

The Stony Brook

# PRESS

*The Community News and Features Paper*

Vol. XXVII, Issue 13

"Vomit in your mouth."

April 19, 2006



# Students March on Stony Brook

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

On April 4th, Angel Barreto and his brothers from Lambda Upsilon Lambda marched underneath a myriad of multinational flags and took some time to reminisce about their own experiences regarding the nation's recent focus on immigrant rights.

Angel reflected on his life, weighing both the positive and negative aspects of today's immigration policy. "[As a college student] look at what I've been able to accomplish. However, I am now the sole provider of my family, and I'm one of the youngest."

He smiles and turns, gesturing to the crowd of hundreds that chanted behind him. "It's a beautiful thing [to see] the unity of Latin America."

Lambda Upsilon Lambda joined legions of other protestors across the country in solidarity against HR 4437, which recently passed in the House of Representatives. HR 4437, or The Border Protection, Antiterrorism, and Illegal Immigration Control Act of 2005, was co-sponsored by thirty-five Republicans and will affect over twelve million immigrants. The bill seeks to make "unlawful presence" a felony that will be punished with deportation without the chance of reentry. Anyone who "assists" an illegal immigrant, such as shelters or churches, is liable to face prosecution as well. State and local government would be given the power to enforce these laws, and any government that does not enforce the law will suffer cuts in federal funding. Its provisions also seek to build a seven hundred mile fence along the Mexican border.

The protest at Stony Brook, which was organized by the Youth Worker Center in conjunction with Jobs with Justice, was estimated to have brought in over 250 students and community lead-

ers. Many of these protestors had traveled across Long Island to participate in a string of campus marches, including St. John's University, SUNY Old Westbury, and St. Joseph's College.



Protesters doing protesty thingers  
Courtesy of Hilda DeJesus

As the day moved on and the crowd grew larger with passing students, papers were passed around in an attempt to unify the protestors and extend their reach farther than the confines of the campus. The day's various speakers led a mass call-in to the offices of Representatives James Sensenbrenner (R-Wisconsin) and Peter King (R-Seaford, NY) in dissent of the bill's recent passage. Also, a campaign was introduced that would send out signed letters in support of the another immigration bill, S.1033, to local representatives, including Senator Hillary Clinton and

Representative Timothy Bishop. The letter states that "[America's] immigration system needs a complete overhaul, not a patchwork of ill-conceived bills like those passed by the House that seek to punish and criminalize hardworking immigrants."

S.1033, or The Secure America and Orderly Immigration Act of 2005, seeks to develop of Border Security Advisory Committee to track cases of illegal immigration and handle state funding for enforcement of immigration laws. It would also grant temporary visas to working immigrants and their families.

On the day of the protest, Fyanne Hyppolite waited on a long line to sign one of these letters in support of the McCain/Kennedy bill. "We're all immigrants," says Fyanne, "whether your family came here two hundred years ago or two."

Although the future of the HR 4437 is still uncertain, the crowd remained optimistic about its death. Luis Valenzuela, the executive director of the Long Island Alliance on Immigration, traveled to Washington and first-handedly witnessed the effect that the nation's rallies have had on the bill's stalling. "These protests have captured the Senators' attentions," states Valenzuela.

Samuel Darguin, who led the effort to organize and promote the event, remained realistic about the future. "We're going to have to see where the bill goes, see if it dies. If it doesn't die, we're definitely going to demonstrate again."

*Looking to help? Sigma Lambda Upsilon will be in the SAC Lobby every Tuesday in April, armed and ready with letters that are waiting for your signature.*

# Homeland Security Press Secretary Arrested for Pedophilia

By Joey Safdia

A high-ranking official in the Department of Homeland Security was arrested earlier this April after trying to seduce what he thought was an underage girl over the Internet. Brian J. Doyle, 55, is the deputy press secretary of Homeland Security,

yet, despite his position in an agency created to ensure the safety of the American people, he has been charged with seducing a minor over the Internet and transmitting harmful, sexually-explicit materials to a minor. The minor in question was actually an undercover computer-crimes detective from Polk County, Florida, with whom Doyle had been communicating with since March 12.

The arrest occurred during a conversation with the undercover detective.

Though Doyle himself, currently in Montgomery County jail, was unavailable for comment, Press Secretary Russ Knocke stated that Homeland Security would cooperate with the investigation.

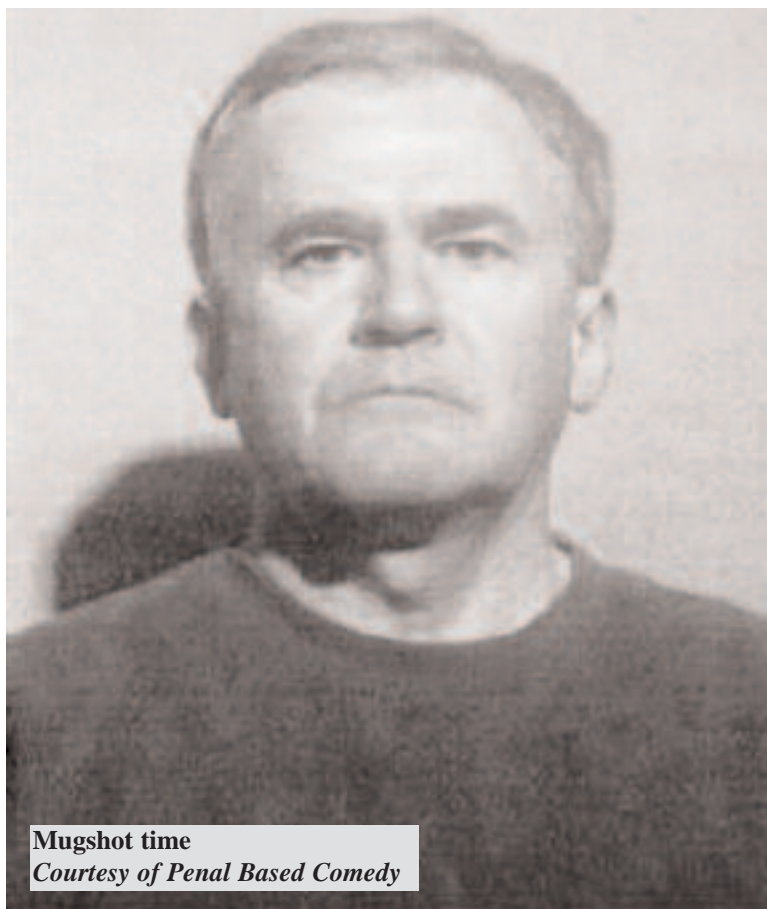
"We take these allegations very seriously," assured Knocke.

Doyle used Homeland Security computers to contact the alleged teen, asking "her" to perform sexual acts while thinking of him as well as giving her his office and cell phone numbers, the latter of which was issued to him by the government. Besides a total of 16 pornographic videos, he also sent the undercover police officer pictures of himself. The pictures weren't sexually explicit but were used to positively identify Doyle.

Doyle, who requested to be extradited to Florida, has been charged with

23 felony counts and faces up to 115 years in prison, as each charge brought against him carries a five-year sentence. Currently he has been suspended from his position without pay and his access to facilities and information has been restricted.

This case will certainly raise questions about the effectiveness and necessity of Homeland Security as well as the state of our national security, both from dangers abroad and at home. The Department of Homeland Security is believed by a large number of people to be a generally ineffective organization, and now high-ranking members being tried for seducing 14 year-old girls over the Internet may very well bring about the question of whether or not it can even be trusted. Doyle is not the first high-ranking official from the department to be arrested for the same crime. Frank Figueroa, the former head of the Homeland Security program Operation Predator, which was designed to stop sexual predators from seducing children, was arrested October 25 of last year for exposing himself to a 16 year-old girl in an Orlando mall. Such incidents raise questions about the department's hiring process, specifically its background checks on its employees. With their ability to ensure homeland security, including security from terrorism, when they can't even ensure the security of children from their own staff in question, the Department of Homeland Security will surely have to toughen its employee screening procedures.



Mugshot time  
Courtesy of Penal Based Comedy

# Winona Laduke Speaks Out

By Nicole Bose

"You can't buy culture in a mall, unless your culture is McDonald's."

-Winona Laduke

When Winona Laduke came to speak at the 2006 Musician's Alliance for Peace Project, she apologized for not being out in the sun to pick up campus litter. A Harvard-educated student and environmental activist, she is known as the litter-bug queen at home on the Ojibwe's reservation in Minnesota. After witnessing a man t h r o w i n g McDonald's out of his SUV on a Long Island highway, an enraged Winona chased him down with her UConn truck. Her sense of respect for nature seems to override the petty details of man's desires; the intrigue of a giant, genetic SAC apple, a Big Mac fetish, or the inclination to toss foreign objects out a car window.

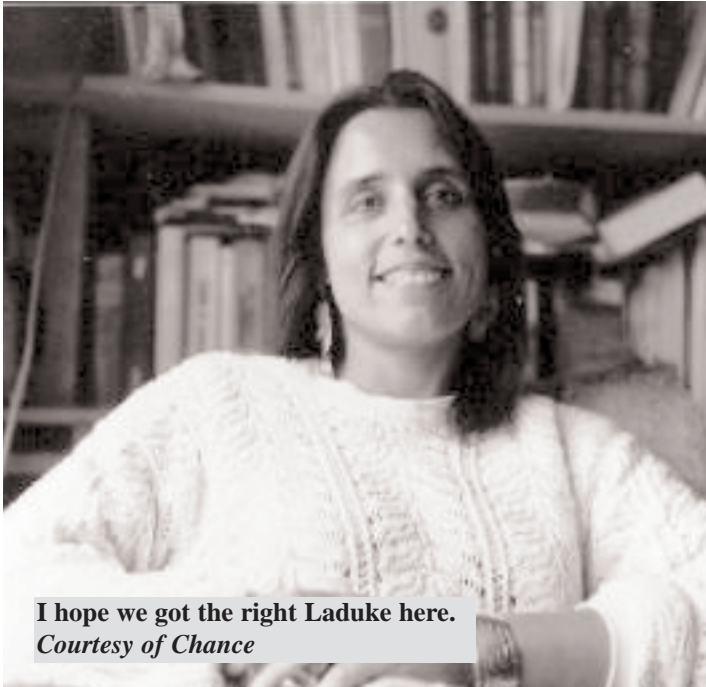
Humanity is a tiny yet integral piece of nature's cyclic continuity. Indigenous people are known to hold natural law as their highest principle. Beneath it we are drinking the same water and breathing the same air, sharing a constellation of interrelationships. By taking what is needed and leaving the rest, the Ojibwes maintain peaceful relationships with each other and the resources they share.

Americans are educated with precepts against natural law. A traditional, earth-based notion of time differs from the West's own, in which time does not revolve in a cycle around nature but a line projecting into the future, like an arrow. She parallels our temporal structure with the ongoing progression of colonization and assimilation, cultivating xenophobia through fear of "foreign" others. We have yet to witness an end to Western attempts to civilize entire nations with a history of civilization dating back thousands of years farther than our own, building beyond and on top of their cyclical network rather than working within it.

While her society is recovering and returning resources to their natural habitats, Americans transform raw materials like copper, gold, diamonds, oils and turn them into products and waste to fund our economy. Corporations like Alcoa, Enron, Exxon and Unicol are abusing our land now like Columbus was five hundred years ago, driving people and resources out from their native lands. Right now, there are two thousand nations of indigenous people for which the rate of extinction is about one nation per year. Imperial societies are like predators, Laduke observes, whose method of appropriation makes those on land into prey, as in the Amazon, Northern Canada and Nigeria.

To combat the actions taken by richer, whiter, politically powerful over-consuming corpo-

rations, many tribes have organized in different ways to form an international indigenous movement. The International Slow Food Award Movement, World Food Program, Concerned Rosebud Area Citizens and her tribe's own White Earth Land Recovery Project face globalization, McDonaldization and WalMartization with ways of eating right and working to protect homegrown goods from genetic engineering, modification and patenting. The Ojibwe's wild rice has protected them from starvation and poverty for generations, illustrating the importance of grass-root goods.



I hope we got the right Laduke here.  
Courtesy of Chance

Laduke described a middle class, climate-controlled "bubble", in which features like air conditioning and emotional weather reports separate and isolate humanity from the natural world. Since our spirits long to relate to something alive, synthetic conditioning will continue to cultivate loneliness. During black and brown-outs the industrialized seem like junkies, she

says, plugging in for power and panicking when it doesn't come, hanging out with dealers along the way.

How to recover from the phenomena of isolation? Going to the therapist and harping on how tough life gets, self-medicating and desensitizing

with TV, shopping, and drugs of choice are not a way of recovering our relationship to nature and culture. Laduke fought back tears to emphasize how the cost of "shrinking" oneself to maintain sanity is too high, and recovery is not a solely individual but collective process.

The Ojibwe people make up the poorest and largest population in Minnesota, yet two-thirds of their tribe live off the reservation at the bottom of social and demographic statistics. Much of their land is owned by states, churches, non-Indians and lumber companies, with the apparent inability to own up to or apologize for their actions. They will pay to fix, and yet the Ojibwe people have worked to buy back their land to habituate eagles and nests, traditional foods and cemeteries. Intertwined with their revolt is the oppressive litigation in New York, which spends millions suing native people within the state.

In the melting pot we are faced with a challenge to deconstruct our selves from our heritage and hand over our identities to a U.S. definition of who we are and what that means. To declare yourself any certain race is not a biological but social construct used to justify privilege, allocation of resources and racism. Our relationships and the relations between cultural identities are predicated by mythology and isolation, causing us to forget about community and focus on our own personal American dream, like mountains named after small white men, and the East Coast being named after the "New" dream to colonize it. Only by listening to the place where we drink the same water and breathe the same air can we reconstruct peaceful relationships and recover environmental justice.

## High School Students Protest Cell Phone Confiscations, Five Teens Arrested

By Joey Safdia

Now here's something I always wished could have happened in my high school. On April 12, students of John Jay High School left their school and staged a protest against a cell phone crackdown, leading to altercations with the NYPD and the arrests of five students.

The protests began when school security officers began confiscating the phones, along with other electronic equipment and even snacks, from students passing through the metal detectors as they entered the building. 200 enraged students decided that they were not going to give up their property without a fight, taking to the streets in protest at about 1 p.m. Chants of "We want out cell phones" filled the streets of Park Slope as students help signs reading "This is a school, not a prison."

Police and students eventually clashed in the streets, leading to arrests and charges of disorderly conduct. The arrests only served to fire up the students more. 17 year-old Aundre Walker's comments were enough to explain why. "They treated him like a terrorist. All he wanted was his cell phone back," said the John Jay student when asked about his friend, Maurice Reid, 17, who was thrown to the ground and handcuffed by police officers. Reid was charged with assault for hitting

an officer.

This incident raises two important questions about the constitutional rights of high school students, namely regarding their Fourth Amendment rights. First is the question about whether or not there should be metal detectors in the building, and the second is whether faculty should be allowed to confiscate students' private property.

The Fourth Amendment grants all citizens of the United States the protection against unreasonable searches and seizures, and the case of *Tinker v. Des Moines* tells us that students do not "shed their constitutional rights when they enter the schoolhouse door". This would tell us that both metal detectors at school entrances and the confiscation of students' phones are both unconstitutional.

I understand school officials desire to protect students, especially after the Columbine massacre and the September 11 terrorist attacks, but invasive searches conducted on students is not the answer. The students' claim that they are being treated like prisoners is far from inaccurate. I and many other students had to go through the same

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The Stony Brook Press  
Suites 060 & 061  
Student Union  
SUNY at Stony Brook  
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200  
(631) 632-4137 Voice

Email: sbpress@gmail.com  
Website: www.thestonybrookpress.com



# Letters, Yo!

To the Editor:

I've written several articles to the Press in the past, and have considered it to be quite possible the only paper left on campus that provides a truly progressive view on social and political issues. Like most newspaper readers, I generally scan through the paper for the interesting articles, read them, and then pass on the paper or throw it in the recycling bin.

