

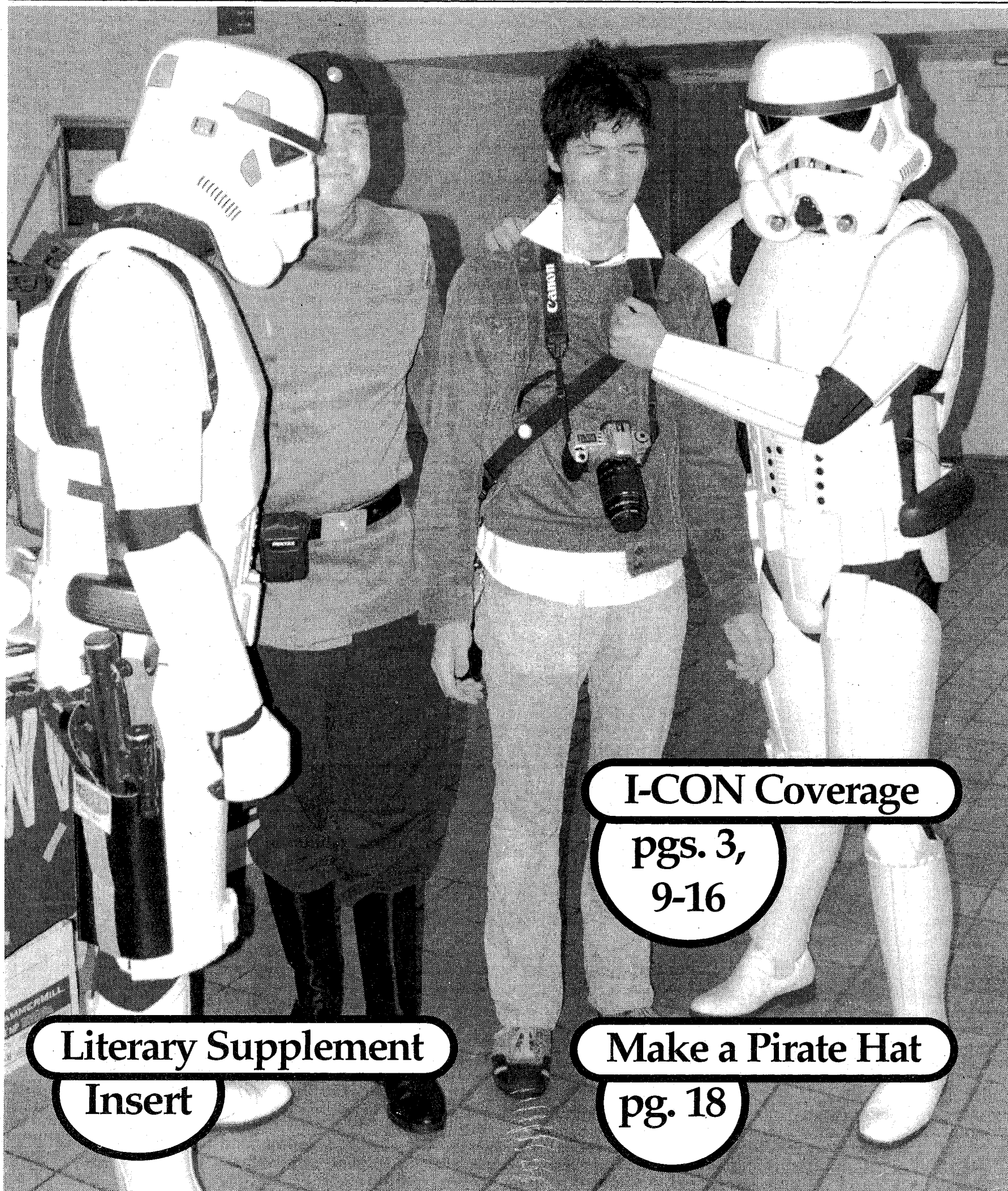
THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIII, Issue 13

"You don't know shit about Star Wars"

April 30, 2002



I-CON Coverage

pgs. 3,
9-16

Literary Supplement

Insert

Make a Pirate Hat

pg. 18

US Invades Netherlands!

By Chris Sorochin

"Operation Tiptoe Through the Tulips targets drug-friendly welfare state. American heroes rescued from frivolous international tribunal. Collateral damage kept to low ten thousands. 'Another victory in the war against terror'-W."

Just when you think it can't possibly get any more surreal, something emerges from official quarters that just makes you wonder if you shouldn't look into a nice rubber room at some institution.

The headline above is not true yet it came damn close to being a possibility. How, you ask?

Well, it's all about something called the International Criminal Court. This would be a permanent tribunal to try those accused of war crimes, genocide and other crimes against humanity. It would meet in The Hague, site of many other international trials. The court's charter was approved in Rome in 1998 and to date has been signed by 139 nations and ratified by 52.

Guess which rogue superpower has not signed and is trying to sabotage it, even though it was one of the countries originally pushing for it? Go on, take a wild stab in the dark. That's right, it's our old friend Uncle Sam.

Why, you may ponder, did our leaders change horses and why would they oppose a court that would try hideous people who've done horrible things, like those who perpetrated slaughters and rapes in the ex-Yugoslavia or Rwanda, or even those sick fucks who plotted the terrors of 9/11?

Well, the main reason is that the court would not be under US control. You see, our nation enjoys the prestige lent by the rubric "international," as long as it doesn't mean that other countries would have anything of substance to say when it came to making real decisions. The United Nations was originally such an "international" body, founded by the US and respected so long as it harmonizes with US policy. When it doesn't, the US simply uses its veto to kill whatever may be bugging it, and it uses the veto far more than any other country that has it. When the UN consistently misbehaves, the US throws a hissy fit and doesn't pay its share of the funding, although it still fully expects to call the shots. Cro-Magnon fossil and US Senator Jesse Helms ("isn't he dead yet?") is the prime instigator of these tantrums.

When some of the major intellects running our country these days finally figured out that the ICC was to be truly international and might even try (gasp!) US soldiers and leadership, they raised holy hell and said that no way would any US war criminal ever stand in a foreign docket. No sir, they'd be tried in good old American courts where they'd be duly absolved of any wrongdoing, just like Lt. William Calley, who commanded the My Lai massacre in Vietnam.

Perhaps our leadership really does believe that US troops don't commit war crimes, but the evidence is that they do and that those who command them and make policy (such as former Secretary of State Madeleine "The Price Is Worth It" Albright) know and approve of many of these atrocities, which makes them guilty, too.

More likely, US leaders would prefer to get away with their war crimes. Of course, they don't say this. They say that any charge brought against the US would be "frivolous" and "political," unlike the kangaroo trial of Slobodan Milosevic, presently taking place at the moment, also in The Hague. Z Magazine (www.zmag.org) began a three-part series on the proceedings in its April, 2002 issue and author Edward S. Herman analyzes in detail why the whole thing is rigged and Milosevic will not get a fair trial. By some accounts, Milosevic, a trained lawyer himself, is running circles around the prosecution, but it won't matter. The Tribunal's mission is to produce a guilty verdict. Human rights groups asked this same body to try NATO leadership for war crimes in its bombing of Yugoslavia, but it claimed to find no basis. A NATO official smirked that as long as NATO paid for the court, NATO would never be held accountable.

Newsday had an even more vomitous spin. Placed appropriately in its "Kidsday" section, it stated that since Uncle Sam is a cross between Superman and Jesus Christ, fighting evil and bringing peace and goodness everywhere in the world, the possibility of US personnel being tried by dirty foreigners would put a crimp in the holy mission God has ordained our nation to undertake.

Meanwhile, back in the Senate, Jesse Helms, after a few jolts from the electrode and a chalice or two of virgin's blood, was quick to propose and pass an amendment to the "defense"

budget. Part of it was entirely predictable: it would deny military aid to any countries ratifying the charter. This is the usual tactic of applying economic pressure. The truly amazing part was that which would provide authorization to "liberate by every means at its disposal" any US troop arrested by the I.C.C., which will soon be operational when 60 countries have ratified the charter.

This conjures the image of a US saturation bombing of The Hague (and surrounding areas) and a ground invasion to rescue "our troops" and maybe even an open-ended special forces foray into the Dutch canal system to root out remaining I.C.C. sympathizers. Maybe we could even bomb the dikes like the Nazis did when they invaded the Netherlands in World War II. The German military leaders who dreamed that one up were put on trial at Nuremberg and found guilty, but not so their US imitators, who did the same thing, with comparable casualties in North Korea a few years later. Oops, I forgot: North Korea is evil, so they had it coming.

What's truly unsettling is that this grotesque lump of political feces actually passed the Senate. Are these people on something? Shouldn't there be a test for mental competency before one can assume the office of Senator? Helms is a certified loon and everyone knows that, but what about the rest of them? What's their excuse?

Fortunately, a joint session of Congress (that's Senate and House of Representatives) purged what Europeans called the "Hague Invasion Act." Now we're only economic bullies, at least in this regard. But what arrogance! When the US says jump, like in the so-called "War on Terror" initiated after September 11, everyone else is supposed to fall all over themselves rushing to kiss our ass, but when it comes to something the rest of the planet wants (the Kyoto agreements on greenhouse gases, the anti-ballistic missile treaty, reigning in Israeli aggression, banning landmines, abolishing the death penalty, etc. and etc.) the US reserves the right to flip everyone else off.

Previous empires have likewise felt that they were so unique and special and righteous and powerful that they could behave with similar disregard for the wishes of others. They all fell.

Pulitzer Winner Owes Everything to Press, He Says (Plus \$20 on loan in '82)

By Eric Brand

Media coverage of the recent Pulitzer Prize winners has been outrageously inaccurate. Stories uniformly omitted perhaps the most important factor in the background of investigative journalism winner Scott Higham: he is a former Editor of the Stony Brook Press. In fact, Scott is also a former Managing Editor of the Stony Brook Press. And a former News Director. And a former reporter. And significantly, a former driver-of-the-staff-to-the-Hi-Lite-Diner-at-2-a.m.-in-his-beatup-Volvo-guy.

Scott was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for investigative journalism on April 8, 2002, for a series in the Washington Post exposing the role of Washington D.C.'s government in the neglect and death of 229 children in protective care. Prior to the Post, Scott worked at the Miami Herald, the Allentown News or Something or Other, and was graduated from the Columbia University School of Journalism.

Unquestionably, Scott's meteoric rise through the journalistic ranks and subsequent gathering of laurels is traceable to his experience

at the Press. Scott first appeared at the paper's old offices in Old Bio in its very first year, looking to pad his resume, speak truth to power, and score with girls. This was a strong indication of his motivating drives and his questionable judgment. But the fact is, he had a knack for news and rose quickly to become the first and arguably the most successful recruit of the nascent newspaper.

As described in the unofficial official history of the founding of the Press, written at the time, Scott was "a blue-eyed blond with the looks and manner of a coffee-drinking chain-smoking Mick Jagger, whose violent rejection of his conservative background and whose 'hard-assedness' managed to provoke coworkers and get the paper through its first year without a founder as Editor."

Scott's training and journalistic experiences were not the only harbingers of success to come. His year as Editor was also the one in which the Press won First Place in the prestigious Columbia Student Press Association

Competition, and Scott became the first Presser to win the coveted Buskin Award. His vision for the paper, "to bring the major social issues of the day home to the campus, in the context of investigative journalism," inspired the staff and improved the community – though perhaps his true legacy was the dissemination of important information about the Grateful Dead.

The April 9 Washington Post story about the Pulitzer Prize winners explained how "Higham not only filed one Freedom of Information Act request after another with local authorities, but so charmed D.C. Mayor Anthony A. Williams that the mayor complimented him after a difficult interview on his 'cool suit.'" I strongly suspect that this is my old sharkskin suit, which I haven't seen since Scott borrowed it almost 20 years ago. But that's another story.

Congratulations, Scott. And congratulations to the all the Stony Brook Press staff – past, present, and future – who have a share in this achievement.

"He's Free To Go, His Car Stays"

By Aaron Feingold

It was the end of I-Con. Events were winding down, performers were packing up. There was a general feeling of bored exhaustion overall, the kind of feeling you get after... well, after consuming way too much science fiction.

Suddenly, the warm, after-an-orgasm feeling of the gray, drizzly afternoon was shattered by four police cruisers, sirens howling and lights blazing, speeding past the Sports Complex. Several pedestrians were nearly hit by the less than careful cops.

The four cars pulled in to meet a fifth police car, already stopped. It was a scene out of Spiderman as half a dozen officers piled out and charged toward a large man wrapped in a bright red and black sheet, the type of silly, unimpeachable costume given to one-shot super-villains who will never make a second appearance.

A crowd gathered, partially due to Officer Tisdall's shrill cries that there was "Nothing to see here." A handful of questions were on everyone's mind. What master criminal required seven armed policemen to subdue? What detestable crime could trigger such a strong response?

A parking ticket.

Pete Cabrera, the aforementioned super-villain, was actually a performer at I-Con. He had pulled into the parking lot to load ("download," as he put it) his gear back into his car. Boffer swords, wooden shields, plastic armor, and large wood posts took many trips, but his car was there for less than 45 minutes. During that time, a 98 pound policeman named Todd Stumph came across Pete's illegally parked car. Stumph ticketed the car, and then got to work.

The first thing Detective Stumph did was to go through the open window of Mr. Cabrera's car. He reached in, opened the glove box, and removed Pete's wallet and checkbook. Not finding an insurance card, he assumed the car was uninsured, and began removing the license plates.

While he was working, Pete returned from one of his trips, carrying, among other things, a boffer sword, made of duct tape and foam rubber. Now, Stumph had just taken Pete's checkbook: quite illegal. Upon seeing the bulky Pete headed his way with what amounted to a Nerf weapon, the scrawny Stumph ran to his radio in a panic and called for backup. At this point, Pete was in a good mood. He was being followed by his two small children, and his costume was not even supposed to be scary. This was not a man who looked like he was about to use his mighty Nerf blade on a cop, even one that had just taken his wallet and checkbook.

It was at this point that the six other officers arrived on the scene. It seems that it takes that many men with guns to safely counter one foam rubber battle sword.

Pete was understandably upset when he learned what had transpired. The license plate business, he thought, could be easily resolved. Pete went into his car, and emerged with his valid insurance card. If they'd taken his plates because they thought he didn't have insurance, he reasoned, they'd give them back when he proved he

did.

This was not enough for the police. Despite the fact that Pete carried proof of insurance in the car, they decided to keep his plates. Pete demanded that they be returned. The police refused. Pete expressed the opinion that Detective Stumph, by taking the plates with no legal reason, and refusing to return them, had, in effect, stolen his license plates. The police explained that all license plates are state property, and could therefore be taken by the state or its agents at any time. They were merely holding the plates to "investigate".

Pete couldn't believe what was going on. "I come out here to help with the convention, and I get a ticket. It's bullshit," he said.

It was at this moment that Detective Stumph revealed that he had grabbed Pete's wallet and checkbook during his initial investigation.

"You took my checkbook? What's wrong with you? Are you a moron?" said Pete.

"Nothing's wrong with him, sir," replied one of the cops.

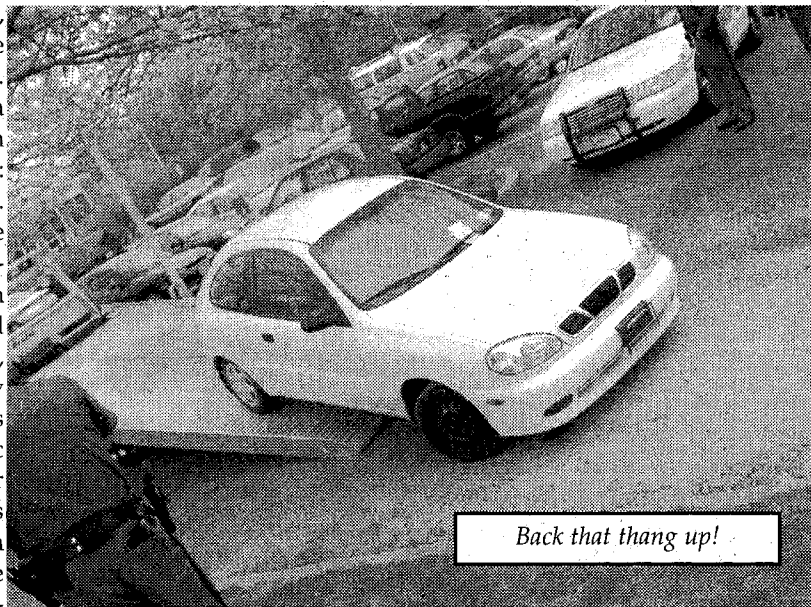
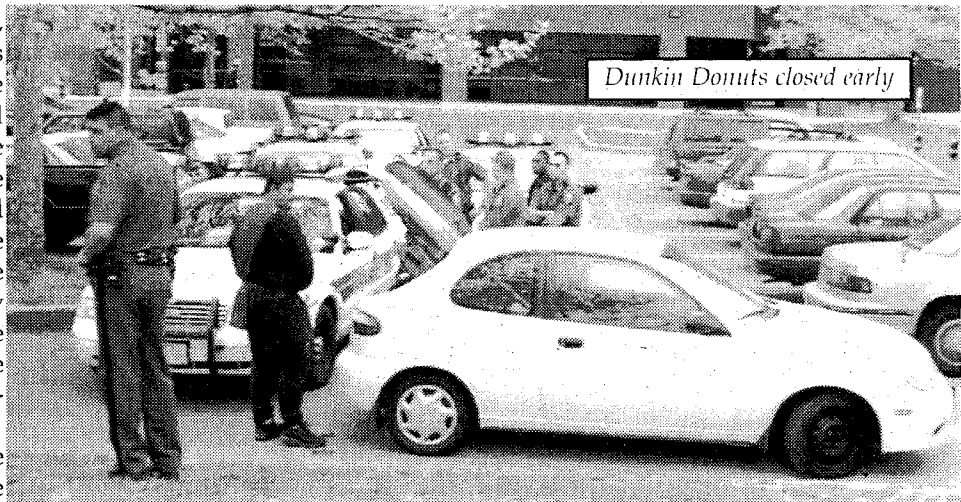
Several members of the crowd expressed disbelief, saying that the police couldn't do that, it was illegal. While Detective Stumph was not arrested for the theft of Pete's checkbook, he was told by other police officers to give it back, and he complied.

Pete explained to the police that he needed to take his kids home. They told him that he was not under arrest. "He's free to go. His car stays," said Officer Rob Taiani.

The police, specifically one cop calling himself Officer Tisdall (and giving the badge number 406) also threatened three times to arrest me for taking pictures and making notes on the situation. It was his position that any location within sight or earshot of a car that had been ticketed was a crime scene. Pete, a Marine loyal to the US Constitution, leapt to my defense, citing the first amendment. "He stays," Pete said. Eventually, Lieutenant Tom Clark arrived, at which point Tisdall shut up, and I was permitted to remain, so long as I didn't commit the serious crime of leaning on the ticketed car.

Clark instructed the other officers not to speak to me anymore, and asked me to direct all further questions to Deputy Chief Doug Little, whose job includes saying that the police department has no comment on any given situation. One thing I can say for Lieutenant Clark is that he is one of only two of the seven officers that spoke in

a civil manner, along with Rob Taiani. The rest of them either refused to utter a syllable, or communicated exclusively in threats. (For example, Detective Stumph told me that if I took one more picture, I'd "be leaving here in cuffs." Needless to say, he did not make good on his threat.) As soon as Pete had walked off with his kids, try-



ing to find a ride home, the police decided that, as his car now had no license plates, they would have to impound it. Of course, with Pete gone for the moment, they could not get it into "Neutral" to safely tow it away. Pete's rear wheels spun as they dragged his car onto the ramp, while his front wheels stuck, dragging on the ground and making two long skid marks.

Onlookers expressed concern that this was destroying Pete's transmission and brakes. "Man, they're cruel. They're heartless. They are," said Charlie Montbal, a groundskeeper for the University. Other grounds workers also showed distress and contempt for the actions of the police officers. One man, who wished to remain anonymous, commented that "It's a crime scene, but the only criminal is that cop (Detective Stumph)." Another said that the officers' actions were better suited for Iraq than for America.

One weaselly little fellow, who seemed to know something about several of the police officers present, told me that this was not a mere parking ticket, but that it had something to do with Pete Cabrera personally, or who his family was. He said I shouldn't talk to Pete any more, as it might "stir him up." This guy also said a lot of utterly absurd things, so I wouldn't take his testimony too seriously. It has been included only for completeness, and because it is rather amusing. He asked me not to use his name, as he was "connected to a lot of people on this campus," and not to use the name of the organization Pete was at I-Con with, because "a lot of people hate (that organization)." Are there violent rivalries between Boffer Viking groups? The mind boggles...

Weaselboy also told the police officers that one of his parents had been involved in the department, "when Young wasn't as crazy as he is now." At this, all the officers had a good laugh.

It's interesting that Pete isn't what one would think of as a suspicious character. Sure, he's part of a group that likes to dress up as Vikings and hit each other with homemade foam swords, but he's also a Marine who served his country during the Persian Gulf War, and he has two children. Even if he was part of some extreme fringe, would that mean that he didn't have rights? Would that make it acceptable for the police to take his wallet and checkbook, and damage his car, simply for parking illegally? What does it say when those charged with protecting us are people like Stumph, who are not only drunk on their own abuses of power, but also terrified of foam rubber swords?

Editorial: Vlad Frants is the Rightful Voice of the People

Polity has already started the 2002-2003 academic year off on the wrong foot. After many hours of pouring his blood, sweat and tears into an amazing self-promotional campaign, our top man, Vlad Frants did not win the election.

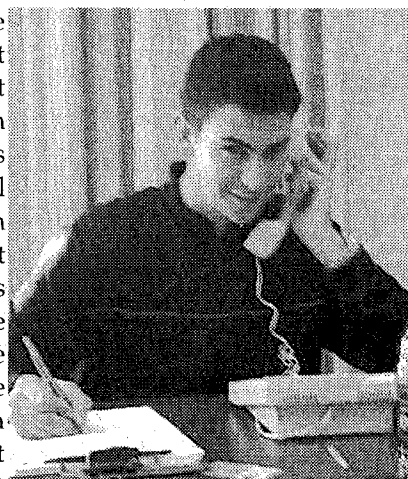
A man with such high caliber and stature as Vlad Frants deserves nothing less than what he humbly asks of his peers. Vlad Frants wanted to be next year's polity vice president. He did not win.

We are more than just sad to report this news to you; we are thoroughly angered. There is no way Vlad Frants could not have won the election for polity vice president. *The Press* formally demands a recount of the votes.

Many readers will say this is just another one of *The Press'* foolish attempts at getting attention. We however are not the only one to come to this conclusion. Many students agree the voice of this campus has not been accurately represented. We received an email from *Press* reader Lucas Cary. Cary states he "had flashbacks of the palm beach ballot," citing, "inconsistent coloring and ordering of choices." How many other readers noticed this when they voted? Cary says, "I didn't think about this until after hitting submit."

We are sure you didn't realize this until it was to late, too. In which case it is clear that we all stand together in our recount endeavor. This is not a joke. We refuse to recognize the new polity vice president Natasha Elie. If our recount demands are not met, we will stage a coup d'État. With the thousands of Stony Brook students behind us, we will instate Vlad Frants as the rightful heir to the vice-throne of polity.

If you are not angry at this obvious conspiracy against our young prophet, you should stop playing Uno and move out of the cave you are living in. The majority stands with us when we say Vlad Frants is the just and fair voice of the people. We will not rest until he is the leader of this student body.



Letter: Reaction to Intefada article

I read Walter Moss' piece re: Intifada with a queasy feeling. Not because Mr. Moss's opinions differ from my own but because he has made no effort to present both sides of the story, thus leading an uninformed reader to false conclusions which do not advance one's understanding of the situation. I am not writing to debate Mr. Moss, but only to provide additional facts which shed more light on the events.

In the first paragraph, the new rage of Intifada is said to have resulted from Sharon's visit to a mosque, which the author equates to Bin Ladin taking a poopie on the Statue of Liberty. It's an oft-ignored fact, however, that Sharon discussed his visit with the Muslim authorities in advance, and they gave him permission to come and speak. Furthermore, I don't see the relevance of the Bin Ladin analogy: American presidents speak in churches, synagogues, and mosques all the time, and no one sheds blood over it. As such, it's hard for me to see how Sharon's visit is a legitimate reason for the violence. Sounds to me as if the extremists have spun the event so that it enraged people and renewed support for more attacks, rather than the visit itself having been meant to do so. Of course, this is just my opinion - but it's one formed based on more facts that Mr. Moss cared to present.

This leads into the next issue. Mr. Moss claims that "the only resistance (the IDF) meet are from poorly armed gunmen, and desperate Palestinian teenagers with bombs strapped to their chests." This is not true, and any newspaper browsing by the author - including many Palestinian accounts, shows as much. Mr. Moss does not bother to discuss the fact that behind Palestinian resistance are organizations directed and funded from abroad. Many have pointed out that while these organizations use Palestinians as cheap delivery mechanisms for their bombs, their leadership serves the interests of foreign governments like Syria, whose interest is in continuing fighting with Israel, not in peace and prosperity for Palestinians. It's also not mentioned that the suicide

bombers' families get hefty rewards from Saddam Hussein, a man whose power depends on the continuing strife between Israel and Palestinians (as long as they are fighting, the US will not be able to build a solid coalition against Iraq. As soon as they stop, Saddam is history.) So for Mr. Moss to propose that Israel is fighting against Palestinian teenagers without discussing the outside factors that contribute to the violence does not do objectivity justice.

I can go on and on debunking Mr. Moss' article - for one, finding the most extreme quote from a Jew (on a Palestinian website) and attributing that sentiment to all Jews and the entire people of Israel, is nothing short of malicious bias. But instead, I want to conclude this already long letter with my personal opinion. Israel is a democratic state, even if it fits Mr. Moss' agenda to call it "quasi-theocratic." Its citizens, for the most part, are people like you and I. They do not want to kill Palestinians, or to control them. They just want peace and safety. You can blame them for electing Sharon, but you can also recall that they elected the peace-striving Rabin only a few years ago. When he was murdered, most people were horrified because they believed that peace was the way to go. What has made the people's attitudes change since then? Could it be they elected Sharon because they saw that Rabin's and Perez's attempts for peace did not do much to diminish the violence? Could that be directly related to the fact that foreign entities infest Palestine and use it for their own goals; much like Al Quada was a pox on Afghanistan? For what it's worth, I believe that the Palestinians are much the same way - they want to live, be safe, and prosper. The only difference is that the moderate Israeli majority has the power to silence the extremists in democratic elections, whereas moderate Palestinians have to fight an uphill battle against those who wish to destroy Israel, even at the cost of continuous suffering of their own people.

