

PRESS

the stony brook

the community news and features paper

Vol. XXVII, Issue 3

"What is she, goth? No, she's Asian."

Oct 14, 2005

evil

Inside-
15 Pages of Comics!

PLUS-
A new
COMRADE!



The Mysterious Harriet Miers

By Alex Walsh

On October 3, 2005, President Bush nominated Harriet Miers to replace Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. O'Connor, appointed to the Court by Ronald Reagan in 1981, has provided a key swing vote on many cases. She announced her decision to retire earlier this year. The President's selection of Miers to replace O'Connor has caused concern among both liberals and conservatives because so little is known about her position on Constitutional and social issues.

One source of apprehension among critics of the nominee is her lack of judicial experience. Ms. Miers is a reputable lawyer who headed the Texas Bar Association from 1992-93, but has never served as a judge on any court or argued any cases before the Supreme Court. In contrast, Bush's previous nominee for the position, John Roberts (now confirmed as Chief Justice), had served on the District of Columbia Court of Appeals and has argued thirty-nine cases before the Supreme Court. Although forty-one previous Justices have been appointed without prior experience as judges, it is seen as especially negative in this case. Without a record of judicial rulings, it is difficult to determine where Miers stands on issues that may come before the Court during her term, and whether she would shift the Court to the right. For a nominee replacing a Justice as important as O'Connor, a moderate who often cast the deciding vote in controversial cases, this lack of information could be very damaging. Miers' supporters cast her outsider status in a different light. Republican Ohio Senator Mike DeWine (said he found her lack of experience as a judge "refreshing." Senate leaders consulted before the nomination urged the President to select someone from outside the appellate court system.

Criticism also stems from the nominee's close relationship to President Bush. Miers has known Bush since the 1980s, and first worked for him in 1994 as general counsel of the transition team for his Texas governorship. After the transition she became his personal lawyer. Bush also appointed her as Texas Lottery Commission chair in 1995, Assistant to the President and Staff Secretary in 2001, Deputy Chief of Staff for Policy in 2003, and White House Counsel the following year. Miers is one of Bush's closest friends, and has described him

as "the most brilliant man I have ever met." She has contributed a total of \$31,960 dollars to advancing his political career in both his gubernatorial and Presidential elections. These connections lead some to doubt whether she would act as a truly independent voice on the Court, or simply a rubber stamp for the President's policies.



HARRIET MIERS; FRIGHTENING, ISN'T IT?
Courtesy of da government

The President has encouraged Congress and the American people to trust him on Miers' nomination, saying "I know her character, she's a woman of principle and deep conviction." He claimed that her judicial philosophy would be the same in 20 years as it is now. Miers, who is more moderate than Bush, was appointed after consulting with leaders from both the Republicans and Democrats in Congress. She has drawn criticism from some on the right for not being conservative enough. For example, the nominee assured Democratic Senator Pat Leahy that she had "absolutely not" authorized anyone to say she would oppose legalized abortion (although she did campaign to have the American Bar Association drop its pro-choice stance). Others, such as Republican Kansas Senator Sam Brownback (are wary of Bush's request for trust, remembering his father's

appointment of Justice Souter, who had a similarly sparse judicial record and turned out more liberal than his Republican sponsors had hoped. They counter the President's "20 years" claim by pointing out that 20 years ago, before she became a born-again Christian, she was a conservative Democrat. Miers even contributed to Al Gore's 1988 Presidential campaign.

Despite these concerns, Harriet Miers has garnered some support. Her conservative supporters include Texas Senator John Cornyn, the Christian Coalition, and the National Right to Life Committee. Democratic Senator Harry Reid of Nevada, was one of the leaders Bush consulted before nominating Miers. Shortly after the decision was announced, he supported her, stating "I'm very happy that we have someone like her." However, his later comments are more cautious. On Thursday he commented that "We're going to wait and see, learn more about Harriet Miers."

This wait-and-see approach seems to be the consensus among most Democrats. Howard Dean, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, said "We know almost nothing about her. And we have a lot of questions to be answered before she gets a lifetime appointment ... We don't know Ms. Miers. I've always believed people ought to begin with the benefit of the doubt." Decisions on Miers' suitability for the Supreme Court will not be made until more information about her becomes available. When asked if President Bush could use executive privilege to prevent the release of some of Harriet Miers' documents, Dean replied "Certainly the President can claim executive privilege. But in this case, I think with a lifetime appointment to the Supreme Court, you can't play, you know, hide the salami, or whatever it's called. He's got to go out there and say something about this woman who's going to a twenty or thirty year appointment ... to influence America. We deserve to know something about her."

Miers' confirmation hearings have not yet been scheduled, but Republican leaders said prior to the nomination that they hoped to have a Justice confirmed before Thanksgiving. Sandra Day O'Connor will continue to hold her place on the Court until a replacement is confirmed.

Walk for Breast Cancer

By Yve Koon

October, the month of pink ribbons and the fight for breast cancer. That's right, it's Breast Cancer Awareness month. For those of you who have never lost a loved one or friend to this disease, consider yourself lucky. To the rest, like me, who've experienced the pain of loss, or are dealing with someone they hold dear to their heart who suffers from this chronic illness, it's our month to help.

According to The American Cancer Society, in the year 2003, over two hundred thousand women, and over a thousand men learned that they had Breast Cancer. Over forty thousand are expected to die from this disease. My mother already has.

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that you're a college student and you can't afford to donate money to this cause. That's ok, not everyone can. But that doesn't mean you should just ignore the statistics.

Making Strides is a noncompetitive walk to raise awareness and funds to fight Breast Cancer. On October 16th, and 17th, Making Strides will hold these noncompetitive events



THE REASON FOR MY FIGHT AGAINST BREAST CANCER,
Courtesy of Yve Koon

everywhere, including at Jones Beach State Park. Won't be on Long Island for the weekend? Not a problem. They are being held all over the city, including Central Park, and out of the city. Won't be in city? There are also parks in New Jersey and Connecticut holding this same event for the same cause. So now you know, and now you have no excuse.

If walking for two days, and donating money isn't enough for you, there is always the pink ribbon you can wear for this month. Believe it or not, wearing this little ribbon is way to spread awareness, because knowing is half the battle.

For more information on Making Strides, or donating to a local American Cancer Society office, or about the pink ribbon, you can visit their website at www.cancer.org.

American Cancer Society
www.cancer.org

The Public Hearing Without Public Speaking

By Rob Pearsall

Thursday October 6th, 2005 at 10:00 am. The end of a five day vacation, six if you don't have classes on Fridays. The place, what was supposed to be the Wang Center Auditorium. Kenneth P. LaValle, Chairman of the Senate Higher Education Committee hosted his first of four hearings regarding a new policy for a rational tuition policy. LaValle was accompanied by Ron Canestrari, Chairman of the Assembly Higher Education Committee, as well as Assemblymen Patricia Eddington, James D. Conte, Steven Englebright, Michael J. Fitzpatrick, and Senator Toby Ann Stavisky.

The opening remarks were made by Senator LaValle, Senator Stavisky, and Assemblyman Englebright. They lauded the importance of the public institutions of New York State. Stavisky made the point that public schooling should be "accessible and affordable" to everyone. Englebright wants to "make sure the door to public education is always open."

After the opening remarks, the speakers were allowed to give their testimony. The speaker list for this public meeting was a closed, invite-only list. First up was acting Chancellor John Ryan. Chancellor Ryan was the former president of SUNY Maritime and of SUNY Albany. Ryan spoke of the importance of putting money back into the schools for campus housing and programs like EOP. Chancellor Ryan urged the creation of a rational tuition policy that would create modest, incremental increases to tuition according to the Higher Education Price Index. This would be a "mechanism to support high quality and academics."

John Mascher, Chairperson of the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG), expressed dismay at the Chancellor's quick choice to increase tuition over other options. NYPIRG's main stance is that tuition increases are not a good first option. A tuition increase should be a last resort.

After the testimony was given, the committee was given the chance to question the speaker.

Senator LaValle said that tuition was growing too steep and that the state support of higher education should be restored to its 33%. LaValle advocated that a rational tuition increase policy benefits students in that the price they pay for higher education is transparent to students and parents.

The next speakers were representatives for Shirley Strumm Kenny, Richard Mann, VP for the Administration, and Daniel Melucci, Associate VP for Strategy, Planning, and Analysis. One point they brought up was a differential tuition policy. This would assign tuition based on location. Basically, because it costs more to have a school here, at Stony Brook, students here would pay a higher tuition.

Senator LaValle said that a tuition policy like that would not be beneficial to the University Centers, Stony Brook, Albany, Binghamton, and Buffalo. What would be beneficial to these schools would be more state support. LaValle said that Senate policy doesn't support differential tuition.

Jonathan Gibraltar, President of SUNY Farmingdale, spoke about the growth of SUNY Farmingdale. The growth that the school has experienced requires more funding to sustain it. Farmingdale needs funding for hiring more full time faculty. He liked that a guaranteed tuition increase policy was reliable for students. He also emphasized the need for more state aid. Assemblyman Canestrari asked that if he was in favor of indexing tuition (as the policy dictates) was he also in favor of indexing

TAP. President Gibraltar said that he hadn't thought of also indexing TAP.

The last speaker on the list was a student from Stony Brook University, Elizabeth Roberts. Roberts stressed the importance of students on campus, that they are a valuable resource. She placed great emphasis on programs such as EOP and WISE that allow students to get into industry after college is over. Roberts said that tuition must be kept affordable; if tuition were just a little bit higher, many students wouldn't be here. LaValle asked her thoughts on the rational increase policy and she expressed a mixed reaction. She said that having a stable tuition for four years is good but the policy itself implies that tuition would increase every year. She asked the committee to "try to avoid" the policy.

The speaker list was closed and the hearing was held during class time after a five day vacation. The student body had a small voice in this hearing but concerned students can submit testimony in writing to Leslea Snyder, Assistant Director for the Higher Education Committee. The address to mail your thoughts to is:

Room 806
Legislative Office Building
Albany, New York 12247

or email letters to:

Isnyder@senate.state.ny.us



FROM THE LEFT, PATRICIA EDDINGTON, JAMES D. CONTE, TOBY ANN STAVISKY, KENNETH P. LAVALLE, RONALD CANESTRARI, STEVEN ENGLEBRIGHT...EVERYONE'S GOT SUCH LONG NAMES, Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

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Elections Are a Funny Thing

By Trevor Hirst

Elections are a funny thing. An issue arises. We vote. Those votes are recorded, and then the results of those votes are then tallied and the agenda being voted on or the person being voted on is put into place.

Last semester, there was an election for the Undergraduate Student Government (USG). These elections covered the gamut of people running for various offices in the government such as President, Vice President, and the Senate.

Also in these elections were various propositions and referendums on raising certain fees. Many of these fees were to clubs such as Rugby and Ice Hockey. Those all passed, because they are clubs, not athletics, and the money they get is based on student activity fees, not endowments from the school.

Then there was another proposition... raising the student activity fee \$10 per student from \$84.25 to \$94.25 per semester. This was voted down. By the students. Democracy at work.

But wait, there is a problem... there were more clubs than anticipated, and the need arose for the Council (of Trent) to step in and take charge. The Senate generally wanted to cut clubs on campus by 40%, but they never got the chance to pass any legislation. The Senate didn't vote on whether or not to raise the Activities Fee, so the council did.

The council sent a letter out to the new students and returning student over the summer, explaining the rise in the Activity Fee. The catch is there are many more clubs this semester, requiring more of the limited Activity Fee. That's why the budgets were cut on some clubs.

The student government within the dormitory buildings is called LEG, short for Legislature. Each building is allotted a piece of the Student Activity Fee to pay for various programs that go on within the buildings, and within the quad. For example, the floats and banners for Homecoming are paid for in part by RHA (Residence Hall Associates) and the rest is through LEG money. LEG money also goes for socials such as ice cream parties, pizza parties and the infamous midnight munchies during finals week (yay for sugar!!!!).

The way the money was distributed to each LEG was based on residents, with each building receiving \$7 per resident. That was last year. This year, that \$7 was reduced to \$5, significantly reducing the amount of money LEGs have.

The reason the money going to LEG was lowered, according to Romual Jean-Baptiste, VP of Student Life, Programming and Activities, was the thought that there would be more people tripled in the dorms, and there would be more new arriving students to the campus, giving more money overall than last year, even with the decrease of \$2 from last year's funds. There were 750 more students than expected, resulting in an unexpected extra \$70,000 per semester. That money will be allocated by the Budget Committee, whom also votes on increasing or decreasing monies for the clubs on campus.

Romual Jean-Baptiste does not foresee the Student Activity Fee being raised again anytime soon, because there is an official cap on the fee, at \$100 per student, per semester. He says that it is extremely unlikely that it will go up that high, because there are more students on campus that, in turn, give more money to the Fee. I also asked Romual if he could foresee the

LEG money returning to its previous \$7 per student, and he said that it depends...it depends on if the USG is over or under budget at the time, because it is all a balancing act.

I have found, on the USG website, www.stonybrook.edu/usg, the budget for the dorm buildings. Here is a list of last year's budget vs. this year's budget:

Building	Budget 2004-05	Budget 2005-06
Amman	1,636	1,100
Benedict	2,635	1,940
Cardozo	1,650	1,100
Douglass	1,704	1,080
Dreiser	1,697	1,100
Gershwin	1,640	1,100
Gray	2,008	1,100
Hand	1,654	1,125
Hendrix	1,604	1,100
Irving	2,036	1,625
James	2,104	1,450
Dewey	1,658	1,070
Baruch	1,665	1,100
Eisenhower	1,661	1,090
Schick	1,658	1,100
Hamilton	1,707	1,100
Langmuir	2,004	1,500
Mount	1,626	1,100
O'Neill	,043	1,625
Sanger	1,693	1,100
Stimson	1,863	1,500
Keller	2,004	1,500
Greeley	1,633	1,500
Wagner	1,916	1,500
Toscanini	1,697	1,100
Whitman	1,633	1,100
West Apts. I	2,031	2,640
West Apts. II	1,745	3,200

Mass Immigration into Spain Results in Tougher Border Control

By Claudia Toloza

In response to large immigration waves, Spain has decided to build a third fence in the cities of Melilla and Ceuta. Although the two cities are located in Morocco, they in fact belong to Spain, as they are Spanish enclaves. In the past weeks the cities have been targeted by large immigration groups as way to cross the border and enter Spain, a European Union member state.

Earlier this week in Melilla, over 600 sub-Saharan African immigrants charged the razor-wired border fences in attempt to gain access to Spanish territory. Many officers and migrants were hurt in this incident. This follows an earlier attempt, on September 29, in which five immigrants were killed in the city of Ceuta while trying to cross the border. In the past months, several attempts to cross the border into Spain have been made by large groups of immigrants. It is estimated that in this year alone there have been 12,000 attempts by immigrants to enter Melilla.

Many of the immigrants are of African decent and hope to better their economic situation by crossing the border and looking for new opportunities. Spain's decision has brought many criticisms, one of them being from Franco Frattini, European Commissioner for Justice, Freedom and Security for the EU, who sees Spain's action as giving a negative message.

Spain resolution to put up a third fence raises a lot of questions. Immigration has obviously become a big problem for Spain, but what can a third fence really do in helping solve this

immigration problem? Perhaps the answer does not lie in building yet another fence and making the people on the other side of the fence feel inferior. Building an extra fence does not really deal with the root of the problem. The root of the problem lies in Africa, where bad economic situations and lack of opportunities are the reasons driving these people to desperate measures by risking their lives just for a better life. Instead of spending extra money on securing its borders, perhaps Spain should redirect this money in helping the development of African nations, so that their people will not feel it necessary to leave their country.

Spain is not the only country who is at fault. The problem of immigration is an issue that most of the developed nations have to deal with. This problem, however, will continue unless these nations do no deal with the real causes that drive people to leave their home town. Many nations are quick to only focus on the immediate solution, reinforcing the protection of their own borders, but fail to deal with their economic policies that are hurting developing nations forcing their people to look elsewhere for opportunities.

It is unfair that people who are trying to better themselves be, in a sense, treated as if they were less than human. Once may of these immigrants have crossed the border and they have been detained by the Spanish police, they are deported back to their country as if they were just cattle, and not human beings. These people are just being shifted from one place to

another and they have no say on their destiny. The sad realization is that after being deported back home, many of these people will once again try to cross the border and yet again risk their lives trying to seek a better future.

Unfortunately for Spain, it does not seem that the third fence will help much in deterring immigration. More unfortunately for the immigrants, this third fence proves to be yet another obstacle they have to overcome and risk their lives for. Perhaps the tragic events that have occurred in both Melilla and Ceuta will bring more attention to the problem of immigration and a better solution can be found.



AFRICAN IMMIGRANTS AWAIT MEDICAL TREATMENT IN MELILLA, Courtesy of www.eltiempo.terra.com



Compiled By Claudia Toloza & Matt Willemain

INTERNATIONAL

Earthquake in Pakistan

An earthquake estimated to be 7.6 on the Richter scale by the United States Geological Survey occurred in Islamabad Pakistan Saturday morning. The Pakistani government has declared the death toll from earthquake to be 18,000. Pakistani Major-General Shaukat Sultan has stated that an estimated 40,000 are injured. President Bush has already offered his help and has expressed his concern over the incident along with other world leaders. The powerful earthquakes tremors reached New Delhi, India and Afghanistan.

Deadly Mudslides in Guatemala

Hurricane Stan caused major problems for Guatemala. The torrential rains from the hurricane have led to massive mud slides in Guatemala. In the small Mayan village of Panabaj 1,400 people alone have died as result of the mud slides. The debris left on the road from the mudslides unfortunately delayed rescue workers 2 days in reaching Panabaj. Although hurricane Stan was only classified as a category 1 hurricane it has caused catastrophic damage in Central America.

Masses of Street Vendors Arrested in Zimbabwe

In an operation named "Operation No Sneak Return" the government of Zimbabwe is targeting street vendors who have returned to the city to try to earn a living. Since in Zimbabwe the government prohibits foreign journalists from working there, much of the information about these recent occurrences has been acquired through telephone conversations. Some of the information acquired reports that police confiscated, from poor settlements outside major

cities, merchandise being sold by the vendors. Around 15,000 are said to have been arrested since the end of September as a result of this operation. Many of the people being arrested have no other means of income and will definitely suffer greatly due to this operation.