This week, when I looking over the picture in an article that I had written, I noticed an appalling comment on the article entitled "Some Allegedly Liberal Thoughts from a Conservative Mind," written by Caroline D'Agati, which read "The new gay fireman carry." For those who do not immediately notice the oppressive nature of this comment, using the word "gay" to describe two policemen that are carrying a protestor in an uncomfortable position near the crotch implies that gay males who are in positions of power are so sexually deviant that they grope "powerless" males when they can and get away with sexual assault. Furthermore, the caption under the picture displayed was not even accurate: it was of two policemen arresting a struggling protestor during a riot.

The caption, if it was an isolated occurrence, would have been outrageous enough, but upon further analysis, the Press seems to be quite sexually oppressive. A "Comic Update" written by Mo Ibrahim, after describing a teacher that wears tight, out of fashion clothes, writes that "...he's either Wayne Brady... or just a really gay white teacher." Of course, using gay as an adjective to describe a male that dresses in certain clothing is oppressive in itself, but the article goes on to stereotype this "gay" male as being, yet again, sexually deviant—going to the point of sexual harassment.

Of course, after noticing these sexually oppressive comments in last week's issue, I had to analyze other issues. Unfortunately, I could not put the 100 hours that it would take to read all of the issues that are up on the website, but simply doing a search of key words on older issues, I found an article in Volume 27 Issue 10 entitled, "Sex and the Brook," written by Rudy Randall, in which the adventure of two males in the city is "comically" described. While passing a "Drag queen" (or so the readers are told, but the males were probably making assumptions), the males describe the individual not as a person, but as an object, or "it."

I think that with just the articles mentioned, the Press should publicize some sort of apology to those readers that are offended by the oppressive comments that were mentioned in this letter, and those that go unmentioned. Furthermore, perhaps in the "article guidelines" section of the website, the Press should explicitly write that no articles that make any sort of prejudiced comments will be accepted, and the Press editors should ensure that these guidelines are followed.

The Press does some great work on campus; it educates many students on social and political issues that students are not aware of due to the bias of mainstream media; it is humorous and entertaining in a way that is not usually offensive—a rarity in 21st century comedy. In addition, the Press regularly publishes articles on various issues regarding GLBT rights. However, in my opinion, the Press needs to work harder on ensuring that the articles published are free from oppressive comments.

Respectfully Submitted,  
Charlene Obernauer

Charlene,

I'm going to keep this short and sweet. The rule for the *Press* is that we're an open forum. So long as what you say isn't racist and/or libelous, we're cool. Look back to last year and Ben Bravmann, sometimes we distance ourselves.

Now you know our stance. Mo can write what he likes. Our captions are usually made at or past 2am; we make mom jokes, gay jokes, political jokes, dick jokes, dead-baby jokes, anything just to stay awake. Sex and the Brook is written by a gay man. He's a cool dude.

We ain't mean-spirited, we let the little things slide. If you still got beef after that little bit then you can come on down and chat with us about it. Like I said, we're an open forum. Free speech, yo. Word.

Rob Pearsall  
Executive Editor  
The Stony Brook Press.

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# Student Cell Phone Protest Continued...

By Joey Safdia

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procedures during high school years and all it is in the end is a gross invasion of privacy. The entire process was ineffective (the apathetic security guards ended up checking bags just to confiscate scissors and nail clippers while the metal detectors failed to detect metal. If anything so much as beeped for any reason, the guard would just send you to another guard who would check every inch of your body and then some with the handheld scanner) and served only to make the students as late as possible for class, all this a factor that teachers failed to take into account. The entire process was also grossly unconstitutional, as the state, represented in this case by government-run public school employees, cannot search you or your belongings without probable cause. These searches are more appropriate for airport security or prison. But requiring children to go through metal detectors, X-ray scanners, and submit to invasive searches without any sort of justification is inappropriate for any place in our nation, especially our public schools.

As for cell phones, I agree that they do not have a place in schools. Kids shouldn't be talking on their phones when they are supposed to be learning. But confiscating them is not right; it's not even constitutional. While it violates school rules, it does not violate any laws to have a cell phone in school. It is not a criminal activity, and as such the Fourth Amendment clearly states that the state cannot seize a person's private property. And yet teachers and other faculty members confiscate the aforementioned property without ever returning it; I've even seen a teacher talk on a student's phone in class, in front of the student, while wasting his minutes that he paid for out of pocket. Teachers should

not stand idly by while cell phones are ringing in class, definitely not, but you can't confiscate someone's property just because they have it (unless it is contraband, a weapon, or other dangerous or illegal item, but that is a different story altogether). Should a student's cell phone disrupt the class, a teacher should be able to confiscate it and then be



Take your cell phone rights back from the Man!  
Courtesy of focused teen angst

required to return in at the end of the school day, as well as call the child's parents, should the teacher deem it necessary. But no matter what school policy dictates, we have to remember that children are American citizens too, and *Tinker v. Des Moines* grants them the same rights as their adult counterparts.

In a side note, one must also think about how large of a problem cell phones actually pose to

classroom learning. Larry Woodridge, principal of the Secondary School of Law, states, "They want to have their cell phones and they want to be able to use them during the school day, but they can't because it disrupts the educational process". But, in my experience, the only disruption to the educational process in this context doesn't come from the phones themselves as much as the teachers. In high school, when a student's cell phone went off in class, a teacher would stop teaching, yell and scream while confiscating the device, and then end it with a lecture on school policy. Every scenario was different but the result was always the same, the interruption of the learning process by the teacher. In the college classroom, when a phone rings, the professor does not even stop lecturing. He/she will continue to speak without faltering for a moment and the students will never bat an eye. Only in the high schools, where the teachers make it a problem, is the possession of cell phones perceived to be any sort of disruption. Now I'm not saying that students should be able to chat away with their friends in class, but it shows that cell phones in class are only as big of a problem as they are made out to be, and high school teachers should learn how, and when, to handle a situation and to do so properly rather than violating the rights of those they are supposed to be teaching.

The incident undoubtedly raises questions about the current treatment of public school students in regards to the confiscation of electronics and the overbearing security in our schools. As social studies teacher John Yanno put it, "This is a great civics lesson. I wish they got this involved in the war in Iraq or the immigration debate."

## AOL: Poisoning Our Youth and Stealing First Amendment Rights

By Adina Silverbush

"In a few easy steps you can set up and customize an age-appropriate experience for your child. From where they go on the Internet to whom they communicate with, *Parental Controls* helps make the online environment a safe and rewarding experience for your child. We'll help you be the boss—without being the bad guy."

The above is what AOL tells you when you search for information about their "Parental Control" system. However it fails to mention that the control will also control your child's political searches and potentially their ideologies. Why is it that the site lets children view Republican geared sites but when you type in Democratic ones it will tell you that the site is restricted?

AOL is censoring our children from their first amendment right to freely choose what information they receive. They shouldn't be blinded from any political party. Especially at a young age, children need information from all sources to be able to make their own decisions instead of simply following in their parents' footsteps like robots. We should want our future generations to be well-

informed and not ignorant to views that may not be what corporate America agrees with.

Parents are given no information about the sites that are being blocked other than being told that the parental control program will help give them an "age appropriate experience".

Who should decide that a Democratic experience is not an age appropriate one! The Republican National Committee is allowed with the controls but the Democratic National Committee is blocked.

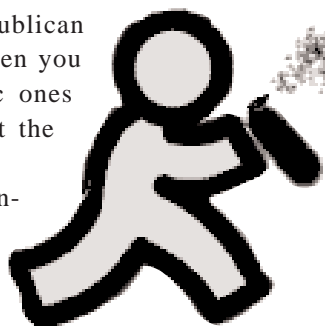
Political parties like The Green Party, whose main focus is on maintaining and preserving our environment, are not exactly threatening to our youth yet the site for Ralph Nader, the Green Party presidential candidate, is blocked, along with that for Ross Perot of the Reform Party. The conservative Constitution

Party and Libertarian Party, however, have no such blocks and they each promote their own candidates.

One of the most outrageous biases to this parental control system is that organizations that promote guns, such as the National Rifle Association, are available for teens to view but gun safety organizations are blocked, including the Coalition to Stop Gun Violence, Safer Guns Now and the Million Mom March.

A spokesperson from AOL denied any knowledge of a conservative bias. However this lack of knowledge seems highly unlikely considering how many liberal sites are being blocked. Obviously a company like AOL knows what sites their systems are blocking! They will probably go on to deny these accusations because many of their costumers would turn away from them if they admit any fault. In a test of AOL new version 5.0 for political bias, after looking at over a hundred sites, the blocking of Democratic and Liberal sites was significantly greater than Conservative ones. This was consistent with the results from older versions.

The Internet is a wonderful invention that was never created to oppress people's knowledge but rather to expand it. By putting your children on a parental control obviously skewed by politics ruins the whole experience. Parents are being taking advantage of by AOL because they trust the company to actually protect their children, not brainwash them!



# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled by Joe Rios and Claudia Toloza



## Bone fragments from 9/11 found on roof

On April 6th, medical examiners announced that they had found over 70 bone fragments from the 9/11 terrorist attacks. The fragments were found among gravel and other roofing materials on the roof of the Deutsche Bank building. Cleanup crews that were removing toxic materials from the building found the fragments.

When the World Trade Center collapsed, pieces of the towers showered upon the building, doing massive damage to it in the process. The building has been scheduled for demolition, and crews are searching for more fragments before the building is destroyed. The pieces of bones have been sent to labs for DNA identification in hopes of bringing closure to the unidentified victims of 9/11.



## NYC Cat rescued

It would seem odd for a cat to make international news, but Molly the cat made international headlines after being trapped inside a wall for two weeks. It all began when she wandered into a space between two walls, and eventually got trapped in the old building's maze of pipes and brick. She could be heard meowing from the street outside, and from inside, in a deli that was part of the building. Rescuers were able to finally locate Molly and, by removing bricks from the wall of the deli, were able to get her free. Kevin Clifford, a NYC tunnel worker, had to climb into the wall to retrieve Molly, who refused to come out on her own. Clifford had to grab Molly by her legs and drag her out. Despite spending fourteen days trapped in a wall, Molly came out unscathed from the ordeal. Pete Myers, the owner of the deli said, "I think you'll all agree that she is in great shape," commenting on the health of the Molly. "I'm amazed at how well she looks. She always was a fit cat, otherwise she wouldn't have survived fourteen days in that hole."

## D12 Rapper Killed in shooting

DeShaun Holton, also known as "Proof", one of the rappers of D12, was killed on the 11th inside a nightclub known as the CCC. The club is situated on 8 Mile Road, the thoroughfare made famous by Eminem's semi-autobiographical movie. Proof had been the best man at Eminem's wedding. While the details of the shooting are not entirely clear, but it seems as if the shooting was in retaliation to Proof shooting another man at the CCC. Eminem released a statement about the shooting of his friend saying, "He pushed me to become who I am. Without Proof's guidance and encouragement, there would have been a Marshall Mathers, but probably not an Eminem and certainly never a Slim Shady." There is currently only one suspect, Mario Etheridge, 28, of Detroit, who was charged with carrying a concealed weapon and discharging a firearm in a building. Etheridge worked as a bouncer at the CCC.



## Restrictions Imposed on Funeral Protests

The protests held at several funerals of soldiers who died in combat have sparked many states to take action. The protests are organized by the Westboro Baptist Church of Topeka, Kansas. Members of this church organize themselves and attend the funeral of deceased soldiers to protest the policies of the United States government, which in their mind protects homosexuality. The protestors argue that the soldiers died because they were defending a nation which protects homosexuality, which in their eyes is a sinful act. Many states have designed legislation which would limit these protests who many see are in bad taste. States such as Oklahoma, Indiana, and Wisconsin have passed legislation which would limit these protest and another 23 state legislatures are beginning to take similar measures.

## Protests in Nepal

For the past week, thousands have taken to the streets of Nepal to protest what they call the repressive government of King Gyanendra. The protestors call for the end of the monarchical rule in Nepal and a restoration of democracy in the nation. King Gyanendra took control of Nepal a little more than a year ago

when he ousted the government. As a result to the protests, King Gyanendra has issued bans on public demonstrations. The protests have however continued throughout Nepal. As a result, the capital of Nepal, Katmandu, is running low on food and fuel because trucks have been unable to enter the city. So far, there have been no signs of the protest ending.



## Mass Boycott May 1st

In conjunction with the immigration protests that have swept the nation in the last several weeks, there is also a plan for a mass boycott to take place. The boycott is scheduled for May 1st. Participants of the boycott are asked not to attend work that day as a gesture of support for immigration rights. Organizers of the boycott hope to show the great economic impact that a single day without immigrant labor can have on the American economy.



## Presidential Elections in Peru

After the Presidential elections took place in Peru last week, no clear winner is yet determined. Presidential candidate Ollanta Humala was the only presidential candidate with enough votes, an estimated 31 percent, to secure his spot in the second round of elections. Votes are still being counted to determine whether it will be Lourdes Flores or former President Alan Garcia who will join Humala in the runoff. The runoff was called because no candidate was able to secure a majority of the votes. The Presidential runoff election is scheduled to take place some time in either May or June.



## Plans to Segregate Omaha Schools???

State Senator Ernie Chambers of Nebraska plans to turn back the clock on *Brown v. Board of Education* which called for an end to segregation in public schools. Interestingly enough Senator Chambers who in the past has fought for such causes such as the end of apartheid in South Africa and the abolition of the death penalty is now calling for schools in Omaha, Nebraska to be segregated. The legislature which was supported by Senator Chambers was and was signed into law by the governor of Nebraska will divide Omaha public schools into three districts one largely Hispanic, the other one predominately Black, and the third a white district. Opponents to this measure argue that the redistribution of Omaha school districts is nothing short of institutionalized segregation.

## TRANSFORMING IDENTITIES:

### Intersections of Race and Gender

Our featured speaker, T.J. Jourian, is an Armenian-Cypriot, Middle Eastern trans-male activist for social justice and cast member of the recently released Sundance/LOGO series *TransGeneration*, which chronicles an academic year in the lives of 4 trans-identified college students. T.J. will speak about the intersections between racial identity and gender identity.

**When:** Tuesday, April 25th  
6:30 to 8:00 PM

**Where:** Humanities Institute  
Lecture Hall 1006

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# Spring Break Is For Trust Fund Babies

By Marcel Votlucka



One empty can? Prissy Pussy.  
Courtesy of lightweights

I wouldn't want to live in Cancun right now.

During Spring Break, hordes of hedonistic barbarians will be migrating to the placid beaches of Florida and the Caribbean this month, spreading vice, drunkenness, lewdness, filth, and stupidity to what was once God's Country. These vile creatures are the Trust Fund Babies (TFBs), the ill-mannered and low quality spawn of deadheads and baby boomers and yuppies. If you live in a beach town south of the Tropic of Cancer, I pity you, for you and your loved ones shall not escape these hordes of monsters.

When alone, Trust Fund Babies will usually suffice to masturbate in the safety of their dorm rooms (while not housed in their palatial palaces or gated communities or even upscale suburban ranch houses), and will spend the rest of their time working out and tanning themselves rather than, say, studying. But when congregated in groups, they can be extremely dangerous to the societal order. During the great southward migration, the TFBs spend the equivalent of the GNP of the European Union, thus sustaining the economy of the Western hemisphere. They travel in packs and scour the landscape searching for places to settle. Once they find a community suitable for their needs, they settle in and take over the area and displace the residents, and not even the US Military can unseat them.

While settled in, the Trust Fund Babies will proceed to poison themselves by chugging ton after ton after ton of cheap alcohol, play naked Twister in the streets, brawl on the sidewalks, bare their malformed tits and dimply asses and shriveled penises at the sight of a dollar bill (or two), and play some of the worst music in human existence at no lower than 462 decibels. They communicate by uttering hoots and hollers, as well as loud screams in slurred English as well as snippets of Ebonics that they pick up from MTV.

And, oh yes, MTV is sure to be there in force, for wherever the Trust Fund Babies go, Gideon Yago and Carson Daly are sure to follow. Video cameras are to be found over every inch of the TFBs' habitats, which include hotels, motels, chateaus, villas, private homes that they seize, alleyways, overpasses, and of course, the beaches. Before long, their signature scent, a potent combi-

on the scene, filming as many fucked-up female TFBs as they can so that Snoop Dog can buy a brand new Hummer with the profits.

