

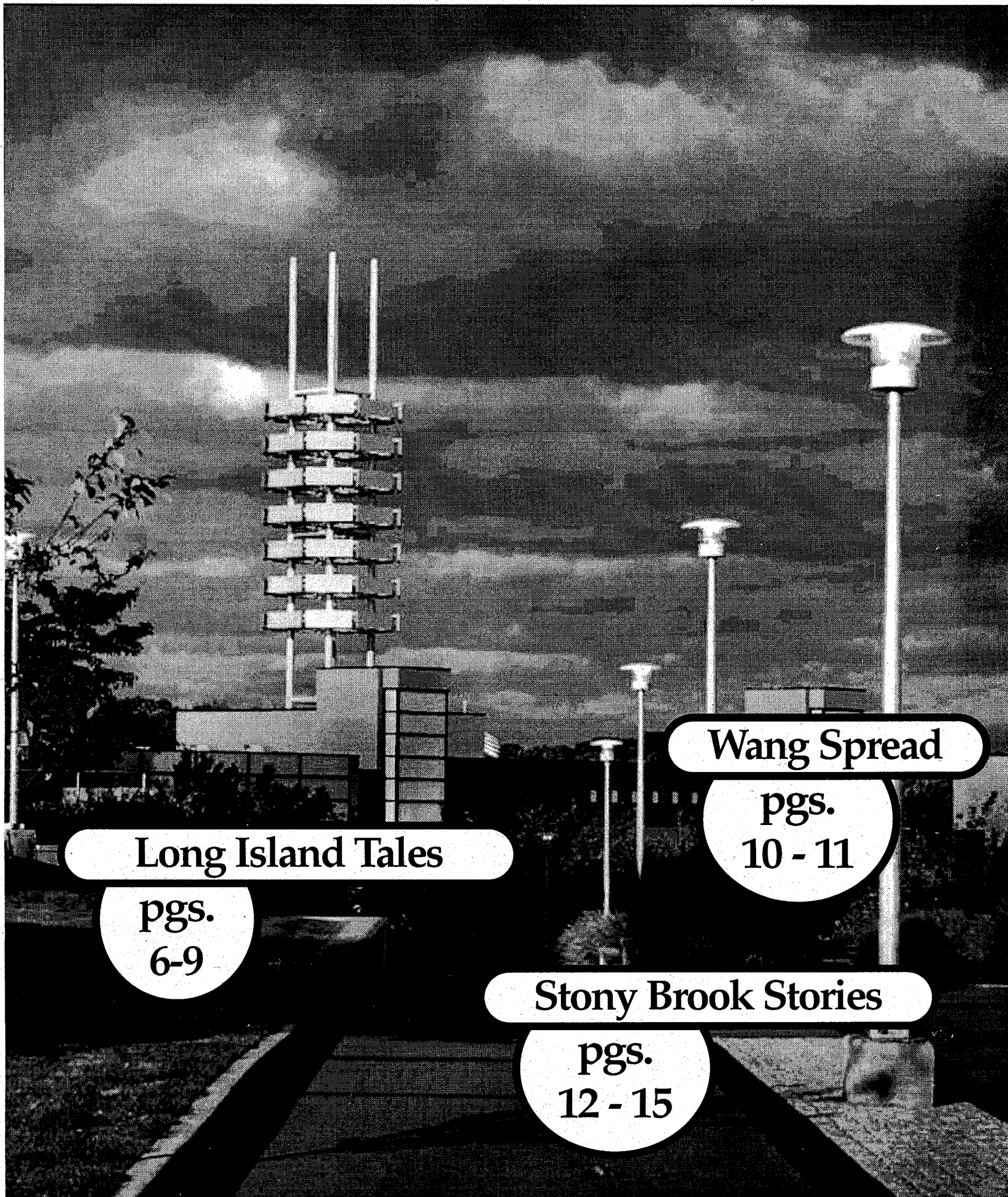
THE STONY BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 4

"I came here to kick ass and eat candy corn. I'm all outta candy corn"

October 31, 2002



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Regime Change Needed, But Not Where You Think

By Jeff Blanch

Shortly after September 11, 2001, a new term was introduced in our political vocabulary. Applied to U.S. policy towards one country in particular, it appears to have extended to every nation that doesn't see things on the same page as we do. That term is "regime change." Gentility aside, it means basically this: overthrowing another country's government. In George W. Bush's emergency address to Congress shortly after 9/11, he invoked the countries of Iraq, Iran, and North Korea into an "axis of evil." It isn't clear what will become the fate of the latter two in the grand scheme of U.S. relations, but Bush has already made up his mind in the case of the first country, Iraq, and its president, Saddam Hussein.

Hawks and supporters of the pending invasion have made up their mind: "Saddam must go." They typically don't have much to say beyond this fancy slogan, and for good reason. Their leader and his close aides haven't provided them with a strong enough case to make against opponents of this action, be it for our tactics or just for our designs on Iraq in general. The argument against the Bush doctrine of "pre-emptive strikes" and "regime change" has been made many times over: it will destabilize the region (much worse than it already is, at any rate), it will unleash a Pax Americana, a humanitarian crisis will develop, it will lure more supporters to Osama Bin Laden, and so on. Combine that with our past relations with Hussein (why does everybody call him by his name, anyway?) and the huge oil supply that we know that Iraq possesses, and any argument against regime change is a slam-dunk, for all intents and purposes.

There are also a few, both in the United States and across the world, who would wish to see a

regime change develop in Washington in 2004; primarily, George W. Bush's defeat at the polls for another four-year term in the Oval Office. This is a goal that can be easily understood, and perhaps implemented, given what will change (or will stay the same) in the next two years. However, this is a simple-minded, and ultimately aimless, wish. It was no secret what kind of administration we'd have under Mr. Bush. Anyone who can think on his feet knows that Bush's administration would be light on the compassion, and heavy on the conservatism. The election results aside, and the fallout that resulted from that little event, we knew that Bush had no mandate, and that he particularly didn't care. Bush was just being Bush, Cheney was being Cheney, and further down the list. So a "regime change," although helpful, won't matter much in the grand scheme of things. If 2000 was any indication, his opponent will be saying the same things, and running on pretty much the same platform, anyway.

This leaves us with one more prospect for regime change, and the most deserving. Ever since his inauguration, Mr. Bush has been permitted, for all intents and purposes, a free reign. Besides a judicial nominee being voted down here and there, along with the Alaska Wildlife Reserve being rejected as the X-spot for oil companies to place their drills, what area of Bush's agenda hasn't been implemented in some way? If only Bill Clinton had it this easy when he was in office. With a tax cut that will primarily benefit the richest 1 percent of Americans, a \$160 billion farm subsidy bill that will ultimately benefit big corporations like Archer-Daniels-Midland, and a huge pay hike in defense spending after 9/11, Bush (and his campaign contributors) must be

laughing all the way to the bank

The one million dollar question for anyone who finds Bush's free reign troubling must be: where is the opposition? The so-called "opposing party" has been nowhere to be found in the past 2 years. The Democrats have kneeled to Bush on issue after issue. When he calls on Congress to sign a certain bill, he sounds like a fat-cat boss talking to his servant. When he demands war powers, without having made a case for war, the resolution passes by wide margins. The Democrats, with a few notable exceptions, have displayed a flair for legislative appeasement, especially after September 11. They've betrayed principles in favor of politics. In fear of looking "weak", 40 percent of House Democrats and 58 percent of Senate Democrats gave Bush a blank check for war. They've committed the unthinkable: trading the blood of other human beings for security...their security. After all, what's some bloodshed if it results in a sure reelection?

What has become more apparent in the past years, and what has come full-circle in the past few weeks, is that both parties are exactly the same when it all comes down to it. But at least the Republicans don't make it a secret whose interests they represent. The Democrats just spew populist rhetoric while winking at their corporate contributors and the lobbyists who work for them. They know where their bread is buttered, and on bills that might help or hurt their interests, they'll act accordingly.

I don't know what the solution is. A third party? A Republican-controlled Congress? Campaign finance reform? Yeah, right. But I do know one thing: We need new leadership. The Democrats must go.

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Photo courtesy of Daniel Hofer

Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered

By Andrew Pernick

If only Magic worked like in the movies. Strike that. Given the plethora of misinformation, myth, untruth and outright lies regarding witchcraft in general, and Wicca in particular, maybe it is for the best that real magic doesn't resemble the effects from ILM. I should, therefore, concern myself with publishing truth and dispelling the falsehoods about my religion.

Wicca is not a cult, for we do not recruit members or seek converts; we don't go door to door asking "Have you found the Goddess?" We do not wake you from your slumber early on Sunday mornings to preach. We do not loiter on street corners and subway stations distributing pamphlets. Why? Because any and all religions are real and true to their practitioners. If you wish to learn about our religion, read and teach yourself. Should your desire to become a witch be truly sincere, you will find us.

We do not worship the Christian devil and we are not Satanists. The Christian devil, also known as Satan, is a construct of orthodox religions. Ours is a religion of peace and good. We would not revere such a foul and negative entity. Given the great amounts of evil in the world, plainly evident by watching the nightly news, how could we face ourselves in the mirror if we aided and abetted the commission of malevolence by praying to a being believed by many to be evil incarnate?

In Wicca, there is no place for wild, drug-induced sexual orgies. It is important, especially in our fast-paced modern society, to be clear headed, rational, and alert. Therefore, we (typically) do not overindulge in alcohol or illicit drugs. For centuries, women have been objectified and regarded, at best, as second-class citizens. But since Nature has provided us with two genders, and all humans are of woman born, does it really make sense to denigrate women? Because it does not make sense to practice sexual discrimination, Wicca treats men and women equally. There is great respect for womankind, as completely equal to man. As for the wild, sexual orgies, given this deep and equal respect for both male and female, there are few sexual taboos. Sexual union, the blissful physical expression of love, is sacred.

As for curses, hexes, murder and blood sacrifice, since there is so much darkness and wrong in the world, why would we, members of a positive and peaceful philosophy, wish to bring about the inevitable karmic backlash such negative acts would obviously entail? Simply put, the blood sacrifices and negative magics we are accused of performing are so anathema to our beliefs that the accusations can only come from the hatred from closed-minded individuals who loathe anyone who does not perfectly conform to their unreasonable and irrational demands.

So, you might ask, what is the truth about Wicca?

Wicca is a shamanistic religion with spiritual ties to the Neolithic Goddess religions of antiquity. While there are debates raging in the archeological and anthropological worlds regarding our true temporal roots, our religion acknowledges the pantheons and systems of old. The public first became truly aware of our religion with the mid-20th century writings of Gerald Gardner.

Since then, our numbers have grown due to the curiosity and perseverance of open-minded individuals who are drawn to the poetry and beauty inherent to Wicca.

Since we philosophically believe in gender-equality, we also believe that this equality extends into a balanced duality of deity: the God and Goddess, the Sun and the Moon, the Lord

and Lady. Our Goddess is the universal mother, source of wisdom, fertility, life and the promise of death. She is all of nature, the alpha and the omega, the giver and the taker of life. She is threefold: Maiden, Mother and Crone, seen in the ever-changing moon. Her lunar aspect also gives her control of the tides; since the tides are aquatic, she also reigns over Water. Because water is necessary for life, she is also the symbol and embodiment of Earth.

Our God is the Goddess' consort, source of life, the harvest and sex. He tends to the wild animals, ruler of the mountains, deserts and forests. Our God is the Sun, shining overhead and



giving life through light to all. Due to the physics of the Sun, he is ruler of Fire. And since his fire warms our atmosphere to cause the winds, he also is embodiment in the Aristotelian element of Air. He is linked to the four European solar festivals of solstices and equinoxes. He is born, grows to maturity, and dies annually, akin to the cycle of greening, maturation, and harvest in agriculture.