NATIONAL

Bush Nominates Corporate Hack to Police Corporate Crime

President Bush has nominated prominent corporate lawyer, Timothy Flanigan, for the job of Deputy Attorney General (DAG). The job is the number two position in the Department of Justice, and the DAG is in charge of prosecuting corporate crime. Nominee Flanigan, who after working as a lawyer for the White House became the head lawyer for the giant corporation Tyco, supervised scandal-plagued lobbyist Jack Abramoff when he worked for Tyco. Abramoff convinced legislators to make special rules so that Tyco wouldn't be punished like other corporations who betrayed their country to reincorporate in Bermuda to get out of paying taxes. Flanigan's nomination is subject to the consent of the US Senate.

Republican Congress Accuses Bush Administration of Illegal Propaganda

On September 30, the General Accounting Office (GAO), the investigative arm of Congress, issued a report finding that when, last January, the Department of Education payed conservative "journalist" Armstrong Williams to write positive stories about Bush's No Child Left Behind program, the administration was illegally engaging in covert propaganda activities.



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The Public Has a Voice?

This past Thursday the Senate Higher Education Committee held their first of four meetings on the a "rational" tuition policy. It was a public meeting; anyone could go. Anyone who wasn't in class from 10 to high noon could go. Anyone who was on campus after the five-day vacation could go.

Being a public meeting, in theory anyone should be able to speak. Everyone on the invite-only speaker list got to speak. The students had one voice in Elizabeth Roberts. Too bad she got to speak last. People were already getting up and leaving in the middle of her "testimony."

"Testimony," "Hearing," invite-only speaker list, held after a five-day vacation and during regular class hours. This meeting was meant to placate us. There are generally less students on campus after a long vacation. Any students who are on campus would have to go to classes, most of which are held during the day, say between 10am and 2? The invite-only speaker list is the damn kicker.

"Let's hold a public meeting and then only let certain people speak!"

"What a good way to restrict the opposition to a tuition hike policy!"

You might think that after the hearing people can say their own piece. Nope, when the testimony was over everyone up and left. Job well done guys, all you did was agree for an hour and half and then a third of

the room walked out when the only student on the list got to speak. Anyone can submit testimony via mail, and it will be included in the report of these hearings. The window is open for about a month so if you want to express your feelings on a guaranteed tuition increase policy then do so, just do it in writing. Written notes are easier to ignore than actual people speaking to you in person.

No one on the speaker list came out and said, "I don't want to see this policy go through as legislation!" Chancellor Ryan, the first speaker, endorsed the idea and everyone after him said that it would be nice to know for a fact what tuition would be. That's the only saving grace: tuition would be locked in for four years, but what happens when you start attending your fifth term as many students are wont to do? Elizabeth Roberts said it best when she commented on how the policy implied that tuition will go up for incoming freshmen every year.

Everyone wants funding for school, more money to pay faculty, more money for housing, more money for programs that benefit students. There's nothing wrong with wanting more money. What is wrong is researching the idea of putting the burden on students without asking them. What is wrong is charging more for tuition when state funding has been dragging its ass on the ground. Why don't we research making the state follow the law that says it has to account for 33% of higher education funding?

INDEX

Public Tuition Hearing Not So Public _____ Page 3

Gaza Strip Ccontroversy _____ Pages 12 & 13

Mike Bloomberg Under Fire _____ Page 16

Ask Amberly Jane _____ Page 35

Sex and the 'Brook _____ Page 36

Reviews _____ Page 37

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or website-it-up big time at

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From the VP of Student Life to the Students.

Greetings all Undergraduates,

I welcome all incoming and returning students to what is to be a very unique and worthwhile academic year. It is of great honor to serve as your Vice President for Student Life, Programming and Activities. My goals are to be an advocate for all student concerns, while encouraging diverse programming and promoting an interactive campus community. For example, I plan on conducting monthly town hall meetings in order for students to discuss various student life issues with administrators from various departments including Campus Dining, Campus Residences, Student Affairs, The Dean of Students Office, the Financial Aid Office, the Career Center, and the Academic Advising Center to mention a few.

Activities play a major role in measuring the quality of life on any university campus. I recommend any interested undergraduates to participate in the decision making process of the activities and events that are to occur on campus. The proper avenue to do so is to become an active member of the Student Activities Board (SAB). Meetings are Mondays in SAC 305 at 7:30 P.M to 8:30 P.M. I am a very approachable individual. Please feel free to contact me about any concerns. I believe the best way to serve is to be informed and I plan to be as much informed of student needs and concerns as possible. With your input, I hope to set the precedence on how campus life should be in Stony Brook University and beyond.

Sincerely,

Romual Jean-Baptiste
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Chair of the Bureau of Programming Groups
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ROMUAL JEAN-BAPTISTE,
Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

From a Casual Reader to Us, Nyah.

Dear Editor,

Upon visiting your lovely campus I went to the canteen, got a pizza, grabbed the campus paper and started to eat. While eating I went through browsing what you all so write about here.

Upon reading the article "Oh Yeah, Bitch?" I nearly chocked on your high quality pizza.

Coming from an international background and having a lot of experience with corporal European fraternities and academic versions. (As I was board member for the EFV (economics faculty fraternity) a the university of Groningen, The Netherlands):

As society as the fraternity:

Some people swear in society "a whole fucking lot" and some people don't

Some people are insecure, and some aren't

Some are trying to be popular, some aren't

Some have low self-esteem, some don't, some too much, some normal

Some (quoting the text) "suck balls" and some...don't

As fraternities go:

Who cares? The most important thing to remember is that everyone has his or her own free will. If joining a fraternity due to insecurity, cheap beer, academic reasons, chicks, hunks, drugs, social status, playing chess, acting cool, making friends, bonding, quoting Kristine the choking article "sucking balls"...it is important to keep one thing in mind:

If you don't join its okay, if you do, its okay.

Two last things:

Making a fool of yourself takes "balls" member or not.

When I was a student, I wrote many a text to news papers. Upon reading them in the morning I knew that I had enjoyed the student night and a couple of beers/tough discussions too many to be able to send a letter like that and revised it: Miss Kristine Renigen concerning your article, you may not literally have balls, but you sure have guts!

Sincerely

Carl B. visiting from a small Caribbean island

Dear Carl B. who visited from a small Caribbean Island,

I hope that you read this, being that you live on a small Caribbean Island. I'm not sure which island you come from but it must be French. There's no way in hell you'd call the pizza on campus "high quality." I should also let you know that I am going to use the phrase "canteen" to denote every eatery I dine in from now on.

To address your second point, I am going to ask a childish yet humorous question:

"Who doesn't suck balls in society?"

Now with that said, making a fool of yourself does not take balls in any capacity. Whether they are sucked or unsucked. You're right about one thing, Kristine's got guts. And so does Joe Safdia. Voicing your opinion takes guts.

Always overjoyed to hear we're being read,
Rob Pearsall, Executive Editor.

P.S. hey Romual, Word.

USG Must Work Harder to Get Students Involved

By Jowry Romano

A couple of weeks ago I very dorkishly cut class to go to the USG Senate meeting. I have a class on Tuesdays that runs straight through the Senate meetings, so I was not able to attend any meetings yet this semester. I felt quite guilty for this, too. After all, the Undergraduate Student Government is responsible for spending 2.4 million dollars of student money. However, when I got to the Senate meeting, I realized not many students feel the same way I do. In fact the gallery was only filled by about eight members of media groups on campus and only about two other students. Only ten students were watching over the group of people who spends 2.4 million dollars of their money. More people attend LEG meetings in the residence halls.

The LEG groups are only in charge of spending about fifteen hundred dollars each. So why do more students show up to the LEG meetings? The only explanation that makes sense is that the Senate meetings are not advertised as well as LEG. During my freshman orientation and every orientation I've observed afterwards, the RAs in my building repeatedly told the newcomers to come down to the LEG meetings. It is a great way for freshmen to get involved in the community they will be living in for the next four or so years. On the flip side, not once have I heard the RAs tell freshmen about USG meetings or about the importance of USG or even one word about USG. One of the keys to getting students involved with USG is to get them interested and aware as freshmen. RAs should be required to know about USG and to tell their residents about USG meetings.

Moving beyond freshmen, the RAs get upperclassmen to go to LEG meetings by knocking on their doors before each meeting. There would be a full house at every single Senate meeting if half this much effort was put into getting people to come. Many upperclassmen have no knowledge of USG beyond the free Frisbee they got with USG logo on it. If students actually knew something about USG, there wouldn't be vacancies in the Senate.

An organization like USG needs to set up a resource for people who want to keep up with what is going on. Doing research for this article was difficult for me – someone who went out of their way to look for info about USG. How does the government expect less-involved students to stay informed? There is no easily-accessible source for information regarding USG. To put it

quite frankly, the USG website, in its current form, is useless. It seems like it is just an archive of old documents. The website should be a resource for students who want to learn about USG. There should be a calendar with important dates such as the dates of meetings, election deadlines, etc., to make it easy for any student to keep up with what is going on. If USG wants more students to get involved, they should take the website more seriously. They should consider hiring a professional to maintain an up-to-date, informative website. It would be a great way to keep people interested and informed.

Last election, only 13% of students went on SOLAR and voted in USG elections, and that is unusually high only because of the efforts of groups like NYPIRG. It should not have to be NYPIRG who lets students know about the elections. USG itself should be making the effort to let students know about the elections. More informed students means a greater voter turnout. This is why a better website and more

affective advertising are necessary.

That night, after returning from the Senate meeting very frustrated, I decided to conduct a little experiment at my own building's LEG meeting. I decided to make a speech condemning the LEG-goers for being involved and let them know the importance of USG and encourage them to get involved. More specifically, I would talk about what I spoke about in this article and encourage their involvement. So I did just that, and got a tremendous response from everyone at the meeting. Two people even asked for information about how they could run for the unfilled positions in the Senate.

The problem is not that students do not care about what goes on in USG; it is that they are not informed. They don't know how to get involved, they don't know when meetings are, they don't even know when and how to vote. Keeping every student informed is the only way to maintain a strong, healthy Undergraduate Student Government.



COME SEE THE BEST LOOKING EXECUTIVE COUNCIL IN SUNY, TUESDAYS AT 7PM IN THE SAC, Courtesy of Jowry Romano



Hey, did you hear about The Press?
The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.
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I heard that they only like people with racoons on their backs.
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Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

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Katrina and Rita Victims Go Cruising

By Olga Kaplun

Hurricane Katrina's aftermath was brutal, forcing over one million out of the area and leaving 350,000 without homes. Therefore as a solution, we should send them on a half yearlong free vacation costing \$236 million, in order to provide temporary housing while restoration takes place, right?

The Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) was first blamed for not doing enough to help the relief effort in New Orleans, so they decided to make a rash decision on September 3, 2005 toward signing a contract with Carnival Cruise Lines to have three luxury ships, *Sensation*, *Ecstasy*, and *The Holiday*, dock at New Orleans for six months at \$236 million. The trip includes meal services, snacks, linen, and maid services, along with medical support, and prescription refills for necessary drugs. Still the price for this is ridiculous. According to the calculations of Senator Tom Coburn, "If the ships were at capacity with 7,116 evacuees, for six months, the price per evacuee would total \$1,275 a week. A seven-day western Caribbean cruise out of Galveston can be had for \$599 a person- and that would include entertainment and the cost of actually making the ship move." Guess who's affected by all of this careless spending? Us, the taxpayers!



At the moment there is only 54% occupancy on the ships. A good 2,750 police officers are included in that percentage. US lawmakers on both sides are very much against FEMA's poor judgment, calling it a "sweetheart deal." It's lunacy how much wasteful spending is taking place on part of the government. Senators Obama and Coburn are also wondering why FEMA hasn't even considered the deal with Greece, when they offered two cruise ships, completely free of charge, as a relief effort. Yet Jeb Bush, always in agreement with his presidential brother, "surprisingly" supports the Carnival deal. He says that by the time the ships arrived from Greece it might be too late for some of the evacuees and it's a necessity to acquire the most costly contract possible.

Carnival protests all the acquisitions of the overpriced vacation. "In the end, we will make no additional money on this deal versus what we would have made by keeping these ships in service," said Jennifer de la Cruz, a spokeswoman for Carnival. Yet let's not neglect

to mention that over the last three years, Carnival was able to get out of a \$475 million tax bill since most of its operations are held in Panama and on the high seas rather than in the United States. Now that they are docking in the United States, Carnival appealed to the Treasury Department to evade taxes in return for reduced billings by the amount of income taxes pardoned. The contract would allow Carnival not to do the necessary paperwork of filing tax returns.

But why should Carnival be treated any differently than other hotels helping relief workers under the FEMA contract? Critics oppose the special care given to this situation, "... why should they be singled out for special treatment, just because they've been so good at tax avoidance in the past?"

Another hint that this was a mistake is the question of why these ships are so empty, when they include the works? There are multiple answers; exactly how are these evacuees going to find any jobs or any possibility of starting a new life on a ship? Second off, only when New Orleans gets rebuilt economically will the sale of real-estate and business go up, but that isn't expected for a while after the restoration. Then people might want to live with

Dr. Fistfuck Scavenges and Hunts

By Dr. Fistfuck

To those who go on scavenger hunts at 2 in the morning...:cough the Sunday morning of September 25:....this article is for you.

There are so many good things you could be doing at 2 in the morning. There's the "I'd like to graduate on time" studying, the ever popular let's get laid request, and the ever so needed college student sleep. For those of you who "scavenge hunt" at this late hour, for whatever reason you might have (:cough-tool:), please refrain from bothering the nice people who just don't give a rat's ass. Now, I'm sure many of the readers have also experienced or at least heard of such an occasion. I for one was not happy to hear such a loud "emergency" knock that woke me in a start from a much needed deep sleep. This particular sleep which if it had not been disrupted would have continued to be a good night's rest of a mere four hours. ::KNOCK KNOCK:::....."hey, we're on a scavenger hunt".....:SLAM DOOR!!!!: In the wise words of Lewis Black: "SON OF A BITCH!!!"



WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER ONE?
Courtesy of Yve Koon

Now to those of you who are actually walking around in strange dorms doing this, this article is a warning for your safety. If you value your life and wish to keep your genitals intact as well as the rest of your body, I suggest you be a good little neighbor and not wake the psycho with the five inch double edged switch blade who happens to love and really need sleep. Now instead, you could be in your room, fucking your girlfriend/boyfriend or the common slut nearby- whichever your preference might be. Now doesn't that sound better than the thought of your parents identifying you from a bucket of liquid remains or your poor excuse for sexual genitals?

Now the ones actually on these scavenger hunts aren't the only ones to blame. To all those who are sending these gullible idiots to their demise, well, you will be caught and seen as an accomplice to a first degree murder and the ass raping will begin. I hope you bring the proper lubrication; you will need it.

Editor's Note:

Dr. Fistfuck is back in prime form this issue. Look on a little later to see the havoc he can cause.

Just thought you'd like to know.

Thank God for Crystal Meth!

By Adina Silverbush

All hailed Ashley Smith age 27 of Atlanta Georgia for her bravery when held captive by a suspected murderer in March. Brian Nichols held her captive for seven-hours. Smith, according to initial reports used her faith in God and readings from *The Purpose-Driven Life* to convince her captor to release her. Months later in her memoir she admitted that her spirituality wasn't her only method of persuasion. Smith gave her hostage crystal methamphetamine from her own personal supply.

Smith's book, *Unlikely Angel*, was released two weeks ago and in it she talks about her struggle with drug addiction. Smith said she hadn't realized she was an addict till after her hostage situation. That night Nichols tied her up with masking tape and an extension cord to the bed. He wanted marijuana but all she had was crystal meth. Nichols asked Smith to join in with the drug taking but she says she refused. "Suddenly, looking down at my drug pouch," she says, "I realized that I would rather have died in my apartment than have done those drugs with Brian Nichols. If the cops were going to bust in here and find me dead, they were not going to find drugs in me when they did the autopsy. I was not going to die tonight and stand before God, having done a bunch of ice up my nose."

However she had last taken the drug the night before the incident. Her addiction had also caused her to lose custody of her 5 year-old

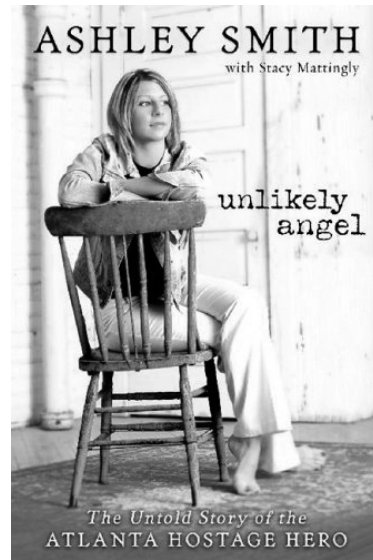
daughter and spend time in a psychiatric hospital. She also took part in a drug rehab program, which she flunked out of. The hostage situation happened on March 11. Brian Nicholas had been on a shooting rampage at the courthouse in Atlanta earlier that day. He was charged with the killing of a judge and three others and could be facing the death penalty.

Smith told authorities that she read Nicholas a chapter of *The Purpose-Driven Life* by Rick Warren called "Using What God Gave Me." She thought this may make her seem trustworthy. With only this information given at the time of her hostage authorities gave Smith \$70,000 in rewards. Her faith in God had caused others to shower her with movie and book offers. People are still in high demand for her guidance so they too can have enough faith to save themselves.

Smith herself said "It's hard for people to understand the miracle of the story. . . This was totally a God thing, to me in my life.

This was God getting my attention, going, 'I'm going to give you one more chance.'" Yet in her own book she admits that drugs were involved. Crystal meth was given to Nicholas prior to the talks of god. Crystal meth being a drug known for making its users feel euphoric could have played a significant if not total role in Nicholas' decision to release Smith. Along with her faith she claims to have shared with Nicholas some personal stories. One about her husband being stabbed to death in a fight and dying in her arms and another about a car accident she was in because she had been driving while on drugs.

Smith claims that since the incident she has been clean of all drugs and she is not being charged in the possession of illegal drugs. For more information you can get a copy of Ashley Smith's book *Unlikely Angel*; a portion of the proceeds are going to a memorial fund for those Nicholas killed at the courthouse.