-Ed Markovich

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Letter: Thoughts On *Blackworld*, *The Press* and Racism

I am an editor at the Bard College student newspaper, *The Free Press*. For several years *The Stony Brook Press* staff have been kind enough to send me copies of their paper. I am writing in response to an article printed in the April 1st issue of the *Press*, written by Ross Rosenfeld, on the subject of another Stony Brook campus paper, *Blackworld*. I am sure that there has been and will be no shortage of responses to a piece that suggests that a minority student-run newspaper lose its funding by referendum, and so I intend to keep my remarks brief (whether or not I'll be able to do so is a different question). I speak, primarily, as a member of a student publication which must constantly face issues of racism and student voices and, secondly, as a simply stunned, if not to say outraged, reader.

I would first like to thank the *Press* editorial board for running a prominently displayed response to/ disclaimer about Rosenfeld's piece in the same issue. I agree with the *Press* that any article submitted, provided it does not libel or present factual inaccuracies, should be printed. But I am also glad that an editorial intervention was made that showed a degree of sensitivity in the face of an incredibly complicated situation—a sensitivity that seems frighteningly absent in Rosenfeld.

Rosenfeld's article is, at best, poorly researched and weakly argued. In his supposedly shocking examples of *Blackworld*'s 'racism'—examples which, in the absence of any sustained argumentation on Rosenfeld's part, are supposed to 'speak for themselves'—I see little to justify his alarm, or his scorn. One example Rosenfeld offers of *Blackworld*'s 'racism' cites an article on Israel's relation to the World Trade Center attacks. As far as I can tell from the section of the article quoted, the author's argument was directed at Israeli foreign policy with regard to Palestine. Surely Rosenfeld will not argue that the rhetoric of the 'war on terror' and the justification of state violence against other states that 'harbor terrorists' has been picked up and employed by Israel, in potentially abusive ways, in the recent pressures (to put it very mildly) that it has placed on Yassir Arafat and the Palestinian people. Moreover, Rosenfeld will not argue against the assertion that white and black thinkers alike have focused their attentions recently on the implication of Israeli foreign policy in what happened on September 11th. Perhaps Rosenfeld is unfamiliar with the writings of Edward Said, but he has probably heard of Bill Maher. Now, the more general case might be made that with this shift in attentions a pervasive Western anti-semitism has found a way to engage with and undermine a long-lasting American pro-Israeli stance, but this is certainly only part of the story, and at any rate, not the argument made by Rosenfeld.

His article is, at worst, offensive, callous, and insidiously neo-conser-

vative. This crystallizes when Rosenfeld quotes the following as an example of *Blackworld*'s racism: "[Mumia Abu-] Jamal's case is a demonstration of the machinery of repression wielded by the capitalist rulers against any perceived threat to a system based on the exploitation of the many by the few, which in America is rooted in the forcible subjugation of the black population at the bottom of society." For one thing, I would hardly be surprised to see this sentence written verbatim in any number of *Press* opinions pieces, or distributed on a pamphlet at a protest at which the majority of those present were white college students. Which is not to suggest that whites cannot say racist things about whites but rather to question Rosenfeld's apparent singling out of a minority-run newspaper for engaging in a comment by no means limited to minority presses.

What Rosenfeld does, effectively, is to take an accusation of racism made by a black speaker and—perhaps because he finds himself in some way addressed and threatened by it as a white male—attempt to disarm it of its power by calling it racist in turn. What is troubling here extends far above and beyond any raceological paradigm, as it provides a powerful example of oppression and censorship in general: in a weird turn, hegemonic interests appropriate 'politically correct' or 'liberal' tropes of resistance (in this case, the concept of 'racism') and redeploy them against that segment of the population whose resistance they wish to repress or silence. Rosenfeld displays an intense and chilling xenophobia: *Blackworld* is threatening to him, it seems, simply by virtue of the fact that it has a voice that expresses opinions different to Rosenfeld's own. The issue of racism does not even need to arise! As far as Rosenfeld is concerned, 'Racism' (and 'segregation' with it) is merely a word that he misunderstands and the ambiguity of which he exploits.

Engaging in some extremely problematic and unthought-out racial politics, Rosenfeld becomes, paradoxically and against his own intentions, the best example against the de-funding of papers like *Blackworld*. He seeks to diffuse or mask his own racism with a facile and vapid reference to "a world of people, within which it does not matter whether you are black or white." Such a world does not exist, Mr. Rosenfeld, except in the minds of idealistic fourth-graders and slightly less sophisticated bigots (choose your camp). In this world you will have to learn that there are black people, and that for them the issue of their race has been made to matter, and will continue to matter, very, very much.

Jonah Weiner
Bard College

Letter: I am thick

Would it be correct in saying that you do not intentionally submit your editorials for press release anonymously? Is this a gratuitous oversight? From reading a most recent one that overstates the obvious on the most confounded level of (perhaps) a 5th grader "Priests Should Not Rape Little Boys," I imagine anonymity is a certifiable Stony Brook Press ode to Pontius Pilate washing his hands clean of moronic filth.

Thanks!

-Phil Schuessler

Dear Phil,

Press releases are informational event summaries sent to newspapers. We print our editorials anonymously on purpose, just like probably every other newspaper in the fucking world. Editorials don't have a byline because they are written as a collective effort, representing the views of most of the editorial board.

Or at least, they represent the opinion of the executive editor. The editorial in question was obviously-to-anyone-who-isn't-a-very-stupid-person satirical in nature, hence the simplistic style of writing.

We aren't washing our hands of anything. That editorial was a shining example of the goddamn top caliber of writing we do at this paper. So stop reading the New Testament and start reading *The Press* and enjoying it like a bi-weekly orgasm.

- Editor

Letter: Old Editor Writes Back

Thanks a lot for sending the issues - they look really good. I particularly love all the names in the staff box- hope you're set for the summer and next school year.

How the heck is April 1 -- Vol 23 issue 1?!

How about that Scott Higham! Scott was editor when I joined and he taught me a lot - plus he was really cool.

Definitely deserved to be the first Presser to win a Pulitzer prize! Let's do a special issue!

<http://www.pulitzer.org/year/2002/investigative-reporting/>

I hope Eliz and I get out there soon to check the place out. Keep up the good work!

Joe Caponi SB Press '82-'85

Dear Joe,

Thanks for writing! It's always a pleasure hearing from old staff members, even if they were staff when many of us were just being born (sorry if we make you feel old)!

As for the the issue number, April 1 was supposed to be issue 11. We are sure you were able to find some other errors in our latest issues... Anyway, there is an article about Scott in issue 12 (you may have not received it in the mail yet). In addition, this issue features another Scott story by Press co-founder Eric Brand. We hope to see you soon!

-Editor

Tobacco Is Whacko," Experts Say...

By Joe Filippazzo

Contrary to popular belief, the Javits Room on the second floor of the Melville Library is not just a front for the mob anymore. In fact, just last Wednesday, April 10th, a discussion for NYPIRG's new book, *Blowing Away the Smoke Screen: The Case Against Big Tobacco*, took place immediately following the very shady firearms symposium entitled *Cartels and Coke Induced Rampages: What Every Person Should Know*.

Speaker and co-author, Michelle Stern, began by asking if anyone present was a smoker. Intimidated and frightened by the orator and her extraordinarily gargantuan note cards, the smokers in the room slinked down into their chairs and rather unsuccessfully attempted to hide their ashy scent and nervously darting eyes. "It's not your fault!" proclaimed Michelle! She says that we've been duped by Phillip Morris! We've been swindled by RJR Tobacco Co.! For over 50 years, we've been held captive as

dependents in the mindless ensemble of faceless victims caught in Big Tobacco's vicious web of deceit! Not to mention the fact that many of the tobacco companies' actions were illegal in addition to just plain shiesty. Ms. Stern's talk covered the four main ways these companies broke the law and what can be done to remedy the situation.

The first transgression of Big Tobacco was their cover-up of the obvious health issues generated by smoking. "In 1953, secret meetings were held by tobacco executives to discuss how to respond to the growing scientific evidence that smoking caused lung cancer." The companies themselves discovered this proof of tobacco's ability to wreak havoc and basically kill everything that lives. Usually when a company finds out that its product addicts and murders thousands on a daily basis, business tends to be a bit less than lucrative. What do you do then? Lie about the whole thing! Lie as if you were the fat kid in kindergarten sitting amongst a heap of empty brown baggies, wreaking of assorted deli meats, claiming that you "don't know what happened to everybody else's lunch." In response to their potentially detrimental discovery, the tobacco

companies began public relations campaigns and intense lobbying to thwart the government's regulation. Also, they focused their efforts on advertising to assure their customers that it was as safe to smoke as ever. On April 14, 1994 the CEO's of the

seven largest tobacco companies stated under oath that they "believe that nicotine is not addictive." Funny how these were the same people who sent out memoranda to their employees encouraging the exploitation of the addicting trait of tobacco in order to maximize profit. This, my friends, is very against the law.

The next topic of Big Tobacco's deception was their attempts to buy off the government. One incident included a certain large tobacco distributor's very generous and purely philanthropic (nudge, nudge) donation of \$25,000 to New York State governor

George Pataki's once secret "Inaugural Account". Pataki was potentially a very powerful ally to the industry in passing legislation to overturn anti-smoking ordinances. As we have seen, the lobbying of the tobacco industry is used primarily to get the government off its back. This is all grand and swell so long as lobbying expenditures are reported. In 1995 however, about \$443,000 was not put on record. Although the guilty were punished in this case, they basically had to throw the government a few grand and pinky swear not to do it again. Oh you funny little State Commission, you! This is illegal too, but it's small potatoes in comparison to targeting youth for cigarette sales.

The companies of Big Tobacco are not stupid. Let's go over the facts. Underage kids buy cigarettes. Tobacco is in cigarettes. Tobacco is addictive. Most smokers start in their early teens. It doesn't take a genius to figure this one out, pal. When asked if they marketed to youngsters, Phillip Morris in particular stated that they do not favor smoking by kids. Internal Revenue reports said differently. The companies seemed pleased to find out that sales were highest when accounts

were located next to high schools and they stressed the importance of catering to teenage smoking patterns and attitudes. My personal favorite was one quote by an RJR Tobacco Co. representative. When asked what age group of youngsters was being targeted, the rep responded, "They got lips? We want 'em."

The question that follows is how to curb underage smoking. Thus far, the most effective course of action is raising taxes on cigarettes. The not very serious smokers, the ones with traces of will power, will quit right off the bat. The more dedicated will prevail until taxes are raised again. This subgroup of youths is composed of the kids that squander their weekly allowances and sacrifice their baseball cards and Biore pore cleansing strips for 20 blissful trips to flavor country. After these customers are eliminated, a select, yellow-nailed, asthma ridden few remain. Taxes are raised again. We are now at the point where it is cheaper to have bronchiole cancer surgically implanted in the survivors than it is to purchase a soft pack of unfiltered Camels. Our young smoking friends are no longer carded because their dependence has given them the 62-year-old-homeless-wino-having-a-very-overdue-midlife-crisis-but-doesn't-want-to-talk-about-it-look. What's in their wallets? Nothing... they traded it for a pair of Capri 100's and an empty Winston box to sniff. Underage smokers begin selling their schoolbooks, retainers, and grandmothers for a fix. (Those with particularly unattractive grandmothers are forced to loiter outside bars and smoke discarded filters off the pavement.) The truth is that people, especially kids, will smoke no matter what. I don't care how big your goddamn "We Card" sign is. As long as I can put some dirty carcinogenic plant in it, roll it up and light the far end, I'm good.

This really isn't an anti-smoking article though. It's an anti-Big Tobacco article. For all of our smoking readers, I repeat... It's not your fault. If you aren't a reader of the Press, you deserve cancer.

I felt that Michelle Stern's talk was one of the most interesting I've been to in a while. I got a free book, some funny pictures and a few scary statistics out of the deal too. It was great that I was able to be informed as well as hear some classic one-liners from Ms. Stern such as, "It's not just a lil' bit of litigation if you're being sued by Spain!" All in all, NYPIRG's a group of right cats (that's good) and *Blowing Away the Smokescreen: The Case Against Big Tobacco* is a quick, eye-opening read. Next time Michelle gives a talk, I recommend attending. Just don't point out the burrito stain on her pants. She hates that.



The Stony Brook Press

we got's couches

room 060 SBUnion
every wed 1pm

Death by Cheese Steak or Train

By Tim Connors

"Doc's Deli's got banging ass shit!" is a quote from a teenager in the parking lot of the Acme supermarket I used to work at. I tried the cheese steak there, and it was banging. For those not familiar with this Philadelphia delicacy, it is thinly sliced steak on a hero roll, with cheese and fried onions.

Eating food like this on a regular basis maybe why my unhealthy cholesterol is sky high and the healthy stuff is non-existent. Doc's Deli is across the street from Acme, and next to Danny's bar. I broke my streak of sobriety at Danny's, and have struggled to put together sober time since then.

The last time I was in Danny's, an old guy named Jim, who I knew from the supermarket, was in there. I asked him how his sick brother was doing, and Jim said he had passed away. In the Acme, Jim used to say I had some nerve to remind him of his sick brother, just because I looked like his bro.

Jim told the same jokes over and over again, but I didn't mind since he was up beat and bagged his own groceries. Jim was a drunk, and it probably cost him his family, since he used to get kicked out of his house, and the only way to get in was to show up with bags of groceries, which were full of newspapers so they looked full.

I was in Acme again to go shopping, I quit the job there two months ago, and there was an article on the side of the register that said Jim had jumped in front of a train, resulting in his death. He was 69, and I didn't find out who survived him.

Perhaps if he had given up the bottle things would have been better for him, but I found that initially things don't change all that much when one stops drinking. It makes me sad that Jim died by his own hand, and that he was that miserable in his life. It would be nice to think that he went to a better place, but his suffering has surely stopped.

Jim was in good health as far as I knew, even after years of drinking. I'm not as fortunate

not following their program, so it's no surprise that it's not working for me. It's not the toughest program in the world; it is pretty simple, but not always easy.

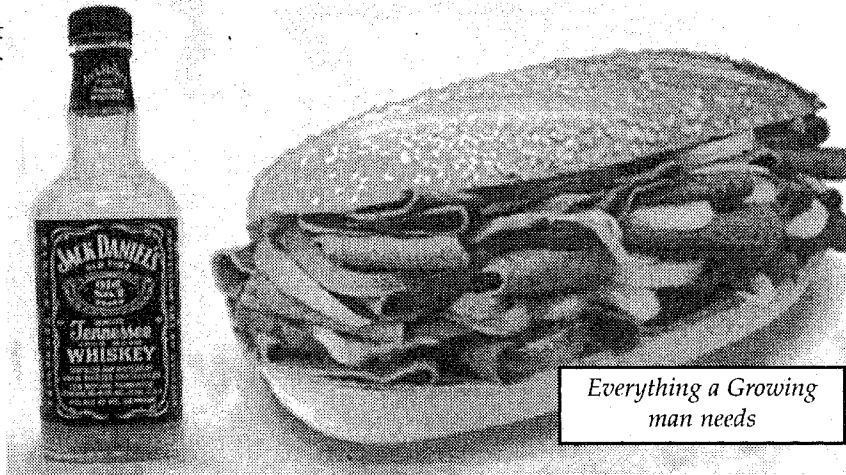
The idea of being seventy years old and so miserable that I commit suicide by jumping in front of an oncoming train is not something I would wish on my worst enemy. It's a sad way to end an unhappy life that might have been better without the booze.

I don't know how long my liver will last, and I'm not even drinking nearly as heavily as I did in my early and mid twenties. If I went back to that pattern of drinking for six or seven hours a night I'd have Swiss cheese for a liver before I knew what had happened.

The weird thing about alcohol is that some people can drink their whole life and not run into health or any other problems. It doesn't seem like I'm one of those people, but I still act like I am, and that's starting to catch up with me. I take medication to control mood swings and a

depressant like alcohol puts me into a funk for a while, so for me it's a lose - lose situation.

Life can be tough, and adding a depressant to that can lead to emotional lows that make some people choose to kill themselves. I've known people who give up drinking for years, and end up killing themselves anyway. It seems to me that stopping drinking can add years to a person's life, but the quality of those years is up to the individual to improve.



Everything a Growing man needs

since my liver enzymes came back high from a recent physical. This is probably from drinking while on medication, and I'm only thirty.

Even if my health held up for another forty years of drinking, that party lifestyle would get real old quick. Plus, it seems like I always end up drinking alone in a bar, full of people that I wouldn't want to talk to anyway. It just seems that I can't give up drinking.

I'm in a twelve-step program, but I am

Soooo...Whaddya You Wanna Be When You Grow Up?

By Joanna Wegielnik

Two years out of college and once again, I find myself in a job that totally sucks. And it's really difficult to say that because my previous stints sucked beyond imagination! I think the worst was working as an "admin lady" at Stony Brook. That was definitely a personal low for me and only now, can I laugh about it. Previous to that, I worked in a wicker import company, "R.G.I" in Woodbury, which made wicker products (home furnishings type of shit) in their very own sweatshops in the Philippines and Hong Kong. R.G.I. then sold their wicker crap to a company called "MarrMaxx." Marshalls and T.J. Maxx are the same thing for those who didn't know... So anyway, they sold them all this wicker, oh excuse me, the correct word is actually "rattan." I lasted three weeks at R.G.I. Before that, I worked as an insurance/immunization checker (for lack of a better word) at Columbia University and that wasn't so bad but I was commuting all the way from Port Jefferson so it was pure hell. 4 hours daily on the LIRR is too much for anyone to bear so I quit that job too.

September 11 happened, and the whole world changed in 30 minutes, the economy crashed and I couldn't find anything for weeks except my old high school deli job that paid cash. On Sept 11, I actually had an job interview at the Museum of Natural History which would have been pretty cool but the World Trade Center was destroyed, they closed the Museum down and sent me home. One week later, the Human Resource chick called to tell me that the Museum's budget was frozen and they would call me back. Never heard back from the Museum of Natural History again...so that brings us up to speed on my current

position, a paralegal working in the Lien Department of Weitz & Luxenberg, P.C. Don't ask what a lien is. Trust me, you really don't need to or want know what a fucking lien is.

Like I was saying, my job s-u-c-k-s and I quickly realized that unless you go to grad school, life after college is nothing but misery, bills and unimaginable debt. Did I happen to mention that I am a political science major? Oh, almost forgot, there's one more thing to look forward to: taxes. They will tax the shit out of you if you don't have any children or property to write off. This type of complete disillusion is exactly what most college graduates go through unless you're really lucky or whip-smart. I have one friend who got a job as a shipmate on this rich businessman's sailboat and they sailed all around South America and Asia. I have two friends who joined the Peace Corps and are currently in Africa. Two others are in law school. If you don't plan ahead, you will end up in a cubicle, twiddling your thumbs, thinking, "what the fuck happened to the dream?"

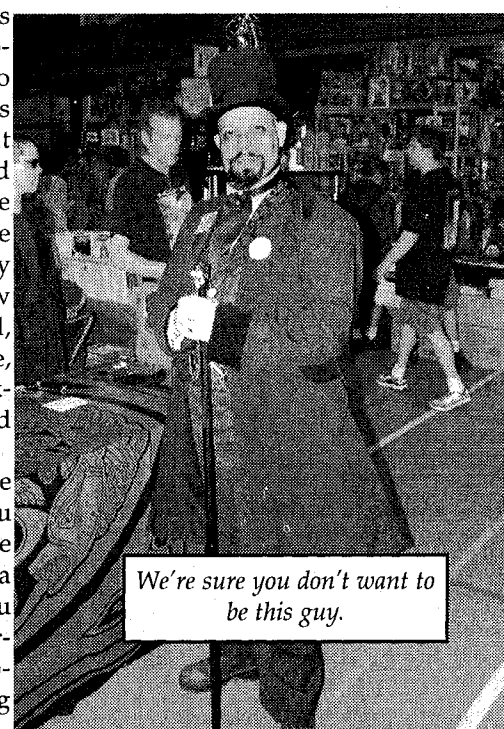
Let me save you some tears and time. BEFORE you graduate Stony Brook, figure out what the fuck you're gonna do because if you don't, you will end up doing 9 to 5 in corporate America. This happened to me and I'm getting

myself out of it. I have two more bloody weeks at my job and I'm done. In desperate need of some sort of reprieve from the last two years, so I'm going to Spain and Greece for about a month, and when I come back, I will start teaching math to little kids in the Bronx.

I applied to this program called the New York City Teaching Fellows and got in! They will pay for my Master's Degree, get me a teaching job in Sept. and pay of almost \$10,000 from my undergrad loans. In exchange, I agree to teach in a "SURR" (School Under Registration Review) for two years. SURR schools are the ones where most

of the students fail or do very poorly on the state standardized exams every kid takes at one point. Most of the SURR schools in New York are in very poor areas of the Bronx and central Brooklyn. The idea behind the Teaching Fellows is to bring people from other fields into these schools. It's a really good program and for a two year commitment, you get a free Master's Degree not to mention you'll be doing something worthwhile.

We're too young too rot away in fucking cubicles. Look into teaching. Go join the Peace Corps. Travel around the world. Do something with your life.



We're sure you don't want to be this guy.

A Stony Summer's Eve

By Glenn Roth

"Summer is the time when one sheds one's tensions with one's clothes, and the right kind of day is a jeweled balm for the battered spirit. A few of those days can make you to believe that all's right with the world" (Ada Louise Huxtable). When the days are hot, and the nights scream for enjoyment, what is one to do except play? The laughter made of whiffel ball, the happiness caused by good company, does life get better? Is there anything that can ruin the simple pleasure of good weather? The answer is yes, and the villain is Stony Brook.

The recent weather has been the greatest testimony of hope I have seen on this campus in two semesters. People who don't even know each other were gathering for a friendly game of Ultimate Frisbee, while others just basked in the magnificence of the sun. All this happiness was too much for Stony Brook to handle, and the Police were quickly dispatched. We were being told to go back to our rooms because there were too many people outside. Since when was this a bad thing? Or maybe as Stony Brook students it is our duty to live our lives in the seclusion of our dorm rooms? Too bad that wasn't mentioned in the College brochure.

Once inside, the "real fun" began. The temperature outside had peaked to over 90° F, yet the building heat had not been turned off, making the average room temperature to be

over 100° F. After asking why, we were told that the heater was on a schedule, which cannot be changed. I would like to hear them tell that to the next student who suffers heat stroke.

As the light turned to darkness, and the temperature dropped down to the mid 70's, one could not ask for a more beautiful night. The clear skies made it feel as though we were living in a fairy-tale. The cool breeze swept over our bodies like water flowing down stream. This was a perfect time to sprawl out in the grass and stare at the stars. Once again, we were able to relax in the company of friends, encompassed by the splendor of the night. Everything was perfect, until the police came once more. The words spewing from their mouths were the same ones we had heard earlier in the day, "Go back to your rooms, there are too many people outside." Again I question, why is this so bad? Does the happiness of a few students jeopardize the good name of Stony Brook?

Perhaps it is not that at all. Maybe we are only to enjoy ourselves at University funded events. You don't see the Police breaking up "Take Back the Night," even though it was twenty times more disruptive than a small group of people sitting on the grass. Those who participated in "Take Back the Night" marched themselves right past the Chemistry building where exams were going on. The concentration

of those students being tested was broken due to the screaming of the masses. I do not mean to offend those who participated in the walk; I merely use it as an example.

Maybe the answer to this problem lies in the hands of the University. I propose that "No Loitering" signs be constructed in our Quads. That way we can be sure that we are not welcome in our own homes. If we are going to be treated as delinquents hanging out in front of a public library, why not decorate our buildings in the same fashion. If this will be the case, I also ask that pamphlets describing the new policy be produced. This way, prospective students planning to attend Stony Brook in future semesters, know the torture they will be subjected to.

The spiteful words in the last paragraph are not meant to be taken seriously. They are merely sarcastic, caused by the anger I have felt due to the situation. As a hard working student, I believe that "down time" is a necessity of life. It is what keeps us sane in times of immense pressure. I fail to see the incentive behind the actions of the Authorities to try to take it away. They should stop trying to rule the lives of the students, and start worrying about our health instead. The day a schedule of a heater is more important than the well being of 400 students is the day I resign from the human race.

Me And Shirley

By Jamie Mignone

Yep, I had some lunch with the president and asked her a few questions. There were other people there in the SAC cafeteria lounge upstairs, all eating quiche with Shirl. Partoi. Some folks wanted to address the prez about some unresolved problems, of which several had been taken to other administrators to no avail. Buzzkill. The food was free and the mood was cordial, but I was constantly distracted by the television in the background. On this television was the classic 80's comedy Summer School, which would be the greatest production of the decade, but for it's distinct lack of John Cusack, it is not.

Shirley-so-fashionable arrived eighteen minutes late with an aid in tow. She explained that she often spoke to students in formal situations, but seldom on a more candid level. I then had to chuckle at the scene where the two badasses got busted for drinking on the beach and their teacher takes the wrap and has to go to jail on roller skates, haha.

That was funny. Then I asked some questions. "I understand that Sunwood is being rebuilt." Someone asked what it was. Madame President explained that it was a beautiful estate donated by Ward Melville that had been burned down. It's about thirty

acres overlooking the water. It's gonna be Shirley's new house. "Will students be able to use Sunwood for functions and events?" Madame president says that it will be available for "retreats, concerts, and fundraisers." Make note of this, for we will have graduated by that time. Then Chainsaw had this nightmare where he couldn't remember anything. Rad.

"What effect is the investigation of Computer Associates having on the construction of the Charles B. Wang Asian-American center?" This question was responded to with a horrible twisting of the face into the shape of a question mark and a judge exclaiming, "You were a black marine in 1968?" upon looking at Dave's I.D. Haha. Shirley's a board member of C.A.

"What plans are being implemented to prevent another housing shortage in the fall?" Shirley says that there are no plans to increase the dorm space for at least another year. The next structures to house students will be built like the new undergraduate apartments. Then Mr. Shoop, in an attempt to pass off his dog as a stray in order to avoid having a ticket issued to him by the LAPD says, "Go away beach dog."