We are not, however, free to do as we please without being concerned with impact or consequence. The Goddess and the God gave us intellect for a reason.

Therefore, we Wiccans govern ourselves by internal codes of ethics. We acknowledge that we do not exist in a vacuum. Although we do not believe in sin, per se, we do believe in the fundamental concept of balance and from this it is no great leap of logic to believe that positive action begets positive reaction and negative action causes negative consequences. This, in Eastern thought, is referred to as Karma, and is the basis for the Threefold Law: that which you do, good or bad, comes back to you threefold. A minor act of cruelty will be punished by a greater act of evil done to the cruel; a small act of kindness will be rewarded threefold with good.

Our ethics are simple, distillable into but a single line, also known as the Wiccan Rede: "An' ye harm none, do what ye will." This is our law, constant and inviolable. In modern language it simply means that a Wicca is free to do what she or he wants as long as no-one, including the Wiccan, is harmed in the process. Due to the fact that we believe in the Threefold Law, we cannot harm ourselves or others (including animals)

in our rituals. We cannot shed blood in ritual, and we cannot cause ourselves intentional harm since both would be a direct affront to our beliefs, our Deities, and to ourselves.

Although we do not believe in predestination, we do believe in reincarnation in some form or another. This tenet, although not fundamental, is important because it teaches us that suicide is not an option: even if we do end our current incarnation, we will be back here again and might just have to face the same problems that caused us to kill ourselves the first time around.

And now we have reached the one part of Wicca that sets us apart from most Western religions, a part that should be obvious given the fact that we call ourselves witches: we practice magic. Magic, to quote Scott Cunningham, is "the projection of natural energies to produce needed effects." Magic is not supernatural; it may be occult, or hidden from popular knowledge, steeped in secrecy, but it is still natural. The

forces at work in magic have yet to be quantified by modern science, but that does not invalidate them; even magnetism was originally a part of "magic" until science was able to explain it.

The type of magic we Wiccans perform requires more clarification. Since control over others is a form of harm, we do not attempt to use the magical arts to effect the minds of others. A Wiccan would not, for example, cast a love spell to force someone to love her or him. The implications of forcing someone to love you are simple and horrible: would not sex, therefore, technically be rape? If sex is truly a blissful union and an expression of love, then forcing someone to love you through magic and then having sex with that person would be the same as a cult leader having sex with one of his brainwashed followers; it would be the least violent, but most psychologically damaging, forms of rape imaginable. We do not curse or hex those that cross us; instead, we may perform a binding, a magical restraining order if you will, on that person to make that person stay away. And because life is sacred, we do not shed blood or offer animal sacrifices in magic. A true Wiccan spell, then, is an exercise in the mental projection of will as a request to Nature. It is assisted by the burning of incense, the offering of herbs and inanimate objects to Deity, meditation, chanting and visualization.

After hearing the truth about our religion, if you are still curious about Wicca and Wiccan thought, then please read more, observe more and ask. By the time this article hits the newsstands, I will be an officially "Out of the Broom Closet" witch, and can be reached at cbwoodstein@yahoo.com, or you could just look for the man with a Vandyke, trench coat and fedora chugging coffee and smoking cloves. Blessed Be!

Editorial: The Legend Behind Our Wang

On Tuesday, Oct. 22nd, The Charles B. Wang Center finally opened to the public... for a grand total of three hours. Sadly, after over 40 million dollars and four years of work have been put into this gigantic eyesore, it still isn't finished. What's the hold up, you ask? Well the school will give you all sorts of bullshit reasons why there's been such a delay, but we at The Press know the truth: The Wang Center is haunted by the ghost of an old Chinese folk legend who eats the fingers of children.

Hugupuo, as the witch is commonly known, has freely roamed Long Island for thousands of years, feasting upon the fingers and toes of disobedient children like tiny sausage links. The people of Long Island finally decided that, while many L.I. kids are stupid, annoying, and probably deserve to have their fingers devoured by a witch, Hugupuo was too great of a threat to be left to her own devices. A grand plan was set in motion to capture the ghost and keep it locked within a giant containment unit of sorts (you know, like Ghostbusters).

It was decided that this project should be kept a secret from the residents of L.I. so that none of their stupid ass kids would ever be tempted to break in and accidentally free the ghost, much like every cool supposedly haunted place in the world. Now all that was needed was an idea for a building that no one would ever be interested in visiting. Thus The Wang Center was born.

Unfortunately, things did not go as smoothly as planned. Hugupuo was captured easily, but the containment center was no where near completed. As long as the doors stayed locked, there was a chance to keep all that is unholy within the steel and glass tomb, but history will show a different turn of events. They had to have a "grand opening."

This fest at least had some free food, but the beast was released. She can now be seen in her new residence. As a printer on the Mac resnet. So next time you print a document, make sure you're keeping an eye on the appendages of your children.

Editorial: Ne me touchez pas!

Ladies and gentlemen of the world at large, we at the Stony Brook Press absolutely love to cover the events and news and various projects and happenin's that you, the world, put on. Our expert staff likes nothing more than making records of your minutia and the details of every little action and word you announce. They thrive on news. We grow them in our archives specifically for this purpose.

They're genetically engineered to be observant and annoying. Then, they are systematically hypnotized, or rather conditioned, to value such acts as taking dictation for interviews and taking photographs. Then we set them loose in the world, where they take on the battle droids of the separatists. They're superior in every way, they're more creative and they have the ability to improvise when there's a deadline to be met. They're actually very nearly perfect, except for one thing that our engineers in the archives didn't account for.

You motherfuckers are creepy. You love the Press staff so much that you cannot help but get touchy-feely. It's okay, we know they're irresistible, and you're completely helpless, they're just grown that way. It's cool to cop a feel every now and again, when the

time is right, you know when it's spring, the scent of lilac in the air, you're head buzzes with the ol' primordial urge. It's all good.

Enough is enough, people. Our staff is tough, they're trained to deal with resistance to questioning and they are also learned in various ancient fighting styles in case of violent reaction to their queries. Unfortunately, they are not apt in dealing with the more sexually liberal gestures that you, the movers and shakers in the world, have been making. Yeah, you know what we mean, the whole hand-on-shoulder, talking in really, really close proximity to the face, waving the open hand around like Bob Ross's fro in the breeze, beckoning our little clones into the hearth of your den of perversion. Stop it. You're really fucking creepy, and we can't take it anymore. If we've promised to cover your event and it is missing from these pages, now you know why.

Some of our writers have had to be checked in to mental health care facilities, and we can't afford the insurance payments, it's just not in the budget. Seriously, love them, but don't come off too strong, they just can't handle it. Take your overdriven libido directly to the editorial board.

Dead-Board

Executive Beheaditor

Damn-iel Hofer

High Priestess

Dusty "Blood-Stained" Pants

ASSociate Editor

MADam Kearney

Business Mangler

Die-na Ghost

Boo-se Editor

Joe Flip-Out-And-Kill-Us-All

Our Features Editor

Eats Babies

Photo Deaditor

Ceci Gore-man

chopping edetur

Bloody Butcrak

Production Zombie

Adam Goblin

Deadmaster

Red Rummond

Prostitute-Witch

Fussell Smeller

Ghouls

Jason Amoroso, Jeff Blanch, Tim Connors, Aaron Feingold, Vadim "Lefty" Gedzberg, Chris Genarri, Jonathan Gelling, Rob Gilheany, Bill Gioconda, Glenn "Squirrel" Given, Sam Goldman, Jackie Hayes, Jody Jarvis, Allan Katz, Gregory Knopp, Brian Libfeld, Rich Mertz, Jamie Mignone, Walter Moss, Ejima Oyibo, Andrew Pernick, Derrick Prince, Glenn Roth, Ross Rosenfeld, Brian "Scoop" Schneider, Katie Sinnott, Chris Sorochin, Chris Stackowicz, Sarah Stuve, Doug Williams, Nina Zakharenko, Rich Zimmer

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Letter: Man With A Plan

I think that the press should do some or more pieces on today's current news. Like the fucking sniper that terrorizing washington. Hearing and reading about that just made me all frustrated. I don't like the way how other newspapers report too much information that may fuck up the search on the spineless coward.

and for more on stony related news, i have a big problem with the food they serve us. After 12 years of crappy cafeteria food, you would expect that college has better and healthy meals to offer.

also, on the new wang center. Finally a place where most of the focus is on asians, but why is it such a big deal, only when a multi-billionaire contributes money to the school? Take a look around. There are a heck of a lot of asians in stony, and sometimes it eve seems like they're the majority. So why the emphasis on asian culture this year? Do we need another multi-billionaire of each nationality to donate a shitload of money to stony brook to get their individual nationality some attention?

another problem is the immigrant ta's out there that can barely teach students who don't understand a million accents. Juan rivera was a math teacher last yr, and he was the worse teacher i've had. What is it about people without their visa that makes stony just want to snatch them up and put them to work, educating the future leaders of america, when they can hardly get the students to understand.

also a piece on xanga would be cool. You know what xanga is? Of course you must know at least 1 person, adding to this online journal almost everyday. It's the latest craze in popularity contests. www.xanga.com even i have one.

that's it for now. I'm done venting.

i actually had some interest in trying to be part of the press, but

due to lack of motivation, and of laziness, emails are the only thing that can give you unless you feel i could work from my computer all the time, without having to attend meetings, then im your man!

- norman punzalan

Dear Norman,

We here at the press appreciate your concern over our content, but have several issues with what you'd like to see happen.

First of all, the media is not as dumb as you think. Do you really think the police could not hear him over the phone? I think they heard fine, they wanted more time on the line to trace the call, and gather more evidence. Moving on to more important matters, you either don't like Asians, or just have not ever set foot on this campus before. The Wang center is not only about Asians and their role in society, it's also about having a place to relax on campus, and doing other things that the administration has not made up yet.

Immigrant TA's are only a problem for those with not enough patience to go to class in the first place.

Oh, yeah, before we forget, Xanga is not only lame and retarded, it's old. Really old. It's wonderful to hear someone spout forth such amazing insight into life, and thoughts about this campus only to be qualified by said person not being able to actually act on what they say due to apathy. Makes you feel all warm inside. Why not send articles, and come down to meetings? You might actually be able to make a difference. Until then, you're going to read what we print, and like it.

-The Stony Brook Press

Letter: The Press Dysfunctional Family

Just got your first issues in the mail and unsurprisingly, they are full of self indulgent, unintelligent drivel that is of course spelled wrong. Hey, idiots, just cuz you are alterna, don't mean you have a license to babble.

Most first issues are bad but your's was especially bad. Had it not been for Sorochin's contributions(thank God for Chris), that rag wouldn't be worthy of lining my kitty box.

Some suggestions.

Use the editorial page for educating your peers. Bitching don't change dooty. The return on your dollar of a SB education would surprise you if you ever bothered to research it. Organize, don't sit in front of your G-4's stringing words together and think you are journalists.

Make sure the organize thoughts are worth the ink they are printed with before you print em. If your writers suck, teach 'em.

BIG 3/4 PAGE ADS don't compensate for the absence of content.

If you are gonna use big wurdz, for christ's sake, know what they mean and how they are used. Otherwise, you'll only look more stupid than you actually are.

To Mr. Copy Editor- Get your head out of your ass and do your job. If you are truly too stupid to do it, elect someone else. While the spelling and grammar errors in your two "strings-of-words" were the most amusing thing in em, nothing damages the credibility of an alterna-rag like poor copy editing. Dear God your contribution was meaningless.

