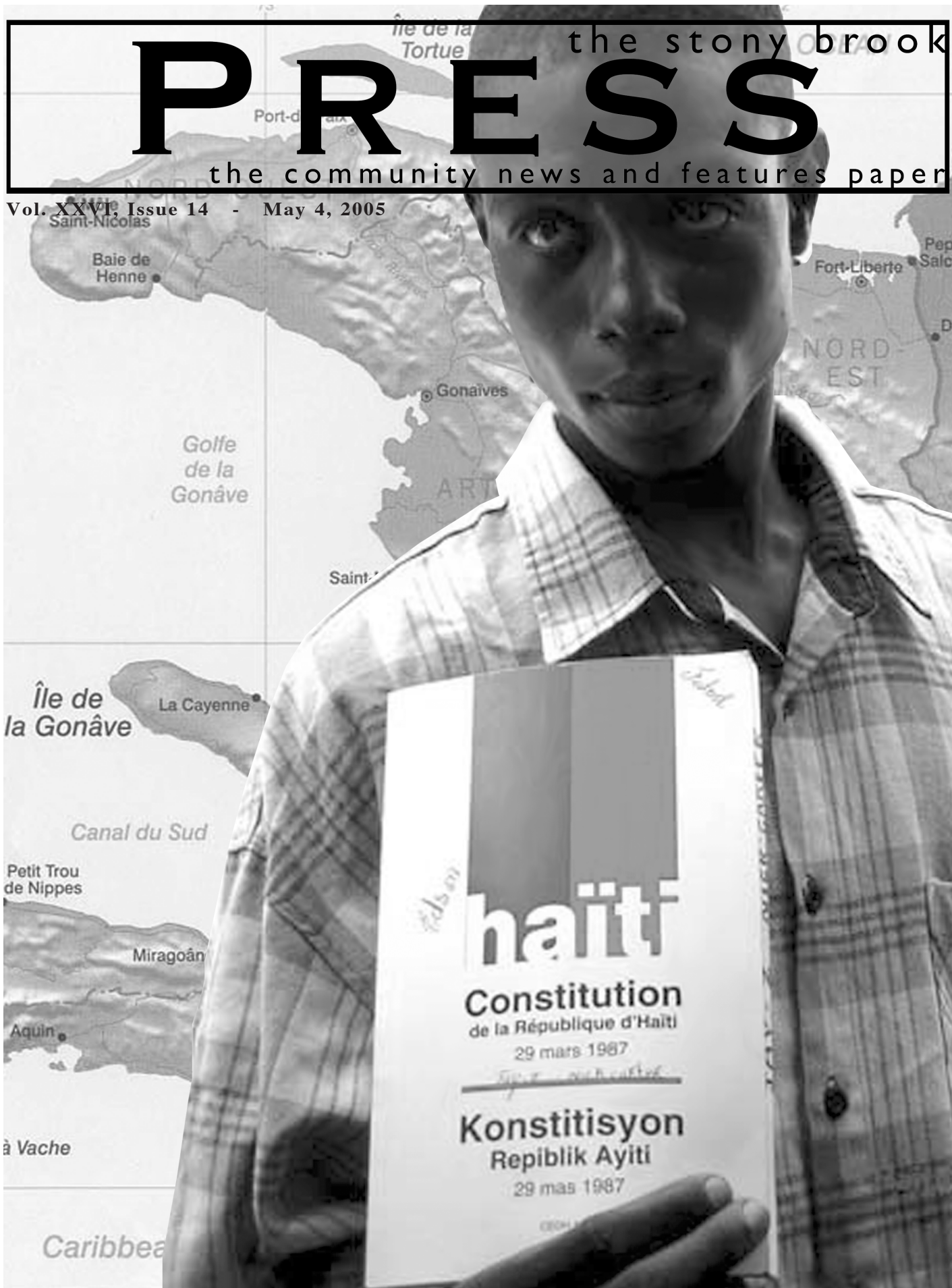


# PRESS

the stony brook

the community news and features paper

Vol. XXVI, Issue 14 - May 4, 2005



# Panel Discusses Student Voter Turnout

By Matt Willemain

Several dozen students turned out for a spirited discussion of youth participation on elections and electoral reform last Thursday, April 28. The event, cosponsored by the Undergraduate Student Government, NYPIRG, College Democrats, College Republicans and Sigma Beta Rho, featured presentations from a panel of experts, followed by a question and answer session, moderated by graduate student in history Dan Woulfin. Appearing on the panel were Stony Brook Political Science Professor Helmut Norpoth (who teaches a course on Voters and Elections), State Assemblyman Steve Englebright (who represents Stony Brook and credits student voters as an important part of his electoral success) and NYPIRG Board Representative John Mascher (who led NYPIRG's Stony Brook campus voter registration project last fall). Also invited, but not attending, was State Senator John Flanagan.

NYPIRG's Mascher opened the evening proudly citing the record 3,285 students who voted on campus last fall as counter evidence to the assumption that young people are too apathetic to participate in US elections. He continued expressing concern for the number of people who participate in the electoral process.

Next to speak was Assemblyman Englebright, who began by apologizing for delaying the program as he navigated rush hour traffic from another speaking engagement. Englebright responded to the record election turnout on campus last fall, calling it one of the most interesting events in the history of his political career. He then summarized his career in government and the struggle for student enfranchisement on campus, which he sees as interrelated.

Englebright began his career as an opponent of a proposed Shoreham Nuclear Power facility, an issue which attracted a lot of passionate support from students. No students could vote from a campus address in that election, but it didn't stop Englebright's defeated opponent from blaming students for his loss. Englebright continued, describing the incremental process of winning meaningful student campus voting. First students had to be allowed to vote from campus at all. Then, inconvenient bussing to an off campus polling place had to be replaced with a site on campus. Also, student turnout in elections was highly contingent on organized campus activism, students educating their peers on voting opportunities. All the while, student voting advocates had to deal with underhanded techniques to depress the student turnout, ranging from hard to find polling places to vast silent deregistration of hundreds of students who had changed rooms on campus from one semester to the next to harassment from political operatives challenging the voting rights of every student appearing at the polls. Mascher would later chime in with talk of understaffed polling places, prohibitively long lines to vote, and horror stories from other SUNY schools, including unreasonable costs charged for a polling place in Oswego and the grotesque gerrymandering splitting the Albany dormitories into separate election districts.

Over the course of the event, Norpoth, Englebright and several audience members engaged in a sometimes heated debate over the efficacy of students voting in a block on campus, as opposed to participate in elections from their home address. Englebright maintains that concentrating the student vote on campus creates a distinct voting block that sends a clear signal to policymakers in Albany. He cites personal experience with his peers in government when he says that the visible numbers of students concentrated in campus districts earns the attention and respect of decision makers.

Norpoth, however, suspects that with our two-party system and single-winner districts, concentrating the vote on campus might not actually serve student interests. His theory is that draining student voters out of their home districts allows the legislators who don't have a campus in their district to totally disregard the interests of students, and perhaps polarizes the legislature. Englebright countered by asserting that there is real value in some clear wins sending "champions" to be active fighters for students, as opposed to watering down student power by diluting their vote throughout the state. Norpoth also questioned whether students could be a clearly defined group, suggesting that other than a mutual interest in funding for higher education students were a diverse bunch with no clear shared values. Not discussed was whether the interests of political minorities, like student voters, are helped or hurt by the institutions like the two party system and the district based legislature.



**VOTER ENGLEBRIGHT**  
Courtesy of [assembly.state.ny.net](http://assembly.state.ny.net)

Englebright finished his opening speech by talking about how student participating in politics was successful in fighting back some of the more draconian cuts to higher education spending proposed by Governor Pataki, despite the Governor's contemptuous treatment of student activists demonstrating in Albany. He warned that we need to be vigilant against backsliding in student voting rights.

Professor Norpoth was the last of the experts to introduce himself. He began with his personal story of immigrating to the United States as an academic, and his decision to become a naturalized citizen and a voter after having taught so much about elections in this country. He also fired a preemptive attack against easing the burden of registering to vote, a reform Mascher would later call for. In New York, voters must be registered twenty five days before the election. Mascher and Norpoth would both cite from the complex, conflicting scholarship on the effect of voting registration requirements. Norpoth talked about a study comparing North Dakota and South Dakota. He said that since the two are similar states it is more valuable to compare them than other states. North Dakota has no requirements for voters to register in advance of elections, and election turnout

is not significantly greater than South Dakota. Mascher compared turnout in New York versus the six states that have adopted Election Day Registration (EDR)—people who are interested in voting don't have to sign up in advance—and quotes studies that predict a huge eight percent increase in voting if New York adopts EDR. Mascher argues that interest in voting spikes at the last minute because most of the media doesn't cover elections seriously until after it is too late to register to vote in New York. Englebright would later speak in favor of EDR. From the audience, student Jeff Lecitra, former President of the College Democrats, would suggest that, in addition to registration at the last minute, election day should be a national holiday.

Moderator Woulfin asked the panelists to speak specifically about youth turnout. Mascher called for a cultural change valuing voting, pressuring the Board of Elections to attend to the special needs of campus voters (for example, their address changes when they move across the hall) and teaching high school students to participate. He would later expand on the idea that youth voting is important for all of society, because young people who learn habitually to vote or not vote will establish voting patterns for all age groups in the future. Englebright blamed a history of chronically low youth voting on politicians failing to approach students and explain how important and relevant their candidacies were. He suggested that this neglect is sometimes carefully calculated. Helmut said that it was important to make a distinction between youth voting and student voting. He said that on campus plenty of people vote, and that the young people who aren't counted are the less educated who don't attend colleges like Stony Brook. Lecitra responded, saying that students should vote as trustees defending the interests of other young people who cannot or do not vote.

Woulfin asked about New York State's response to a federal law, the controversial Helping America to Vote Act (HAVA), a reform bill passed after the problems in the 2000 presidential election. Norpoth called it bribery. Federal government money is offered to the states for making changes to the way they run elections. Norpoth reminded the audience that the US Constitution is very clear about the states running elections on their own. Englebright said that deadlines were approaching, both related to the federal law and the state's schedule for making laws, and that if New York was going to act on HAVA it would have to be before June 23. There is currently an impasse between the Democrat run Assembly and the Republican run Senate. The state will be buying new electronic voting machines. As Englebright describes the dispute, the Assembly wants to make sure that the machines produce a paper ballot, so that voters can make sure that their vote was counted correctly and that fair recounts are possible. Englebright said that he is afraid Senate Republicans will refuse the verifiable paper ballots, the deadline will pass to get the federal money, and then the Democrats in the Assembly will be accused of blowing the chance for \$50 million and obstructing government.

Other topics discussed included a controversial HAVA requirement that New York maintain one statewide list of registered voters, instead of sixty two county lists, the fusion system where third parties can endorse Republican and Democratic candidates and the marketing brilliance and growing power of the "Independence" party, which hugely pads its number of registered members with confused voters who thought they were signing up with no party.



# Stony Brook Takes Over Southampton Marine Science Department

By Rob Gilheany

Stony Brook University has acquired the famed marine science department of Southampton College. Southampton College is well respected in the marine sciences. The move by Stony Brook to obtain this program saved it from an uncertain future.



SEALIFE, IN ALL ITS MAJESTY,  
Courtesy of marinegg.ucsb.edu

Last summer, Southampton College students and faculty got a bomb dropped on them by their parent Long Island University. LIU told their faculty and incoming students that they would no longer be accepting new undergraduate students. This effectively was a poison pill for the campus. LIU has operated three campuses. Their main campus is at C.W. Post in Brookville, in Nassau County. LIU has two other campuses, one in Brooklyn and another in

Southampton. The Southampton Campus has been losing money year in and year out. It was hemorrhaging money by the millions year in and year out. The LIU board of trustees decided to close the college. They did this with no warning. They just dropped this on their students, faculty and staff. Needless to say, a whole lot of people were upset.

Students were planning and looking forward to studying and living at Southampton. Faculty were left to ponder their jobs. LIU said they could not work out the financing of the Southampton debt, and were not going to use funds from their main campus to subsidize Southampton. Plans were made to transfer some students and faculty to C.W. Post. Their plan left the future of their Marine Sciences Department in limbo. Their department has a worldwide reputation. Stony Brook University moved to acquire the department. This required an act by the state legislator and 35 million dollars was allocated for SBU to acquire the department.

Professor Chris Göbler is the head of the Southampton marine sciences department. Prof. Göbler is very upbeat about the turn of events. He has done groundbreaking research on Brown Tide. It is a win-win. Southampton's undergraduate program has a world-class reputation. It has a water front facility with access to the Atlantic Ocean.

Stony Brook's Marine Science Department is in the top ten in the nation. Together it creates a strong and unique program. The adding of the Southampton marine science department is a great thing for Stony Brook, and the faculty and students in the Southampton department.

Professor Göbler said that he would have an office on both campuses. He said that his research lab will continue to be on the Southampton campus. This is a clue of the future land use of the Southampton campus. Many people were active in making sure the land is used for educational purposes.

For the past several years, the Southampton marine science department has been supported by the "For the Sea" concert that has been held on a field at the Southampton campus. Well-known musical acts have come to play at this benefit. Some of the acts included Paul Simon, Brian Wilson, and Jimmy Buffet, among others. Maybe a variation of "For the Sea" can take place at Lavalle Stadium.

Chris Göbler said that the biggest threat to the environment is global warming and climate change. The release of carbon dioxide through air pollution is making the Earth's atmosphere more retentive to the sun's rays. Global warming will affect sea levels and change weather patterns. The melting of polar ice caps has affected the saliency of seawater in certain areas. This has been detrimental to marine mammals such as sea lions and dolphins.

Global warming is affecting Antarctica. Ice that has not melted in millions of years is melting as you read this article.

Professor Chris Göbler was asked if he felt there were going to be big extinctions this century. This question of extinctions is important. The major force driving extinctions is, among other mitigating factors, habitat destruction. Professor Göbler said, "Biological extinctions are already proceeding at an unprecedented rate."

**SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BETTER THAN MAN**

**CHARLTON HESTON**

**THE USG SENATE MEETINGS**

RODDY McDOWALL - MAURICE EVANS - KIM HUNTER - JAMES WHITMORE - JAMES DALY - LINDA HARRISON

PRODUCED BY APJAC PRODUCTIONS    SCREENPLAY BY FRANKLIN J. SCHÄFFNER    DIRECTED BY MICHAEL WILSON    EDITED BY ROD SERLING    MUSIC BY JERRY GOLDBLUM

# The Undergraduate Student Government Election Results

## **President Diana Acosta -**

Good choice, everybody! Diana is staunchly opposed to the idea of political parties and refuses to ally herself with known criminals! That's good for any student government!

## **Executive Vice President Samuel Darguin -**

One of the most motivated people in USG, Sam will do a great job as EVP. Not only do you get Sam, but you also DON'T get that monster, Richard Hsu fucking everything up! What a deal!

## **Treasurer Jackie Wu (CORE) -**

Congratulations, CORE! You found a way to win! Run completely unopposed! Out of a possible 2,196 votes, Jackie Wu got 1,304 votes. 892 students would rather have NO ONE as treasurer!

## **Vice President of Clubs and Organizations Ralph Thomas -**

The closest race in the entire election; Ralph Thomas received 52% of the vote and Francisco Narvaez received 48%. Francisco might have been edged out because of his re-affiliation with the CORE Party.

## **Vice President of Academic Affairs Chinelo Onochie -**

Um... ok!

## **Vice President of Student Life Romual Jean-Baptiste -**

He did a decent job as Freshman Class Rep last year and we expect him to put even more effort into his role as VP of Student Life.

## **Senior Class Representative Annlyn Bristol -**

Annlyn should do a pretty decent job. She presented herself very well at the debates but she's going into the job without ever having seen an Executive Council meeting.

## **Junior Class Representative Kanika Jain -**

Uh... also, ok!

## **Sophomore Class Representative Ana Hernandez -**

You beat Michael Nacmias, the candidate who had no idea as to what his job would have entailed! Another CORE robot, Michael barely knew where he was at the debates. Don't let us down, Ana.

## **Vice President of Communications**

### **Runoff Election!**

#### **Nichole Reyes vs Victoria Yarisantos (CORE)**

Show the student government how much you disapprove of political parties hell-bent on suppressing independent thought!

The CORE Party has demonstrated exactly how the party system will ruin the student government so let's show USG exactly how we feel about political parties.

**Vote for Nichole Reyes for VP of Communications on SOLAR right now!**

# Some Observations of the Voting Process at Stony Brook

In the election for USG President, only 1751 students voted. Assuming that there are approximately 13,000 undergraduates, only 13% of the student body voted. To be extremely frank, that's atrocious, deplorable and down right opprobrious. To put it in perspective, approximately 50% of the population votes in the national presidential election; a statistic that forces most democratic societies to point and laugh at us. Most would attempt to pin Stony Brook's poor voter turnout on the ever popular "student apathy" scapegoat but the consensus is that there were a myriad of other problems.

To begin with, the ad campaign for the election, presumably spearheaded by Elections Board Chair Robert Romano, was lackluster, at best. While there were some posters and flyers scattered in various spots on campus, the advertising bombardment was not as comprehensive as groups like NYPIRG. As opposed to a select placement of flyers for the election as a whole, NYPIRG managed to garner the largest voter turnout of anything on the ballot, 2196 people to be exact, by conducting the most aggressive campaign the campus has seen in recent years. At every turn, outside the SAC, the Union, the Library, NYPIRG had a representative with literature that urged the students to log onto SOLAR and vote. On every single billboard, passersby were greeted with NYPIRG flyers and posters. Basically, NYPIRG was the only group that seemed truly motivated to sway a vote in their direction.

Unfortunately, even the most motivated students found some parts of the electoral process to be completely out of their hands. For example, political aptitude went out the window when students encountered the obtuse navigational system of the SOLAR voting process. Whereas any logical being would think that an issue like the USG elections would merit a prominent spot on the home page, even if only for a week, the link to the voting was tucked away on one side of the screen at the end of a series of links in the same color and font. Those tenacious few who managed to find the link with minimal frustration may have been equally as bewildered at the end of the voting process. Once said voting was completed, the student capped off the experience by clicking "save" at the end of the page. It would have been infinitely more sensical to have the button be labeled "submit" or "vote," but this way, the mystery that is the democratic process could be appropriately highlighted.

The basic point here is that a lot more work needs to be put into these elections. Perhaps one of the problems is that the Elections Chair is chosen less than two months before the election. If the Board is formed in the fall semester, there would be adequate time to think of advertising strategies, coordinate debates that more than zero people attend, and muster the interest of more than the same handful of students who are heavily involved in campus activities. Rather than hastily throwing things together halfway through the Spring semester, give the Elections Board all year to organize an election that people care about. The custodians of millions of dollars should not be chosen by barely 10% of students in a matter of weeks. In our opinion, the elections were almost as much of a failure as the endeavors of the CORE Party.

**By Mike Billings and Joe Filippazzo**

# The USG Senate Election Results

Once again, everyone who ran for a Senate position was elected. Just for posterity, here are the names once again:

Amy Catherine Wisnoski,  
Jonathan Reichman (CORE),  
Enyu Shih (CORE),  
Nigam Gunjan Vyas,  
Aryeh Glas (CORE),  
Amol Bhupendra Amin,  
Milap S Patel,  
Natasha Patel,  
Tanzim Khan,  
Marc Jared Gross (CORE),  
Simardip Yingh Grewal,  
Jaspreet Singh Toor,  
Ajay Pawar,  
Walter Basil Sysak (CORE),  
Alyssa Teresa Fasano,  
and Michael Cohen.

A clarification needs to be made about the last Senator mentioned - Michael Cohen. Verification with several members of the CORE Party, including CORE Presidential candidate Ilan Nassimi, as well as an Elections Board member has revealed that Michael Cohen is indeed a member of the CORE Party. Apparently, an error in the registration process, however, didn't list him as such.

But it already makes so much sense that Michael is on the CORE Party ticket. Already, he has subscribed to CORE's intimidation and harassment tactics.

In our last issue, we ran a two-page elections spread wherein we lauded the performances of specific Senators and criticized others. Ironically, Michael Cohen was not even mentioned in our comments, however, co-author Joe Filippazzo received this message from Mr. Cohen's *facebook* account [name excluded for anonymity]:

**From: Mike Cohen**  
**To: Joe Filippazzo**  
**Subject: wutup bro**  
**Message: ARE YOU GETTING BLOWN BY \_\_\_\_\_ YOU FAGGOT**

Similarly, co-author Mike Billings received the following:

**From: Mike Cohen**  
**To: Mike Billings**  
**Subject: wutup dog**  
**Message: I HOPE YOUR GETTING BLOWN BY \_\_\_\_\_ YOU FAGGOT**

And if that wasn't enough, another *Press* staff writer, Dustin Herlich also received a message from Michael Cohen's *facebook* account. [We apologize in advance for any offensive language; the text is verbatim from the *facebook* message]:

**From: Mike Cohen**  
**To: Dustin Herlich**  
**Subject: Concerned Jew with remote control**  
**Message: Im gonna use that remote control to blow up your room u fat rock throwing arab sand nigger doon coon cocksucking faggot motherfucker, You'll never get ass let alone see a vagina in your life you arab fuckin rock throwing terrorist sand nigger fuckin faggot, if i find out where you live...**

This is in no way acceptable behavior from any one, let alone a student government Senator. We urge everyone to start paying attention to USG. These people are handling your money. You have the power to prevent this type of discourse by getting involved. Don't let the CORE Party be your voice in the Senate.

## Another Note on the CORE Party

We are ecstatic to see that both the CORE Party as well as the party system in general were unequivocal failures in the elections. The only CORE Party members that got elected were unopposed and even they had a shamefully low number of votes cast for them.

Ever since the CORE Party climbed out of the filthy gutter that is Irfan Syed's frontal lobe, they have done absolutely everything wrong. In fact, they have failed on such a grandiose scale, that it almost defies description. But, alas...we will try.

Just to reiterate, CORE founder Irfan Syed explained in detail to *Press* staffer Joe Filippazzo, exactly how he was going to unilaterally pass the CORE Laws and seize control of the student government. This is not behavior becoming of a group of "richeous egalitarians." To date, one or more members of the CORE Party has expressed feelings ranging from disdain to abject acrimony for the following groups:

Wiccans, females, African-Americans, Arabs, homosexuals, communists, socialists, anarchists, liberals, consumers of pork, and anyone with a facial piercing.

We are glad that they have failed and we are confident that they will continue to fail until their unrepresentative, racist, intolerant regime dissolves completely.

Just so everyone can keep a close eye on these jerks, here is a list of tentative goals that one CORE Party member gave to *The Stony Brook Press*:

- Fight for equal and fair funding for cultural, religious and political groups
- Stand up to groups that have muscled their way into a large percent of the budget
- Constitutional Reform
- Create an investment and business team on campus
- Make a Middle East Peace Seminar (specifically Israel/Palestine)
- Create off campus interest leading to job placement for CORE members
- Recruit the top students for government positions under the core party ticket
- Make private CORE party events giving CORE members the opportunity to mingle with business owners, politicians, and other powerful people
- Possibly create a fraternity and buy a CORE house
- Newsletter
- Become a conglomerate organization to handle the affairs of smaller clubs
- Make an effort to go and understand every student group on campus

Apparently, transparency is not very high on CORE's list of priorities. I don't know how many other organizations have exclusionary practices and private events as goals for the future but those "richeous egalitarians" in the CORE Party certainly do. Even the goals that sound like good ideas are the same things the CORE Party has been screaming since its formation yet has completely failed to act upon in any respect. They are usually just careful to add words like "equal" and "fair" to their tirades in the hopes that people will forget all the things they have done to inhibit progress at Stony Brook University.

Thank you once again, for considering the issues and making an informed decision about the USG candidates.

As a reminder, however, your work is not done. Even though good people were put into office, it is everyone's responsibility to ensure that these elected officials fulfill their promises and keep the students as their priority.

Also, the USG Senate still has unfilled seats. If you'd like to make your own contribution to the student government by getting involved and joining the Senate, contact the USG suite today.

## Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

(hint: It Rhymes With  
"Stained-Glasshole")

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or website-it-up big time at

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| Daniel Hofer        | Morgan Wilding      |
| Adam Kearney        | Chris Williams      |
| "The Count" LeComte | Brian Wong          |
| Antony Lin          | Jessica Worthington |
| Seth Maggiore       | Ed Zadorozny        |
| Jamie Mignone       |                     |
| Ali Nazir           |                     |

**Umm, where do we go from here?**

"Umm, has anybody started writing editorials?"  
 "I'll write one, whaddya want it on?"  
 "I have no idea."

Thus begins a new era of incompetence at *The Stony Brook Press*. Rob Pearsall has no idea, as he says in his own words. I've taken him out of context of course, but as a seasoned union basement dweller, that's my business.

The new executive editor/sub-commandante is now the lucky winner of the campus' second most thankless job (the first most thankless job is being Godfrey Palaia)! He has no idea! He gets to spend hours, mostly on weekends, putting together the drivel and incomprehensible (yet informed and educated) articles of the staff into a readable form, sacrificing nearly every opportunity to blow off steam via acts of drunken revelry and casual sex enjoyed by the rest of the student body.

The respect of one's peers is earned through acts of selflessness and dedication, service and good works. This statement is true insofar as it is not true at all. As the new executive editor, Rob will become the target of

every stale mama joke that the staff can muster, even when he's nowhere to be found, comatose in his room after eighty hours of production. He is also responsible for any illegal acts taken in the end product, the paper and ink issue that, if one were so inclined to pursue a lawsuit for libel suspected therein, Rob has to go to court and possibly jail! The ever-grateful staff will undoubtedly post bail in such a case, in a parallel opposite universe populated by Bizarro people. No, they'll bake cakes with raspas and files in them so he can make an escape. Not really. Not in a million years.

Incessant bitching and stupid questions about irrelevant things, the occasional death threat, and constant and perpetual sexual harassment are all the new chief has to look forward to. And sleep deprivation. And keeping tabs on mindless drudgery in the student government. And hatemail. And libel and slander. And the loss of his anal virginity. He has no idea.

So, the point of this editorial is to implore contributors and readers to address all grievances and queries to the new Managing Editor, Jowy Romano, and to be nice to Rob Pearsall.

Fuck Jowy. I'm sure he can take it.

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Dear Good People of the Press,

I'm one o' them writers what writes for The Patriot. Let me tell you, those people are halfway insane. You wouldn't believe how much they censor me. You may not realize it, but my article regarding the Ballsiest Presidents in history was watered down more than cheap gin on the Bowery. They didn't let me called Regan a "jellybean obsessed conservative tyrant," nor would they let me have Jackson yell "Bullshit you are!" to his would-be assassin. In anger, I penned you a letter in a half-drunken rage. I've attached it as a jpg file. I assure you this isn't some sort of virus intended to thwart The Press. Read it, and ye shall know more than ye ever thought ye could.

Sincerely,

William Olsen-Hoek

Dear The Press,  
I am a contributor to the new ultra-right wing conservative rag, ~~new~~ The Patriot. For reasons of anonymity, I would like to be known as Billy Hoek-Olson. ~~I would like to offer~~ As an insider, I'm not sure whether to be offended or honored being that you failed to parody my article about the tunnels in your Splendiferous parody called The Cowrade (oops - I may or may not have given my true identity away). Is it that my article was awesome or is it (oops) - um - lost my train of thought there - way too many hecklers in this room. Okay, I'll just assume you

Sorry, I was just making out with a stranger. I would like to offer you an insider's view of the Patriot. Here is typically how goes ...

Billy: My article is awesome. publish it.  
Patriot: ::Swoon::

Billy: What think you?

Patriot: It's awesome - but you can't swear.

Billy: Balls!

Apparently, I'm not allowed to write "damn," "hell," "shit," "cunt," "liberal," "peace," or "fuck." What?! I require these words to write <sup>in</sup> my particular ... .. idiom! I apologize. I've had a few drinks. I guess what I'm s

Trying to say is that I'd gladly write some next level awesome shit about Stony Brook - perhaps regarding my cult. I own a cult. How cool is that.

I love Iron Chef. I could write about that. Bubble mumble trapeze fudge ees licking teardrop bacon cheddar ranch I will group a t' you egg and skull fuck ya! Allez Cui vive!

Willie er - - Billy Hoek-Olson

Play America's Greatest Pastime

### "Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm  
060 Student Union



## The Stony Brook Press:

Where dead things and sleeping things can peacefully co-exist... and then we guess which is which

Dear Billy,

We tend to stop listening to drunks. It happened here and we're sorry. Your letter was genuinely funny though, so funny that we gave it a second listen. Reagan *did* like his jelly-beans. We here at the Press don't censor for small things like libel of the dead. In fact, there can be no libel of the dead. So in the same spirit as you had earlier, Andrew Jackson not only said, "Bullshit you are!" but he also raped a cow, pillaged a young farmhand and killed a bank in cold blood.

Always accusing the dead of things they didn't do,  
The Stony Brook Press

# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

## International

### Will Spain Legalize Same Sex Marriage?



The lower house of the Spanish Parliament has voted to legalize same sex marriage. The bill also allows same sex couples to adopt children. If the bill passes the upper house, Spain, which has traditionally been a Catholic country, will become the third country in Europe to legalize same sex marriage.

However, many mayors and government officials oppose the bill and have vowed to refuse to comply with the law. The passing of this bill has sent the Catholic Church, who is strongly against gay marriage, in an uproar. Influential bishops and archbishops exhorted mayors to break the law and refuse to marry same sex couples, under the grounds that "one has to obey God before man otherwise it will lead to a totalitarian state." The archbishop of Barcelona went further, saying "If obeying the law comes before conscience, this leads to Auschwitz." Others' objections are more measured. One mayor explained that while he does not object to same sex couples having political equality, he opposes recognizing their unions as legal marriages.

Despite objections from conservative politicians and the Vatican, polls show that the majority of Spaniards support the legalization of same sex marriage. High government officials have vowed to crack down on civil officers who refuse to grant marriage licenses to same sex couples if the bill becomes law.

This bill comes a time which is crucial to the Catholic Church, who recently appointed Benedict XVI as the new pope. Approval for the bill has not been finalized but just the fact that it has been proposed indicates the decline of the Church in Europe.

### UN Approves Trial for Khmer Rouge Leaders



The United Nations has given Cambodia the go-ahead to try the remaining leaders of the Khmer Rouge, confirming that their war court met international justice standards. Although Khmer Rouge leader Pol Pot died in 1998, there are up to 10 Khmer Rouge who are expected to be held accountable in court for their involvement in the death of the 1.7 million Cambodians, who died of disease, starvation, forced labour, or execution during Khmer Rouge rule, from 1975 to 1979. This trial has taken many years to get to the courts, (thus allowing Pol Pot and many others to escape trial for their part in the Cambodian "killing fields"), as many former Khmer Rouge members have held government positions over the 26 years since the group was overthrown by Vietnam-backed rebels. The current Cambodian PM, Hun Sen, is a former regiment commander, for example.

No date has been set for the trial, but enough money has been raised through UN member pledges for the trial to go-ahead. Cambodia itself will contribute US\$13 million towards the court, estimated to cost US\$56.3 million over three years. The special tribunals which will try the Khmer Rouge members will

be a mix of Cambodian and international judges and prosecutors.

### Ecuadorian President Ousted



Just days after issuing and removing a state of emergency in Ecuador President Lucio Gutierrez finds himself again facing severe problems. On April 15, 2005 President Lucio Gutierrez was forced to declare a state of emergency after people poured into the streets protesting Gutierrez's dismantling the Supreme Court, for the second time since elected into power. After the mass protest that developed in Ecuador due to Gutierrez declaring a state of emergency it seemed to Congress that Gutierrez had run his course as President.

On April 20, after Congress had held a special meeting where they voted to remove Gutierrez from power, President Lucio Gutierrez left the Presidential Palace. Gutierrez fled the Presidential Palace in a helicopter. Angry protestors, who thought he was fleeing the country, took it upon themselves to close down Quito's international airport to prevent his escape. To the demonstrators' delight Gutierrez did not leave the country; however, he was granted asylum at the Brazilian Embassy in Quito. President Lucio Gutierrez has become the third Ecuadorian President, following former Presidents Abdala Bucaram and Jamil Mahuad, to be removed from power in less than a decade. Replacing President Lucio Gutierrez will be Vice President Alfredo Palacio, who assumed power soon after Gutierrez was ousted.

### Is Plan Colombia Succeeding?



Five years ago the United States government initiated Plan Colombia. This plan consisted in allocating \$3 billion in aid to train the Colombian military in fighting the cultivation of coca plants. Although the program has been successful in destroying many coca fields, by spraying a herbicide known as Roundup, the amount of drugs coming from Colombia has not decreased substantially. There are mixed feelings whether this program has been successful or not. Some believe that simply spraying the coca plants is not enough and that other techniques, such as uprooting the plants or using stronger herbicides, should be used. The Bush administration, however, plans to ask Congress to continue and increase aid for Plan Colombia to another \$743 million in addition to the \$3 billion that already has been spent.

### Socialist Candidate to be Elected as Head of the Organization of American States



Chilean Interior Minister José Miguel Insulza, a member of the Socialist Party, is expected to be elected secretary general of the Organization of American States (O.A.S.). The United States had originally backed Mexican Foreign Minister Luis Ernesto Derbez. Derbez dropped out of the race after negotiations between Condoleezza Rice, José Miguel Insulza, Luis Ernesto Derbez and other South and Central American officials took place April 29. José

Miguel Insulza is expected to be elected on Monday May 1<sup>st</sup> when the O.A.S meets to vote on this issue. The election of Insulza as secretary general of the O.A.S is a commemorative event, since this is the first time that a candidate who was not initially supported by the United States will assume the position as secretary general.

## National

### National ID Card Bill Goes to Senate



The Senate is set to vote on the Real ID Act, which sets federal standards for drivers licenses and makes it harder for immigrants to seek asylum in the US.

The bill gives the federal government authority to maintain databases containing detailed information on citizens, which will be linked to other databases in Canada and Mexico. This includes information currently contained on drivers licenses as well as any other kinds of information the Department of Homeland Security sees fit. This could include retinal scans, fingerprints, and even DNA. The bill also provides for radio tags on IDs which enable authorities to keep track of a person's movements.

The bill's supporters argue that its provisions will improve security and intelligence. However, civil liberties groups point out that the Real ID Act is flagrantly unconstitutional, recklessly invades people's privacy, and that the databases and radio tags present the risk of identity theft. Immigrant advocacy groups also claim that the bill is unfairly targeting immigrants by placing new barriers to asylum-seekers.

House Republicans attached the Real ID Act to an emergency spending bill including funding for the occupation in Iraq as well as for tsunami relief. This is a common tactic intended to lure legislators into voting for otherwise dubious bills. Senate Democrats are poised to vote in favor of the bill; seeing how John Kerry was hurt in his presidential campaign by allegations that he was unsupportive of the troops, Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid admitted that Democrats may have to acquiesce to the Real ID Act whilst voting "yes" for the emergency funding intended for the armed forces occupying Iraq.

### Infamous Abu Ghraib Guard Pleas for Reduced Sentence



The 22 year old young woman, Private Lynndie R. England, who participated in the Abu Ghraib prison scandal 2 years ago, took a plea deal in order to reduce her sentence. Private Lynndie R. England is most infamously remembered for a picture in which she pointed at an Iraqi's prisoner genitals while she held him on a leash. England was set to be sentenced to 16 or more years of prison but she has agreed to a plea deal which will reduce her sentence to a maximum of 11 years.



# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

## Local

### Albany Antiwar Students Demonstrate Against Military Recruiters on Campus



Well over a hundred students turned out for a demonstration at SUNY Albany, organized by student antiwar activists, on April 21. The protesters asked the University Administration to kick military recruiters off campus. It is illegal in New York for discriminatory employers to recruit on campus. The "don't ask, don't tell" policy banning open homosexuality puts the military in violation of this law. Albany University Administration responded cautiously, because of a law passed in 1996, known popularly as the Solomon Amendment, that allows the federal government to strip some funding from schools that bar military recruiters. The conflict between many states' antidiscrimination laws and the Solomon law is playing out in the federal courts. Last summer, the 3rd Circuit United States Court of Appeals ruled against the enforcement of the Solomon Amendment, on the grounds that it violated the First Amendment of the US Constitution. The legal question will probably be resolved, ultimately, by the Supreme Court. The American Council on Education has advised universities follow the federal law and allow recruiters, in spite of state anti-discrimination laws, until the courts have finished dealing with the problem. SUNY Albany demonstration organizers will be meeting with that University's president, Kermit Hall, this week, and plan to further express their concerns to the state SUNY administration. Anticipating the possibility of stonewalling, organizers are considering a campaign to appeal to alumni donors and a statewide SUNY walk out and student strike next Spring.

(631) 632-6265 Stony Brook University President Shirley Strum Kenny  
 (518) 437-4900 University at Albany President Kermit Hall  
 (518) 443-5355 Statewide SUNY Chancellor Robert King (Resigning this Summer)

### Clinton, Schumer and Dean Support Occupation of Iraq



On April 21 the US Senate voted 99-0, with Hawaii's Daniel Inouye not voting, in favor of an "emergency" supplemental spending bill (HR 1268), dedicating \$83 billion, mostly to fund President George Bush's military operations in Iraq and Afghanistan. The need for this money could have been easily anticipated during the regular federal budget process. Funding the occupation, New York Senators Hilary Clinton and Chuck Schumer join Stony Brook's Congressman, Tim Bishop, who voted for the bill in the House of Representatives. Separately, Democratic Party National Chairman Howard Dean, whose recent presidential primary campaign attracted the support of many antiwar voters, endorsed the ongoing occupation. As reported in the April 21 Minneapolis Star Tribune, Dean told the audience at a fundraiser for the American Civil Liberties Union of Minnesota that, "we're there and we can't get out." Dean cited fears that a free Iraq would be

a hotbed of Islamic terrorism.

(631) 249-2825 Senator Hilary Clinton's Melville District Office  
 (631) 753-0978 Senator Charles Schumer's Melville District Office  
 (202) 863-8000 Democratic National Committee, chaired by Howard Dean  
 (631) 696-6500 Representative Tim Bishop's Coram District Office  
 (202) 456-1111 President George Bush's White House comment line

### Hotel on Campus, Death of Trees

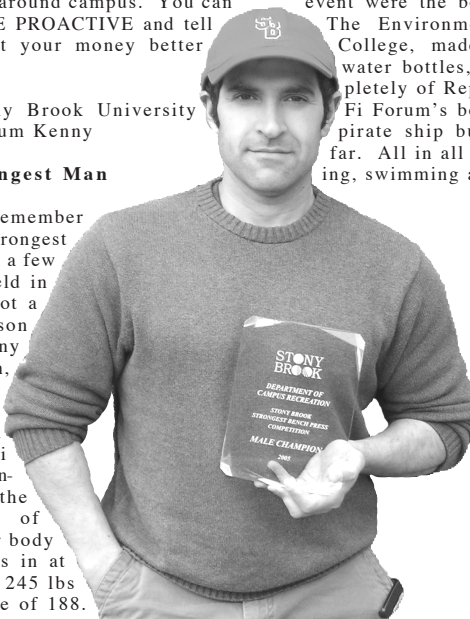


Unknown to many students, there is currently a proposal to build a hotel on campus somewhere amongst the trees near the main entrance. There is very little information on the specifics of this project due to lack of effort and desire, which is more than likely on purpose. Shirley Strum Kenny has supposedly made her final decision to start construction on the hotel. This hotel is expected to cost around ten million dollars, and maybe even more, which will deprive the budget of money that could otherwise go to building much needed housing, better food services (I'd like some more free food!), and many other things that this campus needs more than a hotel. This plan also causes problems for local hotels, like the Holiday Inn Express on route 347 and the Three Village Inn, who should and may file lawsuits against the school. It is an outrage to find out that our budget has been forfeited to cutting down trees, destroying a landscape, making a useless building which will most likely be used to house all those people that use our ballrooms in the SAC for random conferences and get the free meals we should get, and more parking lots which brings more cars, more ugly pavement (instead of beautiful green grass and trees), and more traffic. Many students and faculty are very unhappy about this and are willing to at least try and do something about it by organizing a protest on Wednesday the 5th at 1pm, and circulating a petition around campus. You can do something too! BE PROACTIVE and tell Kenny that you want your money better spent!

(631) 632-6265 Stony Brook University President Shirley Strum Kenny

### SBU's Strongest Man

You should remember the Stony Brook's Strongest Man Competition from a few weeks ago. It was held in the SAC and we've got a winner from it. Jason Macagnone is Stony Brook's Strongest Man, winning the competition with a bench press of 245 lbs in his Delta Sigma Phi shirt. The contest winner was decided by the highest percentage of what they lift to their body weight. Jason weighs in at 130 lbs and he lifted 245 lbs giving us a percentage of 188.



Jason is a graduate student here at the brook and spent a year training to win the competition and come out ahead of the other 20 to 30 contestants.

### Blackout Brings Out the Worst



Tuesday April 26<sup>th</sup>, half of the residence halls were left with no electricity. Kelly, Tabler and Roth quads were left in the dark until at about 11 pm Tuesday night. Within the first five minutes of darkness, many students began yelling out obscenities from the Kelly quad balconies that could be heard from surrounding areas. Students then began to perform extremely irresponsible acts such as, setting garbage cans on fire, exploding fireworks and drawing graffiti on residence walls. There are also reports of students streaking naked around Roth pond. The cause of the blackout, like many of the other outages this year, is not clear. The immaturity shown by the students is not shocking, but definitely disappointing. I hope in the future, students can be more responsible and take into consideration that what they are doing is foolish and dangerous.