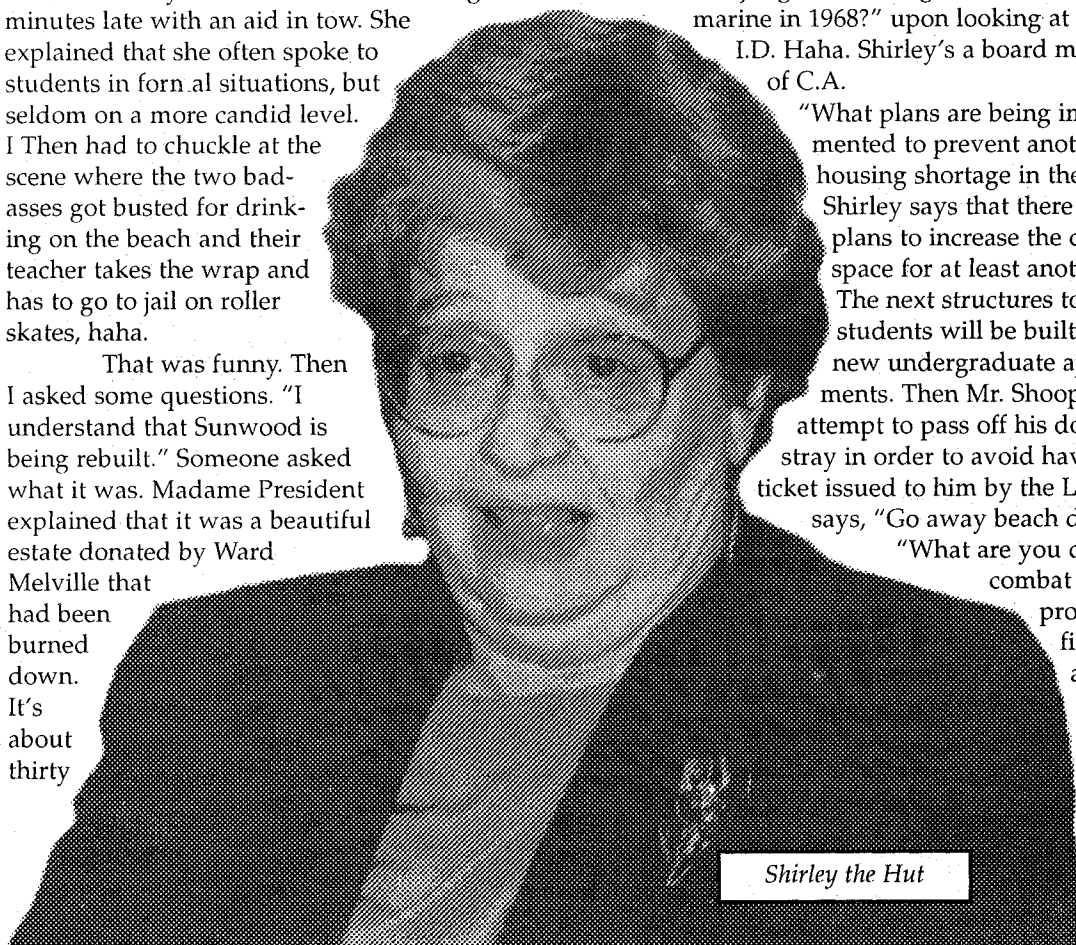
"What are you doing to combat Pataki's proposed financial aid cuts?" "My crystal ball says it's not gonna hap-

pen." Shirley Strum-Kinney thinks that the state assembly will never pass those bills. Then they totally set Shoop's couch on fire and put it out with the contents of his fish tank, fish included!

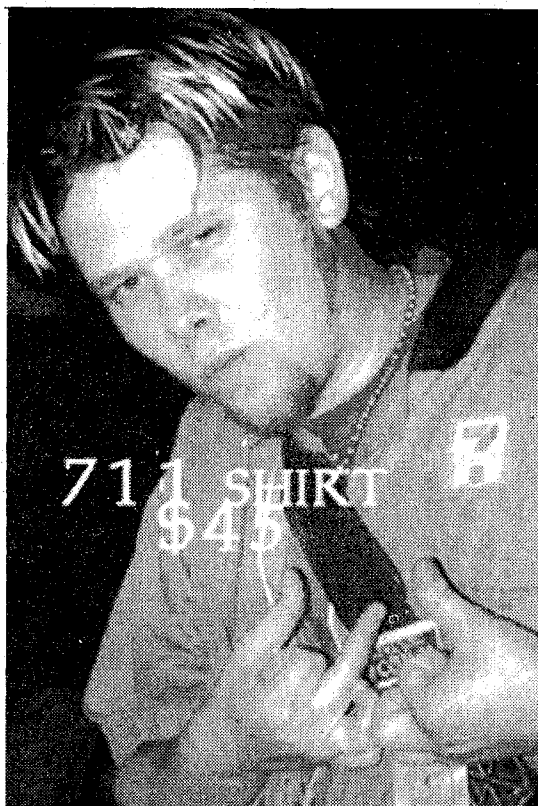
"Do you think that Candace DeRussey's comments on African-American Studies reflects the mindset that a SUNY trustee should have?" (DeRussey might as well have a rebel flag tattooed on her forehead.) Shirl changes shape again in response and says with a smile(?) "I'm very proud of our African Studies department." She failed to give any character assessment of DeRussey. She's kinda her boss, so she ain't talkin' smack at this juncture. Chainsaw then declared, "You gotta keep one arm free to put around the babes," during his road test, much to his instructors dismay. Bad ass.

"What do you think about the results of the Princeton Review, which shows Stony Brook students to be among the most unhappy students when compared to other universities?" According to our dear chief executive, the results of those surveys are out of date. However, the Princeton Review's up-to-date website rates Stony Brook with a quality of life score, on a scale of 60 to 100, with a 74, which is poor, and it's poor right now. Then the pregnant girl went into labor during the final exam. It was wicked cool.

"How do you feel about the fact that 53% of students surveyed by the Press could not identify Afghanistan on a map of the middle east which depicted Afghanistan in a different shade and marked it with a big A, while the US was bombing that country?" "That makes me want to cry." Haha, they just put on that horror skit to scare away Shoop's replacement. You know that part where the one guy eats his own fake eyeball? Right, so Shirley blames the lack of geographical knowledge on American high schools. She praises the campus's diversity, blah-blah-blah...dude, Wondermutt rules. I like the part when he gets his chew-toy back from the ocean while Shoop's totally makin' out with Kirstey Alley. Mint.



Shirley the Hut



711 SHIRT
\$45



LEATHER ARMOR
\$600



\$40,000



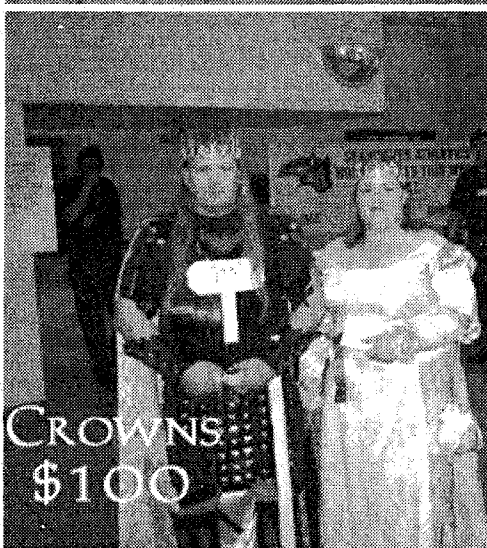
BOTTLE OF ANAL EASE
\$10



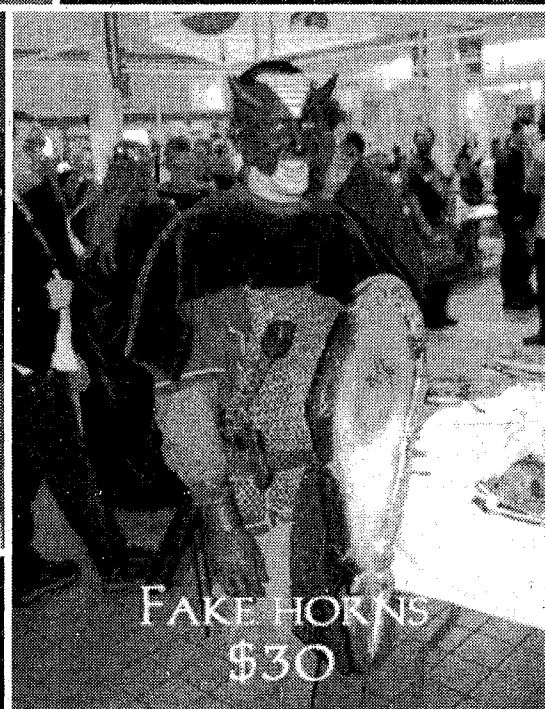
CORSET
\$200



FAKE TEETH
\$100



CROWNS
\$100

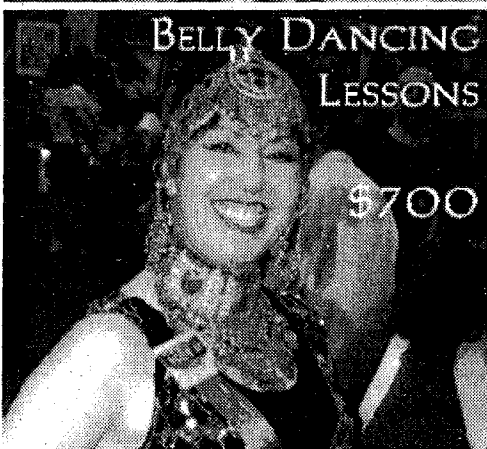


FAKE HORNS
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FILK INSTRUMENT

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BELLY DANCING
LESSONS

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I-CON 21
REFUSING TO ACCEPT REALITY
PRICELESS

Battle of the Century

VS

I-CON

The Baby
Goslings that live
in Roth Pond

PRO

Gives you some-
thing to hate

Rob Gilheany likes
it

Gives you an excuse
to grease up your
thighs and squeeze
through the door

For three days out of
the year, you get to
be respected

Makes you glad you
are not in high
school any more

Fluffy and Cute

Miracle of
nature

Everyone likes
them

Free entertain-
ment

Something else to
blame on Canada

Make you feel
young again

They don't LARP

CON

The coolest thing
that happens on
this campus

Parents get fiesty if
you try to hug the
babies

Freaks of nature

People who think they
are a tenth level Druid

FILKing

Putting the bust back
in bustier

The geeks smell worse
than my dog

Grow up to be
shitting adults

Parents get
fiesty if you try to
hug the babies

Won't be good
eatin' 'til their old

Probably carry
disease

Novelty

Don't know shit
about Star Wars

TOP TEN

Reasons you
didn't go to
I-CON

10 Restraining order

9 Your Mom locked the base-
ment door

8 Spending too much time
at www.vladfrants.com

7 Purple cape did not come in
mail

6 Kicked out for boozin' in Javits

5 Getting Laid

4 Girlfriend took your best skirt

3 Bed Sores acting up

2 Would not fit in schedule of a
normal fucking lifestyle

1 Chain mail bikini broke, the result-
ing flesh tsunami destroyed car

Blue-Jean Mysticism

By Diana Post

I-Con. If you've read this far, you know that a part of this issue is dedicated to the only campus event that ever occurs. Although it may come as a shock to most people who, like any person of good sense, flee this campus faster than cult members after comets. One weekend out of the year, Stony Brook is peopled with elves, fairies, ninjas in bathrobes, fleets of Mega-Men, storm troopers, and even someone called Filthy Pierre.

Another denizen of the I-Con crowd this year was Psychic Debra Margolin. In Javits 103, Psychic Debra explained to a small group about her capabilities and afterward gave a small demonstration, telling people about themselves and giving them advice for the future. She told us that she is a clairaudient, meaning she hears things, and something of a clairvoyant, that she sees things. Dressed simply in jeans and a red and white striped sweater, Debra shared her viewpoints and opinions on many topics concerning psychic abilities.

She has, in fact seen dead people - once or twice. A spirit of a young man appeared in her closet to her not long ago. She says that after she got over the initial shock, she asked him what he needed, but he merely looked at her, turned, and walked through the back wall, into her daughter's room. Several seconds later, she heard her daughter yelling for her, saying there was a light in her room. Because of this experience, Debra says that she thinks her daughter inherited some of her ability from her, but she doesn't know much more than that because the girl is still very young.

She says that all people are surrounded by spirits who guide them through life and help them in different ways. She herself has several spirits, some of them she described to us. One, named Jacob, was apparently a stargazer thousands of years ago, and has given her a love for astronomy. Another spirit saved Debra from being struck by a car at an intersection by pulling her out of the street as a speeding car streaked through the red signal.

Debra also outlined some psychic exercises for those who think they might have the gift. A good way to exercise is to place a deck of cards on a table and put your hand on the top card. Try to feel whether it's "warm" or "cold," in your solar plexus, whether it's "light" or "dark," or "positive"

or "negative." All these characteristics belong to red and black cards respectively. Once you have decided on a color, try to determine if the card is "pointed" or "rounded." Pointed cards are diamonds and spades, rounded are clubs and hearts. Are you psychic?

In order to balance herself before a reading, Psychic Debra meditates by sitting straight and tall on a chair and aligning her chakras, places in the body where energy gathers and spins. She says that in order to give a good reading, she has to be in a neutral state, with all her chakras spinning in the same direction. She places her feet on the ground and imagines her chakras and rights them according to whatever direction she wants them to be turning.

Another subject she discussed was the phenomena of astral projection, which is the idea that you can leave your body and go elsewhere, you can see and hear things many miles away. Debra claims that she once projected unconsciously, and found herself in her then boyfriend's house, where she saw him in bed with another woman. She says that he saw her and leapt out of the bed, and then she woke up in her own bedroom. Thinking it was a dream, she got up and went about her business until her boyfriend called her up later apologizing for what she had seen.

She briefly went over various paraphernalia such as tarot cards, rune stones and Ouija boards, saying that they are merely tools and not windows to psychic ability. She prefers to feel on her own the answers that her clients seek. One tool that she does use however, are quartz crystals. She says that she often sells or gives them to clients who feel they are beset by spirits that mean them harm, or who need healing. Because the quartz crystal is an all-purpose stone, she prefers it over crystals that perform very specific functions. The only crystal she uses besides quartz is

amethyst, because she finds that unhappy spirits often beset her. She told the audience about a large amethyst geode she purchased several years ago, which she carries with her to all of her readings outside her home. When the amethyst protects her from harm, pieces of it will change color and break off of the rest, and she said that what

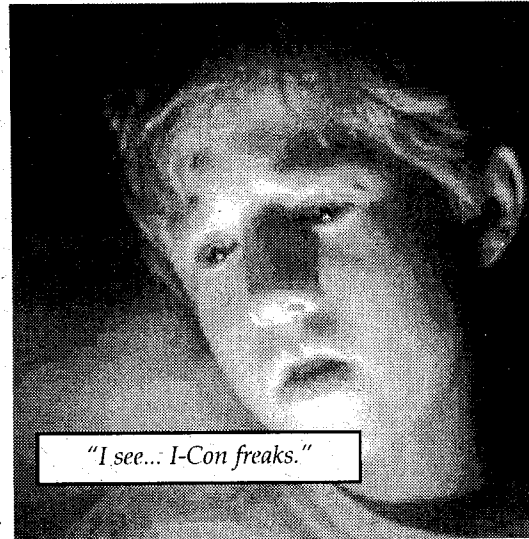
was once a full foot across is now mere inches wide.

After her lecture was over, Debra took questions from the people in the audience, which varied in topic. She was very clear and concise with her answers, and showed that she was down to earth despite her job. She disdains psychics who are in it for the showmanship, like John Edwards, saying that the mysticism that surrounds psychic abilities is purely man-made. She also expressed frustration with people who claim psychic

abilities they do not have, which she says makes her job that much harder.

After the question and answer session was over, she walked around the room giving mini-readings to ten or twelve people. The reading that stood out most was the second one, a young man that after a few seconds of holding his hand, Debra told him he needs to go back to school and stop slacking off because he's going nowhere. He looked very shocked. Debra told a woman to get her car repaired, and asked her why she couldn't hear that awful sound coming from it.

Psychic Debra does not advertise, saying that she prefers word of mouth for people to find out about her, and she will visit the homes of her clients to read for large groups and parties. Her presentation on the paranormal proved very interesting, a nice change from turban sporting Miss Cleo's surrounded by candles and cheap plastic beads, staring blankly into a glass ball until they can invent something to tell you.



Sunday, May 5



dogswalk 2002
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SUNY OLD WESTBURY, LI BEAR MOUNTAIN STATE PARK, NY**

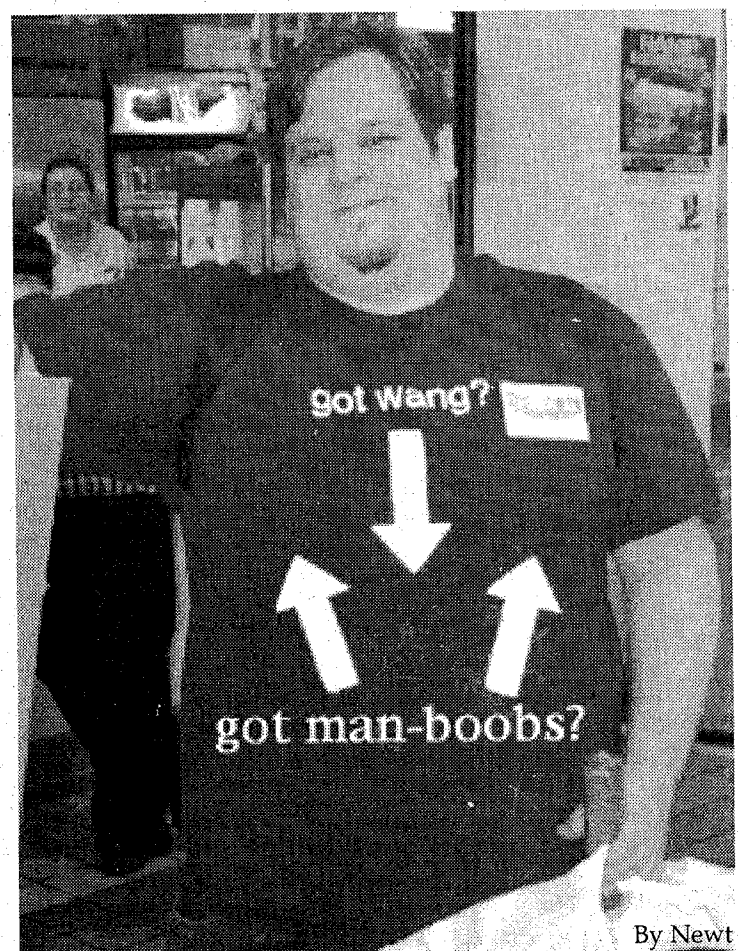
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By Newt

VOX POPULI

70% OF PEOPLE WHO FIND RICHARD SIMMONS SEXY FILK (MAKE "GEEK" FOLK MUSIC) ONCE A WEEK

62% OF PEOPLE WHO CLAIM KIRK COULD BEAT PICARD IN A FIGHT WILL AGREE PICARD HAS A MORE ROBUST FLAVOR

95% OF FEMALES ARE NEAR A LIMIT BREAK

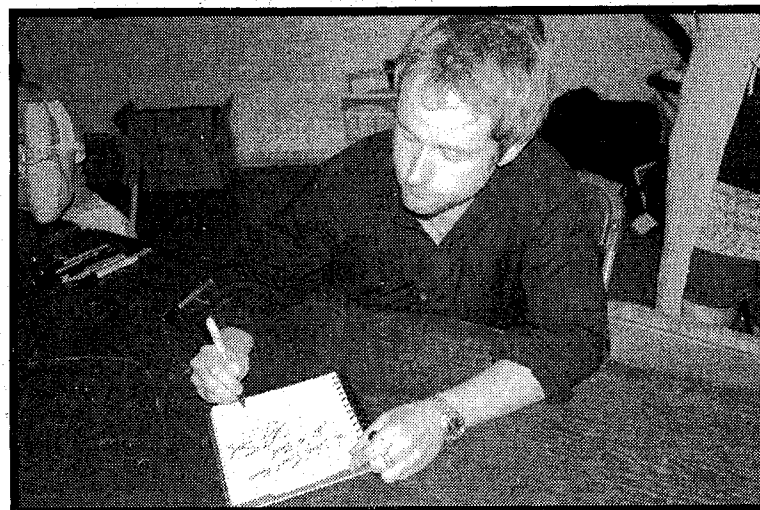
OUT OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN TO THE I-CON MASSAGE PARLOUR 83% OF THEM ARE AT THEIR MAXIMUM HIT POINTS.

48% OF I-CON MEMBERS WHO SAY HYPERSPACE IS FASTER THAN WARP DRIVE ALSO BELIEVE THE JUGGERNAUT CAN BE STOPPED

47% OF GEEKS WHO SAY CHAIN MAIL IS SEXY AGREE THE ANIMATED LORD OF THE RINGS WAS BETTER THAN THE FILM



For My Evil Peeps
@
The Stonybrook Press
VOLTAIRE!



The Stony Brook Press
All the Best,
Billy Bond



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*"I have some
news!" He started
continues: "I could say that
but you were the one who
completely ripped off - you will
open. If you need to communicate
to a piece of paper and
try next to mind, push them
the good news?" He reads
without responding,
but feel your legs either.
an potato in other
how to say and again
have been this, but
badly damaged, most
from inside, in
see*

Pseudo Living

By Vadim Gedzberg

It was Monday. I was tired. I was lying there covered in white sheets asking myself to figure out why this happened to me. It's not the kind of questioning that suggests, "Why not somebody else?" It's more of the kind that inquires as to where did I screw up, what if I didn't hit the brakes.

Back up to the night before. I had just left my friend's house its late, the road is dark and the fog is pretty thick. I can barely see the hood of my own car so I slow down... suddenly a flash of light hits my eyes. No warning, no screeching of tires, just a flash of white light, fade to red. Fade to black. STOP.

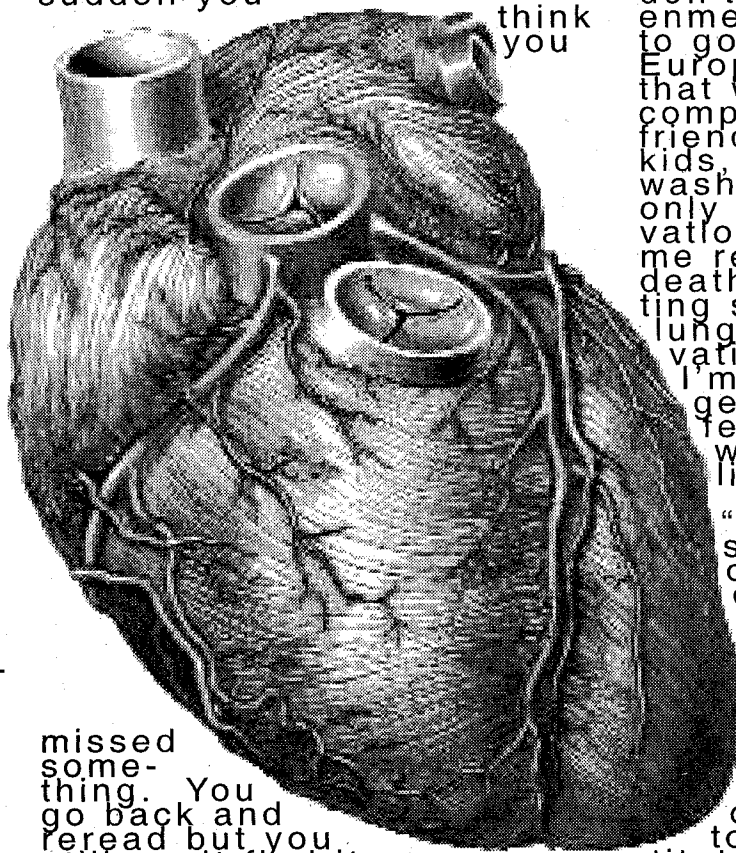
I come to. I'm in a wreck; three cars were involved. My car is completely smashed. I look up from the dashboard to find my windshield missing. I see the other drivers don't seem to be suffering much damage mostly shock, with the exception of a boy. His chest seems to be almost completely torn to pieces. He's scared and crying, lying there on the side of the road. He must have flown straight through the windshield of one of the cars. My instinct is telling me to get out there and somehow help him, to be the hero, but I can barely move. I look down again and see that I'm completely covered in my own blood and it's still pouring out of me. There is a huge rip in my side and my intestines seem to be all over the passenger seat. The medical journal that was me is laid out all over the front two seats of my car. I'm the centerfold Mr. October, straight out of the medical journals. Some how I manage to find the strength to crawl out of the wreck that used to be my 89' Chrysler reliant. Fade to black, I collapse on the road, the pain is too much to handle.

Flash of bright light again, only this time it doesn't fade to red I open my eyes I see a man in scrubs standing over me he says, "Son, can you hear me?" He stands quietly for a moment then continues, "I have some bad news." He pauses, "I wish I could say that you were pretty lucky, but you weren't. Your jawbone was completely ripped off- you will not be able to speak. If you need to communicate use this," he points to a piece of paper and a pencil lying on a tray next to me. I pick them up and write, "What's the good news?" He reads but continues speaking without responding, "You probably can't feel your legs either." I write, "Why did you amputate my other arm?" The doctor gives me a sad smile and continues "I don't know quite how to say this, but most of your vital organs

have been badly damaged, you're constantly bleeding from inside. The only thing we could do is wait to see if any organs become available for a transplant. The thing is with your body constantly bleeding like this you have no more than three days. I'm really sorry. We would like to get in touch with your family to have them here as soon as possible.

What I feel is shock, fade to pain, fade back to me feeling sorry for myself. The feeling isn't fear but it's the only word that comes to mind. How I feel about my life right now, is how you feel when you're reading a book and all of a sudden you

think you



missed something. You go back and reread but you still can't find it, the most important detail, most likely even the point of the book.

I pick up the paper and write what about the boy. The doctor seems puzzled by my question he asks, "Who?" The boy that was lying on the side of the road, he was about five or six, I write. "Oh, his heart is badly damaged he was less fortunate than his parents, he's probably not going to make it through the night." I pick up the pencil and begin to scribble again, what are his blood and tissue types? The doctor reads carefully and says "I'm pretty sure it AB positive I think same as yours."

"How's my heart?" I ask on paper. I'm not being altruistic here or anything, really I don't give a shit if some kid I've never met lives or dies, but this is for me. The little part in me that wants a plaque, a statue or for that matter anything to have me remembered by. I don't give a fuck how I lived my life. I just want people to say, "Oh

yeah, he was a great guy, even in his last minutes he didn't think selfishly."

It's all about your appearance; nobody cares what you have to say as long as you look good. You've never seen a crucifix with a Jesus who wasn't almost naked. You've never seen a Jesus with bad skin, or one with body hair, always thin and muscular. On every crucifix Jesus could be half-naked modeling Calvin Klein or Tommy Hilfiger.