Signed,
Daniel Yohannes,
Business Manager Emeritus, News Editor Emeritus

It's shocking and disapointing that the Press would revisit the smiting of President George W. Bush controversy. especially on the eve of a funding referendum.

Two years ago Press editorial board member, Glenn Given, aka "Squirrel" wrote a satirical editorial asking Jesus to Smite president Bush, his cabinet, and MTV personality Carson Daly. It was a questionable editorial at the time. It led to the secret service investigating the press and searching Squirrel's home.

For some unknown reason, The editorial board choose to dreg up this controversy. They did this with a very unoriginal editorial that just repeats the call for Smiting the president! Just a cheap rip off of a two year old editorial. You mention your opposition to Bush's Iraq policy. Fine, why not write a well argued researched, op-ed piece against the policy. The Anti Iraq war argument is a valid one. Instead of a silly, shallow attempt a satire, that calls for the smiting of the president. You think you would of learned that calling for the death of the president, even as a joke is serious business. I guess the current editorial board of the press are not serious people.

The two year old controversy was a sleeping dog that should of been left to lie.

Amazingly, right under the Smite editorial the press asks for the students to vote for them on there feferendum. Are you trying to be defunded? or are you just being stupid and reckless. I couldn't have thought of a better way to mobilize the "No" vote better than what you did. This second editorial is lame also. When I was a writer for the Press, investigative reporting and news came before laughs. You need to get your priorities in order. There were some good articals in the last issue, especially the one about the labor unions. Humor has its place in the press. I hate it when the press gets juvenile. Stony Brook is a university after all. When you are writing for the Stony Brook Press you need to keep the mind set that you are writing to intelligent people. Have respect for your readers. In light of the Smite editorial and the referendum Maybe the current editorial board of the press should resign.

I have never refered to the Stony Brook Press as "our little rag."

Robert V. Gilheany Alumni
former associate editor of the Stony Brook Press

Letter: Re: Jesus King of Kings

Dear Stony Brook Press, Paper of Papers,

Thank you for your interest in Jesus and in "...Please Smite George W. Bush." Rest assured that your Prayer has been recieved and forwarded to the office of the most Holiest of Holies. You should receive a response to your "...Please Smite George W. Bush" from the Lamb of God or one of the Light of the Worlds administrative assistants who (for all legal purposes) speak as and for God the Son. The Bread of Life deeply appreciates the correspondence and devotion of those made in the image of God the Father and regrets that he may not be

able to personally adress your "...Please Smite George W. Bush" due to the overwhelming amout of prayer recieved by the office of The Good Shepard.

This has been an automated response and no further correspondence from the office of the Divine Post should be expected.

Sincerely,
Gabriel, Divine Post Master General

LONG ISLAND

BANSHEES: WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY?

By Ciaran Fitzgerald

The Banshee. A ghost-like apparition that is commonly associated with death and Ireland, a mysterious supernatural creature whose true intentions and origins are unknown by many, a tiny blip on the radar of urban legends, she is one of the lesser known supernatural phenomenon when it comes to exact details. Is she the cause of deaths, or merely an observer? Is she associated with certain people, or is she universal? If you want the answers, read on, my friend.

According to Fiona Broome of fionabroome.com, the Banshee, known in Irish as the Bean Sidhe (Spirit Woman), is a single being, but there are many of them all over the world. According to ancient legend, one Banshee protects each Milesian family. Milesian families are families whose names begin with O' or Mac, although as many families immigrated to America these prefixes were dropped. But the Banshee protects all Milesian families regardless.

The Banshees appear shortly before a death in the family that they watch over. The night before the death, the Banshee wails out of rage and frustration. The family will hear her, but others will as well. The Banshee is usually female, and appears in a white, hood-

ed gown. It is possible that the Banshee is linked to Irish mythological history, namely the fierce Morrighan as the "Washer at the Ford," which was a legend of Cuchulain, the mighty warrior. The Morrighan appeared in this story as a young woman who washed the clothing, or possibly the shrouds, of the men that would battle and be defeated in preparation of an approaching battle. These specters are not the cause of death, but rather, they are merely the messengers, possibly preparing a family for a death that cannot be prevented.

These facts are not without eyewitness accounts. A Ms. McCann reported: "I heard a blood curdling cry that sent shivers down her spine. The next day, I found that I wasn't the only one who had heard it, as my father came in that night and said, 'Ah, did you hear the Banshee tonight? I just found out, ol' Charlie MacDonald died tonight.' Not only did other people hear what I heard, they had heard it before, and I wasn't even terribly familiar with Banshees at the time." This event happened when she was very young, only around seven or eight. Whether or not the Banshee exists, it's certainly quite something that every aspect of the history of a Banshee (the Mac prefix, the ability to be heard by oth-



ers, and the closeness to the death) would all fall into place so neatly, and it would be hard to say that an entire town are made up of superstitious people. These facts indicate that there may be more truth to the myth of the Banshee than first thought. The fact that an entire country believes it, and the fact that even people who are unfamiliar with the Banshee have heard it support this.

So the next time you hear an unusual noise while walking outside at night, you might want to keep an eye out. You never know where or when the banshees will foretell another death.

By Gregory Knopp

There is something frightening in Historic Stony Brook. Not too far from campus there is a long dark street, about four miles long, with no street light's about.

Down the street, lined with large imposing trees, there stands an old manor house with all of its lights out, but one. This light creeps out from a single room in the house, with an unyielding permanence. The only thing to rival its presence is, the mark left on the locals and any ill-fated visitors who came to know the story of MARY'S GRAVE.

Back in the olden days, witches ruled these parts of Long Island. They were feared and respected, usually left to their ominous doings, until they interfered with the lives and activities of the locals too much.

Mary lived in that huge dark house, in that room which is now always lit. She was a witch, and the people knew about her. She was left to her own, with the people not wanting to interfere with the ways of her kind. Then, one day, kids started to disappear in the neighborhood. They would go off wondering in the woods, never to be seen again. Everyone knew who was responsible, but these accusations never rose above hushed whispers in the market as well as in the privacy of people's bedrooms. Slowly, but surely the pace of disappearances escalated. Mary was on everyone's mind, and kids were forbidden from going to the woods or anywhere near that stretching road leading to the witch's house.

One night a mother whose kid had been missing for some time went out to feed

her dogs, and heard something that made her drop the dog-feed. She heard her kid playing, the sound resonating from the direction of the witch's house. She quickly called for her husband, the town bell was rung, and the whole village rushed to that house. They broke in the house, ran up to Mary's room, and executed her right there. They took her remains and buried them by the water, where their children used to play. This was done to make sure no other kid was ever harmed, but instead they made the spirit of Mary an ever-present part of Stony Brook.

The witch was killed, but the light in her room never went out, the noise of the children never silenced, and Mary's spirit never ceased to terrify the people of Stony Brook.

On a full moon night, the moon hangs directly over Mary's house, and the moonlight illuminates the entire house, leaving it to stand out in its silver shine, alone at the end of that empty street. The back of the house is a labyrinth of decaying shrubs and overgrown bushes, which at one time provided a play place for young children, never suspecting how long they would spend in its endless turns and dead ends, only to be delivered to the witch's clutches.

Many a person has ventured to the sight of Mary's grave, standing by the water, not far from the old manor home. A certain Joe drove down the road to the house a few hours past midnight. A woman in her 30's suddenly appeared on the road, and he ran her over, feeling his car thump over her fallen

body. He stopped and reversed to see what had happened, but no body was lying on the road. Mary was in her 30's when killed by the villagers. Others had seen a horse and a carriage make its way down that road, and then disappear into the misty air. Another tried to kick in the door of the house, only to be taken back, when the lights in that room suddenly went off, making him realize the consequences that might follow his attempt. Many who come, when turning off their engines and headlights, can hear kids screaming in the middle of the night. A frightening experience, particularly when acknowledged that one's car had been disabled.

The locals watch over the house closely, not wanting curious visitors to play with the strange harmony they've learned to live with over the generations. They don't want the spirit of Mary disturbed, realizing their own responsibility of its unease. Their father's fathers killed Mary, and unleashed her spirit to haunt the area. And they don't wish for outsiders to disturb it any more. They call the local police on any trespassers, and the police know why the unwelcome visitors came, kicking them out, telling them they don't know what they are getting themselves into.

So if you dare, take a drive, or even a hike to the sight of Mary's grave. See where she used to live, see the illuminated window of the room where she was disposed of, and let her spirit terrify you like it has to many others who came before you, and many others who'll come after.

MARY'S GRAVE

LONG ISLAND

LAKE TITICACA

By Dustin Herlich

Well no, not really, Lake Ronkonkoma. But Lake Ronkonkoma is still interesting. Lake Ronkonkoma is definitely a hotbed of myth, lore and legend. Tall tales regarding the lake can be traced all the way back to the first Native American settlements of the area. Sounding more like a campfire legend than anything else, Native lore tells of a young maiden who's husband to be was killed in a tribal war, greatly upsetting the young lass. After being upset for quite some time, said maiden decided to visit Davy Jones, and never come back. Yes folks, she drowned herself. It is said that once a year, she emerges from the depths to drag a man back with her to the bottomless lake as revenge for her lost love. Apparently like the sirens, her call is impossible to resist... Dun Dun Dun... Which leads to the more well known rumor about the lake, that it is bottomless, and that the lake connects subterraneanly to rivers in Connecticut and all kinds of other funny things. All of which are not true.

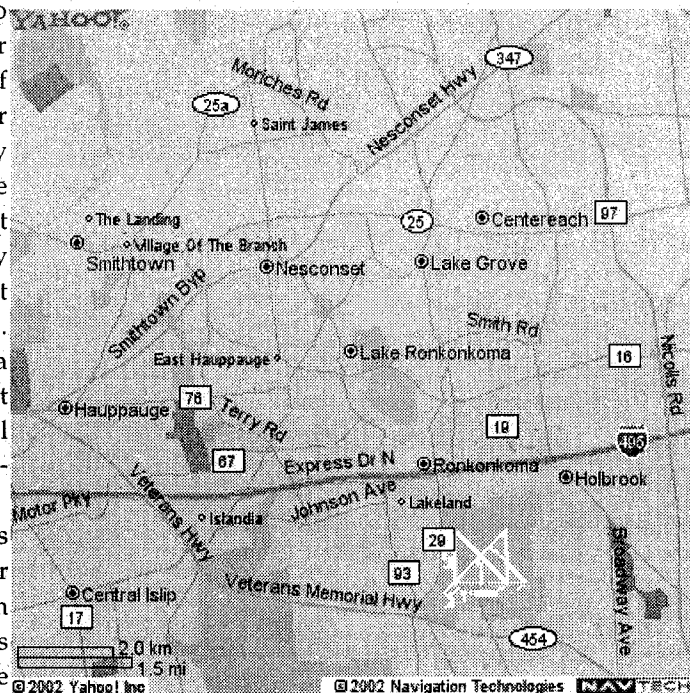
Without sounding too geeky, and getting overly technical, I'll attempt to explain what the lake really is. The lake is a big 'ol piece of the last glacier that broke off, melted and formed a lake. Most likely

the water in the lake is no longer glacier water, but the glacier sure left its mark. The water on long island exists as a bubble under the land, being held in by the surrounding sea. There are no connections to any other aquifers or ground water of any kind. This fresh water "lense" as it's technically called does not mix with the salt water for reasons I won't go into here. If you're really interested in all this, I suggest you take GEO 101. Environmental Geology is a really easy DEC E class that will teach you a great deal about Long Island, and of features such as this.

The lake however is unusually large and deep for any lake, more so for a lake on Long Island. Scuba divers reached the bottom of the lake some years ago; it was measured at 65 feet in depth. The lake is also markedly clean and healthy for the first fifteen to twenty feet, and makes for some good fishing. Swimming and the like is allowed, as is boating providing the only

motor you use is an electric trawling motor.