Racial Insecurity

By Jorge Sierra

If this were a just and a racially safe society, the most likely response to former Treasury Secretary Bill Bennett (who remarked on his radio show during a debate with a caller that one could hypothetically reduce the crime rate in this country by aborting all black fetuses) would be for people to just publicly reject the use of stereotypes and out of context statistics to justify discriminatory remarks toward any individual or group. In fact, that's exactly what Bennett himself did two seconds later. The fact that Bennett is white and the hypothetical fetuses were black should be irrelevant. Racism is racism.

Obviously, we are not there yet. Bennett's remarks have been almost universally condemned and criticized despite his disclaimer—that's the good news. The bad news is that racial and political double standards abound and are in play in this controversy. The hypocrisy and deliberate misrepresentation of his statement, context, history, and agenda has been staggering. Nowhere was this more evident than when Louis Farrakhan of "Jews are blood-suckers" and other assorted infamies charged that Bennett proposed genocide against blacks. Of course, this is all business as usual in this country. Some ignorant musician gets on national television and mouths off that Bush doesn't care about black people, and he's hailed as some kind of hero. Yet a prominent lawmaker inadvertently endorses a segregationist presidency and he gets tossed out of his leadership post. Disgruntled minority



RED, WHITE, AND BILL,
Courtesy is a Virtue

citizens and shady political leaders can recklessly accuse any white person or establishment they object to of the vilest racism while spewing out a heavy dose of their own bigotry, while whites must censor their own careless, offensive, and politically correct ramblings or pay a heavy price.

There are good reasons why these racial double standards currently exist, but it is not an acceptable situation. Many Americans know all too well that this country's government and citizens have used their vast legal and social power to enslave and imprison the souls of despised and feared groups. These people believe in their hearts that what has happened once in recent history (some don't even acknowledge that times have changed) could happen to them again. Racism reminds them of their tenuous hold on security and citizenship in a way it does not for others (overt racists can make this reminder very explicit). But "reverse discrimination" is a real phenomenon that is becoming increasingly threatening to people who do not experience a history of oppression. They see a growing trend of anti-establishment prejudice, race-baiting, and dirty politics that is degrading their humanity, making them feel unsafe, and preventing them from living out their dreams.

It is the responsibility of all Americans to make this a racially safe country for those who do not feel safe. Through our actions and words, we must above all assure those who remember the past that despite the presence of some racists and idiots, this country will never close them out or try to destroy them. Too many people do not believe in this country, and when a prominent white Republican like Bill Bennett plays around so recklessly with powerfully threatening ideas, it means that, right or wrong, other white Republicans will have to work that much harder to prove their party can treat all citizens fairly. At the same time, enough racial security must be preserved for those who have always had it, so that they too can invest in a better society without fear of retribution or shaming. For Bennett has a long history of philanthropy and support toward racial minorities, including at-risk youth. If one sin can so threaten to destroy a man and his reputation, then no one can be safe. There is no reason for anyone to aspire to good citizenship if everything one builds up can be torn down in an instant.

Something will have to give eventually. Either the Kayne Wests and Louis Farrakhans will have to be vilified and everyone will be censored, or the Bill Bennetts and Trent Lotts will have to be let alone and everyone will be able to say whatever they like and people of all races will just have to learn to live with it. Someday the mainstream will decide "okay, time's up, they're still using racism to cry racism, time for us to take the gloves off and play by their rules," and this country will be a very unpleasant place to live in no matter what your color is. We don't have to settle for that, but it will take a lot of work and determination. Only by fostering a belief in the future of this country can we move toward a present in which we might trust and forgive one another even after the ugliest moments.

Club Spotlight: PUSO

By Vanessa Gopez

This year, PUSO is one of the most active cultural organizations on campus. They are dividing the organization into three parts – historical, volunteering, and cultural. In the historical part, they have lessons teaching Filipinos all about Filipino history. It is an opportunity to learn what reasons Filipinos have to show their pride for their country. Something most people do not know is that the first person to go entirely around the world was in fact a Filipino. The volunteering part allows Filipinos get involved in helping the community through hospitals and various other methods. Their cultural part is probably their most famous part. Their activities include modern dancing, break dancing, singing, acting, and demonstrating kali (a type of martial arts).

They are having many special events this semester. There is the D3 Dialogue, which unites Filipinos from various colleges from New York, Long Island, and

Northern New Jersey. More information about it can be found at <http://www.findd3.org/aboutd3.html>. In addition, they are holding a cultural show on campus to raise funds to help those who suffered from Hurricane Katrina and those who need help in the Philippines.

Many events are happening next semester as well. Their leaders are planning to organize a FIND conference on campus, which will bring Filipinos together to attend workshops where they learn more about Filipino culture. Members of their cultural part are going to perform during this event as well as in the Battle of the Barrios, an event in which they compete against clubs of other schools. Additionally, they hold PUSO Fest at the end of the year. Last year, this event was a play intermingled with singing and dancing that exemplified conflicts between members of a colonized nation and its conquering nation's leaders.

Cabinet members are: President Anne Beryl Corotan, VP Jansen Tubo, Secretary Rudner DeVera, Treasurer Kenley Gagan, Events Coordinator Pat Flores, Public Relations Allen Mutia, Leslie Miel, and Allan Punsalan, D3reps Jonathan Miel, Andrew Doctor and Jeremiah, and Judiciary Steve Raga, Elaine Omega, Christina Rodriguez, and Suzette.

You can visit their xanga at www.xanga.com/puso.



PUSO Fest April 2005

Club Spotlight: ASA

By Staff

The Asian Student Association was formed in the mid 90's when the other Asian interest clubs had meetings in their own languages and Asian American students had no organization that spoke English. They formed a group that included all Asian Americans of any ethnicity,



Photo Credit: Angeline Seah's Webshots

thus giving students from smaller ethnicities an organization to become involved with too. Last year's Cabinet was not just Chinese (mainland and Taiwan), Filipino, Korean, and Thai, but a Bhutanese, a Kashmiri, and two Singaporeans.

ASA holds the first big cultural show of the year, and until this year the only one in the fall. This year Asian Night 2k5 is called 'Yellow Fever' and it is scheduled for November 18th. And new students take note - for all of the major cultural shows, don't wait until the day of the event to get your tickets. Many sell out. Some sell out within a few hours of the tickets going on sale. (They need to be on Staller Main Stage where there is enough room but that is off limits for student performances!)

In addition to Asian Night, ASA now coordinates the Nations of Asia Semi-Formal, usually held off-campus but in the Wang Center for the first time last year. The opposite happened for the End of the Year BBQ. Usually held on campus, due to new rules forcing BBQ's to be catered, last

year's was moved to Sunken Meadow.

ASA does not have weekly meetings but does do events during some of their block-booked weekly times, Tuesdays at 8:30 in SAC 306. You need to check the calendar <http://www.aasquared.org/calendar/calendar.pl> or their website <http://www.xanga.com/StonyASA> to know when they will be doing something.

Their next major event will be making t-shirts. It will be held in SAC 306 on October 11th at 8:30 to put your artistic touch on a free t-shirt with all the supplies provided by ASA! Create whatever you want or enter the Asian Night T-Shirt Design Contest!

Cabinet members for 2005-06 are: Betty Liao, Prez; James Han, VP; Lina O, Secretary; Angeline Seah, Treasurer; Elaine Shiang, Co-Events Coordinator; Lawrence Chu, Co-Events Coordinator; Lily Yeung, Public Relations; and Lisa Chan, Judiciary. You can contact them at ASAatSBU@yahoo.com

ASA is a fun partying group that brings all Asians together. Join them!

Filipino American History Month

By Vanessa Gopez and Mike Tiongson

October is Filipino American History Month. Here are some of the entries in the Trivia Calendar. See how little you know about history! The rest of the entries can be found on the AA E-Zine at www.aaezine.org.

Fact for October 1

In 1763, Filipinos were the first Asian Americans to settle in what would become the US - the bayous and marshes of Louisiana. As sailors and navigators on board Spanish galleons, Filipinos, known as "Manilamen", jumped ship to escape the brutality of their Spanish masters. They built houses on stilts along the gulf ports of New Orleans and brought with them the process of sun-drying shrimp.

Fact for October 3

In 1902, the U.S. Congress passed into law the Cooper Act which made it AGAINST

THE LAW for Filipinos to own property, vote, operate a business, live in an "American" residential neighborhood, hold public office, or become naturalized American citizens. It was later repealed.

Fact for October 5

Back in the 1920's and '30's, the ratio of men to women was 20 to 1 (because of WWI). In some places it was 40 to 1. Filipinos were not allowed to marry white women. In 1926 California imposed anti-miscegenation laws on Filipinos and they had to drive out of state to marry.

Fact for October 9

Immediately after the Katipuneros (freedom fighters) won their independence from Spain, the US imposed its own brand of neo-colonialism on the Filipinos. The result was the Philippine American War, the bloodiest in American history. Lasting from 1898 to 1902, 70,000 Americans died & 2 million Filipinos were killed.

Fact for October 12

Since it Columbus Day...Filipinos first crossed the Pacific Ocean as early as 1587, fifty years before the first English settlement of Jamestown was established.

Fact for October 15

Unknown to many Filipinos, through the Treaty of Paris (April 11, 1899), Spain sold the Philippines to the US for \$20 million, thus ending over 300 years of Spanish colonization and starting American colonization.

Fact for October 17

When Filipinos came to the US in the early 1900's, they had to compete against other ethnic groups to earn a living. Tensions grew and white Americans blamed Filipinos for taking their women and their jobs. Many hotels, restaurants, and even swimming pools had signs that read "POSITIVELY NO FILIPINOS ALLOWED!" Sometimes they also read, "NO DOGS

ALLOWED!" This led to the passing of the Tydings-McDuffie Act of 1934, which limited Filipino immigration to the U.S. to 50 per year.

Fact for October 19

The yo-yo, a Tagalog word, was invented in the Philippines over 400 years ago. Originally used as a weapon, it had sharp edges and studs. In the 1920s, a Filipino named Pedro Flores began mass-producing them at his toy factory in the US.

Fact for October 21

The University of San Carlos in Cebu City was founded by Spaniards in 1595. It is the oldest existing university in Asia and is even older than Harvard.

Fact for October 31

Did you know that in the state of California, there are more Filipinos than Chinese? It is estimated that by the next census, Filipinos will be the largest Asian Pacific Islander group in America.

aa2sbu.org/aaezine in SB Press Vol 1 No 2 October 2005

Weekly Meetings Sunday nights at 7 PM at our office in Union 071

Editorial Space:

Ok, here's the story. We told them it was tabloid size last issue. This issue we told them our paper size was 10' by 13.5' Truth is, that's our printable area, the lovely E-Zine misunderstood our convoluted directions again. I swear, we'll get it right next time. It still damn pretty though.

Reasons for Gaza Withdrawal Don't Add Up

By Karen Shidlo

"As one who fought in all of Israel's wars, and learned from personal experience that without proper force, we do not have a chance of surviving in this region. . . I have also learned from experience that the sword alone cannot decide this bitter dispute in this land."

Whilst these words, spoken by Israeli Prime Minister Sharon, ring undoubtedly true—that violence only leads to more violence—it probably feels of little consolation to the thousands of Israeli settlers who were forced to leave Gaza this summer.

These settlers were unfortunate not only because they had to leave what had been their home for generations, but also because they won't get to feel the long-term benefits of the \$2billion invested in Gaza between 2001 and 2002. The economically weak region was saved from collapse through foreign investment; approximately 60% of residents live there under the poverty line and the average woman has 6 children, not to mention that unemployment is a persistent problem.

Sharon claims that Israelis will benefit in the long term from the disengagement, based on the hope that the Palestinians will abandon violence for peaceful resolutions. The basis of the left-wing opposition vehemently believe that the disengagement showed weakness on Israel's side; contrary to Sharon's belief that the developing Gaza will provide the economic stability to end terrorism, the disengagement will only give the message to Hamas and other terrorist groups that bloodshed will result in Israel relinquishing more land.

Abbas himself has been quoted as saying "[Today] Gaza, tomorrow the West Bank and

East Jerusalem," proof that the Palestinians' hunger for control of the whole of Israel is truly insatiable. This seems to be a point which determinedly undermines the reason why Gaza was evacuated by Israelis in the first place—according to Sharon, the return of Gaza to Palestine would be a step in the direction of peace, not in the direction of yet more violence until the whole of Israel is given up.

"It is difficult to predict what will come next - one can only hope that the violence is coming to an end..."

Sharon's other justification—the Roadmap—is just as problematic. Although it may seem advantageous to Israel to have the USA, the UN, the EU and Russia on their side, it will only give the Palestinians another excuse to act out ruthless campaigns against Israel. A negotiation cannot take place when one of the sides has the world's most powerful nations behind them, and the other has limited support from other third world countries.

The Roadmap itself is flawed, setting unrealistic measures to be taken in order for peace to be achieved, such as demanding that the Palestinian Authorities eliminate the infrastructure of terrorism. It is unlikely that this will be met any time soon, as Arafat's long rule only just came to an end and Abbas has a long way to go before he can claim that he has com-

plete control of his country and settled terms with the numerous terrorist groups.

Hamas has stated that they will not give up their weapons or "resistance," even after Israel has left Gaza. This makes it difficult for Abbas to continue with *Tahdiya* (period of calm).

The various opposition groups to the disengagement make relevant points about why Israelis should not have been forced to leave Gaza—the religious Jews in Gaza believe that the land was given to them by God and that no government has the right to give up "Holy Land"; right wing opposition maintains that Gaza is legitimate Israeli territory and that the evacuation of settlers is a violation of human rights; and American Jews came in the thousands to support the blockades planned by these various factions.

The next steps in the peace process depend on evidence that Abbas can establish an effective government in Gaza and prevent anti-Israeli violence. The unilateral character of the withdrawal undermines the prospects for a Gaza that is governable—the result may be a Gaza that is isolated and hence led to more violence, rather than less.

It is difficult to predict what will come next—one can only hope that the violence is coming to an end—but what can be said with determination is that the reasons for ending Israeli occupation in Gaza were not substantiated enough to justify doing it. However, now that Palestine has complete control over the piece of land it was fighting relentlessly to get, one can only hope that it uses it for good rather than evil.

The Quad is on FIRE

By Joe Rios

On September 28th there was a fire in the "Mendy Pit" located in the middle of Mendelsohn quad. There were fire marshals and chiefs from all around, feet away, but they wouldn't touch it. And it burned. Then a girl, roughly 5 feet, stepped up with a fire extinguisher, and blasted the fire. At this point the fire chiefs around the girl were applauding.

So it wasn't a uncontrollable raging fire, in fact, the fire could have been turned out with the flip of a switch. So what was the purpose of this staged inferno? September was Campus Fire Safety Month, and fire prevention day was their big event to close it out.

When you approached the "Mendy Pit" the first thing you came across was a small, talking remote controlled fire truck, whose purpose is to lure people in to learn how to use the extinguisher. Driven by one of the state marshals, I have to say that this was quite hilarious. Imagine a large athletic guy being followed by this little red fire truck that is yelling "Oh, so you think you are too tough to learn about fire safety?" I was almost dying from laughter.

Once students, who were predominantly residents from H and Mendelsohn Quads, were lured into "The Pit", they walked past a series of displays. Under one tent were items that were in dorm rooms from fires. I must say that when you see what your everyday items like computers look like after a fire, it kind of sets in. They also had a T.V. looping a tape about dorm room safety. There were also displays about fire safety info, flyers, and giveaways like keychain sect.

The main attraction, of course, was their fire machine. In the middle of "The Pit" was a cabinet, most likely made of metal, that

was rigged to what appeared to be a propane tank. The simple way to explain it is that when the presenter flips a switch, the whole thing starts burning. When he flips it back, it goes off.

Students were able to learn the PASS method of using fire extinguishers. PASS is short for Pull, Aim, Squeeze and Sweep.

Pull the pin from the extinguisher
Aim the hose or nozzle at the base of the fire
Squeeze the handle
Sweep from side to side

This method is the universal method for using fire extinguishers, and the idea behind the program is that if students are shown how to properly use the extinguisher, if they ever need to use one, they know how to use it most effectively.

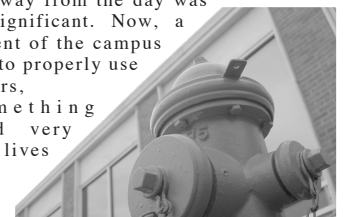
After using the extinguisher, students received give-aways for their efforts, which included highlighters, cups, firefighter hats etc...

When the day was over, there was nothing left for evidence except the dry chemical residue, and empty extinguishers that were picked up shortly after to be refilled, but what was taken away from the day was far more significant. Now, a larger percent of the campus knows how to properly use extinguishers,

Something that could very well save lives one day.



THE POWER OF FIRE AT YOUR FINGERTIPS, Courtesy of Vincent Michael Festa



Israel's Occupation of The Gaza Strip: The Palestinian POV

By Laura Positano

The Gaza Strip is a blood soaked piece of territory in the Middle East. The Palestinians, who often are portrayed by the American media as terrorists who madly go after Israelis inhabiting the Gaza Strip, are more complex than portrayed. While it is true that there are terrorists that proclaim to be against Israelis occupying the Gaza strip, not every Palestinian is a member of Hezbollah.

The Gaza Strip didn't belong to Israel initially- it was originally inhabited by the Arabs. Only because of Israel's victories in successive wars (one in the Israeli settlements has never been officially recognized as sovereign to Palestinian governance). The long term security of Israel depends on stabilization of relations with the Arab frontline states of Jordan, Egypt, Syria and now, de facto, the Palestinian State.

It is ironic that a military man who is greatly respected as a right wing politician has come forward as a sponsor of all of this. Sharon has impeccable credentials for even right wing Israelis. He fought in all of Israel's wars. He never espoused appeasement at any time. He was never a man subject to swings in his opinions.

In this way, Sharon recognizes that Israel needs peace even at the slight chance of disaster. Israel has always lived with disaster at her shoulder. What even pro-Isrealis do not understand is this: there is a prohibitive cost to war in Israel. Each mobilization (without even a shot being fired) totally hamstring the economy. Reservist armies like the Israeli Army come not from the military but from the book keepers, doctors, mechanics and farmers-the civilian population.

Notice that the call-up of military reserves was never lightly regarded: there is also an economic cost to mere mobilization. The economy of Israel at best is fragile. It is not cheap to buy or build planes, tanks and

artillery. Sharon signed off on many checks this way. He understood how expensive waging a potent war is.

