogues". Anyone in the audience was welcomed to sit down and talk to counselors about any and all emotions invoked by the show. All in all, I think people had a good time. There were more men in the audience than I thought, and no one seemed to be having a bad time. It was money well spent. Considering Daredevil cost a whole dollar fifty more, I would have rather seen the monologues twice.

If the monologues ever come back to Stony, or anyplace near campus, I encourage people to go. Even better, get involved yourself. As for what a Coochie Snorcher is (I know some of you are still wondering), well, you'll just have to attend a production, and find out for yourself.

Show Review

By Joel Hopkins

On February 12th a reception was held for Kate Diago at the opening of bottles: deposit, her solo installation in the Melville Library. Diago, a graduate student in the Art Department, works out of what she calls her "desire to understand the architectural spaces and cognitive processes of the human mind." This latest installation further explored her fascination with neurological cartography, but the work also united several formal components, which, up until that point were germinating in isolated projects.

The full title of the installation was bottles: deposit=5scnt!, and it marked the second move of Diago away from the purely two-dimensional. Last semester at the Queer Works group show she showed a pink box construction Pent Up Golden, her first object-oriented piece. In bottles: deposit all three walls of the graduate gallery comprised a sequence of objects and forms that stretched out and established an imaginary neurological space. The boundary of the sequence was demarcated by a startling blast of yellow and pale-green yellow that spreads out and envelops the sequence. Collections of words scribbled in Diago's unique childlike penmanship, lie arranged in lists that look as if they were in the middle of processing data, coding and re-coding until either the right word is chosen or the

wrong one disregarded. Linking these isolated groups of text is a wire, anchored to nails, that leads the viewer along the path, line as wire is the sole narrative device in bottle: deposit. Diago took found windows and created shelves that illuminated bottles that store the experiences, thoughts, and desires that are indulged and become memory. The bottles serve a metaphor for the numerous experiences that become abhorrent and need to be incarcerated.

Up until this academic year Diago practiced primarily as a painter, and she owes her compositional sensibilities to the discipline of painting. Her foray into video last year had a peculiar effect on both her chromatic sensibilities and the overall surface texture. New media simply reinforced her role as a builder, a desire to work manually and directly upon her material. Her best work of last year, completed after the video works diagnosis and The Garden, White Painting, was completely devoid of color, she focused on the varying degree of acrylic application, black and white only, and pushed the boundaries of her formal and textural handling of surface. The surface of White Painting spills onto a smaller canvas in the top left-hand corner thus indicating a growing impatience with the turgid restrictions of the flat canvas.

What set bottle: deposit apart from an of Diago's past work was not simply the reintroduction of rich colors such as yellow and pink, but the conformation that she has embraced an art practice that asserts the self in the idiosyncratic language unique to painting. Her application of paint is gestural, traces of the hand are abundant; she writes on the surfaces, pierces it with nails and embroidery, and most of these marks are part of a personal language. Many of the words that Diago dissects are even arrangements and plays upon her name. When she identifies the influence of the human mind on her work she plainly means her own. What we see in bottle: deposit is certainly a groundwork of Diago's mind, and not the mind of the artist producing as an artist, but a representation that accumulates while she attempts to experience the gesture as neurography. Much of her work is improvisational, and though a general compositional arrangement is achieved, the work, as a replication of Diago's neurological "spaces," never completely loses its quality as the record of an event. Seen in that perspective the work never entirely assumes its iconic status. The work may cease to be a record of biological computing, but rather the record of an individual in the act of artistic manipulation.

HE HAS BEEN IN PRISON FOR TOO LONG.

CHAINED IN THE SHACKLES OF INJUSTICE, HE SILENTLY WAITS TO DIE,
EVEN THOUGH HIS PASSION FOR LIFE KNOWS NO BOUNDS.

HE IS THE VOICE OF A PEOPLE; THE VOICE OF A GENERATION.

PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE SHOUT IT OUT.

THEY SAY,

FREE MUM-RA

THE ANCIENT



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