### The Roth Pond Regatta Strikes Again



The 2005 Roth Pond Regatta was held on April 29<sup>th</sup> on a beautiful sunny day. The Regatta is a tradition at Stony Brook, where students build boats and race each other in the Roth pond. Shirley Strum Kenny calls it, "The best sporting event in America." Maybe not America but more like the best in Stony Brook, or Roth quad. The Regatta brought out lots of students from their dank dorms into the smell of barbeque and dirty politics. Since there was only one day left for USG elections, the candidates were out and about campaigning their hearts out. The regatta itself went pretty smoothly, the results of all the winners should be posted soon at <http://rothregatta.org>. The highlights of the event were the bottle boat by Gang Green; The Environmental Club, and Hendrix College, made completely of recycled water bottles, the GOP-unit made completely of Republican love, and the Sci-Fi Forum's boat which was an awesome pirate ship but could not make it that far. All in all it was a nice day for sinking, swimming and fun.

News-In-Brief by  
 Marcel Votlucka,  
 Melanie Donovan,  
 Matt Willemain,  
 Paula Guy,  
 Tiffany Russo,  
 Claudia Toloza,  
 and Rob Pearsall

# Creepy Nationalism Comes To SBU

By Brian Wasser

This article is bland, not too dissimilar from events coordinated by the Enduring Freedom Alliance, not to be confused with the College Republicans, who organize different events; do not engage yourself with it in any way. However, if you are young, naïve and don't yet know the obvious—namely, the idiocy of a Republican's simplistic view of the world, and the brimming rage they have for almost everyone and everything around them—you should read this. At least, read it before the repetitive drone of their hollow incantations (e.g., opposing the war and “supporting the troops” being mutually exclusive) creates for you your own stupefying hyperreality.

I do not intend, therefore, to comprehensively report to you what happened when Scott Rutter brought his plastic, contrived slogan-spewing pomp into the SAC in the form of a PowerPoint presentation. Rather, I intend to warn you that, despite the excitement and pageantry from the Republicans (I know the Freedom Cupcakes were real but I can't figure out if the “I Love Capitalism” posters were a joke), this event is no different than anything else you will see from them. If you can make it through one, you've seen it all. If you can sit through a movie about Reagan, you'll just hear the same thing from Scott Rutter. This is what will prove to be an accurate prediction of future events. This predictability, rivaled only by the uniformity in mind and appearance of the eight of them, combines with the emptiness of a blind, nationalistic fanfare, to explain the aforementioned blandness. In other words, this is not an angry rant (I wish I could say the same about *their* reaction to the anti-war events), because I don't take these people seriously. I'm sure the leaders they worship don't genuinely buy into the makeshift ideological justifications (the spreading of freedom) for their policies, so anyone who buys into it is, in my mind, just really funny to watch.

What *is* serious is what they don't seem

to understand. And this is why I have no respect for Mr. Rutter. I can't have respect for someone who exalts our policies simply because we have the most powerful military in the world, someone who idealizes battle and builds a wall of arrogance (*creepy* arrogance) just because they live in some kind of video game world where freedom isn't free, fighter-jet fantasies abound and war is fun. I hold no respect for someone who then profits from his experience by both maintaining, for himself, a bubble of ideological callowness (similar to that exemplified by his admitted lack of interest in learning the language of the “liberated,” an interest that would have saved a lot of Iraqi lives) and, simultaneously, spreading that propaganda like a disease, for his own personal gain. This is the same dogmatism, and these are the same war-loving, flag-waving, history channel-watching, socialism-misunderstanding, destructively self-righteous, frantically nationalistic fantasies, that you will see budding in the eyes and hearts of the students who organized, attended and supported this event. With one difference: I will put money down that no one in the Enduring Freedom Alliance or the College Republicans will ever go fight in a war. That's rather ironic, considering the anti-war protestors, the ones who made it clear where they want the troops, are the ones who were told to pick up a gun and go to Iraq, lest they be hypocrites. The real irony, therefore, is that the ones who shout the bumper-sticker slogans the loudest are usually

the ones least likely ever to emerge from their sheltered existence into a world where they act on their principles. At least Rutter was the consistent one there. That said, his influence has been vastly more detrimental.

And yet, as stated, this is not intended to be a review of Rutter's words—not because I wasn't even allowed in until the end, but because I want it to be as obvious to every-



one as it is for me that there are layers upon layers of hypocrisy. For example, the same people who were interrupting speakers at the March 23 anti-war rally found themselves, during Rutter's pre-programmed spectacle, implying that First Amendment rights should be nullified during wartime. The list goes on: at no point during the March 23<sup>rd</sup> peace rally did P. Morales, or any other Stony Brook police officer, physically shove anyone who expressed disagreement with the speaker, simply because said dissenter tried to inform others of blatantly available seats. To be fair, these select students were consistent in some ways. At both the “Leftist” event and theirs, they had the same look of rage in their eyes. I don't understand why: if it wasn't for us, they would have no world view to viciously refute, and nothing, therefore, to do.

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Tabler Center Practice Room 4  
Guitarists, Bassists, Drummers  
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Everyone is welcome!

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By Sam Goldman

Much has been made about the Council of Righteous Egalitarians, or CORE for short. Their presence has been the most divisive element in the three years I've been associated with Stony Brook University.

Formed as a mechanism to get religious groups a piece of the \$2 million dollar-plus Undergraduate Student Government budget, CORE quickly grew in numbers. They were very well-liked by many people, including, at one point, members of the newspaper you hold in your hands.

Esam al-Shareffi, who at that time was USG Vice President, was doing very poorly at his position. He was being vilified anonymously on StonyBrookSucks.com, which in and of itself is fine. However, several posts there included remarks about his ethnic background, which is not fine. In addition, two articles by Hsu and Thompson were published anonymously in *The Press*; Thompson's article originally had as its title "From Baghdad to Stony Brook," which was changed by the editors (yes, I did feel that both articles were okay to print, however, *The Press* and I made a mistake by allowing the use of pseudonyms for both articles). al-Shareffi would eventually resign rather than be used for target practice.

Irfan Syed, the founder of the group, achieved the group's goal of funding for religious groups by bulldozing through legislation to that effect. That victory achieved, CORE continued to gain steam and new members, and continued to effect changes in USG. But many felt that they were becoming much too destructive in their methods. In addition, they were joined by Greg Lubicich, who has, for some time, believed in a theory that SBU Vice President of Student Affairs Fred Preston would get students in the Equal Opportunity Program into student government, and they, in turn, would do his bidding, as a method of controlling the student body. Syed and his group came to believe and trust Lubicich, and CORE began to viciously attack EOP whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Finally, after attacks on NYPIRG, and *Press* staffer Chris Williams, among others, *The Press* had had enough. I wrote an editorial, entitled "Come One, Come All to The USG Circus," where I wrote down what me, Joe Filippazzo, Dustin Herlich and Mike Billings were thinking for a while and still believe: that the smear campaigns – against NYPIRG, against EOP, against everyone, had to stop. Period.

After the December editorial came out, I ended up having a one-on-one conversation with Irfan Syed after an Executive Council meeting. We talked for, I would say, a half-hour. It was

friendly but contentious. I felt I impressed upon him that the kinds of tactics used by members of his organization was uncalled for and that we would not support it. We ended the meeting amicably, joking about how USG was taking up so much of our time.

At this juncture, Syed had a choice. He could have listened to us and dropped the mudslinging tactics his group was using. That was really all he had to do. Although we disagree with CORE on EOP and other issues, we could very easily have found a way to coexist; after all, I knew Lubicich's stance on EOP since the summer of 2003 and, while I disagreed with it, he was still welcome in our offices and welcome to write articles for us. Contrary to popular belief, there is no member of *The Press* who will not agree to a respectful debate about anything, and we have debates in our office more than people may think. Working together, we could have done so much good in the student government.

Instead, he chose to actually step up CORE's "scorched earth" policy, and point their guns at us. They began calling us "liberal fascists." They jumped into bed with an organization that not only hated *The Press* and EOP but happened to crave respect in student politics more than anything else in the world: the College Republicans, who chipped in by launching a conservative newspaper which, in its first issue, featured an article which was nothing less than verbal fellatio on Richard Hsu. Things have gotten so bad that recently, CORE member Vince Rasulo spent the night in jail on harassment charges after threatening Joe Filippazzo with physical violence. In the meantime, CORE continued its attacks on EOP, NYPIRG, and *The Press*, among others, unabated.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's important to remember that CORE's original mission – to advance the causes of religious groups – is advancing the cause of free speech, whether you actually believe religious groups should be funded by USG or not. It's important to remember that religious groups and conservatives are entitled to the same representation as any other group on campus. It's equally important to realize that CORE has engineered a smear campaign quite simply

because they believe that the ends justify the means. They believe that they are fulfilling their mission of gaining respect and monies for religious groups.

Which, in and of itself, is fine. The way they have gone about it, however, is hypocritical, because it is, in fact, ungodly. You see, religious people understand that sometimes the end doesn't justify the means. That peace cannot be derived from war. That power cannot be achieved through hate. In enacting this smear campaign in the name of religious clubs, they are spitting on the very tenets that those religions teach.

What religion would endorse someone calling someone else a rapist in front of a packed room of people for the sole reason of embarrassing and defaming him? What religion would endorse attacking a person's ethnic background just because they don't agree with your political viewpoints? What religion would endorse threat-

ening someone who doesn't agree with your political viewpoint with physical violence? What religion would endorse giving the finger to the financially disadvantaged? Sure, *The Press* makes fun of religion mercilessly and has staffers who are and maintain friendships with people who are (unfortunately) thought by some to be sinners; the difference is that CORE professes itself to be the champion of religious clubs. CORE, in their attempts to gain a voice for religious clubs and conservatives through nothing less than the dissemination of fear and hatred throughout this campus, has defiled the religious clubs they claim to represent. While they do not mean to be purposefully evil, evil they are nonetheless. And any religious club that actually supports these actions, in my eyes, has become a sacrilegious club.

I do not know what will happen next year. I do know that, whatever happens, things will be okay in the end. You see, I believe in God, and I believe that He knows when His name and His beliefs are used in ways that He would find unsatisfactory, and that He will enact retribution, in this life or the next. And CORE's humiliating defeat in the student government elections this past weekend is just the beginning.

"They jumped into bed with an organization that not only hated *The Press* and EOP but happened to crave respect in student politics... The College Republicans."

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# Sholay - Cultural Show 2005

By Joan Leong

Last Saturday night, the South Asian Student Alliance (SASA) awed the students of Stony Brook with their annual Cultural Show. My second-rate Indian interpreter Deep and I waited impatiently for the show to start due to minor technical problems but it was well worth it. The President of SASA, Royce Joseph came out first and got the crowd excited and introduced the first performer.

It was Christopher Samaria who did a fairly decent job playing "The National Anthem" on the electric guitar. Next there was a performance called Jazbah, a classic Indian dance which uses modern music such as popular hip-hop hits. The two girls creatively mixed traditional and contemporary ideas into a well-done performance. Naach was the third act, featuring six girls dressed up in colorful scarves. The girls gracefully pulled off a very coordinated dance without any malfunctions. I thought it was cute how they managed to keep a permanent smile on their faces because if it was me up there, I would be gasping for air. So, kudos ladies.

A particularly funny performance was called Dynamix where some boys were dressed in Punjabi attires. It was serious dancing at first but they launched into a dance from Fresh Prince of Bel-Air (the one in which Carlton

Banks did a rendition of the Sugarhill Gang's "Apache"). "Kemosabe, Jump on it! Jump on it!" I thought it was pretty hilarious and they had letters taped to their butts but I was too busy laughing to make it out. Virsa Punjab Da was the next feature to follow and my favorite. First of all, the costumes were amazingly done; it was an array of colors- gorgeous silks and carefully placed gold sequins. They depicted a typical Punjabi village scene and incorporated Bhangra dance moves to mimic everyday life. The guys and girls of this performance have my utmost respect because they obviously worked really hard and it showed. With the very eye-captivating dance moves and beautiful costumes, I truly enjoyed every aspect of this act.

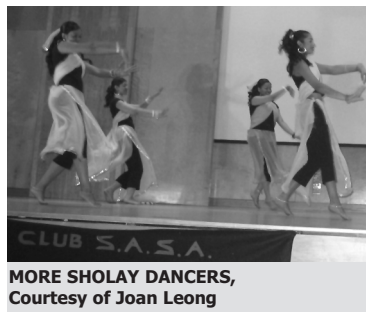
The next performance was two girls and a boy singing something in Indian. I brought along my supposedly Indian speaking friend, Deep, so he could interpret for me but he was of no use. He said something about two girls fighting over a guy, but I pretty much got that because the two girls were both grabbing one guy. Ultsavam - The Festival had a billion people filling up the stage and there were a lot going on. Two bare-chested sword fighters demonstrated the martial arts (Kalaripayattu) of South Asia. There was a boat race on stage between two groups and at the end was just a blur of color. The girls and guys were all in brightly colored garments and walked together in a large circle which was a cool visu-

al. I ducked out of the next performance because I had to pee. The Desi Sungama performance had very elaborate pink and white costumes and I really enjoyed it. I fell in love with one of the girls, Nasrin Akter, because she was just adorable. I wanted to hug her after the show but I could not find her. Anyway, the rest of the show continuously had fabulous dance routines and the costumes were still very detailed and impressive. The finale was performed by the Bhangra Team of Stony Brook. It was extremely professional and well coordinated so the entire audience went wild.

I caught up with the Vice-President of SASA, Sadia Arshad, and she would like to extend her sincerest thanks to Sabina, Faizan and Ammara who stayed up all hours of the night to finish power points and deadlines. She also wants to thank the e-board, Liz for the brochure, the show coordinators and everyone else involved. I would like to thank Royce Joseph, the dashing President, for getting *The Press* in at the last minute. I would definitely go again next year. The show sold out this year and last year, and you can bet it will sell out next year. The show was entirely enjoyable and a testament to the strength and unity of the South Asian students on this campus.



SHOLAY DANCERS,  
Courtesy of Joan Leong



MORE SHOLAY DANCERS,  
Courtesy of Joan Leong

## Welcome to the Monoculture

By Matthew Weinberger

For those of you who haven't heard, CNN.com reports that video game retailer GameStop is set to buy their rival Electronics Boutique for \$1.44 billion in cash and stock. Now, I know this ain't as pressing or important as, well, anything else, but there is a point here, so bear with me.

What this means is that the Smith Haven Mall will soon have no less than three GameStops, two of which will only be a couple of doors down from each other. If you're wondering what the hell the sense in that is, the simple answer is that there is none. The slightly more complex (and angry) answer is because *they know they can get away with it*. It's been supporting two GameStops, one EB, one FYE, one other movie/game store whose name I can't remember, and a Sears. If you want your copy of *Extreme Putting on of Hats* or *Sim Toilet*, you have a lot of choices. Usually, logic dictate that at the very least one of the redundant stores would close, but no. No, you get a lot of places selling the same thing. How could this happen? Where's the demand? It's obviously gotta be there.

Welcome to the monoculture.

What's a monoculture? Look at the word and think real hard. Around the world, everyone is eating the same burgers, drinking the same sodas, and watching the same movies. As time goes on, it only becomes more apparent. Things like the whole situation I ran down above are a major symptom of it—every mall becomes infested with the same goddamn chain stores selling the same crap at the same inflated prices. Every once in a while, there'll be something different—like the store in the Smith

Haven Mall that opened recently that makes its trade by sexualizing eight-year-olds, stuffing them into midriff-bearing shirts and glittery makeup at birthday parties and taping them gyrating seductively to Top 40 hits as a souvenir to take home to their families. This is the world we've created, where the only goddamn original idea we've had is to mass-market borderline pedophilia. Pretty soon, even that will be a national franchise, I'm sure. We'll have to move on to other completely horrid ideas. Personally, I'm holding out for the Swanburger, but that's me.

We're constantly going to take other people's cultures, recast them so they have an—ahem—wider appeal, and crap them back out and make the rest of the world fall in step with us (Anime, anyone?).

So what happened? How'd we get here? Well, to put it bluntly, that reason would be you. Well, I mean, not *you*, you, but all of those who patronize chain stores, franchises, national movie theaters—hell, all of you who watch MTVU (it's like regular MTV, only with completely random subliminal imagery!)—are helping this along quite nicely.

I'm a little worried by this point that I'm giving the wrong impression. There's a lot of good on this ticket, but there's pure fucking evil too. As it stands, a global culture will be a reality before the century hits its midway point. It's just a matter of awareness. If you don't like it, then *change it*. It's up to each and every one of us to decide how we want our world to be. Just don't whine about it later.

## The Stony Brook Press



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# My Life In The West Bank

By Sarah Shapiro

My life in the West Bank is a life in its own. I have learned so many lessons and witnessed so many things that have made me older in so many different ways. It amuses me when people criticize the situation from the outer world of the Middle East.

I find it interesting to hear people's views on a situation they have never been through. It's so much easier to form an image or a storyline for a situation you only hear about from CNN and Fox News. It's so simplified from the reality. In my opinion, it's the most complex situation in the world today. It's a story about a discriminated people trying to build a home of their own. The complication arises when the home they want is already occupied. I can sympathize with both sides in certain aspects, yet they have faults as well. Sometimes, the victim takes advantage of his position to conquer more, which in my opinion, is what the Israelis have done. They saw the whole world sympathetic to their situation hereby using that sympathy to gain power to take over a country and make it their own. As I have witnessed it, the Palestinians (who are mostly an agricultural people with some trade occurring) are fighters against this occupation.

My father's family is made of refugees from Jerusalem, and they currently reside in Hebron in the West Bank. They have a deep hatred for Jews, and so did I, until one summer.

My mother came to visit me and informed me that she was herself a Jew, while I was telling her of my bred hatred towards the Jews. This informative piece of knowledge led me through an identity crisis. I wasn't sure what I was anymore. My cousin, who had an older brother status to me, was just brutally killed by Israelis in a mÄlÄ©e. Israel and Israelis were something we didn't know much about. We just knew that these were the people who were oppressing us, taking away our jobs, crucifying us of equal rights, killing our people without mercy, hiding explosive toys in our playgrounds, preventing our pregnant women from passing checkpoints because of curfews, forcing these women to give birth without medical help.

The racism that goes on in Israel is the worst I've seen in my lifetime. On a personal account, two summers ago, I made a trip to the West Bank to visit my Dad's family. During that summer, things were very heated because of the notorious Rentsi from Gaza. There was a curfew practically everywhere in the West Bank, which meant that you were prohibited from wandering around anywhere outside of the perimeters of your backyard basically. I got fed up being in Hebron, since I wasn't even allowed to leave the house. Me being so used to NY, I couldn't handle the standing of time and absolute emptiness these people had to endure for a lifetime. So, I packed my things hoping to get to Jerusalem, where I could stay with an aunt until I had to go back to NY.

As I arrived to the checkpoint on the main road between Hebron and Jerusalem, there was barely any life, except for about seven soldiers on the ground and a big tank with two soldiers in it. In front of me was an old lady from a different village with her three daughters, and they were trying to get back to their town without luck. The woman complained she had nowhere to stay here, and she needed to get back to her town, but the soldier ignored her and told her to leave him alone- it wasn't his problem. I felt special because I knew I was going to go right through with my American passport, and those four ladies would look up to me in awe and recognize me as a privileged person.

I walked up to the soldier and showed him my passport impatiently waiting for him to let me through. To my surprise, he refused to

let me through because of my Arabic name. His excuse was that, unless I was with the UN, it didn't matter what passport I had, I was stuck there.

It was hot, and the sun was blazing at me leaving me more anxious to get out of that hell-hole. The checkpoint was in front of a glass factory, which was one of the few things open, since they provided drinks and a shady place for the soldiers. They became somewhat acquainted and allowed the factory to stay open during curfew. Some workers offered me a chair and water, and I decided I would stay there till the next shift came when I could beg their soldiers to let me leave. Finally, one of the men that worked in the factory told me of a secret dirt road, which would lead me to these hills to get to the other town. I was afraid. He told me I would be fine as long as I didn't run because there was a man who got shot the day before because he tried to run it.

I was scared, but I was desperate to get out. So, I decided I would sneak away when they weren't paying attention.

I got half-way down the hill, when I heard someone screaming. I turned around and saw him calling me with his rifle pointed towards me. I was stuck. I wanted to get out of there desperately, but now it was almost costing me my life. I stood there reluctant hoping he would get sick of me and let me go, but he stood there just as reluctant as I was. One of his buddy soldiers came to stand by him, in case I was a hazard that needed more than one rifle.

I stood there desperately thinking of how I would be stuck in this land of misery forever. I finally gave up and walked up that steep strenuous hill. When I reached him he yelled at me asking me where the hell I thought I was going. My strength was drained between him and the heat. I was weak, and I burst into tears begging him to let me go...that I wasn't from here...I shouldn't have even been here, and I just wanted to go back to America...and that's all I wanted. He looked at me for the first time with sympathy, but told me he still was not allowed to let me pass. All of a sudden, a light bulb lit up in my head. I remembered I had my Stony Brook ID, which has my mother's last name on it as well. I asked him what if I was a Jew. He laughed and told me if I was a Jew I wouldn't even be there.

I smirked and said, "Well, you know what? I am a Jew."

He looked at me like I had lost all my wits. I dug into my bag, and I found my ID card. I showed it to him.

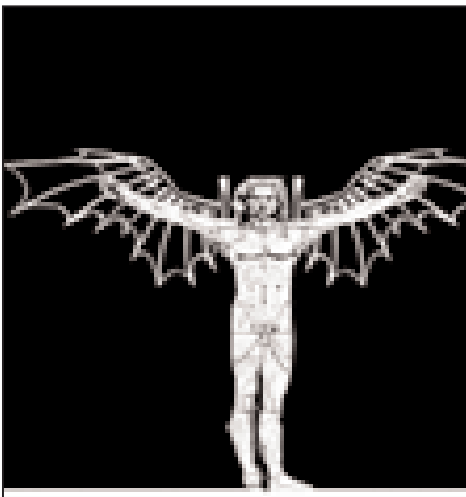
"You see? Shapiro. Now, you can't get any more Jewish than that, and my grandmother is a Goldstein!"

I mentioned every detail of the Jewish life I hadn't lived that I could think of. He looked at me confused. I offered him my cell phone to call my mother in NY and ask her about me. He was dumbfounded, and he could barely look at me anymore.

He shook his head and yelled at me annoyed, "Leave, just leave, get out of here! Go!"

I ran across the checkpoint to get to the other side. The old lady, amazed, looked at me as I ran by and shouted out loud in Arabic, "Now how in the world did you ever convince him to let you through?"

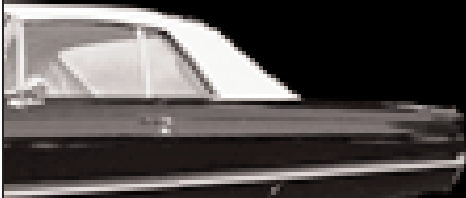
I just kept running of fear he would change his mind. I ran with the biggest naive smile on my face. I was bemused because I had won a battle against armed soldiers just because of my mother's silly name.



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# Is Our Criminal Justice System Really Protecting Us From Harm?

By Steve Deaner

A report by the United States Justice Department came out this week saying that the incarceration rate for the United States rose by 2.3 percent last year. By mid 2004, there were 2.1 million people in jails across the country, a number that is surely higher today. As I read this report, I began to wonder whether putting all these people in jail is really making this country safer. Is our criminal justice system prosecuting the right people and the right crimes to truly make us safer? The whole point of the criminal justice system is to make the public more safe and secure. Many people, especially politicians and law enforcement, are of the belief that more people in jail must mean that as a society we are safer. This logic is extremely faulty, however. Our criminal justice system prosecutes less harmful crimes more harshly than other, more deadly crimes. The war we are waging on crime is aimed predominantly at more blue collar, "poor people crimes" such as burglary and drug possession, while white collar, "rich people" crimes that actually harm more people are overlooked. Crimes such as cutting back safety regulations and safety funding for the workplace, medical malpractice, and environmental overlook are rarely, if ever, prosecuted. In fact, the cutting back of emissions regulations under the Bush administration isn't even considered criminal even though it is fair to say that this policy kills more people in this country in a single year than homicide. Our prisons are now overcrowded with drug offenders who harmed no one else but themselves for the most part, and one on one criminals who harmed a few people while people responsible for hundreds to thousands of deaths are left practically unpunished.

Our criminal justice system completely overlooks corporations and their executives who cause tens of thousands of injuries and deaths a year because of hazardous working conditions. For the year 2000, the U.S. Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that there were approximately 50,000 deaths in the workplace due to occupational disease. In comparison, the number of people in the year 2000 killed by criminal acts was 15,500. These diseases, such as cancer, are directly attributable to such conditions as miners breathing in high amounts of coal dust and factory workers breathing in textile dust or asbestos fibers. The reason why such hazardous conditions exist is because executives and managers of these corporations and businesses want to make a profit. It costs a lot of money to have a completely safe work environment where toxic substances are completely regulated and the work environment is kept clean. Many managers know of these high rates of toxic substance in the air, but they do

nothing about it because it would cost money to right the situation. The fact that these managers and executives know they are putting their workers at risk is criminal. When a person takes a job at one of these factories or businesses, they go into work with the idea that every safety precaution possible is taken to ensure their safety. Instead, safety measures and the money put toward them are often the first thing to be cut from the budget. Knowingly putting a worker at risk like this is akin to murdering them. As a manager or executive, if you know the working environment of your employees is hazardous to their health, then it is the executive's responsibility to make the workplace safe. By doing nothing, you might as well be stabbing them with a knife in the back. At least that type of death is less painful and shorter than death by cancer, which can last several excruciating years.



A COLD REALITY FOR MANY,  
Courtesy of <http://jpatokal.iki.fi>

Another area that the criminal justice system often overlooks is the hospital. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* estimates that every year in this country, approximately 225,000 deaths a year are due to medical treatment. Now, I am in no way, shape, or form attacking the legitimate members of the medical profession. I spent many years of my life in and out of a hospital and I appreciate how difficult a doctor's job is. Many people are going to die in a hospital, and many of the deaths are in no way the doctor's fault at all. However, crooked doctors who perform unnecessary operations and give out unnecessary prescriptions should be held accountable for their crimes. On

average in this country, 15,000 deaths a year can be attributed to unnecessary surgery. Compare that with the fact that, on average, 1,700 murders in this country are committed by a cutting or stabbing instrument. Who really is more of a danger to society as a whole. Is it the knife-wielding criminals who kill 1,700 people a year, or the illegitimate doctor who kills 15,000 people a year due to unnecessary surgery? Don't forget the fact that these 15,000 people paid for their death. The problem again is that these illegitimate doctors are driven by the almighty dollar. They prescribe surgeries and medicines not because the people actually need them but because they want to make as much money as they possibly can. How is this doctor any different than a bank robber who kills the bank teller in an attempt to rob them of their money? Maybe if the criminal justice system oversaw and prosecuted medical malpractice instead of say drug crimes this country really would be a safer place to live.

A third area the criminal justice system overlooks is the environment and the people who do their best to pollute it and make us sick. According to the American Cancer Society, 555,000 deaths a year are caused by cancer. Most researchers agree that between 70 and 90 percent of these cancers are due to environmental factor. That means that if the criminal justice system made and prosecuted laws that were aimed at protecting and cleaning the environment that 350,000 lives could be saved. I suggest that our justice system make up a deck of cards just like they did for the war on terror with the most environmentally unfriendly people as the Ace and King, that way whenever you come across them you could call the proper authorities and have them sent to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. In my deck of cards, the Ace would be Ronald Reagan and the King would be George W. Bush. Or maybe Bush should be the Joker. Anyway, the effects of Reagan and Bushes environmental policies have led to the environment becoming more polluted than it already was and led to countless numbers of deaths that could have been avoided. The Reagan Administration slowed down the enforcement of the Environmental Protection Agencies regulations. He also tried to cut the EPA's budget by 45 percent and he did cut it's staff by 25 percent. By not enforcing EPA regulations and making them stronger, thousands of people were sacrificed to diseases such as cancer. Reagan and his administration should have been held accountable for these deaths. The president and his staff knew about the dangers of air pollution and how it can cripple someone's health, yet they did nothing

Continued on next page

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# Is Our Criminal Justice System Really Protecting Us From Harm?

By Steve Deaner

## Continued from previous page

to clean up the environment properly. The follies of George W. Bushes environmental policy are well known. Big business, such as the oil business, are in the back pocket of our president. Bush continually lowers emissions standards for big business because he was once one of these big businessmen. He knows full well the high cost of having lower amounts of emissions. Instead of saving people by cleaning up the air and the rest of the environment, Bush sacrifices the health of the citizens of this country for the profits of wealthy businessmen. Maybe Bush should be sent to Gitmo instead of Al-Qaeda. His environmental policy has caused more deaths per year than al-Qaeda ever will.

These three examples are meant to show that our criminal justice system does not prosecute the most harmful crimes in this country as much as they prosecute drug crimes or one on one crimes. The crimes committed by workplace managers and executives, illegitimate doctors, and even our own politicians, are much more deadly and harmful to society than any other crimes that are currently the focus of the criminal justice system. The fact that a person caught with marijuana is punished more harshly by our criminal justice system than a big oil businessman who does not follow emissions standards and pollutes the environment is just wrong. The whole point of our justice system is to protect society for the most harmful and deadly acts. As I have shown, taking drugs is

not even in the same ballpark as environmental pollution or medical malpractice when it comes to the harm heaped onto society. In general, people in jail for drug possession are upstanding members of society in most other ways. The fact they are thrown in jail for drug use is not because drug use is more harmful to society than the three examples I used, it is because the criminal justice system singles out these drug users and they are gone after much more feverishly. The people in charge of the criminal justice system are all rich, powerful people. To keep themselves in power, it makes sense that they would want the people of this country to believe that the worst crime comes from the poor, ethnic section of society. That is why most laws are aimed at this segment of society. Not because they do more harm, but because they are the easy scapegoat for the problems of society. The rich, powerful people do more harm to society than any poor person could ever do. Their harm goes unnoticed because they are the ones in control of the criminal justice system. By putting poor people in jail, the powerful elite in society make their power seem legitimate. They are able to point to the overcrowded jails in this country and show the American public that the poor must be the ones to be feared because they are the ones in jail. In reality, they are only in jail because the justice system singles their crimes out and blames all the ills of society on them. How else can you explain the examples from earlier that show that the elite in this society often do more harm than any poor

criminal could ever do. These doctors, businessmen, and politicians are responsible for thousands more deaths a year than the poor criminals.

The media also plays a part in our twisted criminal justice system. The crimes of the elite and powerful would be prosecuted more if the media would pay more attention to them. Instead, we get shows like COPS that only shows the poor criminals in this country. The news media also concentrates more on the poor criminal than the elite criminal. In our news, we are flooded with stories about murder and kidnappings. There is no denying these crimes are horrible and should be reported on, but they should not be the only crimes reported on. Where are all the hard hitting exposés on medical malpractice, dangerous working conditions, or the environment and its effect on health? The news media will tell you that those stories simply do not sell and are not profitable. Again, profit gets in the way of truth. The news media should report on what really needs changing in society, but instead they only report on what will get the most viewers. People in society are more interested in quick, shocking crimes such as murder and are not as interested in crimes that take a long time to play themselves out. We as a society need to be more responsible for what we watch and we must demand that the media and criminal justice system pay more attention to the real harmful crimes of society instead of just the crimes that shock us and draw more viewers.

## 3.75 OZ: MFA First-Year Exhibition

By Natalie Schultz

Unbeknownst to many students, Stony Brook is able to boast of having four art galleries on campus. For a university renowned for its strength in the sciences, the presence of four galleries on campus attests to the importance of the arts in any well-rounded liberal arts education. Just this past year the fourth and latest gallery, created specifically for the exhibition of undergraduate art students' work, opened in Tabler Quad. The large gallery in the Staller Center exhibits Masters of Fine Arts (MFA) Thesis shows, undergraduate Senior shows and curated shows presenting the work of established artists. The gallery in the Student Activity Center holds curated shows as well, but is most famous for its yearly presentation of the Undergraduate Research and Creative Activities (URECA) exhibit, which just closed on April 28th.

The gallery most familiar to the students on campus is the Main Library gallery, located between the Commuter Lounge and the hallway leading to the SINC Site on the first floor foyer. This is the MFA gallery and it showcases the work of individual second-year MFA candidates throughout the year. Beginning May 3rd and running through May 18th, this gallery will be showcasing the work of all eight first-year MFA students, presented by the Fine Arts Department. Titled 3.75 oz, this intriguing

show enables all members of the campus community and beyond to witness first-hand the diversity of work created by Stony Brook's talented MFA students.

In anticipation of this show, I was invited by Professor Toby Buonagurio to meet with each of the first-year MFA students to view some of their latest work and discuss what drives them. I was quite impressed by the diverse repertoire as well as the diverse backgrounds of the artists. Although Stony Brook is not well-known as an art school, the majority of students received their Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) from renowned art institutions; this fact alone proves that even a school renowned for its scientific research can attract an artistically accomplished student body.

I found my meeting with these students very interesting; therefore it is my hope to entice readers into going to see this show during its run by giving you a glimpse into the little-known world of Stony Brook's South Campus art studios.

As I entered the studio space of T.J. Maher I was presented with a wide array of child-like drawings scattered in a random pattern on the floor. Maher, who received his BFA from Cooper Union, is currently exploring the relationship of art to everyday life. His child-like "doodles" were influenced

by Rorschach Tests, enabling the viewer to interpret them in his/her own way. His medium of pencil on recycled office paper aims to show that art can be created by anyone using any available medium; that one does not need top-of-the-line artist supplies to create art. Many of his drawings point out the waste that we as a society create; by using paper that would otherwise be thrown out or shredded, his creativity thrives without the guilt of harming the environment. Much like the Dadaist work of Marcel Duchamp, the work of T.J. Maher fights the trend of what many in the art world consider "real" or aesthetically pleasing art. Instead, just like Duchamp, Maher aims to instigate the viewer, to make people think. For Maher, the interpretation of the viewer is just as important, if not more so, than the artwork itself.

Karsten Grumstrup presented me with a few of his graphic black and white marker drawings. Raised in rural Nevada, his time spent as a small town plumber shows itself in some of his drawings. His work is very graphic; it has a commercial art quality aesthetic, utilizing hard, defined edges. Grumstrup's work is random, created on impulse; he begins his drawings without a plan and as they progress they begin to tell a story, although Grumstrup himself prefers that the viewer decide what it is that the story tells. Not inclined to produce work specifically for a show, what Karsten Grumstrup will be exhibiting during 3.75 oz will be a surprise to us all.

The work of Tim Murray focuses on language and how it separates people as opposed to uniting them. With a background in printmaking, Murray received his MA in Art from C.W.



COOL STAIRWELL LOOKIN' ART,  
Courtesy of Natalie Schultz

Continued on page 16

# 3.75 OZ: MFA First-Year Exhibition

By Natalie Schultz

Continued from page 15

Post and taught high school art for a while; feeling too restricted, he is now pursuing his MFA here at Stony Brook and he teaches art part-time at Nassau Community College. Murray presented me with a bound book that he created; he explained that he likes old bound books, but he feels that the written word, just like language itself, creates a communication barrier. Utilizing his printmaking skills, Murray prints images upon the written pages of a book. The point is to create an "anti-urge;" to take away the urge to read the text and instead focus on the imagery. Murray believes that in the future we will rely on visual communication as opposed to the written communication of language.

Melanie Gerules creates still-lives with a realistic, subjective twist. In a world of digital and photo-realistic perfection it is refreshing to be able to see the hand of the artist that has painted an otherwise ordinary still-life. Believing that the art of traditional painting is dying out, Gerules is fighting this trend by working with traditional oil paints on canvas. The beauty in her work lies in her brushstrokes that evoke the elements of stress and time, something everyone in our fast-paced world can relate to. By not over-working her canvasses to the state of perfection, the truly realistic aspect of Gerules's art, that it has been created by a real person, shines through beautifully.

The paintings of Athena LaTocha are very process-oriented. Intrigued by anthropological discovery, LaTocha creates abstract landscapes with oils on birch plywood; but rather than using the standard artist's brush, she uses found objects such as stones and pieces of wood to add and remove the layers of paint. The process of preparing the wood to accept the paint is very labor-intensive, but once complete, LaTocha is able to build up and break down the layers of paint, much like an archeologist digging for lost civilizations in the dirt. LaTocha does not start with any pre-conceived ideas; rather she allows the elements of the paint on wood to be manipulated by the tools of nature – sticks and stones – to expose us to her abstract worlds and ruins.

Angela Freiburger, an accomplished marble sculptor from Brazil whose work recently appeared in the April issue of *Sculpture* magazine, is studying digital art here at Stony Brook. Her work seamlessly combines digital images with performance art and sensual marble sculpture. Freiburger's work examines femininity and gender relations through live per-

formance installations. For 3.75 oz, Freiburger will be inside of a giant balloon that she created out of interfacing and she will be writing on the inner walls of this cocoon, the audience able to view her in shadow form. Freiburger says that she misses the intensity of sculpting marble, which she does in her native Brazil. Rather than working with traditional hand-tools, she uses heavy machinery to carve away the stone; she likes the intensity of the machine's power; to take control of such powerful machinery and force it to do what she wants it to feel liberating. The end result of her intense marble-carving sessions are beautiful, soft, sensual pieces exuding femininity. Often combining her marble sculptures with her own body or the bodies of other women, the final work is a beautiful, moving sight to behold.



COOL SPHERE LOOKIN' ART,  
Courtesy of Natalie Schultz

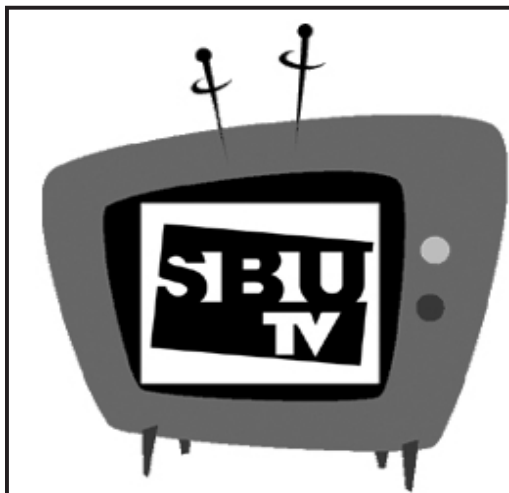
Takafumi Ide, a native of Japan, is a mixed-media artist whose work was showcased at the Wang Center during the "Art Healing Space" exhibit to honor victims of the tsunami. With an impressive exhibition resume to his credit, Ide is still striving to learn new media and express himself here at Stony Brook. Living in New York for the past six years, the language and cultural barriers still affect Ide deeply; his current work expresses this deep internal struggle. Feeling trapped and wanting to escape, Ide expresses himself through his artwork in order to help himself heal. One of his installation pieces, titled "Black Box" allows the viewer to stand beneath a box with his/her head inside and listen to the internal speakers.

Another piece is a box that the viewer peers into through a pin-hole to view a video of the artist trapped inside. "12 Hours" is an aural piece expressing the 12-hour flight from Japan to New York. The work of Ide is very diverse, but always very powerful; whether in the form of video, public installation, or sculpture.

Alton Falcone utilizes the medium of sculpture to create his organic forms. With a background in philosophy, Falcone spent ten years in Italy running an art gallery and sculpting in plaster and bronze. Here at Stony Brook, Falcone instills a sense of community through art; he was the primary facilitator of the "Art Healing Space" exhibit, enabling his introductory sculpture students to participate first-hand by creating the lotus flowers that were set free during the ceremony. Falcone prefers to use easily found objects as his primary sculptural medium. During the fall semester he created organic forms out of chicken wire and he is currently focusing on recycling used wooden pallets and giving them new life in the form of sculpture. He likes to take an abandoned thing and give it life again; he views it as a cycle: from tree to pallet to art. Each of his sculptures is created from only one wooden pallet; working within this restriction forces Falcone to be more creative with what he has. During the spring semester Falcone has ventured into the world of ceramic sculpture; through this medium, although still quite organic, the textures of the clay are emphasized and Falcone has even created a body of figurative work, fired in the Raku process.

Fumito Hiroaka, a second-year MFA student, will be curating the 3.75 oz show. His solo show "Obsessive Compulsive II: Contamination," also at the Main Library gallery, ran from April 18-24. Hiroaka creates impressive, large-scale wood sculptures with a futuristic edge. "Obsessive Compulsive II" came about because his studio was located next to the spray booth and he feared the contamination of those toxic agents engulfing him. He decided to create a chamber of pure air; this entailed building a beautiful, giant geometric wooden box with dryer tubes coming out of it connected to three fans; the air inside being purified and safe. On the doors to the gallery during 3.75 oz, Hiroaka will be displaying his latest obsession: holograms.

I hope that all members of the campus community will take some time out from their hectic final weeks on campus and venture into the Main Library gallery to view the impressive diversity of works presented by the first-year MFA students during the run of 3.75 oz.



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# Overthrown Democratically Elected Leader of Haiti Refuses to Concede Presidency

By Matt Willemain

On April 19, ousted Haitian Prime Minister Jean-Bertrand Aristide held a press conference from exile in South Africa. Aristide, who maintains that he was kidnapped during a coup backed by the United States, affirms that he is still the President of Haiti and called for his restoration to power.

The violent removal of Aristide, reelected with 92% of the vote, followed months of increasingly intense demonstrations both for and against his government. The international media, borrowing coverage from the Haitian media, had reported widespread student protests at University campuses. According to Pacifica reporter Lyn Duff, quoted to greater extent in the below Haiti coverage, when she looked at the footage of the protests the majority of people were from the wealthy elite, who were clearly "not students." Some were students, but a large portion weren't. She stated, "the people coming out of the woodwork were upper class," and, "[it was] definitely a class conflict."