Finally, if war is avoided by compromise, there is avoidance of actual fighting, and not merely the costs of mobilization. With a small population, Israel has always stated the horrors of losses. Some wars saw most families touched by war in some horrible way. The wars, by the war, are getting bloodier and certainly more destructive. Unspoken is the fact that wars are also getting more expensive. Such gadgets as jets, drones, missiles, computers and the like are going up in price not merely because of inflation, but also becomes developing them takes more resources.

“As even the wealthy and powerful United States has found out, the provision of security is not without limits.”

If Sharon thinks that peace is possible, and worth a gamble, it probably is. Unlike other politicians, he is notoriously short tempered for any foolery on either side. He would take any charges of treason by other Israelis in a very violent way. (Which is why, unlike other politicians, no one dreams of bringing this up.

This is hardly new in Israeli politics: there have been literal political assassinations in Israel, with Jews murdering other Jews. Police and army called into duty to evict Jewish settlers from soon-to-be-Arab lands often refused to serve the warrants. In some cases, there were literal mutinies. In others, police and Army troops split up into pro-and anti-set-

tlar groups. This radicalization of politics is hardly confined to Jew versus Arab.

There's compelling military reason for a pull-out as well. As noted above, Israeli army and police have become de facto occupiers of these (and other) Arab territories. That's a drain on security and defense resources. As even the wealthy and powerful United States has found out, the provision of security is not without limits. Besides the human and political costs of occupying, there is the monetary cost. Israel is not wealthy, a fact overlooked by even her most powerful and vocal allies and supporters. Adding a constantly restive people drains security. Much like the U.S. found that the Louisiana and other Southern national guards were off guarding Iraq, the Israelis have noted the need to keep a strong force in its own borders.

It's all well to hold onto romantic versions of history. But the Gaza Strip and other occupied lands were Arab until this century. They were not Jewish in the main, though Jews lived there. Ironically, the Jews and the Arabs have gotten along relatively well since the Crusades. Untold is the strife among Arabs, which has been bloody. Some cynics wag the thought that if Israel wasn't there, the Arabs would be killing each other instead, and more often than now. Iraq and Iran, for example, had a ten year war which killed hundreds of thousands. Jordanians have fought other Arabs, including a short but very nasty war against Palestinians themselves (1970 and before).

Israel can't afford the romance. She never could. Sharon and wiser right wing Israelis could not agree more. It is fine for those who are not in the frontlines to rail about security. Remember the old adage from Napoleon: he who would defend everything winds up defending nothing. Not bad counsel for Israel.

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We're All Going to Die!

By Bryan Barash

It's called avian flu. It comes from birds. You've probably never heard of it. And maybe you never will. Or maybe it will kill you before you do. While you were assuming you were safe in your cozy bed in the most powerful country on Earth, a virus known as the bird flu has killed over 50 people in Asia. Is it serious? Well considering the government just spent \$100 million on experimental vaccines for this flu that aren't even proven to effectively immunize against it yet, it's safe to say they're taking it seriously. And you should too. Check out what some people you may have heard of had to say about it:

"It could kill a billion people worldwide, make ghost towns out of parts of major cities, and there is not enough medicine to fight it. It is called the avian flu." - Brian Ross, ABC news chief investigative reporter

"We must also remain on the offensive against new threats to public health, such as the avian influenza," Bush said in his speech to world leaders. "If left unchallenged, the virus could become the first pandemic of the 21st century." - President George W. Bush

"Right now in human beings, it kills 55% of the people it infects; that makes it the most lethal flu we know of that has ever been on plan-

et Earth affecting human beings." - Laurie Garrett, a senior fellow on global health policy at the Council on Foreign Relations

So now you have some facts, and they may or may not have come from some people you probably have heard from, or who are experts on the issue. This flu strain has been around since the eighties, that we know of. It has since gained strength and spread from wild birds to chickens to pigs, and, yes- now to us. It appears that the virus goes quickly and directly to our lungs, filling them with fluid and blood. It can kill a human in as little as three days, and often shows no major flu symptoms until it's too late. Our only saving grace is that it cannot be passed between humans; it has to be acquired from an infected bird. So far.



"The tipping point, the place where it becomes something of an immediate concern, is where that virus changes, we call it mutates, to something that is able to go from human to human." - Redlener, director of the National Center for Disaster Preparedness

"I think most people would say to you it [an outbreak] probably is a question of when, and not if, because, well because the pattern of evolution of this virus in general is to find a way

to become propagated easily amongst humans and it is undergoing all of the preparatory steps that influenza a virus undertaken in the past towards becoming a competent human-to-human transmissible agent. We're watching, essentially, the steps of evolution and it is progressing right down the path you would have predicted for a virus that will eventually become quite good at human-to-human transmission." - Dr. David Relman, Professor of Microbiology & Immunology, and of Medicine at Stanford University, and Staff Physician at the VA Palo Alto Health Care System

OK, so now we know we're all in very big trouble. So here's the question on everybody's mind: How long do we have until we really have to worry about it possibly jumping between humans?

"Some people would say it could be as early as this winter. Those of a more optimistic sort would say maybe two years, or it could be even five years. So it's very hard to predict right now." - Relman

I don't know about you but I would like more than a 45% chance to live more than two years. So when I hear it's coming to the USA, I'm boarding up my windows and locking the doors. Maybe you should too. But to be safe, I'd check out www.cdc.gov if you're concerned to check for updated information, prevention steps, and what to do if you believe you're infected.

Why Political Parties Suck So Damn Much

By David K. Ginn

There has never been an idea quite as absurd as political parties. They work against all sense, and I'm really starting to think the only reason many of us still defend their existence is because of lifelong conditioning. Here are the bad things about political parties:

1) They pretend to sum up a vast amount of ideas under one label, thus making the voting process easier. The American public does not have to look deep into candidates for any office, because most of what they need to know is summed up in their party. If we started looking at candidates' ideas and political views freely, we'd be able to make a much more independent judgment. Of course, there are many who ponder deeply about candidates, both Republican and Democrat, but none who do so without knowing which party each belongs to. Why is it so important to know? Can't we make that kind of judgment on our own? Okay, so a great deal of the American population may be pretty ignorant, but maybe a lot of that is forced upon them by things like this. For the longest time, we've imagined world and domestic issues as black and white. Fantasy writers brilliantly capture our desire for the clear separation of opposing powers by having undeniable heroes fighting undeniable evil. Even the most run-down and fucked up hero is still the white in opposition to the black evil he or she fights. Political parties are another manifestation of our great desire for this distinction. Of course, when applied to the real world it just gets more complicated. Our candidates act more like players



POLITICAL PATRIOTISM,
Courtesy of Oversaturated Politics

in backgammon. One is white, one is black, neither is good or bad. This is how George W. Bush gets a lot of his backing for the war in Iraq, except he tries to turn back the clock to a much more primitive version of reductionism. George W. Bush says, in general, that we must defend Freedom, and fight back against those who do not support Freedom. The problem is that Freedom isn't so damn simple. It's funny how a country bent so hard on defending Freedom would deny homosexuals the right to a legal marriage, invade the privacy of individuals for the sake of paranoid national security, pass laws opening up everyone to a full violation of their civil rights without a warrant of any kind, not regulate the monopolization of the media by offering independent and radical media broadcasts the same opportunities for public broadcast, lie to its own citizens about the reasons for a war in another country, deliberately misrepresent specific events within and surrounding that war, filter the spread of information including images and news reports to its own citizens out of fear of losing support, passing laws that leave people's homes and property subject to destruction and eviction for the sake of commercial development without appeal or due criminal or civil process, and continually attempt to modify its own constitution to make itself less free. It's a goddamn hypocrisy, and thanks to the same mentality that formed political parties, it's rampant and very active.

2) Political parties not only limit the thinking of the voters, but of the politicians themselves.

Many political candidates and office-holders, I believe, are restricted by their own reductionist beliefs. They have no room to grow as politicians because they're afraid to step outside the bounds of their political parties. They choose very early on, and even if they're open minded and able to swing, their political party hangs over their head like an albatross, if not confining then at the very least defining what they do.

3) Supreme Court Chief Justice John Roberts. Need I say more? Every single Republican senator voted in favor of him taking the seat. Democrats, however, voted both for and against. Am I praising Democrats? Hell no. Democrats don't exist. There's no such thing as a Democrat. They may call themselves as such, but it's only a bonding name. They're all people with different views, just like the Republicans. Everyone has different views. When I say Democrats voted both ways, I mean that the people who call themselves Democrats voted both ways, and perhaps that provides some sort of hope for a changing idea: not bi-partisanship, but non-partisanship. Roberts was elected because he is the mission statement of the Republican Conservative party in human form. Someone lost the document that explained conservatism, and it biodegraded into the Earth. Then, it was re-spawned in the form of Chief Justice John Roberts. For a position that relies so heavily on objectivity and a sense of "higher politics", this guy sure seems to have his opinions. Can we expect to see bi-partisanship under his regime? Doubtful. Can we expect to see bi-partisanship towards him? Doubtful. Bi-partisanship is an idealistic myth, and at the very least we should replace it with a myth of non-partisanship. I think a myth that could one day be realized is better than a myth used to shut the free thinkers of this country up.

Bloomberg Breaks NYC's Democratic Coalition

By Jorge Sierra

New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg is up for re-election this year. A Democrat-turned-Republican in a city where Democrats outnumber Republicans by 5 to 1, he is expected to win easily over former Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer, who lost in the 2001 Democratic primary during the runoff election, giving the Republican party the mayoralty for the fourth straight election.

Did I mention that the city is overwhelmingly Democratic?

One of the, in my opinion, understated reasons that the Democrats will lose is because they are not united. This is not for lack of reasons to dislike Bloomberg. This is the mayor who has squeezed the middle class with a massive property tax increase, increased fines, raised the cigarette tax, and instituted a "ticket quota" on minor infractions, all to balance the budget. He has also held a hard line on contract negotiations with the recalcitrant police, firefighters, and teachers unions, following a settlement giving the city's largest municipal union a 5% raise. The mayor has made it easier for homeless shelters to deny shelter to homeless individuals and removed priority access to federal rent subsidies to homeless families. The recession following 9/11 affected minority citizens most severely, and there remain wide racial disparities in income and academic achievement between the rich and poor, whites and minority New Yorkers.

Civil libertarians weren't too happy with the heavy police presence during anti-Bush rallies and the random searches imposed in subways following the London bombings. Moreover, his administration appealed a court ruling ordering the city to grant marriage licenses to gay couples, and he has refused to enforce a City Council law passed over his veto that bans harassment in city schools (this was advocated by gay rights organizations because bullying disproportionately affects gay and lesbian youth). Anyway, I'm sure you get the idea. There is a large number of New Yorkers who might have reason to vote against Bloomberg, if they could unite based on their shared grievances.

This is not possible.

As in the 2001 Democratic primary, the two highest vote-getters in this year's primary, Ferrer and Congressman Anthony Weiner, endorsed completely different and incompatible visions for New York. The problem is that most of the grievances are exclusive to either middle class New Yorkers, who are being squeezed by rising taxes and expenses, or one or more underclasses or minorities, who have been left behind... again. Thus, Ferrer endorses higher taxes to pay for social services and is an advocate for the poor and minority popula-

such conditions, it is very difficult for the Democratic Party to mount a strong opposition.

Finally, as most of the media commentators mention, Bloomberg's record as mayor is fairly decent, but not just as a mayor overall. He has made specific accomplishments that are important to some of the same constituencies that must be recruited to oppose him. Early on, he framed improving the education system as a civil rights issue, and test scores have risen for the first time in years. Bloomberg's low-key manner and skillful handling of racial hate crimes such as the recent beating in Howard Beach is part of why racial tensions are lower than they have been in years. Remarkably, crime is continuing to drop to record lows. Finally, the mayor has been a strong supporter of abortion rights. He enacted a policy authorizing all medical schools to teach abortion and opposes the nomination of Supreme Court nominee John Roberts. The mayor's record is not perfect, nor does it benefit all New Yorkers, but it has fractured any hope of a simple middle class-lower class-liberal coalition against him. Indeed, several traditionally Democratic minority, union, and liberal organizations and politicians have either endorsed the mayor or have conspicuously declined to attack him.

It is therefore false to speak of a simple 5:1 Democratic vs. Republican majority in New York City, at least as far as city-wide mayoral politics are concerned. Regional, class, and identity group politics have dominated the Democratic mayoral primary process to such a degree that it is more accurate to say that multiple and incompatible mini-parties are vying against each other. This presents little-known candidates with narrow agendas whose campaigns serve only to augment differences and raise bitterness on all sides. Or as former mayor Ed Koch calls them, Lilliputians, after the diminutive race in *Gulliver's Travels*. New York City Democrats have some serious growing up to do if they hope to bring the party together and win the mayoralty in 2009.



tions. Weiner endorsed tax cuts for the middle class and had strong support among white Democrats. Race is still a factor that separates the supporters of the two most popular Democrats, as was in the 2001 primary and the one before it. Ferrer's attempt early in this campaign to build solidarity with police officers outraged black voters when he mentioned that he didn't think the death of Amadou Diallo, who was shot 41 times by police during the Giuliani administration, was a crime. More recently, he's said he opposed a strike by the teachers union (after all, that would hurt minority and poor students the most). Under

What the Fuck?

By Adina Silverbush

Every day I've been hearing about car crashes, multiple times a day! Probably I'm more alert to the words "car crash" since my own mother was just killed this summer by one but it seems like they've been happening more then ever. Most of the time these aren't kids getting into crashes either. These are licensed drivers who choose to drive recklessly. Racing their sports car, driving intoxicated, or rushing to an "important" event! What the hell is wrong with people?! Don't they care; don't they realize they're putting themselves, their passengers, and everyone around them in danger?

The week after my mom was killed by a drunk driver, I read an article in the *New York Times* about a group of teens (one who went to my high school) who were at a summer camp getting driven somewhere by their counselor. The counselor was driving at nearly 100mph, and the whole car was literally crushed by a tractor trailer! The week before my mom's death a wed-

ding party was in a limo going home from the wedding when they were smashed into by a drunk driver killing a young girl. I tried to get the exact information about that crash and typed into my internet search engine "Brooklyn car crash kills girl" and I got 241,000 results!

Nearly everyone I've told about my own personal tragedy has experienced or heard of a similar horrific experience. It's nice not to be alone in my pain but reading Melissa's article about her brother being killed in a car crash (in the last issue of the *Press*) got me very upset. That two people working for the press had both lost very close, young, healthy relative because of cars! How is this happening? Why are we letting this happen?

Today, I looked at a copy of the *Stony Brook Statesman*, which is why I'm making this plea. On the front cover there was an article about a man that was killed when he was hit by a car Friday morning on Sept. 30. You can't

ignore it anymore it happened right here on Nicolas Rd, next to the South Entrance. The same morning 20 minutes later, there was another car accident involving 5 students on campus by the Main Entrance.

Maybe it wasn't your mother. Maybe you still have all your siblings, your grandparents, your boyfriend/girlfriend, your best friend. You're lucky today, but tomorrow you might not be so lucky! People are dropping like flies all because of fucking cars! Cars; what most of us take comfort in going in everyday. I'm sorry to be harsh; I'm not trying to hurt your feelings just to open your eyes! If you don't feel safe with the way your friends are driving, tell them. If you are in a rush, think twice before you start speeding... you may not get there ever if you get into a crash! Racing might seem fun, but it's idiotic. The higher your speed the more damage to you, and your fancy sports car!



C'mon... Be a Sport

Seawolves Men's Soccer Salvage Draw in Conference Opener

By Antony Lin

A crowd of approximately 300 were on hand at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium on the chilly Friday evening to see the America East conference encounter between the Stony Brook Seawolves and the Hartford Hawks. The match would end in a 2-2 draw.

"We played real hard and came out strong. The team fought and never gave up," said left winger Tamed Mohamed.

The Seawolves started the match with a 3-5-2 formation, while the visitors employed a 4-4-2. Normally on the right wing, Yahaya Musa shifted to the back for the match.

"Musa was outstanding in the back. He may be playing their in the future," mentioned head coach Cesar Markovic.

The first opportunity for Stony Brook would come in the 5th minute. Midfielder Matt Avelino made a cut to his right. His effort from 27 yards out would sail inches wide of the left post.

Three minutes later, the home side would get another opportunity, this time from Mohamed. Off a defensive mistake, Mohamed collected the ball on the left wing. His shot from 9 yards out sailed wide of the near post.

Seconds later, the Hawks would get their first opportunity of the match. Forward Gorkem Katoglu's blast from 27 yards out was tapped over the bar by goalkeeper, John Moschella.

The Seawolves next great opportunity would come in the 29th minute off a great individual effort from midfielder, Douglas Narvaez. After dispossessing defender Carlo Cudicini of the ball, Narvaez was able to get passed three defenders, only to see his shot from 9 yards out curl just wide of the far post.

The unfortunate would happen in 31st minute when Hartford would take the 1-0 lead off a controversial goal. On what appeared to be a Hartford hand-ball, referee Arnold Klein awarded a throw-in to Hartford instead. Midfielder Daniel Torres would collect the ball off the ensuing Hartford throw-in on the right wing. Torres' cross from the right wing found Cudini, who headed the ball into the back of the net.

"I'm not sure if the ref saw it. But it was either our ball or a throw-in for us," stated Mohamed.

Four minutes later, the Hawks would double their lead. Off a free kick, midfielder Costa Kyritsis sent the ball into the box and found Cudini. Cudini headed the ball home, leaving goalkeeper John Moschella with no chance to make the save.

"It (the first goal) was definitely a hand ball. There is nothing you can do. There was a

momentum swing for them and we gave up a second goal," stated coach Markovic.

The home side would cut the lead in half in the 37th minute off of an inswinging corner from Mohamed. His service skipped past several defenders finding forward, Chris Scarpati. Scarpati's header on goal deflected off a Hawks defender to make it 2-1.

The second half saw the Seawolves applying heavy pressure to the Hartford backline, while Hartford looked to counter.

The visitors would get the first opportunity of the second half in the 48th minute. Forward Keith Womack's hard shot from 14 yards out on the right was parried away by Moschella.

In the 58th minute, Stony Brook would get the equalizer off a penalty kick. Midfielder Michael Palacio, claimed a loose ball in the box after Scarpati's cross was deflected. As Palacio was set to tee up a shot, he was brought down from behind.

Scarpati would take the penalty kick, putting the ball into the lower right 90 for the well-deserved equalizer.

In the very same minute, Hartford would create another opportunity of their own. Forward Gorkem Katoglu cracked a 30 yarder, only to have his shot saved and held onto from a diving Moschella.