I want to leave looking good but I can't. Now the next best thing is looking like a good guy. How I feel at the moment isn't empty but it's close enough. I don't have time for enlightenment right now, no time to go sky diving or travel Europe to see it in any way that will make me more complete, no time for a girlfriend, a family, a wife and kids, no time for a new washer and dryer this is the only material means of salvation I have left. This is me repenting at my deathbed, this is me quitting smoking after getting lung cancer. Give me salvation through sin. Fuck, I'm not even an endangered species. Don't I feel bad now, even the whale has more right to life than me.

The doctor continues, "Ironically your heart seems to be the only organ that was barely damaged, can be repaired by minor stitching of the valves." I scribbled down, "Are you hinting at something?" I start thinking again, does this kid deserve to live? What will he do, cure cancer, be a doctor, crack addicted prostitute, murderer, child molester? I don't even want to know. Fuck it, what's more important to me right now is redemption. I know it's fucked up, but this kid is my only means of saving myself. Fade to black. Fade back, my eyes are almost all the way shut. I hear the doctor yelling, "Quick the rest of his organs are going, hurry the fuck up." My sentiments exactly. Fade to black. It ends up the little runt bastard ended up dying before me, and since we had the same blood tissue type I end up living, he doesn't. Only one thought crosses my mind: FUCK. I was this close to deliverance, now my plaque is inside me where no one can fucking see it. Its back to living life always doubting that what your doing is right. Always feeling like injudicious after anything that even resembles a major life decision. I'll spare you the story of how I made it to Stony Brook, but between then and now I was an alcoholic for a while. That didn't help.

Breath Taker

by Vikil Girdhar

He felt a lump in his throat, realizing the ever so
Precious passing of time -
The year was coming to a close, and all that was left,
Was this magical night, in which he would shine.
Dreams and desires of putting everyone in a trance,
Seconds away from having the world watch him dance.

He stood behind the curtains, trembling with dread,
Felt the beating of his heart with his hands full of sweat.
Not too long before he'd be the one on stage,
Breathing heavily, he travels into a journey of rage.
Moments of torture and past memories galore,
He felt as if he was everyone else's burdening whore.

He recalls the moments he was cursed, till his
Eyes were so wet that they made his tears all burst.
Sticks and stones had broken his bones in the past,
All the verbal abuses for him were made to last.
Yet he was just moments away for the world to see,
The magical event that would turn him into a celebrity.

He heard the loudness of the crowd, the excitement
Of everyone was filled with screams & shouts all around.
And then came time, as his name was being called,
Crossing his fingers, he hoped tonight won't mark his fall.
He walked upright as the applause suddenly stopped,
With silence so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

He goes into a deep state of mind, as if he went blank,
All eyes fixed upon him, he was so sure of that.
With all 600 of them studying his each and every move,
He needed to start his groove, and needed to start it soon.

He took one step forward as another thought came in,
This is the night, he felt, that he would call his win.

As determined as he was, he would tell everyone off,
He'd dance so hard 'till his legs were ready to fall off.

Tonight was his night to finally go all out,
That is, to show everyone what he was all about.
The audience stared into his face as he looked up
above,

With the clock ticking away, he felt his body go numb.
He felt the anxiety grow, as if he was teasing them all,
Crowds gathered around each other, wall to wall.
He felt a flash within his mind, as his brain throbbed
more,

The audience was growing impatient, of this he was
sure.

He reached within his pocket, twisting his fingers inside,
This was it, he decided - there's no looking behind.

He saw his brother in the front row, his friends right
beside,

"And they've all come to see me," he said as he cried.
He knew that he would be worshipped after all this,
After all, that would be the answer to his wish.
To be known is one thing, but to be accepted is another,
He looked again in the direction of his dear brother.

And just when the wait couldn't get any bigger,
He pulled out his gun and let go of the trigger.
Pointing towards his head, he didn't even bother to
think,

'Till seconds later when his body lay dead with its stink.
Sad part is, no one had even let out a single moan,
In fact, the only last whimpering voice had been his own.

Minutes went by, as everyone cleared out of the room,
The janitor soon came in with his mop and his broom.

Those that were shocked still continued to talk,
And those who didn't care were the first ones to walk.
They cleaned up the body as if it were never even there,

Now let me be honest, it'll only make it fair.

For those who've been reading, you're ever so kind,
But I must admit that this story is actually mine.
There's nothing more breathtaking than a bullet to the
brain,

'Cause it was the only way I would ever again be sane.
How sweet was that feeling of ecstasy for me,
When I let the entire world know what it meant to me.

Yet the impulse of pain brought me back into reality,
As I began to think about my lost future, endlessly.
I did what I did for reasons I cannot understand,
I hopelessly took my own life with the gestures of my
hand.

It's amazing how your friends can forget you easily,
Because all that's left of me is a dust-covered memory,

To prove my case, you must hear the rest,
And then judge me if you will - this I do confess.

By the time the bullet was about half way through my
skull,

The whole point of my actions had started to feel dull.
At that time I wished I could have turned back time,
But instead falling short of breath, I instantly died.
Though I carried out my dream in my very own way,
I got the world to notice me, at least for a day.
And even if I do not have anything more to say,
I hope I was able to take your breath away.

I may no longer have anything to tell,
And so I bid you this farewell.

The End.

Poetic Desires

by Vikil Girdhar

a singer without a song,
a dancer without a tune,
is like a poet all alone,
no paper, no pen, no moon.

why?

why must i spend countless hours
asking myself what this world means
to me? am i so handicapped that i
can no longer express the feelings
my heart makes me out to be?

have i really lost true sense
of who i am because my dreams
want me to be something that
i can never be?

i turned myself into a prostitute,
for i saw only what the world had
wanted me to see. hooked ever so
tightly against my desires, i failed
to listen to the true voices in my
head - those that proved the true
existence of me.

i wonder if the image i see in
the mirror is really a true picture

of me. i fear for my life that i'm
beginning to believe this lie, when
all of it is only deceit. i feel i've
been blinded by those that
once promised to stand behind
me for all eternity.

this is not what i want to be.

the way i have changed, and the
way i have grown, give me more
the reason as to why i feel so alone.
it's a shame that my passion for
the truth has yet to create sparks -
but it's even a greater pity that my
poetic desires have given me a life
that's silenced by dark.

this is not what i want to be.

why?

why should i even consider
suicide as my means of escape?
as much as i would like to punish
myself, i cannot blame my body
for my mind's own rape.

i was too busy sipping my own
tears that i never even got to see my
sky in full blue. who knew that loving
myself would be the hardest thing
that i could ever do?

it's as if i have forgotten how to
smile - as pleasure is something i
have yet to experience, all the while.
in my best effort to define the true
meaning of me, i feel that my words
are the only things that make me free.

and this is what i want to be.

i guess it's the poet inside of me
that realizes i've lost the only true
sense of myself. indeed, there's
nothing more depressing than a
human being, whose last resort
is talking to himself.

as a poet i still search for the moon,
i wish upon the stars that i find it soon.
my paper and pen may already be gone,
yet my poetic desires will forever live on.

Bottleneck

by 

All systems go. The countdown begins. All thirty of us are wrapped up in snug, elastic hammocks. The persistent and subtle humming of the surrounding engines grows more intense. An attendant rushes around triple-checking our harnesses before scampering out through the stripe of a door that had begun to seal automatically. Grim smiles are all around. Crowds rally on our behalf in the distance. I clench a smooth hunk of green crystal in my right hand. It was a gift. Starter jets ignite. The ship heaves and I drop the rock. Four, three, two....eyes close, mouth widens. Liftoff.

"You're a murderer," he screams, waving a localized pressure gun in the air. A yellow sun sinks between the distant mountains and casts gigantic shadows that stretch towards the two lonely figures like claws across the violet desert. I nod my head solemnly in agreement. "And so are you."

I wake up and somebody tells me it's been forty-two years. I have absolutely no idea what this means. I'm steaming and covered in wires, which some familiar kid in pajamas is ripping off me without restraint. "It's your shift," he says with a self-satisfied grin. That doesn't sound good. He hands me a printed sheet of paper and it takes me a few minutes to regain my focus. It's addressed to someone named Mike Daneel, but it's also from this person. It reads: Good Morning Mike,

I thought since waking up would be very disorienting and that I was in a very delicate situation that I should give myself a little reminder. We, that is the crew of Exodus 1, are due to arrive at the habitable moon of Trexia in sixty-seven years, that is traveling at forty percent of the speed of light. You probably do not remember this, but you will. The key thing is that you (I) do not mess anything up before you do remember. I was scheduled to be part of the forty-second team to awaken and maintain the ship for a year. The teams consist of three people, which the computer selects. I trained with all of them in Antarctica. Don't worry about anything. There's a one in ten chance she'll be on the team. If not, paradise waits on the third moon of Trexia. And try to stay away from his friend.

-Yours Truly, Mike

I shudder and crumple up the letter. The boy shrugs and helps me out of the freezing pod before leading me towards two other, older crewmen who are sipping coffee off of plastic tables and staring wide-eyed into their respective computer screens. I approach meekly and mumble, "Hi, my name's Mike, I think." They look up quickly, show some small sign of recognition, and quickly return their eyes to the screen. No use now, with temporary amnesia and forty years of history to catch up on. There would be plenty of time to talk.

He must have been using an infrared scanner to follow me so perfectly through the

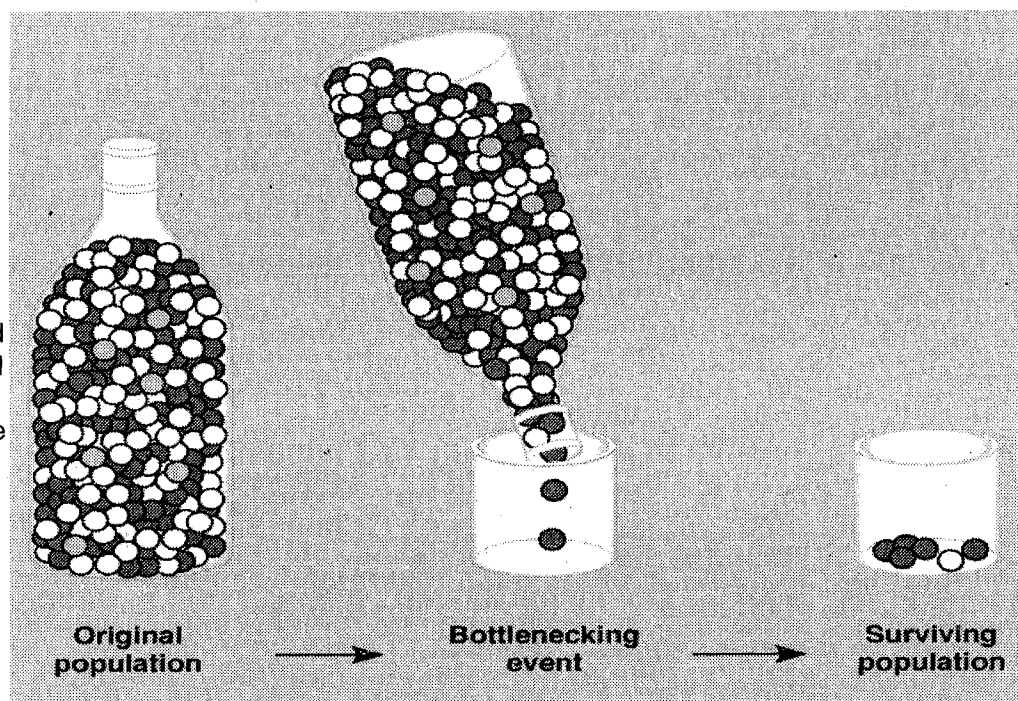
mazelike alleyways of the underground colony. I ducked and dove and scampered through tunnels and sewers for hours trying to avoid him and now, looking back, I could see he was still a few blocks behind me. My pulsemeter starts to beep and flash red. The word "relax" scrolls across the screen of my watch. How did everything go so horribly wrong? Problems were a thing of the Earth and I had gone through great efforts to assure that they would remain there. That rat, that bastard! How dare he destroy my great vision. If only he didn't have that blasted gun I might have a chance to destroy him as well. My only chance is to get him out of the dome and out into the alien atmosphere. I begin to run towards the nearest portal and he's right behind me. Arms around my neck and a gun to my head, I lunge to the floor hoping to shake him off. He doesn't lose his grip and we roll across the packed, purple dirt until I lose all my energy and resign to my deserving fate. A minute passes locked in this deathly embrace. "Let's take this outside," he says eventually and drags me off the ground. I am led to the exit portal of the colony's fragile atmospheric dome with a gun at my back.

It's the seventh month of the lonely shift on the Exodus when I find her gemstone lying on the aluminum-mesh floor next to my hammock. Everything floods back through my mind and I rush to the hibernation pod. Wrinkles line her forehead and I wonder what she's thinking. The rock is cold in my hand and I cross my fingers. My shipmate happens to see this, sports a lopsided grin, and says, "Check out number 11." I stare at him blankly before moving down the line of cylinders. On the way I pass a pod displaying the face of a man, which my eyes are unexplainably drawn to. He was married to an old member of our crew, the thirtieth member, the one I poisoned in Antarctica so that my love could join me on a new world.

I find her lying on the floor of her cubicle bedroom. She is dead. He must have seen us together, drawn his own conclusions, and enacted some vengeance upon her while I was away. Now nothing matters. I race to the Dome Maintenance department to confront him. He sees me approaching,

straps a battery into his pressure gun, and begins to walk slowly towards me. I stop. A localized pressure gun sends out a stream of air condensed to the point where it can effectively rip a hole through me an inch wide at a distance of ten feet. I decide it's time to hide.

Safe in my spacesuit, I step off the landing platform of the Exodus onto the exotic, violet desert landscape of the third moon. The gas giant, Trexia, appears huge and menacingly near in the sky. It's said that a small projectile launched from the surface of the moon would head straight there, rather than falling back down. I feel uncomfortable



looking at it for too long. I see my girl in her spacesuit across the bright, sandy field. She makes a great number thirty. I run to her and embrace her, forgetting only for that moment our vow not to exhibit our affections openly.

The shadows envelope us, and our helmets reflect the cold, blue light of crescent Trexia overhead. "So, I am," my enemy admits, "but I didn't start this." "It isn't my fault alone," I respond indignantly, "We were in this together."

"Then you shall die as well," says the shadow of a face encased in glass as he raises his weapon level with my skull. I notice the pressure of my love's green stone against my gloved fingers. Without a second thought I smash it through the faceplate of his spacesuit. The oxygenated air supply fumes outward into the vacuum and his eyes bulge in an insane grimace before his body drops to floor. So I have won.

I walk into the alien desert alone in the night, unable to return to my colony for I have murdered an innocent and will surely face exile. Well, at least I am not completely alone before my death. I have you, my wonderful crystal in front of me, who gladly listens to my story.

Haiku Section

Reading poetry
to women will get me laid
English majors suck

Fuck the damn landlord
We don't have to pay the rent
cause we're communists

Hey indie rock guy
You're just a little weenie
Why don't you fuck off?

Q: If there was a fight,
Palestine or Israel?
A: Who's got bigger guns?

Dishonorable
Discharge has two meanings when
You fuck your sergeant

I need your clothes your
Boots and your motorcycle
Arnold finds a friend

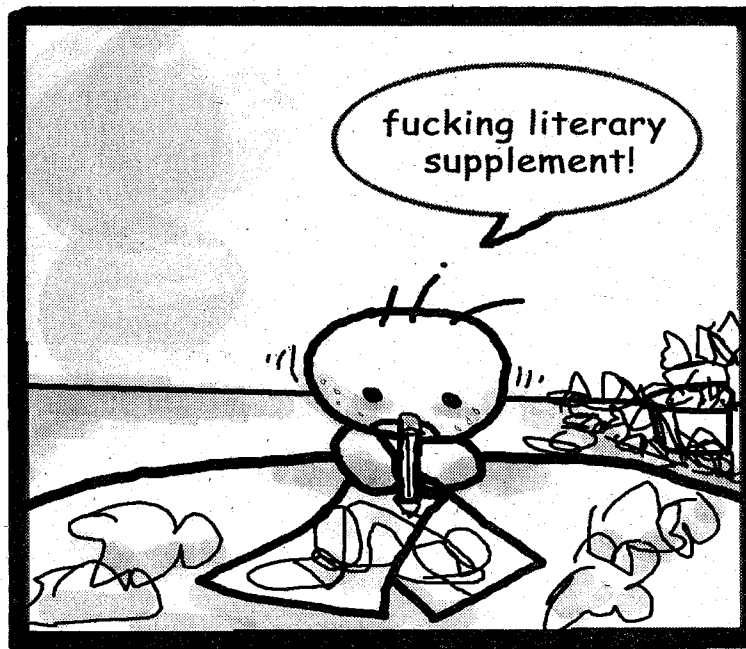
Stony Brook makes me
Think about killing myself
I live on campus

Jesus has these holes
That go through his hands and feet
Bet that really hurts

Super Mario
Fights the king of the Koopa
Bowser is his name

Chunks of nasty fat
By-product of modern life
Pass me a spoon, please

My lord Porcelain
You receive my gifts of praise
" Home to Valhalla



NUBS © 2002 zdidesign.com

Evil Olsen Twins
Both 65 years old now.
Strange, you won't die though

You crazy bitch, you
Delusional, psychotic
The name you own: cunt

Do you have I.D.?
I don't have it with me, man.
No Saint Ides for you

Lather my peach hair
Soft skin will lick easily
Juicy gardening

Spray drool on my cock
My part wants blow-loving
I shot miky cum

Bare, pink silhouette
Smooth finger investigates
Tongueing luscious butt

Mad puppy luster,
Sordid experiment with sex
Like metal screaming

Incubate through chocolate
There, sausage felt almost rigid
Sweet love used most latexly

Productions boring
It hurts but needs to be done
Kind of like blood tests

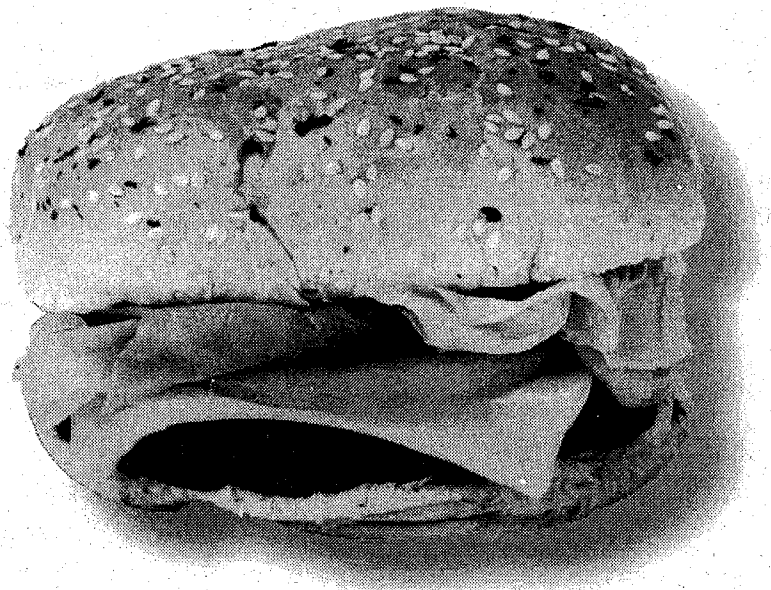
I-CON makes me puke
Fat girls should not wear chain mail
Can't wait 'till next year

I need a haiku
It does not have to be good
It's for the paper

Fry Oil

by A

Oh putrid, festering, rank, vile, odious, vat of nasty fast food grease- how I detest your existence. You are the reason people grow old and die. Nothing compares to your wretchedness; I want to smear you on a bun and sell you to the devil. I want you in the shape of a person so I can squeeze your neck until you fall to the ground dead. You should be lit and fire and burned, with all the smoke saved in some big balloon to be buried twenty feet underground. I think of your chunks of fat floating in a black paste of used fry oil and I want to bang my head on a railroad spike.



Public Enemy #1

by E.J. Tsakiris

Every evening at 6:30pm families came together, businesses closed for a half hour, the nation stopped still. Everyone watched the most popular television program of all time, N.U.P. (National United Program). A government run TV program that ran with only a few commercials from the armed forces. Everyone watched, not because it was intellectually stimulating or a patriotic thing to do, it was because everyone was strangely drawn to it.

Johnny Q. was the host, the most famous TV star ever, with catch phrases such as "I'm down on that!" and "I'll take five tacos and a large Pepto-Bismol!". Everyone thought it was hysterical. Except for one man whose synapses in his head were mutated and worked differently than ours. All he saw on TV was a bunch of gibberish and corny jokes.

"I swear Sam, that shit is like mind control", Edge Smith remarked.

"Hey! That's an ugly Internet rumor!", Sam snapped, "Sorry Edge. I just hate it when people talk down about NUP".

"I thought you were smarter than that horrible abomination of a show", Edge commented.

"It's a good show! Just watch it once and you'll be hooked too", Sam said.

"I've watched it before... It is just crap", Edge said, "Anyway, where did you go this weekend? We were supposed to play ball, but you were nowhere to be found".

"Oh... Uh... You know I hate playing baseball", Sam answered.

"Since when? You played four years varsity in high school and you set up 'The Sunday Game'. We've been playing every Sunday night during the spring and summer for the last five years." Edge replied. "You feel alright?"

"Yeah. I was just messing with you about baseball." Sam said. "I wasn't around because we got a call that my grandmother died."

"Oh shit. I'm sorry, I didn't know."

"No she wasn't dead... It was a... Uh... mix up. Some other lady died at her old age home."

"Ok." Edge questionable said, "Well I got work in an hour and I got to get ready. I'll see you at Billy's later?"

Edge went to shake Sam's hand in there normal fashion of shaking hands and a few wrist movements, but Sam didn't seem to remember their shake.

"What the fuck is up with Sam?" Edge thought as he walked to his car. "He disappears for three days and then comes back with a really lame story and he doesn't remember anything!"

Edge hopped in his car and headed home. As he drove his mind began to ponder what was going on. It wasn't just Sam. It was the people he worked with, neighbors, other friends, even his own family seemed as if android clones replaced them.

"Am I insane? Everyone is changing around me. Am I the one growing distant from everyone I know? No. I'm straight. Everyone is whacked out! But why? What is the cause of all this... Is it that fucking TV show? Everyone who watches it seems to have a cultist obsession with it. Hell, my boss who wouldn't close the store even during that blizzard last winter close the store for a half hour every night for a half hour to watch it. And he loves money and also wants us to do something even if business is dead. But they all cram into the break room and watch the retarded show, while I just sit there and read. I got to talk to someone about this... Hm ... John's buddy, Rob Flanagan from high school is in the FBI now. Maybe he knows something.

Edge got home, ate a late lunch/ early dinner, and got changed for work. He looked at his parents sitting across from each other, not saying a word, but their eyes were fixated at each other. He then grabbed his jacket and keys and said: "Well, I'll see you later. I'm going to work."

"OK Honey. Have fun" His parents replied monotonely.

"Yeah, I'm gonna smoke some crack and kill a hooker after rape her."

As usual Edge restocked shelf, helped helpless customers, with his distinct trademarked boarded expression on at work. Edge wanted so much more out of life than this. He knew he was destined for more than just being a clerk. But he kept on working everyday knowing that graduation was coming up soon, and as usual, or the usual for the last six months, the store closed at 6:30pm and everyone bum rushed the TV to watch N.U.P. Except for Edge. He sat down on the register counter and read some Vonnegut, Kerouac, or Joyce as he usually did for the half hour. His boss, Mr. Weasaly, finally noticed Edge wasn't watching the show. After the show was over, he confronted Edge.

"Edge, I've noticed something disturbing about your behavior lately!" His boss said. Here comes the lecture. "You're not engaged in activities with your co-workers. anymore. I haven't seen you at our monthly bowling night the last 2 times, and just noticed that you never watch NUP with us anymore."

"Well, I never watch NUP and I play ball every Sunday night." Edge rudely retorted.

"Don't you want to be a team player? I know you want to be one."

"If watching that crap show is being a team player then... No!"

"Fine then! I'm making it store policy that everyone must watch NUP! So you have to watch or you will be terminated on the spot!" Mr. Weasaly yelled.

"Then Mr. Weasaly..." Edge said as he took off his apron and nametag. "That show is moronic and only stupid fucking retards like yourself watch it! I quit Asshole!"

Edge threw down his work paraphernalia and head for the doors.

"Wait you can't quit! And certainly you can't say unkind words about the NUP, You crazy hippie beatnik!" Mr. Weasaly yelled.

"Hippie Beatnik? Where the hell did you get that? Sounds like something from an old sitcom rerun."

"From the great words of Johnny Q. He talks about you crazy reefer smokers!"

"Reefer? No one has called it that since the 50's." Edge said. "Why don't you call me when Johnny Q. gets up to 'What you talkin' 'bout Willis?' or 'Dynamite!'. Now move out of my way you corny bastard!"

Mr. Weasaly blocked the door. Edge grabbed his five foot four, one hundred and twenty pound body and tossed him into a magazine rack. Edge then smiled at him and left.

"What you talkin' 'bout Willis? ... That's a great one! He should write for NUP." Mr. Weasaly thought as he laid in a pile of magazines with Johnny Q. on the cover.

Edge grabbed some drive-thru and ate it in his car. He thought about calling up Rob Flanagan and letting him know what's up with this madness taking over this town.

Edge went to a pay phone and dialed:

"May I speak with Agent Flanagan please ... Tell him it is Edge Smith. He is a friend with my brother. He should remember me ... Yes I'll hold... Hello... Yeah sorry to bother you at work Rob, but I got to tell you

something... Yes, my parents are good... Oh that's nice... Listen some crazy things are going around here... Well it seems people are being brainwashed by a cult... Not a cult 'cult', more like a TV show... That NUP show... No I don't watch it... It's stupid, anyway everyone who watches it that I know is changed from it... Kind of like you... Where am I? Click.

"Shit! He's been NUP'ed too. I need a few drinks, quick." Edge thought as he sped away in his car.

A usual Friday night at the bar, well usual for the last six months. People of all types sitting, drinking, talking about NUP, all except Edge. Edge sat back drinking his beer, followed by a shot of Jameson. He pounded down quite a few in his first half hour there. Chris and Sam showed up. Edge thought "Well at least Chris is normal still."

"Edge, What's Up! I thought you were working till ten?" Chris said as they did the proper handshake that Sam forgot earlier that day.

"I quit today. Walked right out. My boss got in my way and I threw him into a display rack."