Duff also criticized the international media's reporting on the police response to anti-Aristide protests, before his ousting. The international media was reporting that Aristide had ordered the police to open fire on peaceful protesters. Yet, many times the protesters were armed and would march into poor neighborhoods with 2x4's. At one University, they broke the Dean's legs. They would come after police and surround them. Duff said the police would throw tear gas or fire rubber bullets mainly because they were surrounded by angry, armed mobs, not because Aristide had ordered them to. She stated, "he didn't give orders and they weren't peaceful protesters."

Duff felt that the media also underplayed demonstrations supporting Aristide. Glaringly, the largest demonstration for Aristide drew

one to two million people in front of the National Palace. She said the *New York Times* reported it as 'a small crowd,' which doesn't do justice to a figure representing about one eighth of the nation's population.

In early February 2004, violent gangs, including paramilitary leaders involved in the previous coup against Aristide and the terror during the rule of General Raoul Cedras, seized cities and towns in western Haiti, freeing prisoners from jail and burning the home of the Mayor of Gonaives. Reuters reported that senior members of the United States State Department were discussing proposals for removing Aristide. Aristide called for international support. The U.S. brokered a plan for power-sharing between Aristide and the opposition. Aristide agreed, but his opponents refused, insisting that he must be removed from office. Ira Kurzban, lawyer for the Haitian government, accused the United States of providing weapons, training, and funding the opposition's paramilitary, through the Dominican Republic.

At the end of February 2004, the Bush administration made statements that Aristide had resigned. Aristide himself, when he was able to get to a phone, asserted that he was threatened by U.S. diplomats, kidnapped with their support (and the support of unnamed other countries—his allies have since fingered France and Canada) and removed against his will by armed men. Aristide was flown to the dictatorship of the Central African Republic, and eventually made his way to South Africa. Another government, recognized by the Western powers, was established in Haiti, and the Bush administration warned Aristide to stay out of the hemisphere. Haiti's neighbors, CARICOM—the Caribbean Community, citing concerns for constitutional democracy, have refused to recognize any President other than Aristide.



THE HUMAN COST OF POLITICAL INSTABILITY,  
Courtesy of Unstable Politics in Haiti

## Haiti Uncovered

By Jackie Hayes

On February 29, 2004, Jean-Bertrand Aristide was forced into exile by a military intelligence operation based out of the Dominican Republic, backed and funded primarily by the United States. We believe that the US viewed Aristide as a potential threat to US power in Haiti. Aristide has publicly stated that he was forced into exile at gunpoint by US forces. Since the ousting of Aristide, Haiti has been crippled by violence carried out mainly by anti-Aristide gangs, ex-military, the national police, and peacekeeping forces. According to Amnesty International, over 600 people have died in the fighting following Aristide's removal.

Due to the general lack of accurate reporting on Haiti we have put together an extensive report on the current situation in Haiti, including a brief history, a timeline and a reprinted article describing Aristide's visit to Stony Brook's campus in 1998. We gathered the information from a variety of sources, including Stony Brook Professors Georges Fournon and Michael Schwartz and Pacifica reporter Lyn Duff.

### A Brief History: Slavery and Revolt

A well-known aspect of Haitian history is the Slave Revolt of 1791, which eventually led to Haiti's independence from France

in the early 1800's. It is difficult to imagine the extent of repression endured by the slave population that ultimately resulted in violent and desperate attempts to escape from their colonial oppressors. The repressive conditions that led up to the revolt are often deemphasized in historical accounts of Haiti.

In the pre-Independence era, Haiti was one of the most lucrative colonies in the world and clearly an important asset for France. According to Haiti Kreyol.com, "[Haiti] played a pivotal role in the French economy, accounting for almost two-thirds of French commercial interests abroad and about 40% of foreign trade." In order to sustain the export of about 60% of the world's coffee and 40% of France and Britain's imported sugar they required a substantial cheap labor force, which was provided through slavery. Kreyol.com estimated that the slave population totaled around 700,000 by 1791.

Since Haiti played such an important role in the French economy, there was pressure to control the slave population through harsh repression. According to an editorial published in *The Socialist World*, "Around 20% [of slaves] died en route from Africa and many more died due to harsh working

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## A Messenger of Peace

By Michael Yeh

Originally published March 11, 1998

In an emotional presentation, former Haitian president Jean-Bertrand Aristide urged students to place people over profits in a celebration of Haitian culture and progressive reforms sponsored by the Concerned Haitian League, the Haitian Student Organization, and the Peace Studies Center on Tuesday, March 3, 1998.

As an ordained Salesian priest, Aristide was well-known for his populist grass-roots movements protesting the oppressive regime of Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier. Aristide won overwhelming support among the working class, but was expelled from the priesthood.

The Duvalier family fled the island in 1986 after 29 years of corrupt and brutal rule. After the *dechoukaj*, or "uprooting" of the dictatorship, a coalition of civilians and military officers presided over a skeptical public for four years. But in 1990, Aristide was elected president with a 70% majority in the first democratic election since 1964, when the ballots allowed only one choice; Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, president for life.

A strong critic of American corporate exploitation of Haiti, Aristide blasted economic globalization in his address. "Worship of the market and its invisible hands

has become a world tradition in which economic growth is the measure and the limit of our human culture," he said.

Although a global market may increase the abundance of consumer goods, it often creates a false sense of well-being in developing nations by providing material rewards for an exclusive group. "Globalization promises material happiness," said Aristide. "Does that mean that hunger and poverty are disappearing?"

Since 1980, most third world nations structured their economies to conform to global trends, according to Aristide. In 1960, the richest 20% of the world's population controlled 70% of the wealth, but today, they own 85%. The poorest 20% had a meager 2.3% in 1960, which has now dropped to 1.1%.

"Poverty is not disappearing," said Aristide, "In fact, it is becoming more entrenched." Up to 85% of Haitians still live in poverty and face hunger every day due to corporate exploitation, erosion of farmland, and limited government services. "Democracy in Haiti doesn't mean a thing unless the people can eat," he said. "*San pè lan vant pa gen lapè lat tèt*. There is no peace in the head if there is no peace in the stomach."

But a military coup, led by

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conditions. Barbaric punishments were also used by the plantation owners; for example, slaves were burnt alive or filled with gunpowder and blown up." As a result of this harsh repression, many slaves escaped forming small colonies that mounted guerrilla-like attacks on plantations. One of the most infamous leaders of the attacks was Francois Macandal, who mounted a 6-year rebellion, killing about 6,000. He was eventually caught by French forces and burned at the stake in 1758.

Although the revolt of 1791 was ultimately crushed, rebellion spread throughout Haiti mounting a movement for Independence. Francois Dominique Toussaint emerged as a significant leader, directing a more disciplined rebel force into battles with France. Under Toussaint, slavery and whipping was outlawed. He also organized the construction of roads and schools. Toussaint's successor, Jean Jacques Dessalines, declared complete independence from France in 1804, making Haiti the first black nation in the world and the second colony in the Western Hemisphere to gain Independence following the US.

## US-Haitian Relations

One might think the US would have congratulated Haiti on its newly proclaimed Independence from France, considering it a brother in revolution. This was hardly the case in regards to US-Haitian relations post-1804. If anything, the US considered Haiti a threat to national security, likening the newly sovereign nation to a 'burning house.' According to *The Socialist World*, "The first ever US sanctions were leveled against Haiti."

In 1915, the US invaded Haiti with an occupying force and remained there for the next 20 years, officially withdrawing in the early 1940's. The occupation led to bitterness towards the US amongst the Haitian population. As Skidmore and Smith in *Modern Latin America* put it, "the majority of the population regarded the invaders with smoldering resent-

ment." During their occupation they abolished the army and replaced it with a national police force and they turned the country's financials over to US technocrats and bureaucrats to ensure Haiti's payment of foreign and US debts.

In 1957, Francois 'Papa Doc' Duvalier was "elected" President, mainly with the help of the Haitian army. Soon after his election, he assembled a loose band of thugs into his secret police, nicknamed the 'Tonton Macoute.' Dictator.com points out that, "[the Tonton Macoutes] were nicknamed after a mythical Haitian boogeyman that grabs people and makes them disappear forever." During his reign, political opponents were sent to Fort Dimanche for torture and execution. Some of the bodies of those killed were displayed publicly as warning to others. Newspaper editors and radio station owners were jailed while Duvalier carried out his propaganda campaign to tighten control over Haiti. Dictator.com recounts one ad campaign in particular, stating, "His most famous propaganda image shows a standing Jesus Christ with his right hand on a seated Papa Doc's shoulder with the caption 'I HAVE CHOSEN HIM'."

Despite being a repressive and ruthless dictator, Duvalier shared friendly relations with the US during much of his rule. He espoused anti-communist rhetoric and neo-liberal economic policies, winning over the hearts and minds of Washington. He was awarded increased loans and financial aid from the US. The aid money went, almost exclusively, to Duvalier himself. Stony Brook Professor, Georges Fouron states, "when Duvalier was terrorizing people, the foreign aid money was going into Duvalier's Swiss bank account." More than 50,000 people were killed by state-sponsored violence and executions during the Duvalier dynasty. Francois Duvalier died in 1971, but was succeeded by his son 'Baby Doc' Jean-Claude Duvalier, who ruled until 1986 with the same brutality as his father.

In 1990 Father Jean-

Bertrand Aristide was elected President by an overwhelming majority (67%), which startled the US, who favored Marc Bazin, a right-wing economist and former World Bank official. Aristide espoused social justice, favored the poor and advocated for the rights of street children. In 1991 Aristide was overthrown by General Raoul Cedras and the FRAPH (Front for the Advancement and Progress of Haiti). As Dr. Nantambu, Associate Professor at Kent State



TOUSSANT L'OVETURE, Courtesy of a Highschool Textbook

University explains, in an article entitled *US-Haitian Relations*, "On 29 September 1991, General Raoul Cedras organized, mounted and engineered a brutal military coup d'etat in collusion with the United States." Over the course of the next three years, over 4,000 people were killed and close to 300,000 were displaced. Some leaders of the coup, including FRAPH leader Emmanuel 'Toto' Constant, who were directly responsible for the deaths during and after the coup, were granted asylum in the US. Constant is currently residing in Queens and has assumed a new identity with the help of the US government.

In 1994, Aristide was returned to power with support from President Clinton. His return did not come without a price. As Aristide himself stated, "In order to restore democracy, we were

asked to agree to an economic plan which could once again mortgage the future of the country." Under the conditions stipulated by the US he was able to serve out the remainder of his term minus the three years he had lost in exile.

Aristide was reelected President in 2000, by an overwhelming 92% vote. During his second term, Haiti was riddled with economic strife, resulting mainly from US trade embargos. Under increased political turmoil, the US funded and trained a military operation in the Dominican Republic, which included some former members of FRAPH. As Lyn Duff and Dennis Bernstein explain in an article entitled *Haiti: the Untold Story*, "Since Aristide's reelection to the Haitian Presidency in 2000, the Bush Administration had led an effort to destabilize Haiti by initiating an economic aid embargo, providing massive funding and political support for both paramilitary forces and opposition groups led by Haitian elites, as well as spearheading a propaganda offensive against Aristide."

The history of US-Haitian relations has been a relationship of intimate involvement by the US in Haitian politics and the Haitian economy. The US has consistently intervened, with little respect towards Haitian sovereignty, to further US trade and political interests in Haiti. At times, the US has sided and even protected dictators, including Emmanuel Constant, to further their political agenda. The ousting of President Aristide falls in line with the US' legacy of intervention, which has only perpetuated Haitian dependence on the US, weakened their economy, and uprooted any hope of sustained democracy and independence.

## Stony Brook Professor Georges Fouron and 'Apparent' States

Georges Fouron is a Professor of Education and Social Sciences at Stony Brook University.

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US Marine Corps General Smedley Butler



Francois 'Papa Doc' Duvalier



Jean-Claude 'Baby Doc' Duvalier



Slave revolt led primarily by Francois Macandal.

US troops occupy Haiti and remain there until 1934.

US withdraws troops, but maintains fiscal control until 1947.

Duvalier declares himself president for life.

Students begin popular uprising against Duvalier reign.

Haiti declares its independence as the first black nation in the world and the second colony in the Western Hemisphere to be free.

Haiti becomes the first US protectorate.

Francois 'Papa Doc' Duvalier seizes power and terrorizes the population with his personal militia, the 'tonton Macoutes.' Over Fifty Thousand people die over the course of the Duvalier reign.

Duvalier dies and is succeeded by his son 'Baby Doc' Jean-Claude Duvalier

1791      1804      1915      1916      1934      1956      1964      1971      1985

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He spent the first 25 years of his life in Haiti and graduated from the University of Haiti with an International Relations degree. He co-authored a book entitled *Georges Woke Up Laughing: Long-distance Nationalism and the Search for Home*, which was published in 2001. He spoke at length with us about his experiences in Haiti and his views regarding Aristide and US intervention.

Professor Fouron described life under Duvalier as, "Nothing that you can even imagine." He explained in detail the extent of repression, "you couldn't even challenge a professor, if you were reported that would be the end." As previously mentioned, Duvalier maintained power through oppressive violence, carried out mainly by the Tonton Macoute. This brutality fueled fear that permeated throughout the general population. When asked about the US' stance towards Duvalier, Fouron replied, "the US stood by and did nothing because he professed to be anti-communist."

Professor Fouron also went into depth about the concept of 'apparent' states, which are described in his book, as well. "Haiti is an apparent state because there is no national sovereignty," he explains, referring to the history of US intervention. "At any time in the day they [the US] can intervene...there is a mirage of sovereignty." He expressed outrage at the US' complete disregard for Haitian sovereignty.

When the US intervened to depose Aristide in February 2004, they appointed Prime Minister Gérard Latortue as head of the country, in direct violation of Haiti's Constitution. According to their Constitution, if the President, for whatever reason, is unable to carry out his term, the head of the Supreme Court is to be interim President until the following election. US intervention in 2004 directly violated the Haitian Constitution and Haitian law. In regards to the forced exile of Aristide by US forces, Fouron stated, "This is absurd! Why do you have the right to intervene? If you

want to promote democracy teach people to respect the rule of law." Fouron attributes US intervention to American interests in Haiti stating, "One of the benefits they reap is opening the doors for exploitation"

In regards to the current situation in Haiti, Fouron commented, "there is killing on both sides, it's a mess...the interim forces have been going into slums and carrying out raids and killing." The poverty stricken populations of Haiti have born the brunt of the political violence resulting from instability; an instability that was ushered in by the forced exile of Aristide at the hands of American forces.

When asked how he felt about the future of Haiti, he stated, "there is no way Haiti can affirm its independence...there is no clean water, education is in shambles, there are no resources and no money." He concluded, "that's how they [the US] want Haiti to remain...at any time they can interfere in our foreign affairs."

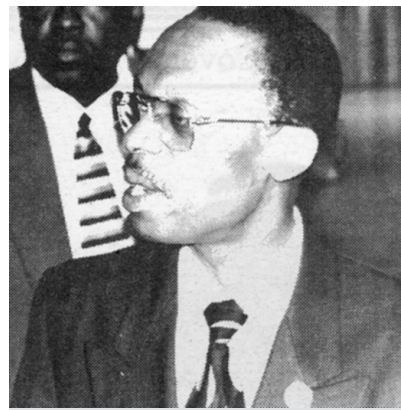
## Stony Brook Professor Michael Schwartz and Globalization

Michael Schwartz is a Professor of Sociology at Stony Brook University. He has written multiple books, including *Radical Politics and Social Structure*, *The Power Structure of American Business*, and *Social Policy and the Conservative Agenda*. He talked extensively about Globalization and its relation to the third world. Globalization is a vague term; therefore for the purpose of this article we will focus mostly on the economic aspects of globalization.

Global markets have become more intertwined over time as countries open their borders to foreign commerce. Certain organizations, including the International Monetary Fund (IMF), World Trade Organization (WTO) and the World Bank put economic pressure on third world countries to open their borders to foreign companies or to sell state owned businesses to international

companies. In order for the countries to receive economic aid from the IMF, WTO or World Bank they must follow the 'structural adjustment programs' set down by the organizations. The premise is that opening a country's borders to foreign trade will benefit the country economically, which often is not the case.

Schwartz described the current globalization explaining, "There are many ways in which globalization now is different from the sort of globalization that has taken place for the past several centuries, particularly in the last 100 years." Some differences he outlined were the use of technology, electronics, etc. to increase the efficiency of communication and travel.



JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE ON CAMPUS, Courtesy of Press Photo File

Yet, in some ways, globalization is behaving the same way it did 100 years ago. Schwartz explains, "the trading partnerships established by this process are unequal: one side of the trading partnership gets far more benefit (in terms of wealth and economic development) than the other side, and much of the friction in the world is around exactly this imbalance." Haiti is a perfect example of how one side, typically an underdeveloped country, receives less from a trading partnership than the developed country.

Economically Haiti is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, with the majority of the population living in destitute poverty. It is estimated that 1% of the population holds nearly half of the country's wealth. Economic relations with the US and other developed countries have not helped Haiti's economic situation. If anything, the economic relationship that has developed over time has perpetuated poverty in Haiti.

Jean-Bertrand Aristide himself related a story in 2000 about globalization's effect on Haiti, in an article entitled *Sacrificial Pigs; for Haiti Globalization is a Trail of Broken Promises*. He used the example of the Haitian Creole pig, which was eradicated under pressure from international institutions in 1982. The institutions had promised to replace the pig, which was a staple in about 85% of rural households. Yet, as Aristide states, "Two years later, the new, 'better' pigs came from Iowa. They were so much better they required clean drinking water (unavailable to 80% of the population), imported feed (\$90 a year when the per capita income was about \$130), and special roofed pigpens." The monetary loss from this exchange was estimated at \$600 million. Aristide sums up the devastating effects stating, "There was a 30% drop in enrollment in rural schools, a dramatic decline in the protein consumption in rural Haiti, a devastating decapitalization of the peasant economy, and an incalculable negative impact on Haiti's soil and agricultural productivity. Haiti's peasantry has not recovered to this day."

Michael Schwartz further outlines the trend of underdeveloped countries suffering as a result of their relations with the developed world stating, "The process of economic globalization has had a very deleterious effect on underdeveloped countries (usually referred to these days as The Global South) in the past 40 years, starting with the development of

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Lieutenant General Henri Namphy



Victims of the FRAPH



President Jean-Bertrand Aristide



Jean-Bertrand Aristide is elected President by a sweeping 70% vote.

Emmanuel 'Toto' Constant, on CIA payroll, heads FRAPH, which is responsible for over Three Thousand deaths while Aristide is in the US. Constant now lives in Queens.

Aristide returns from exile.

Aristide reelected President with a 92% vote.

'Baby Doc' flees and is replaced by Lieutenant General Henri Namphy.

Military coup led by Brigadier General Raoul Cedras and the FRAPH forces Aristide into exile and claims power.

Robert Malval installed as interim Prime Minister.

Rene Preval elected to replace Aristide.

US led military operation forces Aristide back into exile.

1986

1990

1991

1991-94

1993

1994

1995

2000

2004

# A Messenger for Peace

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Lieutenant General Raoul Cédras, supported by the wealthy business community, abruptly forced Aristide into exile in September, 1991 and killed hundreds of his supporters.

Although the United States refused to recognize the military regime, media critics charge the American corporate media misrepresented and defamed Aristide because of his left-wind beliefs. In his book *Inventing Reality; The Politics of New Media*, Michael Parenti noted that the *Washington Post* accused Aristide of "fomenting class warfare in his sermons," and using "the threat of violence to enforce his will." Ironically, the term "class warfare" was only used to describe working-class resistance against the rich, but not for the economic oppression forced upon the poor.

The *New York Times* reported that Cédras ordered the coup because of what he claimed to be human rights abuses by the Aristide administration. But international studies showed that human rights violations fell sharply after Aristide came to power, and the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights announced that it had not received any complaints. In contrast, Cédras was implicated in violent suppressions of political dissenters as part of a counter-insurgency group created by the Duvalier regime, as well as the execution of Aristide supporters after the coup.

By emphasizing unsubstantiated allegations against Aristide

and diverting attention from his campaign for a minimum wage, land reform, and enforced tax collection on the rich, the mainstream media tried to cast doubts about his integrity, as they have done for many leftist leaders around the world.

Cédras backed down only after the threat of a US military invasion in September 1994, and Aristide returned to Haiti to complete his term. After he left office in 1996, the Aristide Foundation for Democracy was founded to create opportunities for economic participation by the poor. Entrepreneurship is encouraged through grants or low-interest credit for small businesses. Food cooperatives provide staples such as rice, beans, and cooking oil at about half the market prices. In an effort to increase Haiti's 20% literacy rate, the Foundation for Democracy supports Creole language programs. In addition, women are encouraged to participate in economic decisions. By providing the tools for success instead of simply offering food, the Foundation is making strides toward long-term solutions for the economic problems.

Environmental conservation is an urgent part of the Foundation's goal of achieving self-sufficiency in food production. More than 95% of the land in Haiti is deforested due to the need for fast-growing food crops and charcoal. Approximately 1% of Haiti's topsoil washes to the sea each year, resulting in catastrophic loss of valuable farmland. "For a community to have peace, the society of nations must be at peace," said

Aristide. "The trees, water, air, and soil are linked to our peace and well-being."

But Aristide pointed out that grass-roots campaigns must be supplemented with sufficient economic aid. "Only 10% of development aid goes toward meeting primary human needs such as health care, clean water, and sanitation. This represents less than 1% of what the industrialized world uses for athletic fields each year." Yet, only \$6 billion in addition to the current funding allocation for education until the year 2000 is sufficient to put every child in the world in school.

Aristide recently criticized his successor and former prime minister René Préval for a plan to privatize state-owned companies. Préval is under pressure from the US to create a more suitable infrastructure for multinational corporations. Millions of dollars in aid have been tied to specific conditions such as increased privatization and the investigation of alleged human rights violations by Aristide's administration.

"Privatization, especially in developing nations, is always hard," said Charles Valembun, Executive Director and founder of the Concerned Haitian League. "Often, the people who benefit are the elites who have an ample supply of money to invest. But [privatization] creates more competition and perhaps better services. At the crucial stage in economic development in Haiti, it is important that the government thinks and rethinks its policies where privatization is concerned to pre-

vent the establishment of a 'super-underclass'."

Following Aristide's presentation, Professor Leslie Owens of the Africana Studies department moderated a question and answer session with the audience. Each sponsoring organization presented him with awards for his service to the Haitian people. This event was also accompanied with an exhibition of Haitian art by Medalia Marketing of east Setauket and a performance by the Stony Brook Gospel Choir.

"[Aristide's visit] is the first time such a high ranking black dignitary came to the university," said Valembun. "It raised the level of consciousness, and it falls into our vision of universal emancipation and empowerment through education, and formation of legal and cultural advocacy."

But this event was not only a tribute to Aristide's work, but also the Haitian people and their commitment to democracy and justice. Aristide claimed that working with the poor had taught him that "beyond market values, there are human values. They persist in struggling for a better life, in struggling for peace, and they know what they want."

With peace, democracy, and economic opportunities, Haiti will have a chance to return to its former glory. "I wish that one day we will have the pleasure to welcome you to Haiti," said Aristide. "But be careful, because once you are in Haiti, a virus will attack you. That virus is love, and you will stay there for a couple of months, maybe a couple of years, maybe forever."

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'Third World Lending in the late 1960s.'" Schwartz then drew reference to aforementioned organizations like the IMF, World Bank and WTO and the neo-liberal economic policies that they push on other countries. He explained, "Latin America and Africa, the two areas that most completely embraced these policies (known as Neo-Liberalism) have suffered tremendous economic setbacks over the past two decades and now are in the midst of all out economic crisis at every level. So this aspect of globalization has been disastrous for the Third World."

The relationship that has developed between Haiti and the US is a relationship of dependence. Professor Fouron commented that, "Haiti is so dependent on the US, every year they have to wait for the US budget to pass before publishing the Haitian budget." The US benefits from Haiti's dependence since they have some control over

what is being bought and sold by Haiti. Also, US businesses use Haiti as a source of cheap labor. As Schwartz outlined, the aspects of globalization that include the spread of neo-liberal policies to countries like Haiti have had a devastating effect.

### Pacifica Reporter Lyn Duff and the Plight of Haitian Street Children

Lyn Duff writes for Pacifica news and is an associate producer of Pacifica Radio's Flashpoints. She has been covering Haiti for about ten years, and helped start a children's radio station in Port-au-Prince called 'Radyo Timoun.' The radio station was run mostly by children from the Lafanmi Selavi orphanage and quickly became the largest radio station in the country. Most of their support came from private donations as well as from former President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Since Aristide's forced exile, the station has been shut down and many of the

children involved have been arrested, kidnapped and executed. She returned from Haiti about three weeks ago and discussed her observations of the current situation in Haiti.

The situation Lyn Duff described was rather dim. "Attacks have increased by 500% against street children," she explained, "they are burnt alive, beaten by soldiers...things that haven't been seen since the 1991-94 coup." Duff continued, explaining that during Aristide's presidency he strongly advocated for bettering the situation of street children. He felt they should be treated with dignity and respect, not like animals. Since Aristide's exile, violence towards street children has assumed a symbolic meaning; it is viewed as an attack towards Aristide and everything he stood for.

The majority of the violence is being carried out by the National Police. Duff stated, "The Haitian National Police's human rights file

has gone through the floor." The Haitian army and private militias funded by Haiti's wealthy elite also exact violence on Haiti's poor. Along with street children, the poor neighborhoods have become targets of violence because the vast majority of residents there are Aristide's supporters. As Duff explains, "repression is more concentrated in cities like Port-au-Prince." Yet, violence extends beyond the city, spilling into the rural areas, some of which are completely controlled by paramilitary forces.

Duff relayed one story of an eleven year old who lived in the poverty stricken area of Port-au-Prince and experienced violence first hand. "She watched her mother being raped, then her father being killed. Her brother was forced to have sex with her mother, then she was raped," Duff explained. She asked the girl about reporting the incident to the police, the girl responded, "I can't

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# Hey Kids Buy Yourself a Slice Of America!

By Paula Guy

An only semi-coherent rant by Paula Guy, who has been spending too much time on Long Island.

You want to know the great thing about America? It is not freedom (since the Patriot Act), nor is Coco-cola or Kerouac (actually it is Kerouac, but I digress). The greatest thing about being in this country is Internet shopping. Fuck yeah. Moving to New York has allowed me to purchase all the wonderful things I have e-drooled over in the past years, (what a loser, yes). I can purchase these wonderful bright, shiny things without exorbitant bank-fees, for transferring money from New Zealand banks to America. No more currency exchange for me! I do not have to pay \$30 in postage for a crappy little t-shirt. I have an American bank account! I have an American address. I can fully (well actually only partly, seeing as I have no money), indulge in American e-consumerism. It is magically addictive. Surf the web and book a flight to Canada—escape Long Island, or go to Interpunk and buy that Clash t-shirt and find that Tom Waits record you have searched for in New Zealand's baby consumerist landscape, but never found. I can buy 'I (insert aeroplane instead of heart) New York t-shirts from T-shirt Hell.com without the bank-fees and postage equaling more than the cost of the stupid t-shirt.

What is the greatest thing about internet shopping from a US base? Republican Merchandise! Georgebush.com et al. I should have a stirring of conscience at financially supporting these assholes, but it is too good to be missed. The merchandise is more priceless than a Master-card experience. "My Governor Can Kick Your Governor's Ass" badges, for those lucky enough to live under the hand of Schwarzenegger; flaming red "Viva Bush" t-shirts which would have you beaten up, (or ideally covered in egg and/or vomit), in any half-decent town. How can I resist a "Bush, Cheney!!

2004!!" shirt for only US\$4.95? I have my gifts for homeland people sorted. I am buying presents to piss people off. Eventually they will see the funny side. "Fuck Bush" t-shirts are over-used.

So guys, leave Auckland University (which will be hard seeing as you are most likely a prisoner at Stony Brook University if you are reading this article); move to the States. You too can indulge in the e-banquet of Republican merchandise which this fine country provides (oh, and Interpunk, if you are that way inclined). Oh! Being in the US also allows me to buy all the Slave Labour Graphics comics and Allen Ginsberg and Kurt Vonnegut I want from Amazon.com and pay only US\$2.00 postage! Oh yeah! Fuck New Zealand!

The only problem with this feeling of mathematical superiority is that it cost me a \$3,000 air ticket to reach this state. Ignore this. Block the facts and feel happy.

I am going to be hyper-broke when I get back to New Zealand.

Send me your pocket-money, you Stony Brook students who still get fucking pocket money from your parents—on top of the money which Daddy puts towards your fees, board and drugs, so I can participate more fully in the American Dream you have created. Blatant e-consumerism will make me happpppppyyyyyyy.

I don't even need the local mall, now that I have American internet! (Which is lucky as the Mall makes me vomit (the 14 year old girls which stalk such places are even more annoying than those that populate the Malls

back home—less clothing, more make-up and inbreeding).

Even better than the Mall, I have New York City. Fashion-fucking-Ave. Greenwich Village! St. Mark's! There is a whole street of shops which sell gas-masks, tutus, florescent hair-dye and bondage gear (just what I need to maintain sanity in this part of the country). There is expensive poncey-wanker 'vintage' clothing in every second shop. GI Joes and 1979 Playboys line the walls. The shop assistants drip of sex, leather and dirt. The shoes scream transvestite.



You can't fit this place in a shopping bag. Maybe I will just go back to my dorm and e-shop.

From bondage gear to pro-Republican-trucker hats, you can purchase the consumerist scabs of America, and imported pieces of cotton covered in Stars and Stripes, but you can't buy the America that I love the most. The people who tell their government and their money to go fuck itself. The ones who deviate from the Long Island-life path of credit cards and two-story houses, and question the dominant modes of 'living' in this place.

They seem happy with beaches and beer and music—with just being a goddamn person.

Well, as happy as you can be if you're from New York.

You can 'buy' into America, if your liver is made of steel and your stomach lining is nuclear-proof. Otherwise you just need to sit back and watch. It is a freak show, propelled by people who bow to green-backed gods, in their 'pursuit of happiness'. The poor bastards.

## JLife 101

By Chris A. Williams

Are you Jew-curious? Are you intrigued by the recent talk of Kabbalah?

Although Judaism has existed for over 4000 years, it evades specific definition. Is Judaism just a religion? Among many other descriptions, Judaism can also describe a culture. If a Jew is not defined by religion alone, then who is a "Jew"?

There is also a misrepresentation of Judaism and its elements. For example, a misunderstanding of Kabbalah, Jewish mysticism, has led some people to believe that Kabbalah is based entirely on magic. According to the website AskMoses.com, Kabbalah is based on an understanding of the Torah.

This article provides resources about Judaism and its aspects. I am not a scholar on Judaism. I am an individual that is interested in Judaism and wants to help educate people that are interested, too.

The list that appears at the end of this article contains resources that were suggested to me. However, it is not meant to be an exhaustive list. It is more like a "Judaica primer."

Some notable resources are AskMoses.com, the Museum of Jewish Heritage, and Prof. Robert Goldenberg. The website AskMoses.com provides the opportunity to speak to a live rabbi of the Chabad philosophy. The Museum of Jewish Heritage is located within New York City and promotes volunteer opportunities. Prof. Robert Goldenberg, at the time of writing this article, teaches at Stony Brook University. Also, he provided the book list for this article and welcomed questions. I want to thank him greatly for his help and patience. I also want to thank Sam Goldman for providing information about websites.

If you are also interested in sharing information about other resources, then you can send the information to shelanu\_sbu@hotmail.com. If I am mistaken, then please inform me by contacting the previous e-mail address. Thank you. Enjoy.

Books	Kabbalah
<b>Judaism (General)</b>	KabbalaOnline.org <a href="http://www.kabbalaonline.org/">http://www.kabbalaonline.org/</a> The Inner Dimension - Kabbalah and Chassidut <a href="http://www.inner.org/">http://www.inner.org/</a>
Joseph L. Blau, <i>Modern Varieties of Judaism</i> . (ISBN: 0231086687)	
Nathan Glazer, <i>American Judaism</i> . (ISBN: 0226298434)	<b>Holocaust</b>
David J. Goldberg and John D. Rayner, <i>The Jewish People: Their History and their Religion</i> . (ISBN: 0140098275)	Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation <a href="http://www.vhf.org/">http://www.vhf.org/</a>
Robert M. Seltzer, <i>Jewish People, Jewish Thought</i> . (ISBN: 0024089400)	<b>Places</b>
Robert M. Seltzer, ed., <i>Judaism: A People and its History</i> . (ISBN: 0028973747)	The Museum of Jewish Heritage - A Living Memorial to the Holocaust <a href="http://www.mjhnyc.org/">http://www.mjhnyc.org/</a>
Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog, <i>Life is with People: The Culture of the Shtetl</i> . (ISBN: 0805210547)	The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum <a href="http://www.ushmm.org/">http://www.ushmm.org/</a>
<b>Kabbalah</b>	<b>Individuals</b>
Gershon Scholom, <i>Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism</i> . (ISBN: 0805210423)	Prof. Robert Goldenberg Department of History Social & Behavioral Sciences S-359 Stony Brook, NY 11794-4348 Tel: (631) 632-7484 E-mail: Robert.Goldenberg@stonybrook.edu
<b>Websites</b>	
<b>Judaism (General)</b>	
AskMoses.com <a href="http://www.askmoses.com/">http://www.askmoses.com/</a> Judaism 101 <a href="http://www.jewfaq.org/">http://www.jewfaq.org/</a>	



How do you  
prepare for your  
commute?

Join the  
Commuter  
Student  
Association!

Meetings  
Wednesday  
at 1pm in the  
University Cafe



# WHO ORDERED BEEF?

## Heroes in the Seaweed *Warmth In Your Distance*

By Tiffany Russo, Brian Wasser, and Matt Willemain

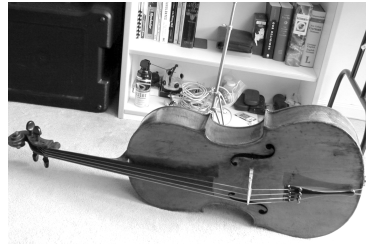
Wandering cello. Swirling drums. Ambient guitars adding layers to the dreamy soundscapes of indie-folk relaxation, transporting the listener to a plane of Brooklyn-goodness. Don't think for a minute that these guys don't know how to break it down. And just

when you think the cello has wandered away, it comes wandering right back, with melody smooth as molasses dripping down a sheet of white silk, complimenting the emo-tilting vocals. Vocalist Ryan Montgomery manages to get a lot of music done in a short amount of time, but he still manages to pack in the pounds of rolling sounds. The music evokes a placid meadow, slowly turning brown with autumn's last gasps, and approaching winter's tightening snares. Speaking of tight snares, drummer Robert Galgano weaves a complex web of ones and twos.

As I listen, I find myself reassuring myself it will be alright. Heroes in the Seaweed's debut EP, *Warmth In Your Distance*, embodies pure, unsatisfied emotion, reflecting

the potential inherent in the nascent act.

What I truly like about this band is their mixture of each instrument into a flowing melody, which seems to soothe my nerves as I listen. Their style is a combination between post-rock, and emo, with an acoustical singer/songwriter, Elliot Smith, type feel. Within the instrumental breaks you are left floating, as if you were whisked away by the warm waters, reflecting upon the many chaotic things that bear you down. I love the use of language, being a lyrics person myself, especially in the second song on the album titled "Friends Who Never Meet." "My reflection can be sung with a dry and flaccid tongue. The words spill out in



THAT'S A PURTY WANDERING CELLO,  
Courtesy of Unchained Cellos

reverse and dance in empty circles." I also enjoy the lyrics in the last song, "Maybe you're just a girl that people fall in love with, maybe I'm just a familiar face," particularly the line "We've been strangers in a room and lovers in the street." The last ten seconds of this song really ends the album with a sense that this band has possibility.

## Forever Fell Through

By Adam Kearny

That's the name of the band, up there. It's a group of guys; they play guitars and drums. One of them sings, although he describes himself as also being a very apt player of the "skin flute." His name: Anthony Mafio, a.k.a. "King." Guitarist number one goes by Jesso Rock; he rocks a VST Eclipse. Guitar two is played by Bryan Brown. The bassist, Steve Mitchell, uses an Austin B-80, and claims to have the biggest wang, not because of any correlation with his musical instrument (though bass players are notorious for their more than adequate equipment), but because he is, in fact, half black. The drummer, John Swanson, a.k.a. "The Legend" confided in me that he was indeed a legend "in his own pants."

Their show at the University Café on April 27th was one of their regular gigs at Stony Brook, having played here six times already. Expect them to play every last Tuesday of the month. Opening for them with a brief set was another band: Gina's a Dead Model.

A big break for them, starting out, was at the Battle of the Bands at the Sagem Public Library two-and-a-half years earlier. Since then, they've changed singers, and developed into a style they describe as "post-hardcore, alternative indie emo." Post-hardcore comes from the fact that the vocals aren't the agonizing, raw guttural screams that normally constitute hardcore bands, but are a little more passive and melodic. But while the singing is more emo, the band's breakdowns still pack the intense hardcore punch.

When asked, repeatedly, their musical influences, they responded with Thrice and

Senses Fail, Funeral For a Friend, and Saosin. Mafio, the singer, confessed his admiration for Scott Wylin. They've got good taste in beer, preferring Guinness and Amstel Light, but that night it was Bud Light, due to a lack of loot.

A demo CD is currently on the way, recorded with the help of the band's symbiotic musical producer, Joe Conte, who runs Death Sound Studios. He deals mainly with emo, metal, punk, and hardcore bands, handling booking and CD production. Forever Fell Through is planning a tour that will include 12 shows around the NY area, one of them a benefit for breast cancer.

Jesso Rock, guitarist number one, wants the band and him to "get as far as we can," and in doing so they "don't want to sell out." His advice to other musicians is, "Stay with it, no matter what stick through it." The bassist, Steve Mitchell, wants everyone to "hear us for the music, not what someone else wants us to play."

It seems like hard work, aside from getting on stage and thrashing out: moving equipment, setting it up, breaking it down, and renting vans that have a tendency to shit out at inopportune times. Then there's booking and recording and practice and trying to sell enough tickets at a show to pay for the hours of labor. Why do it? For the energy, the life created in the interaction of a performance. In the words of the bassist, "we feed off the crowd."

Their next show is on June 5th at The Forum in Kingston, NY.

# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## Classic Films That'll Blow Your Mind

By Laura Positano

Been to the movies lately? While some of today's movies are intriguing or at least very funny, the fact is many mainstream films nowadays have no plot. The sole purpose of these films, it seems, is to generate profits at the box office. Cheesy special effects, inexcusable by the technology currently available to makers of movies, abound.

Though actors of recent films such as Gwen Paltrow and Tom Hanks are quite talented, there are many popular actors today that don't connect emotionally with their characters. These actors appear afraid to take the emotional risk for fear of alienating their usual audiences, hurting the believability of performances in many recent mainstream films in the process.

But there was a time when more blockbuster mainstream actors took risks in the sense of being realistically emotional, even if it risked the following of their typical audiences. Movies that sometimes were rewarded for their tackling of emotion-charged issues and controversial social taboos with awards, but sometimes went underappreciated by audiences or critics. Such films reflect the sociological implications of historical events of the times the films were filmed in.

The films I am about to recommend for your viewing span decades. From the 1930s film *She Done Him Wrong* featuring Mae West to the 1960s film, *The Children's Hour*, these films tackle conflicts within the American society's psyche in different periods. Even now, the controversies, the angst and the turmoil that these films represented still hold resonance.

The following films are listed in no particular order of importance, since they all have importance.

### *She Done Him Wrong* (1933)

Mae West portrays a harlot in the nineteenth century, using her sensuality to gain influence and respect among those who frequent her nightspot. Back in the nineteenth century, when women had little influence in areas outside the home (nominal legal rights), that influ-

ence made her almost equal in power to the men of her circle of paramours. Mae West was a trailblazer in all her films, making it look okay for a woman character to appear as not a passive sex kitten but rather an owner of her sensuality.



MS. HEPBURN, HOT IN OUR HEARTS, Courtesy of the picture shows

### *To Have and to Have Not* (1944)

Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall show equal amounts of strength and emotional vulnerability in this film set during world war two. Bogart's an intrepid man trying to hide from the Nazis because he's an American involved in the underground resistance against Hitler. Bacall is a self-reliant woman trying to travel around in the middle of the war zone, ending up helping those hurt in the skirmishes between Nazi soldiers and her, Bogart and those they assist.

### *Adam's Rib* (1949)

Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn

portray a married couple that are both lawyers called in to represent opposing sides in an attempted murder case. A woman, legally represented by Hepburn, is accused of trying to kill her husband upon seeing him cheat on her. Spencer Tracy defends the husband's point of view that the wife was unstable and was trying to kill him. Hepburn proceeds to show how double standards are so pervasive that if the husband did the same thing — defending his home from an intruder — he'd be respected, not punished.

### *Butterflies are Free* (1972)

This film, with Goldie Hawn and Edward Albert, shows the immense struggle and resilience that people with disabilities experience. Albert portrays a guy in his twenties with many interests and longings like other twenty-somethings. The only difference is that he's blind, something he's lived with since birth. Like many disabled people, he refuses to be pitied, compensates for his disability, and aims for independence. He teaches his neighbor, Goldie Hawn, about how to see life in a new way, and she does the same for him. A romance develops, despite of and because of such unique situations.

### *Children's Hour* (1961)

Audrey Hepburn, known for films like *Breakfast at Tiffany's* with mass appeal, stars with Shirley MacLaine in this melodrama about two teachers rumored to be lesbians. Set in a small town, these women who once were respected owners of an academy for girls now are scorned after rumors of homosexuality begin. This film shows the claustrophobic potential of bigotry.