Trust Fund Babies, because they spend most of their time in the gym and the nightclub rather than classes or jobs, tend to have attractive, well muscled, and finely-tuned physiques, particularly the steroid-abusing males, but there are some dumpy TFBs to be found here and there. Yet just about anybody and everybody can be guaranteed at least a blow job if not some vaginal or anal sex while on Spring Break. If one is fortunate, one can impregnate as many as four-dozen female TFBs in a single night – even without paying first. TFB males and TFB females think nothing of wanton sexual impropriety and public lewdness, since their psychological integrity depends on it. "Hooking up" is a ritual which takes precedence even over getting drunk and making a total ass of oneself while getting videotaped in the process.

Other rituals include the 'chugging contest' in which 199-proof liquor is poured down a hose into a TFBs herpes-infected mouth. The 'wet T-Shirt contest' is another, and so is the 'mud wrestling challenge,' where plastered TFBs grope each other in a pool of mud or coleslaw or baby oil or raw sewage – anything that's messy. One other ritual is 'The Burning' where kids will slather their already tanned skin with baby oil and proceed to lay out in the hot sun until their skin is as red as a West Virginian's neck... or, if that's not good enough, chocolate brown like the

nation of impoverished locals who serve their every need in the restaurants and hotels and bars.

How do these Neanderthals finance their hedonism, you ask? It's quite simple: if one manages to swipe a Trust Fund Baby's purse or wallet, one will find no less than a dozen credit cards, paid for by their well-off mommies and daddies. For the typical TFB Spring Breaker, Daddy's credit card number is more important than one's room number or Social Security number or school ID (not needed if one spends more time in Cancun than in Arizona State). For you see, my friends, only those among the ranks of the TFBs and their many friends can afford to embark upon the Great Southern Migration around the Ides of March. The turquoise oceans become a sea of WASPS during Spring Break, with a few minorities peppered here and there. Most other people can only dream of going on such a hedonistic odyssey.

The message is clear: Spring Break is for Trust Fund Babies who spend more time in the gym than going to classes, and non-WASPS need not apply unless one is well-connected. Those of us who are currently huddled against the brutal, Arctic winters of the North American Continent can take solace in the fact that, after the TFBs are finished wrecking the civilized islands and seaside towns of Mexico, Florida, Hawaii, and the Caribbean, they will return in swarms to invade our pristine cities, quaint suburbs, and stately college campuses once again...

May Allah save us all.

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# The Reformation in Central Kentucky Scintillates

By James Messina

After reviewing old work, I noticed a terrible absence from my musings. There's no mention whatsoever of Japanese cryptography. It has a robust history, beginning with... Oh, who am I kidding. Following the Meiji Restoration, Japan began seriously exploring cryptology as a useful military tool. But prior to that, there is no known record of their having made serious forays into cryptology. Indeed, even after the improvements made before World War II, Japan's communications systems were woefully unprepared for the (then) modern analytical abilities the Allied Powers brought to bear against them. I attempted to draw a humorous conclusion based upon the inferiority of Japanese codes, but as my attempts became more and more racist while experiencing a commensurate decline in joke quality, let's skip ahead to the history, shall we?

Japanese cryptography began during the Warring States Period. Uesugi Kenshin and Oda Nobunaga, major Japanese warlords at the time, were believed to have utilized simple substitution ciphers during the 16th century. The system didn't experience any marked improvements for some time, so the system I describe to you was essentially static for decades. One Japanese alphabet contains 48 characters, which fits nicely into a 7 by 7 table, provided a blank space is left. Then according to the letter's position in the table, its value could be ascertained. For example, a value of 55 would correspond to the 5th column, and the 5th row. This is a system quite familiar in Western cryptography, referred to as a Polybius square. One major advantage of the system, that the Japanese did not appear to implement, is that you can reduce the number of characters that appear. The Japanese table I described had 7 rows and 7 columns, so the minimum number of required characters to describe a letter is reduced from 48 to 7. Also, converting letters to numbers allows for further enciphering to happen, creating greater security.

As I said, despite the advantages the Polybius square offers, the Japanese weren't known to capitalize upon them. In fact, the system is known for being ambiguous, the 48 character alphabet mentioned not having several major letters, thus requiring the intricate re-wording of documents to remain intelligible. Note that this is, of course, based off wikipedia, and while ordinarily I make it clear that one should be wary of the knowledge I profess to expound; now I especially urge you to take my words with a grain of salt. My knowledge

of the Japanese language is limited to sophomoric references to the infamous "ookie-cookie", and thusly I do not pretend to understand the real intricacies behind the code's encryption. The basic principles I described, however, I have relative confidence in.

Unfortunately, the records describing the progress of cryptology in Japan aren't nearly as extensive as those records recording the progress of the West, and many of the facts listed above are in a sort of limbo. It is unknown in what respect the warlord Uesugi utilized the code, and it is even uncertain whether or not he used a 7 by 7 grid, though this is generally agreed upon. Speculation upon the history and role of cryptography in Japan has been stunted by this lack of evidence, and has led academicians to assume that cryptography was not an important factor to the daimyos. The assumption is that even bearing in mind the secretive nature of cryptography, there would have needed to be some documentation in the books of conduct daimyos created referencing cryptography, so as to pass knowledge down to further generations.

These cryptographic advice columns being all non-existent-like, it is assumed that there was obviously not too much importance being placed on secret communications. Moving deductively from here, the assumption is that no equivalent of the black chambers (perhaps to be explained later) existed in Japan. Japan's performance cryptographically against the Allied Powers in World War II leads me to agree that there was historically little emphasis on cryptography and/or cryptanalysis, though I am less certain that there was no system in place at all. That seems entirely too trusting to me. Perhaps I'm just of that paranoid mindset.

Oh well. Anyhow, here's the new puzzle.

## PUZZLE THE 12TH:

Oh, James, you're quite the cut-up. Too stupid to create a code, given two weeks? Why, just include a lame explanation. Brilliant. The thing is, I did try to make it last minute, but that's hardly an excuse for depriving you folk of the puzzles you so love. Luckily, with no excuse whatsoever I may present to you the 13th puzzle, every bit as luminous as you've come to expect from the man who gave you (insert cool thing here)!

## PUZZLE THE 13TH:

9 25 7 1 15 4 24 24 15 7 13 17 9 15 12 3 13

This code is very short, but it's also quite simple. As in a previous puzzle, this one is recursive, each letter depending on the one before it. This shouldn't stump you.

Editorial Space:  
This is the end of my being an editor and the end of my time at Stony Brook. I'm not one to wax poetical so I've got one thing to say. I had better see all of you at Beerfest. I'm going to have a camera and I want pictures with everyone.



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# Great Comic Books #7: Frank Miller's Daredevil

By Thomas Mets

Creators: Frank Miller, David Mazzuchelli

Before Frank Miller pretty much defined Batman, he established himself as one of the industry's premier writers when he turned a minor Marvel superhero with a bimonthly book (kiss of death in those days) into a best-seller, and critical darling. His Daredevil run is one of the best-regarded of any comic book, and his return to the title a few years later, the seven-part *Born Again* epic, is probably his best work, and the best Marvel comic book ever. It's surprising that it took so long for someone to write a definitive Daredevil story, because he's a pretty good character. He's Matt Murdock, blind Irish-Catholic attorney by day, and vigilante in a devil outfit by night. There's tremendous storytelling potential, and never a shortage of respected writers/artists ready to tackle the character, beginning with co-creator Stan Lee, and many of Marvel's other great writers (Roy Thomas, Marv Wolfman, Steve Gerber, Gerry Conway). None were as good as an artist who made his writing debut on the title because the higher-ups determined that sales couldn't get any lower.

*Daredevil Visionaries: Frank Miller Volume 2* is where Miller left his stamp on the character (Volume 1 includes the nine issues he pencilled under writer Roger McKenzie). Miller began the series by introducing Matt Murdock's ex-girlfriend Elektra Natchios, now a fabled bounty hunter/assassin, hired to kill a man whose testimony Daredevil requires. Miller stole from the best, with a plot based heavily on the Spirit tale *Bring in Sand Saref*. He got better with later issues, using a single page to demonstrate Elektra's feelings for Matt. He'd borrow from Eisner again, in a chilling tale which pitted Daredevil against a secret society living in New York's sewers, and miraculously told a better story than the Spirit tale he ripped off.

Miller followed Elektra with a four-parter, which established Daredevil's other two great enemies: The Kingpin, and Bullseye, who had recently become the closest thing Daredevil had to an arch-enemy, (something he had gone without for more than a decade) with the unique ability to turn anything he can get his hands on (i.e. paper clips) into a weapon. Miller put Daredevil in an awkward situation as Bullseye was going crazy (and killing innocent people in the process) thanks to a tumor, and there was the possibility that should he be caught, he could get off on the technicality that the tumor was what made him commit crimes in the first place. The same story turned the Kingpin from a Spider-Man villain into Daredevil's greatest enemy, when the retired crimelord returned to New York, after former associates of his want him dead, and kidnapped his beloved wife (the reason he had retired). Miller's Kingpin was ruthless, and effective, in sharp contrast to the scared crime lords who hired Bullseye to kill him in the first place. The ensuing gang war was good to the Kingpin, who still lost what he treasured most. It was good for the readers, who got lots of action, suspense, and a fair share of murders.

Miller's next stories introduced the Hand, the group of ninja assassins who had trained Elektra, which was just as good for the readers, as Miller does the best fight scenes in comics. Miller furthered the drama by having Elektra be the only one who can save Daredevil's life, despite the fact she knows he can't allow her to continue breaking

the law. Miller doesn't shy away from the conflict, eventually providing viewers with a vicious battle between the two ex-lovers. Miller had Daredevil lose his radar sense (the superpower which compensated for his blindness) as an excuse to increase the drama, and introduced another key addition to the mythos – Stick, the blind karate master who trained Daredevil (Miller incidentally is a big fan of manga, and samurai films). Eight panels of the story show the Kingpin quietly manipulating the Hand, his creepy behind-the-scenes role setting the standard for brilliant crime bosses, and showing the writers at DC how they could make Lex Luthor more intimidating. The Kingpin slowly takes a more active role as he takes interest in Elektra's skill, and tries to get one of his underlings elected mayor.

The stories give Daredevil supporting characters greater depth than they previously had. Comedy relief sidekick Foggy Nelson got plenty of scenes to make the reader laugh, but got surprising pathos in a subplot which revealed his inferiority complex as business partner of Matt Murdock, legal prodigy. An issue in the point of view of *Daily Bugle* reporter Ben Urich, as he investigates the Kingpin (Urich's second appearance since the Volume 1 story in which he uncovered Daredevil's identity) made readers care for him, when he was put in mortal danger. For shits and giggles Miller's big Daredevil vs. Elektra fight was seen through his eyes (one of the ways the writer/artist liked to surprise readers).

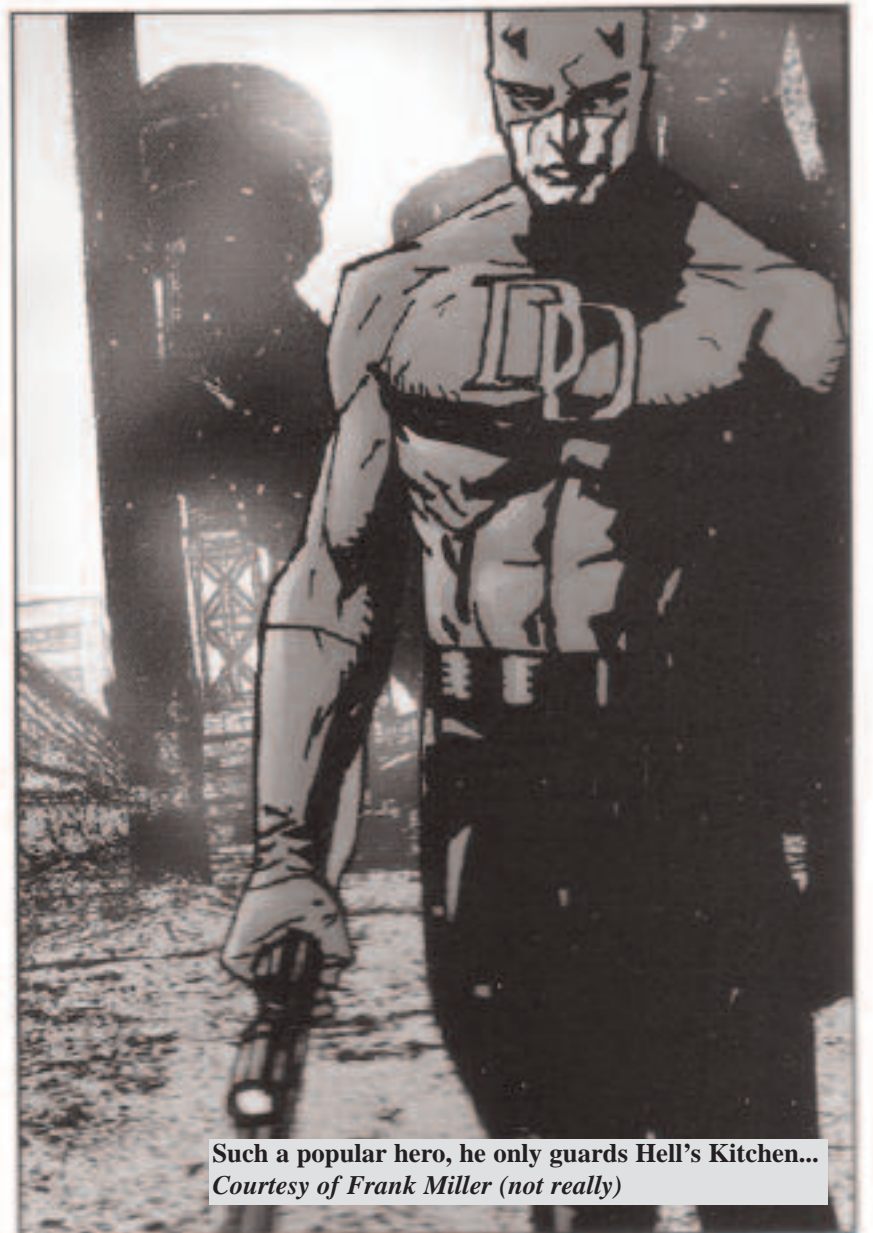
The Elektra saga culminated in Daredevil #181 when all three villains came together in a plot in which Bullseye tries to kill Elektra in order to impress the Kingpin, in an issue which has become a pop-culture reference. The story is told from a villain's point of view, and still manages to include an incredible amount of suspense, since the previous issue ended with a hit on one of Daredevil's best friends, and this issue has the world's greatest assassin uncover Daredevil's identity. A tragic change to the status quo sets the direction for the remainder of Miller's run, the result of a battle to the death between Bullseye and Elektra, a battle that's not as interesting as the fight between Daredevil, and the winner.

*Frank Miller Visionaries Volume 2* concludes with an epilogue which shows Matt Murdock going crazy in the aftermath of last issue's events, and includes Miller's take on the Punisher, as a brutally efficient vigilante who views his conflicts with criminals as part of an actual war, setting the precedent for Miller's Batman, and Alan Moore's Rorschach, and ensuring that the character went from occasional guest-star to several monthly books of his

own. The third volume features the rest of Miller's run as writer/artist of Daredevil. Highlights include a villain using his pacemaker to fool Matt's ability to use someone's heartbeat as a lie detector, the Punisher shooting Daredevil, and the excellent Frank Miller cover of Daredevil brandishing a gun. The volume includes epic battles with ninjas, Matt Murdock undergoing a nervous breakdown, a radiation accident increasing Daredevil's senses to the point where it's painful for him to be outside of a deprivation tank, one of Daredevil's greatest allies poisoned by the Hand, the death of an ally, at least one resurrection, and Daredevil playing a game of Russian Roulette with a paralyzed enemy. This contrasts well with an issue of a What If? which provides a happier ending to Issue 181. The book concludes with rare Miller Daredevil work, including a What If Matt Murdock Was an Agent of SHIELD? and Miller's first Elektra solo story. Daredevil Editor Denny O'Neil took over the book after Miller, and continued making the book darker, as an ex-girlfriend committed suicide, his best friend got divorced, and crippled villains returned stronger than ever.