The best part of a legend is that they don't always have to be true to entice people. It would be wonderful to have



THE WITCHES OF LONG ISLAND HISTORY

By Andrew Pernick

When Elizabeth Gardiner Howell, a 16 year old from East Hampton, went to bed with what seemed to be the flu, and her condition worsened, she became delirious and cried out "Oh, mother, mother, I am bewitched." After seeing a black spectre staring at her from the end of her bed, Elizabeth Howell died.

Accusations of witchcraft immediately followed. Goodwife Garlick, who had seen a black apparition on Gardiner's Island, was immediately named as the prime suspect in this 1657 case. Goody Simons, a close friend of the deceased, claimed that the victim recently said that the defendant "is a double-tongued woman. Did you not see her last night stand by the bedside ready to pull me in pieces? And she pricked me with pins."

Further accusations of murder and witchcraft followed, as the charges against Ms. Garlick were amended to include the murders of young children. After the Town

Court transferred the case to Connecticut (since the General Court of Connecticut was better equipped to handle the questions of Demonology), a jury acquitted Ms. Garlick due to a lack of evidence.

Seven years later, in the nearby town of Setauket, an inn-owner named George Wood died under mysterious circumstances. Days later, Mr. Wood's infant son also passed away. Mary Hall recently had several arguments with the deceased, who was also her neighbor. Mrs. Hall and her husband, Ralph, were immediately brought up on charges of Sorcery and witchcraft. The majority of the damaging testimony, recorded in a deposition, was given by a Mrs. Smith, who was supposedly the wife of Smithtown-founder Richard "Bull" Smith. The jury, having no evidence against the Hall's and having heard no public testimony, save for the single deposition of an "anonymous" Mrs. Smith, acquitted the couple.



W D LEGENDS

THE "HOT ZONE" NEXT DOOR

By Andrew Pernick

Ask your average Long Islander where the nearest biohazard research facility is and most would say "Iraq." But, unbeknownst to most Americans, the Plum Island Animal Disease Center, a high-security laboratory complex near Orient Point, is being upgraded to handle so-called BL4 (Bio-hazard Level 4) agents. BL4 is the highest level of danger and also the highest level of antiseptic countermeasures. Ebola, for example, is an extremely deadly Level 4 Biohazard with a fatality rate above 85%. Symptoms include fever, internal hemorrhaging, sloughing of the soft tissue, and organ necrosis. The Ebola victim, eventu-



ally little more than a walking virus bomb, will inevitably "crash and bleed out," his liquefied organs escaping through every bodily orifice. And all of this is just 10 miles away from Long Island and Connecticut.

First opened in 1897 as Fort Terry, Plum Island soon became property of the United States Army Chemical Corps. From April 25, 1952 to May 26, 1954, Plum Island was an unused chemical research facility. It was then transferred to its current owner and operator, the United States Department of Agriculture. From the 1950s until 1977, PIADC was mainly concerned with the treatment and

containment of foot-and-mouth disease. Then, modernization programs began and the facility was slowly updated to also handle BL3 agents. The PIADC, as of 1991, was under the control of LB&B Associates of Columbia, Maryland.

Finally, in 1999, then-President Clinton, in the interests of combating bio-terrorism, ordered the facility to begin researching an upgrade to BL4 status. The facility, made famous by Long Island best-selling author Nelson DeMille's novel Plum Island, is currently the center of a legal dispute between the Five Towns and the U.S. government. At issue is the accusations that the facility was the cause of the recent encephalitis outbreak and the possibility of a "hot" (highly-contagious and fatal) bio-agent could accidentally escape the island. Should a BL4 escape, well, just pray that it never happens...

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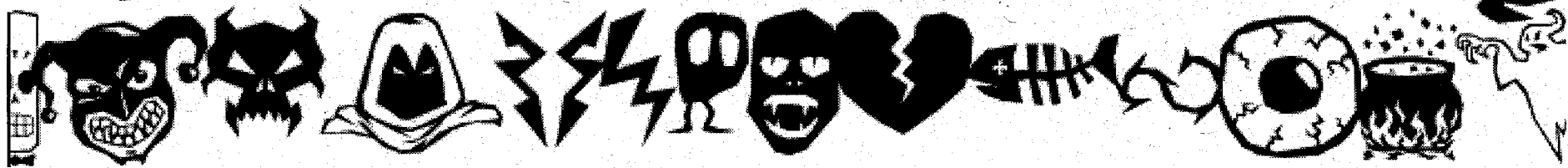
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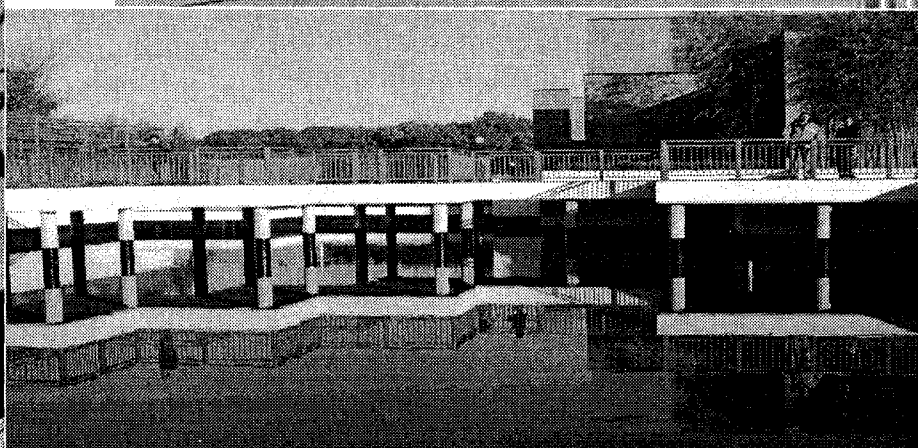
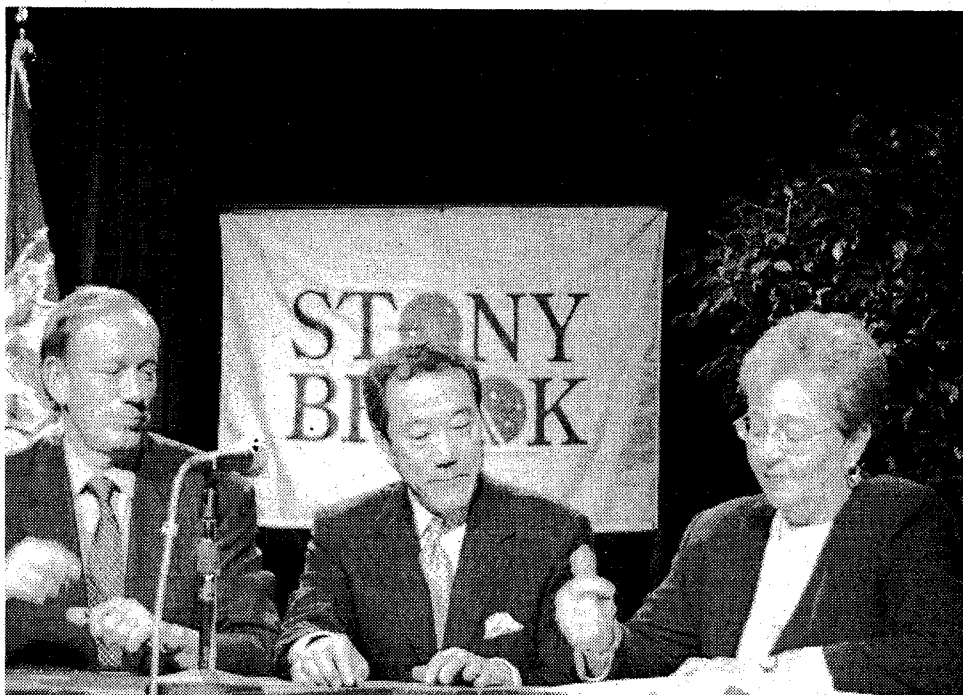
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Welcome to the Charles B. Wang Asian American center. We now may have the most anatomically correct campus in the world. Our SAC has two ballrooms, and our Wang is giant. Do I need to mention what the stadium resembles? Let's just say at least we're not sexist when it comes to anatomical modeling.

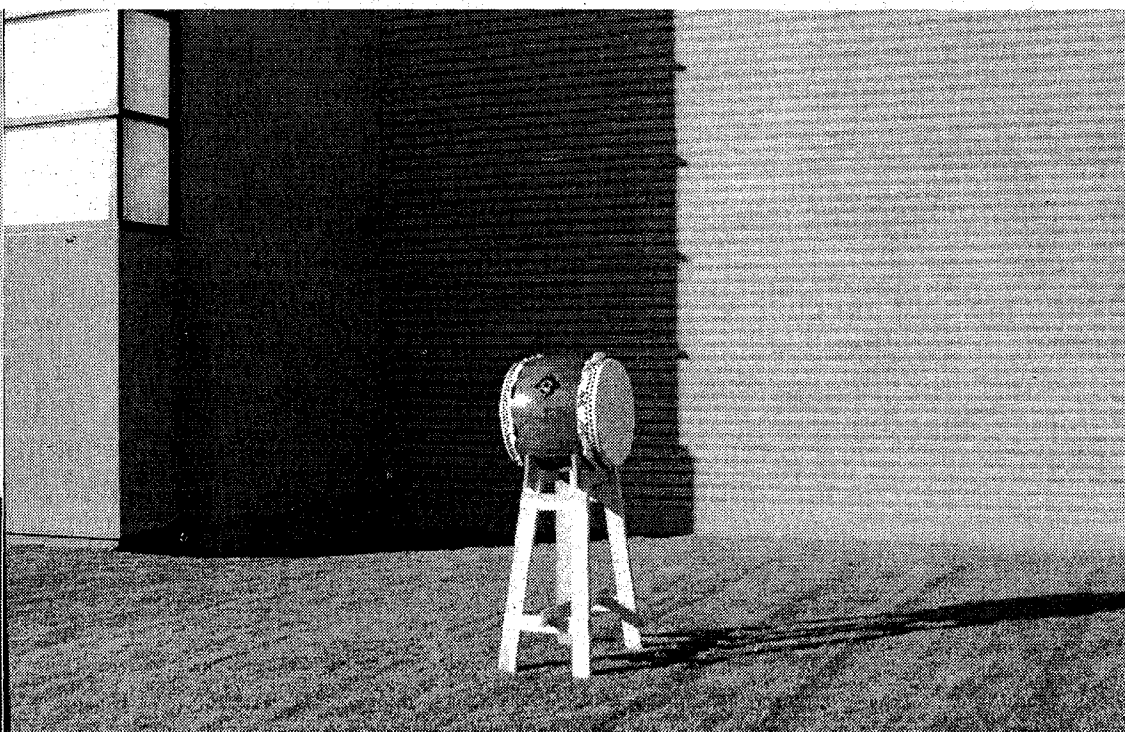
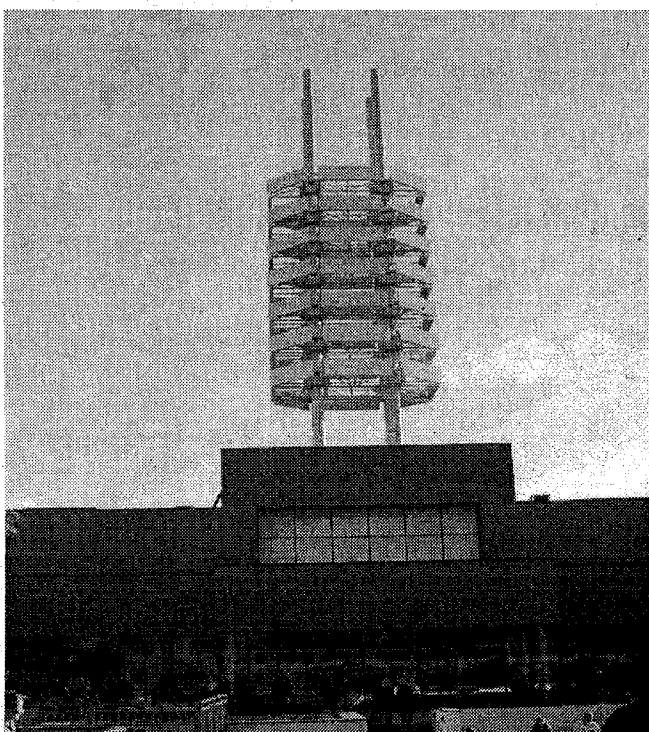
The Wang center (pronounced Wong) is designed to be a resting spot for students, and will house no classrooms or other much needed learning spaces. Instead, it will