### *A Patch of Blue* (1965)

A blind young woman, Shelley Winters, who is white, finds herself falling in love with a black man, Sidney Poitier, when his compassion and good treatment of her surpasses anything she has received from anyone in her life, especially that of her racist abusive mother.





# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

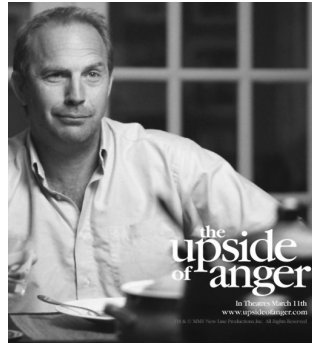
## *The Upside of Anger*

By Eddie Zadorozny

Scenarios, circumstances, dilemmas, arise out of our lives- it is inevitable, as is happiness, and contentment which for Terry Wolfmeyer (Joan Allen) was most prominent at one time. That is until her husband walks out on their marriage with his Swedish secretary with no warning, indication, and worse no reason. As quick as a Britney Spears annulment he is gone! This sets in motion Terry's downfall into angst, which also uproots unrelenting anger in her, thus giving us the themes for the appropriately named movie *The Upside of Anger*.

Terry must now tend to her four daughters as well as never combating her rise in temper, which just escalates as she constantly tries to make sense of her plight. It is just easier to be angry and incensed, which she does so well. Her comfort is alcohol, which gives her some sanity or so it seems. Her daughters all have some gripe with her or with their own lives but grieve for their mother's loss, yet at the same time find her unbearable as her cantankerous self grows over the years with no ending in sight.

The daughters welcome into their home, neighbor, Danny Davies (Kevin Costner) a former pitcher for the Detroit Tigers who runs a sports talk show on the radio. He is also more immersed into the alcohol than his actual job, which he is completely bored with and spends more time talking about stocks, and current affairs much to the chagrin of his producer Shep Goodman (director Mike Binder). Danny is a shoddy, unkempt, lonely individual, who always looks like he just woke up out of bed, as well as perfecting a loser-like quality to him.



**BOX OFFICE POISON, Courtesy of Waterworld**

Upon hearing about Terry's misfortune he equates her loss as his gain, as he has now found a drinking partner to wallow in depression with.

Although alcohol is very abundant in this film, it is not a film about alcoholism; it is about a woman trying to come to some sort of term or understanding of why this happened. It also forces her to grow up and deal with her current state of affairs. The beauty of this film is that she has made this conscious decision to not deal with it, it's far easier for her to be angry and for us the viewer, it is quite the spectacle. I have never seen such anger represented, while in the same sense so much fun to watch. Joan Allen chews and spits up the scenery, her emotions are that of a woman having a 24-hour period. Watch the scene where Terry confronts Shep, Danny's producer, at her daughter's wedding about her disgust of his dating her daughter who happens to work on Danny's radio show, it's not only memorable but the writing in that scene is brilliant. Another scene is when Terri, at her eldest daughter's college graduation, not only meets for the first time her boyfriend, (which she was left in the dark about) but fumes smoke out of her ears upon hearing her daughters marriage announcement. The lunch scene that follows where Terri meets her boyfriend's parents is not only memorable with great dialogue, but is guaranteed to

help nab an Oscar nomination for Joan Allen next year (I am hoping so).

There are some scenes of excess but all-in-all the film is brilliant; the quirkiness of the daughters with their flaws and differences in personality only make Joan Allen shine as an actress. Also impressive is Kevin Costner who after a string of flops seems to have revived his career; he is quite up to the challenge and holds his own with Joan Allen. Their scenes together are of high acting quality. The chemistry between the two is potent. Also impressive, is Mike Binder as the sleazy radio producer, he just oozes baseness. Clearly though, the film belongs to Joan Allen, one of America's best actresses (for reinforcement rent *The Contender*). She clearly shines in every scene she is in. I am predicting that she will get an Oscar nomination for this as she is clearly deserving of one. Unfortunately, not in her favor is the release of this film, because the majority of the time, Hollywood has no recollection of solid acting performances unless they're released in the fall (example: why are all Oscar hopeful pictures releases in the late fall and near Christmas?) This is extremely regrettable because upon viewing this fine film, you are also seeing one of the best actress nominations unfold on screen, one down- four to go, lets hope I am proven wrong.

There have also been some references to the film's ending by other critics as a cop out that cheats us, the viewer. I find the revelation in itself to be brilliant; it not only questions us, the viewer, with analysis on how anger as an emotion is so quick to rear itself, especially on Terry herself, but that assumptions can be deadly.

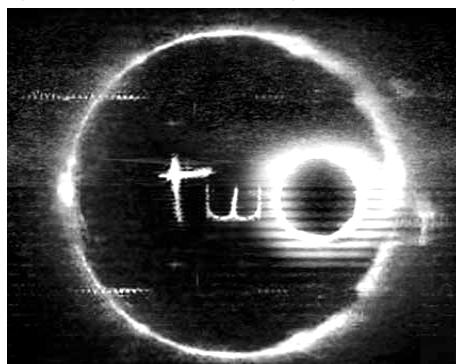
## *The Ring*

By Eddie Zadorozny

What made the first one intriguing, suspenseful, and creepy was the concept of a videotape, which when viewed was instantly followed by a telephone call stating you had seven days to live (and we thought telemarketers were forward). If the tape was passed within those seven days to some other unsuspecting soul, your life would be spared. On the videotape were bizarre, eerie, surreal images, which in the end were puzzling pieces to a bigger scheme, describing to an extent their whereabouts and purpose. Part of the fun and allure of the first one was this whole concept (not so much the insane plot) but of the allure of old wives tales, urban legends, and myths we are constantly told as kids. This main focus was the driving part of the first film. It didn't take itself too seriously, and we, the audience were swept up in its atmosphere of folklore. The same cannot be said for the second, which was inevitable due to the surprise sleeper success of the first.

The bizarre dreamlike tone, which made the first one entertaining, is completely void here in the second to (gasp!) dare I say a story? After the seventh day, a girl, Samara would crawl out of your TV from a well that she had been placed to die in, from a whacked out mother. In the diagesis world of this film we know of this concept as being totally preposterous and

to an extent maybe we can accept that because we are trying to appeal to a genre community here, that being horror. The absurdity is that this film attempts to explain all this phenomena as being real and genuine, which in actuality comes across as so unlikely, and far-fetched.



**TURN OFF THE TAPE BITCH! HERE WE GO AGAIN. Courtesy of The Picture Shows**

Years have passed since the ordeal of the first one and Rachel (Naomi Watts) and her son Aidan (David Dorfman) leave town and head to

Seattle to start fresh and new. After just a few days of acclimating, their past troubles have caught up with them, as a copy of the videotape resurfaces due to some local teenagers who view it with deadly results. With Samara on the loose and the ability to penetrate the mind of Aidan, her mission is to seek Aidan out to possess his body, thus enabling her an out from her watery hole of a domain.

There are some well-crafted special effects, one in particular, a drive through the countryside for Rachel and Aidan is met by a herd of rampaging deer that slam into their car, it's nice eye candy but the purpose of it, I couldn't tell you. Maybe in another life Aidan himself was a reindeer named Rudolph that went on to countless appearances in CBS Christmas specials, which gave him stardom, and this created animosity and jealousy among the other reindeer? In other words, nice attempt but this tells us the audience what exactly?

*The Ring 2* is a shameless attempt by the studio and producers to cash in on a film for money. It has little to do with the first one, which in this case was a mistake if this sequel were to be remotely interesting. Expect box office and audience spectatorship to drop fast. In fact I would take this ring off of my ring finger, and put it on my middle finger!

# HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

## The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

By Sam Goldman

Douglas Adams, before he passed away, said that writing a screenplay was "like trying to grill a steak by having a succession of people coming into the room and breathing on it." He should know; he was charged with writing the screenplay of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, based on his book. Unfortunately, he passed away before he could complete work on the screenplay (thus his credit as co-author with Karey Kirkpatrick). Watching this movie, I think that, while the movie has a slightly altered narrative structure than the book, and some parts fall flat, Adams would have been happy with it.

*The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* says that the universe is "vastly, hugely, mind-bogglingly big." The movie itself attempts to achieve the same expansiveness throughout; a good example of this is the full version of the scene, which you've no doubt seen by now on trailers and commercials, where the Earth is blown to smithereens. The lone survivor is Arthur Dent (Martin Freeman of the infinitely superior BBC version of "The Office"), a man who can best be

described as being staggeringly ordinary. He is saved by Ford Prefect (Mos Def), who reveals to Arthur that he's actually an alien, and saves him by hitching a ride way, way out of town. Throughout the movie, the two actors play their roles perfectly. Mos Def, especially, showcases some absolutely fantastic physical comedy skills.



WE ALL LIKED THIS MOVIE, Courtesy of Hilarity and Genius

They end up in the company of the vapid President of the Galaxy, Zaphod Beeblebrox (Sam Rockwell), the gorgeous, doe-eyed Trillian (a pitch-perfect Zoëy Deschanel), and the depressed robot Marvin (hilariously voiced by Alan Rickman) on a spaceship that looks like a giant billiard ball. Rockwell is part Dubya caricature, part used-car salesman, and part glam-rock star. It is a sensational performance, save for a thoroughly annoy-

ing special effect which thankfully is excised as a plot device. With the help of the Guide (dreamt up as a glorified tablet PC running Flash), they are able to get out of sticky situations and...you know I'm not quite sure what the hell happens, honestly.

The screenplay is full of funny moments; fans of the book will know what I'm talking about when I refer to a whale and a bowl of petunias. Kirkpatrick and Adams add some other neat skits; an unforgettable sequence has the screen populated by knitted dolls. Trademark sly British wit is also on display throughout; thanks largely to British actors Stephen Fry (who voices the Guide), Helen Mirren, and Bill Nighy. But the only point where the movie fails is in the plot. Kirkpatrick and Adams attempt to force a more conventional story structure into a movie that did not need one or want one, giving Beeblebrox a rival in cult leader Humma Kavula (John Malkovich), who charges our heroes with a task to find a gun unlike any other in the galaxy, and focusing a bit too much for my taste on the movie's love story.

Don't pay attention. Just enjoy the ride. For those who are fans of the book, the movie adds the little touches, like doors that ooh and ahh with pleasantness, vanishing dolphins, bad cups of tea, and the book's asides, which mirror those found in the book. For those whom the movie is their first experience, they will gasp at Magrathea, the expansive planet-building planet; the hideously ugly bureaucrats of the universe, the Vogons; and the stunning answer to the meaning of life. Thanks to the all-around great acting performances, Adams' imagination and some Hollywood magic, first-time director Garth Jennings has created an adventure as "mind-bogglingly big" as space itself.

Bring a towel.

## Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy: The Movie

By Dustin Herlich

Well, let's start out by saying very simply that the movie was true enough to the book to make the geekiest of geek happy, and sappy and sweet enough that if you took a girl to the movie with you, she might not run screaming. We'll reserve the screaming for the moment she sees your Luke Skywalker shrine. Then you'll be as depressed as Marvin (go see the movie and you'll know what I'm talking about).

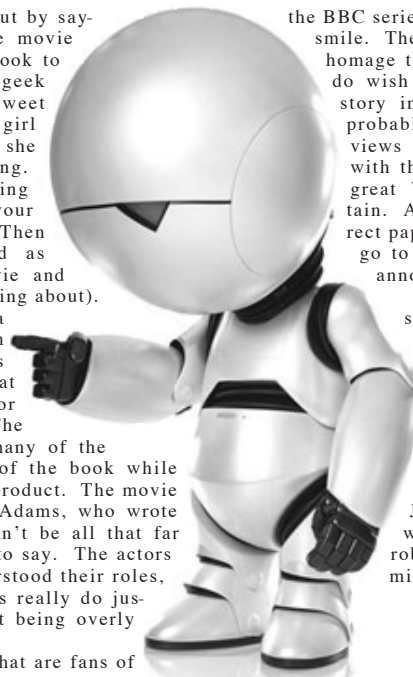
The movie is not a shoot-'m-up action film and it's not a ridiculous Disney flick. It's a great example of British humor that's actually funny. The movie pays homage to many of the smaller, nerdier details of the book while putting out an enjoyable product. The movie was written by Douglas Adams, who wrote the book, so it really can't be all that far from what he was trying to say. The actors really seem to have understood their roles, and modern visual effects really do justice to the movie without being overly flashy and obnoxious.

For those of you that are fans of

the BBC series, this actually will make you smile. The movie, by the way, does pay homage to that series in one scene. I do wish there was a little less love story in the movie, but that's just probably due to my overly sour views on love in general. Maybe with the attitude I have I'd make a great Vagon destructor fleet captain. Although, waiting for the correct paperwork so I can be cleared to go to hyperspace would definitely annoy me.

The movie definitely had some of my favorite book scenes such as Vagon poetry reading, and the representation of the Magrathea factory floor really impressed me.

I definitely give this movie a hitchhiking thumb up. Just make sure that you go with a towel, wearing a bath robe. And beware the white mice!



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90.1FM

Do you remember when radio wasn't scripted?  
Do you remember when each station was unique?  
Do you remember the glory days of radio?

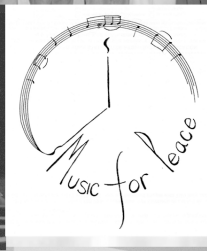
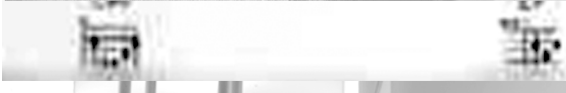
It's still here, on WUSB.

...listen  
on the air at 90.1FM and  
on the web at www.wusb.fm





# The Music for Peace Project



**Photo Layout**  
Chris Williams

**Photos**  
Elizabeth Adams  
Munat Eyuboglu  
Steve Mitchell  
Chris Williams





# The Music for Peace Project



# TOP TEN

Reasons the  
CORE Party will  
fail at every  
endeavor

- 10 Not enough hours in the day to individually threaten every student on campus.
- 9 Accused too many students of being rapists.
- 8 Beelzebub clearly reneged on deal.
- 7 40 year old dumpster-diving mastermind actually just paranoid schizophrenic.
- 6 More than zero of their members have criminal records.
- 5 Inadequate representation of Athena ostracized the Pagan constituency.
- 4 Nutrient content of pork far exceeds that of dry oatmeal.
- 3 They're endorsed by The Patriot.
- 2 Ran out of iced tea, "courtesy of the CORE Party."
- 1 Whichever deity you choose has smote them.

# Battle of the Century

Leonardo DiCaprio

VS

Robot Sex Music

- Really Fun on Ecstasy

- Totally disregard gender identity

- Post-modernist simulacra medici personality

- Fueled by Cocaine and Jetsetting

- Painted the Mona Lisa, right?

PRO

- Really fun on Ecstasy

- leaves you drowning in funkaluscious mechanical audio stylings

- Post-modernist simulation of fun by mechanical personality

- Robot Sex - "input, input, INPUT, INPUT, OH GOD OH GOD 11010010010001!"

- Nomenclature based on three greatest things in the world

- Not enough lube in the world

- Singlehandedly caused the Titanic to sink, killing thousands.

- Often mistaken for a ninja turtle

- Growing Pains

CON

- Not enough lube in the world

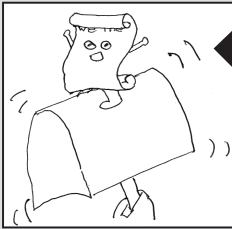
- Not enough booze in the world to have sex with a robot

- Background music for TMNT video games.

- Manufacturing Pains

# IT'S EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE ANTHROPOMORPHIC US CONSTITUTION!

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF GUEST-STRAVAGANZA HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO THIS WEEK?



That's not a bull.



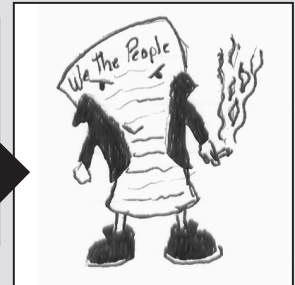
Happy Birthday Mr. President, Happy Birthday to you!

Time for the coming of the green smoke Pope!

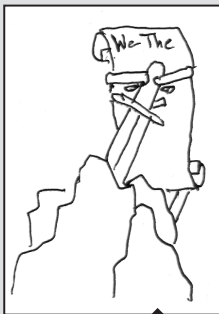
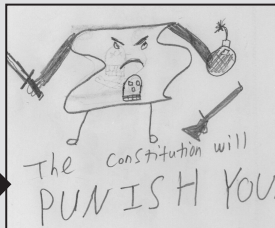


Unloved, disregarded, and ignored, the Anthropomorphic US Constitution finally met his end at the hands of Congress... And they trampled the flowers.

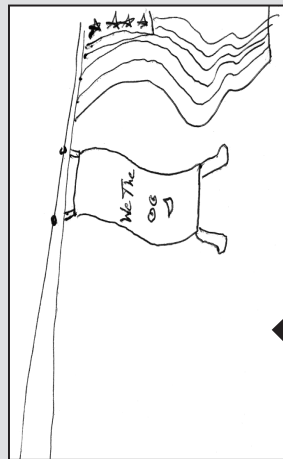
When asked what he was rebelling against he responded, "Whadya got?"



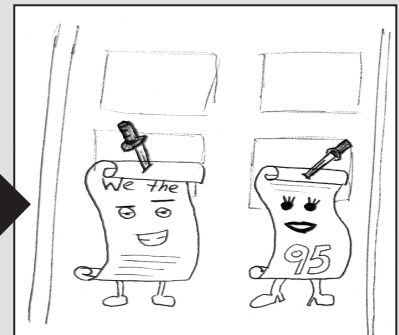
After his family was killed by the mafia he set out to purge the world of evil.



The once, the future King, freeing Excalibur.



On a hot date in Wittenburg.



Up the flag pole without a tether...

By Matt Willemain and assorted friends

TUNE IN NEXT ISSUE FOR EVEN MORE TOM-FOOLERY AND HI-JINKS!



# DRUNKEN POPE TERRORIZES MANHATTAN

*So, I thought it would be a good idea to consume mass quantities of malt liquor, dress up like the pope and attend my friend's comic-book release party in NYC.*

*The following account surfaced the next morning from-  
angelfire.com/ny3/devildoll/ or  
checkout- abbycomix.com*

Last night, was Abby's Dolltopia party at Jigsaw. I arrived a bit late, after work, and things were already in full-swing. It all seemed copasetic. I said, "Hi" and chatted with people while trying to make my way back to the open bar. Finally Patrick from Flaming Fire solved the drinking/socializing dilemma by grabbing me an extra Yeungling when he went back for one himself, and I talked to Abby's mom. I heard from Russ and Adam that **"a crazy guy dressed like the Pope had come in and been hassling people, and pissed on two cars out front after he was asked to leave."** I figured it was **James Blonde**, as the description also mentioned he had a rat. Saw **Tom** there, who confirmed. Russ also had a story about two belligerent Scotsmen who'd stormed in and demanded to use the bathroom. They, however, were rat-less.

So, I think it was around the time I was talking to Matt H. and Robin E. about Keanu Reeves losing his lunch on the highway and we were joking about the fact that there's whole sites for that kind of thing (hell, what isn't there a whole site for?), when **James Blonde**

returned, indeed, with a makeshift Papal outfit and **Archimedes** sitting all mellow on his shoulder. I went out and said "Hi" to them and took **Archimedes** and scratched his belly as he curled up in my arms, being cute and ratty. Terhost showed up and Heidi came out and they asked if that was one of mine. It all seemed OK till we tried to go back in and the guy acting as bouncer, I think his name was Chris, blocked James, who right away started to get hostile about it. I tried to get Ben or **Tom** or anyone who could resolve the matter and then I found out Ben was not havin' it. He charged over there, looking all old-timey and dapper with his antique cane and red smoking jacket and all that, I'd never seen him lose his polite demeanor ever till we hear him yell **"GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE NOW MOTHERFUCKER!"**

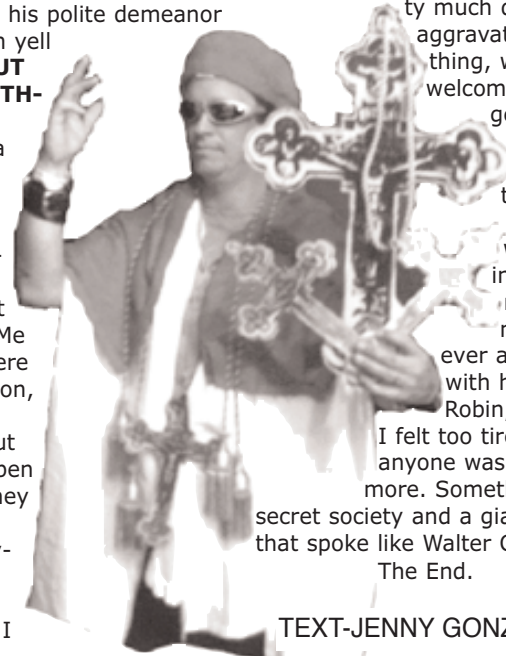
So now we have a cane brandishing Victorian gentleman having a shouting match with a drunken **"Pope"** and the cops on their way. It is officially a party. Me and Tom go over there to diffuse the situation, talk James out of it, and start to freak out about what will happen to **Archimedes** if they start to fight, or he gets arrested or anything else. I didn't want him to get arrested either, and I

was angry that he had to come here and do this especially after all three of them had come so far ... the cops were putting on their black gloves and I said "please be aware he has a live rat in that black box" not knowing what else to do, not wanting to seem like I was turning against anyone. The one thing I do know ... looking out for rats.

Meanwhile Alice from **Karen Black** came up to the front door, smiling, glanced around at the scenario taking place and we shot each other this look and kind of simultaneously mumbled "I'll see you inside". But fortunately, he left, and the cops took off their gloves, and Ben told Tom he was welcome back anytime but "not his friend" and I was pretty much drained and aggravated by the whole thing, which is why I welcomed Patrick's suggestion to go over to this German beer garden type place on Ave. C, where I wound up drinking the best and most unpronounceable beer ever and hanging out with him, Richard, Robin, and Terhost till I felt too tired to grasp what anyone was saying any more. Something about a secret society and a giant stone owl that spoke like Walter Cronkite, I think.

The End.

TEXT-JENNY GONZALAZ



**MR. POPE-ULARITY**



photo's and pun, courtesy Tom Giatras.



The POPE of Greenwich Village.



Story: Jeff Jones  
Pencils: Jim Foy

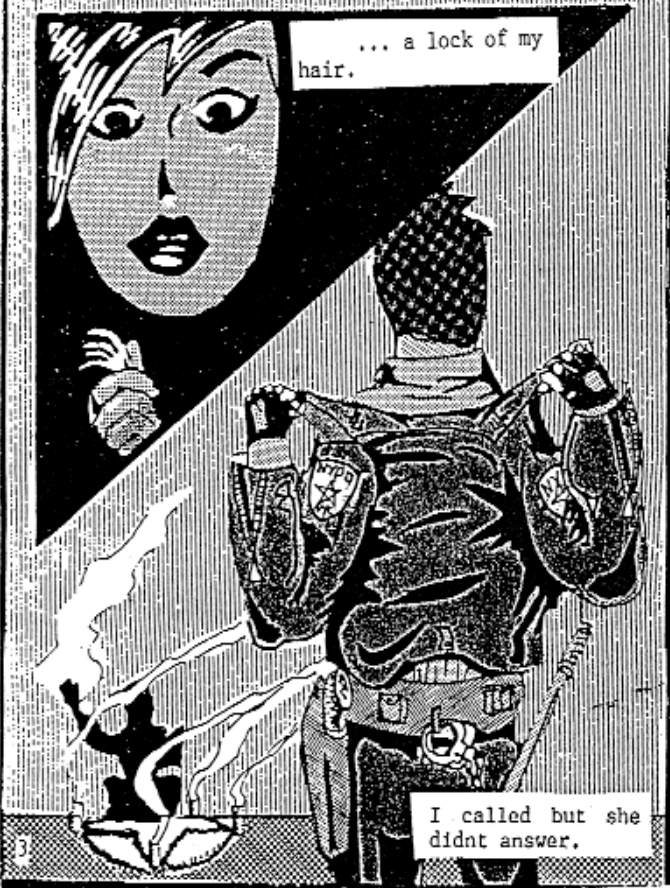
# THE CURSE of the She-Devil

She woke before the sun, as usual. Angry, as usual.



Brushing my teeth I could see her sitting on the floor, chanting and drawing strange runes on the walls with black chalk.

When I was ready to leave for work, I was surprised to see her holding of all things...



... a lock of my hair.

I called but she didnt answer.



Never the less, I left for work.



# Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

That's nice.  
Right there.  
Oh yeah...

Stay in bed and lick, warm air is its own aphrodisiac, gimme your electric guitar naked, suck me pink all over ... from the woods outside Kelly to the secret basement room in Staller, and the ESS roof, swollen with heat.

Sky high - stroke - sigh - put something in your mouth.

Yes, life has been improving lately. Been riding the tide, among other things.

I was going to discuss various trials in this column, my run-in with Victor, a 40-year-old bald, union electrician, and his refusal to admit that he has been snowed by the immense war propaganda machine. (Truth died, and no one mourned its passing.) I was going to write about Christopher, a guy I met who is banned from Alabama for growing acres of weed UNDERGROUND ... but, I don't feel like it.

This final column for the semester is going to be short and sweet.

Let's chew the fat, shall we?

The future is so bright, to lift a line from an 80's song, I gotta wear shades. I'm done with my 17-page paper, Beer Fest - the Grand Poobah of parties is coming up, as well as numerous random fiestas. In two weeks I'm going to the prom with my niece, (I was banned from my own by my über-religious parents), I've got two sugar cubes full of acid waiting for a sunny day with nothing to do, and my arm muscles hurt from the activities of both kneading ceramics clay, and from hanging on the bars (...uh, huh...) on my bed (...ooh...) during all the sex (...ahh...) I've been having (...mmm...). I apologize for banging on my neighbor's wall, but goddamn - my partner may be a mere babe, barely legal, but he is monumentally fucking proficient, and a truly great human being with a dynamite smile.

Also, this summer I'll be working on a movie that may vault our collective to fame, and to cap it all off - Burning Man in the California Black Rock Desert, for one week of interstellar travel.

Happy Birthday Emily, my beautiful friend, and goodbye Barry, you graduating son of a gun - I put you in, and there's not a squirt of piss you can do about it. (Relax, I miss you making fun of me already.)

Yeah, what can I say, I'm just a gigolo, and I've abandoned all pretext of fitting in with society. Live it up while you can kids.

I leave you now with a rather lustful e-mail, containing the subject: "my morning wood," and - everyone's favorite - dirty limericks!

Dear Amberly Jane,

Every morning I wake up with a huge boner and dream of u tuggn and pulln on it. Would you suck me dry? And blow bubbles in your mouth after i give u a creamy load?

-Dan Cox

Dan,

Sorry, babe, my meal card's all full up. And if you are the perv who took my red underwear, one of the few pieces I own ... keep it with my regards.

-AJ

There was a young fellow named Simon  
Who tried to discover a hymen,  
But he found every girl  
Had relinquished her pearl  
In exchange for a solitaire diamond!

There once was a man named Rob  
He loved to show off his nob  
He flashed it at Dave  
And rubbed it on May  
Who shucked it like corn on the cob

There once was a man named Sprocket  
Who walked with his hand in his pocket  
He was able to hide  
What he was doing inside  
Till he shot off like a 4th of July rocket.

There once was a vampire named Mabel,  
who's period was notoriously stable  
So one night in June  
she sat with a spoon  
and drank herself under the table

There once was a man named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.  
"Oh what the hell,  
I'll get used to the smell.  
And think of the money I'll save."

...Now let's break out the tits and whiskey, and I'll see you in the fall.

If you find yourself throwing used condoms around the room, e-mail AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com.

I can't think of content that's original today but I'm listening to the 'Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me' album - track 8 - s-huggs

Daylight licked me into shape  
I must've been asleep for days  
and moving lips to breathe her name  
I opened up my eyes and found myself alone  
alone  
alone  
above a raging sea that stole the only girl I loved  
and drowned her deep inside of me.

you- soft and only

you- lost and lonely

you- just like heaven.

1. Aug 2005



# Fifty Things I Believe In

By Sam Goldman

This is the very last article I will write for *The Stony Brook Press*.

Writing that statement, I know that's bullshit. I'll be back, one way or another. But for now, let's just pretend this is my final article. It will be our little secret, okay? Okay.

I believe that everyone should take a walk around the place where they live once a day, not for exercise, but just to enjoy nature. People don't go outside just for the sake of being outside and enjoying the outdoors anymore.

I believe that if I wasn't allowed to listen to music anymore, I wouldn't be able to survive. I believe that any kind of music performed live has an energy that simply cannot be duplicated. I believe in God.

I believe that what God wants most, overwhelmingly, is for us to take care of ourselves, each other, and the planet we live on, both spiritually and physically.

I believe that politicians who use God's name to promote some sort of political agenda will find themselves punished when the time comes.

I believe God never intended for me to be a dancer.

I believe that people who live 2 houses apart should come outside and talk to each other in person instead of using email or phones, or Facebook.

I believe that Peter Luger's steaks are worth the money.

I believe that those who are fortunate have an obligation to help those who are less fortunate. I believe that comics can be much more than just escapist art for geeky preteens; that they can illuminate and stimulate just like books can. Don't believe me? Pick up a copy of *V For Vendetta*. You won't regret it, I assure you.

I believe that Bill Maher is the most underrated person on television.

I believe that Bill O'Reilly is the most overrated person on television. Oprah is second.

I believe that there will be no National Hockey League next year.

I believe that baseball is only worth watching if you're there in person.

I believe that Sam Adams is the best beer in the world.

I believe I'd rather have some vodka.

I believe that I will call *The Partisan* by its proper name when it proves to be worthy competition for *The Press*.

I believe that if they are serious about making it a true conservative paper and not the *Anti-Press*, if it can find its own identity, that it can be worthy competition, and sooner rather than later.

I think that *The Statesman* has become completely and utterly inconsequential to the university; almost like a printed version of white noise. The University would do well to cancel its subscription and give that money to Mike Nevradakis at *The Independent* so they can put out a paper version.

I believe that WUSB is the most overlooked, underappreciated, greatest thing this campus has. It's a shame people on campus can only get it if they are sitting at their PCs. And it's a shame that the University doesn't remind people of what an awesome thing it has.

I believe that our Vice President of Student Affairs should actually care about student affairs.

I believe that Shirley Strum Kenny needs to spend more time outside talking to students and less time holed up in her office in Admin.

I believe that the administration, at every level, has not done nearly enough to stop a willingness to threaten and defame from becoming valid methods of getting attention in student government. My friends were threatened several times

this year by a bunch of brainwashed, hate-filled thugs poorly masquerading as student politicians. I guess no one cares if students are threatened, or alleged to be rapists in a public forum, so long as no one's embezzling money, huh?

I believe that those thugs found out what their tactics earned them this past weekend: Nothing. The people have spoken, and they don't like what you stand for, because they know you stand for nothing but hatred.

I believe that the two biggest problems USG faces have nothing to do with elections, political parties, or club and organization rights. The two big problems are that they are going to have a budget deficit every year; and that 90% of the people on this campus could care less if USG were to vanish from the face of the earth.

I believe, and I have said this before, many times over, that USG should be dissolved, and that they should build a better student government from scratch.

I believe that I am sick and tired of talking about student government.

I believe that "Pizda Huyova" means "vagina of the penis" in Russian. It was a funny pseudonym while it lasted. But I think we need a new one.

"I believe that baseball is only worth watching if you're there in person."

I believe that the sexiest thing in the world to me is stimulating conversation.

I believe that I fall in love with almost every woman I talk to for more than twenty minutes. This inevitably sets me up for the disappointment that occurs when they don't feel the same way.

I believe that the second sexiest thing in the world is when a woman lets long hair flow down her shoulders instead of tying it up into a bun. I believe that if you have conversations that start with "I bought this amazing Gucci purse that I'm gonna take with me to the club," then I don't want to know you.

I believe that if you have conversations that start with "Let's go have a picnic in Mendelsohn Quad; I'll bring some beers and reuben sandwiches, and we can sit down and talk about the meaning of life," then I want to know you. And we should have that picnic.

I believe that the most beautiful girls I've ever met all happen to have come around the Union basement at one time or another. I've always, always wanted to say that. And as shameless and ridiculous as that statement sounds, it's true. If you're looking for women with beauty AND brains, there's no better place for you to go.

I believe that the biggest regret I have over the past three years was that I never had someone special to share it with.

I believe that I love my family both in spite of their opinions and because of them. They are my rock and my wheels. They ground me and yet they keep me moving forward.

I believe that harmlessly flirting with Amberly Timperio is a hell of a lot of fun.

I believe that Beerfest can do without "boo's" and frat boys.

I believe that living in the same house with people like Joe Filippazzo, Mike Prazak, Jess

Worthington, Mike Billings and Dustin Herlich was an awesome experience. I just wish I wasn't so messy.

I believe that my friends make me feel like I am the most popular guy in the room even when it's not remotely true.

I believe that being 70 miles away from my friends is an awful feeling.

I believe that when I tell my kids about watching Tom Clark getting the largest scarification on record, that they will either look at me with newfound respect, or ransack my closets looking for drugs.

I believe that *The Stony Brook Press* has changed my life in so many ways it would take another list.

I believe that *The Press* is in good hands with Rob Pearsall steering the ship.

I believe that, when it comes to *The Press*, the best is always yet to come.

I believe that the past three years have been the most fulfilling of my entire life. I feel like I finally know who I am as a person and what I was meant to do on this earth. And for that I thank (in no particular order): Joe Filippazzo, Mike Billings, Jacquie Bachman, Dustin Herlich, DJ James Blonde, Ben Bravmann, Juliet DiFrenza, Bublz, Vincent Festa, Rob Gilheany, Paula Guy, Jackie Hayes, Steph Hayes, Adam Kearney, Bill Lewis, John Mascher, Jamie Mignone, Mike Nevradakis, Andrew Pernick, Joey Safdia, Tom Senkus, Christine Tanaka, Chris Williams, Brian Wong, Jess Worthington, Chrysti Price, Rob Pearsall, Jowy Romano, Matt Willemain, Mike Prazak, Joan Leong, Tom Clark, Cheryl Lynch, Leo Borovskiy, Fianna Sogomonyan, Joe Rios, Meri Wayne, Marcel Votlucka, Melanie Donovan, Nicole Barry, David Ginn, Beverly Bryan, Dan Hofer, Joe Hughes, Russ Heller, Squirrel, Ceci Norman, Esam al-Shareffi, Norm Prusslin, Ann Pashenkov, Ana Maria Ramirez, Joanne Marino, Sean Keane, Karen Hansen, Brian Libfeld, Adam Schlagman, Doug Barnum, Tim Lackey, Jeff Licitra, Diana Post, Kristine Renigen, Steve Kreitzer, Godfrey Palaia, Tiffany Russo, Brian Wasser (who I don't really know but whose articles are outrageously good), Mike Yeh, Eric Bruzaitis, the late, lamented Reformation, and all those people, on a national, regional, and local level, who were stupid enough to give me stuff to write about. If there's anyone I missed, please email me and verbally kick my ass for a) thinking that naming people would be a good idea when it is, in fact, a monumentally stupid one, and b) forgetting to include your name in it.

I believe that in 10 years, I'll be successfully running my own magazine that talks about politics for people who don't really like politics. It will be modeled after the late JFK Jr's *George* magazine, except without the glossy celebrity pictures, and an emphasis on telling you, for instance, why exactly judicial appointments are so important and how they could affect the country and your life, instead of just what political parties are doing about it. I will fill the staff with as many ex-*Press* staffers as I could. I'll also have a side business (or at least some money invested in) running a bar with live rock music. And every month those friends who happen to live close by will stop in for drinks, some reminiscing about old times, and some discussing the exciting new things they are working on.

I believe that if you ever want to say "hi" or "go to hell," you should email me at lamppost@gmail.com.

I believe that, while "goodbye" would be the standard way to end an article like this, I'd rather end with something more hopeful, so...

I'll see you later.



# The Living Tribunal Passes Judgement On: The Hulk: Banner

The Hulk has been on the rampage again leaving death and destruction in his wake... but what of the man within the beast? In *Banner* we are shown the psychological repercussions of being responsible for the deaths of countless many. Can Bruce Banner handle the heat? Let's find out...

## PHILOSOPHY

The Hulk, for many, represents the pinnacle of Freudian analysis. An unchecked Ego, or Id or whatever, exploding out of control in a violent eruption, leaving all in utter destruction. Yeah that's fine, we'll just throw pop-psychology at a very dramatic and inspiring philosophical quandary. I prefer to come at this from a metaphorical angle taking into account theories of Naturalism, Ethics and the eternal struggle between the external and the internal.

To begin with, we have Bruce Banner, a man, who through his life has experienced some evils and some goods. Abuse in his youth developed in him a large amount of suppressed anger and rage. However, besides this set back, he was able to excel as a physicist, propelling himself eventually into a high ranking governmental position. Thus, no extreme situations from either end of the spectrum individuate the character from any other normal persons life: we've all taken shits, we've all eaten shit. It was his work with the Pentagon that led to him becoming exposed to the radiation that would serve as a catalyst for his transformation into the Hulk.

We are always led to believe that the Hulk is part of Bruce Banner, that is to say, he is not an independent entity unto himself. But unlike his literary forefather, Dr. Jekyll, Bruce Banner requires no potion to bring out his bestial side, simply anger. But is he tapping into an evil side of himself as an individual, or is he tapping into the evil side of Humanity itself? If the fantasies of Naturalist philosophers are true, then the Hulk isn't really a manifestation of his personal "evil" side, but of the violent potential that always exists within men.

More specifically it could be the case that the Hulk doesn't show us the "evil" side of man perse, but may give us access to the true nature of man. Schopenhauer was a fan of the idea that man does not exist as an individual entity floating amidst a sea of other individuals. Our ideas of individualism are merely an illusion, and the only chance of cessation of the torture and sadness that this idea inspires is either through denial or submersion in the arts. As it stands, I have rarely seen the Hulk sporting a beret and paintbrush, or carting his Cello through the subway for lessons at Lincoln Center, thus I am led to believe that he actually represents a failed attempt at denial of this "reality." The anger caused by the lack of identity his confrontation with "reality" causes, manifests itself in a raging green behemoth bent on mindlessness.

It is this mindlessness that embodies the Hulk that provides Dr. Banner with the denial of the illusion of identity. Only as this engine of destruction, single-minded, and primal, does the utter despair and ennui of "reality" fade. Fueled by whatever rage served as the trigger, Banner maintains the blissful ignorance of the Hulk so long as he remains angry. Once the anger fades, he again descends into his tragic pessimistic valley of "reality," awaiting another surge of anger to free him again. It dawns on me that the Marvel Universe would be saved a large deal of destruction and death if the Hulk could play the guitar, or took up the mouth harp.

## PHYSICS

Mild mannered physicist Bruce Banner was transformed into the Incredible Hulk when he was exposed to a large quantity of gamma radiation from a nuclear explosion. What is most interesting about Mr. Banner's situation is that it was the catalyst for a new area of study in physics for the 20<sup>th</sup> century. The field, which is now called Health Physics, concentrates on the biological effects of harmful physical processes such as electromagnetic radiation. Health Physics was actually inspired by the devastation that the atomic bomb brought upon the Japanese cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima during the second World War; devastation that has been incredibly well researched and will help us in our assessment of the Incredible Hulk.

First off, gamma radiation is not some mysterious green particle that bestows super powers upon disillusioned physicists (\*sigh\*). They are just very high frequency electromagnetic waves and they are made of the same stuff as light. In fact, gamma radiation is definitely not green. Green light is green. Gamma radiation is emitted at a frequency too high for our human eyes to detect and would therefore be invisible.

Marvel.com describes Bruce Banner as having been at "the heart of a nuclear explosion" when the bomb went off. To begin, let's assume that the "gamma bomb" as Incredible Hulk #1 calls it, somehow had no thermal output and was just an explosion which caused a huge flux of gamma radiation.

For argument's sake, let's also say that "the heart" of the detonation has a 100m radius and our protagonist was just inside the region in question. If Bruce had indeed been exposed to the initial blast of gamma radiation from such a explosion, I think that it would be safe to say that the only incredible thing about him would be the speed at which he dies.

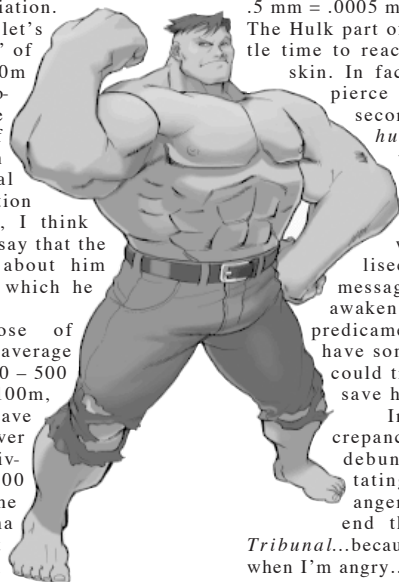
The lethal dose of gamma radiation for the average human being is about 400 - 500 rad. At a distance of 100m, however, Bruce would have gotten an even dose of over 110 Grays, which is equivalent to about 117,000 rad. That's 234 times the lethal dose of gamma radiation. He would not become the Hulk. A

variety of reports say that instead, he would instantly experience a plethora of unpleasant side effects that include extreme diarrhea, vomiting of blood, epilation (loss of hair), severe fatigue, bloody gums, irreparable bone and marrow damage, severe skin burns, inflammation of the stomach and pharynx, blindness, bloody discharge from the genitals, bowels and kidneys, and a really bad fever. Death would follow within a minute or two. Everyone immediately thinks "cancer" when they consider the effects of high radiation exposure but I assure you that this would be the least of Bruce's problems.