Miller decided to rectify this with a seven issue stint titled *Born Again*, smart enough to keep Daredevil penciller, and future *Batman: Year One* collaborator, David Mazzuchelli (who managed to be a more impressive artist than Miller). He would add to Daredevil's problems, and put the already unstable hero through hell, as his greatest enemy destroys his life. In the first page, ex-girlfriend

Continued on next page



Such a popular hero, he only guards Hell's Kitchen...  
Courtesy of Frank Miller (not really)

# Great Comic Books #7: Frank Miller's Daredevil Continued...

By Thomas Mets

## Continued from previous page

Karen Page, now a junkie porn star, sells his secret identity for a hit of heroin, and the name reaches the Kingpin by page 3. By the end of the first chapter, which covers a period of several weeks as a hero is utterly destroyed, Matt Murdock is disbarred, homeless, nearly penniless, and his girlfriend has left him for his best friend (which actually had nothing to do with the Kingpin).

The second chapter begins with Matt Murdock saying, "I had ten dollars to my name. I found a hotel that made change." He's paranoid, and slowly going insane, accusing everyone, including his friends, of betraying him. The tale sees Murdock attack a cop, make some nasty phone calls to the people who love him, and culminates with the Kingpin beating him nearly to death, the set-up to the best scene in any comic book I've ever read, as Miller brilliantly shows a victory more complete than any a comic book villain has ever achieved. This excerpt's too good not to use. Unconscious but living, Murdock is placed in a stolen checker cab, which is driven off Pier 41 into the East River. Its safety belt and doors are corroded shut by a chemical process that is identical to rust. Murdock is drenched in whiskey. A bottle, open, is laid in his lap. Days pass into weeks, still Murdock is never far from the crimelord's thoughts. He imagines one last terrible moment of realization...of Murdock, thrashing, wildly, desperately, hatefully, screaming into the poisoned water. The scene concludes, as the cab is found, the Kingpin learns Matt Murdock's final fate, and hears four words that will haunt him in the days to come, all part of the beginning of Daredevil's rebirth.

The hero plays a surprisingly limited role in the next few issues, spending one chapter delirious after being stabbed by a man in a Santa suit (in a Christmas story darker than, but thematically simi-

lar to *It's a Wonderful Life*), another in bed with a bad fever, and a third chapter as a silent presence, appearing only when loved ones would otherwise die. We don't miss him, because Miller's story involves more than a dozen characters, all with compelling problems of their own. Karen Page is on the run from assassins, seeking the aid of the man she betrayed, while using the services of a psychotic fan. Ben Urich is traumatized, after an attempt to clear Matt's name goes horribly wrong. The cop whose perjurious testimony disbarred Matt Murdock had the best reasons in the world for lying. Foggy Nelson discovers tremendous success in love and business, and unknowingly becomes a target of the Kingpin. Even the Kingpin's underlings get great defining characteristics, from a loquacious attorney (a trick Miller reused for verbose hitmen in *Sin City*) to the last individual you'd expect to be one of his assassins. Some will die, and one will be forced to kill (and I'm not referring to one of the Kingpin's underlings.) While Frank Miller is not associated with subtlety he gets great character moments as in the awkward reunion between one hero, and the hitman who tried to kill him (and his wife) or a quiet break-up.

At the same time David Mazzuchelli provides some of the best art I've ever seen in a comic book. When the script calls for a firefight between cops and a psychotic gunmen while Matt Murdock fights a psycho in a Daredevil costume to save the lives of the people he loves, the art does not need to be dynamic in order for the result to be memorable. Mazzuchelli makes powerful images even better, such as the scene with Daredevil screaming in a bar for information about who framed Matt Murdock, or the snapshots showing his deterioration. He's great at facial expressions, showing the subtle difference between a man saying to a girl, "It's getting late. We'd better get to bed," and, "I'll take the

couch." It's one of the ways he can show four consecutive panels of the same thing (i.e. a character talking on the phone) but have a different impact each time. There's also a cinematic element in his work, which predates the current trend by more than a dozen years, creating tense moments, such as where Karen's on the run from Kingpin's killers, and they're seen only as approaching shadows.

This story has an incredible amount of tension, and suspense, which escalates in the final chapters with the addition of a crazed super-soldier, aptly known as Nuke. One of the best examples of the Kingpin's powers of manipulation is the way he gets his hands on one of the military's greatest weapons, and then arranges for Nuke to be used in Hell's Kitchen, where Matt Murdock has taken residence. There's a chaotic fight between Nuke and Daredevil, as cars explode, coats catch fire, and military helicopters crash. This all culminates in one of the great moments for Marvel's premier superhero team as they appear out of nowhere to save the day, and the best story for Captain America, one of Marvel's most important characters since 1940. Miller contrasts Nuke, and the perversion of the American flag he represents with Captain America, who reminds corrupt military officials who thank him for his loyalty, as he says "I'm loyal to nothing – except the dream." All these complications were meant to make Daredevil's eventual victory (should he manage to survive) all the sweeter. In the end, Miller uses *Born Again* to create a better status quo for Matt Murdock, culminating with an iconic final image later creators have often copied. While the status quo has since changed, Daredevil remains guardian of Hell's Kitchen. All subsequent writers have made sure to steal from the best, and with Daredevil, that's Frank Miller.

## Slither

By Eddie Zadorozny

A tiny, unsuspecting town is about to have a meteorite crash on its terrain and unearth a specimen about to unleash a plan of incubated alien domination by reproduction. What is this slimy specimen within the meteorite with such profound obvious alien intentions on an unsuspecting earth? Tom Cruise you say! No, but an amoeba-like worm that needs a host to penetrate to carry out its impending purpose! The penetration comes at first into the chest of its unwary victim that then travels up to the brain where the blueprints of instructions are lodged.

The naive victim in this scenario is Grant (Michael Rooker) as well as the inhabitants of this tiny South Carolina town. We also have his wife Starla (Elizabeth Banks). The two are quite prominent in the town, which isn't saying

much, which also boasts a sheriff, and his inept staff, who is still harboring a love for Starla from their high school sweetheart romance. The town's mayor, with a severe case of Tourette's syndrome, is also involved, as he wants to keep all the hype to a minimum, since there is an election coming up. As time goes by, Grant continues to deteriorate as a human and resemble more the shape of a hyperactive child's remnants of a play dough session in art class, with an increasing appetite and consumption of meat. The marriage between Grant and Starla has been going through some rough spots of late, with a low sexual libido from Starla being the cause. The marriage is so important to Starla that, as Grant transforms to a hideous, unrecognizable entity resembling that of a

mass of Elmer's glue, Starla is more insistent to Grant that he not worry, that his condition and predicament can be treated with help. The marriage is so important that when Grant resembled a man you would think that counseling is what most people would seek to rectify a situation, but it's the resemblance of a inhuman creature that looks like a biomedical waste product that makes her heart flutter. It's funny to an effect at first for comical purposes which is what the film strives for, and I understand that, but the film tries to sell this point as believable and Starla's acting is quite laughable! Are we suppose to believe this intention? The film does tout it as so!

The film is one of those horror/comedies, which at times works, but grows tiring fast. There are some great moments of special effects, and I like the impression the film at times seems to draw from the old horror films of towns in peril; think *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, or *The Blob*. There seems to be homage to that era of horror film, which is nice with its satirical edge. Yet in the end the laughs turn flat. The film has its moments but I was expecting more. A film with this kind of intended edge of send-up has been done better: think *Scream*. The intention is there, has its moments, but the end product is just okay.



At least Dawn of the Dead was good...  
Courtesy of Universal Pictures

Photography



Gate  
by Eddie Kaymovich



The Couple on  
Broadway and E13  
by Eddie Kaymovich



## Creating Community at Stony Brook

To the Members of SBU's Asian American Community:

This coming Thursday, April 20th, the University will hold a Town Hall meeting on Campus Climate. We hope you will all attend.

We are Stony Brook alumni and although we have been gone from the University for quite a few years, we are still involved. On April 29th we will return to talk about career options with current students.

We were the co-Chairs of the first Diversity Day initiated by President Kenny. We later put together a proposal for Community 101, a student initiated course for everyone at SBU (faculty, staff, and student) to take or teach.

In some respects we have seen things get worse rather than better. Where once Student Affairs was headed by an African American, Dr. Preston, and for a year the Director of Student Activities was an Asian American, Robbie Fung - the University's upper management is now all white and there is not one single full time staff person in Student Activities who is Asian American.

We have also seen some things get better so we do not want it to seem as though the University has only regressed. When we began there were no Asian Americans in the University Counseling Center. Now there are a few and the head of the Wo/Men's Center is also Asian American. The problem is that they are not seen by the majority of students.

Where are the role models for the 50% of the students of color? Where are the role models for the 25% of students of Asian heritage?

The Community 101 proposal is still a draft but the concepts that were good then are still good now. We hope you will read it. We hope you will go to the Town Hall meeting to talk about how to make Stony Brook more inclusive. Whether you can go or not, we hope you will add your comments to the University's website for this Climate initiative.

Our Community 101 proposal is at <http://www.sinc.sunysb.edu/clubs/educasia/Community101/>

The Campus Climate initiative is at <http://www.stonybrook.edu/sb/climate.shtml>

Thank you!  
Sawanee Khonsawatwaja and John Cordero

## Anime Addiction - Bread Again!?

By Mai Luong

Japanese anime. I don't know anything about it and I don't know anything about the people who watch it except for the current circulating stereotypes, for example, the people who watch it are either geeky ABAs or FOBs or geeky Caucasians.

I can really only speak for myself and the truth is, I didn't like it. I always thought it was stupid, especially when my younger sister and brother read mangas or watched anime on television. I always told them to get a real book and learn something.

This was my prevailing attitude toward manga and anime for a very long time even though many friends of mine were very interested in it and tried to get me into it too. That is, until about a week ago when I just randomly sat down with my friends, curious as to what they were watching. That was the first time I laid my eyes on Yakitate Japan. Some of you probably know what it is and probably think it's the stupidest anime show on the market. But honestly, after almost twenty years of



abhorring it (and it's not like I haven't sampled different mangas and animes either) - I finally like it.

Like is actually a very weak word for my feelings toward Yakitate Japan. Some call it a hobby. Most call it my obsession, they say that I am sadly and horribly addicted to a very stupid anime. Granted, the concept and some of the shows really look stupid and I really can't blame my friends for saying so. However, it's cute and the characters are funny, in a stupid way of course.

Yakitate Japan is basically an anime about bread. Yes, bread. This was the same anime that inspired my friend Mike (the one who wrote the article about baking bread last week) to bake bread. He was the one who got me addicted to it, and addicted doesn't mean watching a couple of episodes, it means watching seven hours of it straight on a Saturday night until 5:30 AM all alone in my room.

Anyway, the anime is about a boy named Azuma Kazuma who was inspired by a local baker to create "Japan." It sounds weird, but the concept behind Japan is that

[www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine](http://www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine) in SB Press Vol 2 No 6 April 2006

## Japanese Bi-Trip Dance Fusion

By Jin Woo Cho

The dance performance, Journey of a Businessman: Japanese Bi-Trip Dance Troupe, was held on March 23rd as one of the cultural programs hosted by the Charles B. Wang Center. Bi-Trip performance group, also known as Bi-Trip, is a hip-hop danced-based performance company of Japanese dancers co-founded in 2001 by Kenichi Ebina with Haruki Kai and Atsushi Suzuki. They encompass many different genres of dance other than hip-hop such as fusion jazz, modern, and mime. They have performed at numerous community and corporate events and on BET, Black Entertainment Television.

Act 1 started with a bunch of Japanese businessmen working, and it focuses on one, played by Ryosuke Yamada, trying to get by during his work but failing because he sucks as a businessman due to his lack of self-confidence. He falls asleep and in his dream starts a journey that is going to change him entirely. The scene was self-explanatory by the performance and dancing itself, but RU (the radical unit), who was also present as a narrator, went over the situation again for the smooth running of the program to make sure everyone understood.

In the second act, the businessman finds himself in a mystical and fantastic place where mysterious people, who later came to known as the servants, danced with delicacy and hilarity as the princess, played by Haruka Fujita, appears on the stage. However, he witnesses the emergence of the demon, who hypnotizes the servants to his side and kidnaps the princess. Angered by what he saw, and by the fact that he did not have any power to stop the demon, the businessman starts a journey to acquire that power.

His journey to different places for training was manifested as learning how to dance by various people, as he learned the

all other countries have their own bread, for example, French bread, German pumpernickel, Italian bread, etc. Supposedly Japan has no bread to call its own and it is Azuma Kazuma's dream to create that bread, bread that will rival rice in taste and that will replace rice as the staple food of Japan. Not likely going to happen but the show is still going on.

Azuma leaves his sister, grandparents and mother for Tokyo where he competes for a job in the main store of one of Japan's greatest elite bakeries, Pantasia. As the story is with any anime or cartoon, Azuma meets a lot of people along the way to following his dreams, making friends and making enemies. Every episode is basically

**Wanted! Writers, photographers, and all students interested in media.**

essence of urban hip-hop by a teenage girl from the city and the art of ancient dance during the training with monks. The audience roared with laughter whenever the businessman made a mistake such as corrupting his mind with obscenity, which was expressed by sound effects, and the fierce reactions of the monks.



When he finally finished his training, a sword emerged from the stage, which symbolizes his ability to defeat the demon and rescue the princess. As soon as he grabbed the sword, the scene abruptly changed to the original fighting scene with the demon and the mesmerized servants. This time, he defeated all of the demon's underlings by demonstrating the variety of dances that he learned during the training, which enthralled the audience with sophisticated dance moves.

Consequently, the businessman beat the demon with the sword and succeeded in bringing back the princess, which was followed by the enchanting fan dance by all the performers as celebration. The businessman triumphed with the hail of the servants, which restored the self-esteem of the businessman. The magical atmosphere throughout the whole Act 2 was not just because of the dancers with fancy costumes but also due to the application of moody lights, effectively expressing that the entire scene is taking place in the dream of the businessman.

Act 3 was brief, which showed the changed businessman, who is now acknowledged by his bosses and respected by colleagues, and the performance was concluded with the fanfare of the same dance from the opening: Japanese Businessmen, representing the cheerfulness of the reborn businessman.

After the dance performance, there was a brief interview session with the performers along with a freestyle dance session, where the audience was encouraged to dance with the performers on the stage.

about Azuma and his friends and foes competing against each other by baking different types of bread. It sounds boring, but it is actually really funny, especially the parts about the main judge's, Kuroyanagi's, reactions to eating delicious bread.

It is also educational in ways that I never imagined, if all the baking stuff like ultra low temperature calcination something or another, is true. But you don't have to take my word for it. Read the manga or watch the anime for yourself. Sayonara!

Get the anime here <http://www.anime-suki.com/series.php/494.html>

Mike's article on bread making <http://www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine/articles/vol13/13N5CinnamonBread.shtml>

**Weekly meetings Fridays at 2 PM at our office in Student Union 071.**

# The Durian: “King of Fruits” My Ass!

By Marcel Votlucka

A few days ago, I had the dubious pleasure of trying a durian for the very first time. I think I’ll be content to avoid the fruit henceforth. I’ve certainly had things that were far worse (try raw sea urchin) but durian is certainly... an acquired taste.