"Holy shit, Man! What happened?" Chris asked

"Well he told me that it was mandatory to watch that fucking retard show NUP." Edge said loudly and was heard over the crowd.

"That show is great. I think if you watch it, you'll love it." Chris said.

"That's what I told him." Sam added.

"Did somebody just say NUP is 'Fucking retarded'? A big biker type said very loudly over the crowd.

There was a silence over the crowd and everyone was in shock.

"He did! He did!" Sam yelled pointing at Edge.

"You bastard!" Edge yelled at Sam as the Neanderthal approached Edge with the look of death in his eyes.

"You're going down, you hippie beatnik!" The Biker yelled.

"Yeah. You Anti-establishment Commie!" Sam added.

Edge clocked Sam with a strong right hook and Sam fell down in front of the Biker and Edge ran for the door. As he ran for the door, a SWAT team busted in with a handful of FBI agents. They grabbed Edge, threw him down, and held him at gunpoint.

"That's the guy!" A skinny man in a cheap dress shirt and tie pointing at Edge.

"We got you now, Public Enemy #1!" FBI agent Rob Flanagan said to Edge. "Thank you Mr. Weasaly. You've done your country a great service. Take him away!"

"I've done nothing, you brainwashed fuckers!" Edge screamed as he was dragged away by the FBI.

The room was dark, except for a bright light on Edge's face. He felt woozy as he awoke. He noticed a metal contraption strapped to his head.

"So Mr. Smith, You don't like our little program?" A strangely annoying voice said from the darkness.

"You can't do this to me! I know my rights! This is illegal imprisonment!" Edge yelled as he noticed he was strapped into a chair.

"Well, We make your so called rights and now you have none." Laughed the voice.

"What the fuck is going on?"

"I'll tell you soon. It seems you are part of a .00005% of the population that is not effected by our program." The voice said.

"Yeah. I guess I'm not part of your target audience."

Public Enemy #1 Cont.

"Oh! And you're a wise ass too!" The voice replied. "Turn up the lights, please."

The lights came on and the room was filled with military dressed guards with guns, doctors, and the most popular TV personality of all time.

"You are trying to break up the fabric that our 'new' great nation is made up of," Johnny Q. said.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?, The President?"

"No. But we control the puppet strings... of The President, Congress, and the whole free world. Yes. And when I say world I mean it. Soon we will have control of the world!"

"So you use NUP as mind control to?"

"To control society and recruit new soldiers in our war," Johnny Q. said as he took a drink from his coffee cup. "You are supposed to say 'War? What War?' Haven't you ever seen a James Bond movie before? Anyway... We are waging a secret war. We successfully conquered Central America and parts of Brazil. Now we are at war with China for territory and natural resources. We've replaced our 'drafted soldiers' with androids."

"You fucking bastards! You sent Sam to his death!" Edge furiously yelled.

"And your buddy Chris just got sent out,

too." Johnny yelled as he punched the bound Edge, who fell to the floor still strapped to the chair. "No respect. Now that I have your attention, Listen and shut the hell up! You pose a threat of blowing our cover, so we can do two things to your kind. Kill you or send you off to war. What is your choice?"

"You really got my balls in a vice grip. I'm not going to let you kill me." Edge answered.

"Well soldier, Welcome to the army." Johnny Q. said as he saluted Edge. "Doctor, prepare this soldier boy for shipping out."

Two MP's untied Edge from the chair and picked him up. Johnny came up to him and hugged him.

Then he whispered... "Make me proud. Just like your friends."

"I'll get you..." Edge yelled as he was dragged away.

"Now try to relax as I insert this chip in your head." The doctor said as Edge awoke again and he looked up to see a fully mirrored room. He was in army fatigues and his head was shaved. He also noticed a stinging sensation on his forearm. He glanced at his arm to see it branded with a barcode and an army seal of approval above it.

Edge thought to himself, "Great now I'm like a piece of merchandise being put on a shelf."

The Doctor approached with a scalpel in hand.

"Hey Doc, Can I tell you something?" Edge said.

"Sure, Son."

"Come closer..."

PUBLIC ENEMY# 1 ON THE LOOSE

FBI warns concerned nation

Washington D.C. (AP)-- FBI sources released a statement this morning at a press conference that the most dangerous fugitive of all time has escaped federal custody last night. Five unnamed FBI agents were killed in the daring escape.

The evil Edge Smith, murdered the five agents in a drugged induced rampage. Smith is also wanted for espionage and terrorism. Two nights ago he was arrested for viciously assaulting his former boss, who is still in critical condition, and for insighting a riot that left the downtown area in a fiery blaze.

He covered his malignant life by pretending to be a college student, but at night planned terrorist activities to destroy the fabric that our great nation is made up of.

When interviewed his parents stated: "He kept his activities hidden from Lis and then he would speak of illicit drug use, prostitution, and rape."

The FBI and CIA have posted a five million dollar reward for the capture of Edge Smith.

Newly appointed Head of Terrorism, Robert Flanagan stated: "Edge Smith is armed and considered extremely dangerous. He is wanted dead or alive."

Smith's whereabouts are unknown, but there is a countrywide manhunt out for him. Flanagan also added: "We will get our man. Edge, give yourself up. No one will believe your hippie ramblings."

The search continues...



Untitled Poetry

by andrea leeson

i am tired
of airplane highs
and clogged eyes
and five fire hour
flights
eating acid
to subdue
and enflame the stiff
airport air.

i used to take a yel-
low pill
one half hour
before landing
so i wouldn't shake
when i kissed your
face,

i used to think of you.
and now only through
the airports,
the swirling roads,
oh,
the silence of this
scene.

i am tired
of humid highs.
and yet
i miss your swampy
knees,
your need,
your lack of me.

this burning city
a sweet metaphor
on a day like today,
if you enjoy
loathing
the will of God,
and being livid
with the thought
of Him.

i want to tell her,
girl,
even if you'd worn
pants
or armor,
or almost nothing,
he'd have found a
way.

they always find a
way.

i wonder
when i'll throw
out the clothes i was
raped in,
or why they smelled
so human when we
burned
them.

this is my
winter.
i won't be as sick
as this sick
secret.

on the other side
of his undoing,
i'm ok.

if i close my eyes
against odd mad
memories,
some nights
i can smell new twi-
light
in my skin.

grace and sleep
mix
like the slow crawl
of the Mississippi.

does anyone remem-
ber that night?
i pretend the rhythms
as if i may one day
remember them

i crashed his car that
night
into everything i saw,
popped all four tires
at once.
we laughed and
swore
open mouthed
almost pretending i
was still
alive.

i uncrossed my legs
bumming nickels
off of old men
on the gambling boat

did that night even
happen?

grace and sleep
mix
like our drug red
conclusions,

but better
than you
and the flu
on a rainy afternoon

if i quote rimbaud
will i be normal
enough
for this misery

tonight i can't rest
this night is really
happening.





Vows

By David Sorger

The sword feels heavy in her hand. Each swing is weaker than the last, yet she continues to swing. Matted red hair covers her green eyes. Even if she could see well enough to cast them her spells would be empty as devoid of energy as she is.

"Give it up Colleen! You can't hold out much longer." She looks up towards the new sound as her attacker's pause to let their lord speak. He is sitting there as majestic and cocky as the first time she saw him.

The thunderous sound of approaching horses pulls her from her studies. Closing the book she was so engrossed in only moments before she goes to the door. Opening the door to the small cottage she sees cause of her interruption. The lord of the land, his seneschal, and four soldiers acting as guards await he exit. The lord and his seneschal dismount the soldiers do not.

She studies both the lord and his seneschal before speaking. The lord is young, barely into his twenties if that. His attire only serves to further his youthful appearance. His shirt is frilly and blue serving no other function than that of decoration. His brown hair is cropped short in the royal fashion ending just before eyes of the same color.

His Seneschal is more functionally dressed. The muted golden browns of his uniform are contrasted by the bright blue sash symbolizing his lord. He is older than the one whom he serves, which does not help the youthful appearance of the latter.

"To what do I owe this honor my Lord?"

"Lady Winters, the noble Lord Aron wishes to ask for your hand in marriage."

"I am flattered of course," she replies formally. "I have, however, posed a challenge to all potential suitors. Whoever can best me in both sword and sorcery shall receive my hand in marriage as his reward."

"Lord Aron the Cowardly, the man who has to send an entire army just to subdue his desired bride." The attackers, soldiers, chuckle at the retort.

"We all know that you are no ordinary woman, you are a Winters, that makes things entirely different."

"Submit to my challenge then. I'll even make it easier for you. Best me at the blade, right here, right now, and I will agree to marry you. My magic is gone and my sword arm tired, that should it an even match." Again a chuckle rises from soldiers.

"Take her," his voice cut through the laughter and the soldier resume their assault. She plans each strike carefully for they are weak and growing more so. Her first swing catches one of her attacker's throat. He gurgles while slowly sinking to the ground, blood pouring from his mouth. Her following blow is aimed for the next one's chest.

Her fatigue begins to overwhelm her. The soldier is able to parry the blow with his own blade. Fortune abandons her, as he is able to gain an upper hand from the attack.

The responding assault is far more crude than hers relying mostly on physical strength and little skill. The effect, however, would be more than sufficient to split her skull. With all of the speed and reflexes her exhausted body has left she pulls her sword up in time to parry the blow.

Though she manages to hold onto her head a while longer, it provides a more than adequate distraction for the soldier on her flank. Swiftly, he swings at her head with the flat of his blade. The first soldier sees this and pulls his sword back leaving her off balance. The initial blow takes her from her feet, causing a harsher impact with the ground.

Worn out past the point of exhaustion she cannot overcome the damage that has been done. It is not for lack of trying for even as her senses begin to dim she pushes herself off the ground. Her arms don't have enough strength left to push her to her feet. This forces her to settle for simply rolling herself onto her back. Looking up she sees the soldiers standing over her with

their swords at her throat. Wishing she knew which way her sword went, she raises her hands in surrender.

Lord Aron quickly steps into view carrying a set of manacles in his hands. She had little choice, but to let him place them on her wrists. The two soldiers lift her to her feet only to find that they too have abandoned her. Now almost limp in their arms the dizziness begins to wash over her. The last thing she sees as she slips into unconsciousness is the battlefield littered with bodies. Every last one of them died by her hands. A slight pang of guilt hits her as her eyes close of their own volition.

When she finally regains consciousness it brings with it the wonderful amnesia of waking up. One look at the iron and silver bracers locked to her wrists is all it takes for her to remember. Looking from the bracers to the room she notices a guard is sitting in the corner by the door. The door is directly in front of her bed and other than the chair and the bed the room is bare. The guard leaves the room when he notices that she is awake. Lord Aron is with him when he returns a few minutes later. He hands the guard a coin, probably gold but she can't tell.

"You have done well. Wait outside I may have need of you soon." He turns to her. "Did you enjoy your nap?" "I'll never marry you! I'd rather die first!"

"Sadly no, you are of no use to me dead. As for your first statement it is futile. We are already married, for the law states that the Lord may chose his bride." "Pretty convenient law."

"I think so, although I cannot claim credit for. This next one, however, is mine. No women can refuse to have sex with her husband."

"If you think-"

"That is precisely what I think!" He cuts her off. "This is going to happen whether you like it or not. The only choice you have left is do we do it the easy way or do I have the guards hold you down until it is over."

"With a marriage comes vows and if you do this I vow: your lands shall soon be lacking both lord and heir. No, I do not consent, nor will I comply with vile law."

"I assumed as much. Guards!"

The guards rush in and hold her down until he has finished with her. They all leave the room the last guard taking the chair with him.

She sobs for what seems like an eternity before managing to pull herself together. Futilely, she looks around the room in search of anything that could be used as a weapon. With a sigh she gets out of the bed and sits herself in the middle of the room.

She takes a deep breath as she closes her eyes. Raising her forefinger to her teeth, she bites into it until it is bleeding sufficiently for her task. Carefully, she traces a series of runes and symbols on the floor front of her using her own blood as ink.

"To any and all who listen I call to thee! I have a bargain to make and lives to trade!"

The few candles lighting the flicker then die. Flames of pure blue take their places upon the now dark candles. Blue light bathes the room revealing a shadow that was not there before.

"You stand before us without the aid of wards and with your magic bound. There is nothing to stop me from taking your life and giving you nothing in return. This is too easy. One might think this is a trap."

"Then why have you come?"

"Because trap or not a Winters' soul is too sweet a reward to pass up. Besides there are others who wait to aid me if things go wrong."

"For a price of course."

"Of course."

"Then let me help you offset some of the price of your caution. Yes, you could take my life and soul now, instead what I offer you is not only that, but that of Lord Aron as well. All it will require is a small

effort and some patience on your part." "I am listening."

"There is life within me, children by the Aron and myself. I ask that you keep them female and ensure that they are Winters Born. Keep your part of the bargain and my life and that of my husband are yours to claim within an hour after their birth."

"You enter into this bargain of your own free will?"

"Yes." "On your honor as a Winters you swear to uphold your end of the bargain?" "I'll do it."

"Then you have your bargain." The blue flames succumb to the same fate as the ones they replaced leaving her in total darkness.

For the next nine months Colleen is remains at Lord Aron's keep. For all practical purposes she is a prisoner, a well treated prisoner, but a prisoner nonetheless. Servants see to it that she is comfortable and in the best of health, while guards see to it that she does not travel far from her room.

Lord Aron visits her often, assuring her that she will grow to love him. Each day that he visits her she smiles knowing that it is another day closer to his death. She tries to enjoy the ever fleeting time that she has left and Lord Aron is willing to indulge her so long as she does not leave. Soon, however, her pregnancy runs its course and she is in labor. The midwives are called in and the birth is without complication.

"Lord Aron, it is my pleasure to present to you your daughters."

"Daughters! This is your fault witch!"

"I keep my vows and my bargains." As before all the fires in the room turn blue and illuminated shadows come alive.

"I kept my part of the bargain."

"That you did."

"What is going on here?" Lord Aron asks his question while every servant and midwife flee the room.

"It is now time for you to keep yours."

"That it is. I grant to you the soul and life of Lord Aron, my husband by law, as payment for services rendered."

"You can't!"

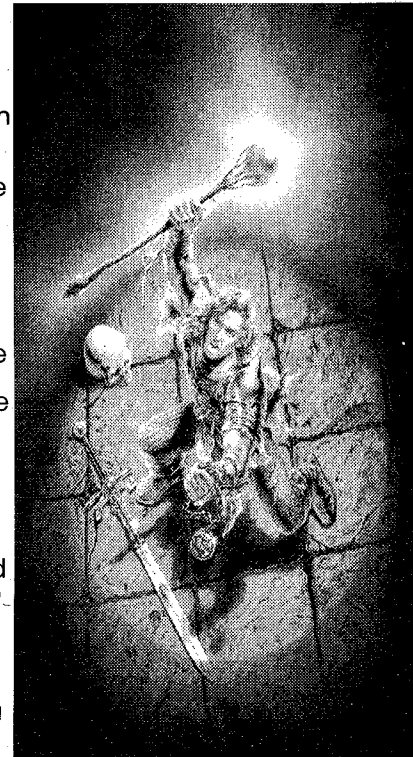
"By your own words I can. It was you yourself who proclaimed us wed."

"Then by my words I proclaim us unwed!" He is now backing away from the shadows that are moving towards him.

"It is too late now for the bargain has been made and the payment must be rendered."

"No!" He tries to scream as the shadows surround him, but there is only silence. Soon he is completely encased in shadows. When the shadows finally retreat, he is no longer there.

"There is a little time left before the hour is up. Enjoy it for when I return it is your turn." Once again she is left to total darkness. This time however she holds her infants close to her.



Vows Cont.

"You shall be called Emily," she says while looking at the child to her right. "And you shall be called Natasha. It makes me proud to know that the Winters line will continue with two new members. Do not worry I will see to it that you are taken care of."

"It is time."

"I know," she says without looking up. "I only hope that one day you will understand that I did this for you." She looks up to face the shadow that will claim her soul. "I Colleen Winters, bequeath to you my life of my own free will as final payment for services rendered. My soul, however, has one last thing to do

before it is yours."

"That wasn't part of the bargain."

"Have but a little more patience. When the sun rises next I relinquish all claims on this soul to you."

"Carry out your task mortal, then your soul is mine!" The shadows surround her leaving only her twins in the bed.

The first rays of light are almost upon the land as she find at last the house she seeks. Locked doors mean nothing to her as she passes through them with ease. She moves from room to room until she comes upon the only occupied room. The figure in the bed stirs as she enters.

"Colleen? Is that you?"

"Yes, it is my friend."

"What are doing here?"

"Dawn is almost upon us I haven't much time. I'm dead Aliesha. I also have two

daughters, Emily and Natasha. You must look after them for me. Don't worry you will know which one's which. They are at their father's, Lord Aron's estate. There will be much confusion there so you should go unnoticed. My house and everything I own is yours to do with as you please until they are of age. You may tell them of me but not their father."

"I will do as you have asked my friend."

"Thank you. I have no body left to bury but could you see to it that I have a grave. I want that much at least."

"I will," she says with tears in her eyes.

"I have to go now," she replies as the sun's rays begin to light up the room. She looks to the window then back to her friend. "Good bye." As the light grows stronger she grows weaker until she fades away.

Johnny & The Liver

by Ceci

This is a story my father use to tell my brother and I around a campfire, or while waiting in a car for my mother to finish our weekly grocery shopping. It's been at least 10 years since he's told it, so I'm not sure how much I'm inventing. For that matter, I'm not even sure if it was originally his story. Nonetheless, I was amused, and hopefully it'll be even more amusing once I've had my way with it.

"Johnny! Get your ass to the store. We need meat for your father's dinner tonight. I don't care what you get, but make sure it's something he won't beat either of us over," said Johnny's sad mousy middle-aged mother.

Johnny rolled his eyes, finished his Super Mario Brothers game (which took him an hour), and meandered to the store.

He took the long way kind of like that one kid from the Family Circus comic, but the things he saw were a little more morbid, passing by a cemetery with fresh graves, a drug deal or two, and a couple of prostitutes he would have more experience when both were older. For a kid of 10, none of this fazed him as much as it should have. The only place that even remotely caught his interest was a brand new comic store. It stood out in between the old run down Laundromat that specialized in laundering money and a rundown BBQ joint that specialized in barbequed rodents and giant cockroaches.

He stared to walk by, but right there in the window was a brand new comic he had never even heard of and Johnny knew his comics. It was about this troll who had a problem with picking his nose and piercing his brain, and how he solved it by tricking a unicorn into eating his fingernails by putting carrots onto them. It was called The Troll and the Unicorn. At the time Johnny thought it would be the best thing in the world, little did he know the hype around it was just that, hype.

So Johnny got drawn in by the hype, and forgot that his short-tempered alcoholic overworked father would beat him if he didn't bring him his meat for dinner. He walked into the comic store, bought his comic, and ran to the ice cream parlor next to the brothel to have a root beer float while he savored his new comic. By the time he finished the comic, tore it up, and threw it away, Johnny realized the deep shit he was in.

He reached the grocery store and being the bright boy he was and remembered he spent all of his money on the horrid comic. He went into the store anyway, and tried to flirt with the butcher's daughter hoping the poor deformed girl (she was missing fingers, an ear and a chunk out of her foot from all the times she tried to take over her father's job when he took his afternoon naps) would give him a liver for free. Unfortunately the girl was having an overly rough day from chopping off another finger (she was down to six fingers), and between



her hysterics and her deafness couldn't understand what Johnny was doing. So she threatened him with the carving knife, and screamed something about not giving away her meats or eggs for free. Whatever the case, Johnny didn't hear her, because as tough as he may seem, he wasn't in the mood to fight off a psychotic girl with a meat cleaver. So Johnny slowly shuffled home, kicking an old Natty Light can as he wondered how to talk his way out of the beating his father would give him.

Suddenly the sun shone through the trees of the cemetery, and bounced off the chrome of the headstone of a fresh grave. Johnny screamed, "What the hell? Who's trying to blind me? I'll kill them."

Then he realized where the light was coming from, and felt even more retarded than he normally does. But, it gave him an idea. He could wait a few more minutes until the sun went down and then steal the liver from the guy who was buried there. He waited, and as soon as it was dark he took the conveniently placed shovel lying by the grave and dug up the guy. For a kid of 10, it amazingly only took him a

couple of minutes. Then he dug the guy up, took the conveniently placed knife (in his pocket, for such occasions) and stole the guy's liver.

Whistling all the way home, Johnny felt more guilty than he ever had before in his life. How could he steal a newly dead man's liver? Then he thought better of it. The guy couldn't feel pain anymore; so the theft couldn't hurt him. Not to mention, it would mean Johnny wouldn't be beaten that night, and he would have a sick satisfaction that his parents would have no idea what they were actually eating that night. When Johnny got home, he gave the liver to his mother, who praised him for doing something right once in his life. Then she ran off to make a wonderful meal of liver and green beans.

Since there was no way in hell Johnny was going to eat a person for dinner, he pretended to be sick which wasn't difficult. And he spent the rest of the night in his room feeling awful for what he had done at least until he went back to playing video games. His parents took this opportunity to have a nice little romantic dinner, and called it an early night too.

When midnight came (as it stereotypically always does) the whole household was woken by a loud thump. His parents slept through it, since they downed a bottle of whiskey before bed. But it immediately woke Johnny. He jumped out of bed, grabbed his baseball bat, jumped back into bed, and hid under his covers. He trembled as he heard someone rustling through his house. It kept getting louder and louder, and closer and closer.

Coming from the bottom of the stairs he heard a soft whisper, "Johnny, I want my liver back."

This freaked Johnny out, because no one knew his name except his parents (since all the kids at school thought he was too weird to play with and his teachers called him "young man"), and they only called him Johnny when they were angry. Then Johnny calmed down, and rationalized that all of the noise and whispering was his father. So he went back to sleep. Ten minutes later, after hearing his father fall down the stairs a couple of times, he heard the whispering again, louder this time, of course, "Johnny, I want my Liver back."

Johnny tried to ignore it, but it really didn't sound like his father.

Alone Crave

by JC Spence

Lay I here with pen in hand
This truffle fear melting in mind
We're all familiar with female
She knows exactly what she does to me
And how slowly it punctures my core
If I could only take a breath of hers
And comfort a thought
But she loves her card game
And how silly of me to think she'd ever fold
I can't win and I can't see
Blindly I grope for passion, find only my reflection
I want to be showered in you goddamnit
All I ever can hope for is a glance
Maybe some teeth in the smile
But only pain is surely genuine
She gnaws until I ask her
Still she is trained to look and run away
So my pen is my strength and paper my warmth
In the late night I have this adrenaline
And my thoughts consume the hours
A sensual word quenches for seconds
Only fleeting like shadows
She won't return
And I won't be false to me for her sake
At face value I'm yours
I grin widely at my mirror's image
When she can't in truth say the same...



Untitled

by Russell Luis Taveras

Come along
my lil' sunflower,
for distance
will not loosen our embrace.
Accompany me
in blossom fields
of our first touch,
where I stood enamored
by your golden nectar,
playing with the wind,
while you swayed away
without choice.
Wilted. Weakened.
I held you
as you arched your back
to face the sunlight.
Listening to what the wind says,
you promised
to withstand the Rains,
so that we shall be firmly rooted,
together, forever,
among loose and fragile
Soil.
Hands in pockets,
eyes fixed on the shattered below...
there I am.
Not knowing where to begin, nor where it ended.
But I begin because Our end has become My beginning.
A beginning with a few less pieces,
Yours,
shaved away until the simplest truth stands free...
some things can't be, some things will never be,
that is We...
and this is my Forever Goodbye.
Light descends upon an early evening shade,
its golden radiance sprinkled along the terrain.
Oh, how unearthly I feel...

All in this moment.
Unraveled in the tall grass of suburbia,
a glorifying numbness surrounds me,
as the breeze dances along the blind pores of my skin...

All in this moment.

Relentless vengeance consumes my thoughts,
with powerful resemblance to the sweetness of such,
but only of its darker, corrupt version...
All in this moment.

Temptation, deception, and jealousy fuel my rage,
my countenance polluted by a wasteland of confusion.
I laugh at my unpurity...
All in this moment,

Tangled by the modern epidemic of ridiculous suffering,
I wonder why beauty and pain bend my knees equally,
as I gently slide into a familiar sadness...
All in this moment.

All that I ask of you is to look beyond my Nakedness.
My darling, have a sweet, sweet night...
All in this moment...
All in this moment.

Unlike the Quiet night...
my head rustles with the potency of a storm.
Whistling through me, emotions of its purest form.
All chaos snapped about a single rhythm,
piecing wildness to a tranquil harmony of one.
I realize...
quests are not just moments between the occasional tinges,
but similar to the arrival of a thing remarkably genuine.
The unity of my senses,
its chiseled beauty sometimes overwhelming.
However,
fine impressions abandoned amidst the silence
vanish unto every morning's uncertainty
... unlike the Quiet night.

Love and Honor

By David Sorger

It breaks her heart to see him like this. As great as the pain is for her she feels it must be tenfold for him. It is that thought more than any other that brings the tears to her eyes.

He does not allow himself the luxury of tears. His rapidly fading dignity and what is left of his pride are all he has left. So he allows himself to be pushed along in silence. The armor he once wore with honor now brings him only shame. The fellow members of his order once brothers fighting alongside him have become his persecutors.

The procession stops when they reach the scaffold. The man he is brought before wears a solid metal breastplate with a black tunic covering it. The tunic bears the symbol of the order that both men pledged their lives to, the dawn. A white cape hangs from his shoulders and a lighter mail of chains cover his arms and legs. Metal gauntlets cover his hands and thick boots his feet.

"Kellin Winters, you are charged with betraying your code and your order in the form of sorcery. How do you respond?"

"I accept both the charges and my fate."

"Very well. Kellin Winters you have shown exemplary courage and honor in these proceedings. Your fellow knights spoke highly of you even after the nature of your crimes was revealed. It is decision of the Order of the Celestial Dawn that you are to be executed at first light with full honor."

"Thank-"

"NO!," she cries.

"Be silent Melaina!"

"No Kellin, I will not be silent. It is my fault that you are here. Mine! If you want someone to blame, blame me! Punish me instead but not him." She is now almost completely overcome by her sobbing.

"I thank you Melaina, but you did not force me to violate the code. The fault is mine and thus, so is the punishment." Kellin turns to the orator and kneels before him. "Thank you Master Malicus for allowing me to regain my honor in death."

Malicus offers Kellin's sword to him hilt first. Kellin accepts the sword, rises to his feet, and sheaths the weapon. He is then led back to his cell.