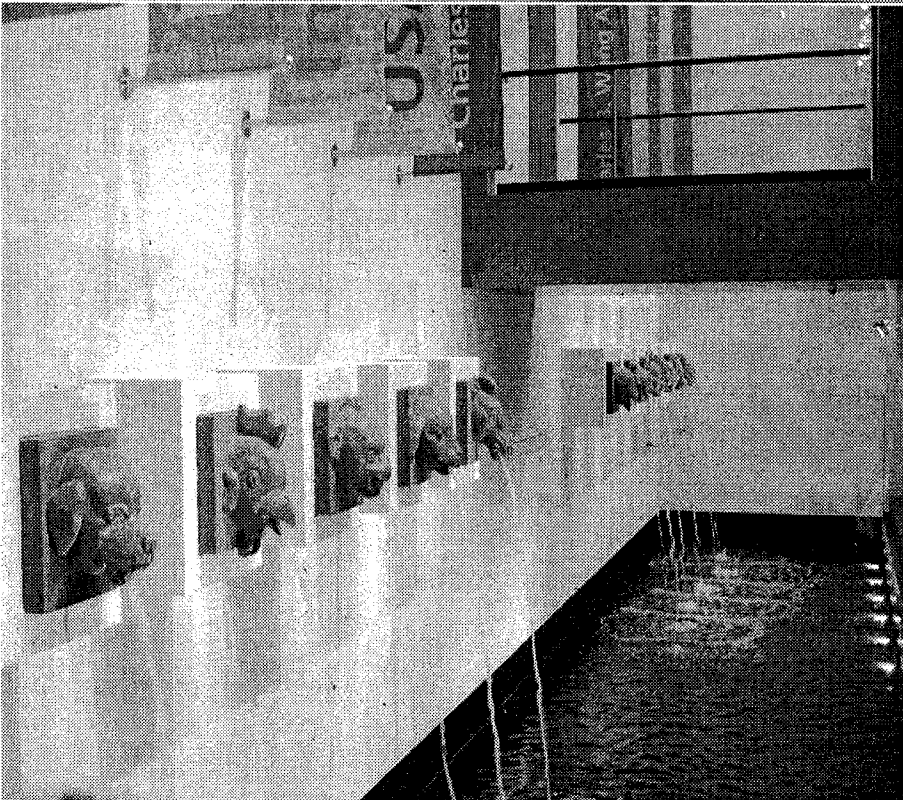
house food, open spaces, gardens, a theater, exhibition space, and expensive fishies. Apparently, there will also be an Asian food court with six different types of cuisine. Have we learned nothing from Deng Lee's?

Aside from all the jokes that can be made about the center, this is the single largest private gift ever given to a SUNY. The sum of which totals somewhat more than forty million dollars. The one hundred and twenty thousand square foot landmark is supposed to change the look of campus, and

single-handedly make students love this campus again. Wow. When this thing actually opens so that students can use it, this space will hopefully actually be something worth visiting. A little out of the way to begin with, having a place to relax on campus might be a good idea. But this is Stony Brook we're talking about. I'll see it when I believe it. Whatever it gets used for, make sure you take advantage of all the Wang has to offer.

-Dustin Herlich





STONY BRO STUPID ACOUSTIC TRICKS

By Sam Goldman

One of the weirdest and most fun things around the Stony Brook campus are the certain places that have some very strange acoustics that you can play with. There are four areas in particular which are very interesting to visit and play around with. Urban legends around campus reported this to us, and as we love to do, we went out to investigate. Hopefully, you'll investigate too - bring a friend and check out each spot.

Let's start with a spot near the Library, on the Union side. Near that area, you'll find two circular concrete benches. Have you and your friend sit totally opposite each other on one of the benches. The idea is that a person can speak in a whisper and have the other person hear you loud and clear. Some people believe it works even better if you actually speak into the bench, allowing the sound to reverberate around the bench and to the other person's ear. Beverly Bryan and I tested it out and found that a person's voice definitely increases in volume by the time it gets to the other's ear.

From there, take a walk towards the Physics building. Near the entrance closer to Harriman Hall, you'll see a peculiar sight: A vortex-like circle of red brick on the ground. It's not really our version of a crop circle, but you can have some weird fun with it anyway. Stand in the center, face the Physics building, and yell. You'll immediately notice an incred-

ible amount of reverb, so much so that you'll be taken aback by it. You may want to try this over the weekend, however; you don't want a bunch of people looking at you funny, now do you?

Right next to the entrance, you'll also find another circular structure, where, just like the spot near the library, you can speak softly on one side of it and have another person hear you loud and clear. This works if both you and your friend stand on top of the circle, one person facing the Physics building, the other person facing him. This particular structure seems to work better one-way - the person who faces the building can be heard better than the person on the other side - according to the informal tests carried out by Beverly and myself.

The last (and best) Stupid Acoustic Trick resides in the basement of the Math Tower. If you walk into the entrance near the parking lot, the first thing you'll notice is a big, black, round concave surface, which I'll approximate as being about 6 feet in diameter. To start, stand about ten feet away and face it. You'll be looking at a reflection of the room upside down, yet flat, as if you're peering into an alternate universe. Now, make some sort of noise (snapping your fingers works well) and begin walking towards the surface. As you walk, continue making the noise, and you'll notice the change in the sound you hear.

At times, the sound will grow louder and will seem to have more reverb, when you get really close, the sound may appear to muffle a little bit. Now, have your friend stand at the doors while you stand near the surface. Whisper something into the surface, and your friend should be able to hear you perfectly. Next, have you and your friend stand on opposite sides of the surface, right where it begins to curve. One person should speak while the other person will move in kind of an arc towards the center. You should notice a large change in sound; in fact, at one point, it'll sound like the sound is going into just one ear, and the other ear hears nothing. Lastly, stand ten feet away, yell at it, and feel the reverb, baby! If you're interested in how the physics of it all works, there's a handy sign on the wall that would be on your left if you're facing the doors that will explain it all for you. If you're not interested, just have some fun with it.

Do you know any other spots around campus that have weird acoustical properties? Email us at stonypress@hotmail.com and we'll strap on our EKG readers and Proton Packs, and investigate. In the meanwhile, play around with the spots we've found for you, but remember that your results may vary, in ways that will be either cooler or not as cool.

THROW ANOTHER DIMENSION ON THE BARBIE!

By Joe Filippazzo

Before you close this newspaper, the validity of everything you think you know will be questioned. Your entire reality will be torn asunder and used as kindling to fuel the mental inferno of unobstructed deliberation about to befall the human race. This knowledge I have brought from my eyes, to this paper, to your mixed up ideals and misguided sense of self-worth will cause you to abandon all of your heuristic dogmas and foolish trumpery. The faint of heart may even soil themselves.

My friends... I am testament to the fifth dimension! Yes. It is alright to be frightened. It is ok to be confused. We have arrived at the fulcrum of the twenty-first century. Sure, length, width and height are some fan-favorites and we recognize the existence of time on occasion, but there is an entire dimension number five that has evaded human detection since the beginning of time. At long last, the slippery, metaphysical noodle at the bottom of the Ramen bowl of reality has been snatched up. And its name shall be F-A... B-O... L-O... U-S! (woo-woo!). That's right... length, width, height, time and F-A... B-O... L-O... U-S! (woo-woo!). What better way to

commemorate the grandest discovery of the era than with poor spelling and onomatopoeia?

The fifth dimension manifests itself in the most curious of places. It may be gazed upon in a lone maple tree juxtaposed to the Jacob K. Javits Lecture Center. There is one small technicality. F-A... B-O... L-O... U-S! (woo-woo!) is only observable in this one location under some rather specific conditions. Firstly, the observer must lie on the pavement with their feet pointed towards the SBS building. Secondly, they must smoke copious amounts of drugs. The third and final tenet is the most important. The observer must be in the correct frame of thought. You can't just mosey on up to a five-dimensional tree like you da bomb and what not. You must have infinite patience and a clear mind. You must possess the constitution and depth of faith

that will convince the fifth dimension to reveal itself. Those kindergarten kids are pretty resilient. They won't just jump into the van. But don't fret. When you see it, you will know and you will never be the same.

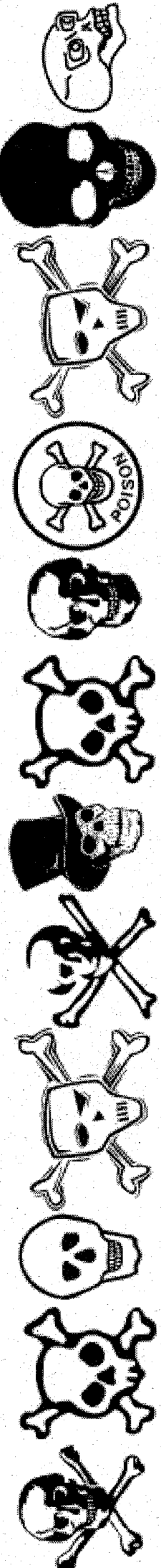
What does it look like? I can't even attempt to describe it with these four dimensional words. You will not be smarter there. You will not be more attractive there. And you will not see Mr. Mxyptik there either. Having witnessed F-A... B-O... L-O... U-S! (woo-woo!) in all it's glory, I can imagine what it must be like for those of you who have not yet experienced it. For me to explain it to you is like trying to explain to Pac Man that he is not round and wide but instead just a fat, gluttonous bastard. I will try however with a Haiku.

Number five alive.

I see you due to much drugs.

And I do them too.

As for the readers, I wish you much luck on your quest for the fifth dimension. As a pioneer of the F-A... B-O... L-O... U-S! (woo-woo!) frontier, I can offer only these words of encouragement... Holler back, young ones! Holler back.



OK LEGENDS

Flora & Fauna

by Rachel Reiter

Man's best friend is really a descendant of the wild wolf. The many various types of dogs came into being after hundreds of years of selective breeding. The large gray wolf (*Canis lupus*) also known as the timber wolf can dwell in snow, in forests or in woods; meanwhile, the small red wolf is indigenous to warmer climates such as Texas and Florida.

Wolves are carnivores that prefer a fresh kill at meal times. They like to eat birds, rabbits, deer and caribou. Though they consume large amounts of food, they can go without eating for many days. During this fasting period, the wolf will naturally become leaner getting its nutrition from already existing body fat.

The war between man and wolf began when man domesticated animals like horses, cows, pigs and sheep within the vicinity of the wolf's habitat. In return, the wolf took this opportunity to taste new kinds of food.

As a result, man began to kill the menacing wolves using traps, knives, guns, and even poison. In the 18th century, the wolf was exterminated in Great Britain, and nearly extinct in Western Europe, the United States and southern Canada. The vast majority of survivors dwell today in

Northern regions such as Alaska.