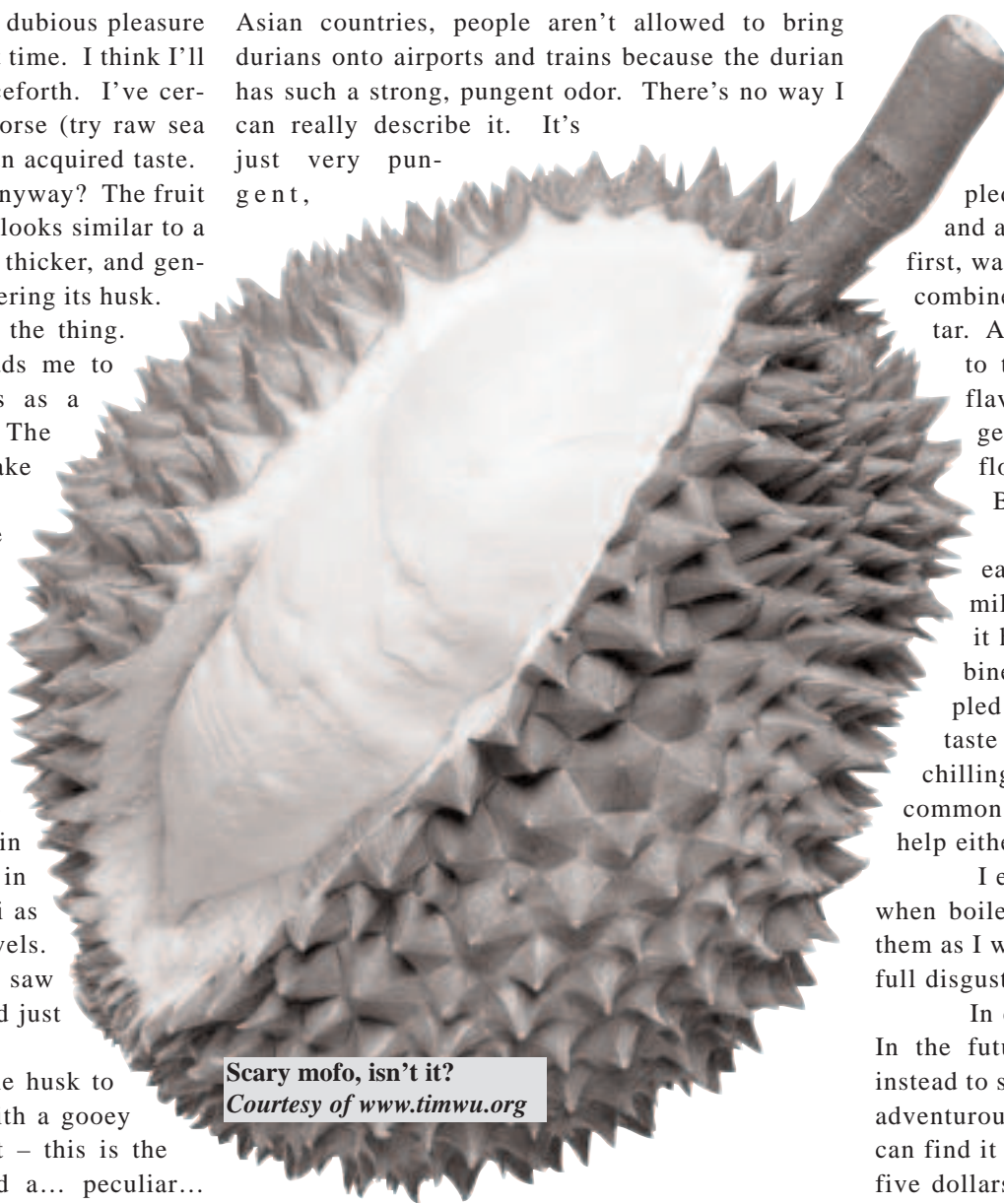
What the hell is a durian anyway? The fruit is native to Southeast Asia, and it looks similar to a large pineapple, only with longer, thicker, and generally more formidable spines covering its husk.

It hurt my hands just to pick up the thing. The presence of such spines leads me to ponder its possible applications as a lethal projectile weapon. The Department of Defense should take note.

The durian is called the “King of Tropical Fruits” and is a favorite among gourmands and others. Those who love it swear by it, even if others don’t quite agree with their gastronomical tendencies. It’s even used as a flavoring for ice cream in Indonesia and Malaysia. My previous encounter with durian was in the game *Super Mario Sunshine*, in which you can feed them to Yoshi as you romp through the various levels. On a routine visit to Chinatown, I saw the fruit being offered for sale and just had to try it.

At home, I broke open the husk to uncover several sections filled with a gooey substance surrounding a hard nut – this is the edible part of the fruit. It had a... peculiar... aroma. In fact, in Singapore and other Southeast

Asian countries, people aren’t allowed to bring durians onto airports and trains because the durian has such a strong, pungent odor. There’s no way I can really describe it. It’s just very pungent,



Scary mofo, isn’t it?  
Courtesy of [www.timwu.org](http://www.timwu.org)

demanding your attention. The durian I bought didn’t smell too strong; it was actually quite alluring in its own unique way.

I scooped out the pulp and sampled a bit of it. It had a custard-like texture and almost melted in my mouth. The taste, at first, was interesting, kind of like an aged cheese combined with an incessant sweetness like nectar. A few mouthfuls later and I almost started to take a liking to the texture and unique flavor. But before long, the thing began to get a little boring... the pungent aroma flooded my senses and I soon tired of it. But I wasn’t about to give up yet.

I’d read that in Indonesia, people eat durian mixed with rice and coconut milk, and lo and behold, I had a few cans of it handy. So I broke out the blender, combined the durian and coconut milk and sampled it. Ugh! I thought it would mellow the taste but it only made it worse. I even tried chilling it a bit, having read that this was a common way to serve durian. But that didn’t help either.

I even heard that the large pits of the fruit, when boiled, made for a nice delicacy. I’d saved them as I was eating the fruit but tossed them out in full disgust.

In conclusion, durians just aren’t my thing. In the future, I’ll stick to papayas and mangos instead to satisfy my tropical fruit fix. If you’re the adventurous type and want to sample durian, you can find it in Chinatown, and it will cost you about five dollars per fruit. Good luck, and for Christ’s sake don’t eat it on the train!

# The Greatest Game Ever Played

By Stephanie Hayes

Generally, I detest inspirational underdog movies because they’re sappy, formulaic and about a sport I don’t care for. I’m all about stories of people overcoming racism, rich snobs, or non-believers but why is this victory always accomplished through athletics? Ughh. So yeah, I am *not* a sports enthusiast but when I came down to the last *Press* meeting, I was thrilled that Nicole had *The Greatest Game Ever Played* for review. Why was I so pumped to watch a movie about golf? Because it stars my young-man crush, Shia LaBeouf. I think most girly-girls have their young-man celebrity crush. It isn’t exactly scandalous but there’s a slight feeling of shame, for sure. Mary likes the Harry Potter actor, Kristine likes Lil’ Bow Wow, I like Shia. And perhaps my opinion was softened by his adorability but the movie really didn’t seem half bad.

The plot is simple. Francis Ouimet (Shia LaBeouf) comes from a modest background but he dreams of being a great golfer like his hero, Harry Vardon (Stephen Dillane). As if it isn’t enough to love a game played almost exclusively by the rich, Francis lives across the street from the country club golf course. Talk about a dangling carrot. He becomes a caddy and is constantly reminded that he’s from a lower class. Luckily, he grows up to be a talented player and, against all odds, finds himself competing in the 1913 US Open against Harry Vardon. Throughout the tournament, Ouimet rises

above those members-only snobs, wins over his pessimistic father, and overcomes his own nerves.



I’d like to shank his bogey.  
Courtesy of *Dream Making Movie Magic*

I really appreciated the lack of a “bad guy” (excepting those rich elitists who honestly aren’t the worst battle for Francis). Rather, *The Greatest Game* stresses that a golfer wants to win a trophy because it is a triumph for himself as a player, not

for the critics. Stephen Dillane, as Vardon, delivers a very impassioned speech about this to a pompous man who just wants another title in Britain’s name. It was somewhere around this part that I realized golf was a’ight. Thank heavens it’s a sports movie that eliminates the cheesy you-have-to-be-a-team attitude. I found the shots of players meditating on their swing, particularly the ones where Vardon imagines away his audience away, to be pretty impressive. Stephen Dillane gives some remarkable pensive looks which provide a sense of sophistication to a story I’d prejudged as Disney-fluff. I wouldn’t call the cinematography beautiful but it’s certainly intense and I applaud the unconventional way the movie was shot. I mean, it’d be unbearable to watch something that was filmed like an actual golf championship.

So, it isn’t *Caddyshack* but I was satisfied. My expectations may have been low but *The Greatest Game Ever Played* went above and beyond. It’s superior to the dime-a-dozen sports flicks and not just because I’m going to marry Shia LaBeouf. The acting is surprisingly sincere, the presentation is stylish, and the story is based on actual events so I can’t even fault the predictability. And while the typical reader of this fine publication may not rush out to rent a family film, don’t rail against watching it with, say, a family member, because it is truly one of those non-suck wholesome stories.

# Either Write Something Worth Reading Or Do Something Worth Writing

By Mark Bannick

“Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing.”

-Benjamin Franklin

Perhaps it is redundant for a reader to be introduced to a story through a quote. Originality, in any of its forms, has the capability to open minds, challenge authority, and lead others to an understanding that is wholly different from what was previously accepted. Or, as the case may be, original concepts may fail in their application, and simply serve to others as a reaffirmation of previously held beliefs. In our experiences with worldly scholasticism, logic and emotion must together mitigate our passage towards enlightenment. Humanity has adored, worshipped, and followed the leads of its members who were believed to be enlightened. Many recognize that omniscience is unobtainable, yet we still strive to know our world more completely. This despite quarterly reports that the known world is expanding exponentially and hourly updates reminding us that the world is still in strife.

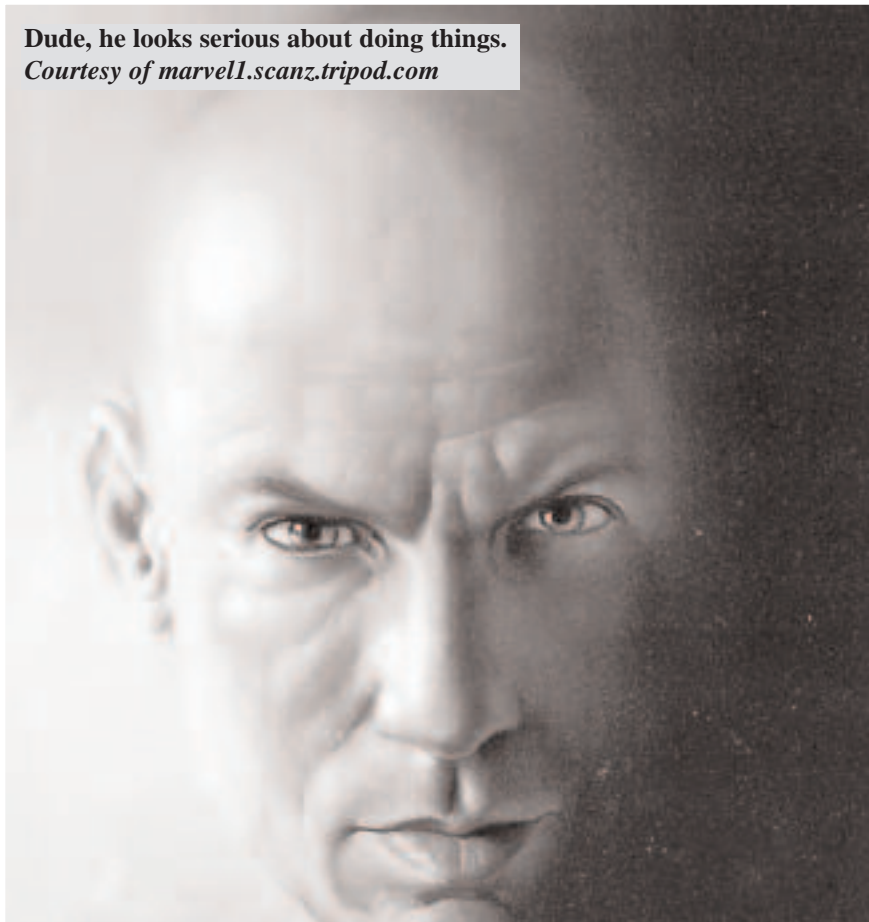
As an icon of an age when reason superseded faith as authority, Benjamin Franklin analyzed the world, and, in annals, made available much of what was known so that his contemporaries and their posterity could continue to explore the world. It must have been evident to a man such as himself, and inspiring colleague to the movers of his age, that humanity must progress towards its end by individuals nobly exercising their virtues. If they were to fail, then their ambitious moves would have led to their fall, but from their fall, others would find where the next step must be taken. Many might choose to ignore his advice and render it useful only to the Hamilton's, Jackson's, Roosevelt's and Gates' of their time. However, it is a philosophical principle which transcends time, class, and country. It is a call for anyone who recognizes the divinity of their individuality, the hope within the masses, and the strength of action. Even if one's actions fail to bear fruit, future harvests may still cultivate so long as the lessons of the past are not forgotten.

In our world today, the only simple solutions to the questions of the cosmos may only be answered by minds such as Stephen Hawking. For those of us wishing to solve more tangible problems, difficulties arise when the scope of the solution is expanded beyond the initial tested set. Natural scientists, above all, are best equipped to predict the sequence of events once a tested set leaves the laboratory; this, due to the scientist's control of the experiment as well as the understanding of the elements. For the remainder of the world's movers, determining the actions of individuals in a random or even a sequenced set is at best biased and inconclusive. At worst, it is prejudiced and autonomous. So what are those individuals who must derive policy from the interactions of others to do? From public policy that is sanctioned by state law to a sales executive leading a team of associ-

ates, policy must not only conform itself to human nature, it must also obtain its proscribed end without creating subsequent scenarios in which additional or revised policies are needed. The best policies are those which are unnoticed by the individuals upon which a policy has been placed.

Every human who has the capacity for thought is regarded to be free. Since we can find no tangent that dictates our rationale, and cannot conceive of a situation where we surrender our rationale to another individual, we assume that we are all

**Dude, he looks serious about doing things.**  
*Courtesy of marvell.scanz.tripod.com*



equally free — free to think and free to be individuals. On the other side of the coin, we recognize that our freedom is not absolute. Our minds are inexplicably linked to our body and our bodies are no freer than dogs. We are not free to live without nourishment and respiration, nor without the umbrella of society. Our actions yield inconclusive evidence of our status. We are compelled by our nature to act accordingly, being that the manner in which we act is left to the individual. Through no exercise of logic can an answer be found. Our history has chronicled the actions of groups and individuals who have struggled to emancipate themselves, with many choosing death rather than oppression. This, even through emancipating oneself, leads to a loss of freedom as one removes themselves from the comforts of society. Perhaps economists provide the soundest evidence supporting humanity's freedom. For, when governments make it their policy to restrict the markets, the wealth of a society decreases. Though no answer is intrinsically right, correlations from either decision can be proven wrong.

For public policy to be complete, its precept and its tangents cannot be contradicted by scientific and logical analysis. To derive such policy based solely on ideology, that is, without examining it in light of empirical evidence, is folly. Doing such leads one's plan to risk failure as obstructions that are poten-

tially avoidable in hindsight impede or halt progress. Conversely, obtaining a social objective without a philosophical approach, basing conclusions solely on sensible data, cannot succeed as the evidence regarding humanity's attributes in that it is incomplete. The gaps that exist in one part of the plan must be filled by what is known to be true in the other part. Through this, the truth can be approximated.

As the possibilities of what can be known are seemingly infinite, what can be said of government and authority? From scientific and philosophical approaches, we cannot justifiably proclaim that humans are essentially free and autonomous entities. However, we recognize that proclaiming humans to be anything else other than free and autonomous can yield to conditions of humanity that are so emotively unnatural that we judge them to be absolutely wrong even though we are uncertain of laws which state otherwise. In an ideal state, mankind would have no need for a system of government to which he must surrender its authority. As such, governing institutions would have no need to take such authority. The major dilemma for a government, derived from idealist notions of human freedom, is that its actions are contradictive. To act is to assume the power that is the natural possession of man, thus denying man his freedom. Now, in instances where the government is called upon to arbitrate disputes and maintain the peace, there are no reasonable criticisms of legitimacy. It is in instances where the government renders the rights of individuals as subservient to the necessities of statehood or social blocs that a government's legitimacy is questioned. Now, not

every action of this sort illegitimizes governing bodies. For governments have the resources, intelligence, capabilities, and infrastructures to anticipate and react to the needs of individuals, members of social blocs, and the state. In such situations, those people, embodying the agents of government, must employ the aforementioned requirements of public policy before they act with the authority of government.

Since this charge is great and the stakes are high, it is essential for the populace to check the government not only with votes, but with criticism, inquiries, open forums, free debates, alternative proposals and solutions. In addition, the government must self-impose checks on itself, foster civic pride and promote debate, even dissent, rather than simply assure constituents that their platform and position is correct. For apathy, though statistically ambiguous in our current political climate, should be viewed as a mar on the idealist platform from which democratic governments are derived. Just as we individuals do not know whether we are autonomous actors in our lives or whether our actions are precipitous of an, as of now, unknowable source, we citizens do not know whether it is in our nature to be governed. The correlation between personal autonomy and civic autonomy is intrinsically linked and restricting one thus restricts the other.