In the 78th minute Stony Brook would threaten once again. Scarpati sent a long ball, splitting two defenders to forward, Pete Haikidis. Haikidis' shot from 8 yards out sailed over the crossbar.

The next pair of opportunities for the Seawolves would come in the last four minutes of regulation courtesy of Narvaez. On the right wing, Narvaez laid one off to Palacio. Palacio cut the ball to his left and fired a rocket from 17 yards out that was held onto by goalkeeper, Ryan Carr. In the 88th minute, Narvaez was able to split two Hartford defenders before his shot from 22 yards out sailed just wide of the far left post.

The first overtime saw only one lone opportunity. The lone chance would come for Hartford in the 99th minute. Katoglu attempted to catch Moschella napping with a chip from 45 yards out, but to no avail.

The Seawolves nearly had the game winner with seconds remaining in the second overtime. Collecting a long ball, Mohamed sent a low cross that ended up in the foot of Palacio. Palacio on the right, fired a 14 yard shot to the near post that was parried away by Carr.

With the draw, the Seawolves stand at 0-0-1 in conference play and 5-2-3 overall, while the Hawks are at 0-1-1 and 3-5-1.

"We were courageous out there. We played without subs. It was an outstanding game. We played for each other," mentioned coach Markovic.

Seawolves Women's Soccer Falls to Retrievers

By Antony Lin

On a sunny and warm Sunday afternoon, the Stony Brook Seawolves took on the UMBC Retrievers at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium, with both teams in search of their first America East conference victory. Approximately 120 supporters were in attendance as the home side fell to the Retrievers 3-0.

"It was disappointing. We played well. But we did not click at times," said midfielder Brittany Benthin.

Both teams started with a 4-4-2 formation. The first half saw quite an even affair, as neither side was dominant. Normally on the right wing, Stony Brook midfielder Danielle Lewis started up front with Brooke Barbuto, normally at center midfield, due to an injury to forward Tiffany Fusillo.

The Seawolves would be the first to threaten in the 3rd minute. Benthin's initial cross from the right wing was blocked. Receiving the ball back, Benthin cut to her left. Her shot from 12 yards out would sail wide.



MARISA NUCCI AND BALL, Courtesy of www.GoSeawolves.org

A minute later, UMBC would create an opportunity of their own. Midfielder Betsy Day, from the right wing, found forward Jessica Young outside the box. Her one-timer fell right into the hands of goalkeeper Cindy Bennett.

The Retrievers opened the score in the 22nd minute with a goal from Young. Off a counterattack, Young found herself in all alone. With an

onrushing Bennett, Young was able to place the ball into the upper left post and in.

The visitors nearly doubled their lead in the 29th minute. Young's shot to the near post from 6 yards out would be cleared off the line by defender Marisa Nucci.

Stony Brook would get its best opportunity in the 35th minute. Right/left back Chelsea Van Horn's outswinging corner found unmarked midfielder Kristin Mishrell, whose header unfortunately struck the right crossbar.

"We have to gain more confidence to be more attacking minded to compete," said Seawolves coach Sue Ryan. "Their shot hits the post that goes in and our shot hits the post and comes out."



CHRIS SCARPATI TAKES IT DOWN THE FIELD, Courtesy of www.GoSeawolves.org



C'mon... Be a Sport

Seawolves Women's Soccer Fall To Terriers In America East Opener

By Antony Lin

A crowd of nearly 200 were on hand to see the opening America East conference encounter between the Stony Brook Seawolves and Boston Terriers at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium. The comfortable Sunday afternoon saw the Terriers shutout the Seawolves 1-0.

"It was very disappointing. We wanted to get conference play off to a right start," mentioned forward Jackie Anthony.

Stony Brook started the match with a 4-4-2 and shifted to 4-3-3 at times, while Boston used a 4-4-2 formation. The match started off fast-paced and remained. "Our younger players are used to a different speed. The rules have changed in that they are required to play quicker," mentioned head coach Sue Ryan.

While the visitors were in control of the opening minutes, it was Stony Brook that had the first clear opportunity in the 5th minute. Trine Allenberg, normally on the left wing, started the match on the right, rotating with Danielle Lewis.

Off a cutback move at midfield, Allenberg sent a splendid through ball over the top finding forward, Tiffany Fasullo. Fasullo's left footed shot was saved and held onto by goalkeeper, Stephanie Dreyer. "We have similar players. I can move them left to right and exchange them if they need a break," said coach Ryan.

Nine minutes later, the Terriers would threaten. Forward Meghann Cook's shot from 9 yards out on the right found the near post and bounced out of play.

Seconds later, Boston won a free kick from about 33 yards out. Defender Ashley LoCasale direct shot troubled goalkeeper Cindy

Bennett a bit, but the ball was held onto.

The next great chance for the Terriers would come in the 31st minute. With forward Melissa Shulman on a breakaway, Bennett came out to challenge. Before Bennett can get to the ball, Shulman chip sailed just high over the crossbar.

With seconds before the half, Locasale shot from 22 yards out was saved fantastically by Bennett even though the shot appeared wide.

The second half saw the visitors pretty much in control once again. Their first opportunity in the second half would come off an inswinging corner kick from the left. Off a flick on, midfielder Brooke Bingham's one-time volley from the right was held onto by Bennett.

Boston would continue to pressure the backline of the Seawolves. In the 57th minute, Shulman sent a through ball finding midfielder Mara Osher. Osher tried to slip it to Bennett's right, but her effort went wide of the far post. Just a minute later, Bingham's one-time crack from 26 yards out hit the woodwork.

As the match went on, Bennett continued to preserve the tie. In the 67th minute, Bennett was able to parry away her shot from 9 yards out

to the near post. "Cindy played the best game of the year. Our backs kept us in the game," stated coach Ryan.

The home side would get their opportunity in the 77th minute. Center midfielder Brooke Barbuto sent a brilliant ball to Lewis on the right wing. Her righted-footed shot from 11 yards out fell right into the hands of Dreyer.

After denying opportunity after opportunity, there was not much Bennett could have done on Boston's game-winner in the 82nd minute. Boston was able to win a free kick 40 yards out on the left. Cook's inswinging set piece found Shulman in the box to head the ball into the back of the net.

"We did not have enough attacking. It was a great defensive game. Everyone worked hard out there," stated Anthony.

With the loss, the Seawolves drop to 3-7-1 overall and 0-1-0 in conference play. Boston improves to 5-4-1 over, 1-0-0 in conference play.

"Boston was picked to win the conference. Last year we beat the teams at the top of the standings and loss to the teams at the bottom. This year we want to be in control of our own destiny. We need to be more threatening," said coach Ryan.



CINDY BENNETT CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH, PEOPLE, Courtesy of www.GoSeawolves.org

No Name for This Article

By No McNamerson

The home side would unfortunately be punished off a questionable non-call from referee Kyle Markott in the 51st minute. Off a set piece from the right, UMBC defender Mary Hearin appeared to be guilty of a hard shove while the ball was in the air. This led to a scramble in the box, from which midfielder Cara Palmer was able to capitalize on with a goal.

"The players were saying there was a push. But the refereeing goes both ways. You must create or make your own luck to get that opportunity. That is what they did," said Ryan.

Seconds later, the Retrievers would make it 3-0. From the right wing, Young found forward Missy Moore in the box. Moore, with her back turned, laid one back to fellow striker Amanda DiCarlo. Her one-timer from 7 yards out found the lower left part of the goal.

"We played better in the first half than

we did in the last two games," said Ryan. "We had a mental lapse in the first five minutes of the second half. We must learn to play for the full ninety. We cannot take mental breaks."

The Seawolves would get a chance to pull one back in the 72nd minute. With plenty of space, Barbuto's crack from 28 yards sailed high of the crossbar.

Looking to increase the score, DiCarlo nearly had another one in the 79th minute. Off a free kick from 22 yards out, her low drive would be parried away and out by Bennett.

With the loss, Stony Brook drops to 0-3-0 in conference play and 3-9-1 overall. UMBC improves to 1-1-0 and 7-5-0.

"It was a tough day. When you are not winning games, it seems like everything is against you," said Ryan. "We have to get past that and gain more confidence."

"Looking to increase the score...her low drive would be parried away..."

"This just in:
The Stony Brook Press is online at www.thepress.info and... wait a second, I'm getting something else here... It would seem to be the case that I have no personality... Humph. 'Magine that."



Fuck Columbus Day With A Serrated Dildo

By Marcel Votlucka

Christopher Columbus was an asshole. Oh yes, he was. He was quite the asshole. Of course, we're all taught that Columbus was a nice Italian dude who sailed across the ocean blue in 1492 with three great ships called the Niña, Pinta, and Santa Maria. And we're told that we wanted to prove that the world was round, that he met the Indians and was super-friendly to them, and that he discovered America. They say he was a great man, so on the second Monday in October we celebrate a day in his honor.

Fuck that shit. And fuck Columbus! Let me tell you a few things about Columbus. You might want to take some fucking notes.

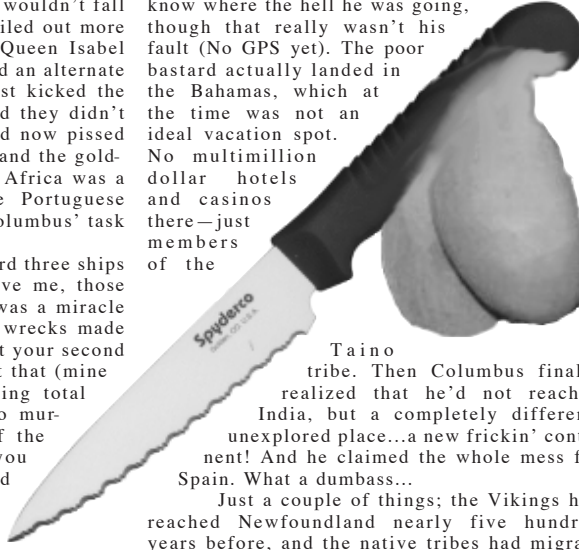
Okay, first off, forget that shit about Columbus trying to prove that you wouldn't fall off the edge of the world if you sailed out more than ten miles. He was hired by Queen Isabel and King Ferdinand of Spain to find an alternate route to India—you see, they'd just kicked the Muslims out of southern Spain and they didn't want to deal with those pesky (and now pissed off) Arabs standing between them and the golden riches of India. Sailing around Africa was a royal pain in the arse and the Portuguese already controlled that route, so Columbus' task was a doozy.

So they gave the poor bastard three ships that were barely seaworthy. Believe me, those ships were pieces of crap, and it was a miracle from Poseidon that those floating wrecks made it across the Atlantic and back. Bet your second grade teacher didn't tell you about that (mine sure didn't). Oh, and besides being total pricks, Ferdie and Izzy were also murderous Jew-haters. Ever heard of the Spanish Inquisition? Yep, you guessed it; they practically begged the Pope to let 'em kidnap and torture Jews and Muslims in their recently united realm. Hopefully this will give you an impression of the kind of bastards that were involved with Columbus' enterprise.

But I'm drifting off topic here. Let me get

back to my point. So, here we have Columbus, who was in reality a very nasty, draconian fellow who treated his crew like shit. Picture the nastiest drill sergeant you could imagine, and then conjure up a dude who's ten times worse. That's Columbus; a kindly gentleman he was not. They don't tell you that part of the equation during the Columbus Day Parade when all these people are talking about the man. So it's no wonder that his crew was ready to mutiny and toss his ass overboard.

But suddenly, on October 12, 1492...LAND HO!!! Or in Spanish, TIERRA HO!!! Columbus landed ashore, thinking he'd finally reached India, but he was waaaaaaaaaaaaaay off. Simply put, he got lost. He didn't know where the hell he was going, though that really wasn't his fault (No GPS yet). The poor bastard actually landed in the Bahamas, which at the time was not an ideal vacation spot. No multimillion dollar hotels and casinos there—just members of the



Taino tribe. Then Columbus finally realized that he'd not reached India, but a completely different, unexplored place...a new frickin' continent! And he claimed the whole mess for Spain. What a dumbass...

Just a couple of things; the Vikings had reached Newfoundland nearly five hundred years before, and the native tribes had migrated to the continent over 12,000 years before that.

So he went back to Spain without the gold and jewels and silk and other cool shit he'd

promised to bring home. Queen Isabel, royally pissed that she'd have to keep using that piss-soaked security blanket she'd had pilfered off of one of the people taken in by her Inquisitors, had Columbus locked up and wanted to chop off his lice-peppered head. But he convinced her to give him another chance. So they gave him some better ships—the ones without the gaping holes and Karl Rove—sized leaks and flesh eating vampire rats. He crossed the ocean blue again, la, la, la...and he reached the island of Hispaniola, in what is now the Dominican Republic.

He encountered some more natives, but this time, he decided to enslave some of them so that he could at least impress the monarchs when he returned to Spain. In the meantime, he built a settlement and instructed his men to rape and plunder and enslave and kill and burn things and plant Spanish flags everywhere. And thus Columbus became the first conquistador.

I suppose we ought to thank the guy a little. After all, he paved the way for the other conquistadors who probed and pillaged and plundered and raped and conquered and subdued the American continent; Cortés and Pizarro and Balboa and Coronado and DeLeon and all the other jerkoffs who killed off 90% of the native population with their diseases and their firearms. Ferdie and Izzy would've been so proud.

Columbus was an asshole.

No, don't try to deny it. Don't defend his sorry ass. I'm well aware that if he hadn't arrived in the New World history would've been changed and there would be no America and I probably wouldn't be here ranting. But just keep in mind that he was an asshole. Fuck Columbus Day. Up the ass. With a serrated dildo.

Okay, I'm done ranting. I think I'll go see the parade now.

SBU-TV, WUSB, The Statesman and the Stony Brook Press Present
a LIVE program discussing the pressing issues of student life today

MINIFOCUS

8PM
Weds WATCH it on SBU-TV Ch. 20
LISTEN to it on WUSB 90.1FM

Dr. Fistfuck Has Crapped Everywhere

By "Jessie" James Messina

Are you outside, or in class? Are you surrounded by people? Then take a look around. At least one of the people you just saw didn't wash their hands. I don't mean after pissing, the percentage of people who go with the rinse/don't-wash-at-all scheme represents the majority, at least among guys. Nope, I mean after shitting, doing #2, dropping the kids off at the pool... You get the point. How do I know this? The honest answer is that I go to the bathroom, and I listen. While I have my dick in my hand I hear the stall next to me flush. Perhaps three seconds of sink noise follows, followed by footsteps. Not Superman himself could wash thoroughly with soap and water in that time.

What's the big deal? you ask. Then stop reading. You're probably one of them, which makes you pretty gross. Don't touch the nice paper. There you go. Everyone else: Yeah, I know. Fucked up. Were these guys raised badly, by wolves maybe, are they just that lazy? Or are they conducting an epidemiology experiment on a grand and insidious scale? In truth, I don't know the answers to these questions. But I can help you. I can tell you who's doing it, and it's pretty simple. There are two dead giveaways. First, if a guy who lived across from you your freshman year asks to borrow two of your five computer speakers, and he never returns them, he doesn't wash his hands. Secondly, appearance is a great indicator. You know that grimy frat guy with the constant 5 o'clock shadow, the clothes that look as though he tossed them on for convenience's sake moments ago? Chances are good he got up late for class and had to rush, give him a break. He's a washer. That guy that wears the sweater-vest and pressed slacks, with

the perfectly groomed exterior and effeminate mannerisms? Who are you kidding? He probably washes before and after meals. But you know that guy who looks kind of nerdy, a little disheveled? Yeah, that guy doesn't wash. I've lived in a dorm hall for over a year now, and I've seen a bunch. They come out of the stall as you're brushing your teeth at 4 a.m. (give me a break; it was a weekend and I stayed up), duck their heads and nod, then rinse their hands and duck on out. Toilet paper isn't magic. When you wipe your ass with it, your hands probably won't touch shit, no. But if they do, you probably won't notice and the toilet paper won't fix it. Antibacterial soap is pretty good though, I hear. If you don't wash your hands, and you didn't stop reading when I told you to like a good kid—here's why you should be scared.

Thursdays. Thursdays. Thursdays... On Thursday nights, students tend to relax, let their inhibitions go and have a good time. You know when you're drunk and someone throws you a ball and you thank God you caught it? Same story in the bathroom. You're playing a dangerous game of roulette if you take a shit while drunk or vomit, which interestingly enough coincides with drinking. Friday mornings are despicable, but in truth it's pretty bad most days. The floors are almost always wetter than the Amazon, the seats were definitely not a brown-flecked white when they got out of the factory, and that protective layer of TP somebody laid down and didn't flush has since gotten pissed on. A lot. What makes you think you shouldn't wash your hands? Think of this. Surgeons are required to scrub vigorously before they operate with some strongass soap.

Why? Because if they have some bacteria and they touch your insides, you'll get sick as a motherfucker. So just because it's on your outside instead of your insides, you think the effects are different? Hell no. Wash your hands, you bastard.

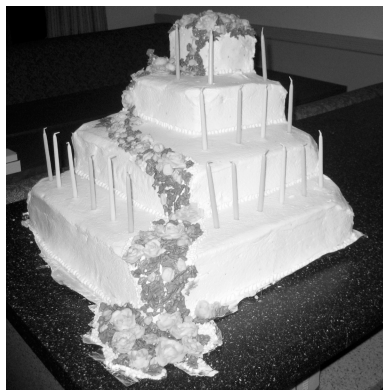


I Didn't Contribute Last Issue Because I Was Making My Birthday Cake

By Nicole L. Barry

I baked my own birthday cake this year. I've done it before, partially over my refusal to have store bought cake. Store bought cake has no complexity of depth or flavor, no texture, and the icing is an inch of pure sickly sweetness. I've had enough store bought cake to classify them all into one broad but accurate category: bland. I know you're not supposed to make your own cake but what can I say? I'm a rule breaker.

This year, however, I wanted to make the biggest cake I could possibly make, a wedding cake sized cake, one fit to feed an army. Maybe it was because I know I could have never gotten away with it at home... Mom surely would have said no. Over and over and over. "You don't need a cake that big!" Followed by statements about the cake that I would ultimately make, like: "Are you using up all my eggs?" "Quit making a mess!" "You better clean all of this up!" "No, you are not making more than two layers!" Now that I'm in a cooking suite, and Mom is a comfortable 450 miles away, I felt secure that I could throw caution to the wind, and make the biggest cake I could manage. And that would end up being quite large indeed.