Their coats are thick and durable and vary in color anywhere from white to gray to black. Timber wolves are 48-59 inches long and 33-38 inches tall. They weigh between 50 and 100 pounds, usually, but one Alaskan wolf broke that record weighing a tremendous 175 pounds.

Wolves are monogamous. Adults mate at about two or three years old. Their young are born in a den or den like haven with a narrow entrance—a guard against intruders. Females give birth around May and usually have six or seven pups in a litter. At dusk the parents leave the den in search for food. They hunt in pairs or in packs, but not alone.

The wolf is unlike their descendant, the dog, which may have multiple sexual partners and breed with different partners at random without regard for their first intimate interaction. The dog is considered hyper sexual or more hormonally driven than the wolf. Dogs also consume grain and vegetable substances; they are not strictly carnivorous as are wolves. For various factors, dogs have different constitutions than wolves. Though attempts have been made at domesticating wolves, they have not proven to be as loyal as man's best friend.

Wolves are crafty creatures associated with being witty and keen. They move with speed, strength and endurance and they are able to devour much larger animals through the use of skill and surprise attacks at the appropriate timing.

In folklore, Little Red Riding Hood was tricked by a wolf disguised as her grandmother. And we all have heard about the wolf in lambs clothing out to fool the innocent and naïve child or the weak little lamb. The three little pigs locked themselves away in their houses as the big bad wolf huffed and puffed to blow their houses down. There are evident connections in literature relating the wolf to being a master at pretending as well as an aggressive predator.

The mystery of the wolf remains and even more so now that it is so hard to come by. Who would turn down hearing a howl on a full moon or watching the snow splatter beneath their racing feet? A wolf is a rare beauty and the closest connection we have with the wolf in our modern day civilization is our common house pet, the dog, whose great-great-granddaddy lived in the mountains and ran with the pack.

Friday the 13th: Shirley takes Stony Brook

By Daniel Hofer and Dustin Herlich

By day, she is the president of our fair school.



Shirley Strum feeds off our wallets when the sun is up.



As darkness begins its reign across the night sky, our administrator heads toward Deng Lee's for some fine cuisine.



"This food is delicious!" she thinks to herself, "Why don't the students like it?" But soon enough, the fried rice begins her nightly transition into...

I feel SICK...

ROAR!

Beware wary student! RSP cannot save you now!

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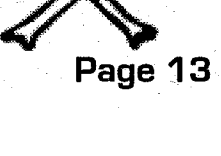
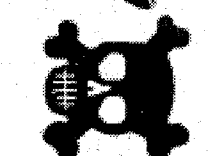
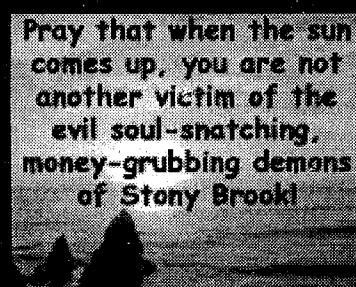
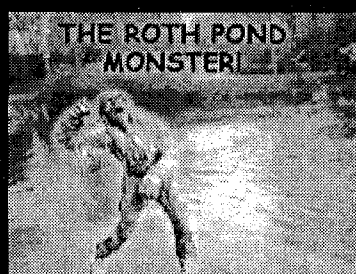
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STONY BRO THE LEGEND OF KYLE CROSBY

By Daniel Hofer

The State University College on Long Island was opened in 1956. This small institution was temporarily housed in Oyster Bay. Four years later, it was moved to the Stony Brook area and renamed the State University of New York at Stony Brook. The area we know as campus was uninhabited, and the schools builders expected development to proceed quickly.

Just before construction, a surveyor noticed a run down shack in the middle of what we know today as the academic mall. The resident, Kyle Crosby, said he lived there since he was orphaned as a young teenager. Crosby lived a rugged life. He had the likeness of a mountain man: scruffy, dirty, and very smelly. His most noticeable feature however was his missing left arm. Nobody knows how he lost it, whether in an accident of some sort or a defect at birth.

The reason for Kyle Crosby's vague past was due to his hermit lifestyle. No one in the surrounding area knew anything about him, save a few older citizens who enjoyed reminiscing about his eccentric parents. The elders knew that Crosby's parents disappeared from the town when his mother was in the later stages of pregnancy.

When Kyle Crosby was confronted and told he had to vacate the area, he refused. Soon after his house was condemned for demolition despite his refusal. If it wasn't for the police who dragged him out of his house as the bulldozer came, Crosby's life would have ended, and so would our story.

He watched in horror as his

home was quickly and coldly rolled over by the bulldozer. Crosby went insane. He jumped and attacked the driver of the bulldozer. Crosby ferociously assaulted his victim with punches and animalistic biting. Crosby's attack was swift and he jumped off the construction vehicle and ran away before the police could apprehend him. The driver sustained major injuries, including a laceration across his right cheek and the loss of his right eye. He would have died if he were not taken to the nearby hospital immediately.

Kyle Crosby's first victim was the only one to survive his brutality. He quickly gained a deep loathing for the new university, and its new student inhabitants.

In the early days of SUNY Stony Brook, students were required to wear orange vests or bright clothing. Hunters frequented the area and many did not know of the new school that existed there. It is rumored ten students died in Stony Brook's first two years of operation. The cover up always involved a stray hunter's bullet, but anyone at the scene of the crime knew differently. Each body was found beaten and vigorously chewed up.

For the next four years, things were quiet again. In the fall of 1968, two female joggers, identified only as Jane and Jill, were passing through a wooded area near campus. They had never heard about Crosby and his violent history, but when they crossed paths with him, they instantly knew he was trouble. The two girls were experienced runners and both would have escaped the murderer.

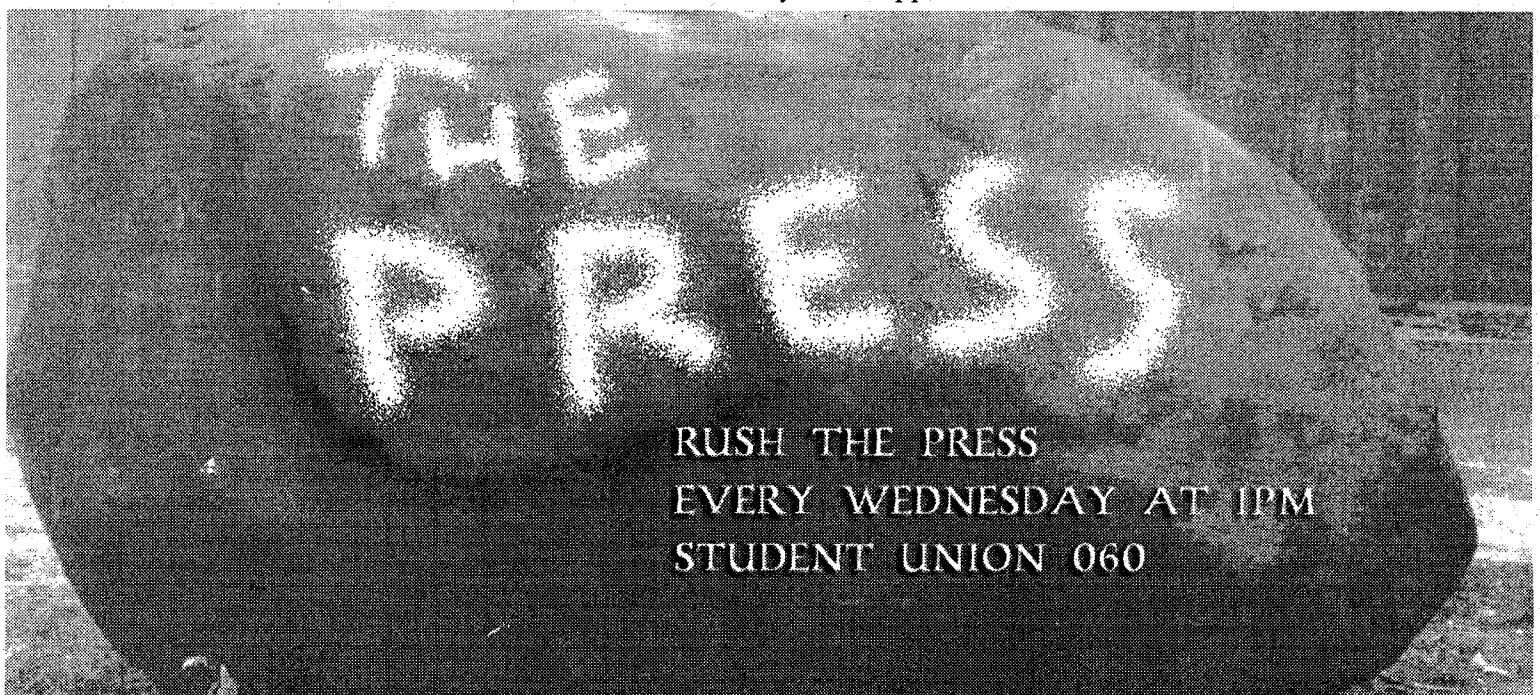
Unfortunately, Jane tripped over

a root and was quickly overtaken by Crosby. Jill did not even realize her friend's demise until she was out of breath fifteen minutes later. Jane's defaced body was found a week later, for her carcass had been dragged 3 and a half miles from where the girls were originally running.

Kyle Crosby attacked the student body for the last time in the late 70's. In these days, students would sometimes have unofficial swim races in Roth Pond. These races stopped when two undergraduate males drowned in the middle of the pond during a nighttime race. The police blotter cited exhaustion and lack of swimming ability as the cause of the drowning, however friends of the victims recall differently.

They vaguely remember a figure entering the pond at the opposite end. They did not think anything of it until an arm reached up and dragged the lead swimmer under. The second swimmer went to help his friend, but he too was caught in a struggle. Neither swimmer was ever seen again. The police blotter left out another important detail. Neither body was ever recovered from the lake; leaving Kyle Crosby's last attack to be his most mysterious.

Since then, there have been no attacks, no mutilated bodies, no strange chases or struggles. Maybe Crosby finally croaked. Maybe he realized the growing university was something he could no longer contend with. Either way, Kyle Crosby and his brutalities will always remain a mystery.



OK LEGENDS

TOP TEN

Ways to Ensure A fun (and Safe) Halloween This Year

10

Any candy containing a mysterious white powder could contain anthrax. Rub some on your gums to make sure.

9

You could cut down on the mess by freezing the eggs before you hit your friends.

8

If someone tries to pass off stale-ass peeps as Halloween candy, it is customary to tell a police officer that they touched you funny.

7

No matter what your neighbor tells you, Charms does NOT make a mancock flavored blow pop.

6

"Naked" is only a costume for attractive people. So put a cape on Tubbo.

6

Dry ice in the punch will produce a frothing, bubbly effect. Rohypnol in the punch will produce memory loss. If this sounds like a winning combo, maybe you should rush next semester.

6

If an old man or woman gives you a bag of pennies, feel free to urinate on their front steps. Them old folks need to be learned right.

3

Ladies, why not give your costume a "sexy" twist by adding cheap fishnets and shredded patent leather. The "prostitute witch" never gets old.

2

Cognac is best consumed in a wide glass so the heat from your hand can warm the drink.

1

Those bastards on class trips will ALWAYS beat you to the pumpkin patch. You have no choice but to steal a good one from someone's porch.

By Michael Prazak

It happened again. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a blurry dark being waiting to assault me in ways not fit to describe in a fine upstanding paper like The Press. Turning sharply to confront this specter of doom I saw it in its true form, a cashmere glove placed atop the banister of a stairwell. This tragically abandoned hand wear was indicative of the various other "lost" items appearing all over the Stony Brook Campus.