# World Hunger Awareness Alternative Spring Break Reflections

By Sara Abraham

Our journey of learning and discovery began early Sunday morning when we gathered by campus residences, hopped in our vans and traveled for about 4 hours to get to Overlook Farm located in Rutland, Massachusetts. Although I've already had the privilege of volunteering at Overlook Farm last winter break little did I know that I was to gain so much more and grow so much more. At our arrival we took a tour of the global villages located on the farm, each representing a traditionally built house in areas of the world such as Tibet, Peru and North America. Visiting the global village for the second time around was a reminder of how differently people live out there and how one must take a walk in their shoes in order to truly understand their experiences. I knew there was a lot of hard work ahead and I could not have felt more excited to begin. Our first full day we woke up bright and early, the sun shining bright and roosters calling. 8 AM chores started. We divided into groups of two to three and each group was responsible of taking care of one of about fourteen chores. Feeding and giving water and minerals to llamas, feeding alpacas and sheep, feeding piglets and adult pigs as well as rabbits, goats and baby goats were some of the chores we had to do. Being completely out of shape, I ached after about an hour and a half of chores. Each throb of pain in my muscles was a constant reminder of the hardships people must endure living their everyday working constantly to survive and fight the cruelty of hunger. I can't say I didn't complain that I was achy, but deep in my heart I knew that this is the way that I wanted to help out and that I can walk in others' shoes. After a very short break it was time for us to work on our service projects. I started out mucking llama pens very briefly and then went on to the organic garden where I had to turn soil and pick up rocks. As I was picking up I felt thirsty and tired, images of young children toiling away at work in order to help their families grow crops started flashing before my eyes. I was well nourished, healthy and well rested. People all over the world are suffering from famine, illness and thirst yet they must work doing hard labor whether in the field or taking care of animals just to be able to see another day or help their children see a future. Every dig of my shovel into the soil was a reminder of what people must go through to survive hunger. After our service projects were over we were able to enjoy a break indoors. At four it was time for the afternoon

chores. Along the way that day I met amazing people volunteering their time at the farm. After chores we were able to enjoy a nice organic meal and although I was famished, I felt a little guilty eating it. Being on Heifer Farm was like stepping outside my comfort zone and into reality. Not that I was not aware of issues of world hunger, but that it became so real and vivid before my eyes. We also did a world map, population, and resource distribution activities. Although I had done a very similar version of it last time I was at Heifer, it didn't fail to shock me once more to see before my



The gang at the Ranch.  
Courtesy of the great ABS photographers

eyes the disproportion of food distribution in the world. While I may be able to get up and walk to the table to get seconds, a malnourished child may be unable to stand and falls to the ground because he/she was not able to get anything at all. Everything we did on the farm was empowering for us. It was a motivating eye opener to get up and let others know of the living conditions of many around the world. To educate our friends and peers about the pains of hunger that many must endure and that there is something we can do. After the activity we hung out and talked. Exhausted, I laid in bed wondering that even though after a hard day's work I was able to slip into my warm comfortable sleeping bag, but about those who don't have heat and suffer constantly from awaking to going to sleep and even in their sleep. I knew that the next day I'd wake up to a nice breakfast but people living in poverty and hunger don't even have that thought to keep them going. They go to sleep hungry knowing that that is how they will be the

next day also. The next day was very similar to our first day when it comes to chores but our service projects were different. We all collectively helped put up a fallen fence at the North America site. We collected brush that would be used in the fields as a support for pea plants as they grow. We then broke into groups, each group doing something different. My group and I were in charge of mucking and working on the piglets' pen. We had to dig a pathway to let puddles of water out of the pen and we had to collect their manure which to many may seem like something of no use but is in fact very valuable. The manure of all the animals on the farm is placed in the compost area and is then used for planting. We also had to put fresh soil in the area to change the consistency of the mud. I won't deny that it was extremely hard labor but we all worked together. I always say it's best to walk in people's shoes and once again there is no better way than to do what they have to do. The rest of the day continued as the first with afternoon chores at 4:00 PM and a gender awareness activity and a nice meal at night. That night we built a fire and had s'mores out in the open air, under the stars. It hurt to know that the same stars that shined above us and the same beautiful sky that put me in awe is the one that a young

child in impoverished part of the world looked up at to pray for food and to make the pain go away. The next day, our last day at Heifer was very emotional. We did our morning chores and participated in an activity in regard to agribusiness and how little profit farmers make when it comes to produce that is shipped nation wide. We then had to say our goodbyes. I felt that I was walking away from the farm not as the college student who complains about finals and papers, but as someone who has just traveled the world and seen the injustice and felt the hunger of many. For the past 3 days I wasn't hungry but I felt the other pains of those who suffer from famine. I traveled around the world through the global villages. I am a citizen of the world, being on the farm helped me realize that if we really want to we can make a huge difference in our home, the earth and our fellow citizen, the people of the world of all colors and tongues. Yes, we can make a difference.

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## Fuck You, Nightingale

by James Messina

When you're in the dregs of the semester, regretting every moment you failed to apply yourself and simultaneously doing nothing to rectify the situation; when you're awake at such late hours that you suspect that sunrises shall plague you interminably; when your body is fueled with a fell and insidious mixture of artificial substances such that your body's very continued operation is dependent on the delicate balance of the chemical cocktail currently sloshing within you; when all these conditions apply to you, then the last sound you wish to hear is the dulcet warble of the nightingale. The nightingale continues to sing regardless of the hour. Speaking as one to whom the earlier conditions apply, I tell you all there is nothing so annoying as that optimistic birdsong. At God-knows-when each morning, I'm greeted with this gentle cadence, and I can't help but wish I had the means to stifle it violently each time. I hate being reminded of my self-inflicted plight. It's as though the nightingale's song cajoles me, uttering, "You can do it, if only you believe in yourself and work hard." Fuck you, nightingale. I'm going to blame external circumstance, and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

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# Iranian Earthquakes Threaten to Shake the World

By Rob Pearsall

A series of earthquakes rocked western Iran on March 31st. They killed 70 people and injured about 800 others. The reports of the injuries vary. A USGS log of the quake said the earthquake registered a 6.1 on the Richter scale. That is a "strong" quake in layman's terms. The epicenter of the quake was 340 kilometers southwest of Tehran.

The earthquake came as no surprise to the Bush Administration. They have been wary of Iran's capabilities to weaponize the environment since they started processing nuclear material for use in reactors. White House Press Secretary Scott McLellan said that, "Iran is testing their technologies for 'focused' seismological attacks on enemy countries."

Bush stated in a press briefing that, "... the nuclear threat has been hyped to the point where it's making people not see the real truth behind the curtain. Iranian terrorists are pulling the strings from behind the cloak and we're not supposed to look. The nuclear material was only a, a front, a distraction to keep us looking the other way; to keep us looking left when we should be looking... right."

A reporter questioned McLellan about the intelligence on the Iranian seismological capabilities and noted that Iran lies on seismic fault lines. McLellan stated that the intelligence was from the same sources that brought them information on WMDs in Iraq. McLellan then dismissed the claim that Iran was situated on fault lines as "bunk" and stated that Iran has minor earthquakes once a day on average.

This information was brought to the United Nations by Condoleezza Rice and she requested that they engage Iran on the topic of planned, focused earthquakes. Based on the information that Iran has absolutely no fault lines and they experience an earthquake once a day on

average, Rice stated that Iran is constantly testing their equipment.

Iran experienced an earthquake in December 2003 that registered a 6.6 on the Richter scale. It killed 26,000 people and leveled the city of Bam. Karl Rove came to Rice's defense and insisted that this was an equipment failure that led to the severe destruction of one of Iran's own cities. Rove stated that this information came from Simon C. Lebrugerac, a CIA operative who is still undercover and behind enemy lines.

"Iran has made giant leaps and bounds with their seismologic technology since December 2003. The earthquake [on the 31st] had relatively few casualties and affected no important cities in Iran," said Rove. He then went on to declare that Iran has perfected their technology and is working on triggering earth-

quakes overseas. Right now, the Bush administration claims that the Atlantic Ocean is the only thing preventing us from being attacked.

Our friends across the water, the British, are still at risk. With the advancing technologies, Iran will be able to trigger fault lines across small bodies of water in two to three months.

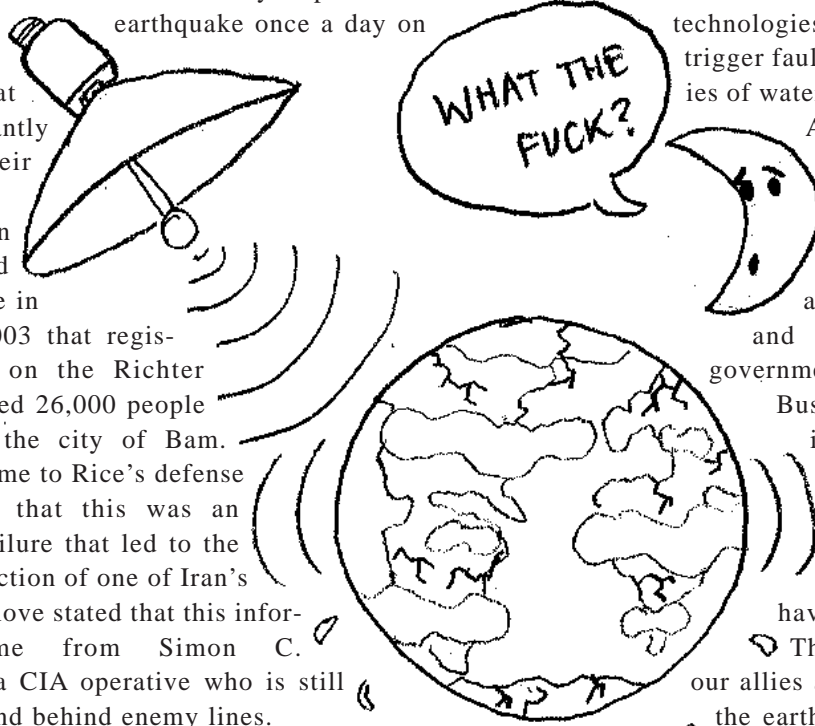
A CIA report says that we're going to war with Iran to prevent them from attacking our allies in England and the newly-founded and exceptionally steady government in Iraq.

Bush closed his press briefing by stating, "This isn't about politics. This is about freedom. We can't allow this type of behavior... behavior... stuff to go down.

They're not just attacking our allies and us they're attacking the earth. We've got to protect our interests and I'm interested in going to war with Iran. I don't want to be a war president, I

want to be a peace president. I don't like going to war."

The Struggle Hostile to Iranian Terrorists is penciled interested for July.



Courtesy of Joe Donato

## What I had for Dinner Tonight

By Joe Rios

On the way to *The Press* office, I stopped at McDonald's. My meal consisted of the following items:

- 1 Quarter-Pounder with cheese with NO ONIONS
- 1 Medium French Fry
- 1 Medium Dr. Pepper with Ice

The meal cost about \$5.50, and was very delicious. I asked Rob if I could write about it, and he said, "Go for it." That is all. You may now resume reading real content.



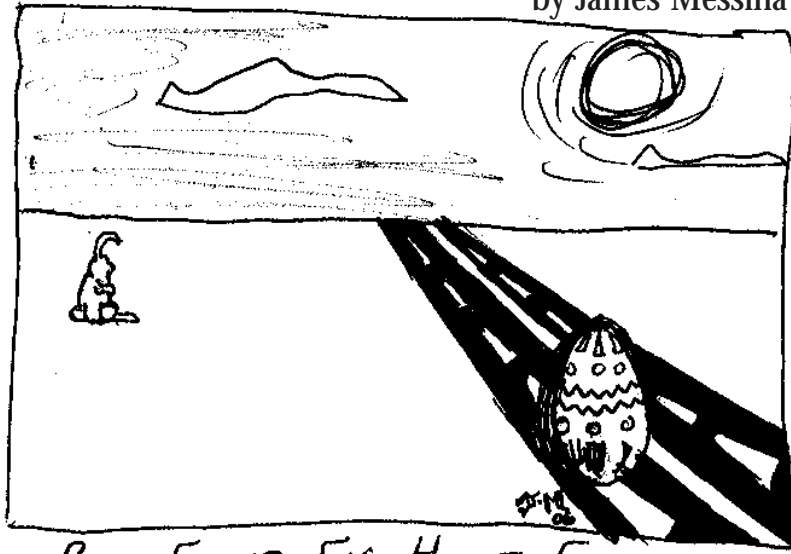
# "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan."

- Jesus, The Sermon on the Mount

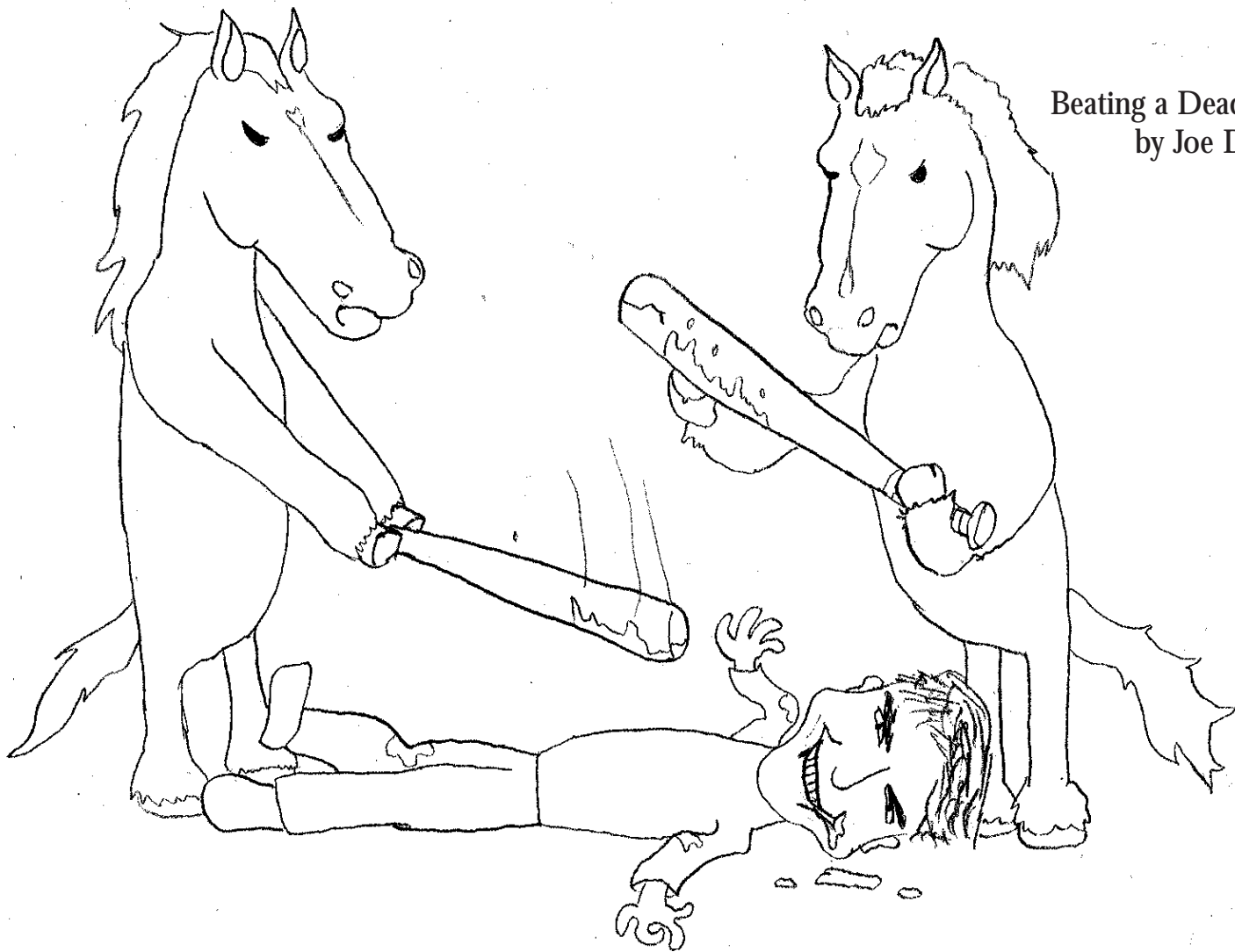
Jesus, your dreams have finally come true...



by James Messina



BEST EASTER EGG HUNT EVER.