THIS CAKE COULD FEED LIBYA, Courtesy of Nicole L. Barry

Baking, to me, is one of the most relaxing arts out there. If I'm baking cookies, muffins, or cakes, I'm immersed in a world where I lose thought of all other things and I focus solely on creating something that engages all the senses. So when I spent all of production weekend producing cakes from the single 8" square cake pan I owned, I didn't feel swayed by the intensity of the task before me. I just poured half the batter into the greased and floured pan, popped it in for 40 minutes, and cracked open a textbook, waiting to put the other half in the oven.

I did that process 8 times, for a total of sixteen 8-inch square cakes. Eight of them dark chocolate, four of them raspberry, two of them white chocolate, and one chocolate/raspberry. The best thing about making a cake for your birthday is making it exactly how you want it. Chocolate and raspberry are the best flavors, especially together. The cakes I made were dense, no light cake is going to support 7 with it's compadres on top of it. Dessert like, almost. I wish mini fridges kept ice cream frozen, because that would have been excellent. I used twenty-four eggs, a bag of flour, two bags of sugar, and more

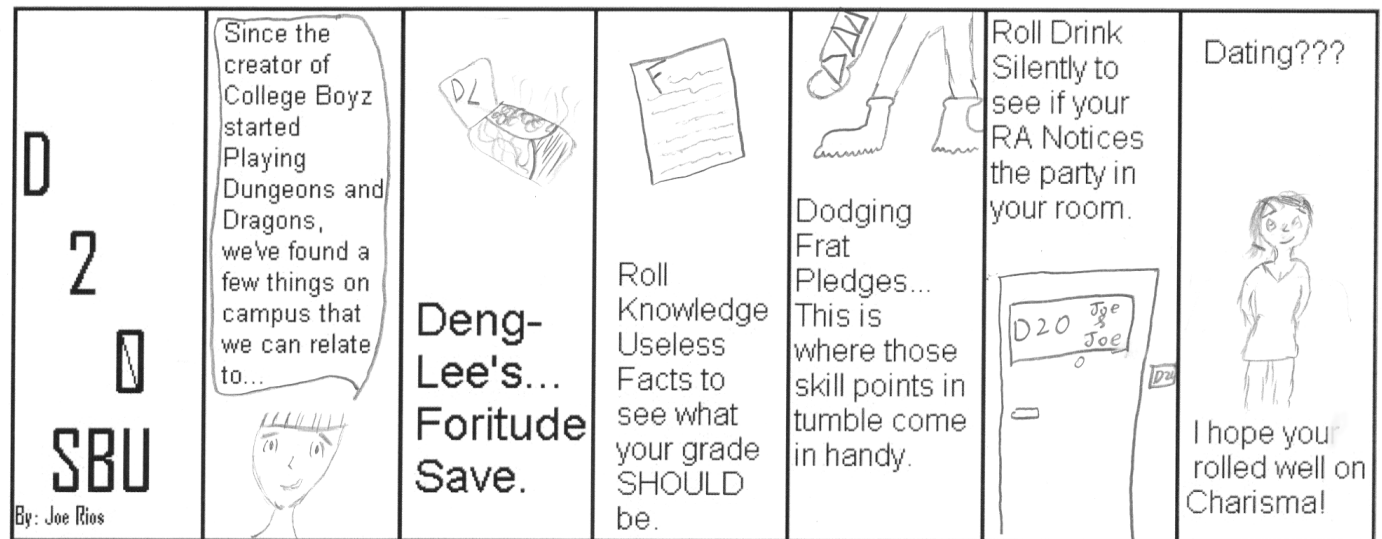
margarine and shortening than I would like to think about. And that was just baking the cakes.

You have to have confidence when you're assembling something that's eight layers tall and it starts to lean. You have to block out your close friends as they start to freak out and call it "the leaning tower of cake." I stuck skewers in it and I had to stop Stephanie from trying to convince me to take the twenty or so skewers out and start anew; that would have been a tragic event indeed. I slathered frosting in between the layers to cement them together so they wouldn't move (as much), and taught Kristine the finer techniques of a "crumb coat." After it had sat for a day in that state, it was finally becoming stable enough to quell Stephanie's fears.

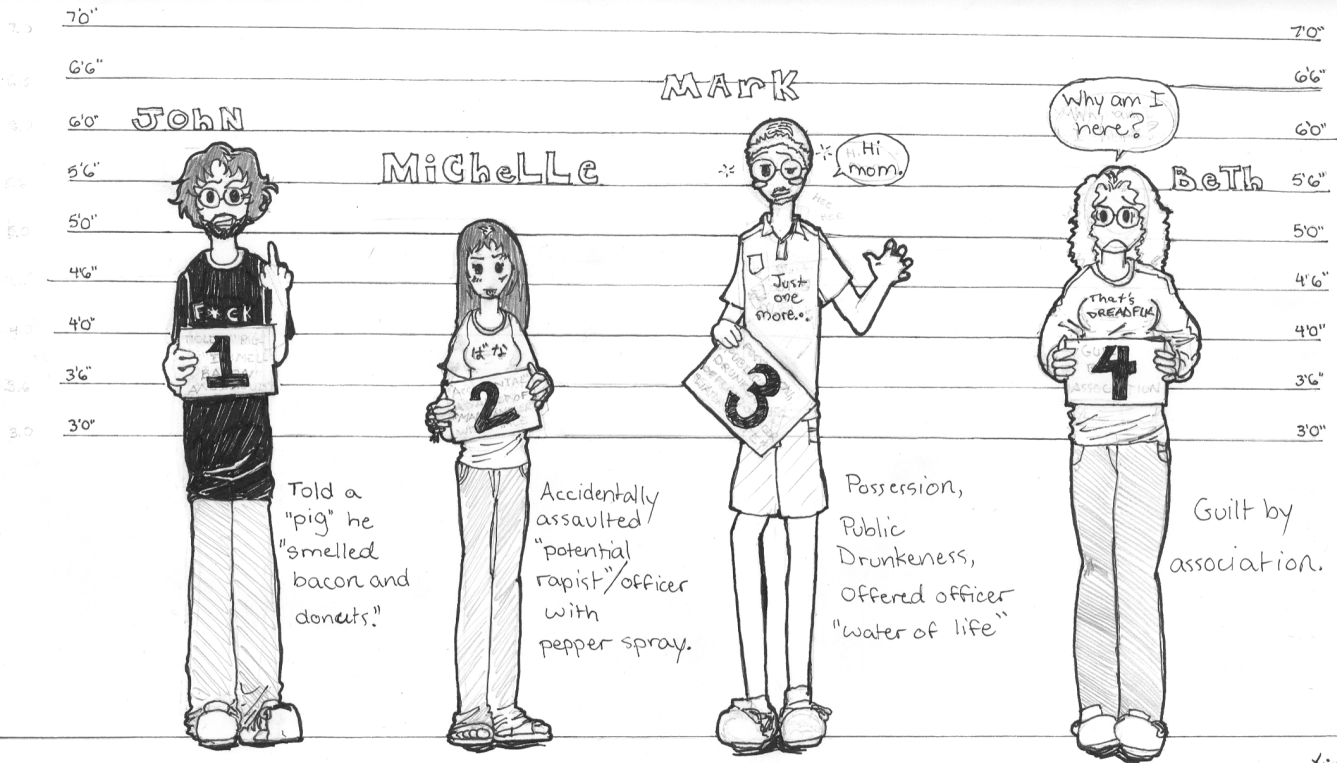
Oh, and the frosting. 5 pounds of powdered sugar. Once you see frosting made, you know why it has a million calories. It's just fat, sugar, and flavoring. Getting the frosting to look smooth was a pain in the ass, but I stuck it through so that I could get to my favorite part of cake making: the actual decorating. My shiny Wilton 28 tip set just sits in its cute hard plastic case tormenting me until I actually get to use it. Frosting roses are my favorite thing to make, and it probably lies in some childhood-based memory of birthday cakes, and always wanting part of the frosting roses and rarely getting it unless it was your birthday.

It's over a week later, and there's still cake left. I've given tons of it away, pleaded with people to take more, and Stephanie has eaten it twice a day since the 28th. I think my mission is done here. I'll make less cake, and instead, focus on *Press* production.

COME ONE, COME ALL (COME WITH YOUR MOM!), IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



The Comics Section



Further stupidity


To Be ANNOUNCED

The title is Mike's fault.
The comic is Joanna Goodman's




Solving Crimes!

YOUR 2004 WORLD SERIES CHAMPION



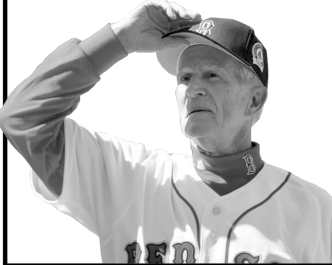
Fightin' Mysteries!

By Matt Willemain




Somewhere in New England, Red Sox Mountain lay nearly deserted. The Red Sox were enjoying a week's end retreat at the nearby water park.

The only person there was ol' Johnny Pesky, who had agreed to stay over at the place and watch Mr. Cat Cat.





Reow?

The phone rang, and Pesky was prompt to answer it.



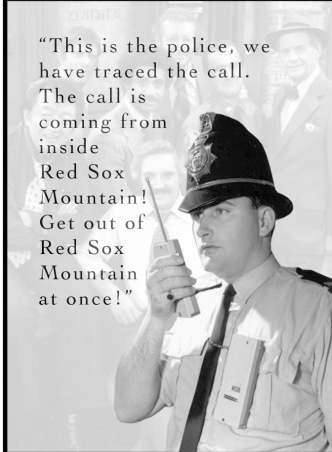
"Johnny Pesky, here!"



"Oh dear..."

On the other line was only the sound of breathing. Pesky hung up, but the calls kept coming. He became increasingly upset, and called the police.


"This is the police, we have traced the call. The call is coming from inside Red Sox Mountain! Get out of Red Sox Mountain at once!"



But it was too late...

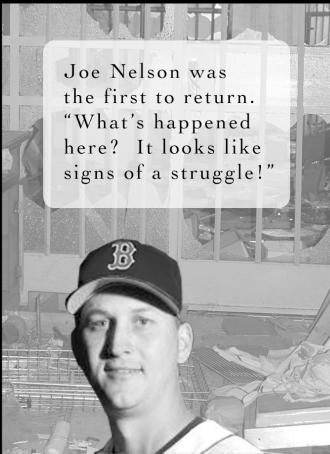


Special Triple Length Finale Spectacular!

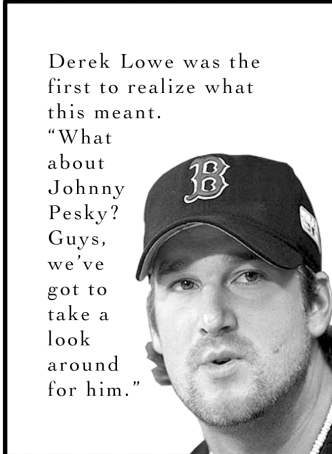


Episode Nine: Long Way Home


Joe Nelson was the first to return. "What's happened here? It looks like signs of a struggle!"




Derek Lowe was the first to realize what this meant. "What about Johnny Pesky? Guys, we've got to take a look around for him."




After an exhaustive search turned up nothing, the mood was pretty grim.



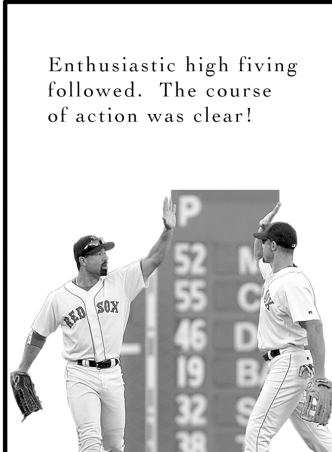
"Wait a minute," said Gabe Kapler. "We've got to keep a positive attitude. Maybe the satellite can help."



Technicians quickly established a connection with the Red Sox Satellite, in high orbit. The result: "We're reading traces of Pesky in Turkmenistan."



Enthusiastic high fiving followed. The course of action was clear!






The Comrade

No.3

OCT 2005

Patriotically

The Jungle: Untamed and Uncut



What Really Goes On At Stony Brook

Welcome to Stony Brook University. It's that time of year again. The time of year when people pack up their suitcases, drive 30 minutes and set up house in the dorms on campus. Students at "The Brook"; as many of us lovingly call it, don't come from as far away as they'd have you believe. Because of this, after the suitcases are unpacked and the computers are plugged in the laptops are put to sleep and the suitcases are filled with two days of clothes. Three days if you don't have classes on Fridays.

What really goes on here is everyone goes home on the weekends. People who stay here during the week and leave for their comfy beds are the reason you're tripled in an end-hall lounge. You'll get to see real-life tumbleweeds roll across campus as the wind howls through the lifeless caverns of the chemistry building. Explore campus, it's the only thing to do here. Just avoid the 5-0, they're as bored as you are on the weekends...

Unborn Again Fascist

A really fucked up parody
by Joey Safdia

I barely missed my 8 AM train again this morning, arriving at around twelve, when suddenly I found myself stung by a moment of brutal confusion. Before my eyes was something

the size and shape of an automatic weapon, and behind it was something the size and shape of a U.S. soldier. It took me about twenty minutes to realize that not only was this indeed a U.S. soldier who had just trained his gun on me, a rather inebriated commuter, but he had left his post five minutes ago while I was standing there

because his commanding officer had found a "suspicious-looking" dark skinned man with a long beard boarding a train. Knowing the dangers of Arabs riding on trains, I decided to just take the bus instead. I forgot where I was trying to go anyway as well as where this damn hang-

Fascist Continued on next page...

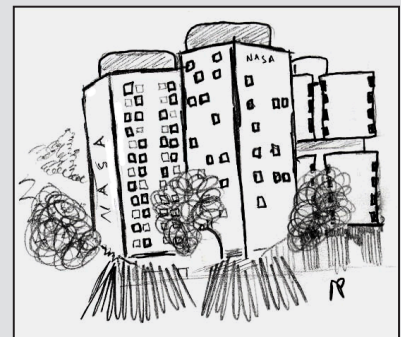
INSIDE:



Smoking is what all the cool kids are doing. Don't you want to be like the cool kids?



Dark Capitalist night falls over the working community...



The Hospital has liftoff!
Let's do the Time Warp again!

Fascist

Continued from previous page

over was coming from, but I found myself later on a bus going somewhere, thankfully devoid of evil Muslim terrorists, when I realized the horrible truth. The War of Terror had come home.

In the years since 9/11, the nation had adopted a policy against the evils of individual rights. Until that devastating tragedy, the United States of America was a nation rife with sin. The source of that sin was the Bill of Rights. But thankfully, in the years since that terrible day, President Bush and the Republican-controlled Congress has passed legislation that overturned those "rights." Freedom of Religion (the true source of sin) and Freedom of Speech (the true source of treason) are finally being purged. Privacy is thankfully being invaded in order to make our lives safe from the freedom-destroying terrorists. After all, how can the government

keep us safe if it can't even break into the homes of its citizens? And thank God, who in His infinite wisdom chose His Holiness George W. Bush to lead our great nation, that we are taking preemptive steps to prevent future acts of terror by bombing defenseless Third World countries. Naysayers, isolationists, and other types of traitors may attempt to give aid and comfort to the enemy by claiming the War in Iraq to be unjust, but it's the smaller countries that are always the most dangerous. Saddam, as we all know, had thousands of nuclear missiles pointed at all our major cities, and only WE can have nuclear weapons. We're the greatest country in the history of the universe after all! Only we are responsible enough to handle such destructive weapons, just like we did during World War II. And only we are capable of spreading freedom and democracy throughout the world by ridding it of the civilizations and people who don't embrace our blatantly superior Western culture.

But the battle is only beginning. For over three decades, this nation has allowed a wave of terror to sweep over its lands with brutal savagery, killing all in its path. It is based upon a pernicious (whatever that means, I make up big words to sound important all the time) self-centered philosophy. This terror seeks to destroy the innocent, strikes its victims with roughly 150 years of warning, destroys cities, kills economies, rapes, pillages, rapes again, and doesn't worship God. This terror is Women's Rights. The guiltless targets of women's sinful desire to have control over their own reproductive systems are sacrificed and eaten in naked Pagan orgy rituals, which take place in the otherwise clean waters of Roth Pond during nights where the moon is full. Currently, many not-yet-living unborn children are held at the mercy of people who want to undermine our long-standing tradition of male dominance and replace it with a perverted utopian philosophy of egalitarianism. *Fascist Continued on page 4...*

Try to Read At Your Own Risk

By Rob Pearsall

I went walking around campus today because I don't have a bike. I contemplated stealing one because I hear it's really really easy. I mean, it happens all the time so I figured hey, why not? Turns out that it's harder than it looks to break steal chains. You need some sort of cutters, big cutters, bigger than the stuff you use for hedges and nose hair.

So now I'm walking around campus. I'm walking around campus because I don't have a bike. I've got a piece of chalk in my hand and I want to deface something. I see the stop signs and wonder if I can write something witty like "eating animals" but cooler because that's already been done. It's really difficult to try and do something new when you've got an idea stuck in your head. You keep trying to think of something else but when it comes down to it you can't help but think that the thing you saw was really really damn cool.

Now you don't want to imitate it anymore, you want it to be yours. The only thing is that it belongs to someone else. Maybe if you're the first one to see it then you can claim it was you but fuck if anyone saw it before you. Someone saw "eating animals" before you did. It's not yours and you wander around trying to imitate when all you want to do is be.