Moving on, let's say that Bruce did in fact survive and did in fact become the Hulk whenever he lost his temper. In *Banner*, there is one part where Bruce tries to end his life in a fit of desperation by placing a revolver in his mouth and pulling the trigger. The next panel shows a confused Hulk spitting out a bullet. What this suggests is that as soon as the shot was fired, a defense mechanism in his body quickly changed Bruce into the invulnerable Hulk. This seems a little fishy to me. Let's review the facts...

A bullet from the barrel of a revolver such as the one Bruce uses would have an initial velocity of about  $v_i = 1650 \text{ ft/sec} = 503 \text{ m/sec}$ . Also, when one puts a gun in one's mouth, the barrel's end is typically pushed in until contact is made with the back of the mouth. This means that the bullet must only travel about  $d = .5 \text{ mm} = .0005 \text{ m}$  before it has contact with flesh. The Hulk part of the brain would have very little time to react before the bullet pierced the skin. In fact, the bullet would be able to pierce the skin in about .0000001 seconds. Assuming that Bruce's *hulkification* is like a reflex where the signal from the stimulus must only travel to the spinal cord before a motor impulse can be triggered, it would still take about 20 milliseconds, or .02 seconds, for the message that he had been shot to awaken the Hulk. This is a bit of a predicament since Bruce would have to have some sort of neurotransmitter that could travel at least 1000000 m/sec to save his life.

In closing, there are a lot of discrepancies in the Hulk's powers and debunking them is incredibly irritating, frustrating and just plain angering. On that note, I think I'll end this installment of *The Living Tribunal*...because you don't want to see me when I'm angry...



# The Living Tribunal

## The Hulk: Banner

### PSYCHOLOGY

As the Incredible Hulk, Bruce Banner is essentially split into two people; his natural personality of the gentle scientist, and the guise of the aforementioned rampaging Hulk. While one's instinctual explanation for this phenomenon, psychologically speaking, would be to assume that Banner is simply suffering from a mutated form of Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). The truth behind his involuntary transformations, however, is a much more complicated matter. Before we get into that, it is imperative that Banner's DID is affirmed. First of all, Banner has the Hulk as an alter who takes over in threatening situations whose actions are rarely remembered by Banner after the fact. In addition to this, Banner was abused by his alcoholic father as a child and witnessed the murder of his mother by that selfsame father. Throw in the depression, mood swings, and suicidal ideations that Banner experiences, and DID is a go.

Although the DID has been well established, the issue is far more complicated. While Banner has been split into two partially separate entities, most people are, at least according to psychodynamic lore, actually divided into three subtypes; the id, the ego, and the super ego. Oddly enough, Banner only displays two of these subtypes. As the Hulk, Banner's id is completely unleashed. For those who aren't privy to turn-of-the-century psychological theory, the id is basically the driving force of survival. It demands satiation at all times, regardless of the consequences. It reacts completely instinctually in every situation, and the main driving force is the acquisition of pleasure and the avoidance of pain. The Hulk is a perfect physical representation of the Hulk; a mindless beast driven by anger and fear. Acting as an unbridled force of nature, the Hulk is an example of the destruction that would be wrought if people operated without the mitigating forces of the ego and the super ego.

As the manifestation of the super ego, Banner is the Hulk's mitigating force. Normally, the super ego can be described as one's conscience, a force that provides a sufficient amount of anticipatory guilt to prevent the general populace from raping and pillaging at whim. Banner is a completely repressed individual who is mostly bereft of any significant amounts of pleasure due to the possibility of turning into a thoughtless maelstrom of pain. Banner seems to be the consequence of a person who allows himself no joy whatsoever, a miserable human being prone to snap at any second. After the Hulk goes on one of his infamous rampages, Banner is left to bear the entirety of the guilt, a burden that forces him to attempt suicide by shooting himself in the mouth.

The problem here is that Bruce Banner is missing the essential third part of the Freudian psyche; the ego. The ego is the mitigating force between the id and the super ego. Acting as a balancer, the ego manifests itself as the human personality. In missing this component, Bruce Banner has no mediator between the diametric opposites of the id and super ego. This is the effect that caused Banner to attempt suicide. Since there was nothing between the two aforementioned subtypes, the super ego was forced to take direct action against the id in order to end the perennial remorse that was levied upon it. In other words, Bruce Banner, despite having DID, is actually less of a person than everyone else.

**The Living Tribunal is:  
Joe Filippazzo, Michael Billings  
and Michael Prazak**



# Ask Neighbor Anything

Dear Neighbor,

Is there a "proper way" to eat soup? I love soup, but whenever I'm over my friend's house his family looks at me strangely whenever I eat it. It doesn't matter if it's clam chowder, chicken noodle, broccoli with cheese, beef and vegetable, minestrone or cream of celery. No matter what, they all think I'm rude or something. Am I doing something wrong? Please help me.

Not Soup-er in Arkansas

Dear Not Soup-er,

I am ageless and omnipotent. My empire of child porn, which will one day be known to every living soul in our dimension, could easily shatter the petty mishaps of any industry known to date. I have been unmasked, and my time has come. **FIRST, THE FALL OF ROME! NOW, THE RISE OF NEIGHBOR!!!**

Dear Neighbor,

This is my first semester at college, but already I can see how tough it's going to be. Nothing is as easy as I thought it would be, and now I'm afraid I'll fail everything. I've always failed. I've never been anything but a failure to everyone. I know I'll never stop letting everyone else down, but can't I at least make myself proud just once? I've never known what it's like to be proud of myself and who I am. I wish just once these tears of shame could be tears of content. What can I do to help myself?

Failure in Maine

Dear Failure,

I am ageless and omnipotent. I have meddled my godly hands in the true blue water of underage eye-candy. My collection of purified youngsters has rightly declared me the deity I truly am! Yes, my dear friend. My time has come. **FIRST, THE FALL OF ROME! NOW, THE RISE OF NEIGHBOR!!!**

Dear Neighbor,

I heard your column is moving to *The Statesman*. Is this true? Everywhere I go that's what people are saying. I really like your column, and I wonder why you'd ever want to switch papers. Well, hopefully this is all just a big rumor. Keep us informed.

Not-Wanting-You-To-Leave in Michigan

Dear Not-Wanting-Me-To-Leave,

I am ageless and omnipotent. My grand and golden library of childhood smut is enough to take the breath away from the most noble man. All shall bow down before me as I unleash my most deadly weapon of masturbation and truly show you all what child porn is all about! You all will see, and you all will be humble. The new age of porn has begun! **FIRST, THE FALL OF ROME! NOW, THE RISE OF NEIGHBOR!!!**

VICTORY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Editor's Note:

Neighbor was found when we were taking these pictures and had to flee. May he evade capture to keep kiddie porn at SBU. Godspeed Neighbor.





# Lost - The Best Damn Show On TV - Vol. 2

By David K. Ginn

Have you been watching? No? Well, then you've missed out. It's been a while since we've sat around here, had our tea, and discussed the plusses and minuses of this show. Let's take the time to do this now.

Here are the episodes we've covered so far:

Episode 1: Pilot (Part 1)  
Episode 2: Pilot (Part 2)  
Episode 3: Tabula Rasa  
Episode 4: Walkabout  
Episode 5: White Rabbit  
Episode 6: House of the Rising Sun  
Episode 7: The Moth  
Episode 8: Confidence Man  
Episode 9: Solitary  
Episode 10: Raised by Another  
Episode 11: All the Best Cowboys Have Daddy Issues  
Episode 12: Whatever the Case May Be  
Episode 13: Hearts and Minds  
Episode 14: Special  
Episode 15: Homecoming  
Episode 16: Outlaws

Now we move on to the most recent episodes.

## Episode 17: ...In Translation

When the raft Michael and some of the other survivors have been building mysteriously burns down in the night, Jin is accused of the sabotage and made to pay. Meanwhile, we learn some new details about how Jin ended up on the island and some revealing information about his past with Sun.

### Review:

Thank God for this episode. This episode was brilliantly written, directed, and performed. At long last we finally have Jin's side of the story, and against all expectations he turns out to be a good guy after all. Actor Daniel Dae Kim (Jin) gives a stunning and emotionally moving performance, by far his greatest of the series so far. Apart from that the episode still manages to hold its ground with the other elements. Michael slips into a one-dimensional "violent side" that somehow still comes off as honest and multi-dimensional. Some of the other survivors show their true stances when faced with such a sudden catastrophe, and all-in-all the survivors begin to take a new, more focused turn.

\*\*\*\*\* (9 out of 10)

## Episode 18: Numbers

Hurley is amazed when Sayid shows him some of Rousseau's notes- and they match something important from his past. Charlie, Sayid, and Jack have no choice but to follow Hurley into the jungle as he searches for the answer to how he got there and why his life turned out the way it did.

### Review:

The Hurley episode. Fina-fucking-ly. It's about time. His episode is great. The insights into his past are stunning, revealing, and often quite funny. The rest of the episode works wonderfully; watching Hurley become badass is something worth watching more than once.

\*\*\*\*\* (8 out of 10)

## Episode 19: Deus Ex Machina

When Locke and Boone fail in their attempts to open the mysterious hatch, Locke starts to feel the effect of his troubled past- and

the return of his own physical disability. Meanwhile, back at camp, Sawyer's got headaches and Jack is just a little reluctant to try and help him.

### Review:

Wow. Locke's second episode, while definitely not "Walkabout", is still visually and emotionally stunning. Terry O'Quinn (Locke) delivers an amazing performance- possibly even



DE PLANE, BOSS, DE PLANE!  
Courtesy of Lost-Media.com

better than in "Walkabout". What we finally see is that there is more than one side to every character, and even someone as great and wise as Locke has his demons, and his flaws. As a side note, the conflict between Sawyer and Jack is hysterical.

\*\*\*\*\* (8 out of 10)

## Episode 20: Do No Harm

After Boone's tragic accident in the jungle, Jack tries desperately to save his life. Meanwhile, Locke is missing and some people want to know where he's gone to, and what exactly happened between him and Boone. Also, to top it all off, Claire develops a trouble of her own- she's having the baby.

### Review:

This episode made me cry many times. It was moving, gripping, and kept me in suspense the entire time. Jack gives his best performance in the series, and despite everything else going on we still learn some interesting things about his past, which provide insight on exactly why he does certain things and why he has trouble "letting go". What also stands out in this episode is the emergence of Jin as a truly involved and nearly heroic character. Also, Sun gives her best performance of the series as she plays level-minded nurse to Jack's obsessed-surgeon. The interaction between her and Jin (remember they are, as of this point, estranged) works on so many levels. She translates for him as he plays the part of the heroic messenger to the far-away and in-labor Claire, and he's faced with the awkward situation of having to talk through her, despite the fact they haven't seen each other since they separated. This episode ties some things together, but opens a lot more up. Great job.

\*\*\*\*\* (9 out of 10)

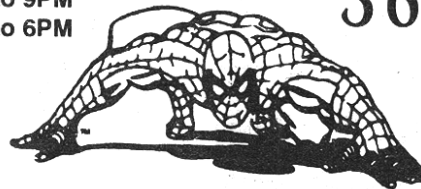
## Lost: The Journey

A re-cap of the on-island events that have happened since the tragic crash of Oceanic Flight 815, told in a linear fashion and meant to catch new viewers up to speed.

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# Lost - The Best Damn Show On TV - Vol. 2

By David K. Ginn

## Review:

Oh boy, where to begin? This was not good. This was definitely not good. This was something that had "Corporate Network" written all over it. Alright, maybe it was halfway decent in and of itself, and yeah it probably caught many people up with the show, but it was goddamn disappointing for anyone who's seen all the episodes. Just so you know what I'm talking about, here's why I'm so drastically disappointed:

The ABC (official, fucking official) website AND T.V. Guide both summarized the show as a useful guide which would show the characters' back stories in linear fashion as well as uncover some of the mysteries that have been surrounding the island. The episode, according to them, would allow new viewers to catch up while also providing new information for loyal viewers. Unfortunately, my internet's not working right now, so I can't get you a direct quote, but trust me. It was all screwed up.

The interesting thing is that the episode was completely different than it was advertised by the network. After each episode we're given video promos of the next episode, and these are all so hysterically misleading they only serve two purposes: 1) To give you glimpses and images from the next episode, and 2) to show you the glorious wonders of editing. The T.V. Guide blurb and the ABC description were not video promos, however, and it is my personal belief that even if ABC and T.V. Guide were to mislead you they should not be allowed to lie.

What's interesting is that we never saw a promo trailer for "Outlaws" in which the narrator says "And Sawyer murders Jack". This is what the promo trailer we saw was meant to imply, but it was only misleading and they never lied.

This episode, however, was a lie. It was an intentional lie devised to pull in new viewers for May sweeps while not losing any viewers for the week. ABC was so afraid they would lose the

loyal viewers by showing a re-cap episode that they lied right out in the open to us. Oh well. Life goes on, I guess.

If you are a new viewer and would like to get caught up, I do recommend watching the episode. It's quite informative and very efficient in what it actually does do. Conveniently, the entire episode is up on the ABC website for anyone to watch. If you want to check it out, go here:

[www.lost.abc.com](http://www.lost.abc.com)

There's no downloading or anything. All you have to do is click on the little thing and then start watching. It should be about forty minutes long.

**IMPORTANT:** If you do watch this and nothing else you are missing out on the one thing that makes this show so damn interesting: the flashbacks. None of the stuff you'll see in the re-cap has much significance without the true essence of the show to back it up. My advice to you is to SEE THE EPISODES. They're forty minutes each and they're available in more places than you think.

If you would like a copy of an episode, or of many episodes, simply bring a blank CD down to *The Press* office and ask for David. If I'm not there, leave me the CD and your name. Two episodes will fit on the CD, and the labor is well worth getting more people to see the show.

Alright, well, I hope this was informative for everybody. If this issue comes out before Wednesday night (shyeah, right) you'll all have time to read this before **Episode 21 - The Greater Good**. It airs at 8pm Wednesday.

After that there's an absolutely gorgeous lineup, which can be found in the little box somewhere on this page.

Lastly, the complete first season of *Lost* will be available on DVD in September. If you don't want to pay the hefty moola they're asking

for it, no problem. Simply go onto Amazon.com and pre-order the DVD for 33% off, right now. Yes, even though the show isn't finished yet, you can still pre-order the DVD. Oh, the joys of capitalism when it actually works for you. ...Or does it? Well, either way, there should be a nice pretty picture of the DVD squeezed somewhere on this page as well.

So long everybody, and until we meet again, "It's Hurley time!!!" Well, no, not really, but... shit, you'd have to have seen the Jimmy Kimmel special to know what I'm talking about. If you haven't, then find it and watch it. It's funny.

So long, my friends.

"Doctor, you've been holding out on us." - John Locke (the character, not the philosopher)

## The Lost Calendar

### Episode 21 - The Greater Good

Wednesday, May 4 - 8pm

### Episode 22 - Born to Run

Wednesday, May 11 - 8pm

### Episode 23 - Exodus (Part 1)

Wednesday, May 18 - 8pm

### Episode 24 - Exodus (Part 2)

### Episode 25 - Exodus (Part 3)

Wednesday, May 25 - 8pm - 10pm

## Haiti Uncovered

By Jackie Hayes

### Continued from page 20

report it to the police because they will rape you." Another boy, Jeremy, whom Duff had worked with at the children's radio station, went into hiding following the ousting of Aristide. He later discovered his grandmother was executed when demobilized soldiers went to his house looking for him.

When asked why she thought the US' was involved in the removal of Aristide she stated, "the US has a fear, an obsession with controlling politics in other countries. The President [Aristide] was not in the US' interest and there is a lot of money to be made in the exploitation of Haiti, in the control of imports to Haiti."

### Future of Haiti

In both the interviews with Lyn Duff and Georges Fournon they predicted a grim future for Haiti. Provincial elections are scheduled for this coming October and presidential elections are scheduled for November, yet with increased violence and chaos it is difficult to see how these elections will be considered legitimate. Some political parties, including Aristide's Lavalas party, have not come out in support of the upcoming elections and some plan to boycott.

Aside from political conflicts, Haiti continues to be faced with economic devastation,

violence and the depletion of resources, including clean drinking water. The US' interventions in Haitian affairs have not improved any of these problems. If anything, the continued interference of the European and US governments in Haiti have been a major cause of their economic woes. Everything dating back to slavery and colonialism along with structural adjustment programs, the support of dictatorships, and the arming of defunct militias have forced Haiti into a state of dependency on the United States. We are setting a sad example for the world and cannot expect to aid Haiti or promote democracy by continually robbing them of their sovereignty.

The removal of Aristide is another depressing example of how US intervention has only resulted in increased political chaos, violence and economic devastation. Regardless of one's views towards Aristide, he was democratically elected by an overwhelming majority. If the general population did, in fact, feel Aristide needed to be removed, it is the duty and the right of Haitians to do so.



# Warrior's Rite

By Bill Lewis

In each person's lifetime one has to ask "why" when they look back at the events that took place in their short life. It is within our nature as a race of living beings that we long to understand ourselves and the world around us. At times, we wish to do this by means of science, religion, or even times of apathy. For me and a growing number of people here (state-side) it is the need to trace our family's blood lines. My blood is of Irish descent. We (the Irish) are a proud group, full of life and fire, and not at all like the stereotypical alcoholics that some self-hating Irish like to think of themselves as. It was not until I started to walk along the path of Paganism that I found myself a member of the Celtic Warriors that happen to be few in number in the Pagan life.

No longer are we cattle that are made to enter the island of tears, being ripped from our homes and families. We, the young, walk forth with our heads held high for who we are. In the modern days, a "Celtic Warrior" is, in the Pagan world, your primary caste within a group that you practice with. As well, being known as a Celtic Warrior is also a reflection of one's caste within life. Being a warrior brings with it a manner of respect for others within your practice. It also means that you have to stand side-by-side with your friends and family supporting all of their fights, putting your needs to the side so that you can help them. By no means are we to be meek or to raise our hands to another being in anger or rage, but only to defend ourselves and others around us. For most people this path is not one to be taken lightly, and by no means are you to do this alone at all. At times it is due to this life that we hear others (the Druids) call this a "path of tears."

The first thing that must be understood is that each person who walks the Pagan path enters into it via different rites of passage. The rites of passage are different from the main Pagan Tradition you hold true to. As well, they differ from groups of people that practice together in what is called a Coven, or in my case a Tuatha, the caste that you join, and finally from what your own personal views hold for you to do. The rites of passage a person undertakes are meant to bring that person closer to the Gods and Goddesses and to open the person up to the bonds that are formed with the people that they are joining. There are people of the Pagan and Wicca religions that happen to practice solo or that don't even take a rite of passage into these religions. This is okay since it is all about being a better and stronger person than you were beforehand.

It was three days before

Beltane (May 1) when I had started to ready myself to take part in my rite of passage, joining my Warrior Caste. I had to fast from food and could have very little to drink. The days were spent in making my body and mind ready for what I saw during the trials of Fire, Earth, Air, Water, and Blood. Following the rites of my Tuatha, I had to ready the land in the woods in which we were to gather on

Beltane under the watch and supervision of one of the Druidic order. The first main task set forth to me by the Druid was for me to dig a deep pit for a fire by means of my own hands, without any tools. It was after I had dug the pit with stones and my own hands that I was instructed to make a shallow trench that was about an inch deep, running three yards long

and two feet wide. Thankfully, I was allowed to use a shovel that the Druid had with him. With the sun setting in the sky bathing the land in orange light I sat before the Druid, talking to him of the deeds of the warriors in the days of lore.

With the two days left before Beltane I was back in the woods that I had to ready for my rite of passage. The Druid stood before me holding onto his staff, telling me to clear away any stones and large rocks that lay on the ground in the area wherein my rite was to take place. All of the stones that I had to remove were to be moved to a nearby hill where they were to rest in the sunlight. After I had completed my task,

the Druid reached behind himself and handed me a small hand-ax, telling me to go out into the woods to cut down and bring him the "best cut" wood that I could find. With nothing to use as a pack, I had to walk into the woods until I found some downed tress. I gathered the wood and used vines to bind them together for travel. With the heat of the sun bathing me, I made my way back to the Druid who "inspected" the wood and told me that the wood was not right; I had to go back and travel farther to gather the needed wood. I did as I was told and I made three different bundles, each bound together with vines. With one bundle strapped to my back and one in each hand, I made my way back to the Druid, feeling myself drained from what I had to do. After the Druid had looked the wood bundles over I was told to move the stones and rocks that were on the hill in the sunlight into a shape of a triangle.

On the last day before Beltane, the Druid had me strip the bark of three different trees that were in the area where my rite was to take place; it was my job to twist the bark together to make it into a form of line. Handing the Druid my primitive bark twine, I was told by the Druid that I had to pick the "right" tree that I had shaved the bark off of for my rite. At no time had I known what he meant or what I had to do the next day as part of my rite. I went and pointed at the largest tree that was in the middle of everything that I had stripped of bark. With blue paint the Druid instructed me to go paint the Triquetra on the tree with the Nonegram at my chest level; I had to dry the paint on the tree by blowing air onto the paint.

Beltane had entered that day with a roar of power that seemed to wash over every aspect of life. To date I feel my Irish Blood burning like I have never felt before with a kind of energy that was unknown to me before this day. There is a lack of words that I can use to describe what I felt or allow others to know how it feels in your heart and soul to be on the

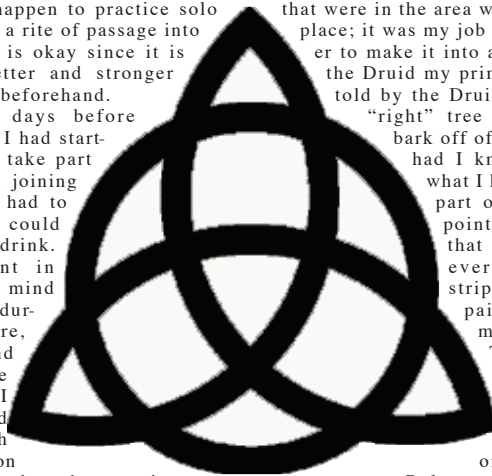
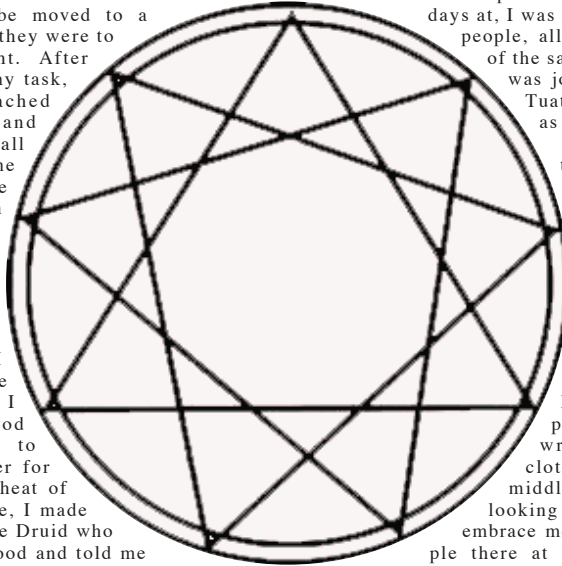
cusps of joining something bigger and deeper in meaning than what you have heard of or been part of. This happens to be one of the feelings that you undergo at a rare few times in your life here, a feeling that you can only wish to hold on to until the end of your days so that you can bask in the ecstasy of everything around you. With the start of the day, the Druid that I had been working with over the period of three previous days had come to my home to take me to the woods that would serve to start the path that I would walk along. As I entered the clearing that I had spent much of my last few

days at, I was greeted by numerous people, all of whom were part of the same Pagan Path that I was joining and all of the Tuatha that I was to join as a member.

There, at the pit that I had dug, was a fire that was blazing with cattle cooking over it. The trench as well was filled with burning wood, the glowing embers of which had a mystical glow about them. The tree that I had stripped and painted over was wrapped in purple cloth and stood in the middle of the gathering, looking as if it was ready to embrace me. Some of the people there at the gathering stood

tall and proud with drums, flutes, and bag pipes by their sides smiling at me as I walked passed them. As I moved forward, the Druid walked past me and stood alongside the people with the instruments. Upon hearing a word he uttered, three ladies in their mid-20s walked forth towards me, their hair ranging in different colors of fire blow and flowed in waves of fiery silk that trailed behind them. As they gathered around me they had me take off my shirt and the boots that I had put on telling me in Irish Gaelic, "Stand tall, warrior, for the world is yours."

With two strikes of a base drum by the Druid, the hollow sounds radiated into my body and over the nearby tree next to which I had been standing. Everyone gathered along the sides of the trench as the Druid took to my side and lead me to the end of the trench's length. All along the sides of the trench stood people with blue symbols painted on their faces and along their arms. Facing the trench they held out shields and swords that they pointed skyward. As the last of them took their place a man on the opposing side of the trench stepped forth. He looked as if he was in his late 30s early 40s. Dressed in dark brown leather and adorned in a gold arm band, silver necklaces, and a crown he called out to me by name. He told me that his title is "Chieftain" and that it was up to me to walk along the path before which I stood. I was informed by him of the dangers of this undertaking that I wished to embark upon which, I was told, would put my life at risk on that day. None of that mattered to me for I was there looking for something that went farther than the means of flesh could ever go. The "Chieftain" had called out to the Druid and asked him if I completed all the tasks that were set forth before me and if I was ready to do the trials of the different elements. With a nod from the



Continued on next page



# Warrior's Rite

By Bill Lewis

## Continued from previous page

Druid a medium-sized stone that weighted at least 25 pounds was dropped next to me. Wrapping my left arm in the cord that I had made the other day from tree bark, the Druid uttered a prayer to me as the "Chieftain" called out to me telling me to bring forth to him "the weight of pain" that laid next to me.

I stood before the edges of the trench holding this heavy stone that was making my arms ache from holding this stone of burdensome weight. The heat from the burning embers was blinding me in the waves that arose from the ground. The people gathered along the sides started to clap their shields together as I drew my breath into my lungs, setting forth onto the path along which I wished to travel. With each step of my feet I felt and heard the steady crunch of the embers with the sound of grinding popcorn that sent heat rushing up my legs to end at my shoulders that were hurting from holding the stone. Only a few steps into my path, I felt like I almost fell as I was yearning to quit, but the people at the sides of the trench shouted aloud wild cries of encouragement as I locked eyes with the ghost-blue eyes of the "Chieftain." Somehow I was able to muster the strength to go on farther and reach the end of this path of fire that I was walking. After I had reached the end of my arduous path of burning embers I dropped my burden before the "Chieftain's" feet. He merely nodded to me to show that he was happy that I was able to complete the path I had walked to him and then he told me to go the tree rapped in purple.

My right arm was tried to the tree with a leather cord that ran up along the tree; the cord was pulled until I was standing upright on my toes with my right arm held high. As I stood there the "Chieftain" stepped forth towards me holding a ritual dagger over which the Druid had poured blue water, covering the blade with water that dripped down to the ground. I was told by the "Chieftain" that warriors must be ready to bleed for what they believe in, for blood is part of who we are; he then asked me if I wanted to cut myself or did I want someone else to cut me along my chest. Looking him in the eyes I asked for the blade which I then used to cut across my upper chest, across my mid-chest just under my breastbone, and along my lower ribs. Some of the people there turned their heads away as blood dripped out into a slow pour from my wounds and bathed my body crimson red.

I arched my head to my side as I cried aloud of all of the warriors of lore from Ireland. A metal tub filled with ice and water was dragged before my hanging body. As I looked down at the ground below me, my blood had ran down long my legs and mixed with the earth below my feet into a mud-like mix. With only a nod from the "Chieftain," I was cut from the tree, falling onto the ground and rolling onto my back. There, on the ground, I was too weak from pain and the lack of food; I was picked up by two other people and placed into the tub of ice water. A breathing tube was placed in my mouth so that I could breathe and then my head went under the water with the rest of my body.

Within the tub of water I could hear the drums pounding around me as the water turned red from my blood that was slowly swirling upwards and around me in the water. There in the water my blood slowly swirled and danced up wards to the surface of the water as I laid there with in the tube.

Feeling something pulling me I sat upright in the tub, sending droplets of water out of the tub and onto the land. I sat there, shivering from the cold water, as the Druid came over to me and helped me out of the water slowly, only telling me I was in the water far longer than I thought. Once out of the water one of the young ladies that had stood with me as I removed my shirt came forward in a long flowing dress that hugged her body with every step that she took. She walked around me rapping me in a purple robe, drying me off and keeping me warm. As she was doing that the "Chieftain" called out to me, telling me that I was now part of the Warrior's caste since I had completed all of the tasks that were set before me. With that, music filled the air around us as we broke out into a feast and a celebration for my joining part of the Warrior's caste.

I am Pagan, part of the Celtic Warriors Caste. There is a statement that has always stayed with me, said to me by a Roman Catholic Priest after he found out that I joined the Pagan world. "May God be with you and bless you. May you live to see your children's children. May you be poor in misfortune and rich in blessings, from this day forward and in days to come."

# To Have Been Loved and Lost...@ Stony Brook

By Noha Aladdin Elfar

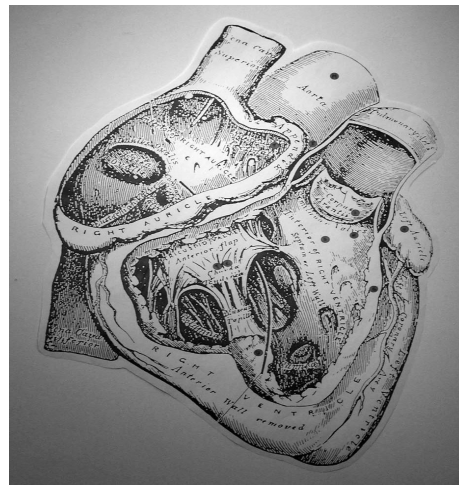
In the beginning of September, confusion, fear, and intimidation were the feelings that came about on my first day at Stony Brook especially being an Arab-American Muslim female; trusting and devotion was a struggle. However all that vanished when I took that faithful step into the "commuter lounge" (a.k.a the hangout spot). It was apparent that the people there had already known one another so an introduction was necessary. One by one, I was introduced to the people who would soon be a big part of my life but only one stood out...

He was Haitian, as Haitian as they get. His dark complexion and his outstanding smile had me at "hello." It was that moment that we instantly connected. Days, weeks, and months went on and we grew fonder of each other. It's true what they say, "Love is blinding." Especially to all cultural and religious boundaries, which eventually became a struggle.

Me, being an Arab, automatically puts me in a social standard. How to dress, walk, talk, act and even breathe made a difference. Stony Brook, having a large Arab community, being watched and judged is constantly a fear especially in a woman's life. Finding herself was limited to only what was acceptable. Through this pain, whispers of voices taunted my ear constantly. As if I was reaching my hand out to him and everyone else kept pushing it away. "It's for your own good." "You'll struggle." "What are you thinking?" Only to name some of the few "advices" that were given.

It's difficult to find yourself when everyone tries to shape you. Distinguishing between culture and religion is almost impossible. Only those who were warned or have previous experiences know best. Naïve and scarred, I pushed him away, convincing myself that we could never be. Despite our struggle we became the greatest of friends. We talked, laughed and

cried together. Through thick and thin he was always there... but all that came to a complete halt, when the whispers began to turn into rumors. Rumors of hate that enables one to ruin a person's name; that in which sliced through my heart because I finally realized that my own



THE HUMAN HEART; WHERE PAIN IS BORN  
Courtesy of [www.mnartists.org](http://www.mnartists.org)

people could stab me in the back. Living in their old world and their orthodox, hypocritical thoughts made me sway in order to gain respect and acceptance by my peers. And I ask myself, "why must an Arab woman shape herself to gain an unspoken mutual respect while Arab men aren't put under the same microscope of shame?" And not just Arabs but all men, who belong to a cultural or ethnic background. I can

only speak about my own race, however, things like this happen in every existing society.

Slowly but surely, I pushed my best friend away. From ignoring phone calls to avoiding him on campus, led to me breaking his heart several times. As time went on, hearing from his friends about how badly I hurt him and how much he missed me, made me cry myself to sleep. The pain continued until he decided to break loose and we both went our separate ways. I realize now that I hurt him so much. It's like being abandoned on a cold rainy day with no umbrella. I used to be his umbrella; I used to be his everything and now nothing...not even a smile.

Giving into the pressures of society, I realized it the hard way, that he was the only one who truly cared and loved me with every aching bone in his heart and soul. It's been two years since I first laid eyes on him and the tingly feelings haven't stopped. But now the tables have turned and as I try to touch base with him and rekindle what once was, it seems almost impossible. Is it too late? Why was I so caught up in being accepted? See, no matter how much you try, people will always have something to talk about whether you give it to them or not. Through all these lessons that I was forced to learn, I realized that I love him, loved him and will always love him. And it was all my fault for letting such a beautiful person slip through my fingers due to the taunting whispers that shouldn't matter nor stand in the way of something so perfect.

How the story will end we may never know but a lesson learned to all females; don't let the world shape who you are and mostly who you love. Hold on to it with a tight grip, in a manner that doesn't cross your religious boundaries, because in the end ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE.



# Interview with *Lost's* Terry O'Quinn

By David K. Ginn

ABC's primetime drama *Lost* has taken everybody by surprise. Apart from its huge success with the masses it also has a ridiculously devoted cult fan-base. I should know. I'm part of it.

The show, which follows the journey of a group of castaways both before and after the tragic plane crash that landed them on the island, features a wide variety of characters, each with their own back story that tells more and more about their life now. Among this array of characters is John Locke (and yes, the connection to the famous philosopher is no coincidence).

Locke, portrayed brilliantly by actor Terry O'Quinn, is a mysterious old (and bald) man who assumes the role as the group's skilled hunter. We find out soon enough, though, that Locke has his own story to tell... and what a story it is.

I, through some sort of divine intervention, was able to get an interview with Mr. O'Quinn, and through some further unexplained miracle I was able to get it just in time to be printed. The interview starts with the basic question:

**S.B.P. - What's the best thing, for you, about working on *Lost*?**

**T.O. -** The role is the best thing ... easily. Then, the people (cast and crew), and the place.

**S.B.P. - What other cast members would you say you're closest with?**

**T.O. -** Not dodging here... I am happy to see every one of them. I look forward to working with any of them. It's the easiest job I've ever had in that respect, except perhaps for ALIAS... coincidence?

**S.B.P. - What's your favorite episode of the show so far?**

**T.O. -** Why, "Walkabout," of course.

**S.B.P. - Which performance (either episode-wise or scene-wise) of yours are you most proud of?**

**T.O. -** I liked the scene in "White Rabbit" wherein I talk with Jack about the "eye of the Island." I also really enjoyed the scene with Sawyer and Kate, talking about my sister, the golden retriever.

**S.B.P. - People on the message boards have asked you about where you see your character's future, and you've never budged from saying that you're quite content discovering the character at the same pace we do. Could you elaborate on that?**

**T.O. -** It's pragmatism. Since they aren't inclined to tell us where we're headed, I accept and even enjoy the process. I don't think it hurts the way I deliver the character. It's different, and I had to make adjustments in how I approach the role, but in a way it's easier, because the responsibility for knowing everything about the person is removed. It appeals to my lazy side I admit, but it also sets me free.

**S.B.P. - Many fans are surprised to see**

**that you frequent the message boards and keep in touch so often. Why do you put aside the time to do this, and is it something you feel should be done by more people?**

**T.O. -** I enjoy it. It's a way to communicate with people who care about the show and my work without having to get on an airplane or go on a talk show or go to a convention or be surrounded. It gives me time to think about my answers ... one person at a time. For me, almost the only other option regarding fans is to do nothing at all, and I want to do something. I know there's always fan mail, but in all honesty, that's a little like homework. I know not everyone can go on line so I try to answer fan mail too but I find the internet much more pleasant. It's more immediate.



**400 KNIVES!? I COULD ONLY GET 200 OR 300...**  
Courtesy of The Best Damn Show on TV

**S.B.P. - How would you compare your celebrity appeal before and after *Lost*? Of your work before *Lost*, what did you most enjoy?**

**T.O. -** Because of *Lost*, people know why they recognize me. They used to recognize me and not know why.

I'd enjoyed nothing more than the theatre, performing live on stage, partly because I had great roles to perform.

**S.B.P. - How are you able to relate to Locke? What "common ground" do you share?**

**T.O. -** Insecurity ... a desire to have some meaning ... spirituality...

**S.B.P. - Who are your four favorite authors? Favorite T.V. show?**

**T.O. -** Patrick O'Brien, Charles Dickens, Jane Austen, Carlos Castaneda, Kurt Vonnegut, Dick Francis(horses), Van de Wetering (the Amsterdam cops), Louis de Berniere ... to name a few.

**S.B.P. - What do you do when you're not working with the show?**

**T.O. -** Swim, walk, ride bicycle, play guitar, read ... that's all I can mention in a public forum.

**S.B.P. - Is there anything else you'd like to say to your fans here on Long Island?**

**T.O. -** Peace and Love. Watch what's coming toward you. [E]verything means something. Enjoy the rest of the season.

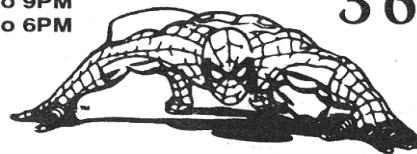
*Thanks again to Terry O'Quinn. The fact that he would take the time out for this shows how honest and devoted he truly is, both to his profession and to his fans.*

*And he's right - watch *Lost*!!!*

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# Four Years Continued...

By Dustin Herlich

## Continued from page 42

all a nice guy. I know few stories at best that depict you doing anything negative, and the keepers of those stories still have good things to say about you. You've supported student media, you've supported me. I have to say, considering the cold shoulder treatment I've gotten from so many others, I'm really touched by the amount of time and effort you've put into what I had to say. In a perfect world, *you're* the President of this University, and Norm Prusslin is VP of student affairs. Your efforts do not go unnoticed. Thank you for being one of the few that cares, not just on the outside. I know that Alexandra Dougan amongst others has been at odds with our organization over the years, but lately, especially with the CORE fiasco, you've been very supportive.

Norm Prusslin. If the union basement is hell (which it very much is) then the current editor of *The Stony Brook Press* must be the ruler of hell (if only for the year they are editor). You, on the second floor (in Heaven) are clearly God or some other celestial being. You keep the radio station broadcasting, The print media printing, *The Press* out of jail and you do it all with a calm demeanor. HOW????? I interact with a fraction of the people you do, and I want to rip my hair out. You have to be someone special to do all of what you do. I know of no one, student, staff, faculty, administrator or other who has anything but

the absolute most wonderful things to say about you. You deserve to have the Tabler Center named after you. You've taught us all the craft of journalism, and given more back to student life than anyone else – ever. That's my story and I'm sticking to it. A special thanks is also in order for Isobel and Fianna who have provided invaluable support over the years.

To Pat, Gayle, and Sonia of USG accounting; I know you deal with a lot, and I appreciate it. Thanks for getting me to Nashville and thanks for putting up with a lot of heartache. You guys had to work with Ronda at one point. Wow. Aside from all the psychotic goings on, most clubs seem to have existed, functioned and programmed like they were supposed to. *The Press* printed, Earth revolved around its axis, and all is well. On behalf of all student media, I thank you.

To the people in Campus Dining and Chartwells who are actually nice to students, thank you. Doreen at the Union Deli deserves special thanks just for everything she's done. She works hard and seems to get a little recognition for is at an editor of a campus publication. Penny will be sorely missed. We all died a little inside the day she didn't come back. Thank you also to people like Lisa Ospitale and Brian Libfeld for showing kindness to the stu-

dents. Thank you Deng Lee's for the rashes, the food poisoning and the article ideas. Thank you meal plan for stealing all my money for two years and giving me a reason to move off campus.

To John Madonia and Mike Teta, thank you, thank you, thank you. You hold the union together. I don't know how, I don't want to know how. We in student media thank you for making our lives just a tad easier and not giving us a hard time for no reason like certain other infamous people do. You deserve recognition for all your hard work. By the way, there's a light bulb out in the archives, and the WUSB studio is still really warm...

Norm, I thanked you already, but it wasn't enough. Thanks again.

Professors. I've had a few of 'em, and I've actually liked some of them. Go figure. Thank you to Dr. David Allison for teaching me more about thinking than I thought I would learn, and

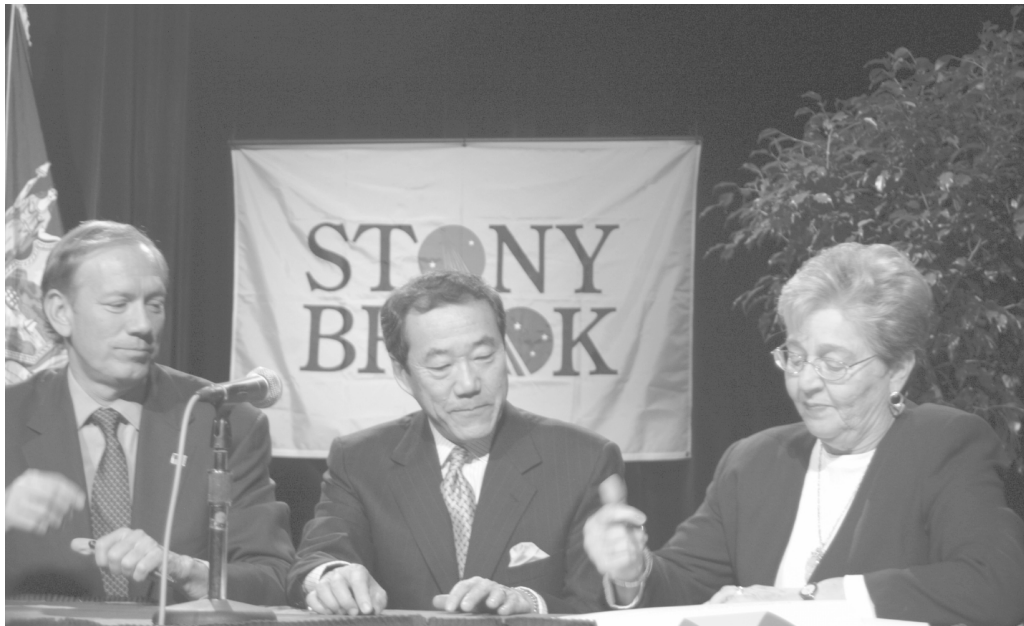
Professor Goldenberg, thank you for your insight into the academics of Judaism. It was something I'll never forget. I have to also thank all of the MSRC professors who have taught me over the years, or have not been my professor, but shown me respect and helped me along. Thank you Dr. Roger Flood not only for summer employment, but also for helping guide me along.