Most cynics, myself included, had chalked this up to careless people leaving items behind in a moment of forgetfulness. A hat here, a shoe there, it all becomes fairly commonplace in the trials of a typical Stony Brook day. It's this familiarity that causes us to ignore the absurdity of the actual situation. That it is freakishly common on this campus to find abandoned clothing items just hanging out in odd places.

Are these sightings just random madness or is there a design to it all. Maybe, the owners of these items aren't just forgetful, as we have assumed, perhaps they are visionaries. Perhaps, just maybe, there are no owners at all.

Abandon all reason dear reader, and consider the idea, that these random articles of clothing are actually manifestations of oppression felt by clothing everywhere. The gloves and sweaters of the world are not going to take it anymore. They live they're lives in service of your cold hands, your trodden feet and your hairy ass, only to be abandon after receiving only a few scuffs or a tiny hole. Our egoistical recklessness has caused us to alienate those crucial companions we need to survive. No longer will socks silently swallow our feet to keep us warm, now those bastards may bite. Our underwear may soon read "Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

In our misappropriated zeal to keep up with trends we have insulted those things that have provided for us a comfortable living. Thy time is nigh, dear reader, repent your wicked ways and keep on wearing those stained t-shirts and jeans. A message is being sent and it cries out for attention, so I beg of you, please, pay heed to the muffled cries of clothing everywhere.



3RD ANNUAL HUNGER BANQUET



Join The Fight against Poverty and Hunger!

Sponsored By:
Oxfam America, Catholic Campus Ministry, Golden Key, Honor Society, Vietnamese Club Association, NYPIRG

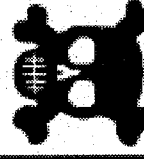
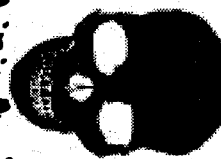
We invite you to join us and play a pivotal role in the fight to end poverty and hunger!

November 12th at 7 P.M.
SAC Ballroom B

Please bring a can of food or article of clothing as a donation. It'll be directly help someone.

Food will be served. Come and experience what it is like to be hungry. Find out how you can join and help.

For more information, please contact
Vyviane Le at (646) 408-6024
Or Brian at 6-6636



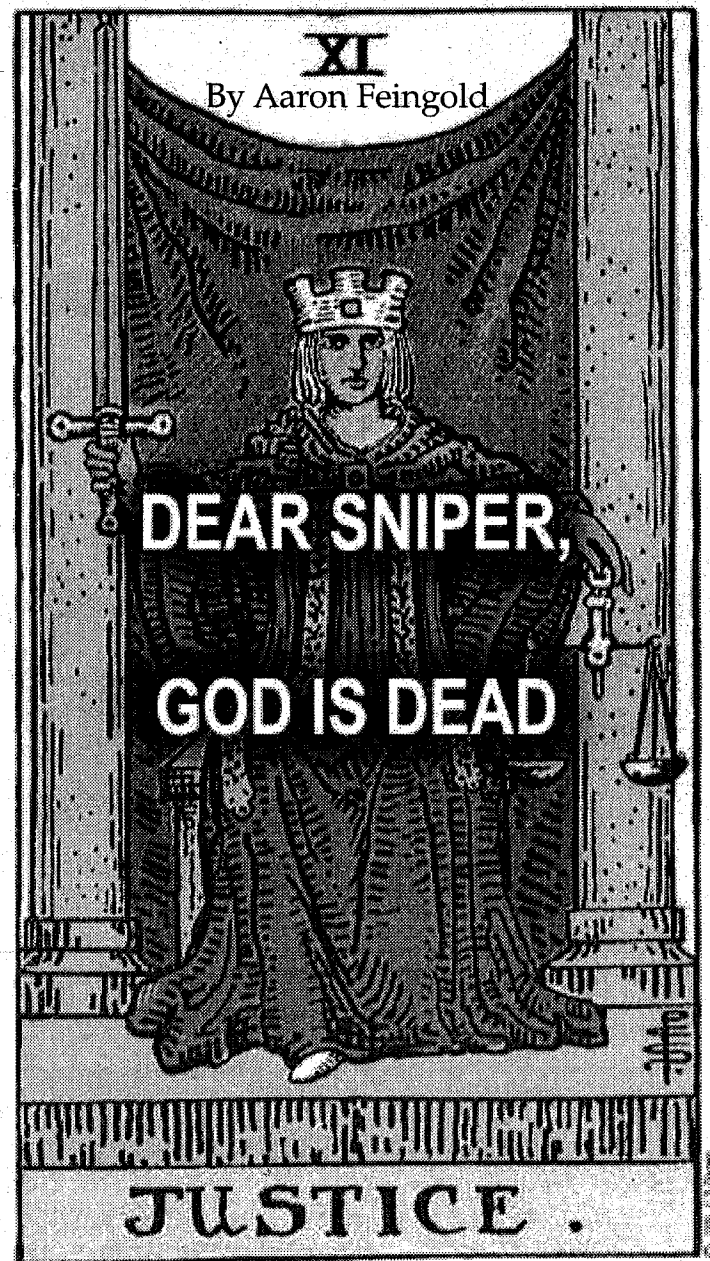
THE COMICS SECTION



Verbatim. by: Bev Bryan

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COME FOR YOU.**

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Solve This Mutha Facka
By Jason Amoroso

This issue of Solve This Mutha Facka is in the form of a short riddle created by yours truly. Yes, it is an original idea, and no, I don't have a life if all I have time for is to create some silly riddle for you. If I have the time to create this, you should have the time to figure this out. Enjoy!

I can see what you see not;
Blurry vision and sweaty spot.
Lions, tigers, and bears, oh my!
For he who uncovers the truth will not cry.
What am I?
(Solution in next issue)

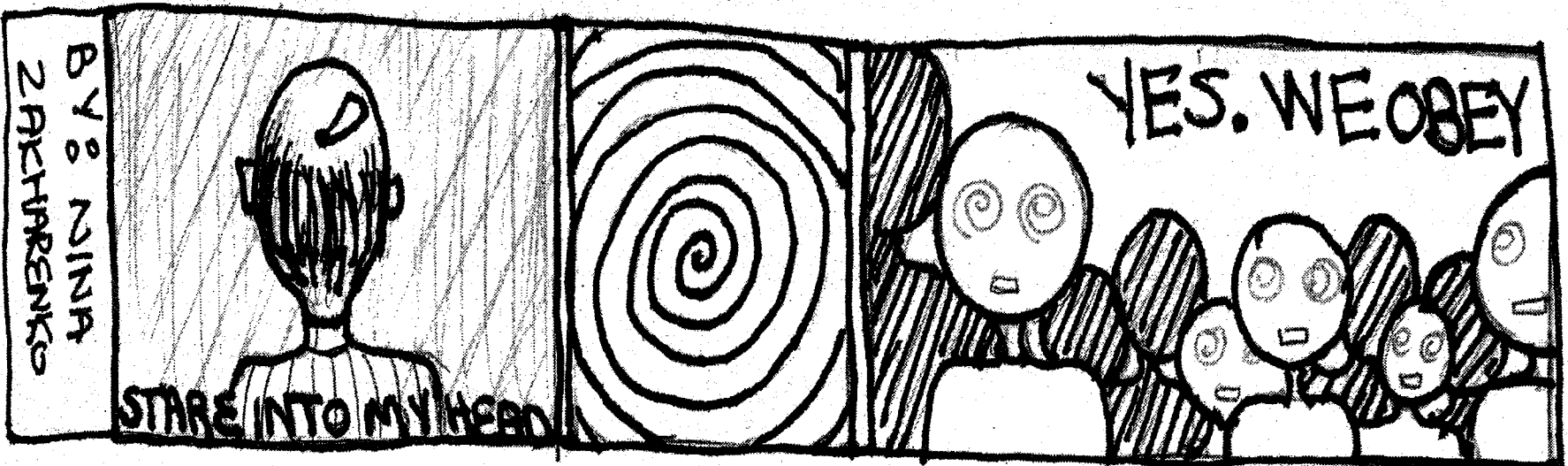
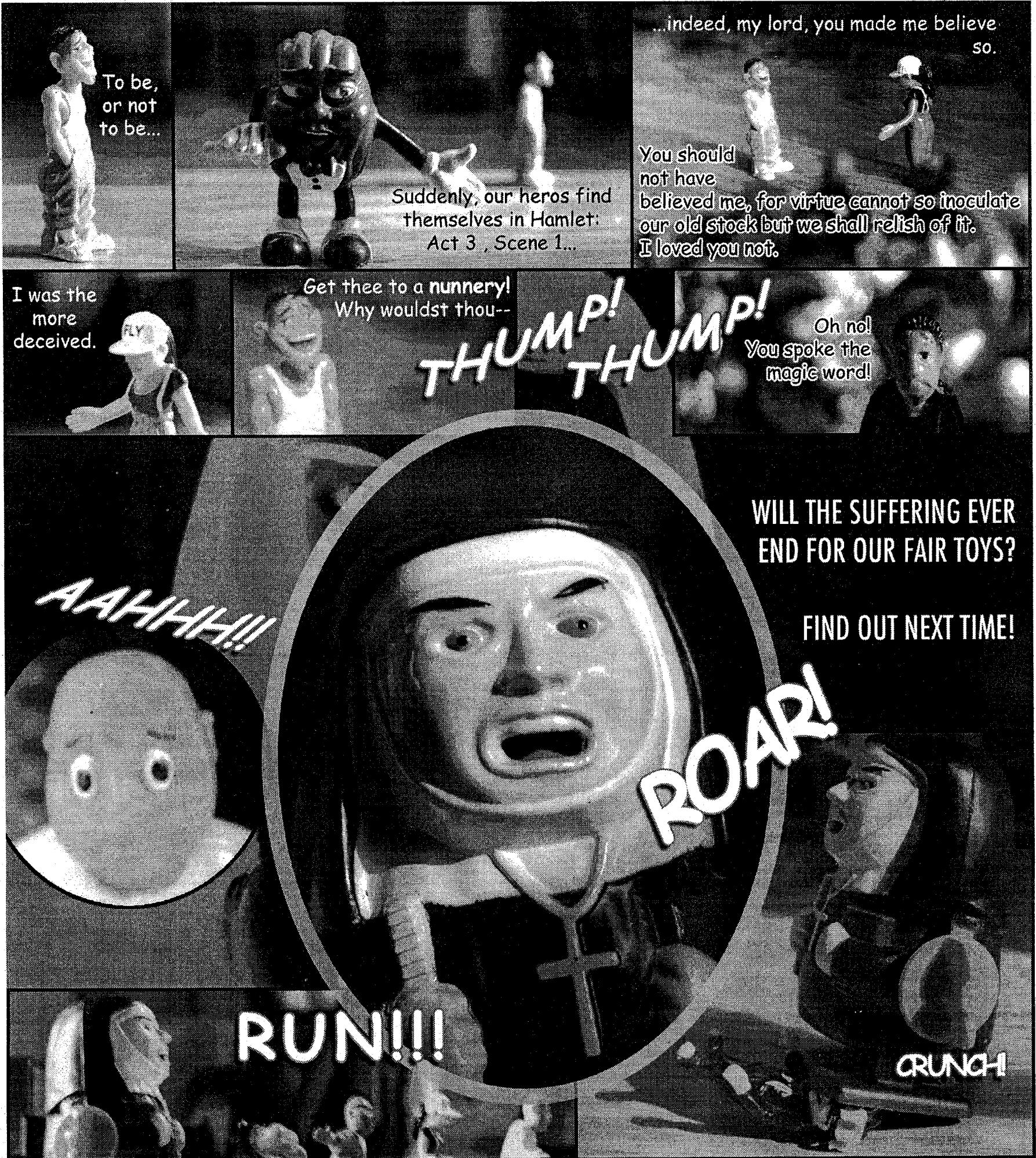
(Note to editor: It's up to you where to throw in the solution to last issue's puzzle)

Solution to last issue:

MOGEN = GNOME
SYIPT = TIPSY
FATCRIF = TRAFFIC
CLINOIS = SILICON

What most on-campus students get sick from:
FRAT POISON

Fact: The number one "poison" that is a major problem in most universities with fraternity groups is binge drinking. Interestingly, one out of four on-campus students, particularly women, are victims of binge drinking at fraternity get-togethers and parties. It is a growing concern that happens in most universities, and it leads to thousands of deaths each year



12 STEPS TO ABANDONING THE SCIENCE FICTION FORUM (SF4M) IN FAVOR OF THE STONY BROOK PRESS

1. ADMIT TO YOURSELF THAT YOU HAVE A PROBLEM THAT'S BEYOND YOUR CONTROL.

2. ASK FOR A HIGHER POWER (I.E. THE PRESS STAFF) TO TAKE AWAY YOUR SINS.

3. STOP GOING TO THE FUCKING 4M.

4. REALIZE THAT WHILE SOME PEOPLE ARE CALLED DORKS AND GEEKS BECAUSE OF THE MEAN SPIRITS OF OTHERS; SOME PEOPLE ARE CALLED GEEKS AND DORKS BECAUSE THEY ARE HORRID LITTLE TROLLS WITHOUT SOCIAL SKILLS.