So I'm walking around campus, I'm walk-

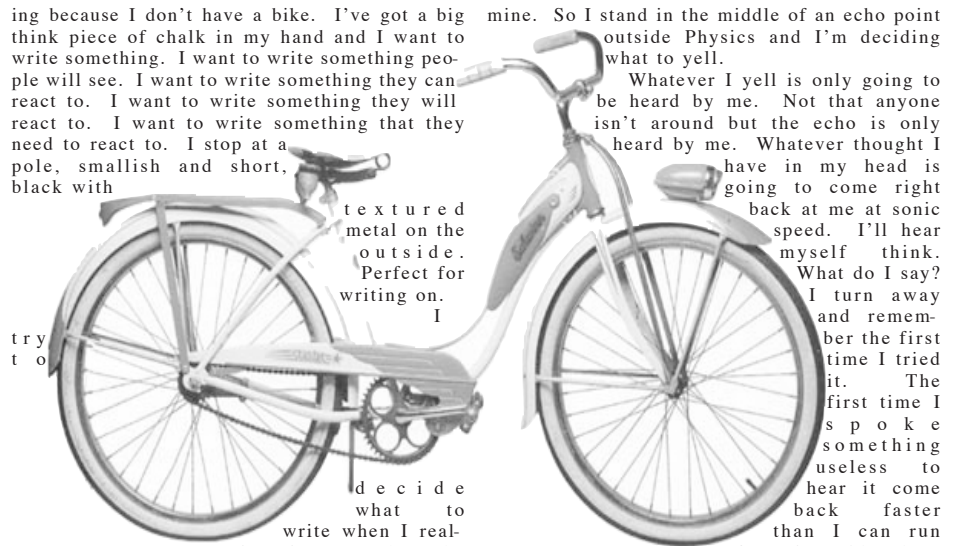
ing because I don't have a bike. I've got a big think piece of chalk in my hand and I want to write something. I want to write something people will see. I want to write something they can react to. I want to write something they will react to. I want to write something that they need to react to. I stop at a pole, smallish and short, black with

textured metal on the outside. Perfect for writing on.

I try to decide what to write when I realize I'm near the echo point outside Physics. I wrote something on that pole before and if I do it again then I'm just imitating myself after I couldn't be original years ago. A copy of a copy of an idea that's not

mine. So I stand in the middle of an echo point outside Physics and I'm deciding what to yell.

Whatever I yell is only going to be heard by me. Not that anyone isn't around but the echo is only heard by me. Whatever thought I have in my head is going to come right back at me at sonic speed. I'll hear myself think. What do I say? I turn away and remember the first time I tried it. The first time I spoke something useless to hear it come back faster than I can run from it. Already I can't run from what's in my head. Already my thoughts are bouncing in my head, faster than



Bikes Continued on page 6...

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Joe Charles Aquinas	Natalie "Natalie"	Editor	
Filippazzo	Natalie III	Joe Strom Safdia	





Is there really a such thing as really bad layout? Can layout have inherent good or evil qualities? I believe in nurture over nature. Layout is born with a clean slate, but outer forces can make it either good or bad. I guess it's pressure from things like editorial staff or the amount of content that makes the layout of an issue either walk hand in hand with Jesus or follow the path of sin. So the question is not what do you think of bad layout, it's what role you played in leading that once innocent layout down the wrong path in life. It's a question not about the layout, but about you.

- Jimmy Jimmers



I think that layout needs to be aesthetically pleasing. You need to be able to read a paper and not notice the layout. If your eye travels a certain path then the layout should guide that path. It should help you over the river and through the woods to the grandmotherly house of literary completeness. You should never see the your guide, the layout. Just like Satan leading you down the primrose path pf sin and infamy you should never see the layout until it's too late.

literary completeness. You should never see the your guide, the layout. Just like Satan leading you

down the primrose path pf sin and infamy you should never see the layout until it's too late.

-Franky Be Coole

"Hell, you know what? My face just BURSTS with joy whenever I see a rival newspaper's bad layout. You wanna know why? It's 'cause it makes my own rag's wack-ass layout look like the Mona Lisa in comparison! hahahahaha! Oh, I kill me..."

- Senator Robert Hood (R-SB)

“What do you think of really bad layout?”

Uh.... I like cheese. Cheese. And beer. Yeah, cheese and beer. Um, what was the question again? And can I have some beer?

- Some Guy Named Sam

“Are there fuzzy bunnies in your layout? Because I want some fuzzy bunnies. You know what I’m talking about. Bunnies are so damn fuzzy sometimes. You have to use them in your layout. If you can get some really fuzzy bunnies, then you’ve got something going for you. I fucking love those bunnies, man.”

- Nicholas Nickers



“Really bad layout? Good God! Where do you hear of such things??? I can’t imagine layout so bad! You sons of bitches! You’ve killed our souls! I am afraid now, for life. Really bad layout... good gracious God! Are you trying to panic everyone? You should be ashamed!”

- Scary Shawn

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Fascist

Continued from page 2.

ianism and gender equality, a creed that seeks a world without misogyny and discrimination. A world such as this cannot be allowed to come to fruition because women are obviously inferior and in order for society to flourish, they must be controlled by their husbands and fathers. First we give women control over their own bodies, and then what? Head of the family? The government? Head of the world? If this planet is controlled by women, it will lapse into economic despair. The first step towards preventing women's control over humanity is to prevent women's control over their bodies.

The most defenseless creatures on our planets are the ones who have not yet attained life. Not the ones who merely haven't been born yet, but the ones who have not even developed the consciousness that humans and animals have. For every poor, innocent victim murdered by Osama Bin Laden and his merry men in turbans, thousands of innocent fetuses, blood cells, hair follicles, weeds, bacteria, small plants, freshly laid bird eggs, sperm cells, brain cells, small insects, and cancer cells are being murdered by selfish women who are too lazy to devote the rest of their lives to raising a baby. These hedonists should ask themselves how they would feel if their parents decided to murder them before they were even alive. I don't think they would like it very much at all, no they wouldn't. It is time that our great nation recognizes that the call to vigilance must be extrapolated to extropolitan, uhh, that something must be done to protect our most defenseless citizens; steroids! Because if we as men don't feel the perpetual need to be macho and manly and superior, then the need for the steroids that will give us Rambo-like physiques will diminish, and there will be a brutal and bloody steroid holocaust, not unlike the concentration camps of

Nazi Germany.

All of us, born after the cataclysmic Women's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls in 1848, are survivors of a word that should not ever be mentioned in this country and should be removed from the English language. That word is feminism, and it is the false belief held solely by mannish dykes and lesbians that men and women are equal. We survived feminism because our fathers had the courage and strength to control their wives and make decisions for them rather than letting our mothers make their own decisions. Each of us has been asked to make sacrifices during this time of artificially-created national trauma, and part of that sacrifice includes ensuring that women are seen and

“Fascism is without a doubt the most oppressive type of regime.”

treated as the property of men with no other purpose but to bear children. It is impossible to convince the world that the United States is truly interested in founding an international order based on “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” if we continuously hand out the liberty needed to pursue happiness like it grows on trees. After all, the Constitution clearly states that “all MEN are created equal”, so the very notion of women having the right to choose when the right time is to start a family is absurd and unconstitutional, since the Constitution itself says that only men are capable of handling that responsibility. This blatant hypocrisy will not be tolerated, and the *Comrade* will take it upon itself to make sure that the death penalty is imposed on all who think otherwise. Yeah, bitches!

So, if you happen across a soldier as I may or may not have, since I'm still a little hung over and I cannot accurately remember the last couple of hours, I leave you with four tiny pieces of advice: First, run with scissors. Second, ask repeatedly if you can hold the machine gun. Third, if you're wearing a long trench coat, flash it open with a quick and sudden movement. And finally, stop and wonder why he or she hasn't been ordered to protect us all, and then find the soldier's C.O. and demand that his or her unit protect us from the terror of abortion using effective methods such as shooting pregnant women and unleashing our heavy armament on abortion clinics, even firing nuclear missiles at cities that have too many abortion clinics for us to close down with conventional weapons. Sure there are already extremists and fanatics that blow up these institutions of death, but they aren't doing it fast enough, and a pregnant woman who has been shot is a woman who won't be spending the day slowly butchering her innocent, unborn mass of developing cells. So go out there, on behalf of the *Comrade* and of the United States of America, and demand to your local congressman, senator, or other politician, that sensible and effective steps are taken, such as the ones outlined above, to prevent women from making choices that affect their own lives. Protect liberty by denying it to certain people (there's not enough of it to go around), and protect life by making sure that every sperm/egg cell combination becomes another tool the government can recruit into the military (it doesn't matter what happens to the baby AFTER it's born, just as long as it's born). And be sure to support the pro-life agenda by supporting the war effort, whatever war we're fighting. Because if you are anti-war, you are anti-America. God bless the U.S.A.

Facebook: Bringing Soul Mates Together

By Natalie Matonte and Adina Silverbush

College is the perfect place to find the perfect someone. It's not like high school, now we are mature and cultured. We have a stronger sense of individualism and self-righteousness! This is why thefacebook.com was created, to find a soul mate. It's not just a website, it's a way of life! Hours spent daily on the website searching endlessly for the one person that will truly complete us! What better way than a website with a single picture and a short biography to see who's Mr. or Mrs. RIGHT!

Poke! I poked you! Yes, that's right, did you ever get poked? No, no, not literally but virtually! See someone HOT on Facebook, why don't you poke 'em? It's like a love tap that sets their soul on fire! A love tap without all the pain. When you wake up every morning, what's the first thing you look forward to? Romance and compassion in the form of a Facebook message from that special someone, or that not so special someone. Either way, your blood boils.

Did someone ever catch your eye in that psychology class? You know the one with 550 people? Didn't know their name, where they live, what their favorite color was, their hometown, their date of birth, their high school, their

e-mail, their dorm, their relationship status and their sexual orientation? Now you can- just by using the class search feature of the website. Don't wait for them to notice you, just add them as your Facebook boyfriend/girlfriend. Wait outside their building, transfer into their other classes, call their cell/room phone or send them secret admirer e-mail.

If all this information isn't enough for you, use the group search feature of the website. Instead of just basing your attraction on looks, find someone who shares the same interests as you. If you smoke for example and hate going out with people whose breath is better than yours, sex it up with the guys/girls in “Proud Cig Smokers United”. Want someone like you who's thrilled like many of us are that our role model George W. Bush is in office again, leading us for another four years there are so many groups for you to join; “4 More Years Baby!!!” and “Bush is My President!” are just a sample of the variety of groups that praise our hero. Are you a gold digger, not interested in looks- just money? Meet someone from the “Future Billionaires” group. Are you really proud about your skin color? There is “I'm black/white and I'm proud” group. If monkeys interest you, the “I love Monkeys” group may just be your kinky thing! Hate free speech and having an open

forum newspaper for students, join many of us and fight against those open minded liberals in the “I Hate The Stony Brook Press” group.

BEEP BEEP, HONK HONK...the sexy truck just parked at your wall! That's right someone is into you! Let everyone know how you really feel about them by sending virtual vehicles (and if you get them back it means your really absolutely gorgeous!). The wall feature under your bio lets everyone see who your true friends are!

Facebook wasn't just created to keep in touch with old friends, or to sell textbooks; it was created for the sole purpose of living out your personal fantasy and making your fairytales a reality. If you want to live happily ever after, just type in your e-mail and password and begin the journey of finding your soul mate. It may take an hour or two but you'll find them eventually!

Why Liberals Hate America

Liberals are out of control and ruining the purity and sanctity of our white, Christian nation. The following is a juxtaposition of quotes to show the reader just how much hate these tyrannical wing-nuts try to teach our white, Christian children. Luckily, there are some right wingers that still reinforce the basic Christian values us white people worked so hard to achieve! Judge for yourself just how much our loving, white, Christian God, Jesus of Nazareth, will smite these mealy-mouthed lefties.

By Joe Filipazzo

On Freedom

The Left: "The story of America is the story of expanding liberty: an ever-widening circle, constantly growing to reach further and include more. Our nation's founding commitment is still our deepest commitment:

"Yes, I am a fan of fuzzy bunnies. Fuzzy bunnies make laughter in the fields when the sun is out. Fuzzy bunnies eat fuzzy chocolate. Have you ever had fuzzy chocolate tasties? Fuzzy bunnies have. Fuzzy bunnies stay at their fuzzy homes and watch fuzzy T.V. next to their fuzzy lava lamps. Silly little fuzzy bunnies."

In our world, and here at home, we will extend the frontiers of freedom." –President of the United States, George W. Bush

The Right: "There is a road to freedom. Its milestones are Obedience, Endeavor,

Honesty, Order, Cleanliness, Sobriety, Truthfulness, Sacrifice, and love of the Fatherland." –Mein Fuhrer, Adolph Hitler

On Women

The Left: "I know this is painful for the ladies to hear, but if you get married, you have accepted the headship of a man, your husband. Christ is the head of the household and the husband is the head of the wife, and that's the way it is, period." –Pat Robertson, The Christian Coalition

The Right: "War is to man what maternity is to a woman. From a philosophical and doctrinal viewpoint, I do not believe in perpetual peace." –Benito Mussolini

On the Media

//The Left: "The New York Times and Washington Post are both infested with homosexuals themselves. Just about every person down there is a homosexual or lesbian." –Jesse Helms (Sen. R-NC)

The Right: N/A (Jesse Helms is actually right on the money. No one straight has ever run The New York Times and Post is all sodomites.)

On Religion

The Left: "I want you to just let a wave of intolerance wash over. I want you to let a wave of hatred wash over you. Yes, hate is *good*...Our goal is a Christian nation. We have a biblical duty, we are called by God

to conquer this country. We don't want equal time. We don't want pluralism." – Randall Terry, Operation Rescue

The Right: "Fascism is a religion. The twentieth century will be known in history as the century of Fascism." –Benito Mussolini (We love this guy!)

On Yakov Smirnov

The Left: "In Soviet Russia, America hates liberals!"

The Right? Yakov Smirnov is never right.

For a full analysis of all quotes, analyze them your damn self. Think independently, you god-damn robot!



I Pimped My Ride

Satire By Rob Pearsall

What would you say if I told you that you could pimp your own ride using nothing but family values, corruption, campaign contributions, and the backing of Big Business? It doesn't matter what you'd say because I wouldn't care. You can follow my useful guide and pimp your own ride just like me.

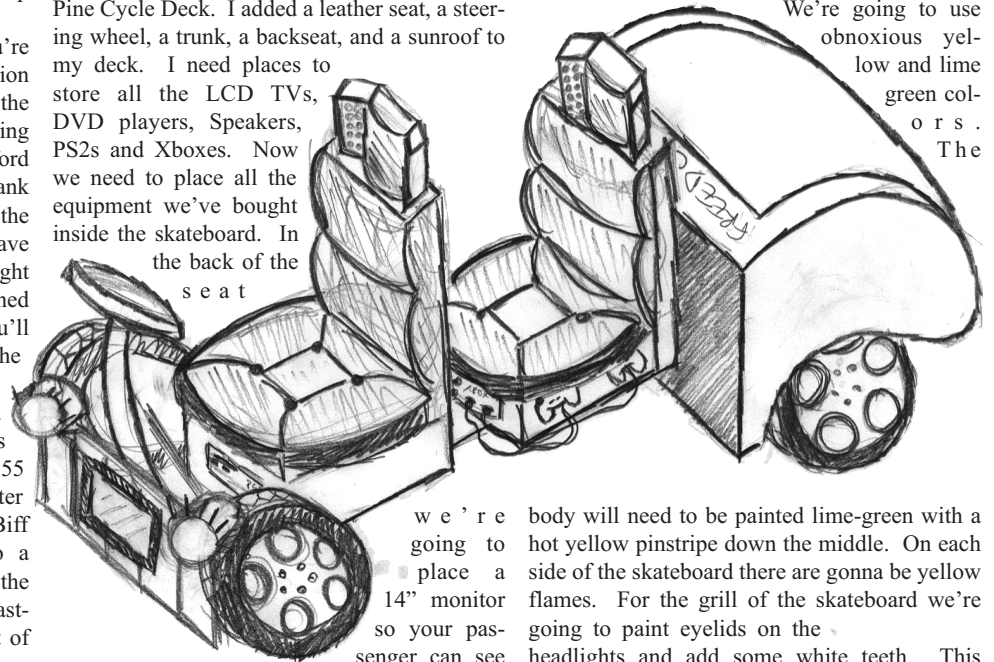
The first step is to know where you're starting. You could just buy a customized Scion if you're rich like the rest of the top 1% in the country. I am rich but you are not so I am going to start out with what you can probably afford right now. First you need to get a wooden plank out of the shed and find some cans. Glue the cans to the bottom of the plank and you'll have a semblance of a skateboard. The plank might have been sitting around for decades in the shed but as long as it can support your weight you'll have a good jumping off point. Try stealing the plank in order to get it for free.

Now that you have a skateboard you need to become intimately acquainted with its history. The skateboard originated in 1955 when Marty McFly took a little girl's scooter and tore the top off. He then used it to flee Biff and inadvertently make Biff careen into a manure truck. Fast-forward thirty years and the skateboard's popularity is slowly gaining. Fast-forward fifteen more years, with the advent of the "X-treme" phenomenon and more Tony Hawk games that you can care to play, skateboarding is fun.

Secondly you need to get everything working correctly. It's time to replace those old nasty bean cans you glued on the bottom of the plank. I suggest buying the Royal Evolution Rasta trucks. They come in bumpin' yellow or bangin' red. After you buy them you'll need to get some phat platinum screws to hold them into the plank. After purchasing platinum screws you'll need some wheels. I suggest the Ghetto Child Ghecate wheels in the 20" size. You know you ain't rollin' unless you're rollin' on dubs. Now you're gonna need rims for those beauties.

They don't make rims for skateboard wheels so buy some Giovanna Ararat 20" rims. The black rims will match your black, rotted plank. Use some platinum lug nuts to secure the rims to your wheels. X to the Z, that's how I roll.

The third step is the body and interior of your plank. Your plank is rotted so you'll need a new deck. I would recommend the Deathbox Pine Cycle Deck. I added a leather seat, a steering wheel, a trunk, a backseat, and a sunroof to my deck. I need places to store all the LCD TVs, DVD players, Speakers, PS2s and Xboxes. Now we need to place all the equipment we've bought inside the skateboard. In the back of the seat



what you're watching. In the back of the passenger seat there is going to be another 14" monitor so the people behind you can see what you're watching. We're going to put an outboard LCD on the front of your skateboard so the people in front of you can see what you're watching. Inside the steering wheel there is going to be a 7" monitor so you can see what you're watching. There is going to be one PS2 coupled with two controllers under the driver seat. The Xbox will go under the passenger seat and on each side of the seat will sit 2 Xbox controllers so you can your crew can play Midnight Club 3: Dub Edition. Even though the PS2 and the Xbox double as DVD players we need some

more electronics in the skateboard. A DVD player will go in the trunk and placed on top of it will be a 40" LCD. On both sides of the massive monitor there will be a surround sound system inside the trunk. Just like Sega's Ferrari simulator there will be woofers in the headrest of the driver seat and the passenger seat.

The fourth step is paint.