To my calculus professors: May screaming Banshees drag you back to the depths of hell from whence you came.

What I'd like to concentrate on now is the various students and clubs I've been involved with who have really done a lot for me, and who have shown tremendous resolve. It would only be fair to start out once again thanking Kevin O'Conner. Thanks to him I have my major and in part, my career.

Along the same vein I have to give a "Shout out" to the Environmental Club (Gang Green?) and all the students in it. Great job on the boat! Thank you Dr. Lwiza for all your help. I wish the SCUBA club much continued success and I hope to be diving with them shortly.

Student media is where I have spent most of my time and that is where most of the people I really need to thank come in. WUSB has been my new labor of love for the last year and it's been great. I look forward to many more years working with the zany cast of



**YEAH, I TOOK THAT. I'M THAT GOOD,**  
Courtesy of Dustin Herlich

for telling me all the stories you have in the past few years. Your classes are phenomenal, your lecture insightful and your attitude towards the students should be the standard. Thank you for enlightening me and my colleagues for all these years. Dr. Malcolm Bowman, I owe a large portion of my success at Stony Brook to you, and to Kevin O'Connor who first introduced me to you. Thank you for always putting up with me, and for helping me along towards my true path.

James Cassidy has shown me things about photography I didn't think I would be able to learn. You've given me something few other professors ever could; you've helped me express myself. People underestimate the abilities of the common man, and the non-art major, but you don't. Thank you. Howard Schneider's class on media ethics is the apogee of my undergraduate career. It's been the most enlightening and insightful experience I've had dealing with media and it's a large factor in my decision to really go more towards journalism and less towards hard research. I never thought that the class would be anything like what it's become. I'd like to say that your class should be taught in Javits 100 so that more people can take the course, but that would spoil the charm. Thanks for showing us all what media and journalism are.

characters that is WUSB. Thank you to all of you for the support and thank you specifically to Dave, Bruce, Mike, Norm, Cut Supreme and Steve K for helping me try to get WUSB news off the ground and for keeping my show on the air. Thanks to Frank for keeping the entire station on the air!

SBU-TV has always been a dedicated lot. I have to thank Steve for making sure that there is always a TV station and for putting up with things no one should have to. Thanks for giving *In Focus* its start. For that, I'll always be eternally grateful. I just wish you'd come back to WUSB one day...

Leo, you've done more for campus media than I want to talk about. You literally built a TV station with your bare hands. Wow. You've actually graduated too.... How do you do it?

Jess, you smell. You've been there keeping the station on the air, but you've also always been there for me as a person. You've seen me shoot bugs with blow guns but you've still taken time to talk to me when I'm down. You're awesome. You don't belong in Philly, you belong here. One day I'm sure you'll take over a small country and we'll all live happily ever after.

Kristine and Steph, I'm sure you'll just

**Continued on next page**

# Four Years Continued...

By Dustin Herlich

## Continued from previous page

live together forever. That's awesome.

Another Union Basement dwelling organization that deserves mention is NYPIRG. You guys are awesome. Thanks for always coming on my show, and thanks for all the hard work you put in to what you. Keep on fighting the good fight.

Thanks Jules for being so full of energy, and thank you Jaxx for being undeniably amazing. I can thank you for all the senate stuff, SBU-TV stuff, and even the personal stuff, but I don't think there would be enough money left to print the issue if I thanked you properly for everything.

*The Statesman*, over the years, has had police tell me I can't go near them, but occasionally has been nice to me, too. Currently, I have to say there is no ill will that I know of. There are certain former editors though I'd like to see disposed of in a volcano. Healthy rivalry is fun, made-up stories and police threats are not.

AAE-Zine, *Gadfly* and all the rest, keep up the good work guys. I admire you for working with so little.

*Creative Minds*, you guys are great. You've worked so hard, I just wish I could have been more of a help to you this semester. Congrats on a job truly well done.

To my fellows at [www.sbindependent.org](http://www.sbindependent.org) and at the SPJ. ROCK ON!! We know we rule.

To *The Stony Brook Press*, wow. What do you say to your home for the last four years? What do you say to the people who have been your friends, your colleagues and your compatriots?

When I became Managing Editor, and Daniel Hofer became Executive Editor, we had a mission to clean the office physically, spiritually, mentally, emotionally, metaphorically, verbally, and every other "ally" you could think of. I credit Dan (and myself) with throwing out the trash, and starting out on new footing. That was a hell of a year.

Next came my year. I know many didn't see what I was trying to do, but I hope you all understand now. I wanted to continue to get rid of the elements that dragged us down and at the same time set up an infrastructure that would allow us to put out a paper, the likes of which have never been seen before. I tried to instill into people the principles of actual journalism, and Sam and I drew a hard line sometimes that not everyone really agreed with. I think some of these things had to be done. I wish I could have done it all while making fewer enemies, but the past is the past. I'd like to think that when people look back on my year they'd see it for what I tried to make it be, the best year *The Stony Brook Press* had ever had up until that point. I really did work more hours than people realize, doing everything from outreach to student, staff, and administrators, to trying to maintain

the office environment.

I never wanted the paper to lose any of its funny charm, but I wanted it to gain credibility, scruples and quality. The paper had to decide what it was. Was it a paper, a newsletter, or just a humor rag? Now, I say it's a fortnightly news and features magazine that is somewhere between *The Onion* and *The Village Voice*. I really would like to come away thinking that people around the media wing, and especially at the paper really did get my message. I'll toot my own horn and say that the paper could NEVER be what it is now without the last few years giving it a strong foundation to stand on, and I don't think any would disagree.

To clarify ONCE AND FOR ALL, the George Bush/Hitler cover most assuredly was poorly timed due to a holiday, but I don't regret it. I think it made the point it needed to and our constitution says our job is to insight debate. Until they make a law defining good and bad taste, I'm not going to say I did anything wrong and I'm sure many will back me up on this.

Sam, I could never have done anything without your help. I hope you're as proud of what legacy we left as I am. You got thrown into the position, and you did one hell of a job. Thanks for the support. We re-worked the entire layout of the paper, and re-worked a lot of the content. We set a tone that I hope they continue to follow for a long time to come.

The entire E-board I had last year was great, and I'll never forget what you guys did for me, and I'll never forget all the hard times where you stood by me. I really do hope you're all as pleased with the way things went as I am

it's a tough job and we're only human. I gained a lot more respect for past editors and future editors through my time as Executive Editor and I hope you see what I'm talking about. I admire your dedication and resolve. Your attention to details, like mistakes in the issue, is far superior to past years and I definitely applaud you and Rob on that. Being Executive Editor is a thankless job and too often you make enemies of people who should have become your friend. Congrats on a banner year.

I have to thank Amberly for always being kind and always lending a hand. I owe a lot to you personally, and the paper owes a lot to you. You're funny, you're smart, and you write about sex. Can I marry you? And by marry I mean just your slave for life cause you're just more awesome than anyone ever.

Everyone on the current board has put in a lot of work, and it really shows. To name every single person would just take far too long. I charge the new E-board with a mission to uphold the ideals of our organization, and to never forget journalism. A lot of people who have come before you have worked very hard through budget cuts, administrators and irate students to bring forth a quality product. Don't let us down!

I challenge you to pass down the stories and history of the paper that lend richness and life to our office. Keep up the good work and never forget your roots. Work together and make a paper together. Don't let anyone create slack to be picked up. Above all else, communicate with each other. Always be willing to listen to another editor, and always be ready to speak up with ideas. Everything goes to shit when people just stop talking to you and plot behind your back. That's not what this paper is about.

*In Focus* is a show that I intend on continuing for as many years as I physically can, but the last few years really have been wonderful. It's been a little like *Alice in Wonderland*—stumbling through the world of broadcast journalism, but it's been a fun ride nonetheless. It's amazing how far the show has come. The show will always be near and dear to my heart, and the people who have worked on it will be as well.

I blame a lot of the success of the show on Joanne Marino. If you have to tumble through anything with anyone,

Joanne is who you'd want to have with you. Quick thinking and hard working, and always prepared. Through the best and the worst, you've worked on this with me, and always put out the best on-air. You pick up where I fail and falter and always have something to add. I hope you've enjoyed the show thus far as much as I have, and I hope that we continue on into infinity and beyond. On a more personal level I owe you a debt of gratitude as well, but that's an



**BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THAT'S FROM ROTH POND,**  
Courtesy of Dustin Herlich

now, especially seeing this years performance.

To the 2004-2005 Editorial board, thank you. Quantity does not always mean quality, but 100 pages of good quality blew everyone away. I hope that you're all proud of what you've done. You really should be. Joe, you've done a pretty darn good job with things. You kept us printing and picked up a lot of slack. Your hard work paid off, and I think a lot of people know that. We've printed some good funny, and some really good journalism this year. What I learned from being Editor is that

Continued on next page



# Four Years Continued...

By Dustin Herlich

## Continued from previous page

issue to be addressed outside of print. It's my sincerest wish that no matter what happens in terms of the show and graduations that we never lose touch. You deserve nothing but the best in everything, never settle for anything less.

I've tried hard to be more than a co-worker to many, and hopefully history will show that. My biggest gripe is that people just are not nice enough to each other sometimes. If we were more civil, and communicated more this would be a better University. There is never a reason to scream, throw chairs, and/or threaten people's lives, or anything of the sort around here.

Organizations like Blackworld deserve a TON of credit for what they have accomplished in the last year or so. I remember when I first came here what Blackworld was ... You guys get the "most improved" award for sure. That, and unlike some other papers, you've never called the cops on me for no reason.

I'm pleased with what I have accomplished while I've been at Stony Brook. I'll always remember I-CON, destroying all the snobby rich schools at the Harvard Kendo tournament, and making mischief. I can't go anywhere on campus any more without cracking a smile because of some devious deed I remember.

I wish I could say all four years were totally rosy and peachy, but that's just not the case. This place in many regards has eaten me alive, chewed me up and spit me out. I feel very

much like I was too often treated as a number around here, and not a person. If it wasn't for the student media, I don't know what I'd be doing.

I'm forgetting some stories I should mention, and leaving out many stories on purpose. It's harder than I thought to recap four years of being here, and it has come out considerably more mushy than I wanted. This should have been a hard-hitting piece where I call out the forces of darkness by name, but it just didn't work that way. I have high hopes for the future, and fond memories of the past. Even the most awful memories, I'll look back on as funny stories ... eventually. Except the time I got attacked by the 4-armed creature they keep locked away in the Bio building, that I'll never be happy about.

I know I'm forgetting many people, and I feel awful about that, but a 4,500 word article is long enough. Thanks to everyone who has made the last four years something special, and poo poo on you to those who've booted me. So to Mike P, Steve C, Joe Hughes, Dan, Russ, Squirrel, Sean, Mike B, Jackie, and hundreds more characters I'd never have the time to name in this piece. **Thank You.** Thank you for a great four years, and thanks for the learning experience. Sorry again to all of you who got left out of this, please don't feel I don't think you matter.

It's really tough trying to improve student life on this campus in any capacity, and student media can be the hardest. My wish would be that everyone reading this would take

a minute and stop to think about what I've done, who I've spoken to, and what effect I've had. After that, ask yourself what you've done, and what you think you could do better, or what you even liked that I did. Understand how hard I worked to really try and make things better, and use that understanding to do something yourself to make the world a little better.

Instead of making it harder for someone today, make their life a little easier. Giving back to student life, I've learned, is not always about just putting out a product, it's also about how you are to the students in your life. Making someone smile when they're having a bad day is infinitely more valuable to me than putting out a 500-page paper, or interviewing the President of the U.S. Students are people too, and if we all, from President on down, took more notice of that I think we'd all just be that much happier.

It's been great, and I hope this last article has meant something to all of you, and I hope that those of you who have read this understand what I'm saying. Thanks again, and have a great summer.

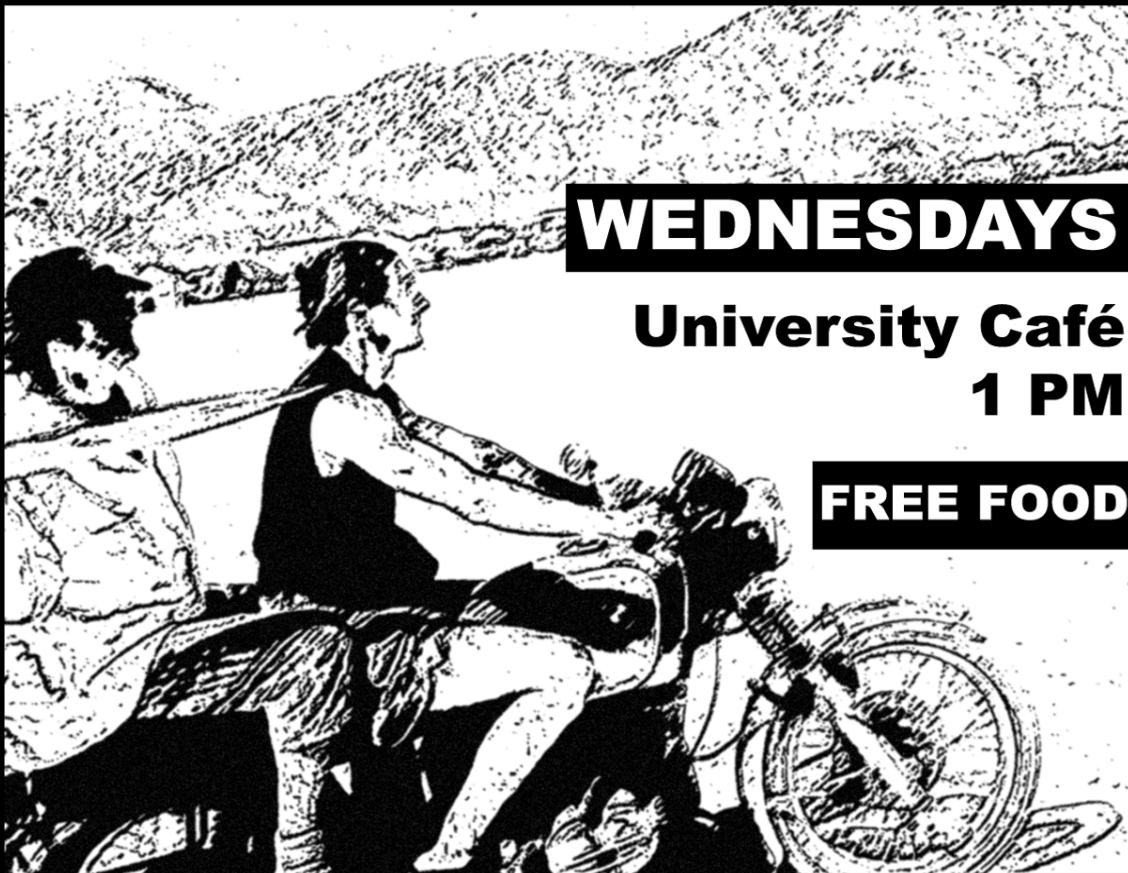
-Dustin Herlich

Former Editor of The Stony Brook Press  
Former News/Public Relations Director of WUSB 90.1FM

Former President of the campus Chapter of The Society of Professional Journalists  
(insert all kinds of other titles here)  
Always proud alum of student media.

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# POEMS

## The Polite Asshole

By Tara Lynne Groth

He has a way with words  
And he'll make your heart melt  
And when you hold him as he sleeps  
It's the sweetest thing you've ever felt

He'll say he's a forgiving person  
But will shut you out of his life  
He says he'd fancy a harem  
But that's because no one wants to be his wife

He'll call himself romantic  
But his temper takes control  
He makes a drama out of everything  
And you see he's an asshole

He comes into your world  
Fills it with sounds and songs  
And it's sad he doesn't have a mother  
To tell him right from wrong

He'll tell you that he loves you  
And that "you're an exception to the rules"  
And you believe him because you love him  
You love him, you fool

You'll never shake the memories  
The good and the bad  
You want him to be happy  
Even though he made you sad

He'll say he wants to see you  
Every day he can  
You ask how his job was  
But he never even went

He holes himself up in his room  
And drinks the day away  
Thinking he's "improving" himself  
But he's lost another day

You'll offer your shoulder and an ear  
He'll tell you all the facts  
It makes your stomach twist and turn  
You really don't want him back

That's okay he doesn't want you  
You're almost done with school  
And it's a shame you still love him  
You love him, you fool

When you're driving in your car  
And the windshield wipers become the metronome of your days  
You hear the silence he created  
And the pain goes away

You want to bring him flowers  
Because it would make him smile  
But you stop yourself  
And stop yourself  
And drive another mile

You slow down and turn around  
Remembering his words so cruel  
You try not to, but you love him  
And you'd forgive him, you fool.

## SCORCHER

She's got chocolate red hair  
Freckles on her face and shoulders  
Big brown eyes  
I like 'em burnt.

She looks like she's out to set someone on fire.  
I don't fuckin' blame her.  
I know she's been through hell

I watch her from across the way  
as she walks over to this guy

He probably called her a "bitch",  
cheated her out of some money  
or worse cheated on her with some BLONDE.

I see her point her fingers, running her mouth  
as loud as she can  
for all the neighborhood to hear her.

He's scared, I told you so!  
He looking for a way out,  
a way to run  
like some Mary.

"No, you listen!"  
she blared at him  
until he turned around and swung at her  
and he missed.

Oh, my god  
You should've seen what she done to him next.  
She just looked at him  
—hell hath no fury like a woman scorned—  
and just set him on fire.

No match  
no lighter  
no gasoline.  
She just set him on fire.

And he deserved it,  
deserved it all.  
Because you don't mess with a redhead.  
EVER.

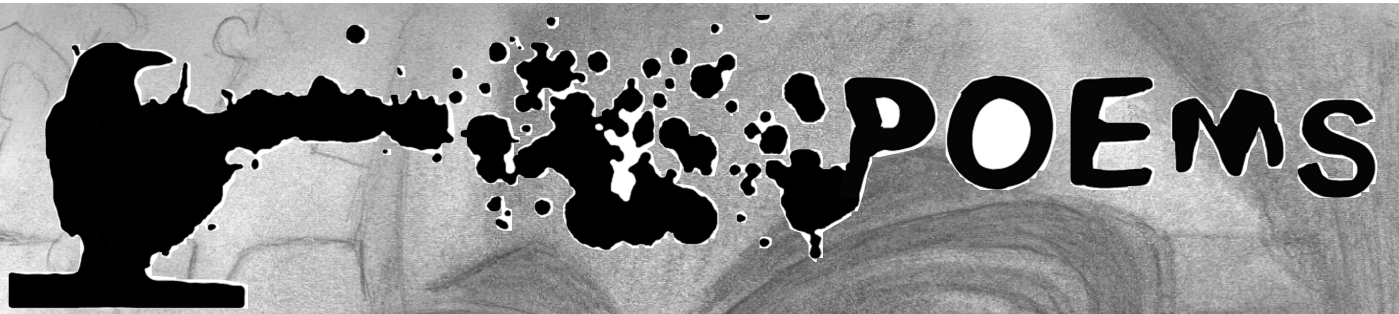
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By Vincent Michael Festa





# POEMS

## The Undergraduate Love Story (placed in SBPress issue 13)

By  
Andrew Ferri

How I'd known that I lost my mind was simple:  
I met a girl.  
And she had yellow sunflowers in her blonde hair.  
Now, wherever I go, even home, nobody is happy to have me.  
She said that she would not leave the bar with out me.  
That was o.k. because all I wanted to do was go to bed with her too.  
I took her home, she rocked my world, even though I had another girl.  
But that's o.k. because beauty had other boys as well.  
How could she?  
Why would she?  
Was I not good enough for my beauty?  
She left behind a photograph then moved on.  
I asked her why?  
She said that all she wanted to do was "fuck big, bald, black men, and  
that wasn't me."  
"I will not be cheated," I yelled.  
"I feel every emotion, mine and yours as well!"  
Sweet and somber contentment stayed in beauties heart.  
Now and again, I still like to pretend, but all of my calls go unanswered.

## Sociopath Sex Lust

By,  
Andrew Ferri

Years later I am more understanding.  
I know better now.  
Because Cooky, corrupt vaginas don't remember shooting stars.  
Viscious swans attack ducks because cooky, corrupt vaginas eat meat.  
A pink ring, around a yellow ring, surrounding a sensational white star.  
Fixation!  
Cooky, corrupt vaginas lye on their backs and see disco lights, smell like  
cigarette butts, don't smoke only when they're not smoking, it isn't a lie  
then!  
This is when the pulse beats whore, whore, whore!  
On her back, ingesting the suns beauty, while I have no where to go!  
Like an old friend not answering the door because I am deadly diseased  
goods.  
Sorry, still second showing Sara.  
Beauty was lustier.

## Silence

By Mary Fair

My Soul is a vast wasteland.  
Converging with blackness.  
It sees and hears everything.  
All Knowing.  
Eyes pierce through the barren.  
It tries to sleep.  
Drifting off is impossible.  
Sound seeps in.  
Filling the air with its happiness.  
Yearning for silence,  
Louder and louder it creeps in.  
"Make it stop!" It cries.  
Deafness consumes the spirit.  
Vision, now, is its only sense.  
Left to watch and examine until it too dies.

## The Third Entry

By David K. Ginn

Every time I think of peace  
I remember all the fluffy geese  
Their names were Bob and Mill and Gray  
I met them only yesterday  
I asked them if they knew of Lee  
But "quack" was all they said to me.

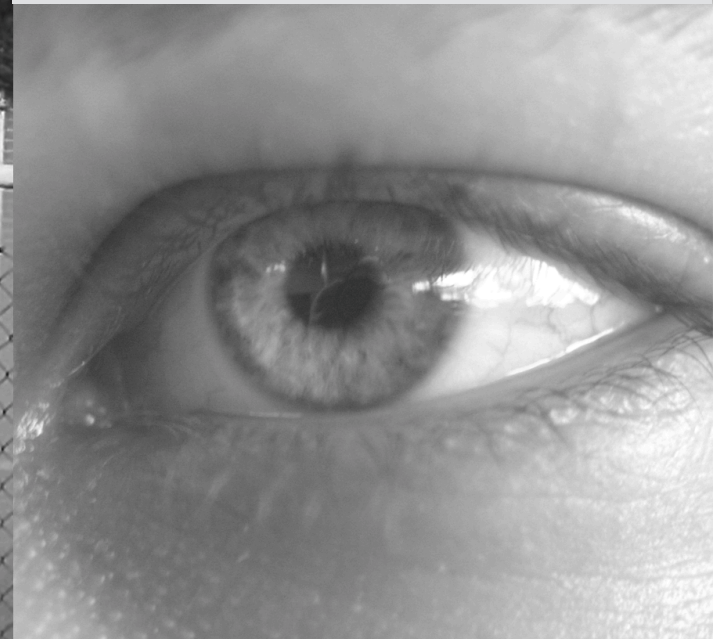




# PHOTOS



Photo Spread by  
Bill Lewis







# STORIES

## THE EVENING TAILHATTER

By David K. Ginn

1

Carla Devins had a drink on the ferry during her trip home on Sunday night. She had the drink somewhere between Bridgeport, Connecticut and Port Jefferson, Long Island, over the bay. It was a short but scenic trip, and quite honestly it was the highlight of her weekend.

What happened after that and what happened in the week to follow is as much a scrambled mystery as she could recall. When she came back to the island she brought more than her handsome looks and good charm with her. When she came back to the Island she brought with her a horror that would plague every rational thought for the years to come. When she came back she brought the Tailhatter with her.

Of course she didn't know this. How could anyone know such a thing? And even is she had known, what could she have done about it? Nothing, probably. Nothing, because once the Tailhatter hitched a ride it got to where it was going, one way or another. This was just the way of it, and that was it.

But Carla knew nothing of such nonsensical folk-lore or horror-book pulp. All she knew was that it was going to be a peaceful ride back to the island, and what better to add peace to an already peaceful day than a nice cold brandy, or two?

Brandy on a ferry, this both amused her and excited her at the same time. Amused by the seeming inappropriateness of having a Brandy on such a short boat trip, amused only with the help of some objective lens that somehow placed her on the outside of such a class of people. But at the same time, and here's the blaring contradiction of the story if there ever was one, she felt excited that she, Carla Devins, would be part of that elite group of Brandy-drinking ferry-riders for even a short period of time. You can hate the cheerleaders, but you can't stop loving the cheers. It's a tough, synthetic world in some places, and the more we realize it the more we want in.

So Carla Devins helped herself to a Brandy on that Sunday afternoon as she was heading back from the casinos someplace in Northern Connecticut. She had more important matters to consider than *what town she was in*. Come on, already. We're talking about Super Keno. Deluxe Blackjack. Craps. Drop-a-Quarter-Win-a-Car. I-Hope-You've-Enjoyed-Your-Stay-Is-Everything-Alright-This-Machine-Will-Cash-In-Soon-I-Know-It. A whole different world. A different language. A world where you could only will yourself as an outsider if you planned to back it up with the most unbreakable confidence and the most sincere objectivity. If you weren't a part of the scene, you felt like a god but looked like a loser.

Tough old world out there sometimes,

and that just makes it easier to fall in. Sort of an applied empathy for the masses; it's okay to relish because you lose if you don't. And everyone else is supposed to understand, since they all go through the same damn thing. Only, if they understood completely there would be some sort of universal epiphany amongst casino-goers and alcoholics and too many other people to make it possible. And there you have it. And it crosses no one's mind that maybe people are meant to lose, anyway. What is so bad about losing? Those who relish enjoy paradise, those who struggle enjoy finality.

But what is all this anyway? What sort of purpose is presented here? Well, the Tailhatter would tell you if he could talk, all in all there's someone who always relishes, and his objective lens never fails. He's always on the outside, but somehow, in the strangest and most inexplicable of ways, he's always on the inside. And they call him the Tailhatter.

2

There was a janitor's closet in the Foxwoods Casino main floor. That is where the Tailhatter had been hanging out for a few days. It wasn't exactly high living, but sometimes you've gotta do what you gotta do. And this was definitely one of those times. Of course, he could have easily decided to live inside the empty bourbon bottle they kept behind the bar from nineteen-whatever, and that would have been safer, no doubt, but still he had to keep his dignity, if not his comfort.

Besides, he would be leaving soon anyway. That was what was so goddamn good about it.

He came to Foxwoods in the fall of 1996. He always moved with the fall, because it was always the time he could handle it the best. He didn't like moving, but as is already stated, you gotta do what you gotta do.

When the hot weather changed to cool and all the excitement was gone from the air he would move, and he would do so unnoticed. He always moved unnoticed, and there had only been a few regrettable times in his life where he'd been noticed at all, moving or unmoving.

His move to Foxwoods in Connecticut was no different. If anything, it was damn near idealistic. If only every move could be so easy and painless. Connecticut welcomed the fall, it always did. And so it welcomed The Autumn Tailhatter to come with it.

That was a fun name he's given to himself a while ago, when he'd first begun to move around a lot. It had a nice, pleasant ring to it. Somehow poetic and yet somehow vicious and evil. But fun nonetheless. And no one had to know that name, not unless they really wanted to. And that was fun, too.

He had moved to New Hampshire from

Frankfurt. Now that was a terrible ride if there ever was one. Crossing the ocean was not something he liked to do, and trying to find a way to do it was nearly as painstaking. But he managed. Somehow he always found a way to manage. That's how he came to exist for so long. Low profile, manageable transitions. Keep to that and you will exist. And, oh, the fun you might have.

Frankfurt was nice. It was pleasant. It was hard to find work, and that was the problem. He needed to keep busy. If his goal were just to keep on existing, he would have done things very differently. No, his goal was not just to exist. His goal was to take as many risks as he could and still find a way to manage. Low profile, high risks. Life is good, aint it?

Of course, work is rare no matter where you go. But in Frankfurt there seem to be a smaller demand for his particular services. So he did something there that he normally wouldn't do. He came to life.

It was bad at first, in fact it was excruciating. But after a short while the Tailhatter was wearing the beautiful face of a pretty young German intern. Just some girl, really, but a good choice nonetheless. He had fun with that girl, oh yes. He did things he would never have imagined doing. And it was great fun all along.

Her apartment was perfect for him. Absolutely perfect. And so beautiful. He loved the way her toes felt against the carpet, and how the air felt against her face. It was so damn beautiful. He'd thought more than once about keeping her for good, but ultimately realized how silly the idea was. Who knows where she could really be? Who knows if she'd try to take herself back. That in itself sounded silly, but it scared him enough to shake the whole idea off like a bad dream. There was no predicting the human body or their auras. And he wasn't about ready for first-hand field research.

But the time he had with her was still fun, oh yes. Her name was Natalie, and she was the best sex he's ever had. And it had been a while. It had been hundreds of years, to be quite honest. And she was good. She was good because the only thing better than having sex with a girl like her was actually *being* her while she was doing it.

That had been a fun paradise while it lasted. Natalie's body and the pleasure her body felt transferred neatly into his mind without the physical limitations or applications that can plague any sort of pleasure the first time around.

That was fun, but it hadn't been as productive as he'd hoped. All the while as the poor girl was getting hammered into on a nightly basis he should have been focusing on some sort of objective. But, alas, he got caught in the arms of pleasure.

But lucky for him he did accomplish something, and when it was done he left the



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girl's body in a river and took off for Woodsville, New Hampshire, population 1,160. Meanwhile, the people of Frankfurt burned.

It had been a simple game, a little too simple perhaps, but it was all he could do from the little girl's body. A 24-year old German media intern couldn't really accomplish much in the ways of Qi-hatting. It was a practice much too old and much too complex for the human body, aura or not, to be able to handle or even carry out. It was something for him, and so far no one else but him.

He had first come to Frankfurt in June of 1984, and when he left it was November of 1987. The trip to Frankfurt had been awful, but back then he'd had no other choice. It was either leave in the middle of spring or wait another two years. But what was another two years to a millennia-old creature? In his case the two years would have been the difference between surviving on the earth and being banished into limbo.

By the time he left in 1987, Natalie Gruber had destroyed three power plants and set fire to at least seventeen public buildings. Her name was in newspapers everywhere, especially after her body was found floating along a river in the November cold.

It was really quite biblical, how it all turned out. It was simple and childish, but he could never remember causing so much violence and disaster. It was amazing, really. At first he didn't think he would want to do something so boring, so obvious. What was that? Burn Frankfurt to the ground? That's all you got? They tell me you can poison souls. They tell me you can cause plague. They tell me that you swallow the souls of those who relish and leave them to live their short lives in a soulless pit of terror and desire. So why burn Frankfurt to the ground?

Well, it was fun, of course.  
And it was as simple as that.

Back when he was fighting against the forces of God or whatever it was up there his purpose was much more clearly defined. But after a while he found himself alone, and a while after that he found that he was becoming stronger. More powerful.

Was it the Black Plague? Was it the Renaissance? Who knew? He was born before Christ, he knew that. He knew his father had been a Jewish monk or something like that. The Tailhatter had been born just as human as everyone else on the planet. Except there was something about him that didn't belong to their world. Something much more divine. And in time that side became the dominant side. And after a while he found out how easy it was to leave your body. And if it was so easy to leave a body, was it really that important, anyway? Apparently not.

So he left, and he became evil. Twisted and evil and above all mischievous. And so he fought against God, or whatever it was up there. And just a hundred years after he'd been born a soft-cheeked human child, he was human no more. He became a sort of nothing. He wasn't the spirit of his former self anymore, and that scared him. He also wasn't the aura of that former self, either. He was the divine form of an aura. He was what an aura was in Heaven, or maybe Hell. He had no identity, not even for his soul. So he named himself. And that name was the Hatter.

Being caught between life and death, between aura and eternity, grants certain powers unique to even the highest forms of existence. And he called these powers the powers of Qi, for reasons only he will ever know.

So he was the Qi-Hatter, until sometime before the Plague when he renamed himself the Tailhatter. During the time of the Plague parents would tell their children stories of the Tailhatter, who would come and take them away if they weren't good. The Tailhatter eventually became another name for the Plague itself, even though he'd had nothing to do with it. Oh, how he wished.

So he was the Tailhatter, on and forever, now and gone, until the end of time. And his time would come again. That much was clear. He would be ready, when that time came. And he would do what he had to do.

So he abandoned the small janitorial closet in the Foxwoods Casino, in search of a new existence across the water. And he had such a great idea this time. It was, in the words of Mr. Theodore Geisel, a wonderful, awful idea.

There was a woman leaving the Foxwoods casino en route to Long Island. A pretty-haired but heavyset woman, maybe in her late thirties at best. She brought three suitcases with her, and two were empty when she arrived. They were for all the wonderful things she would buy with the money she won. Of course, she hadn't won much at all, because here at Foxwoods the good ol' Tailhatter dealt the cards. The slots paid off less here than any casino, and the dealer always won. He controlled some of the static electricity going through the room, so when he wanted to he would sit in the closet and form a current from all the static on the red carpet of the playing floor and lobby. With that current he could do just about anything. He could give someone a shock as they rolled the dice, he could move the dice so they always lost, he could make the vodka glasses do a song and dance number if he wanted to. And sometimes, just for fun and just because there is some small part of him that still retains some element of humanity, he could make some pretty little blonde's dress fly up. Just for fun.

He could do all of that, and more. And what was probably best of all was that he could control the cards. Nobody beats the dealer in a good old game of Blackjack here at Foxwoods Casino, my friend. It's amazing how quickly a seven can become a nine, or how an ace can become a king. Just control, that's all. Changing the faces on the cards is nothing. It's like a four year old with a coloring book and a box of crayons. Child's play, really.

So this heavyset woman with the pretty hair has one regretfully empty suitcase to go home with, and she'll never know that what actually winds up in that suitcase is a force too powerful for her to understand.

And in he goes, bound for Bridgeport by way of bus. And once to Bridgeport? Well, he may have to find new transportation. The person who at this time is unknowingly toting him across Connecticut must wait a few hours at Bridgeport for her husband to arrive. Apparently he doesn't like casinos. Good for him.

So, in the cool lobby of the ferry station, air conditioner still running even though it's midway through September, he waits. And waits. And waits.

And then she shows up.

It was a woman he recognized from Foxwoods, although he hadn't known she would be going back to the island that night. Her thoughts had been clear when he had read them, so there must have been something blocking him from knowing this little piece of information.

And how important this little piece of information was! He was almost ready to just hop on the ferry with fatso and her cheating husband when she walked in. She was pretty, tall, and somehow less glamorous than she should have been. It seemed there was a heavy rain cloud right over her head, and, crazy as it sounds, it made her more real than anyone he'd ever seen before. She seemed to have let go of everything around her, and she realized now that life was all just bullshit, anyway. It was beautiful. It was sad.

It was sexy.

Of course, nobody else but he would have thought so. Everyone else would have kept their distance from her; she seemed to radiate bad luck and misery. But that was what caught him the most. That was what was so damn attractive.

This surprised him more than anything. It surprised him because *nothing* was sexy to him. He hadn't felt anything close to sexual desire or even a slight attraction since he'd been inside a body. And that was *because* he was inside a body. Because he was connected with such feelings. At the hotel he would make one of the nicer-looking ladies' dresses tear off accidentally, or maybe make a hook behind their back snap suddenly, but that was all for fun. He just liked to cause trouble.

But the serene, almost sedated misery she *shone* made him want her. And suddenly he knew he had to go with her. Screw Long Island, if she wasn't going. He would go wherever she went, and then he would become her. And when he became her he would do everything he'd always wanted to do in both worlds, his and theirs.

Carefully, he jumped inside her change purse.

3

Carla Devins rang the doorbell twice. Nobody answered. This was just her luck, really. *Sure, Carley, I'll feed Duane and Oakley for you. I'll be waiting for you when you get home on Sunday.* Just her luck.

She rang the doorbell three more times in quick succession, creating a triple ding-dong collaboration she could hear as it echoed faintly from her apartment window. She had turned off the central air towards the end of the summer, but still it was hot during the day and she left the window open. Obviously Gina hadn't shown up at all, or she would have shut the window when the temperature dropped.

Carla stood on the porch and looked around the complex. It was still and quiet, seeming to mock her as she stood outside her own apartment, dressed nicely in a black velvet skirt and white dress-shirt. If it weren't for the khaki jacket and Adidas tennis shoes she was wearing one might think she was off on a big date. But, alas, she was alone and well aware of it. And her steady stroke of bad luck remained unbroken by her recent blitz vacation to Connecticut.

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4

*Spend a weekend at Foxwoods, Carley. Leave Friday night on the ferry and come back Sunday. What better to beat bad luck than hitting the casinos?*

Of course Carla hadn't seen it that way at all. As much as Gina Richmond might believe that gambling the rest of your money away is a sign of good luck, Carla couldn't help but point out that if she was having bad luck a casino would probably be the worst place for her to be. It would be like taking refuge from a firestorm by jumping into a volcano.

But in the end Carla had went, because both of them knew that what Gina was really trying to say was that she should go out and try to have fun for a change. And Carla knew she was right.

She reached into her pocketbook and brought out her cell phone. She had to run her fingers over the numbers so she could guess which ones they were in the darkness. When the number three appeared against the glowing background of the phone's LCD screen, she went ahead until she found the nine. She only made one mistake, accidentally hitting a five when she should have hit a seven. After a minute or so of number hunting she finally heard the low ring which meant she was getting through to Gina Richmond's house.

She looked at the glowing screen on the phone and nearly slapped herself when she saw the words CALLING GINA..... displayed next to the four bars telling her how much of a signal there was. She put the phone next to her ear and waited.

*Why couldn't I have just found her name in the call list? she asked herself, shaking her head in self-frustration. That would have been the easy thing to do, wouldn't it? These days nothing seems to be easy, even if-*

The ringing stopped. There was the sound of a clicking phone, and then silence. Carla waited, expecting to hear her friend Gina any second, telling her that she dropped the phone or something.

Instead there was just silence.

"God dammit!" She pressed the END button and tried again. After about four rings there was the familiar click of the receiver, only this time it was joined by the tired-sounding voice of Gina Richmond.

"Yeah, hello?" the voice made Carla want to reach through the phone and strangle her friend.

"Gina, it's Carla." she waited a few moments for this to register, and then felt something like homicidal madness take over her when her friend responded.

"Yeah, what do you want?"

That was all Carla could take. She screamed into the phone. "What do I want? I'll tell you what I want! How about you getting your ass down here and letting me into my goddamn house? How does that sound?"

There was a moment of silence, long

enough for Carla to think her best friend had hung up on her, and then she came back on. "Listen, Car, I'm sorry. I totally forgot. I was like, at this book fair and everything, when this guy came up to me and said he liked my dress, and I was like, you know, that's funny, because you know I don't wear dresses, but today I was and he was really cute and we decided to get some coffee and then we went for a walk and then we went to his place and I was like, no, this isn't happening, and he was like, come here, and I was like, no, and then, well, you get the idea. So then when I got home tonight, after class, I was like, so tired that I just went to bed, and really if I'd thought-"

"Gina," Carla stopped her from rambling on any further. That would be more than she



Kyle sat on the garbage can outside the Coram Kool-Mart, drinking a Kool-Mart slushie and tapping his heels to the beat of *Make Me Smile*. He loved it when they played actual radio stations, instead of the preprogrammed Muzak shit. On the good stations, such as the one playing, you could be sure to catch something like *The Best of Chicago* weekend, or the classic *Two-for-Tuesdays*. Sometimes they would have a weekend where they followed the same format as *Two-for-Tuesday* except over three days instead of one. They called this, for whatever reason they chose, a *Two-for Weekend*.

To Kyle it sounded stupid but at the same time had what most would call "a nice ring to it". It was that same ring that is given a the highest shrine in the offices of advertising executives. It's that ring that can make you hate a commercial but be horrified to find out that its constant annoyance has caused you to know just about everything they wanted you to know. Commercials are like overplayed songs; you can't stand them but you know all the words anyway.

He held the slushie with one hand and tapped his hands on the side of the plastic garbage can with the other, joining his feet in the percussion encore of *Make Me Smile*. As the song ended he threw the empty slushie cup into the garbage below and smiled. When the crazy thought hit him that *Make Me Smile* actually did manage to make him smile, he stopped smiling and went into an all out giggling fit.

*Okay, he told himself. Somehow that wasn't funny. It's usually not good to laugh when something's not funny.*

Then he thought of the posters he used to see in the dentist's office as a child, the ones with pretty young girls and really gay men showing their sparkling white teeth in a huge, cartoon-like smile. He thought of James Pankow doing a public service announcement in the waiting room, leading a group of kids in the chorus of *Make Me Smile*, while at the bottom of the screen a white-lettered message appeared, declaring that this message has been brought to you by Queers with Spears, another fine company promoting gay pride and white, sparkling teeth.

That sent him into another set of laughter, this time making him slide off the garbage can so he could put a hand by his diaphragm and cough out the remainder of the laughter as well as the little bit of Kool-Mart slushie he still had inside his mouth. He looked up, realized he'd just made a complete fool out of himself, and sat back on the garbage can.