Melaina storms back to her small cottage slamming the door behind her as she enters. Screaming, she looks around the small room. A thought comes to her suddenly. Quickly, she gathers up a few things. Her winter cloak made from dark wolf's skin and like boots, half a dozen books, and an assortment of scrolls and components, are all packed into a traveler's backpack.

She does, however, leave a few of the components to the side for something else. As rapidly as care will permit she mixes the potion, putting each ingredient in the backpack once it has been added. When all have been mixed in the proper amounts she closes her eyes. She feels the magic well up inside her as she calls upon it to complete the potion.

Though she cannot see it, the potion glows for an instant in response. She takes a drink from the bitter potion immediately. Slinging the pack over her right shoulder she calls out, "Ventrai!"

She opens her eyes and sees Kellin sitting before her in his cell. His head is resting on the palms of his hands and his on his knees. His dark red hair is cut short and combed straight

back. As he looks up at her he allows her to see the thin goatee surrounding his mouth and the dark blue eyes that always seemed to understand so much.

The cell itself is small, but comfortable. It is clean and contains a washbasin, chamberpot, a small window, and even a mirror.

"Melaina, what are you doing here?" He has now risen to his feet. "You can't be here!"

"I brought you something to drink." She pushes the potion into his face. "Please," she pleads when she sees the look on his face.

"If I drink it do you promise to leave?"

"Yes," she replies as a smile comes to her face.

He takes a sip of the potion and scowls at the bitterness. "Augh, okay I drank it. Now you really must get going. We could both get into a lot of trouble for this."

"As you command." She bows formally and whispers "Ventrai." She is prepared for the transition he is not. She finds him completely disoriented upon opening her eyes.



"Where are we?" He asks as soon as his head clears.

"About a day's walk to the next town."

"You didn't tell me about this."

"Your honor wouldn't have let you take the potion if you knew."

"You tricked me."

"Not exactly. Look, we can go far enough away that no one will have ever heard of the Order of the Celestial Dawn or your oath. We can start over there. I did it for us ... for you."

"I have to go back Melaina. You have to understand that."

"No! I don't understand! I will never understand! Why! Why must you allow them to kill you just to save honor? Why are you willing to throw your life ... our life away? Why?"

"You ask why I am willing to forsake my life for my honor. The answer is because there can be no true life without honor. If I went with you not only would I bring that dishonor upon myself but you as well. I could not bear that."

"But I'm pregnant!," she blurts out.

"All the more reason for me to back. I would dishonor any child of ours just as easily as I would you."

"I don't want to lose you." Tears well up in her eyes.

"Nor I you. That which I must do brings me little happiness, but it must be done."

"What of our child who will grow up without a father. I don't know if I can do this alone."

"A child without a father is far better than a child without honor. As for you, you have more strength than you give yourself credit for. Now I must say good-bye. If I start now I can make it back before first light."

She nods if not in understanding of why he must go, but that he must. "I could bring you back."

"Thank you but I think it would be better if I walked."

Again she nods. "Good-bye Melaina, I have loved you more than life itself. I know you will take good care of our child."

He turns and walks back towards the town. He looks back once to see her watching him thorough the clearing. Her long black hair blows across her face. Tears stream from her green eyes. The blue cloak surrounding her is almost black against the setting sun.

When he has, finally, passed beyond her view she whispers, "Good-bye my love." She turns around and begins walking to the town just as she had planned. She reaches the outskirts of the town just before dawn. She stops dead in her tracks at the entrance to the town.

"Damn him. Ventrai!"

This time she opens her eyes to see the scaffold from the day before surrounding her. Kellin is kneeling before her with his armor neatly arranged beside him. The audience gasp at her arrival. He just looks up at her pleadingly with his hands on the handle of his sword and the blade facing his heart.

"Do not worry my love," she says as she strokes the side of his face. "I think I understand now." Tears once again begin to fill her eyes. "Good-bye."

He nods in response and plunges the sword through his chest. When he has ceased his struggles she pulls the sword from his chest and wipes it clean. After returning the sword to its sheath she closes his eyes and whispers again, "Good-bye."

It is not until she moves to gather his armor that someone says something.

"Blasphemy!," he cries.

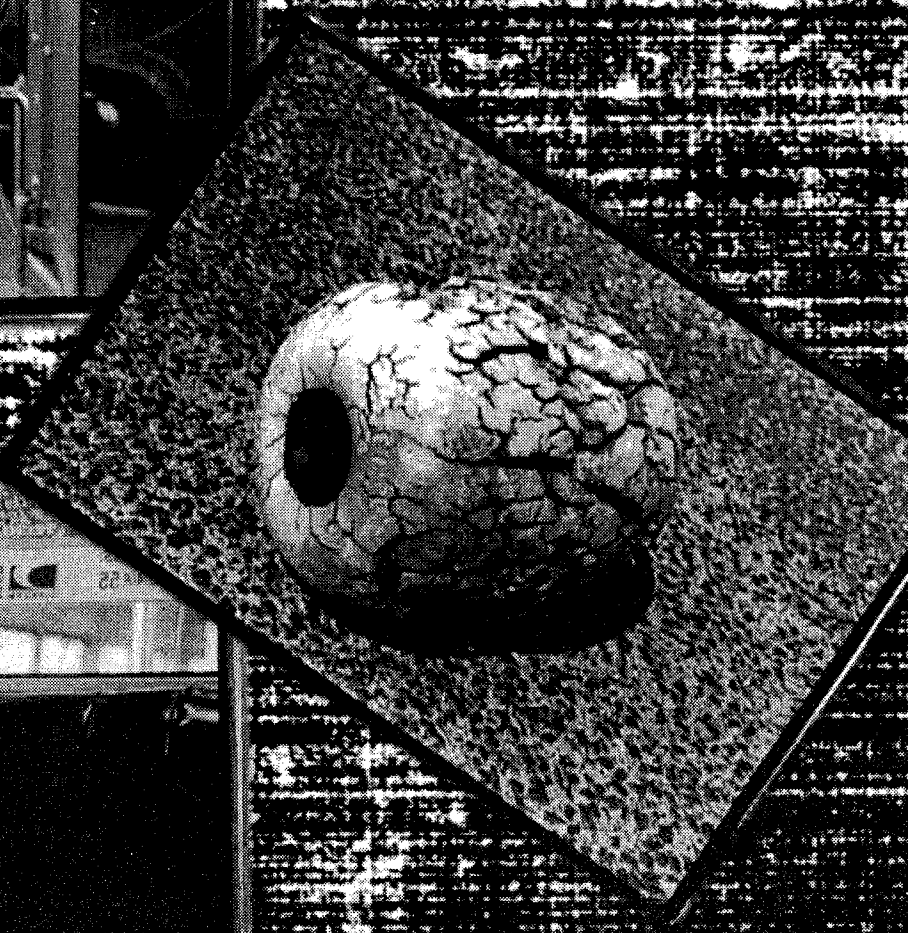
She turns towards the outraged knight.

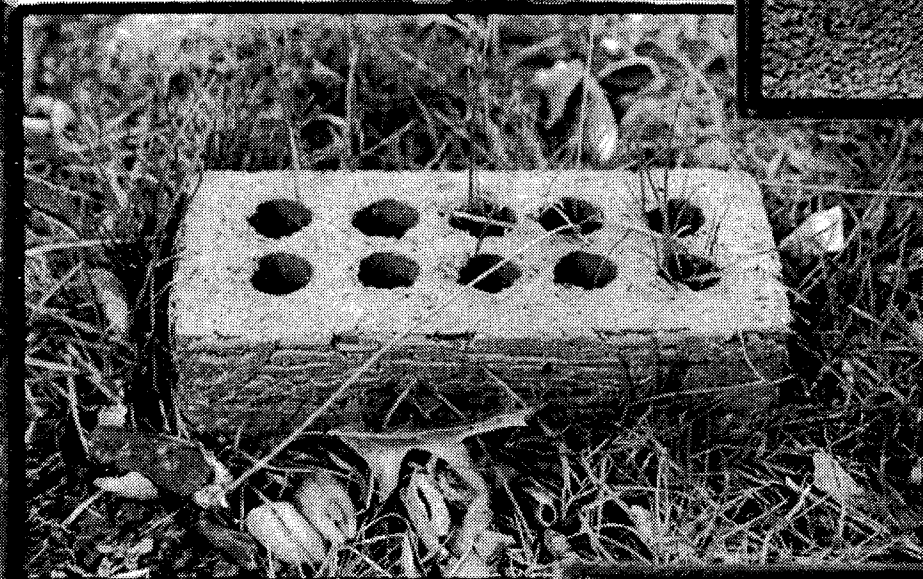
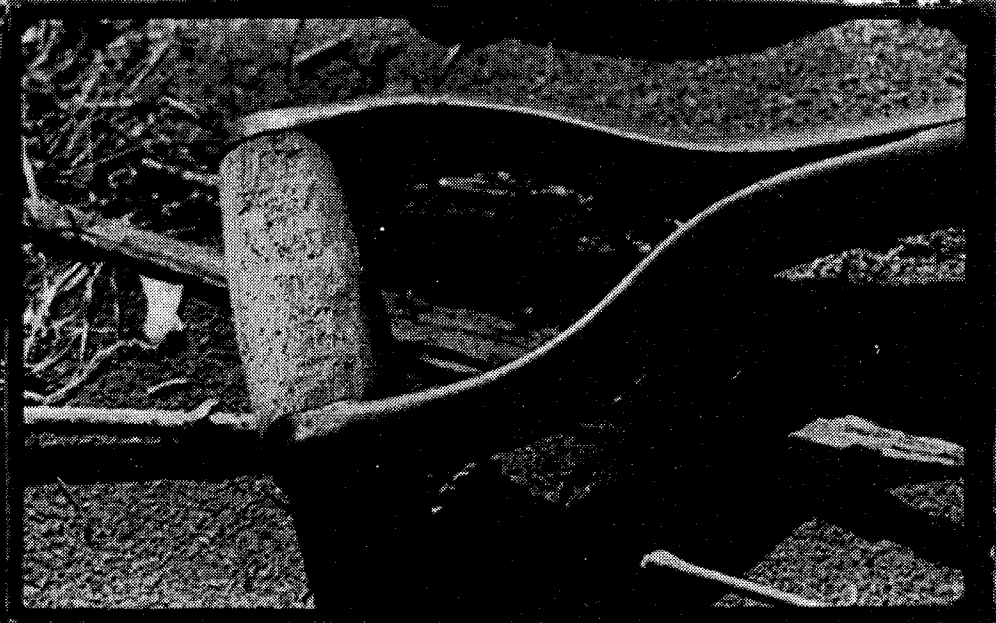
"Though we were not formally betrothed we were bonded through the child I carry. It is for that child that I claim that which was his. This sword and armor, his name, and most importantly the honor he died to regain, are all my child's by right. On your honor stand down!"

Whether it is the speech or just the fire behind her eyes as she speaks the knight steps away. She continues to gather the rest of the armor. "Ventrai," she calls out one last time and is gone.

Celluliod

by Russel Heller





Untitled

by
Mindy Abraham

Mindy Abraham

Israeli, Arab, Jew, Muslim, Christian, Hindu,
black, white, Asian, Spanish, gay, straight, labels
we use to divide ourselves. Why? Is it so that
when a member of another group comes to us for help
we can say, oh it's a - problem for that group
it doesn't concern me, or when we hear of
prejudice against them or problems for them
we can say that they deserve it, or so that
we can enact our own frustrations on them,
we can say it doesn't hurt them because
they are not human any way?

And yet, while doing this we
avert our eyes, so that we can't
look into their eyes, for if we do
we will not see an alien other,
but the eyes of someone who could
be our father, mother, sister, brother,
friend, lover, or ourselves?

The above was originally written
by me to commemorate Kristalnacht, which
many believe was the start of the
holocaust. Kristalnacht originally
took place Nov 9-10, 1938

Adam's Comic Corner

By Adam Schlagman

I had the privilege to attend Peter David and Sean Smith's discussion on sneak previews of upcoming comics at 4 PM on Sunday, the last day of ICON. I'm sure you all know who Peter David is, but if you don't then you should go find out. Sean Smith on the other hand, I don't even know who he is, so fuck him. He never even showed up anyway. At one point David said, "Did Sean show up?" and everyone said no, so David said "You Fucker!" Well I guess for those of you who don't know, I'll tell you who Peter David is. For those of you that do, I don't want to bother you, so you can skip to the next paragraph. Peter David is the acclaimed writer of such comic books as "Young Justice," "Supergirl," and "Captain Marvel." He additionally had a long run on the Incredible Hulk. Peter David is also the author of many novels and has even written the Spiderman movie novelization.

Peter David began the discussion saying that he just purchased a watch that has the ability to take pictures. Someone else then said that theirs told the barometric pressure. In response David stated, "Well mine says yours sucks!"

The next thing that David discussed is a feud he is currently in with Bill Jemas, the President of publishing at Marvel Comics. David is fighting with Jemas over the fact that Jemas wants to raise the price of the book Captain Marvel, which David is writing, from \$2.50 to \$2.75. Peter David wouldn't stand for this and wrote a letter to Jemas stating that he would forego his paycheck in order to keep Captain Marvel at \$2.50. Marvel Comics almost fired him for this.

Fans have compared the David Jemas rivalry to the feud between Stone Cold Steve Austin and Vince McMahon, of the World Wrestling Federation (WWF), respectively. Because of this Peter David has created David 3:16 shirts. Of course you are probably wondering what this means, as David did too. David's wife Cathleen explained to him that first there was "John 3:16" which means, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There is now an "Austin 3:16", which Stone Cold Steve Austin sports on T-shirts. According to the Stone Cold website it means, "I just whooped your ass." Peter David wore his newly created shirt to the ICON discussion. On the front of

the shirt is says David 3:16, and on the back it says, "For Peter so loved the book, that he gave his only begotten Page Rate, that whosoever buyeth of it should not pay an extra quarter, but have an everlasting bargain." David is going to wear them to all of the conventions he attends, and plans on selling them with all benefits going towards the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund. He then commented on his wife Cathleen by saying, "She's been there, she's done me, and she's bought the T-shirt."

"Captain Marvel" Previews

Now onto what you have all been waiting for, comic book previews. First Peter David talked about "Captain Marvel". The comic book will remain at \$2.50, but will be restarting in September at issue #1. In this issue Captain Marvel will flip out and go nuts. He has the power of cosmic awareness, but the power keeps getting stronger, so he becomes more and more aware of things happening all over the Universe. Marvel tries to be everywhere at the same time to save everyone but is unable to do so. Even worse he sees everything that will happen if he does or doesn't save someone. For example he realizes that if he saves a child, he will grow up to become a mass murderer and this is all in issue #1. It sounds like a great story, and I recommend that everyone pick it up, especially since it is still \$2.50. Also, look for Captain Marvel to dawn a new costume in issue #3.

"Young Justice" Previews

Next Peter David talked about his DC comic book "Young Justice". David decided to let the fans vote for the leader of the team. Some of the options were Wondergirl, Ray, Superboy, and Robin. It was even promised that there would be no voting irregularities, but guess what happened; The DC mailroom lost a bag of mail. In issue #46 David was supposed to reveal the new leader of the team, but due to the loss of mail, it won't be revealed until issue #49. Also in issue #49 a cast member will be killed.

In June a 48 page graphic novel will be released by Marvel written by Peter David. It is called "The End", which tells the last story of the Hulk. Dale Chion is the penciler for the book and David says, "It is absolutely gorgeous and I am really really proud of the book." Peter David believes his best works are "Future Imperfect" and "Incredible Hulk #467", but now

believes that this is one too. He thinks that it is a wonderful masterpiece and highly recommends it. "The End" tells the story of the Hulk in the far future. Mankind is gone because of nuclear explosions and the only other thing alive other than the Hulk are flesh eating cockroaches.

Spiderman Movie

As I said earlier, Peter David wrote the novelization of the Spiderman movie. This means that he had a chance to read the script. David says that it is a fantastic script and that he is really looking forward to seeing it. He also says, "The movie is going to kick ass!" David also revealed that in the movie there are cameos by Curt Connors, who will one day turn into the Lizard, and by Eddie Brock, who will eventually become Venom. This could mean that they might be used in the sequel. I was able to ask Peter David if he had any input on the Hulk movie that is currently in Production, since he had a very long run on the comic book and he responded, "Funny you should ask that...NO!" In other words, David is not happy that he wasn't asked to participate in the movie and doesn't really want to talk about it.

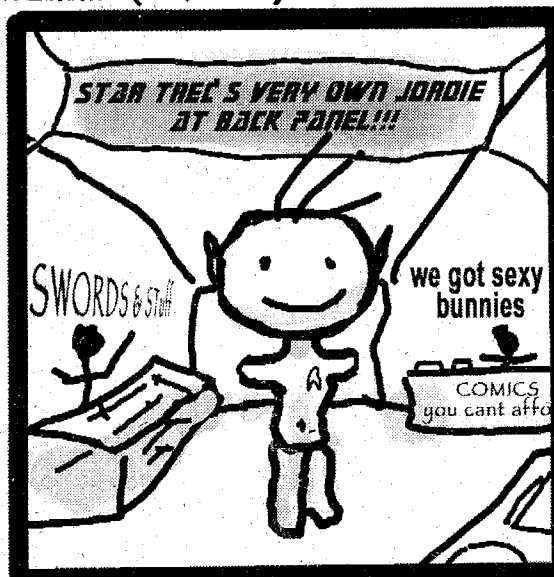
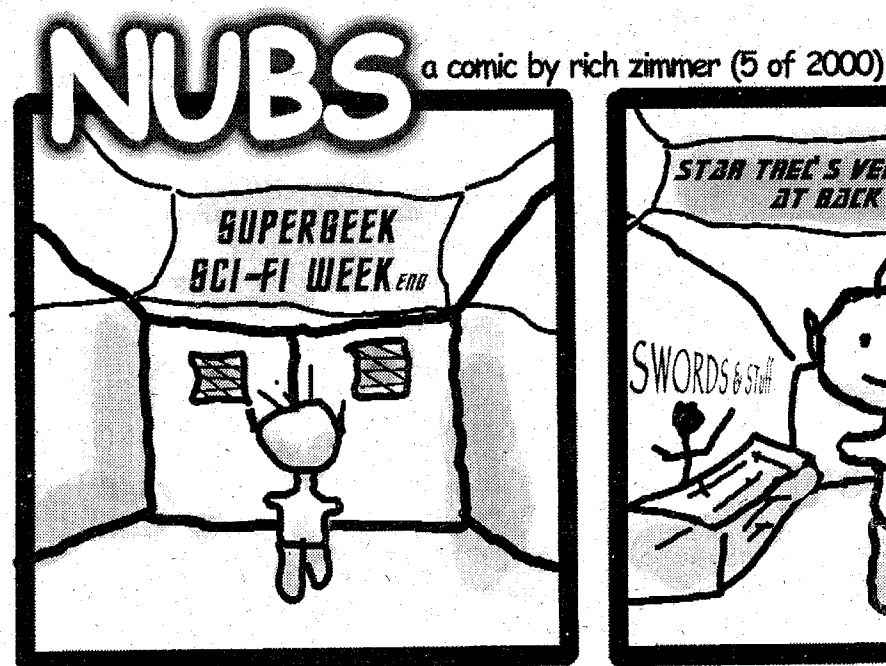
Other Comic News

Marvel Comics is taking over. They are on the verge of signing J. Michael Straczynski and Kevin Smith to exclusive multi-year contracts at Marvel. Kevin Smith is going to write "Amazing Spiderman." Yes, that's correct "true believers," the famous director of such films as Dogma, Mallrats, Chasing Amy, Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back, and Clerks and the amazing writer of Green Arrow and previously Daredevil, is going to write "Amazing Spiderman." Spiderman always sells well, but with Smith writing it sales will go through the roof. Straczynski, who was the writer of "Amazing Spiderman," will get a new Spiderman title to write known as just "Spiderman." This is fantastic news for Marvel and fans should be ecstatic.

Comic Dates to Know

May 3rd = Spiderman Movie Opens = Rush to theaters and go watch (That's an order).
May 4th = Free Comic Book Day = Go to participating comic stores and get free comics. (www.freecomicbookday.com)

Well that's all for now, this is Adam Schlagman signing off with two last words "Nuff Said."



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A Very Sluggy Interview

By Andrew Pernick

This interview took place outside the Indoor Sports Complex on April 20, 2002 around 2 pm. Pete Abrams draws the web comic strip Sluggy Freelance (www.sluggy.com), with new strips every day. Sluggy, as it is called by its fans, has been online since 1997 and receives over 250,000 hits daily. Sluggy's stories range from parodies of horror movies, Star Trek, Buffy, Anime, Japanese fighting games and sci-fi movies to one-shot gags (including some terrible puns) to "emergency pants." Pete recently wrapped up an artistic departure for the strip called "Fire and Rain." Read the archives. Worship the comic. Is it not nifty?

WARNING:
INTERVIEW CONTAINS SPOILERS!

Andrew Pernick:
How does it feel to be the creator of what is now a staple of Geek culture?

Pete Abrams: I've never had it put to me exactly like that. It's cool. Actually, working on Sluggy has always been cool before it became a – what was it you said, a staple of Geek culture. Because of the way I work on the Internet, outside of times I go to Cons, that's the only times I get to meet people, or I realize exactly how large my fan-base is, as far as real people go. That's gotta be more wordy than I expected it to be. I've been doing it the same way I did it from the beginning which is just trying to do my best to entertain people and tell stories I want to tell and the hits have been going up so gradually over the past four and a half years that it's kind of surprising to realize every now and then, when I'm at I-CON, that I'm a staple of Geek culture.

AP: You've succeeded in confusing the entire Internet on any biographical data; could you give us something, where you were born, some education, something like that?

PA: No. [Laughter] Actually, let's see. I live in New Jersey, I was educated at Montclair State College before it became Montclair State University. I went on to the Joe Kubert School of Graphic Arts in Dover. Joe Kubert is a, I don't know which age he is in, but he is a very well known comic book artist who opened a school which basically taught you how to do narrative art, and of course that came in very useful later when I started working on Sluggy. I actually have a comic book style that's a lot cleaner and less "sketchy" than Sluggy is but when I started doing this as a comic strip on the side of my marketing career, I decided to keep it as sketchy and simple for me to do as possible so I would actually have the time to do it on a daily basis.

AP: Where does K'Z'K's name come from?

PA: I don't even remember. I created "the Vowel-less One" so long ago, I know I had a reason but I can't put my finger on it. Sorry, I don't know.

AP: When you do a crossover with something like UserFriendly (www.userfriendly.org), another web comic, drawn by Iliad) and the A.J. you draw shakes hands with the A.J. Iliad draws, do they spontaneously cease to exist like in "Time Cop?"

PA: Actually, according to a lot of the mail I got from the "Ufies" (UserFriendly fans), I did such a poor job of representing A.J. graphically, they

enjoyed his presence in the strip, so he might actually form his own entity, kind of a "Bizarro A.J."

AP: Are we going to be seeing another "Gwynn saving her sanity" arc soon?

PA: I don't think I'd want to rehash stuff I've already tackled. I mean, Gwynn is a flawed character and she's got far distances she could go but I don't think it would be quite as dramatic and it might be more gradual like the distances the other

characters have traveled

AP: Who would win in a fight, K'Z'K or Cthulhu?

PA: Cthulhu would probably win in a fight but since K'Z'K is destined to take over and destroy the world, he'd win in the end. As

long as the battleground was kept to the planet Earth. Cthulhu, isn't he more like an interdimensional, full-spectrum type thing?

AP: As I recall, he's trapped in Pacifica, and once he rises, we're all dead.

PA: Okay, that could work too. I heard he's actually into Filking, he doesn't do a very good job of it – if you hear any of his Filk songs it drives you mad.

AP: "Fire and Rain" was such a departure from what we Sluggites have been expected. What is the back story that caused you to do such a dark and somewhat angsty arc?

PA: For one thing, I throw so many loops at people on the strip, from Legos to stick-figures, more dramatic to less dramatic that I don't think it was as far of a departure just in the sense that I'm always trying to freak you guys out. The second thing is I had this story planned out, I knew what was going to happen with Oasis going insane but when I try to do a story of that nature and I'm trying to inject humor into it every three panels, it was very difficult and what I realized was I really wanted to give a shot to just expand and not do an angsty story but focus more on the graphics and the layout and just kind of break out from what I was doing before, just as like a break. And, a lot of people find it hard to believe but I found it much easier to write that story; I wrote that in no time at all and it gave me plenty of time to work on the artwork because of the fact I didn't have to inject constant humor so it was almost like a vacation for me. And I thought it came out excellent. I was troubled at the fact I had to pull the lyrics out of the story and I still don't think, especially particular pages don't work as well without the lyrics. If I find the time I might try to come up with a better solution; on the whole I'm very proud of the way that story turned out.

AP: Do you think there is a chance we might ever see "Fire and Rain" with the lyrics again?

PA: It's possible; the problem is I publish on a web site that gets so many hits it's difficult for record companies to assign a royalty. Even a percentage of a percentage of my page views would be astronomical. The books have a limited run and if my publisher could work out a deal with them, we know how many books we are going to sell and if

the fee they [the record companies] have isn't crazy it would be possible. At this point, I don't have a lot of time; I've mentioned it to my publisher and he said he'd look into it but he doesn't have a lot of time either. I'd keep my fingers crossed before the next book comes out because it'll be in the one after book seven.

AP: Do you have emergency pants?

PA: No comment.

AP: Does Gwynn practice or belong to a particular magical tradition or is she an eclectic who just happened to get lucky with a "Book of E-ville?"

PA: She's just an eclectic who just happened to get lucky with a "Book of E-ville." I've occasionally had Wiccans and people bothered by the fact that I portray her or refer to her as a witch. I think of Sluggy as more like a Hollywood universe, the witches are like the witches in the movies which don't have any specific powers or specific rules, they're all magical and stuff. Same way I don't bring Jesus into Christmas, I try to keep religion out of it, I go for Hollywood. Now the Ayn Rand fans, on the other hand, uh, I didn't write that story either, I didn't even know who Ayn Rand was before the guy who filled in. I got a bunch of emails from them [Ayn Rand fans]. It was a joke!

AP: This is an idea I had one night: Oasis' Override B-1, Riff's weapon du jour, Gwynn's magic, Bun-bun's switchblade vs. Kusari's replacement vs. K'Z'K's Halloween monster. How would that be?

PA: That would be a lot of panels of violence. Wow. That would be interesting.

AP: Is it possible that there are other Punyverse survivors out there that we don't know of?