Beating a Dead Cruise.  
by Joe Donato

I was going to do a War of the Worlds spoof, but this took less effort. Yes, that is Tom Cruise.



Using an extremely sped-up loop of these four notes, the band found ways to manipulate the beat and run it as an extremely trippy song

# Ask Amberly Jane

I spent Spring Break laying in the sun naked on my deck upstate. Had some great sex. Re-read *Animal Farm*. Procrastinated on schoolwork. Shaved my pussy bald. Rode a dirt-bike. Got spoiled on home cooking.

Thought about my future.

For years I've been whistling my way through Stony Brook. Content in this chapter of toga parties and tequila Tuesdays, and beyond the occasional deadline for some school or work-related drudgery, living quite the charmed existence. Some of my best friends – now parents(!), stare at me longingly when I ramble on about sex and drugs and marathon make-out parties in the Bamboo Forest. Through clenched-teeth, with hands grasping baby formula and mortgage forms, they say I am indeed lucky to prolong my youth. (Despite my puerile appearance, I am 28 after all, straddling that age when the word 'settle' is bandied about.)

But mine was a jilted childhood. I was raised Jehovah's Witness; told from birth what I had to look forward to – no sex before marriage, no drugs, no getting drunk, no swearing, no masturbation(!), no holidays or birthdays, and no associating with 'worldy' people (non-Witnesses). And lots and lots of preaching door to door. They also told me I couldn't go to college (a den of sin), but should be content marrying young, relying on my husband to support me while I either tended the babies or was a full-time minister. Yeah, FUCK THAT!

By the time I was 17, I was questioning their damning view of women and homosexuals, R-rated movies, evolution and sex – I had just lost my virginity, and despite the fact I gave it to an asshole who wrote me lame poetry about my eyes and then went around Ulster Community College telling everyone, what had been given to me was the forbidden fruit and from that point on there was no going back. (BTW, I caught up with chapstick-penis in the hallway, hit him with my hardcover textbook, and began kicking him when he dropped. He ran down the hall, left school, and I never saw him again.)

I was really guilty about it for a while. And to make matters worse, I \*misplaced\* my virginity on a brown shag carpet downstairs in my house. Every Tuesday night Witnesses would flood my basement for the weekly Bible study. We would sit in a circle, and I could see the spot – a dark-red

blotch on two tufts of carpet. Not only was I continually reminded of my regret in the presence of Jesus, but I was convinced everyone else was staring at it too.

For years I lived the double life. I watched *Pulp Fiction*. I kissed a girl. I had lots of anal sex (thinking it didn't *really* count). I still went to meetings and door-to-door, but I had a nagging suspicion that something was off – that feeling you get when you're told, "This is for your own good, because I say so." I love my parents dearly, so it was hard to tell them I reject their whole belief structure.

By the time I was 24, I was living on my own, Managing Editor of a newspaper upstate, again with a pretty cushy existence. Then Sept. 11th came and swept it all away. Let's just say living so close to the tragedy, writing about it, interviewing kids and families who lost loved ones, and so on, flicked a switch inside me. I told my mom simultaneously that I was leaving the religion and leaving the state. I didn't know where I was going, but life is too short to fake it.

A month after the tragedy, I got in my car, left my job, apartment, cushy existence, and started driving. I drove across this vast country and back, was on the road for a year and a half, homeless much of the time, met a lot of different people, worked a lot of dive jobs, gained character, blah, blah – all that life-changing, finding-yourself crap they tell you about. Only, you never know just how it will affect you – that's the rub.

Finally, I decided I could go to college after all, and came here; my first step onto Wrong Island was as a Stony Brook student three and a half years ago. The rest, as they say, is history.

So I was lying naked on my deck thinking about my future. (And delving into the past.) Stony Brook has allowed me to make up for some lost time, and experience all the college mayhem, bong blasts and threesomes I can handle... and then some.

Although I no longer believe in organized religion, I am a much more spiritual person for it. I've seen religion as an opiate for the masses, allowing good people to rationalize doing nothing – God will clean it up later. Like so many others, they traffic in trading present piece-of-mind for future reward.

However, I must thank the Witnesses for

one thing – I was raised with a healthy dislike for the government. (Witnesses say they are neutral, and so don't vote or run for office.) As such, I have never saluted the flag or sang the national anthem. Not once.

Yeah, born to be an anarchist. Always wary of those who seek to control others. Always stubborn. Always looking for The Man behind the curtain.

Never gonna settle.

Dear Amberly Jane.

I read that this will be your last semester writing your column. Were you just fucking around or do you really mean it? I always flip to the AskAmberlyJane page first and now what? You're such a dirty little slut (and I mean that endearingly) that no-one will be able to take all the cock and balls, clits and pussies like you do. What are your plans besides your trip to spank the French boys and eat French pussy? Will you come back?

Desperado

Dear D,

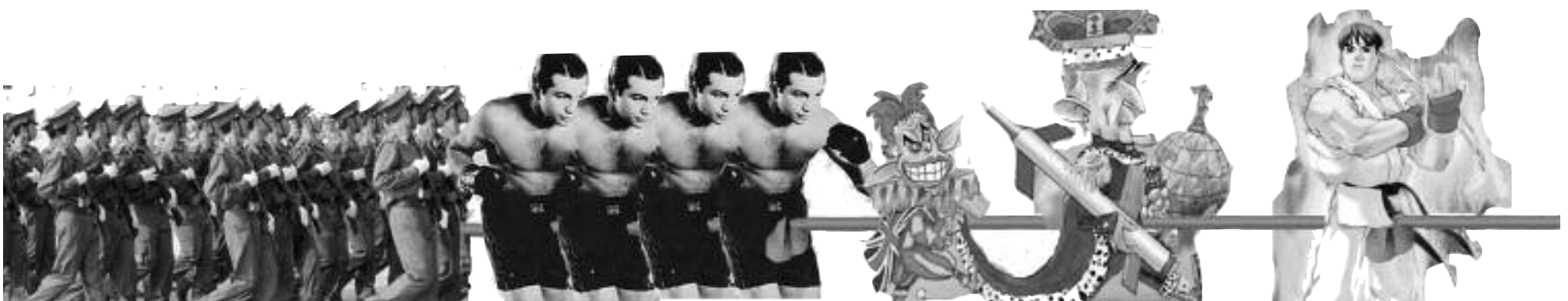
Thanks for caring, man! I will hopefully be able to send a column or two from Paris; steamy overseas tales of maids pouring Perrier on themselves while stuffing fries in their pastries. If you know what I mean. But basically this is it – so for everyone else – PLEASE, please, with sugar-plum cum on top, drop me a line. It's so easy. AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com. Easy as slipping the second finger in.

Dear Amberly Jane,

Do you know how to interpret dreams? I need an explanation for my bad behavior towards my girlfriend some time back.

I had a dream that she was rude to me and deliberately blew me off and got flirty with other guys at this party we were at. I got so upset that I came out of my sleep really mad and sat up with the mind-set that it had actually taken place. She was asleep next to me on her tummy and I grabbed her wrist and pulled her across my knees, ass up, and began to spank her with the wooden spoon that we had eaten ice-dream-in-bed with the night before

Lyndon Johnson is very bad egg



# Ask Amberly Jane

(we had so much fun, so why?).

I was so set on it that I ignored her confused objections and startled struggles and protestations to get free by covering her mouth with my other hand and in fact, I broke the spoon spanking her. It wasn't enough though and I pulled her P.J.'s down only to continue the spanking with my bare hand on her now red bottom. She was squirming to get free (but somehow never got off my lap) and licked and spat at the inside of my palm which only got me to hold her down longer. She was squealing and crying and I wouldn't relent, and so, I pushed my thumb into her mouth to quiet her up as I spanked and spanked away through to the purple welted palm-prints on her round cheeks (I can't believe I told you that).

My hand was burning and I stopped when I realized that my girlfriend was now sobbing and blubbering uncontrollably and had given up (my thumb was still in her mouth and I pulled it out). She was really crying and rubbed her butt like a just-spanked-child, and that was when I realized that perhaps I had gone too far. I feel so guilty now and I need to find a way to make it up to her. She's so cute and pretty and she's my precious little darling. Please help me make amends, with this open confession as a start.

Shamefully,  
Bad.

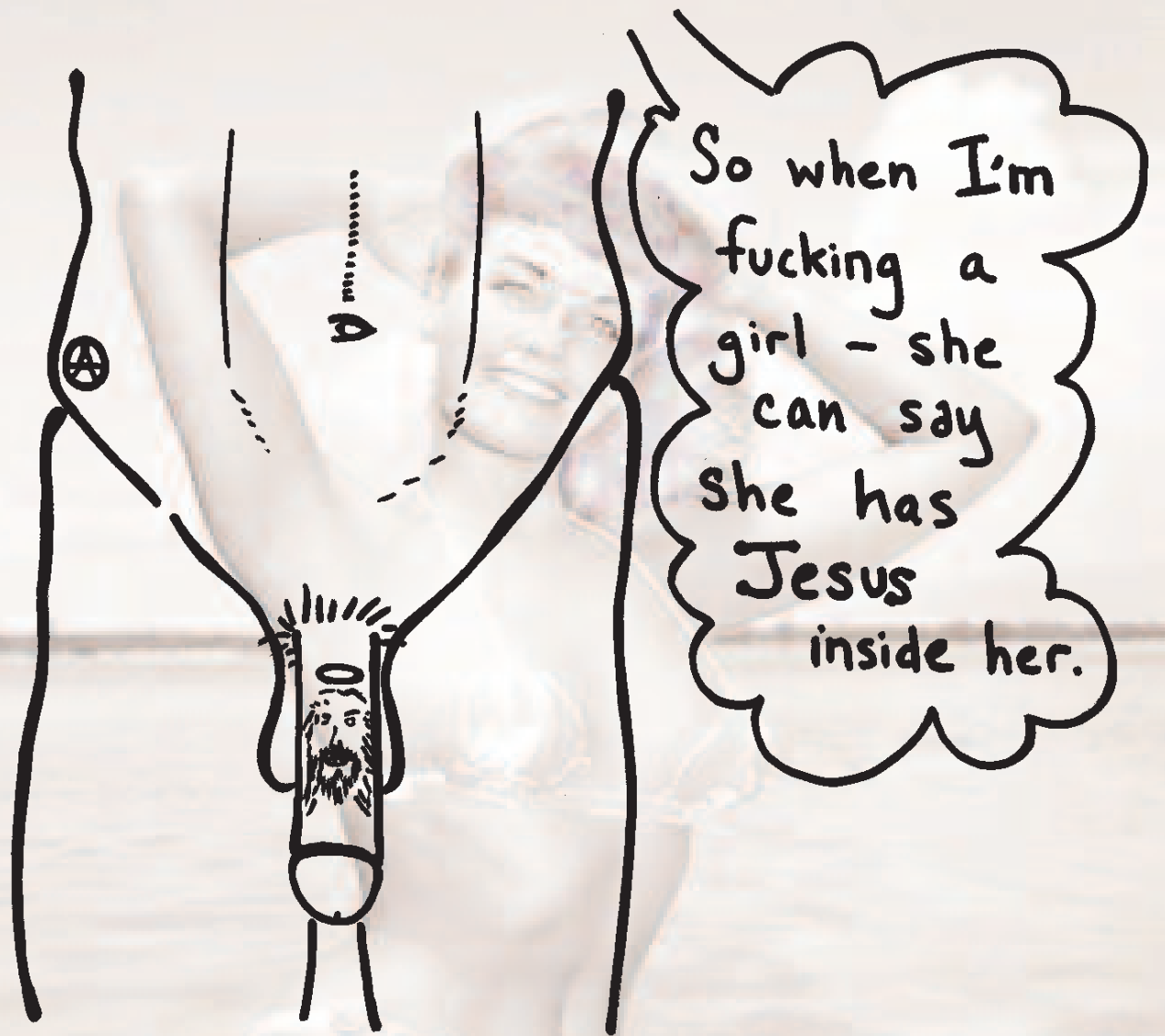
Dear Bad,

Dreams are funny that way. Maybe your subconscious feels your girl may stray, or that she has already. Either way, you punished her for being naughty ... serves her right for flirting with other males in dream-land. If she was really **not** having a good time, she would complain after-the-fact, but my guess is she loved it. Naughty, naughty, bad girl. This might be projection, but I'd love a spoon broken over my ass anytime.

Amberly Jane,

In your last article you wrote of one of your friends "Jeremy," if that is his real name. I've met a lot of pot smokers in my day but none that have a story like that. So I have to ask...who IS this guy? If this is true he is a God among stoners.

Love,  
Puzzled Pothead



Dear Fellow Pothead,

My dear friend Jeremy, a legend in mind and body, a man of the people, and a god among stoners and slackers alike - rolled a **second** 16-gram blunt tonight for his birthday. It was a sight to see - a handful of hardcore smokers welcoming the end of Spring Break with such a ginormous fattie of goodness.

Since you are a fan of the glorious green herb ... we should smoke together some time. You know how to contact me.

There once was a boy named Tom  
Who was trying to build a bomb.

He said, "First I need a fix,  
I'll be really quick."  
So he e-mailed AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com

There once was a man named Dave,  
who kept a dead whore in a cave.

He said, "What the hell,  
I'll get used to the smell.  
And think of the money I'll save."



# Frankie D Presents: The Condom Catastrophe

By Frank Nobiletti

By my senior year of high school I discovered my preferred brand of condoms. I don't understand why Trojan condoms aren't a monopoly in the contraceptive business. Lifestyles and Durex suck. And let's be honest people, do you really trust the condoms hanging behind the cash registers of all gas stations? I mean aren't those for welfare-addicted meth addicts? In my sophomore year of college, I witnessed a whole new slew of multi-purpose condoms hitting the shelves of convenience stores in the U.S., mostly designed for the pleasure of females; "Ribbed", "Climax Control", and even the discretely styled "For Her Pleasure". But I, being the selfish human being I am, never went beyond the only Jimmy hats I chose. I mean doesn't the world exist for my pleasure? My only weapon against condemning the world to pain and torture at the hands of children just like me are Trojan motherfucking Magnums. Yeah, that's right, I got a big dick. Sometimes I measure it to indulge my convoluted sense of reality. My point is if you have an exponentially large man-cannon, there is no reason to venture beyond what God and the contraceptive industry have designed for you. I'm sure a girl is paying more attention to the damage being done to her pelvic bone than the texture of the thin rubber on my penis. I honestly can't remember a time when I slapped on anything other than a Magnum... that was, until last Saturday.

So I met this girl online— wait, let me rephrase that: this fucking bitch saw "Frankie D goes to NYC for Saint Patty's Day", was impressed, and wanted to meet me. Don't misunderstand me people, I am not in the business of online dating. I simply posted my story on my friend's Facebook profile, this girl saw it, liked it, and I began talking to her. I am in no way stupid about shit like this so I called up my boy to make sure I could somewhat trust this situation. Jenkins assured me it was completely legit. After two weeks of online correspondence and sending each other pictures, we arranged to meet each other. I can't blame her; after all, I am pretty amazing. In her exact words, I was "awesome". According to *Merriam Webster*, "awesome" is "terrific, extraordinary, inspiring awe"... yeah, that sounds like me. Anyway, I went up to Connecticut to meet her and one thing led to another, like it always does. She's an acting student at a very expensive college whose name she asked me to leave out. Also she is a classic shorty; nice body, big breasts, fat ass, cute face, and completely willing to satisfy my every desire. For purpose of the story she will be referred to as "Jessie".

So, after meeting me and obviously being captivated, Jessie invited me to spend my Spring Break with her. This girl was fantastic. Jessie provided me with keys to her apartment, endless supplies of fellatio and sex, a place for Twiggy and Jenkins to make a mess, she did my laundry, and even cooked for me. I probably should of said thanks, but instead I

had her go down on me as soon as I got to her apartment (she is pretty good too).

So Saturday night, Jessie, Jenkins, Twiggy and I went out browsing through the bar scene of girls and booze. I got to admit I had a pretty good time. But the night was winding down and Twiggy, due to sexual frustration, began to settle into full-on destruction mode. Unfortunately, he actually has feelings and consequentially is in love with some girl who is across the sea. So I scooped him up and, with Jenkins, shot on down to some party in one of the dorms of the college she attends.