Not long afterward a tall man in a green Kool-Mart shirt came outside and told him he couldn't hang around anymore. Kyle got off the garbage can and apologized. He was by nature a quiet, soft-spoken individual. He guessed that when Mr. Kool-Mart heard him laughing outside he came out to get rid of any no good kids hanging around.

Except Kyle wasn't a kid. Not anymore. He was twenty-three, which meant it had been some time since he'd been yelled at to get off a

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garbage can and go back home. It had also been some time since he'd laughed like that all by himself. Usually he was quiet. Usually he had a car.

He stood, brushing off any dirt that might have attached itself to the back of his jeans. He pulled the mountain bike's handlebar from the chain-link fence outside the Kool-Mart parking lot and wheeled it away from the garbage cans. He hopped on the seat and had just begun to pedal into the parking lot when a green Volkswagen nipped the back wheel of his bike and took it out from under him.

He managed to get his right leg over the seat just in time to stop himself from falling, but the bike was not quite so fortunate. The spokes in the back wheel got caught in the Volkswagen's front license plate and the wheel folded over like a briefcase. The left pedal swung around and hooked itself underneath the bumper, twisting the chain-link around and pulling the right pedal into the spokes of the back wheel.

Kyle caught himself before he could fall over and actually managed to turn around quickly enough to see the Volkswagen come to a stop in front of the store, the bike still attached to the bumper and hanging there as if held up by invisible hooks that allowed you to drive cross-country with a bike on your bumper. And, as if by some twist of irony, that car had managed to pull perfectly into the parking space.

Kyle went around to the front of the car and tried to pry off his bike. A woman was coming around from the driver's seat, looking very tired and very much in disbelief at what she had done. Kyle got a good look at her before she came around to help him.

She was not much older than he was, maybe twenty-seven or twenty-eight at the most. She was pretty, with dark brown hair that had been put up hurriedly, as if she had rolled out of bed and rushed to get to the Kool-Mart before they locked the doors and told her to go home. That would certainly explain her driving.

"I'm so sorry," she said to him as she helped him get the bike back on the pavement. "I really am. Oh my God I can't believe I just did that. Oh my God." She turned to him. "Are you alright? Are you hurt?"

Kyle shook his head. "I'm fine. It's just the bike, really. I guess I was lucky."

The woman looked shocked. "Lucky? You could have been killed. Are you sure you're alright?"

Kyle nodded. "I'm sure." He looked down at his bike, which was now no more than a wretched heap from the pedals back. *Maybe if I have her run it over again she could tear off the back and I could ride the rest home like a unicycle.* He looked back up at her, seeing the unmistakable guilt in her face. "Listen," he said. "it's no problem, really. I'm alright, and there's a guy by me who could fix the bike up no problem."

"Are you sure there's nothing I can do? I feel so bad, I mean- I would feel so bad- are you sure there's nothing I can do for you?"

Kyle looked back down at his bike, trying to imagine why he would tell her it was no problem. It most definitely was a problem. *But, that compassionate voice in his head told him, it doesn't have to be her problem.*

He looked back up at her, realizing that it would only make her happy to help. And he really *could* use a ride home. Four miles is

nothing on a bike, but on foot it could take well over an hour. "You know what," he said. "if you don't mind, it would kinda be good to have a ride back to my house. What with the rain and everything."

The woman looked up, realizing for the first time that it had begun to drizzle. "Yeah, sure," she said almost immediately. "Do you think we can get the bike into the back of the car?"

"We could just try hooking it back onto the bumper. That seemed to work before."

The woman laughed, and Kyle was glad. Before he even knew it he was laughing himself. And so they stood there, laughing and getting wet in front of the Coram Kool-Mart.

*Oh man, he thought. If only James Pankow was here now, doing another brusha-brusha infomercial. "When life gets you down, and your bike is on the ground, just remember to make me smile! Oh yeah, make me smile!"*

"Where do you live?" she asked him suddenly, still laughing a little.

"About four miles down the road, if you go south. You sure you don't mind taking me?"

The woman shook her head, laughter finally fading. "No, of course not. It's the least I could do. I'm going to be out all night anyway, you see-" She stopped putting one hand in front of her mouth.

"What's the matter?" Kyle asked.

"Can I drive you home after I stop somewhere? Do you mind?"

"No, of course I don't mind. What is it?"

The woman shook her head. "I'll tell you when we get in."

5

They managed to get the bike into the back of the Volkswagen with surprisingly little trouble. Kyle got into the passenger seat and felt around for the seatbelt. The woman had to reach over and pull it out from behind the seat.

"It's always getting caught back there," she said as she buckled her own seatbelt and started the car. "This car's falling apart, I swear."

They Volkswagen pulled out of the parking lot and started down the road, heading north. After a minute of what seemed to be deep thought Kyle sat up in his seat and introduced himself.

"I'm Kyle Loughlin," he said, extending his hand.

She accepted his hand and shook it merrily. "Gina Richmond," she said, glancing over to her mirror to pass a slow moving truck in front of them. "I'm on my way out to the North Isle Village. My friend just called me from her cell phone. You see-" she paused as she swung back over the double yellow and into the right lane. "you see, I was supposed to be house-sitting for her while she went away this weekend, and I was there most of the time, except for tonight."

"She come home early?"

"No," Gina said. "She came home on time. I just wasn't there to let her in or feed her cats or close the damn window. Now she's locked outside and I have her only key."

"Doesn't she have a spare?"

"She gave the spare to me three months ago and I lost it. She hasn't got a new one made yet."

Kyle nodded, thinking that this woman's

night was shaping up to be even worse than his. *At least her car's still in one piece,* he thought to himself as she continued on her story.

It seemed that Gina Richmond had met a great looking guy at a bookstore in Middle Island. There was some sort of book fair going on, and Gina just loved book fairs. The guy that she met was also a book fair fanatic, which for the first time in his life made Kyle wonder if there were actually a lot of those types of people. Maybe a whole underground subculture, writing letters to each other and worshipping their favorite authors with holy shrines and incense candles.

Well, whatever the case, this guy had the hots for Miss Gina Richmond. But when Gina found out he was just trying to get her into the bedroom for a little you-know-what, she told him to go fuck himself or find some other little book-fair girl to do it for him.

Kyle listened to this, not really understanding a lot of it, being jumbled up in Gina's incessant ramble as it was. But he tried to listen all the same. He liked to listen. It was one of his strong points.

They pulled around a turn as Gina began to tell how she, after six years of nothing, had decided to go back and take a few night classes at the college. Kyle listened still, liking this story a little better because it wasn't told in the nervous ramble of current events. He listened, making eye contact every now and then when she would turn to him, and he began to realize that he sort of liked her a little. And maybe not just a little. After all, she had a great smile.

6

In Selden a man in a black suit and top hat walked down the sidewalk of Middle Country Road with a happy smile and a small black can tucked neatly under his armpit. He was a tall man, if that's how you choose to describe it. The truth was that he wasn't just tall, he was a god-damn legend. He stood almost seven feet tall, the extravagant black top hat adding at least another foot onto that. He wearing a neatly pressed suit with a long black topcoat that fell nearly a foot below his waist. Attached to his silk vest was a gleaming silver pocket watch.

He had the workings of a brown moustache but seemed to not be able to grow anything more than faint brown shadow above his lips. His brown hair was slicked back and shining underneath the shadow of the top hat he wore, and his eyes were completely covered in the dark overcast of the massive brim.

He walked merrily, shuffling his feet as he went. It seemed that at any moment he might jump to the nearest street lamp and start belting out *Singing in the Rain* in d-minor. And it wouldn't have taken anybody by too much surprise, either. He really did look like a character from a movie, or, if you will, some kind of nineteenth century Dr. Suess creation.

He began to whistle as he passed by the gas stations and empty diners, keeping his chin as far from the ground as possible without leaning his head back. He bobbed his shoulders up and down and began to tap his fingers on the head of his cane.

*To be continued at a later date.*



# Broken Glass

by Marcel Drotluka

*Oh, no... Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, GOD NO!!  
It happened again! Fuck! I should've seen this coming! I  
should've realized they'd do it again sooner or later! Why?! Why, God?!  
Why do they hate me so?!*

*My store, that I built up with my sweat and blood and tears,  
reduced to broken glass littering the ground. And it's cutting into my  
heart. Everything...gone! Why?! Why is this happening again?! Once  
wasn't enough?! This shit has to happen to me twice?! What did I do?!  
Everything...everything I worked so hard for...gone...*

*What am I going to do? What can I do? Rebuild?! I'm ruined;  
I'm fucking ruined! I'll never recover from this! Maybe I should just  
leave. That's what that damn graffiti says I should do. "ARABS GO  
HOME." Maybe I will. Maybe I'll just board a plane and go to some  
Middle Eastern country and live out my life in peace—and poverty.*

*No, fuck that. Fuck them, too. Fuck it all.  
God, why me?!*

Broken glass.

Broken glass was scattered all over the place. It used to be a window. Behind that window was a store. My store. And now it was gone...

Broken glass was everywhere, in the store, outside on the sidewalk, up and down the street. Some of it was from other stores, but a lot of it was what was left of my wares. Crystal plates, crystal jars, crystal vases, crystal vials, crystal jewelry, all reduced to shards scattered on the floor. I nearly cried at hearing the crunching sounds they made under my feet.

There was nothing left intact. All the shelves had been overturned, and the cash register had been cracked open. Obviously, it was empty. A lot of the wares had been destroyed, but the rest had been stolen, particularly the watches and jewelry—I guess they figured they could try and make a profit off it later. And there was graffiti all over the walls, too, stuff like, "USA #1" and "DIE ARABS" and "TERRORIST" and "MUSLIMS GO HOME." I think I cried a little at that. Why did they do this? Did they do this in the name of their country? Their race? Their religion?

And then I saw the answer. It was the kind of thing people bring to parades or place at their desks at work; a miniature American flag on a small mounted pedestal lying on the counter, placed there by the looters. It stood proudly in the midst of the destruction.

The symbol of our country, land of the free, home of the brave...standing proudly in a looted store like a damn calling card. *Oh say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave...*

And then I understood. How fucking ironic...

Broken glass...I could've cleaned it up and rebuilt, but why bother? It'd just get destroyed again anyway. Fuck that.

So when did this happen? It was in 2006, in the spring, when the bastards destroyed my store. It was a riot, and they were swarming through the neighborhood, which was predominantly Muslim. They roamed through the streets, vandalizing and looting and fighting. They carried weapons; baseball bats, kitchen knives, lumber, you know, things you can conveniently find around the house. They were targeting local businesses, trashing stores, and, well...I think the phrase "a bull in a china shop" describes what they did pretty well. The bastards would totally ransack the place, take what they wanted, and smash up the rest, maybe leave a little bit of nasty graffiti, and then move on. Systematic and efficient. Oh, and I can't forget to mention again the little souvenirs they'd leave behind.

Y'know, I still have that thing in my home. Why? I don't know. Maybe as a symbol of hypocrisy and bullshit, because that's all the flag means to me now. I wipe my ass with the damn Stars and Stripes.

Patriotism used to mean something. It used to mean civic pride,

pride in oneself, pride in being the best you could be. It used to mean loving freedom and tolerance and standing up for what's right. Nowadays it's just an excuse for looting the nearest Arab-owned store or vandalizing a mosque or evicting Muslims to make room for everybody else. Or beating up and mugging people with long beards and turbans, even though they're not Muslim. All that fucking matters is if they at least *look* like one of "them." Patriotism also means raining bombs on Middle Eastern countries and "supporting the war effort." That's right, kids, just hide behind the fucking Star Spangled Banner and all sins are forgiven.

Phew... Okay, I think I'm done ranting. I just had to let off some steam, you know? I was raised to believe that taking out your anger and frustration on people who deserve it is wrong. I guess the chest-thumping bastards who trashed the neighborhood that night weren't raised very well by their mothers—assuming they even knew who they were.

Anyway, I lived in Buffalo, New York at the time, and that's where my story takes place. There was plenty of tension between the whites and the immigrants, a lot of whom owned stores and ran businesses in the area. People didn't like that. They didn't like that *outsiders* were coming in and taking over their pristine little community. There was a bit of tit-for-tat bullshit going on between some people, and this really set the whole community at odds. There'd be arguments and disputes between neighbors, cops harassing Arabs in the same way they do to the blacks, and vandalism of the neighborhood mosques and churches. Some whites tried to boycott Arab-owned businesses, and some Arabs would reciprocate to white-owned businesses. The whole situation was like a ticking time bomb. And when you have tremendous tension like that, what happens when you add just one incident of misunderstanding?

Do the fucking math!

What I know is that some white kid in the neighborhood got into a fight with another kid at his school, who was Indian. The Indian kid got hurt pretty bad, and his friends figured they'd get back at the white kid. So one night his friends, who were mostly Indians, got together and mugged the white kid, who ended up taking a really bad beating. How bad? The poor kid died a day later from his injuries.

The response was swift; a mob of people went out in the streets, calling for the blood of those kids. But they didn't just focus on those punks; they extended the blame to the whole Arab/Muslim community. But the really fucked-up thing about it was that the kids who were involved in the incident were *neither Arab nor Muslim!* It didn't matter shit; those kids were dark-skinned foreigners with weird accents who dressed funny, and they all banded together. Thus, they were a grave threat to our nation, and justice had to be done. After all, it was the *patriotic* thing to do. Americans were under attack by "the enemy within," and something had to be done about it. That's what the pundits were spewing, anyway. All it took was one misunderstanding to unleash hell.

Another fucked-up aspect of this was that it wasn't even the first time it happened. The first time was in 2004, two years before. The situation was similar; a misunderstanding combined with tension in the community led to *patriotic* retribution. Some stores were broken into and robbed, my crystal shop among them. But that was just petty vandalism compared to the second time around in 2006. I fixed things up—we all did. The whole fucking fiasco taught us to be more wary and cautious...and that meant getting some better insurance. Times were tough for everybody during those next two years, especially me. I had insurance payments and the cost of the damaged merchandise to take care of, and that sucked my funds dry. And as if that wasn't bad enough...it had to happen again, like *déjà vu*. More *patriotism*, wow...

And when it came time for the insurance to come rolling in to save my sorry ass from bankruptcy...well, I got screwed. The insurance money never came; they said something about a "lack of availability," which was

# Broken Glass

by Marcel Votlucka

Cont.

just a euphemism for 'sorry sir, but you're a dirty Arab and we don't want your dirty hands on our money.' I wasn't the only one who suffered this; a lot of other victimized storeowners in the area went through the same bullshit. Of course, I wasn't about to bend over and take that, so I sued. In the end, I got my insurance money, but the award wasn't nearly equal to what I'd put in; just enough to cover the cost of the merchandise. I still had to declare bankruptcy.

I was ruined.

All of my hard work...all those years of building up my business from a small watch shop into a big crystal-and-jewelry shop, gone. I was raking in the dough; I was doing well despite the racist assholes who were calling for boycotts and vandalizing and committing crimes out of *patriotism*. I was even planning on maybe opening up another store. All of that...twenty years of my hard work, my blood, my sweat, my tears...ruined!

But after all, I am an enemy of the state, so don't worry your head off about me.

Do I hate them? Yeah, you bet I hate them. I've got the right to hate them. Yeah, I know a good Muslim would be forgiving and let God serve out judgement on a silver platter, but I'm not a Muslim anymore. I dropped that shit like a bad habit. I figure that if your almighty god makes lets you suffer like that, lets all your hard work turn to shit, then that "god" isn't worth worshipping.

And do I hate this country? No, it's more like disappointment than hatred. I gave America my very best, and America let me down. You let

me down. That's right, *you*. You all stood by and watched as it all happened. You stood by and gawked as Uncle Sam made it rain bombs on one country after another. When they passed the Patriot Act and then the Homeland Security Amendment in 2005, tried to take away our civil rights and dignity as well as yours, you all sat on your asses and didn't utter a fucking peep. When your immigrant neighbors were picked up during the night and deported to God-knows-where, when your Arab friends and co-workers were forced to register themselves with the authorities after 9/11, when Muslims had to use your local church parish hall to conduct their own services because their mosque was shut down...you stood back and put up with it.

Or maybe you didn't like it. Maybe you were opposed to it. Maybe you even went out and protested it. Excepting those rare, blessed souls, it's you who'll take the blame because even if you hated the way things were going, you sat there and did nothing. It was the *patriotic* thing to do. Don't think, don't criticize, don't question, don't protest—if you do, you're not a patriotic red-blooded American. Buy American, you communists. Support the war effort, you traitors. *I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.*

So who's the bigger criminal, the bastards who destroyed my livelihood, the bigots in power who sanctioned the action, or all of you, the American public, for either supporting it or not giving a shit? Or should I say, who's the better patriot?

## ~~Author's Note~~

This is an excerpt (Chapter 8) from the book Neverland: Voices From The Muslim Holocaust.

Want to read more? The full version is available at [www.fictionpress.com/~giygas666](http://www.fictionpress.com/~giygas666)

Email the author at [giygas999@yahoo.com](mailto:giygas999@yahoo.com) with any comments you may have.

Thanks for reading!



# Eight Seconds

by Marcel Votlucka

I'm sick and tired of this shit.  
Every night, every fucking night, it's the same crap, over and over and over again. It's like a wheel that just won't stop spinning, round and round and round and round and round and round and round et cetera ad infinitum.

Although what I'm talking about really has nothing at all to do with wheels or spinning. It's just a metaphor. Screw you if you don't like it. I never was good at the damn things anyway.

Oh, but I *am* good for one particular thing, aren't I? Every toy has its purpose. And that's what I am. A toy. A fucking toy. And every night, I get played with. And every night, I get tossed out afterward like yesterday's trash. But he still keeps coming back for more.

Every night, every fucking night, it's the same crap, over and over and over again.

The door opens.

He comes in, closes the door, smiles at me, walks over to my bed, smiles some more, strokes my cheek, runs his fingers through my hair, lifts my chin up so I'm looking into his eyes, plants a kiss on my lips, slides his tongue in gently, rubs my chest, undoes the buttons on my pajamas one by one, slides them off ever so slowly, teases my nipples, plants butterfly kisses all over, kisses deeper, deeper, and now he's on top of me, our eyes still locked on each other. He moves his hands down, down, down, down, down, down...

I tell him to stop.

I tell him it's not right.

I tell him I don't want it.

I tell him I'm scared.

I tell him I'm afraid.

I tell him I need time.

I tell him...

I tell him...

I tell him...

I have no voice. I am a toy.

I tell him no.

He hears, *fuck me...*

I say it's wrong.

He hears, *more...please...more...please, give me more...I want it, I need it, I crave it...it feels good...it makes me happy...oh, god in heaven, I want more...*

I am a toy.

And now he has *his* clothes off, and we're down to our underwear, and he's got his fucking hands all over me, touching me, groping me, fondling me. A part of me wants it. Most of me doesn't. Both our bodies are flushed, and nervous sweat starts to pour out of me. I'm getting wet down where he's thrusting his fingers, too.

I can smell the lust in his sweat. The smell is overpowering my nostrils as it hangs in the air, thick and pungent.

I'm shuddering all over as his fingers slither over my most sensitive spots. He knows them well.

Now, he's pressing against me. He's heavy. I'm being crushed. And yet I feel pleasure too. I don't want to feel pleasure from *him*, from *this*, but I do. It's my body's natural response.

It's sinful.

I'm scared.

I can't speak anymore, because his mouth is pressed against mine and his tongue is so far down my throat I think I'm gonna gag...

I'm getting hot...I'm boiling over, and the pressure is building...it's building...it's building...my mind says no, my body says yes, he's oblivious to me, why won't he fucking listen?

At this point everything's starting to get blurry because of the intensity of it all.

And he's just beginning...foreplay's over.

He tears off my panties. God, I hate this. This is the worst part...he thrusts, and I clench my eyes shut and grind my teeth as the pain shoots through me.

Why does it have to hurt so fucking much?

No matter to him; I am a toy. Toys have no feelings.

He's going in deeper, deeper, and it hurts so much I feel like I'm gonna fucking explode. But it doesn't matter crap to him. Maybe he figures that because I'm so young, I'm somehow softer, and it won't hurt so much.

Fuck that.

Fuck me.

In, out, in, out, in, out, faster now, in, out, I can hear him grunting, I can hear him whispering in my ear. Not really—I hear nothing; I have

no ears. I am a toy. In, out. I'm probably bleeding by now. I always do. It hurts, yet it's euphoric, too, as if my body can't decide whether this is good or bad, holy or sinful, pleasurable or painful.

I choose the latter in all three cases.

I am a toy.

I'm getting hotter now. His hands are all over me again, and I desperately want to pry them off but something's stopping me. I'm practically paralyzed with pleasure and pain.

Faster, faster. In, out, in, out. More euphoria, more, more, more. It's so hot and I can hardly breathe, he's so heavy. He's clutching me too fucking tight. Tighter now. I know what this means. Only about a minute left.

He moans, and involuntarily, I do, too. Again. Again. Again. *Oooooooh...*

Fifty seconds.

He's nibbling on my ear because he knows that's one of my most sensitive spots. It's becoming unbearable.

Forty seconds.

I grind my teeth and take the pain. I'm getting better at it each time. Every time, it hurts less. Soon, it won't hurt at all, and I'll feel nothing...

Thirty seconds.

I am a toy. I'm supposed to feel nothing. I'm just supposed to lay there, limp, and take it. Take it like the docile girl that I am. I don't even struggle anymore; I used to be more resistant, but now I see that it is useless. It hurts more if you struggle, too. Toys shouldn't struggle.

Twenty seconds.

I must say, I'm handling this rather well. He's even going a bit easier on me this time. He's making it slower, gentler, now, more sensual, making it last longer. Better for him and worse for me. It's an eternity. I suppose this is what Hell must be like, getting fucked by the devil and loving every second of it.

Ten seconds.

Killing me softly... I can feel that he's about to come. I am, too. I especially hate that part, because then he, he...he...oh...shit...oh...*GOD!*

We come at the same time. The orgasm is so intense that my eyes roll into the back of my head and involuntarily I grip onto him for dear life. Now all I feel is pleasure where before I felt pain. I read somewhere that orgasms generally last for about eight seconds, eight seconds of ecstasy. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight fucking seconds. All that work on his part and suffering on mine for eight lousy seconds. As soon as I think about it, it's over.

Then, he holds me in his arms for a while, holding me tight against him, trying to shelter me, as our hearts calm down and my sweat and his semen dry up and I start to get sleepy. Then, he gives me one last peck on the lips, drops me onto the bed, throws me my clothes, and walks out without even saying goodbye, without saying I love you, without saying anything, without even a fucking glance at me. I am a toy. Toys have no feelings, remember? So he quickly leaves the room as if he's ashamed to be seen with me or ashamed to know that he **RAPED ME**, he fucking **RAPED ME**. HE **RAPED ME**. He doesn't care. I am a toy to him, just a soft, tight sixteen-year old toy to him.

And I can't tell a word about it to anyone 'cause they won't believe me. I am a toy.

Daddy closes the door behind him as he leaves. Then he'll probably go fuck some of his other toys.

All for eight seconds of ecstasy...

Eight seconds...





# Nocturne

By Chris Williams

He watches it in the darkness. The pallid face of the moon. Careful eyes follow its lines. Deep craters emerge from narrow furrows, forming ancient eyes. He peers into their depths, their very unknown center, and he wonders. A question begins to form within him. His mouth tries to formulate what his brain cannot. He wonders still with his head lowered and shaking. His eyebrows knitted. His frustrated mind strains to develop a worthy question. The crickets seem to chirp louder. What can he ask that it has not already heard, he thinks. The responsive calls of the frogs are more distracting. What can he say that it does not already know? He knows that the moon is old, especially when it is compared to him, a ten-year-old. It has had a long and knowledgeable existence. It would think that his question is stupid. It would think that he is stupid.

A soft late-August breeze blows against his cheek. The subtle scent of the maple trees becomes stronger. Delicate, young grass sprouts swing gently, and older grass stalks wave patiently. His brown hair sweeps across his eyes. Through each strand, he can see small ripples roll over the pond under his bare feet. In its surface, black and shiny, like liquid obsidian, the reflection of the moon bubbles. He sees that it is dancing back and forth. It jumps and slides in smooth zigzag movements. Slowly, the dance starts to finish. He and the water grow calm. His head lifts. Its eyes peer into his own. Shadows on his face cover his eyes. Now, his eyes resemble those of the moon. Craggy valleys show an emotion. Could it possibly be...happiness? The jagged abscesses with their upturned ends resemble a welcoming smile. He understands. There is no need for such agitation. There is no need for such worry. There is no need.

His feet slip into the water. The cool liquid is accepting. The silvery nighttime fish nibble between his toes for food. They are tickling him. His playful feet wiggle in the pond. His chuckling is almost imperceptible, but no less important. It adds to the lulling sounds of the pond. They join the natural music. They are part of the chirping, the croaking, the rustling...

The fish stop. His laughter subsides. His feet wade in the water. His toes make small concentric waves. The waves are starting the moon's dance. He smiles and changes the dance's tempo with his toe. The dance is fast, then slow. Then, he looks at the moon. They sit together, watching each other.

"Ha!" yells a voice from behind his head.

Immediately, his body straightens. His heart tightens. His stomach sinks. His feet cut through the water. Thousands of luminous, moonlit droplets sparkle as they hurtle through the air and crash into the disturbed pond. He relaxes and sees a body drop itself to his right. A head turns toward him.

"So, whatcha doin'?" a voice asks innocently.

"Nothin'," he says.

He responds dryly while he looks at the moon. By the carefree tone of the voice and the outline of the small body, he knows that his friend is sitting next to him. She is about his age. Her legs are dangling apart in the water. They are making large, overabundant waves. On the lower outskirts of his field of vision, he can see that something was happening to the moon's reflection on the pond. His eyes are drawn to it. He can see that the reflection of the moon is being distorted and submerged into the water.

"How'd you find me?" he asks with his head turned toward her.

"I heard you laughin'," she says while looking at him. Her legs stop moving.

"It wasn't that loud."

"Yeah, but I still heard it."

"Oh."

His gaze returns to the moon. Her short pigtailed swing freely as her head moves to everywhere. The sporadic spark of a firefly pauses the rapid movement of her head. Her eyes follow it. Then, she continues to look over the pond.

"Your daddy wanted me to get ya," she said.

"Okay."

Her finger starts to pick at the log, on which they were sitting. The tiny, busy finger is peeling small scales of bark off the prostrated tree. The heavy, wooden scales are dropping into the water, piercing its calm surface.

"Did'cha ever wonder what it's thinkin'?" he asks.

"What who's thinkin'?"

"It." His head nods upwardly at the moon.

She turns her head toward it. Her head then turns downward. She briefly lowers her eyebrows, and then she pouts her lip.

"Nope," she says, turning her head toward him.

"I think about what it's thinkin', sometimes," he says in a dejected tone.

"Maybe your daddy does too!"

"No. He thinks about my mommy and her new special friend."

Fireflies move by their heads. Their tails release small flashes of light.

"So...what does it think?" she asks.

"It thinks about stuff."

"Like what?"

"I'da know," he says, looking at her shadowy face, "Maybe, it thinks about us."

"Why?"

"It's the moon. It thinks about anything it wants. And it knows everything, too."

"Really? Everything?" she says in a surprised tone.

"Yup. Everything. 'Cause it's so old. It listens to you, too, not like mommies and daddies."

"Moms and dads don't always stop listening to their kids."

"Sure, they do, like my mommy and daddy."

"My mom and dad don't."

"That's 'cause they like you. After my mommy and daddy got this thing called a 'deevorce', they stopped liking each other. Then, they stopped liking me."

"Really? Whud they do?"

"Nothin', really. When I visit my mommy, she always wants me ta go places and ta do different stuff with her 'friend'. She says that he's my new daddy. She always says stuff about him. And doesn't let me say anything bad about him, even when he says bad stuff about me. And my daddy nevva talks about her. He always wants me ta stay in my room when I say stuff about her."

His head turns toward the moon. He looks into its eyes. "But, the moon lets me say anything. Anything I want."

"We gotta go before my mom comes for me," she interjects.

She stands. Slowly, he pulls his feet out of the water and puts his shoes on his feet. She stamps her feet rapidly and waves hurriedly. He stands, looking at the reflection of the moon on the water. It waves on the water. He turns toward her. She starts to run. He runs beside her. The sounds of the pond recede. The reflection becomes less visible. She tries to talk as they run, but they run to their homes in silence.

# LAST PARTY

by PAULA GUY

Tonight we are having a party, where we used to have parties, before we got too old and time seemed precious, and everyone had work in the morning.

"Lets go down the beach!" Seth would say, and we'd get impatient for the holidays, our sagging tents and cheap beer. Everyone ended up at my home. The peeling white house on the hill, crumbling into the cliff. Farm-land. Beach-land. Glass windows glazed with salt.

A Land of milk and shit. No fucking honey insight (unless you count Dylan – he's kind of hot). Maybe that's why everyone in Whangarei drinks.

I take a drag of my Salem and the smoke slowly scratches my lungs. This shit reminds me of home. Smoking in the toilet, my inexpert lungs trying not to cough. I couldn't be a pussy, and also my parents couldn't hear me. I used to carry a lot of cheap air-freshener when I was 14.

It is hazy and heavy in today. Too many cars tarring up Auckland's air.

I sit out side Verona's lopsided neon sign, and glare at people.

My phone rings but I ignore it. It is either my boss or Mark (who, if this was 18 hours earlier, would still be my boyfriend). Today was strange because I purposely did not wake up for work, and I did not wake up next to Mark. I'm sick of selling Pacific cruises to fat customers who love their lives so much they take holidays in resorts which replicate their houses. I'm sick of Mark because he's always here and he always has been.

Mark used to party down the beach with us, but it's awkward now. He never wakes up for work. He leaves his socks moulding on my floor. Only I am allowed to do that. He left his clothes on someone else's floor, and he didn't tell me. And most of all he never comes to the beach.

I met Mark at a bus-stop in Whangarei. He thought he was cool because he was from Auckland and could blow proper smoke rings. I thought he was cool because he had money for cigarettes and had seen *Pulp Fiction* five times before it was even out on video. He'd done E before (I secretly thought this made him a wanker), and he never fucking washed his loopy hair.

I invited Mark to one of our parties. Somehow he just kept on turning up.

Other people seemed to like our place. My parents were pretty friendly: "Its fine to have friends over. Just don't do anything stupid."

"We'll just be down the beach," we'd say.

Mum and Dad were purposely blind, I think. Ignoring the bleary-eyed state in which we'd return. Ignoring the smell of stale beer.

They were always busy. Drenching cows, changing nappies, running kids to sport, and partying themselves. Dad's rugby teams used to come over every Saturday after the game and get pissed at our place. The house would smell of liniment and dried dirt. There was a big pile of shoes at the door, and deep belly laughs bounced off the walls. I wanted to be a man and smell like liniment and laugh like a giant.

In summer there were parties too, spilling out onto the veranda. Mum would bend over the barbeque, and the kids played cricket on the lawn. Dad would even dig a hangi sometimes. Us kids would lick our lips as we sat round the steaming hole, waiting for the river rocks to cook the food, so we could dip the smoky potatoes into the greasy pig fat. It got so hot that my brother Tom and I would slurp the left-over beer, grimacing at its pregnant rankness.

"Its dirt soup", he said.

Maybe life was nicer when Mark didn't exist. Or Maybe my memory is retarded.

Mum and Dad were swept up in something bigger than themselves. Mum would lift me up onto her knee those party nights, hazy beer-happy eyes.

"You'll always be my baby", she'd say and quickly drop me down again, floating off in her silly-wobbly brown boots, her shiny brown pony-tail bobbing up and down like a warning. She doesn't hug people when she's sober.

Dad has a paunch now. Mum's skin is crinkling gently into her smile.

Most of all their eyes have changed, sunken deeper into their heads, retreating like tired party eyes.

Now I don't have Mark, I am worried. What is going to happen to me when I am old and wrinkled, with no one old and wrinkled to share my bed. Yuck. I don't even want to think about it.

What happens when you've been alive for too long? What happens when your past follows you around like a tattoo?

It's like that part in the Wizard of Oz. "There's no place like home" Dorothy says. She may be a stupid bitch but she's right. You are always going to have trouble finding somewhere which clings to you like the leeching place and people that you come from, and the people who you try to make a part of that place.

Even when I moved away, there's the phone calls.

The hometown stoner friends, calling up "How's it going?".

The insistent family.

"The boys caught some Kahwai today".

"Maggie lost a tooth".

"Claire wants to come and see you".

"When are you coming home?". The worst question.

I'm never coming home. Maggie has my bedroom. My Pink Floyd poster has fallen off the wall. They are renovating the lounge and they want to add a guest-room. A harsh clean paint smell points out the changes to me and the walls slide in foreign directions. I have nowhere real to put my memories, because my home and my family are changing. I want memories safe in a museum. I want a safe place where there's no Mark. No cigarettes and surfboard wax. Outside the bus window, the grey Auckland offices and the bent railings of the motorway buzz past. The smell of squashed gum and heated-bodies mixes with the petrol leaking on the road behind us. Behind this there is a magic smell, pinching my conscience. Crushed mud, grass, that rough animal smell, and sticky beach air. I sleep because people on buses are tiring to talk to.

I can still smell Mark in my hair, cigarettes and coconut and left-over ocean salt. It pisses me off.

Claire calls me.

"Hal got weed for us!" she says. I am proud of my sister. Seventeen and destroying my parents from the inside. She makes me tired.

I'm off the bus and its raining on Whangarei's main street. Farm Supplies and a dairy. We're lucky to have a liquor store. Jared picks me up.

"Hey Kristy! Let's go get the booze".

We walk through the Super Liquor isles. The bright blue shelves greet me like a friend.

"Its an alcohol library!" as Mark used to say. Smartass.

Jared swings his dirty blonde dreads from side to side, as he ponders the Coruba. He probably hasn't showered in a week.

"I wonder how many bottles are down in those flax bush-



# LAST PARTY

by PAULA GUY

Cont.

es?" says Jared.

"Remember we thought your parents didn't know!"

Secret parties were fun. Alcohol mixed with adrenaline.

Later I found out that Mum and Dad always knew. Though I don't think they knew just how many bottles we hid in those bushes.

"Kids having fun," Dad said.

Jared places the Corona on the counter and I bring the Absolute Feijoa.

"How grown up are we?!" says Jared. He makes a monkey face.

"We should get some Double Brown for old times sake".

I make a monkey face back.

Jared and I pull up to the beach. Grass and salt and dead fish ground together. Josh and Hannah are already there, sitting in the old Carola, which is as battered as the orange cliffs. It smells like rust. Claire and Seth and Ryan walk down from the house.

I'm not going home just yet. Mum and Dad can have another night before I tell them I have no job and a slutty boyfriend. Mum thought I was going to marry Mark. As if either of us would waste money on a fucking ring.

Claire starts rolling and Seth hands me a Double Brown.

Another car-load pulls up, and now we have chairs.

Warm Double Brown. Why I am drinking this shit?

Dylan turns up in his tractor. He's good value for a farmer-boy, with brown arms and eyes and a broken nose curving like a question.

Rage Against the Machine blares from the tractor. I think it's "Killing in the Name of," but I'm not really listening.

"Where's Mark?" says Claire.

"Not here," I say.

"You're weird."

The beach stretches out like a huge funnel.

Last year Mark and Jared went surfing at midnight. They should have gotten lost in the water. Mark's hair was black and plastered over his eyes and he tasted like salt. He laughed because his ribs were bruised.

Jared and Josh build a fire. The flames get higher. Jared jumps over but no one else does. "I need Mark," he says. I want Jared to shut up.

Its dark and the waves sound closer. I can't see the faces. Josh is laughing like a clown. Swinging his Chucks by the flames. I have to take a walk.

The track up to the house is smooth and warm.

We lay on the track once because we were too pissed to get up the hill.

The hills smell like night and flax and cow shit. Fuck I hate walking.

Why did they build the house so far up?

The door isn't locked. Home with a red door, like a lighthouse.

I have to sleep. The beer is hitting me harder than it should. The carpet feels strange and springy, and the paint smells awake. The bread crumbs and lasagna from dinner are still on the bench. Past the kitchen I don't need a light.

Maggie is curled in my room. Her room. She smells like squashed play-dough.

Mum and Dad haven't changed the wallpaper here because I can still feel the cat-scratches.

Up the hall, the photos from my Twenty-First stare at me. Mark grins from them like a ghost, an arrogant little scar laughing in the side of his mouth.

There's a sliver of light under Mum and Dad's door, because Dad always falls asleep with the lamp on. I run my hand over the shiny paint on their wall.

I'm like God – if it existed, looking down at Mum and Dad, happy and safe, even though they know their life is running out. I don't know how they do it. There's always a mattress at the end of their bed. When I was three I had nightmares and had to sleep there. My feet stick off the end now. My past is held together with Donald-Duck plasters and egg-shells. Boys are still stupid.

Maybe I'll go back to the beach because the party's just starting.

My phone rings silently. This time I answer. I listen.

"Kate" says Mark.

The phone is nested in my ear, but I don't talk.

I curl up tight so I fit on the mattress.

Mark is breathing quiet breaths.

My home and the people and Mark. I want to fall asleep with him.

I leave Mark talking in my ear but I'm thinking of the beach, and how next time we go down there, there has to be a party again. If I wasn't sleepy I'd go grab another warm beer, but for now, the voice and the mattress are okay.

"It's my fault" says Mark.

"No."

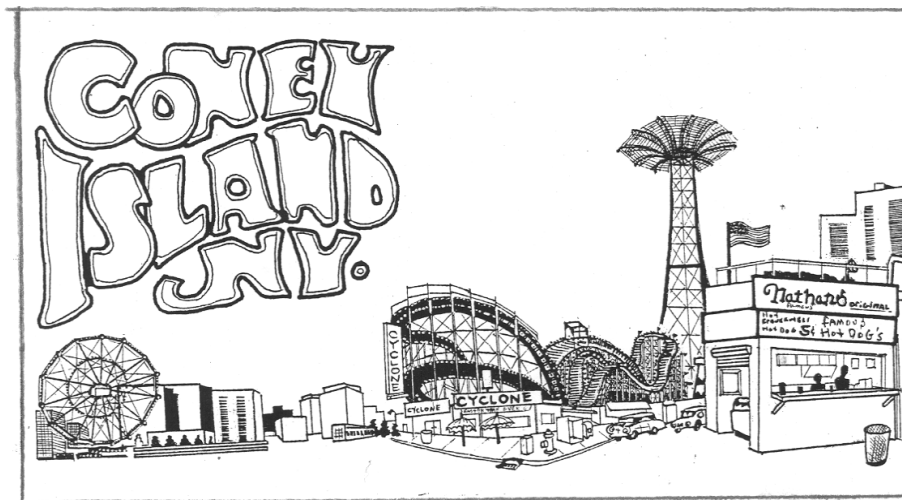
"I'm coming home" he says.

The clothes look like him but they smell strange. I couldn't even smell me anymore. Doesn't he know there's no home anywhere anymore? Mark is sleeping somewhere else now and there's a tiny piece of string breaking in my chest.

This is the last party, so I walk down the hill, and it hugs me gently because it is mine. I want it to be my beach, even though I feel like a ghost.

I can hear the laughing beach voices floating in and out like waves. On and on 'til I'm a hundred years old.

Drawing by James Blonde





# Ambition Jihad

by Marcel Voelucka



## Breaking News

“We interrupt this program to bring you breaking news. About thirty minutes ago a bomb went off inside a crowded cafeteria on the campus of a high school in Cleveland. It has been confirmed that this was in fact a suicide bombing possibly done by a student, although it’s too early to say who the perpetrator was or what their motive was. So far, at least twenty to thirty people are dead, and these are only early statistics; the number may be higher. We’ll have more information on this story as it develops. We now bring you back to your regularly scheduled program.”

## Aftermath

It was horrible. It was sickening. It was ghastly. It was stupefying. It was revolting. It was appalling.

“It” was the sight of a cafeteria littered with corpses as well as some who were not yet corpses but were not far from becoming so. The stench of death and burning flesh was like foul incense hanging in the air. The whimpers and cries and sobs and gasps of the wounded were like a symphony from Hell. The smoke still lingered despite the valiant efforts of the ventilation system. The area was dim because many of the lights had been blown out by the explosion. A cold breeze flowed through the room; many of the windows had been blown out, too. Shattered glass and shrapnel and overturned tables and chairs filled the space Captain Matthews was standing in as he watched his men wander around aiding the wounded.

Their job was to fight fires, but since there were no fires to be snuffed out they were helping the paramedics aid the victims that were still alive. Captain Matthews stayed out of their way for the most part, as he was stupefied by the dreadful sights that met his eyes. He’d served in Iraq for a year, and in that time he’d seen this kind of thing happen on numerous occasions. After all, it was a war zone.

But he’d thought he’d escaped all of that! He’d thought he’d never have to see something like that ever again! He’d thought that these things were part of another time, another space. But no! Here it was again, hitting him like a fierce punch to the gut. The sight of all the charred bodies, combined with the awful, inescapable stench and the pure shock of it all, brought tears to his eyes.



*Why! Why! Why! Why, God! Why do these things have to happen?! What did these kids do to deserve this?! Tell me, God!*

And then the sirens started wailing, completing the cacophony that assailed Captain Matthews’ ears. It was becoming unbearable now. A bunch of kids were brought out of the room on stretchers. As they passed he sneaked a glance at one of them, a girl who had been sliced by shrapnel and burned by the explosion. Her hair was singed, her clothing was tattered, and her body was limp; one of her hands hung lazily over the side and brushed past Captain Matthews’ leg. And her eyes...fear and anger and pain and shock...none of these were present, only a blank, uncomprehending stare in her listless eyes.