5. ACCEPT THAT LEAVING THE FORUM EXPONENTIALLY INCREASES YOUR CHANCES OF GETTING LAID ON A REGULAR BASIS.

6. QUIETLY DITCH THE PEOPLE OF THE FORUM (USE YOUR FORWARD TO PHONE MAIL OPTION).

7. PUBLISH OUTRIGHT SLANDER ABOUT THE SCI-FI FORUM AND BURY YOUR GUILT IN DRUGS AND BOOZE.

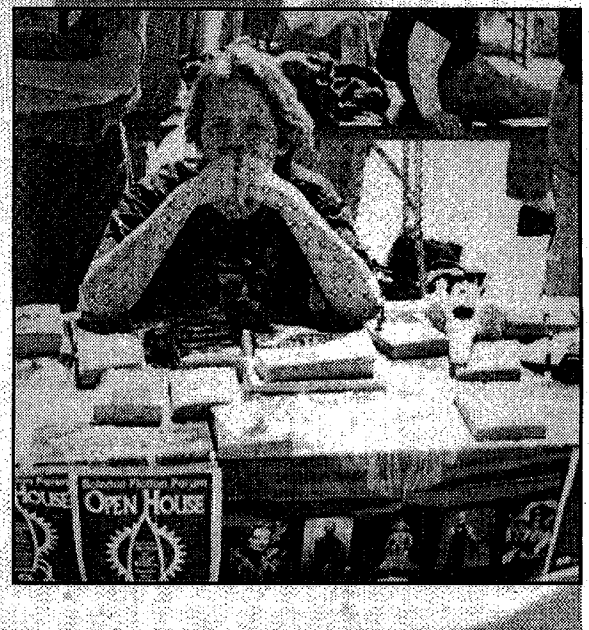
8. REFLECT UPON THE FACT THAT HAVING LEFT THE FORUM YOU NOW RECEIVE "HAND SHANDY'S" FROM PEOPLE WHO YOU CAN STOMACH WITH THE LIGHTS ON.

9. WIPE THE BRICK OFF YOUR APPLES AND PEARS AND STEP INTO ME CHICKEN McNUGGETS.

10. RESIST THE URGE TO PLAY VAMPIRE: THE MASQUERADE.

11. ENJOY ICON, NOT FOR THE MEAT STAND, BUT BY WITNESSING THE UNSPOKEN SHAME OF IT'S PATRONS.

12. REALIZE THE TRUTH IS NOT OUT THERE, IT IS IN HERE.



Pizza Isn't an Option, Martha

By Chris Bullock

The United States was my treadmill. I was clad in tight flesh colored spandex, a headband the color of seaweed, a bicycle helmet, and an erection which pointed north at all times. The space between my feet was at its maximum in snapshots taken in full stride and plastered in woman's pornography digests.

Interspersed with dossiers on pubic-like gardens, my likeness prompted many a lass to roll the magazine into a tube, lubricate it and stare at the ceiling.

My spandex-clad musculature, with two buttocks bouncing, infiltrated many a thought balloon of sentimental damsels in erotic distress. My helmet was hot pink like a sunset or a binder. Poachers had mistaken me for a flamingo and more than once I was on my way to become a lawn ornament. One night while traversing Manhattan in a steroid-induced marathon, I was abducted by conglomeration of senior citizens. My destination was Florida, to be petrified and displayed on someone's front lawn. The perpetrators lured me into a web of deceit, deception, and soiled pants.

They made a mock mattress store in an alleyway in Hunts Point and invited me to come in. I refused, citing many reasons, including my extreme athleticism, my obligation to masturbating princesses everywhere, and my pure hatred towards the elderly, small kittens, children, and 1-800-MATTRES. They left off the last S for savings, but you can't just throw away an S. They might as well left off the last S for Stupid. That's what they are. They can't fuck with my speed dial. My mother is on my speed dial.

Unfortunately I entered her number incorrectly and instead I am always connected to a baby baboon locked in a safe with a telephone and a squeaking dog toy.

We've developed a relationship unique in all creation until my precious was released and we met in person.

She only pretended to be a baboon, she

was just a person with a purple ass and a red nose who, by way of a botched trachaeotomy, could only speak in dog toy squeaks. I tried to overcome the communication gap by chewing on a bicycle horn. I learned that she got the trachaeotomy so that she could reach in and brush her lungs free of smoke and she improvised a harmonica that could be rubbed across her throat. She called me Sweetie, I called her A Baboon Lookin Trachaeotomy Lying Bitch. She was a master of the blues, master of my heart, and recipient of generous amounts of oral sex. One time she got upset because I slipped a straw into her windpipe and stole her air. She got upset and left me shaken like a cauldron of liposuction fat in an earthquake. I was thrust into a dark, cold world.

I was seduced into the Mattress store by promises of elaborate bicycle helmets and chili. Appealing to my heroic generosity, they bade me to jump on the bed.

They wanted a bed of their own and needed someone to break it in. Over and over they chanted "No more monkeys jumping on the bed." My hot body rose and fell in rhythm to the squeaks of mattress springs and my breasts, now a triple c cup due to unprecedented steroid intake, were dragged chaotically by a dynamic duo of rockhard nipples, so hard and massive that I can steer a car with them. I am almost totally unprecedented, except by my last incarnation.

Beads of sweat collected on my skin and the hours dragged on like units of sixty minutes. In what I felt to be my last ascent through the air, I heard the juvenile chant "No more monkeys jumping on the bed" contorted into some sort of Pagan gibberish. It was then that I realized that they left off the last S for Satan. The mattress was replaced with a cradle and here I was, trapped in a bib and diaper. Paraded in the street as the Antichrist, I gestured helplessly like Ernest P. Worrell. It was then that we went on the big bus to Florida. I was stored in the rear compartment, between the back wheels, with all the other babies.

It was there that I met my brother, having just returned from his previous life and ready to raise a ruckus as the most snide restaurant critic this side of Greenwich Mean Time. "How decadent," I exclaimed. I was so impressed that I removed one of my molars and placed it in his gums to help him along.

I fell asleep in my harness and unconsciously I unleashed turds like a baffled gerbil.

Morning came and we were greeted by sunrise and an accident. The bus had been doing donuts in the parking lot of a rest stop, and having lost its balance, was thrown into an irrigation canal dug by a disorientated Nubian farmer. I was released from the cargo bay and sailed down the river in my cradle, rowing with rattles and holding my mobile aloft like a pirate flag. By night I made raids on orphanages and yachts, securing an ill-gained store of diapers, pacifiers, and sea captain hats. Thus I made my way south towards the Gulf of Mexico, where I hoped to perhaps shipwreck on an oil rig and start a community of dolphin-riders. Spanglish would be the official language and we wouldn't take any hogwash. On the way I was apprehended by a Black Baptist minister and was raised by an enormous black mama in the oppressive heat of the Georgia sun. I was already 65 but I pretended to be a baby to take advantage of the benefits for my inner child. During one of the free-wheeling church services, I was taken into the basement where all blacks are injected with Rhythm. I was given a lollipop to accompany my streetmart dancefloor credibility and Sesame Street robot dance abilities. Thus I was released into the world to kick the gospel in the discoteques of the global scene, but some days I still dream about owning my own oil rig and riding dolphins, except when they go underwater.

I haven't taken off my flesh colored body suit, my pink bonnet, or my hot pink helmet. You have to stay true to your roots, and my roots are deep like high school poets.

Bloodline Music

By Doug Williams

"Holy Mackerel, Batman! You gotta check out the new release from Kilgore Trout!" Robin quickly inserts a CD into the Batmobile's high-tech stereo and the dynamic duo blast up Kilgore Trout's new album, "3". The single, "Every Day," is blaring through the air as the two speed off into the night. The Boy Wonder was lucky enough to have been at the Kilgore Trout release party at The Slipper Room in Manhattan and got a free CD and drink specials. "It was a wild night of fun and fury! This band has the magic that makes one really enjoy the music." Next stop for Kilgore Trout is Gotham City. Watch out for The Penguin! Elsewhere, SOS, the metal-heads from Queens, have been busy touring NYC and Long Island in support of their latest indie release, 'Adios Bandito.' "This album is our

rebirth," says the band's guitarist, known only as Mike SOS. The CD, which Mike SOS sent to me for my listening pleasure, has 19 headbanging tracks and is a well-crafted work of metal art. Two thumbs up to SOS! Speaking of thumbs up, Ritual has been tearing up the circuit with yet another great show at The Red Zone in Queens on October 19th. After arriving to the show via Jenny's Neon Express, Snake took the stage with fists full of rage. Everyone was amazed by the heavy metal that was displayed. Ritual has a live demo that is almost ready to be shipped. Anticipation... is making me wait. Filthy, a Long Island rapper from Brentwood, has his debut CD out and is ready to start touring the states with other badass brothers like DMX and Lord Siege. Dutch, who has been with Filthy from the beginning, produced the beats and will be kicking up the mixes when the show hits the road later this fall. Okay, so you've heard of cats that dance ballet, monkeys that play the accordion, and lizards that whistle in the wind, but how about a purebred pit bull that can sing the blues?! Yes, it's true. Boru, the singing pit bull, has astonished the canine world for over six years with his amazing charm and talent. He was born somewhere in the delta and has since migrated up to Long Island, where he now resides and jams the blues regularly on the streets of Central Islip. Boru loves to howl in the key of E and is expected to release his first recording, 'Every Dog Has His Day,' in time for the holidays.

And I'd like to close this segment by thanking QualNet Services for all the work they've been doing on the forthcoming anima-



tion of Korn Cat Williams. QualNet Services is a small production team dedicated to delivering quality in all shapes and forms. They deal mostly with multimedia projects and sound engineering, and are definitely recommended by several references that I researched for the production of the animated movie for which I am involved with the musical soundtrack. www.qualnetservices.com is the web address for this organization that I hope will continue to provide excellent service for many years to come. As always, your feedback is what keeps me in touch with all the good stuff happening on campus. Please contact me at music@bloodlinemusic.com with any ideas, suggestions, complaints, or good recipes for hash brownies.



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