Now I am firm believer in the sentiment of safe sex, unless of course I actually like a girl. If I know sex is a definite for the night I usually come prepared, but this Saturday was an exception. So Jessie advised me to stop by the campus convenience store for condoms and, of course, I abided. This place sucked. Apparently all the males on campus have penises the size of pocketknives because they sold mostly Durexes. The only two choices of Trojans on the shelf were Spermicidal and Extended Pleasure.

Now Jessie is somewhat of a responsible girl, but I mean she is sleeping with me so she must have some sort of death wish. She isn't packing the pill so she decided to utilize some form of good judgment by requesting Spermicidal Trojans. Now my body has an adverse reaction to the spermicide they coat the latex with, and by saying an adverse reaction I mean after sex, my fucking dick feels like it is being rained upon by the hell fire of the impending apocalypse of mankind. Being drunk, I attempted to be diplomatic in my explanation of this, "FUCK NO BITCH! Those death coats burn my shit, it would be inhumane to kill my unborn children with the battery acid they line those things with." She concurred with my choice and I picked up a pack of 16 Climax Control condoms. I mean, the girl is taking care of me for a week so she probably deserves some form of generosity... maybe.

After leaving with the condoms, we surveyed the potential fun factor of this dorm room party. Welcome to Zerosville, population: these fucking dorks. I would have had more fun masturbating with sandpaper. The average scale of attractiveness of the females there ranged somewhere between the inhabitants of *Where the Wild Things Are* and *Teletubbies*. It was so fucking stupid that Twiggy had to punch a hole in the bathroom wall to make things somewhat exciting. Needless to say, we were asked to leave. Now considering I was the designated driver for the night, I had decided earlier that it would be a good idea to drink less than I normally do. This still left me somewhere between "unable to make responsible decisions" and "potential wrecking crew". In other words, I was unsure of whether I was gonna be able to actually get off tonight. I mean I've already fucked this girl so the usual raging inferno in my genitals had been reduced to a mere pocket-size hand warmer.

After dropping off Jenkins at his house, Jessie, Twiggy and I went back to her place. After watching Twiggy deposit his dinner, which I made, in the toilet, I threw his ass on a couch and went to exploit just one of the many benefits of my little vacation stay at Jessie's.

As said before, I was a little hesitant in attempting to have sex with this girl. Between work, the drive to Connecticut, the double doses of sex I served to Jessie when I arrived, and all the drinking I had done in the past few hours, I had nearly worn myself down to the bone. Do you think this stopped this girl? Would this story be anything if I were to tell you I had a choice in sleeping with her? This girl literally demanded sex from me like it was down payment for staying in her apartment for the week. I got to admit it kind of turned me on. She promised me I could use every one of her holes in any way I wanted.

Which led to me being selfishly ruthless in bed...

Which inspired her to request more aggressive sex (God, where do I find these girls?)...

Which motivated me to impale her torso without regard for her safety...

Which enlightened her to the name of the one true creator of life...

With this train of thought only one thing was inevitable.

Yeah I made her cum.

Oh, but the fun doesn't stop there.

As the smell of sex began to wash over my intoxicated senses, I began to calculate a fair critical assessment of Trojan's "Climax Control" condoms. First off, the damn things were so tight that if my penis was its own entity, which sometimes I think is, I'm sure it would now suffer from claustrophobia. Second off, there was close to absolutely no lubrication. I felt like I was stuffing a broom in a soda machine. And last but not least, that oddly familiar burning sensation was beginning to evolve in my urethra (penis hole, idiots).

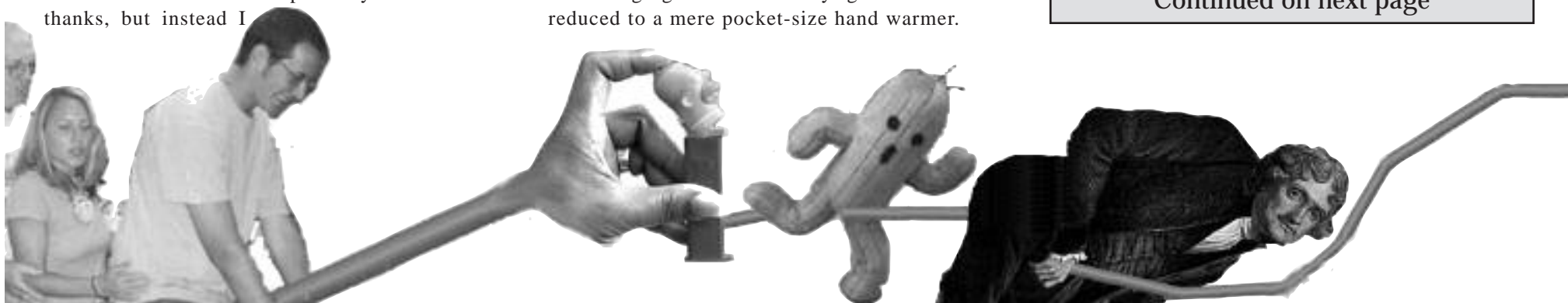
In other words, it looks like Frankie D is not coming out tonight.

But should I let the Gods of Sex get the better of me? Should I call it even for a week ahead of completely indulging my every whim in someone else's home? Have you read any of my other stories?

Jessie is one of those girls who are kind of vocal in bed. So after she subtly informed me she had reached her orgasm by praising god and all that is holy instead of thanking the true genius behind this art, I ripped my condom off and told her I wanted to see her make me cum.

At first I thought it would take some persuasion but oh no, boys and girls. This girl is a real giver. God bless the man who taught Jessie how to give head. She was working me like a veteran Thai

Continued on next page



# The Condom Catastrophe Continued...

By Frank Nobiletti

Continued from previous page

prostitute, taking every inch of me like it was the expulsion from the fountain of youth.

After a minute of reintroducing her throat to my cock, I noticed a perturbed look begin to materialize on her face.

Frankie D "What's wrong baby?"

Jessie "I don't know...It's just...my mouth feels weird."

Frankie D "What do you mean 'weird'?"

Jessie "It feels a little...numb."

Oh God, here we go. I mean the girl really likes me so she just ignored it and continued performing her hidden talent. As I said before, Jessie is short. So, alcohol combined with the fact she is vertically-challenged made her completely unaware of some important bodily functions, most especially speech patterns. As she increased her tempo and moved towards the crescendo of my orgasm, she began to speak to me in profanity-laced sentences, "Aww u gonna cum of mu face, God I'm saw hot, Ya dick is so big". As the wheels of intellect grudgingly began to turn in my brain I realized why all of a sudden she was talking like she was deaf.

Whatever Trojan had coated these "Extended Pleasure" condoms with had apparently numbed her mouth to the point where she couldn't properly pronounce her words. Jesus Christ, I felt like I was getting head from Helen Keller. I swear I could have broken out into a tearful laughter, but instead I choked it back and let her finish. This girl was so good that, despite the true hilarity of the situation, I finally reached the moment we both had been waiting for. HELLO SWEET RELIEF. I positioned myself on top of her face and threw down a Peter North style 8-roper. It went everywhere from her neck to her chin. And I'm spent.

While she grabbed some tissues to clean up her cum-drenched face, I assumed my usual position after sex: lying on my side, on the outside of the bed, hogging all the covers. I was about to go to sleep when I heard a cry of pain stab the awkward silence. Jessie "Oh muh god- it buwns."

Frankie D "Huh...What's wrong? Are you ok?"

Jessie "Muh face is buwning."

Frankie D: "You got to be fucking kidding me."

As a mat-

ter of fact, she wasn't kidding. As a matter of fact, she was in a great deal of pain. As a matter of fact, imprinted on her face was a beet red pattern that almost perfectly mapped out exactly where I came on her. Her neck, her cheeks, and her chin were developing some sort of crimson rash. It looks like she slid face-first into home plate. I couldn't control myself any longer. Her pronunciation skills combined with the development of these events set me over the edge. I had to let it out,

Frankie D "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH-HAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

Jessie "YUR AN ASSHULE!"

I guess that's what you get for fucking Frankie D.

But then the Gods of Sex decided to turn the tables on me. I have been rocking the boat of morality without punishment for way too long. Tonight they served to make an example of both Jessie and I for our carnal sins. As Jessie ran to the bathroom to wet a towel with cold water, I felt a sensation in my

physical condition and immediately inquired about mine.

Jessie "Wah happened? Aw you ok?"

Frankie D "NO I'M NOT OK!"

Jessie "Was wrong?"

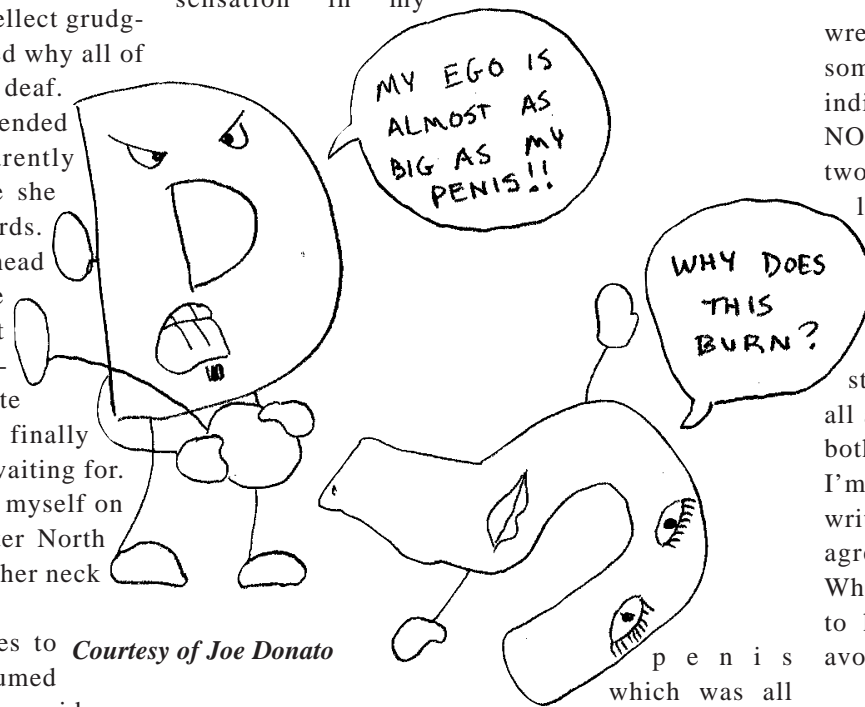
Frankie D "BITCH! MY DICK IS ON FIRE!"

Jessie "Oh muh god."

Frankie D "NO BITCH THIS ISN'T GOD'S FAULT, THIS IS YOUR FAULT. I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR EXTENDED PLEASURE CAUSE I'M NEVER HAVING SEX WITH YOU AGAIN! THANKS TROJAN!"

I got to give credit to the girl; she began to laugh. I mean, let's be serious and picture this. Jessie is completely naked fanning her face with one hand while rubbing a wet towel with the other over what looks like poison ivy. All this as I lay on her bed screaming, hands and eyes on my penis, attempting to somehow magically squeeze out the wild fire in my urethra.

While she just stood there and laughed, I wrestled with the condom box in a frantic search for something. Was there a warning label? NO. Any indication that something like this could happen? NO. Perhaps an antidote? NO. Is it possible for two people to meet randomly and both be genetically predisposed to having an adverse reaction to THE SAME TYPE OF CONDOM? I ask you people, is this my life? Eventually, our pain subsided and her normal pattern of speech returned. Then I kicked her in the fucking stomach for laughing at me. No, I'm kidding. In all actuality, Jessie was pretty cool about it and we both had a pretty good laugh. As a matter of fact, I'm currently sitting at her computer right now writing these exact events down. She and I both agree that "Extended Pleasure" condoms suck. Whatever they coat those things with are an enemy to human biology. My personal advice to you, avoid them at all costs.



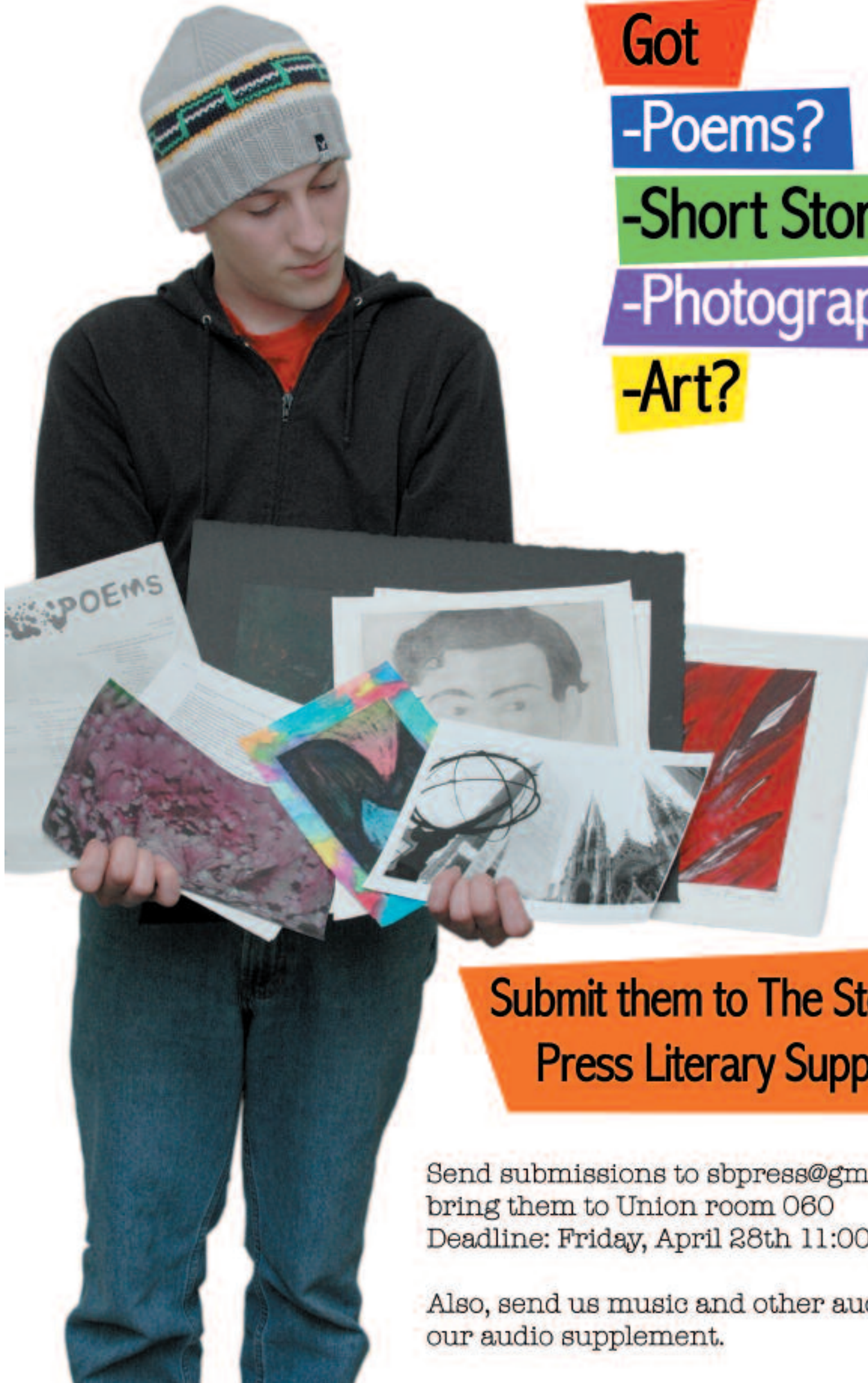
too familiar. OH. MY. GOD. Did they coat these condoms with brimstone straight from the lake of fire? This scene went from absurd to full-on surreal. My urethra felt like it was giving birth to the Human Torch's child. Upon realizing this pain, I began to complain.

I believe my exact words were, "AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Upon re-entering the room, Jessie ignored her own

## Everything cums full circle



One of the more famous voices, heard at the end of the hit song "Money", says "I don't know, I was very drunk at the time." This was one of the younger roadie's answers to the question "What was it like when you lost your virginity?"



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