PA: None of the main characters made it out of there. So tragic. I've got to say that it was one of my most controversial story lines in terms of people liking it or disliking it. A large percentage of Sluggites had various problems with it from people who didn't get the Anime references to people who loved the Anime references, people who hated the fact that I killed everyone at the end. I stand by that story. I re-read it and I crack myself up.

AP: How did Belly Signing start?

PA: We were at DragonCon with one of my Sluggite lackeys, Maria, who wanted me to sign her breasts. And I was like, well I realized that it would probably get me divorced from my wife, and it wasn't a good idea so I wasn't going to do it, which she was okay with. She had this, let's see, how would you describe her outfit, I want to say belly-dancing but she might get mad at me for that – something like that. There were guys going around taking pictures of all of the girls at the Con. So my friend Alan from Epic Games said "Hey Pete, you realize that if you signed it then your name would be in the photo." I said, "What do I care if my name is in the photo but, then again, if the URL is in the photo that would be cool." And because she had a bare midriff I saw the belly-button and went "Sluggy 'dot' Com! Wait a second!" And that's how it started.

AP: I loved "Yippy-Skippy the Evil!" and the "Kitten" saga. It just did to horror films what needed to be done. Are we going to be seeing another ripping it to Hollywood of slasher movies?

PA: "Kittens 2" is in the works which will



Sluggy (con't)

probably make fun of the way sequels of "B" movies are horrible, never contain main characters, have no continuity with what went on before, I don't know. A lot of times I get these ideas for stories I don't get to do but hopefully this summer.

AP: Will we ever find out what school Zoë goes to?

PA: I like keeping things like that as vague as possible because I don't live in Nebraska at the university – if I name what it is, then people will say "Our dorms don't look like that!" It's like when I gave my N.P.R. interview when I said I wasn't going to have a story set in Australia because it would look like New Jersey with koala bears. So I kinda have to know what I'm doing. We had a lot of photo references of colleges in Nebraska, but not enough to withstand the scrutiny.

AP: Will we be seeing her again so, though?

PA: Nah, I'm tired of her. Actually, just stay tuned for the next story after this one.

AP: When you did Torg from parallel universes what made you pick Portuguese?

PA: I thought it would be more interesting to have it speak a different language and Babelfish pretty much had Spanish, French, German and Portuguese. Portuguese just sounded more interesting than the other basic ones. And, by the way, the Babelfish translations were horrible. Fortunately, a Portuguese-speaking Sluggite came in and helped me fix them up and repair them a

bit. But Bun-bun's direct translation is "Biscuit biscuit."

AP: Will you be doing another "Fire and Rain" type thing any time in the future?

PA: It's a possibility, it's a good way for me to stretch my legs but that's not what Sluggy's about. Sluggy is not going to take any dark turns but it might be an occasional story every now and then when the story calls for it and I call for it.

AP: I don't think Oasis will ever be sane. Will she?

PA: There's a lot more to Oasis than I've told. Oasis is probably one of the most complicated characters in the most involved situations and it's going to take a few more appearances for her before I can reveal what's really going on with her. But that's all part of the fun. I know I've got a few surprises that should make everyone's jaw drop in the future.

AP: What piece of science fiction had the greatest influence on your youth?

PA: Wow. That's a wide, broad subject. Lord of the Rings. Especially that hobbit, Bobby Boyd? He played Pippin? [Note: The actor's name is really Billy Boyd.]

AP: How did you get from Buffy the Vampire Slayer to Muffin the Vampire Baker?

PA: That again, I did that story so long ago I forget exactly what the inspiration was. I thought it

was a pretty funny concept that she would actually bake the vampires in ovens because she didn't have a more economical or effective way to get rid of them.

AP: Are you enjoying the Con and the never-ending parade of costumes?

PA: Oh yeah, yeah. It's very nice, it's halfway through Saturday and Friday night wasn't as busy so it's gotten a lot more busy we'll see how the other half of the day and the evening goes Sunday. So far, it's shaping up to be pretty nice.

AP: If Riff is a freelance bum, then where did he get the technical know-how to build everything he does?

PA: That question may be answered very soon. Or it might take a little while.

AP: Anything you would like to say to the Stony Brook Press, the general public, I-CON, the world, parallel universes, etcetera?

PA: The guy who played Gandalf in Lord of the Rings ruled! He deserves, like, Oscars and stuff. He did such a good job, man. He does so much with his eyes. And actually, I don't think it's that important, but it was the first thing that popped into my head when you said "Do you have anything you want to say?" That man deserves an award. That was cool.

AP: Thank you very much.

Anime Porn Review

By Vadim Gedzberg

Anime, a genre of animated movies originated in Japan that prides itself on both its artistic and plotline fronts. Porn (pôrn) also por · no

(pôrn) Slang n.
Pornography. adj.
Pornographic.

Porn, the industry that gave Ron Jeremy awards for 3 of the 13 films he starred in over the weekend. The very industry that brought you the following titles; Shaving Ryan's Privates, Dawson's Dick, In Dianna Jones, The Scorpion

Drag Queen, Usual Suspects Do it Unusually, Add Mama to the Train, Spy Gays, Behind Enema Lines, Forrest Hump, Free Your Willy and You Got Male Genitalia. Combining these two genres into one created something so horrible only the evil Shirley Strum Mothra could do battle with. Shirley Strum...Shirley Strum. So we called on her to rescue our "beloved" campus (it works if you get a short Japanese man to sing her name twice). Unfortunately she was too busy combining the blood of small children into her daily meal. In any case the first Anime Porn I saw was Maiden of



Desire (18+), when I got there the theater was plagued with what looked like ten year olds (WARNING: getting a fake I.D. for the sole purpose of watching anime porn is a federal offence, punishable by death). The movie itself was worse than getting head from Woopie Goldberg (WARNING: never look down). Watching a doctor anally probe an animated woman to get her in a sexually excited state didn't make the plot line very believable. When I watched this I thought to myself, "Ten years of medical school for this? I wonder if the good doctors of Stony Brook University hospital handled the baby that died in the same fashion." Fuck it, I decided I'll stay with the electrical engineering program at good ol' Suny SB. I'm not at all saying that this feature sucked only due to a total absence of a plotline. I mean I've watched some horrible porn in my day; how about the one with the guy riding a bicycle naked in the middle of a field and the woman laying on a mattress masturbating, also in the middle of the field. I couldn't follow that one for shit. Besides no one has any expectations of porn being art. I mean let's face it, how many times have you seen the portrait of Jenna Jameson in the Metropolitan Museum of Art?

How many times has the camera man on a pornographic movie set asked himself if he fully captured the light falling on the girls ass from the 350 angle? All in all, I gave this porn two and a half golden dicks.

The next feature I reviewed was titled Bible Black. A little less than 15 minutes into the

movie you begin to regret that you weren't at an evangelical rally instead, (at least you would get some sexual gratification from the latter). We are all familiar with the genre of film that leads the viewer through several plot lines that, at first, appear to be completely irrelevant to each other yet each would grab your attention. Bible Black is similar to this genre only not like it in anyway. Aside from not one but two terrible plots, the viewers were left mystified by how many of their brain cells died during the movie due to complete and total atrophy. One plotline depicted a child molesting school principle at an all girls school having sex with absolutely anyone and everyone. The second plotline had little to do with anything that is even remotely related to sexually explicit behavior, hence folks, not even porn. "And the fact that you have replica written on the side of your gun and I have desert eagle .50 written on the side of mine..." At least at the end of Lock, Stock and two Smoking Barrels or Snatch (WARNING: Snatch is not a porn flick...good movie though.) all the interesting anecdotes connected into a great plot that made sense. Despite the fact that this movie should not be viewed by absolutely anyone and the fact that it should be placed in a crate with man eating lizards and sealed with Voltaire's skin, it did have some quotable lines, so here they are in no particular order:

"You'll like my fingers in your asshole."

"...We should start with platonic love."

"...So um Is this some sort of a shampoo commercial?"

When asked for an interview, actor and producer Speed Racer declined, saying "No comment. Ha Ha." I give this movie less than one golden penis, a plaid vagina.

My Fat Fei Long Style
will wreck you quick, into the
emergency room

My Shien Kyaku is
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assassin Geisha

Come to the Arcade
and bring your whack fighting style
so I can house you



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6-11
pool
games
butt-
kickins

Basement
Student Union
Building

Classifieds

Goods/Services



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Tired of not being able to get into restaurants and 7-11 cause you got them big ass hobbit feet that ya can't find shoes for? Not anymore! You no longer have to hang your head in shame at the sight of a "No Shoes No Shirt No Service" sign when you buy a pair of my patented Hobbit Sized Air Sole Cabooses. Hours of comfort for even the most taxing of three hour journeys.

SciFi Fetish Inc. Your One Stop Dork Sex Shop

Pointy ear attachments and star trek uniforms (original, deep space 9, voyager all available) to customize your real doll for your own perverted live long and prosper evenings. SPECIAL For the ladies, a limited time only we will be selling Luke Skywalker real dolls-their sabers glow and vibrate.

Must Sell

Extensive anime porn collection for sale. Parent's have realized they are more than just cartoons and are threatening to kick me out of their basement if I don't get rid of it. Over 6,000 hours of animated sex ranging from money shots to hentai, to alien sex to animal fucking school girl. All videos and VCD's come from a loving owner and are gently used.

HEARTACHE TO LOOSE

I am moving and my new apartment does not allow pets so I must get rid of my 6 month old fairy in a cage. I won her as the spoils of the Nazgoth LARP and is a huge sacrifice. Comes with cage and pixie dust. Loving homes only.

Litter of Tribbles For Sale

Got them cause they were cute and cuddly but they keep on reproducing! I got damn near 300 of them all ready and can't take anymore. Please help.

Definitive Star Trek Collection

I'm selling whole basement full of Star Trek memorabilia because I went to Icon only to learn that the whole thing is a fraud! G'Kar from Babylon 5 is only an actor and all the series' are pure fiction and not the other worldly documentaries I had once believed them to be.

Buy It B4 U Can Watch It!

Jason X VCD's! Better than anime porn-JASON IN SPACE! That's right! He's been to Camp, he's been to the city, and you may have thought he'd seen it all when

he went to Hell-fat chance! So don't miss JASON IN SPACE. This VCD is one of the rarest versions of the movie in blurry black and white. A must have for any collector who needs to complete his collection of 9 other movies featuring the man in the mask killing people.

Extra Terrestrial Anal Probe
One of a kind item, this never before seen on earth anal probe was mistakenly left in my rectum by the alien medical technician on my last abduction. I am currently in a bad situation of debt and need the money fast. Highest offer by 5/15/02 wins. Serious inquiries only.

Blue light saber for sale by young Jedi Knight that has just turned to the dark side. This thing is crap and will only do the bidding of the good.



Real World Live Action Role Players Needed for my new world that will be just like the one in which we live, but we will all be "cool." Attractive women needed as well to fawn over us and our new-found "cool-glory."

LOST

Missing my dignity. Last seen 4/19/02 while I was shelling out \$30 for my icon pass. I thought I had seen it running west through the parking lot past a group of storm troopers and elves that night. Cash reward and hard to find Magic: The Gathering playing cards for its safe return.

SciFi and Metal?

This is for you! The new CD by metal legends Slayer entitled Haunting The Death Star is in stores now! Brining Satan to the dark side like no one else could.

NOTVAG

The National Over Thirty Virgin Alliance Group is posting this just in case you missed out table at I-Con. You are not alone! There are literally thousands of us who still live with our parents, masturbate to thoughts Captain Kathryn Janeway on the holodeck and are damn proud of it. Visit our affiliates on the web: www.purelove.org, www.totalabstinence.com, and www.friendsfirst.org. Imperial Outfitters Inc. is now making XXXL Storm Trooper suits to fit those with 50"+ waists. Bigger armor to cover your girth as well. Sci Fi should be available to all shapes and sizes.



Strippers and Models
Needed by I-Con for next

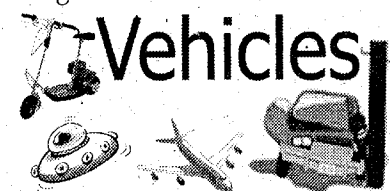
years event. You need to be pretty, fit, and willing to wear next to nothing while roaming a convention filled with human substrate. You must also pretend to be attracted to them and hit on one per hour in order to get your full check. Will train you with geek lingo.

Dungeon Help Needed

Level 32 Bard or higher needed to beat my friends in AD&D. I'm tired of getting my ass kicked because lady luck hates 3 sided dice and I'll pay what ever you want if you could come to my DM's basement and cast some immobility spells on him so I can beat him down without rolling a 7.

Mortal Slave Needed

Willing mortal slave with desire for eternal life needed for immediate position. You must be willing to guard my coffin by day and do my bidding at night, which will most likely involve driving me to the Batcave and buying my Chartreuse. Must love Synthpop, goth, velvet and fake fangs.



Early 80's DeLorean for sale. Equipped with flux capacitor and Mr. Fusion. Perfect for inter dimensional and time travel. Mr. Fusion is broken and you will need to find a source of 1.21 JigaWatts on your own. Sorry.

Land Speeder Parts for sale

Need assembly. I ordered this thing off Ebay and the seller neglected to tell me that the directions were written in Intergalactic Basic. I can't make any sense of it.



Man with Anime fetish sought by overweight woman with minimum wage job at a comic store. I like to dress up like Chun-Li and let my rolls do the kicking and you do the loving.

Imperial Dark Lord Seeks Rebel Princess to be my captive in love and life. I will turn you on to the dark side in a twisted marriage of fantasy and make believe incest. Cum, I am your father.

Woman needed to wear full body paint and costume of an Orion to fulfill my Captain Kirk fantasies. The hell with Scotty, the Captain will be doing all the beaming this time.

Wanted

C10 mint carded return of the Jedi Slave Leia to complete my collection of women that will never leave me. Hang on my wall and in my dreams next to countless anime chicks and Ripley.

The Struggle for Freedom Through the Voice of Hip-hop

By Joseph Hughes

April 13 has now gone down in my memory as one of the most exciting days of my young life. A good friend of mine at Swarthmore College managed to bring an event to her campus so important that I was more than willing to wake up at the butt-crack of dawn and make the six-hour train ride all the way to Pennsylvania to be a part of. The event I speak of wasn't some sort of concert or huge party that the average college student would normally be willing to travel that far for. This was a different type of event, one meant to enlighten all those fortunate enough to attend. This was the Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win tour.

Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win is a three month tour of colleges, universities and community organizations, which commenced at Northeastern University in Boston, MA on February 28. It is a revolutionary tour, whose purpose is to engage young people in a critical discussion of the Hip-hop culture, and remind the youth of this country that Hip-hop wasn't created so people like Ja Rule, Nelly and Master P could make lots of money by running around in their videos wearing millions of dollars worth of jewelry, driving expensive cars, rhyming about things that are completely irrelevant to the plight of black people in this country, and therefore ultimately making a living by lying to the youth of this nation. Rosa Clemente, an Afro-Boricua freedom fighter, scholar and journalist, heads the tour. It features Mutulu Olugabala, also known as M1 of the political Hip-hop team Dead Prez, and Fred Hampton Jr., the son of one of the former leaders of the Black Panthers and currently one of the biggest promoters of the Uhuru Movement (Uhuru is Swahili for freedom).

Hampton Jr. is a former political prisoner. In May of 1992, he was brought to trial after being accused of firebombing a Korean Merchant's store,

despite the fact that there was no evidence of a fire, and no fire truck ever reported to the scene. A rushed trial ensued, one that would not even allow Hampton Jr. a character witness. Through this corrupt trial he was found guilty, and on May 19, 1993, he was sentenced to eighteen years in prison on one count of aggravated arson. But his supporters would not allow this to happen without a fight. After serving nine years in jail, Hampton Jr. was freed in September 2001.

Hampton Jr. was framed and sent to jail simply because he fought to organize African people and looked to bring equality to a nation that to this day is still overrun by oppression and discrimination. As he put it, he was sent to jail on three counts: "one count of being African, one of being the son of Fred Hampton Sr., and one count of fighting for the Uhuru Movement."

Hampton Jr. proved to be every bit the dynamic and captivating speaker that I had heard he was. He spoke primarily about the conditions of jails in this country, or what he calls "concentration camps." He even gave some rather disturbing examples, which I will not discuss. He also read some of his poetry that he has been working on for a number of years now. His poetry has a definite Hip-hop feel to it, and it mostly serves to tell those reading or listening to it about both the harsh conditions of jail and of the existence of many other political prisoners who are still in the same unfortunate situation that he was once in.

M1, through his speeches and his music, represents the positive aspect of Hip-hop. He is from the school of thought that Hip-hop is a culture that is meant "not just to excite, but to incite." He sees Hip-hop as a way to get people to fully understand what is going on in their community, and hopefully motivate them to do something about it, to fight for change.

One of the things he said that I found particularly interesting came near the end of his speech, when he said that "to free Africa is to free the world." I asked him to elaborate on this comment, and he was more than happy to. He said that by Africa he wasn't referring to the continent, "But rather to all African people." He went on to say that "this country was built on the backs of African people, and most of the world's most important resources are stolen from the coasts of Africa. Yet despite all this, African people are still faced with oppression nearly everywhere you look. We live in perhaps the most powerful nation in the world, and it cannot function without us, yet still we are not free. This is what I mean when I say that to free Africa is to free the world."

After everyone had spoken, the floor was left open for questions. I was lucky enough to sit down and have a private dinner with the members of the tour and those who had worked hard to bring them to Swarthmore. I was actually sitting down and eating with people who are brave and bold enough to go out into the world and fight for the freedom of people like me, and who ask for nothing in return. Being a part of this day made me realize how desperately we need this sort of event to come to Stony Brook's campus, and has given me the motivation I need to see that this happens.

I cannot thank my friend enough for giving me this opportunity, and I hope to invite her to my campus sometime in the near future for an event of such magnitude. Until then, the memories of this past weekend will stay in the front of my mind, and I now have a new appreciation for all those who are out there representing myself and all black people. Those who fight for freedom, and dare to win.

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How to make a pirate hat!

Step 1: fold along line #1, like so



Step 2: fold along lines #2 & 3
like so

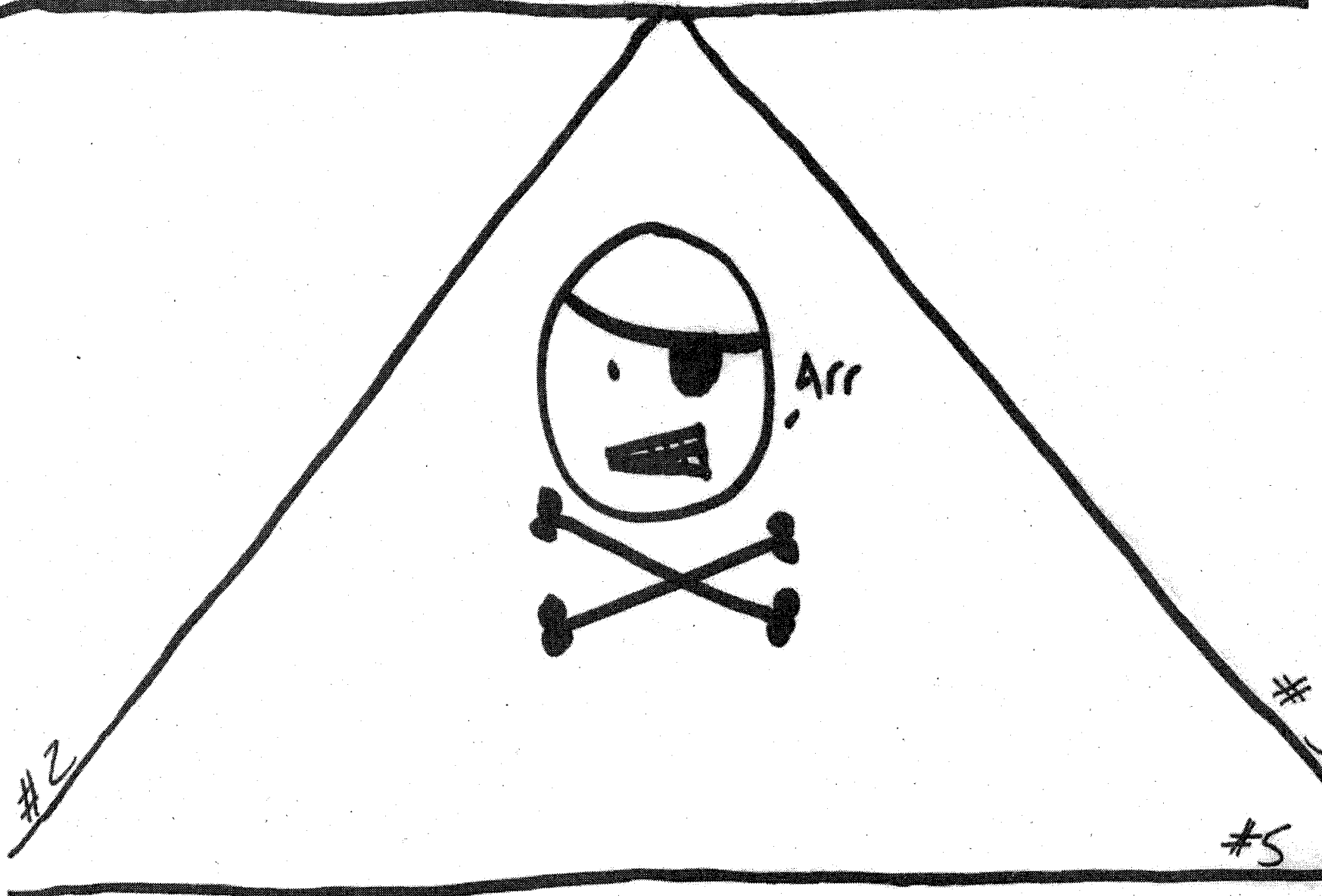


Step 3: fold along lines 4 & 5 so you
have a brim that goes upward.

Step 4: Because newsprint sucks, apply tape
nearly everywhere.

Note: If you've followed these instructions,
You shouldn't be able to read this, dummy

Step 5: Grit teeth and say aargh!



By Doug Williams

Once in a while, you come across some genuine talent in your own backyard. This is most definitely the case with a young artist from Stony Brook, Long Island. Johnny Cuomo is both talented and entertaining, as he is provocative and poetic. He has played several times here at Stony Brook University and at a variety of other Long Island spots. Johnny is on my list of musicians 'Most Likely To Succeed' and I'd like to include a little history about this man who has played in several interesting v

Johnny has been working music for the past 10 years as a singer/guitarist in a rock group, Turtle, Johnny and the band toured the United States performing their own original rock music. They performed in over 250 venues over three years on the road, as well as in all the top clubs in NYC. Their favorite was opening the Ramones at Long Island. While studying at College in Ireland, he was involved with

Dublin, where he was a finalist in the Talent Contest in 1998. Johnny returned to the U.S. and formed a traditional Irish band, Gallowglass,

with brothers Mike and Kevin Meehan, and the drummer from his previous band, Jerry Arias. Johnny has been playing for 3 years with this traditional band, performing in countless festivals, pubs and venues throughout Long Island, NYC and New England, including the Music Under

the Dome Program at the Vanderbilt Planetarium and the Long Island Museum's annual Fiddle and Folk Festival. Johnny has made numerous trips back to Ireland in the past years to play at various pubs and venues, and recently returned to do a supporting gig for Dublin-based band, Whirlygig, at Vicker Street and Whelan's. In the past year, he has been lending his talents to original rock/Irish band, The Ruffians, on banjo and Irish flute and has been running a weekly traditional Irish session at O'Neil's in NYC. Johnny's strongest talents, however, lay in his abilities as a singer/songwriter, performing his own original folk/rock as a solo artist, and as a trio, with his sister Lisa on bass, and long time drummer, Jerry Arias. He has performed his original music at over 100 venues, including colleges, festivals, local pubs and coffee houses, col-

lege radio and cable TV. His music is in the genre of Neil Young, Dylan, REM, and David Gray. Along with his vocals, John plays an assortment of instruments, including guitar, bass guitar, tenor banjo, Irish flute, tin whistle, mandolin and harmonica. He has recently released a new CD, entitled, "There & Back Again," which features seven of his newest songs.

Another NY area musician, Mark Mangold, sent me two of his CDs to listen to and I

and relaxing. excellent by this artist. In iting and own pieces, so plays with a, a progres-rock band fellow veter-in musician, Randy Jackson. Randy, who never stops ying, is also with end-stic gigs and f concerts and of over ades, Zebra. e in NY, has a brand lable. One of rom Slightly e heard at . Korn Cat uing touches

on his debut recording, the stronger You Love, and has already released the album's single in South America and Germany on One Time Records label. KC Williams dedicates the single, 'Hey Andy' to a woman he met in Argentina while recording a majority of his rhythm tracks at a studio there. "I know it's a bit corny, but I felt compelled to write an upbeat love song to let this awesome lady know how I really feel about her. Andy, which is actually her nickname, spent many long hours with me helping prepare a lot of material for the album, so it's only right I go with my instinct and release this extra track that I recorded here in NY as a last minute thing, because it came out so good."

This next segment is a piece from meditation guru, John St. Martin. He describes, in his own words some of the events that led up to his discovery of meditation and its healing powers. Johns CD, Waves of Relaxation, is available at www.amazon.com and is a very interesting recording, as well as a friendly companion to have in your CD changer.

"I made a miraculous recovery after surviving a near fatal motorcycle accident in 1991. This accident, occurring in front of San Francisco State University (which I was attending at the time), landed me in a coma for 10 days. The accident's only residual effect is a post-traumatic seizure condition. I was having grand mal seizures on a quarterly basis. I experienced horrible pain at hospitals as a result of my seizures (with catheters and IVs). I had "auras" on a weekly basis, tiny seizures which precipitate petty or grand mal seizures if my stress is not kept in check. I needed to find some relief from my extremely painful condition.

"While I was teaching pain management at the Stanford Pain Clinic, a client told me that he had bought many CD's for stress management and relaxation but had found none of them worthwhile. So I decided to create one, as I had some background in stress management and training in relaxation skills. I had met Suzanne Ciani, a New Age

pianist, after her solo performance at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. I contacted her and sent her a demo of my guided meditations and stress-management tracks with my voice sampled over her music. She knew I had 'found something,' and the five-time Grammy-nominated New Age musician and I agreed on a common goal in making this project: to bring health and happiness into people's lives.