She looked like she was dead. But not quite; she blinked once as

once of the paramedics adjusted her oxygen mask. Her gurney was brought out of the room and she was gone. He looked away as the others passed; he couldn’t bear to look at them. The victims he’d encountered while in Iraq had had that same listless look in their eyes. There was now no real difference between these American kids and the Iraqi kids he’d seen back then. It was as if he was back in the war zone.

Captain Matthews could take no more of this. Tears stinging his eyes, he stumbled out of the room and whispered a prayer to the Lord above that the souls of the dead would find eternal rest. He had no sooner finished his prayer when he heard an imperative beeping noise coming from nearby. It sounded like a cell phone. He checked it out, and indeed it was a cell phone, which hung from the belt of one of the kids who wasn’t breathing and who had no pulse...

## Fear

“He’s not answering, Harold.”

Sheila Nichols was worried. She’d tried to call her son several times, but so far he hadn’t responded. Where was he? Was he alright? Was his cell phone broken? Was he hurt? Or worse...was he...?

“And that’s the fifth time you’ve called him, too. Something’s wrong...”



Harold Nichols was also very concerned. The news reports were grim. The bomber had struck without warning, and many people had been hurt and even killed. It was so surreal; nothing like this had ever happened before. Sure, there’d been school shootings in the past, but a suicide bombing?! This kind of thing was commonplace in the Middle East, but not in *America*, Harold thought.

The TV images were brutal and disturbing, and the mother and the father both had to turn away, as the images were just too horrid to even glance at. The thought that their son might be among them made it even worse.

“He’s gotta be alive,” Sheila said defiantly. “He’s not dead. No way. It can’t be. It wouldn’t have been his lunch break yet, so why would he be in the cafeteria?” She snickered, as if mocking the very notion that her son might’ve been among those corpses being shown on TV. It seemed to work for her, but not for her husband.

“Please God...Please Lord...Please Lord...let Keith be safe. Let him live. Make him answer the phone and tell us he’s alright.” Harold’s prayer was so fervent that tears began cascading from his eyes. “Oh, God have mercy!”

For minutes, there was total silence in the living room, save for the TV. Sheila and Harold just sat back and watched the images on the screen and the talking heads “analyze” the situation. It was so overwhelming; this was not how the two had planned to spend their day off from work. But all that mattered now was the welfare of their son Keith.

The phone suddenly rang.

A feeling of dread filled Sheila as she picked it up tentatively. Somehow, this wasn’t going to be good news. “Hello...yes, speaking...yes...oh...oh, God! No! No!”





# Ambition Jihad

by Marcel Voelucka



Cont.

Harold's heart stopped a beat as a sudden coldness overcame him. "Sheila...?"

"It's the hospital. They just brought him in now." Her voice was calm, grim, and accepting.

"And?"

"He's...he's dead, Harold," his wife stammered, "Keith's *dead!*"

## Pain

The darkness gradually gave way to an intense, piercing light as Sally's eyes fluttered open. But her vision was clouded and hazy, and the girl wondered if she had somehow made it to the pearly gates of Heaven. But what a strange welcome this was. She could hear murmurs and the hustle of people scurrying about. She could make out a few moans and groans in the distance, but she had no way of knowing who was uttering them or what was provoking them. The air that she was breathing was strange, it seemed more pure than regular air, but she could also detect an odd, acrid stench lingering around, like smoke from a fire. She could feel an itchy sensation all over much of her body, coupled with a certain hotness, as if she was being baked by the sun. Maybe this wasn't Heaven at all, she thought. Maybe this was Hell...

But then an angel suddenly loomed over her, its immaculate white garb nearly indistinguishable though the bright light and the haze. The angel murmured something that Sally could barely make out, "...coming to..." The haze began to diminish and her hearing began to come back as the nurse attended to something nearby that looked like a plastic bag on a long pole, with a tube or wire of some sort snaking down towards Sally. As she followed it with her eyes, she noticed that the tube was connected to her own arm!

*What is this place...?*

The angel finished whatever it was doing, and then it moved closer to Sally, adjusting something that had been covering her mouth and nose. An oxygen mask, she finally realized. And the angel must have been fiddling with an IV bag...

An angel...no, it was a nurse. And this was a hospital.

The itchy sensation turned into a burning sensation as Sally regained consciousness. But almost immediately she wished she hadn't, for she could now see and hear and smell everything more vividly; people moaning as they were attended to by nurses and doctors, incessant beeping and other obnoxious noises coming from machines and monitors, medical personnel barking orders, and the burning, God, the burning! This place truly was like the pits of Hell.

*Oh, God! Keith! Is he here, too?!*

Sally vaguely remembered the explosion. It had come without warning while she was waiting for her boyfriend Keith to return with their lunch. There wasn't even enough time to duck or hide behind something. There had been a loud **BOOM!** followed by a blast of intense heat, and then all became oblivion. Now she was in a hospital surrounded by some kids she recognized as classmates, but Keith was nowhere to be seen. Sally was desperate to find out more, so she called out weakly, "Keith, Keith Keith!" It didn't take long before her desperate murmurs attracted the attention of another nurse.

"Dear, sweetie, calm down. You're in good hands now. Whoever

Keith is, I'm sure we'll find him—"

"What...happened? Where's Keith?"

"You got burned in that explosion. You're at the hospital now, and we're going to take good care of you. Don't strain yourself, now. You've been out for about five hours and—"

"Where's Keith?! Where's my mom and dad?!"

"Your parents have been notified, and they're on their way now. Keith..."

"My boyfriend. Last name Nichols. Keith Nichols. He...he was there with me...he must've been hurt too..."

The nurse looked around, trying to think of some way to pacify this girl. She called an orderly over and asked her, "Do we have a Keith Nichols here?"

Visibly irritated at being interrupted, the orderly checked a clipboard with a handwritten list on it. After a minute, she droned, "Nope. Not in here. Haven't ID'ed everyone yet."

"All right then, thank you."

The nurse aimed a consoling smile at Sally, but she would have none of it. "Please, nurse...I need to know..."

"Relax, calm down sweetie. We haven't finished identifying everybody yet—in fact, it might take a while. But let me see...I'll page the front desk."

Sally groaned a few words of thanks as the pain continued relentlessly. Why did it have to hurt so much? She tried to focus on her surroundings instead of the pain, but this was a nearly impossible task. After all, when you have second and even third degree burns scattered all over your body, it's not that easy to just ignore them.



"Hello? This is Beatrice...yeah, I have a girl here who wants to know if a Keith Nichols is here...one of the kids that were brought in after the bombing...uh, okay.....*oh...oh*, Lord, that's just horrible...really...okay, thanks..."

Sally didn't like her ominous tone.

*Please, God, let Keith be all right...*

The nurse sighed and shook her head sadly.

*No, don't say it...*

"I'm sorry...I had them check for your boyfriend's name, to see if he was brought in...they did, but Keith was dead before they even arrived. I'm so sorry, sweetie."

Sally's blood ran cold. Her throat tightened up as if she was choking. It felt like all the air in her lungs had been sucked out. Suddenly, the intense burning and itching no longer registered in her brain. She was so stunned that not even one tear flowed from her eyes. She couldn't even think; her mind had gone blank over the realization that Keith, her boyfriend, was dead...*murdered*.

## Anger



# Ambition Jihad

by Marcel Voelucka



**Cont.**

“What?! What do you mean, he’s dead?!”

Fifteen year old Isaac nearly dropped the phone when the terrible news assaulted his ears. As if his friend Sally’s serious injuries weren’t bad enough...now another of his friends was...

“Dead...God, why?! What the hell did they do?! What did *any* of them do to deserve that?!” He sat down in his chair again only to stand up again and start pacing around. “Yeah, I’m still here...well, *I’m* sorry, too, you know?! I’m sorry as shit, but that ain’t gonna change one goddamn thing! One of my best friends is dead!”

Isaac kicked at a toy lying on the floor. His younger sister Aaliyah didn’t dare utter one sound of protest over it; whining over a toy wasn’t worth Isaac blowing up at her. She remained in her hiding spot behind the kitchen counter and kept as quiet as possible to avoid incurring his wrath...

“Yeah, I suppose I should, like, count my blessings since I go to a different school, but it would be better if I didn’t have to! And I’m still worried about Kareem! He hasn’t come home yet! My parents are out looking for him, but no luck. He better not be...uh, huh. I’m sorry, I’m just...really *angry* right now, you know? It’s like, can’t we be safe *anywhere* anymore?! I don’t wanna to be afraid anymore...I just don’t want any more of this...”

Aaliyah figured now was the time to go take refuge in her room. Isaac could be a real terror when he got mad. She could get the toy later, when it was safer.

“Stupid terrorist bastards! I hope that guy burns in Hell!” He kicked at some more stuff lying around as he stormed around, cell phone in hand. “They’re like goddamn cockroaches, you take one out and they keep coming...and now a school! Killing kids...that’s low...that’s low...yeah, yeah, Jay, I’m worried. I don’t know where my brother is, my friend Sally is seriously injured, and now one of my best friends, who I’ve known since the goddamn second grade, is DEAD! So yeah, I’m worried! Don’t tell me not to be worried! I’ve got every right to be!”

If there had been a sledgehammer lying around, no doubt Isaac would have taken it and used to smash some things. But the best he could do right now was to kick at some furniture. Better than kicking his kid sister, at least.

“Uuuurgh! I HATE these people, Jay! I hate them all! Yeah...oh, you do too? Well, that’s nice. That’s really nice. ‘Cause we *should* hate these bastards, I don’t care what anybody says. They come along, pretending to be Muslims, and then they go off and do this shit...making people like me and my family look like terrorists when we’re not... Uuuurgh! I just wanna...kill ‘em all!”

Isaac’s fist was clenched so tight that his fingernails were digging into his palms. He unclenched them for a minute and clenched them again, making a fist that he wished he could send flying into bin Laden’s beady little eyes.

“I know...I know, Jay! I know that’s not a good thing to say but you know what?! I don’t care right now! Okay?! I don’t give a shit! That bastard killed my friend and hurt another friend, and I swear, if my brother was hurt...”

Isaac started stomping up the stairs, making sure to make as much noise as possible. If only the bomber’s evil carcass had been laying there...

“I wish I was old enough to join the army so I could go over to Iraq or Afghanistan and kick me some terrorist ass! Kill ‘em all! Yeah, that’s what I’d do...huh? The news is saying that it was somebody *from the school*?! You’re kidding...no, Jay, you’re not serious... No way! I gotta see this.” He stormed into his brother’s room, which unlike his own had a TV in it, and tuned in to the local news.

It took a while for the anchor to get around to it, what with all the ‘expert’ commentary and all, but after five minutes of tense waiting, the anchor finally mentioned what Isaac’s friend had just told him: the suicide bomber had in fact been a student at the school.

“Sick...real sick...I wonder who it was...too bad he’s dead, or else I could’ve killed him myself!”

Isaac sat down on his brother’s bed and tried to let himself calm down, devastated by everything that was happening. If only he could do something! But here he was, helpless, sitting in front of an impassive TV screen which just kept showing the horrid images ceaselessly. Meanwhile, Jay said as many peaceable things as he could muster, but it wasn’t helping his hot tempered friend. Isaac was just about to leave the room when, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed an envelope laying on his brother’s desk.

“What the hell...Jay, I found something. I just found an envelope in Kareem’s room...let’s see...there’s a note in here with his name on it...it’s titled “My Ambition.” Wait, I’ll read it to you right now...”



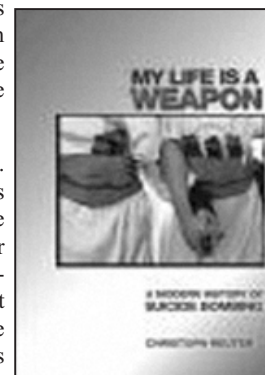
## Ambition Jihad

In the name of God, The Most Compassionate, the Most Merciful, Sovereign of the Day of Judgment. All praise belongs to God, who is the Creator, Sustainer and Guide of all the worlds.

I, Kareem, humble servant of God the Almighty, write this to seal my deed of fire and blood. I’m writing this to tell you about my ambition of jihad. I’ve kept this a secret from my friends and family for far too long.

Every day I saw them, all of them, my fellow students and my teachers, those infidels. I hate them. I hate all of them. Every day it would be the same; their mistreatment of me, their insults, their epithets, their condemnations of me and my faith. For four years I went through a living Hell trying to survive this oppression at the hands of my peers. I forced myself to look away from their vicious stares. I bore their threats, especially from the bigger kids, silently. I put up with the shoves and pushes and pranks and ridicule and fights.

I figured it was all a test of my faith. I figured that if I could just get through this without going over the edge, I would be stronger for it. I prayed to God above for strength and guidance. But I realized something. I realized that things would never get better for me. It was always going to be like this. As far as America was concerned I was a dirty terrorist. I would always have to put







# Ambition Jihad

by Marcel Voelucka



**Cont.**

up with infidels torturing me. Idiots! Wallowing in their sinful lives, with absolutely no respect for God.

To them I was no different from bin Laden. To them I was public enemy number one. To them I was a terrorist. As if it was my own fault that New York was attacked years ago. No...it was America's own fault. America brought the fire of God's vengeance upon itself, for spitting in the face of God, for terrorizing our people. People had to die as punishment, for clamoring for the deaths of Muslims around the world. Unlike my classmates I followed the world situation closely, and I knew something was very wrong with the way things were. It was revolting to me how people could cheer on the mass slaughter of Muslims, how they could target me and oppress me. They deserved to be punished.

I couldn't take it anymore. I had to do something, and so my ambition for jihad was born. I went online in my room, late at night, and studied the other martyrs and their schemes. I decided I would add myself to their numbers by bombing my school. I wanted to kill them all, they were so disgusting to me. And so I searched for information on how to make a homemade pipe bomb. I did it all in secret of course; no one could find out before it was time. I found out where I could buy the necessary mate-

rials around town, bought them, and built the bomb in the garage when my family was away one weekend. It was not very difficult but it took me a long time and some experimentation to get it right. But finally, I had my tool for vengeance.

I hid the bomb deep in my closet where no one would find it, and I decided on a time and place to do my deed and fulfil my ambition of holy jihad. The day came, I got up, said a prayer to God that I might be successful, and went to school with the bomb in my gym bag. My plan was to detonate it at lunchtime in the cafeteria, when the place would be crowded and I could take out as many people as I could. They had to be punished for what they had done to me, for what they and their country had done to my people.

A thousand prayers go to God above that I will be successful in my ambition. God willing, I will go to Heaven within a few hours of writing this letter, to join the other martyrs who have died for our faith. I hope my family will understand that what I did was necessary and noble, though I doubt they will. Mom, please don't cry for me. Dad, don't mourn me. Isaac, Aaliyah, be proud of me, I beg you.

Allah ahu akbar; God is great.



# Master Chief Goes to Winter X Games

By Joe Rios



# Master Chief Goes to Winter X Games

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The Chief sat on the mountain side, taking a moment to survey the situation. He knew what his mission was. The Covenant had been getting closer and closer to a power station that was crucial to the Earth Defense Network. The Chief knew the Covenant were very close, good thing the Covenant didn't know. He was Spartan 117 and he was always ready for a fight.

It was times like these of course, where the Chief was glad to have Cortana in his head. Looking down at the Covenant installation he asked her, "So what are our options?" Cortana quickly chimed back, "Well I can't tell you exactly what we are up against from this altitude, but we can forget air support. The entire fleet is engaged right now." "Why am I not surprised..." muttered the Chief. As bad as the situation seemed, the Chief was still grinning under his visor. He loved a challenge.

The Chief darted back 200 yards to the Pelican which he had "Landed" on the mountain. It wasn't so much a Pelican any more. It was more like "The wreckage of a Pelican shot down by Covenant anti-aircraft guns." Obviously it was going to be of no use to him, but inside the fuselage were various weapons and things he might find useful. The Chief went into the fuselage and came back out a moment later carrying a sniper rifle, battle rifle, rocket launcher, and enough ammunition to take on a small army. He made a pile outside the pelican and went back in again.

"What else could you possibly need from this bird?" Asked Cortana. The Chief was silent as he grabbed a large crate from inside the Pelican and brought it out. As he placed it down right-side-up, Cortana could see the word "Explosives" written on the crate. The best response she could come up with at the time was "Oh."

After the Master Chief had collected all of his weapons and made sure everything was functional, he walked 20 yards to where the Warthog, which was attached to the pelican, and fallen. It was beaten up and upside down, but that wasn't going to stop the Chief. The Spartan used his massive strength to flip the Warthog back over onto its wheels. He hopped in the driver's seat, flipped a few switches, and with a press of the ignition button the Warthog roared to life.

As the chief was loading his weaponry into the Warthog, Cortana finally asked "So... care to tell me what you plan is?" The chief replied, "We are going down this mountain. On the way down we are going to kill as many covenant as we can." Cortana had to ask, "and what about the rest of them?" "The rest of them," the chief replied, "the snow will take care of."

It took a second to realize what the chief meant by that but once she figured it out she yelled "You are crazy! We are going to end up buried alive or worse!" The chief smacked his helmet to get her attention "We are not going to get buried alive, and we definitely are not going to die. Now tell me, can you auto-pilot that Warthog?"

As the chief was setting up the crate full of explosives Cortana announced, "Ok Chief, I can drive the Warthog, but the gun isn't tied into

the computer so you are going to have to handle that part. Also, I can only control it as far as 300 yards, so don't get too far away from it, otherwise it won't be of much use to us." "Good" replied the chief as he flicked a switch on the crate of explosives. The display flickered on reading "5:00" and started counting down "4:59, 4:58..."

The chief jumped into the gunner seat of the warthog and yelled "Punch it!" The tires of the Warthog started crunching snow as the Spartan and the AI headed down the mountain. They had to fight their way down 15 kilometers in 5 minutes... saying that time was against them would be an understatement.

The first several kilometers were enemy free, as they barreled down the mountain, they accelerated to a speed that can only be described as "entirely too fast for a Warthog." At approximately 7 or 8 KM down, they passed a group of Jackals that were clearly scouting the area. The group consisted of 6 Jackals, 3 of which were plowed over by the speeding warthog. The machine was moving so fast the remaining jacks had no idea what had hit their fellow warriors. As they approached the remains of their companions, they didn't even notice the 3 grenades the chief had tossed out of the warthog at just the right time. As the Spartan continued down the mountain, he thought to himself "If that was a surprise to them, they haven't seen anything yet!"

The Chief was enjoying himself so much that he almost lost track of time. Cortana announced "One kilometer ahead we have two Wraith tanks, and they know we're coming!"

The chief held onto the gun with one arm, and with the other he grabbed his rocket launcher. He took aim at the nearest tank and fired two rockets at it. As the rockets were tearing across the space the Chief dropped the launcher to the floor of the warthog and aimed the Warthogs rail gun at the farther tank. The weapon powered up and as soon as the green "Ready" light lit up, the Chief fired off 4 rounds at the further tank. Due to the immense speed of the rail gun, the rounds from it caught up with the rockets from the launcher just as they were both about to hit their respective targets. For a moment there was absolute silence and then two bright flashes followed by the deafening sounds of two tanks simultaneously exploding. "Got to hurry" thought the chief "time is running out."

With just three kilometers to go, the chief had no choice but to slow the Warthog down so he could kill all the grunts and jackals he was approaching. The Spartan was laying down continuous fire at the covenant soldiers when Cortana called his attention "Chief..." "I'm kind of busy right now Cortana" The chief broke in. "I know chief" she stated, "but I think you need to know, ZERO SECONDS!"

The Master Chief looked back at the top of the mountain just in time to see a bright flash of light. The sub-nuclear warhead detonated, and the shockwave rushed down the mountain at the speed of sound. When the wave hit the warthog it was almost flipped over. Cortana stopped the



# Master Chief Goes to Winter X Games

By Joe Rios

Cont.

warthog and told the chief “Look at the mountain Chief.”

The ice and snow had cracked for a length of 5 kilometers down from the top. The weight of the snow with the shock of the explosion knocked the whole thing loose. A wave of snow was falling from the top and gaining speed by the second. Cortana said “Analyzing... We have 2 minutes before that avalanche reaches the bottom of the mountain.” As she said this, the chief grabbed hold of the rail gun yet again, and fired on two approaching hunters as Cortana set the machine back into motion. In seconds they were at full throttle and moving towards the Covenant camp.

A countdown appeared on the Chief’s heads up display. It read “1:55” and it was counting down faster than the chief would like it to. The warthog plowed through grunts and jackals as it approached the camp. The chief wasn’t even shooting many of them... no time for it. Plasma rounds splashed across his shield knocking it down only momentarily before they regenerated back to full strength.

Once again Cortana’s voice filled the chief’s head “Ok Chief, there is a banshee at the far end of the camp, but there are a few obstacles, namely 3 tanks and a scarab. The scarab isn’t online yet so if we hurry, we might be able to get ahead of it.” The chief grabbed up the rocket launcher once again firing rounds at a group of nearby elites. “That should buy me some time” He thought.

The clock was still running. They were in the center of the camp, approaching the tanks and the scarab that was right next to them. The countdown on the chief’s HUD read “1:00” a quick glance behind him and he could see the massive wall of snow, ice, and rock approaching the camp at an insane speed. It would wipe out the entire camp and everyone in it, he just hoped that he wasn’t one of them.

The chief instructed Cortana “Put the warthog on a collision course with the scarab” and with that the chief climbed from the gunners seat to the hood of the warthog, rocket launcher in hand. What he was about to do was suicidal, but it might work, and the chief was out of options.

As the Warthog barreled towards the tanks and scarab, the chief grabbed the windshield’s frame, bracing for impact. The warthog hit the first tank exactly as he had planned. It hit the inclined front end of the tank and launched it up into the air, bringing it level, and then above the

“head” of the scarab. Just as the warthog was about to start falling, the chief leapt off of it, sailing over the scarab. At just the right moment the chief took aim, and from mid air, fired a rocket straight at the warthog.

The chief braced himself for an explosion followed by a hard landing, and he got exactly that. The rocket hit the warthog, exploding the fuel cell that powered it, along with the explosives in the back. The explosion rocked the scarab, destroying its cockpit, and thus rendering it useless. The chief was soaring through the air just as the avalanche was about to hit the camp. Just before he hit the ground he thought “This is going to be close.”

The chief hit the ground hard, sliding for 10 meters before coming to a stop. He immediately got up and started running towards the banshee. There was no covenant in sight so the chief threw his weapons to the ground to increase his speed. He was almost there.

Just 10 meters from the banshee he saw an elite who had just run up to grab the banshee and get away. The elite was armed, but the chief didn’t care, he wasn’t going to give up now. The elite opened fire on the Chief, draining his shield down to nothing as the chief charged forward. Just as he was about to run into the elite he put forward his fist with such a force that in one blow he managed to take out the Elite’s shield, shatter his armor, and put his fist clean through the alien’s head, splattering blood all over the side of the Banshee.

The Spartan wanted to savor the moment but just then Cortana reminded him that there was no time for it yelling, “Chief, we need to go NOW!”

The Chief jumped into the Banshee, powered it up, and accelerated away from the camp as fast as possible. Chunks of ice and rock battered the outside of the Banshee as the chief was almost overtaken by the avalanche, but at the last second the chief hit the Banshees boost, propelling them away from the camp and it’s icy grave.

Once they had cleared the camp and were safe, the chief powered down the banshee to save fuel and set a course to the nearest UNSC base. Cortana, reflecting on what they had just done had only one thing to say “You know chief, you really are something else...”

Spartan 117 thought about it, and replied with “If you only knew...”



Photo by Matt Willemain

# The Place That Eats You

By Paula Guy

How do you know when you love someone? I have no fucking idea. I love everyone, except the people who piss me off. As I said, those fuckers piss me off.

I love places, as well as the people who exist within them. I especially love a shitty, smelly, people-infested place called Auckland. Half-eaten oak trees stalk the pavement. Fatty Burger-King smells mix with sushi and sun and the scent of too many over-heated feet.

There are little pockets of Auckland that I especially love. Albert Park, where horny kids lounge, spilling out of their clothes, pressing their faces against the grass like desperate lizards. Hunter and I used to lie there too, hung-over, encrusted in the remains of the night before – smoke, alcohol and sex, hugging together in our smelly clothes, mutated stalks of grass poking up our nostrils. It's hard to find warm places like Albert Park. Auckland is generally unfriendly to the hung-over. It is a city after all – people and tattoos and suits and sluts and swarms of America – Starbucks, McDonald's, and cheap souvenir shops litter the streets, selling New Zealand a dollar a time. A "Genuine" slice for under ten bucks.

I must be homesick. What a loser. I'm sober, I'm sitting in an ugly cramped flat, surrounded by yoghurt-carton ashtrays, old socks and Marilyn posters. Idealising my home. Hunter would laugh at me. We haven't spoken in two weeks but I still know he would laugh like an asshole.

"Told ya so, fuck-face!"

Boys, especially Hunter. His face bounces off my wall like an evil clown. Asshole.

It is time for a cigarette run to the 7-11. Shit. I'm becoming a stupid American. "Stop-n-Shop", "7-11" and even fucking "Wal-Mart" are now a part of my vocabulary. Where have good old Woolworth's and Pak 'n' Save gone? I want to be able to walk down to the Mt. Eden Village Dairy at 4am in the morning rain, with Max and Jacob and five dollar notes covered with *Sir* Edmond Hillary and the Queen, instead of crumpled, corrupt, greenbacks.

Maybe eating American food has infected my brain, and thus my vocabulary.

I AM BEING INVADED.

Ha! Ha! Hunter's shadow laughs at me from the wall again. This time it has claws. I have always seen shit like this, even before I discovered mushrooms. I like myself and I confuse myself and I make me tired. My imagination needs some cold air.

Outside my door, the jaundiced street lights squint at my face. There are lamp-posts every few feet, but I want to find a wardrobe. Surely I can find a door to Narnia (or maybe New Zealand – if that place exists). Ugly box-houses gather round me like dumb robots. Coke cans and Dunk 'n' Donuts wrappers melt and flow with the gutter-dust. Long Island – like a toilet bowl where pieces of shit land. How appropri-

ate. I take tiny steps along the edge of the gutter.

My walkman is playing Shihad. Fuck. I don't even like those wankers. I gave them the sympathy vote on my play-list because they are from Wellington. I walk faster now because I haven't smoked since dinner and I feel sick. The 7-11 is absurdly ugly. Even more obscene than the rest of the street.

There is a condom draped over the edge of the pavement. Welcome to romance. GOD - I need to find an OCEAN. New York makes you understand Travis Bickle. I need Albert Park. I need trees with leaves and sex out on the cliffs at Piha. I need to run down to the beach, falling over myself to get to the water. I want an ocean that stretches on and on. I need to look over the water and see something other than Connecticut.

The bagels and over-priced Budweiser, (come to think of it, all Bud is overpriced), laze on the shelves. Everything is orange and it hurts my eyes.

The guy at the counter is called Mike and his name tag is slightly bent, like his smile.

"How you doing?"

I pretend I'm mute and run out of the stupid 7-11 number-land.

Opening the door as fast as I can without appearing mental, I crash into Ricky. English class - I think. My elbow dents his American belly.

"On a beer run!" he laughs, and heads towards the Budweiser.

"I need sleep," I say and close the door.

Fuck, I hate the suburbs. It's mutual - the suburbs hate me too. All the trees on Long Island are dead. They can't even manage a leaf. It is spring but Long Island can't step up. I laugh at them but they laugh back, meanly, with their squeaky fingers. I can smell the metallic-smoke of the tracks. Looks like I've just missed my last escape-train out of town, so I turn down Waverly Road and stumble back to the flat.

Hannah and Anthony are on the front steps, free styling to Beck from a boom-box. They are drunk. They slot into the landscape – the bare grass, broken lawnmower, mossy trees and beer crates, cigarettes drooping from their lips. Fuck I love them. Glimpses of humanity, with their desperate happiness and their defeated smiles. I sit and share the last left-over sun.

"Beer?" says Anthony

"Thank god for Steel Reserve."

Hannah sways her legs back and forth. Heads bob like puppets. It is Beck after-all. God bless Amerika.

When you have been around a place too long it either eats you or you shit on it and run away. Somewhere from the basement I can hear the broken glass Joy Division records, reaching out like trapped vinyl ghosts, kissing my eardrums.

"She's Lost Control Again"- Again - bloody hell.

Manchester demons in the heart of New York. New York – Manchester – Auckland. Interchangeable? Maybe.

"Maybe eating American food has infected my brain, and thus my vocabulary."



# The Place That Eats You

By Paula Guy

Cont.

I stumble down the stairs, because the song has almost run out and I need to turn up the music.

“I’m leaving this shit hole.” That’s Hannah, shouting from the stairs. So sure, every day, chanting promises of escape. It’s her mantra.

I don’t know what my mantra is. It used to be: “Get the fuck out of Auckland”. Travel. To where ever that leads you. Another asshole city – New York.

You’ll miss Auckland. The familiar dirt and the crappy flats falling over one another in their hurry to exist. The marijuana filled quad of the University. The pungent melting smell of the people who live by the sea. Sushi and craft stores and leather and even seagulls that shit all over everything.

You’ll idealise it somewhat. (“New Zealand is Awesome!” – just don’t check it out for yourself). You’ll love being away, the newness, mixed with familiarity. You’re half human, half alien. You’ll be fine as long as you can find people to get drunk with. Maybe that should be my mantra.

I fold onto my knees. Frantically reaching for the volume, turning up the Joy Division, so it never ends. The orange walls sparkle around me, spinning like a Ferris wheel.

Auckland will always be there, and my shitty Northland beaches. Maybe change is awesome.

“I’ve got your beer. Fucking hurry up,” Anthony shouts in his TV voice.

I am listening to Amerika but I want to touch you, New Zealand. I want to eat a slice of home, cook some of Maui’s fish; greedily inject it into my flesh, so it can never escape. On and on and on it is in the concept of me that I become New Zealand. This country is like a never ending blister. Like the fucking measles. Scars of your birth, dirt in your blood.

“I’ll be up.”

Sitting on the steps, the can is cold, and it bites my hands.

I have beer in my blood too, so maybe everything will be alright..

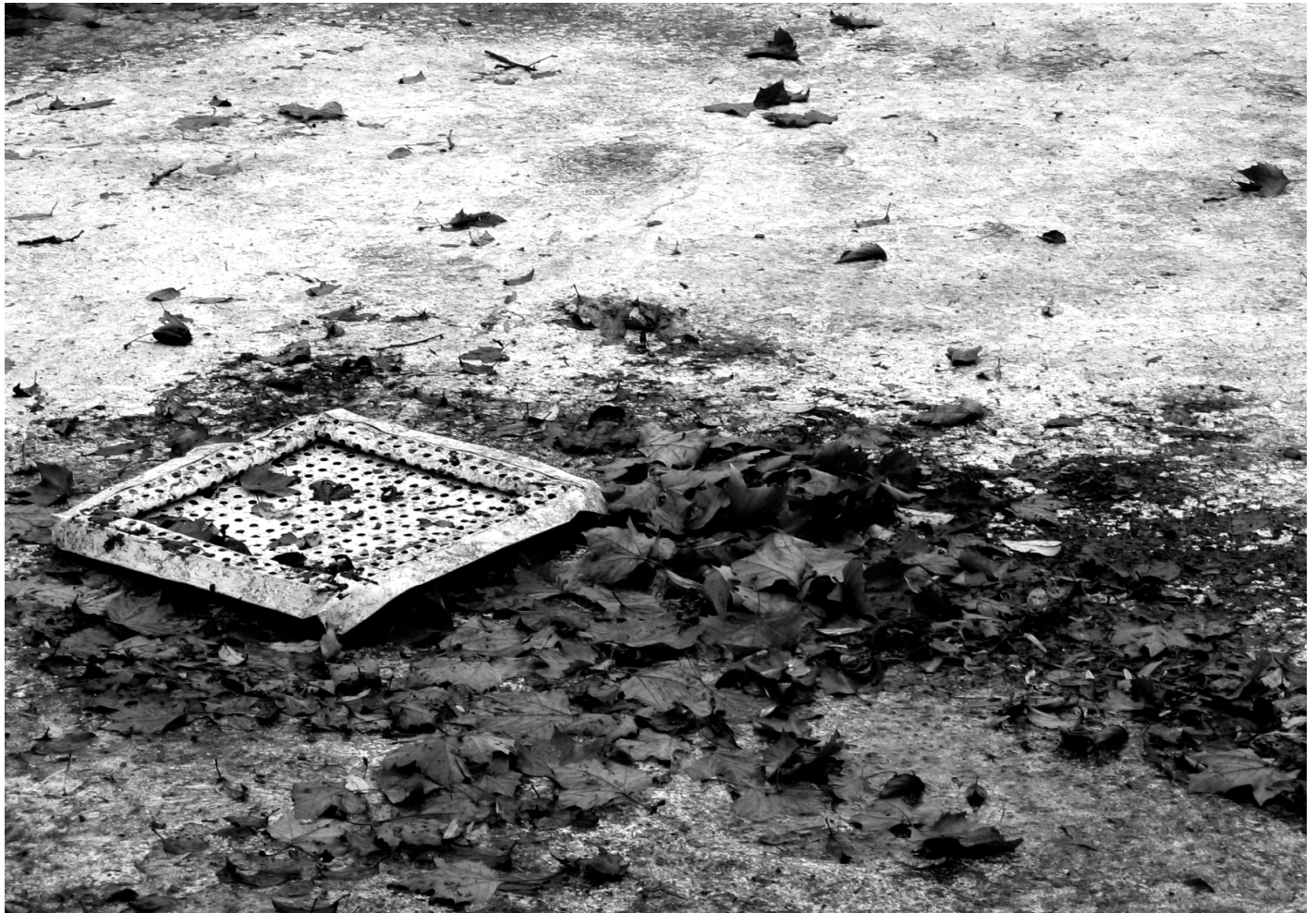


Photo by Matt Willemain



# PHOTOS



Photos by  
Don Landes



Artsy Photo  
by  
Matt Willemain







Photos by  
Valentina Schmidt



Photos by  
Horacio Gil Gil





# POEMS

Untitled  
By Nicole L. Barry

I measure myself against the tides of change  
I am anchored soundly at the shore  
To be enough and to feel enough  
Is a risk I know not often enough to take  
My soul is starving in the cage I thrust it in  
And I let the sound and pressure of this ruthless  
tide  
Envelope me and swallow me whole  
Yet I am still standing here  
An injustice to the magnitude of the power of  
change  
In the cafe I hear the women laughing  
Possessing all the knowledge of bending to the  
tide  
And letting their souls roam free

**Laconic Paradox**  
By Laura Positano

It is best said to be only  
Laconic  
there are few words to explain it  
this churning  
blue tidal wave  
streamed around helplessly  
How can I explain it?  
Singing paeans of utopia  
not long ago in time  
a plethora of emotions  
are welling up inside my soul  
Inscrutable  
Why do I feel those thoughts  
of falsehood hybrids  
slipping away  
into oblivion?

**LitSup Zeus**  
David K. Ginn

**1st Titan**  
Chris Williams

**Page 70**

**2nd Titan**  
Marcel Votlucka

**Back cover by Valentina Schmidt**  
**Inside cover by James Blonde**

**Flight of the Pity (Part II)**

By David K. Ginn

Don't take the fire in a roundabout  
Don't lift it up in the calling crowd  
Don't fake the liar inside of you  
It's all crawling at the sight of you

And if you go down in the street  
there's a madness sulking up the heat  
Don't let the fire climb up and out  
Don't let the seams rip inside out

Don't make a bet you'll never keep  
Don't wake the dragon as he tries to sleep  
Don't light the fires inside the cave  
Just walk on past the treasure's only slave

And if you give yourself away  
there's a fire coming up your way  
Over hill and under hill  
It lasts as long as pleasure will

In the magic of the fire  
lies the secret of desire.  
And in the madness of the city  
lies the flight of the pity.

And if you watch them as they flee  
You will know what demons they see  
As the magic spills out from their veins  
In the downpour of a summer rain

In the magic of the fire  
lies the secret of desire.  
And in the madness of the city  
lies the flight of the pity.

Don't let it come and take you away  
Don't let it steal your breath away  
It's the washed up con man of the fire  
and it comes to meet with your desire.





# POEMS

## Calford the Knight

By Chris Williams

Here is a story for you,  
about a boy of twelve or so,  
who lived in a far away kingdom  
many centuries ago.

His name was Sir Calford of Amshire,  
(or so he dreamt to be called),  
for he was a lowly servant,  
and only did as he was told.

He fetched water, and  
cleaned saddles among other drudgery.  
I must interject, that is  
not for the delicate hands of me.

But, he did escape  
to daydreams of Penelope,  
which were a source of happiness  
simply because of their melody.

And, wonderful dreams they only were  
for he was but a squire.  
With heroism,  
he thought that he would be her sire.

One day, he saw Penelope  
in a fight with Abesor the bully.  
He thought if he rescued her,  
then she would love him surely.

In a surge of chivalry,  
he dropped his iron pot.  
It landed on his foot.  
Later, he said, "It rather hurt a lot."

Quickly, he donned some armor and  
marched into battle.  
He shook so much everyone said  
Calford started to rattle.

Now came the important moment,  
he could not ask for anything more,  
except for a miracle,  
which he needed for sure.

He confronted Abesor the bully,  
who laughed in his face.  
Calford reddened with anger  
and stepped back a pace.

He swung his tiny fist at Abesor's head.  
Alas, contact was not made.  
Now, Abesor's eyes cold and stern showed  
that Calford's life must be paid.

Abesor hurled his fist at him.  
Swift was Abesor's blow,  
which knocked Calford out  
for an hour, or so.

Calford woke up to a vision  
of Penelope,  
who more now than ever  
never looked quite so lovely.

He saw with blurry vision  
the hulking bully on the ground.  
Confusion on his face told her  
that she must expound.

She explained, after Calford was hit,  
that she broke free.  
Then, Penelope took that moment  
to make a hasty flee.

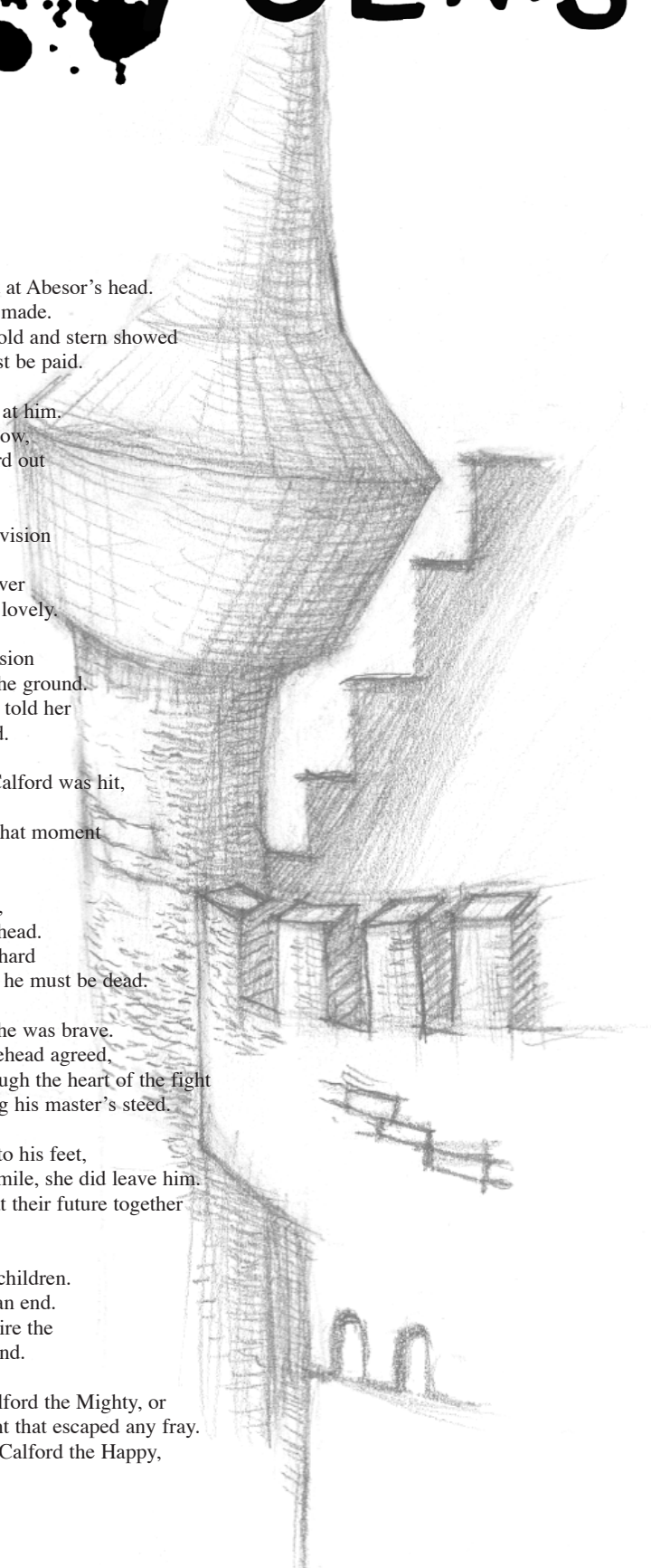
She found an iron pot,  
and hit Abesor in the head.  
She struck Abesor so hard  
everyone thought that he must be dead.

She told Calford that he was brave.  
Of course, the chucklehead agreed,  
although he slept through the heart of the fight  
and dreamt of cleaning his master's steed.

Penelope helped him to his feet,  
and, with a cheerful smile, she did leave him.  
He said to himself that their future together  
looked less dim.

Now, go to bed, dear children.  
My story is reaching an end.  
Now is the time to retire the  
tale of our valiant friend.

So, he was not Sir Calford the Mighty, or  
Sir Calford, the Knight that escaped any fray.  
In trying, he was just Calford the Happy,



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the stony brook

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