"I decided on the title 'Waves of Relaxation' as my guided meditations and stress-reduction techniques are set to the waves and music of Suzanne Ciani. Since Suzanne used waves as background for the music I chose, which provided a flowing sound, my words seemed to be perfectly in sync with Suzanne's ethereal instruments and waves. In this recording, I impart practical strategies for reducing physical and emotional stress. I have created progressive relaxation with a slant on hypnotic meditation for the mind and body. I decided on visualization techniques in a beach setting so that there would be zero conflict between music and monologue. Lastly, but possibly most importantly, are the thought-restructuring skills, which I have made great personal use of to overcome stressful areas of my life to promote calmness and productivity.

"Since stress often triggers my generally latent condition, I originally developed this recording to help myself relax and manage stress. I then improved on these techniques after offering them to clients at the Stanford pain clinic and in private practice. The result of my hard work, real-life application and artistic partnership will inspire and support listeners in their quest for health and vitality. In the process of helping others relieve stress, I have made great strides in his career as well as in my condition.

"I have recently joined Magellan Behavioral Health, a managed care/employee assistance corporation, as part of their clinical team while continuing with my private practice.

"Through using my tools on my CD to manage my stress, I am no longer having grand mal seizures and the exhausting stays at hospitals that were required to stabilize these kinds of seizures. The Waves of Relaxation is perfect for anyone who needs to unwind or sharpen their analytical skills to deal with life's daily stresses."

As always, feel free to send any updates you may have with your band or project. Email your information to news@bloodlinemusic.com. Links to the artists and bands covered in this column can be found at www.bloodlinemusic.com.

Mama Got Courage

By Jamie Mignone

Mother Courage and her Children is an appropriate dramatization of the consequences of war, given the current situation in Israel, as well as wherever our own troops may take as their new Stratego board. The play focuses on the lives of those affected by the war, but not altogether participating or taking sides.

It is the story of a mother trying to live and raise her children against a backdrop of hell on earth. The Thirty Years War (1618-1648) was a battle over ideals. The Catholics wanted their business to keep booming, and the Protestants wanted to start their own in Germany. God is big business, bigger business than human life. War ensues, and keeps ensuing. The economy goes to shit and lots of people die. The result of the war doesn't really matter since there is nothing but devastated land to claim for sake of a line on a map. There are no winners. Bertolt Brecht wrote this play during World War Two. His purpose is still relevant.

Mother Courage tries to keep her life together amid the horrors of war. She sells whatever salvageable goods she can find from her wagon. She takes the boots from dead soldiers, and her wagon doubles as a canteen.

Besides that, all she has is her children. Her sons, Eilif and Swiss Cheese, are under constant lure of recruitment officers, who call them off to battle with promises of glory and swoon them with drink. Courage's daughter Katrin is without speech, (but has a healthy set of screamin' lungs), and is a source of worry for Courage for lack of a husband. The family is accompanied by various extras including a skittish minister and a comical cook, both of whom vie for Courage's favor.



Other characters include soldiers, peasants, and a singing whore, all of whom are deeply affected by the war. Some owe their survival to the war while others become overburdened by the hardship of life in a war zone. Brecht thereby reflects the dynamic between the Stratego players at the top and the victims of war at the bottom. Each party gets what's coming to them. The warriors have to go into battle, fight, and die, and the complacent lose nearly everything. Bertolt Brecht favors protest rather than trying to mind your own business during a time of war, and this play is designed to show what complacency gets you,

sucka.

Yeah, so as not to give away the plot, there are general themes of love, death, and booze, and there's lots of wit, you know, the funny. There's some song, some shooting, some drums, booze, people pullin' pushcarts, booze, and funny clothes.

I am not a man to judge acting ability, but I enjoyed the performance, and I have much respect for the cast and crew. I could not discern a significant flaw in the production, although the first act was a bit lengthy, I liked the show. Theater's cool.

the spot

open thur-sat
6pm-mid
music+beer+cabaret

2nd floor
fannie brice thtr.

Angry People Never Did Anything Worth Doing

By Jonathan Gelling

"You should be very fucking angry!" This message oozes from just about each and every story in The Stony Brook Press. It smears itself on the minds of the paper's readers like the very ink that rubs off the pages themselves. Those taking the time to browse through the newspaper are met with a simple refrain: the school sucks; the government is against you, society is going to hell and you - as a SUNY Stony Brook student - are getting it the very worst of all. America is suffering from an endless variety of diseases, according to these writers, and the prescription for the sickness is clear: lot's of drug use and lots of pissed off people will triumph over tyranny. People have to recognize how bad things are, get mad about them, get drunk and/or stoned, and go out and change the world. Problems solved.

What could be wrong with this solution? Well, besides the fact that cynical self-hatred makes for tedious reading, it is also not very effective. In fact, the types of sentiments being spread through The Press actually end up backfiring and making things worse. The reason for this is simple: angry, disenchanted, drug-using cynics become so disgusted with the system that they give up on it entirely. If the writers of these articles actually believed in what they were saying then the paper wouldn't get written every week. It takes a lot of concern, hard-work and effort to write and manage a newspaper with the quality that The Press has. The primary reason it does get written is because its various contributors and editors share a belief in the power of journalism. This is a positive belief, a faith that people can make informed judgments when presented with the facts. Nothing could be further from the sort of negative ideas put forward in many of the articles in the paper, which encourage people to give up on our society -- and in doing so to give up on many of our fellow human beings.

Recent history has shown the dangers posed by an angry, disengaged public. The most important political event of the past decade was unquestionably the congressional election of 1994, which ended forty years of Democratic control of the House of Representatives. More importantly, that election shifted the politics of this country enormously to the right. Before

1994, it was widely considered politically impossible for the Republicans to ever have a majority in the House. They not only proved these expectations wrong, they have held control of the House for eight years now. In 2002, it looks like the Democrats may have a hard time winning back a majority. Why?

The reasons behind the seismic shift in 1994 are complex and enormously varied. Doubtless Clinton's troubled first two years in office were a factor, combined with internal Democratic divisions and the virtual abandonment of the Democratic Party by the entire South. But the results of 1994 have gone down in history as primarily being the product of "angry white men." The key factor there was these voters' anger: they told pollsters they thought the country was going in the wrong direction, that government didn't work for people like them, and that drastic change was called for. Despite what some people tend to believe, change is not always a good thing, least of all if it is change for the sake of change itself.

The whole culture of the late 80's and early 90's was negative and pessimistic. The movies made during this time period are full of horrific images of apocalyptic futures (think about the Terminator and Robocop series, among many, many others). The music featured increasingly violent Hip-hop and Grunge rock tunes that were full of hatred and anger, directed at everyone and everything. Skinhead and "freak" counter-cultures flourished in a new pop subculture of discontent. Even news reports and textbooks dwelt on the "decline of America," presumably a victim of its own decadence in the face of relentless Japanese and European competition. Even Bill Clinton felt compelled to declare that, "This will be the first generation of Americans to be worse off than their parents." The message in all of this was clear: things were bad and getting worse. People were

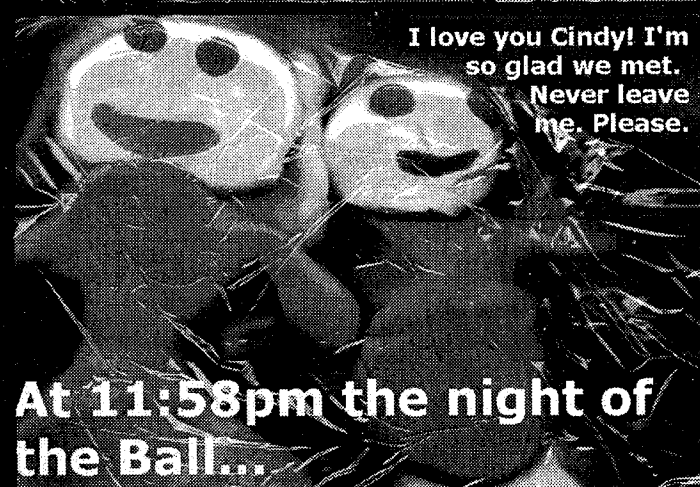
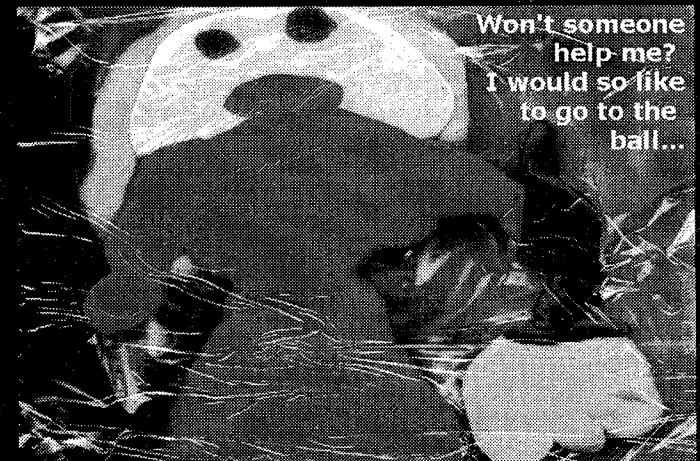
moved to anger by these developments, but it was not a constructive and progressive movement. No one believed in progress -- things were just getting inevitably worse. The result of all of this was a tragic self-hatred of all of our social institutions. And no one tries to improve that which they have come to despise; they merely try to destroy it.

If this paper, or any other for that matter, wants to help promote a more progressive future for all of us then it should stop encouraging people to disengage from society. There is a role for anger in politics. But this anger should be of the reforming type - a concern for society to be fair and just. And always when trying to arouse people to anger, writers should direct people's attention to positive, tangible improvements that can be made to correct the situation. Too much criticism of politics, society and government in general makes people feel weak and powerless - that nothing they do can really change anything for the better. When this happens they'll just stop trying. If people stop paying attention, corruption will set in amongst the shadows of public ignorance.

OPEN DOOR

pixie

Cinderella as it should be: inaccurate, and portrayed in playdough.



Again, my apologies for this not being claymation porn. But, really now, who wants to see a naked clay Prince Charming or Cinderella?

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Donnie Darko is a Movie

By Michael Prazak

There are certain irrefutable equations we come to know and love in movies. Some of the equations, though not explicitly spelled out, are fairly obvious to us when taken in retrospect. Let's deconstruct a movie type we are all fairly familiar with, take one Sad Heroine (this sadness can be from a few things, she is usually a bird in a gilded cage character though) add to that a Hero from the other side of the tracks, then divide that by a Villain with a lustful yen for the Heroine and finally multiply it all by a spectacular event that culminates in a moment where love either a) prevails or b) prevails momentarily until one of the two leads dies from poison/iceberg/gunshot/heart attack from defective baboon heart. Now this is the typical equation for a tragic romance movie, though equations are not exclusive to the Romance genre. Let's take a look at a more off beat genre that sometimes falls into the equation format, Time Travel movies. Immediately upon hearing "time travel", one often thinks usually of some fantastical machine transporting a hero into the past or future to correct a perceived wrong. This thinking though is now challenged by a movie that forces us into a new analysis of the concept of time travel and it's ramifications.

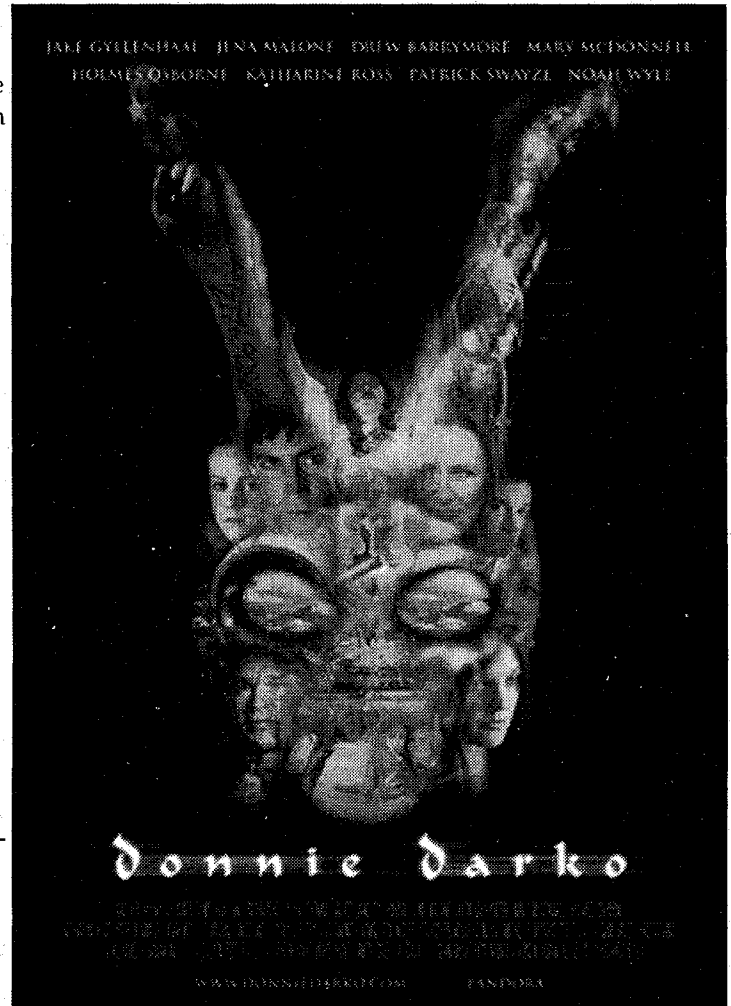
Donnie Darko breathes a fresh air into the tragically formulaic time travel genre. Presented by first time writer-director Richard Kelly, we are presented a glimpse into the mind of an emotionally disturbed yet remarkably brilliant young man, who either accidentally or incidentally stumbles upon a rather unique concept of time travel. The title character Donnie Darko, played to creepy perfection by Jake Gyllenhaal (October Sky, and tragically Bubble Boy), leads a not-so-normal yet oddly familiar life, with a typical middle-American family. He goes to high school everyday, has a group of friends he engages in interesting conversations with (the sexual adventures of Smurfette, and the voyeuristic activities of Papa Smurf are among them) and leads a relatively normal life, that is until we learn about his giant demonic imaginary bunny rabbit friend.

This Rabbit, which is presumably a day-light hallucination prompted by the taking of his medication, delivers a message to Donnie about the end of the world. In the delivering this message however, it also saves Donnie's life, by keeping him out of danger on a night when a jet engine crashes through his bedroom. Due to this act, Donnie feels he is under obligation to listen to his Imaginary friend, who we learn later goes by the name of Frank. In one visit "Frank," asks Donnie what he knows about time travel, this is where the movie begins to really grow, as Donnie's search for answers leaves him, as well as the viewer, questioning what is real and what is imaginary.

The most refreshingly surprising thing about this film was the fact that, in addition to providing a thoroughly intense and suspenseful psychological atmosphere, it also displayed an incredibly wry humor. The supporting cast is where we find the movies more humorous moments, from Donnie's father who laughs in inappropriate situations, to a visiting self-empowerment speaker (cast with tongue-in-cheek perfection as Patrick Swayze) who claims the world is divided into two emotions, fear and love.

Yet the most compelling aspect of this movie would have to be its development of characters. We start off assuming that Donnie is just a typical disturbed teen with emotional issues, but as the movie gains momentum our opinion of Donnie changes, as does our view on the credibility of his character. As we learn more and more about Donnie's character and witness his interactions with people, we gain more and more respect for him. This leads to a situation in which his outlandish claims and visions from the beginning

don't seem so outlandish to us any longer. In all its intrinsic depth and emotive contemplation this movie delivers on many levels and is well worth the price of renting. Fine movies like this continue to get ignored by most of America perhaps providing the final irony to the movie itself. There is fundamentally something wrong with our society when a movie like this fails to gross half as much money as movie like Bubble Boy (sorry, I only know that because I looked up info on the star, and found this little nugget of horrifying wisdom).



The Stony Brook Press, harboring fugitives for 23 years.

Define the truth with us.

-Is shaving your head and beard punishment enough for treason?

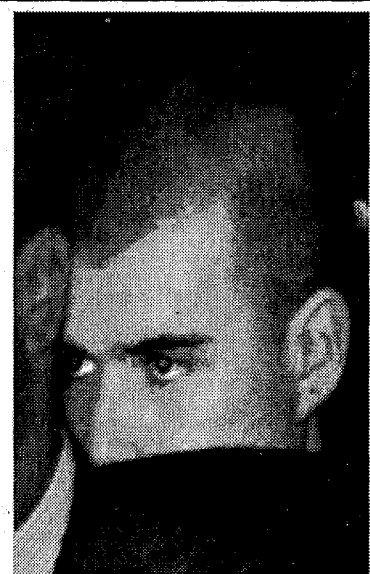
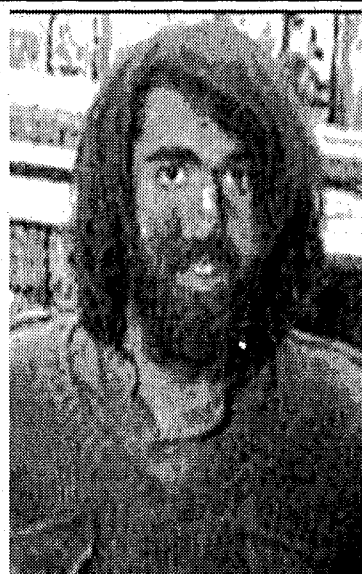
-Why did the Taliban buy up 30% of the world's pretzel stocks on January 1st?

-How did Pat Buchanan's book *Death of the West* end up amongst the flyers dropped on Afganistan?

-Which one of the girls in Hanson did I have sex with?

-The Shirley Strun Kenny-Enron connection (c'mon, you know there has to be one).

-Where do we go? where do we go now, Sweet Child, Sweet Child, Sweet Chieeeeild of mine?



John Walker Lindh, Staff Writer. Come join him in our cold and wet basement room. Follow the stench of the corpses to room 060, basement of the Union.

Submissions-letters-complaints: stonypress@hotmail.com

Israel, Our Ally

By Ross Rosenfeld

I think the US needs to have its Colin removed.

It's funny (or would be, if it wasn't sad) how on one hand we claim to be fighting terrorism, the world over, and then, on the other hand, send our Secretary of State to shake hands with Yasser Arafat, the man who practically invented terrorism as we know it.

Israel, behind Ariel Sharon, has in fact made a mistake: their intention should not have been to "isolate" Arafat, but to capture, try, and execute him, along with all of his terrorist subordinates. The PLO is governed by a doctrine of terror, and it must be destroyed in order for there to be peace.

The end.

The Israelis have tried to make peace. They have tried and tried and tried again. But still it is not safe for Israeli children to go and get a slice of pizza. Or for Israeli teenagers to attend a disco. Or for a family - a family - to have a seder.

We've seen it. As Americans, we get to watch the carnage on TV. Little boys and girls, blown from this earth. The blood of men, women, and children splattering onto the street, a river of red. A little bit of September 11th, every day - that is what Israel is forced to deal with.

And the Palestinians - most of them living in poverty; many duped by their fraudulently elected "President" into believing that the Israelis are at fault. Fed on the hypnotic bread of terror and hate. Not realizing that the greatest impediment to peace, land, and prosperity is their very own Yasser Arafat, who rejected the Israeli offering of over 95% of the land that he had requested.

Enter Colin Powell.

Where did this man go wrong? I had such hopes for Mr. Powell, but it is time to admit that, thus far, his performance as Secretary of State has been a complete failure.

Where is the strength we need?

Powell exemplifies the weaknesses of the Bush Administration: the constant vacillation, the fear of commitment.

Recently we discovered that Osama bin Laden was in fact in the Tora Bora region when fighting in that area broke-out, and that had we sent in US troops instead of the Northern Alliance (which is what we should have done in the first place), we could have captured him. The Administration, meanwhile, was busy telling us that sending in a large army would not be effective. But that was a lie. Had we sent in such a force, we would probably have bin Laden, Omar, and a host more. Now all we have is a constant terrorist threat.

In times like these, we need to remember who our friends are. Israel is not only a democracy, not only our friend, but our only friend in an area of the world where our enemies are superfluous.

And there is no nation more dedicated to the elimination of terror than Israel, our ally.

After September 11th, Israel was the first nation to offer its full-fledged support to us. But we told them No.

Why did we tell them this?

Because the Bush Administration was afraid of commitment. They were afraid that if they accepted Israel's help, we might be expected to help Israel fight their terrorist enemies.

But isn't the point of a "War on Terrorism" to be a war on terrorism? Not a war

on some terrorists, or a token war on terrorism, but a real WAR on Terrorism?

There is no excuse for the fact that Osama bin Laden is still alive. There is no excuse for the fact that Mullah Omar is still alive. And there is no reason why Yasser Arafat, World Terrorist, should not also be dead.

How many lives does it take? How many children have to have their arms, legs, and genitals blown off? Yes! It is disgusting! But still it is the truth!


And now Israel is fighting, not to conquer, not for money, not for hate - but for peace. Israel fights for peace. The Israelis would be happy to live side by side in peace with their Arab neighbors. But the PLO terrorists will not rest until every Jew is killed or banished, and surely, they prefer killed.

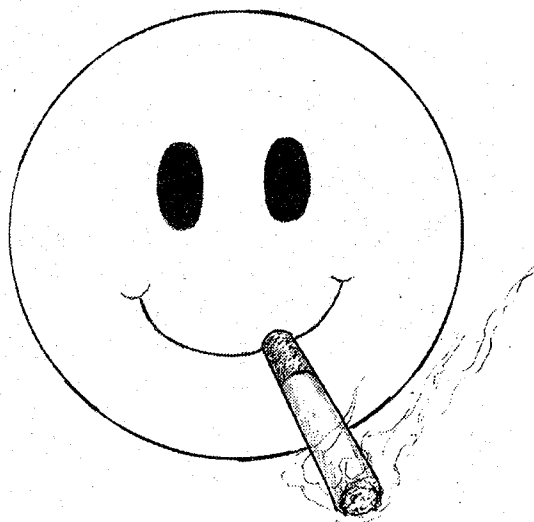
And so there is truly only one solution:

Arafat, and his Fatwa, and his Palestinian Authority, and his homicide bombers - and all the rest of his terrorist murderers -

must be destroyed. Only then will there be peace. Only then will both the Israelis and the Palestinians be able to prosper together. And only then will the world be that much cleaner, rid of this terrible terrorist disease.



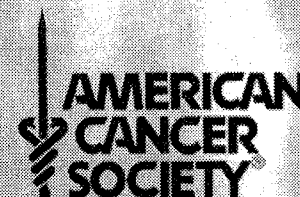
The  is
these keep me
from beating your
fucking face in



cure the infection

By Vadim

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Death Egg Zone

Catholic Ministries Day Care

•For Boys•

Our Activities:
salty protein baptism
bent over the altar
holy water sports
what's in my bum?
don't tell mommy
wrestling father
priest pony rides
lots'o sodomy



Our wrists have been slapped,
so you can trust us now.

"Bishops and superiors are concerned, above all else,
with the spiritual good of souls" -Pope John Paul II



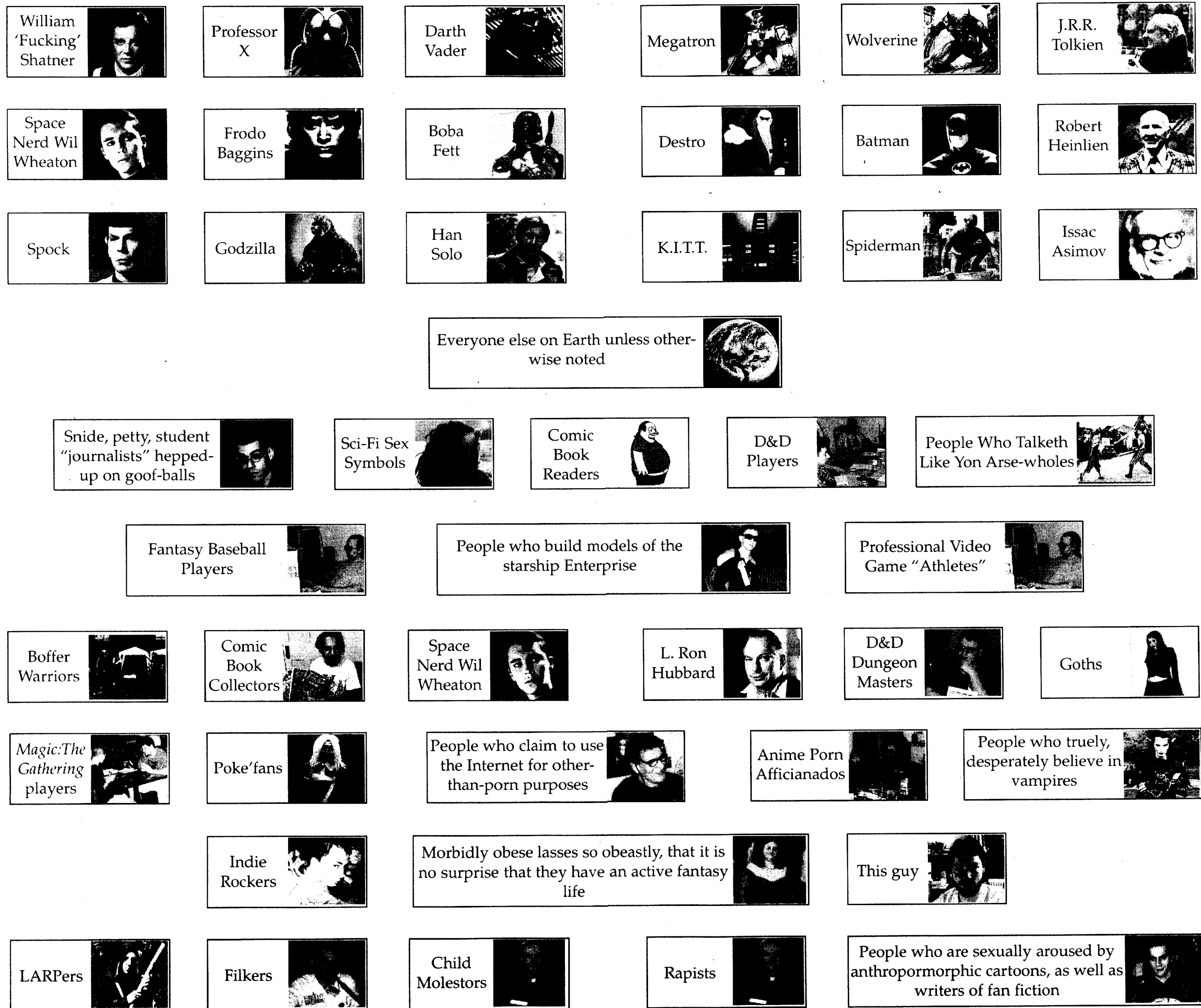
BEING DIFFERENT DOES NOT MAKE YOU SPECIAL



THE PRESS CELEBRATES I-CON TWENTY ONE



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