We're going to use obnoxious yellow and lime green colors. The

body will need to be painted lime-green with a hot yellow pinstripe down the middle. On each side of the skateboard there are gonna be yellow flames. For the grill of the skateboard we're going to paint eyelids on the headlights and add some white teeth. This skateboard is going to chew you up and spit you out.

Finally you finish up with leaving the engine as it was. We only make your ride look nice. No longer will your friends laugh at you for having a piece of rotten plank with cans glued to it. You will definitely turn heads with your new yellow green ride. Anywhere you want you can bust out the board and play some Midnight Club 3: Dub Edition or some Need for Speed: Underground 2. You can top off the sunroof with a fountain or a fishbowl to keep the ride serene. You know it's good to have peace up in your piece.

Bikes

Continued from page 2...

of fear, the speed of emotion.

So I'm walking around campus, walking under the gray stormy sky because I don't have a bike. Don't know where I'll get a bike from. Don't know where I'll keep it. Don't know where I'll go when I can ride anywhere.

sonic speed, traveling at the speed of lightning. Traveling at the speed of thunder, traveling at the speed



Your Shit Here
It Doesn't Matter. If It Aint Right, We Chop It Up Anyway
sbcomrade@gmail.com

Comrade Drink of the Month



Satire by Rob Pearsall

Comrade Party Starter*

The Comrade Party Starter has been a favorite of those in our office for many years. We regularly sit on the shores of Roth Pond and kick off get-togethers with this drink. This column will advocate drinking every month.

*Not intended for the weak of stomach, faint of heart, or for those who are under 21.

*Not intended for the weak of mind, faint of stomach, or for those under 21.

*Not intended for those under 21, those of weak constitution, or pregnant women.

Ingredients: Vodka

Directions: Drink.

*Not intended for those under 21, pregnant women, or the faint of mind.

*Not intended for those in AA, those under 21, and those of weak constitution.

*Not intended for those under 21 who are in AA and giving birth.

Why Do People Love Number Games, Anyway?

	5			6	2			3
			4				8	
8		7		1		3		6
	6			4		8	1	
		5			9	7	4	
			1					
3		2	7			4		9
	9				6			7
			3	9				8

Everyone has been asking for a Sudoku puzzle in this paper. We feel the time has come to give the people what they want. We have made this one especially hard. There will be answers in the next issue. Until then you will suffer and spend many hours laboring over this extremely difficult puzzle.

While you labor over this number game that consumes the mind we will subjugate your people. We will filter out all thought from your television and news. You will be patriotic morons blithely following your government's actions without asking for a valid justification.

For those of you who don't know how to play, each column and row will contain numbers 1-9 without repetition.

Big Ass Advertisement

Life is about what you have
 What you buy is what you have,
Let's buy more stuff...



What do you think about?

Belts	Ducktape
Fuzzy Bunnies	Screen Doors
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Ceramic Water Fountains	Fly Swatters



Big Ass Advertisement Company
 Located in the Union Basement
 We don't actually sell anything,
 but we do have Fuzzy Bunnies
(108)555-6371



Coupon:

Any Accessory \$10
 more for....
 college students

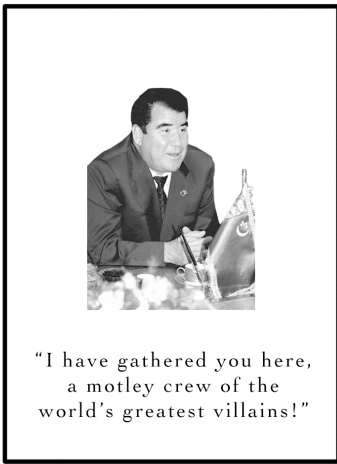
Coupon:

20% discount for the
 wealthiest 3%

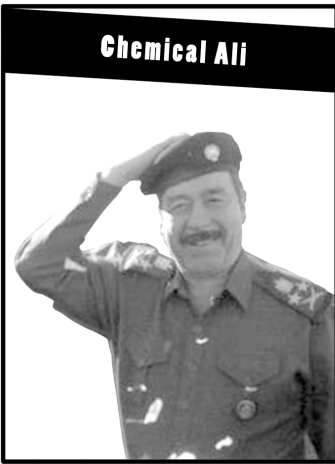
Coupon:

Everything over \$100,
 take 4 cents off!

In distant Ashgabat, President for Life Saparmurat Niyazov, the self-proclaimed Turkmenbashi, or father of all Turkmen --a man who renamed the month of January after himself and banned the balet for being "unnecessary"--was holding court:



"I have gathered you here, a motley crew of the world's greatest villains!"



Chemical Ali



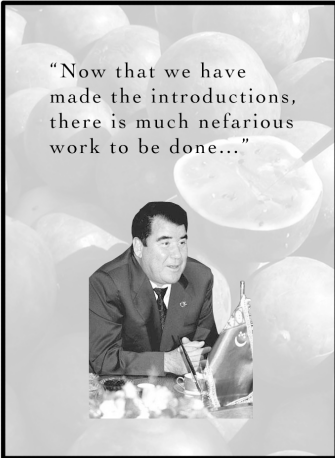
Doctor Germ, AKA Lady Anthrax



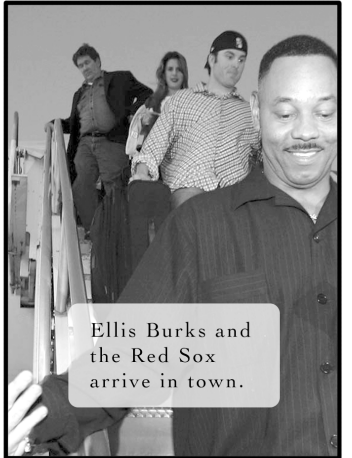
Rocksteady



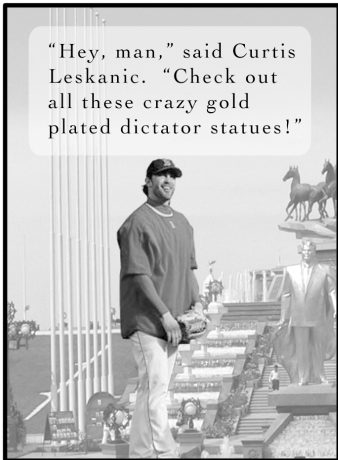
Whiskers The Clown



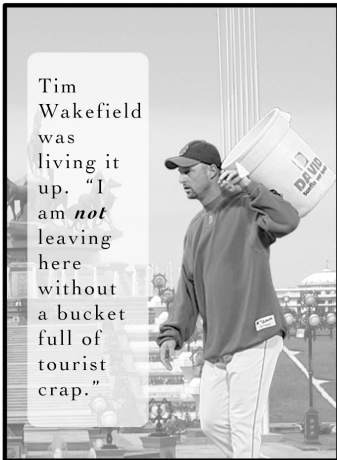
"Now that we have made the introductions, there is much nefarious work to be done..."



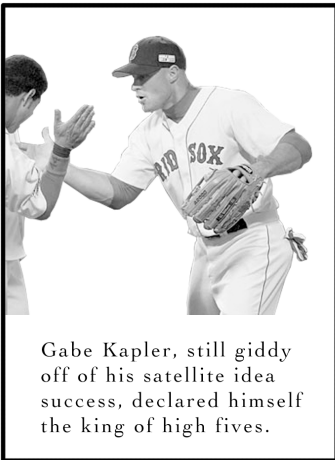
Ellis Burks and the Red Sox arrive in town.



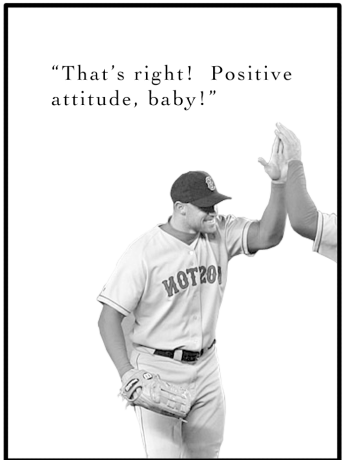
"Hey, man," said Curtis Leskanic. "Check out all these crazy gold plated dictator statues!"



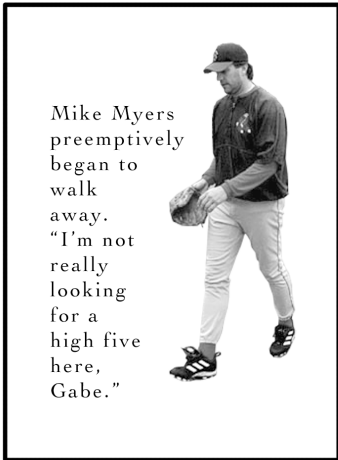
Tim Wakefield was living it up. "I am *not* leaving here without a bucket full of tourist crap."



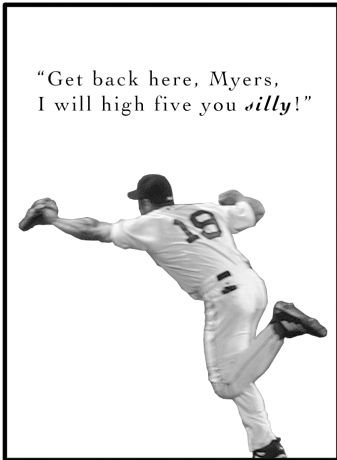
Gabe Kapler, still giddy off of his satellite idea success, declared himself the king of high fives.



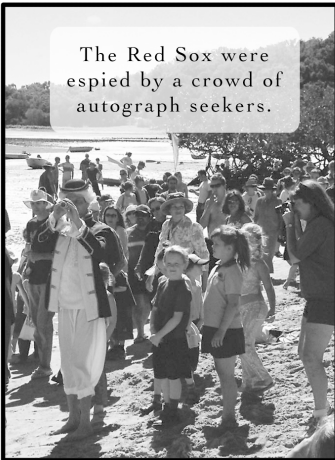
"That's right! Positive attitude, baby!"



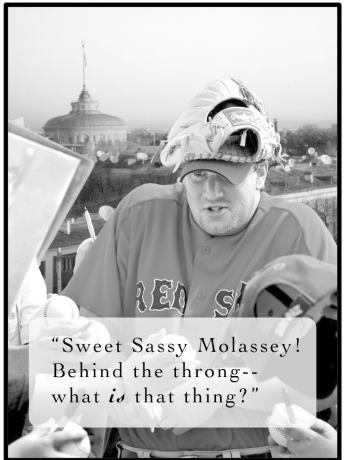
Mike Myers preemptively began to walk away. "I'm not really looking for a high five here, Gabe."



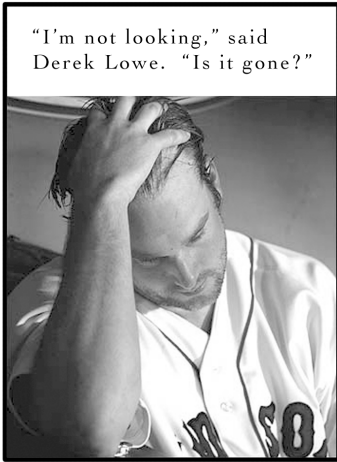
"Get back here, Myers, I will high five you *silly!*"



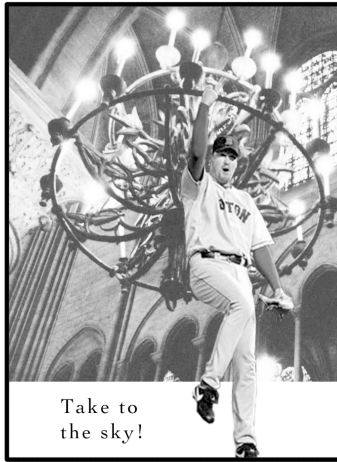
The Red Sox were espied by a crowd of autograph seekers.



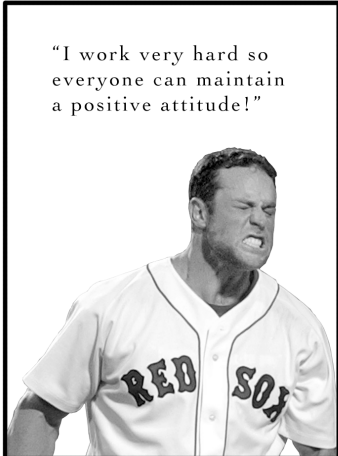
"Sweet Sassy Molassey! Behind the throng-- what *is* that thing?"



"I'm not looking," said Derek Lowe. "Is it gone?"



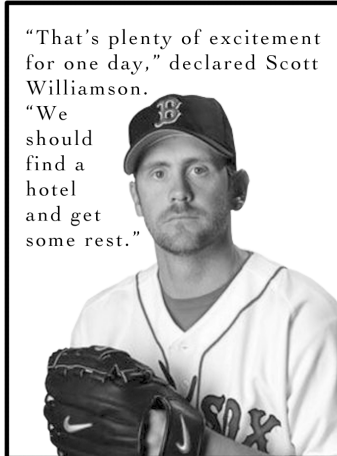
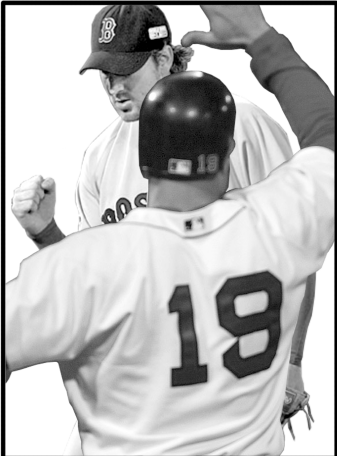
Take to the sky!



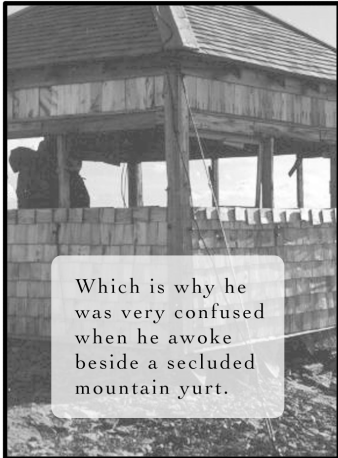
"I work very hard so everyone can maintain a positive attitude!"



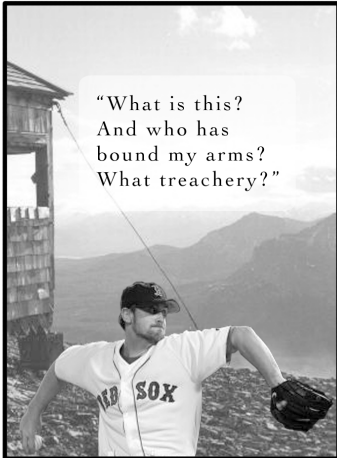
"Abbbbbbbbbbbbbb!"



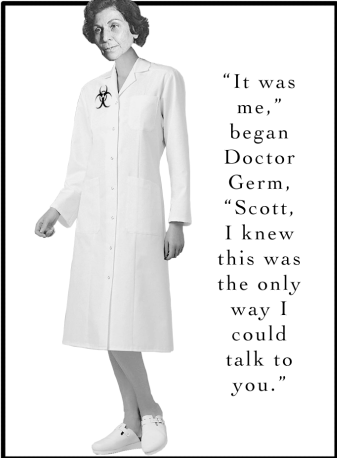
"That's plenty of excitement for one day," declared Scott Williamson. "We should find a hotel and get some rest."



Which is why he was very confused when he awoke beside a secluded mountain yurt.



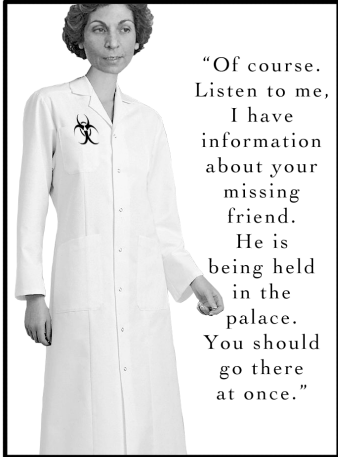
"What is this? And who has bound my arms? What treachery?"



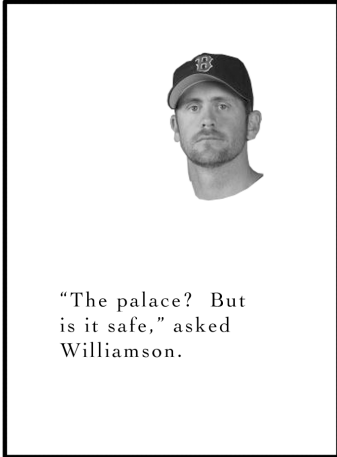
"It was me," began Doctor Germ, "Scott, I knew this was the only way I could talk to you."



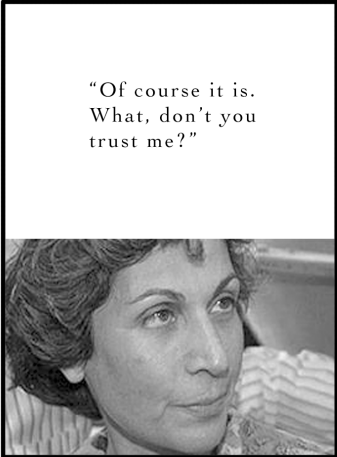
"Take my arms off of this crazy scarecrow contraption at once!"



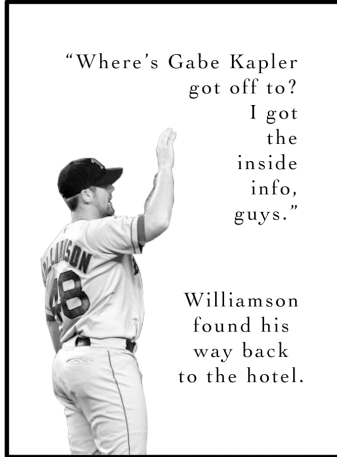
"Of course. Listen to me, I have information about your missing friend. He is being held in the palace. You should go there at once."



"The palace? But is it safe," asked Williamson.

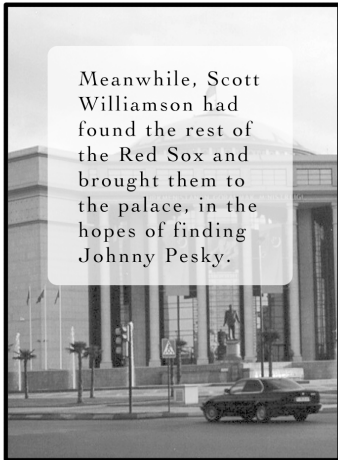
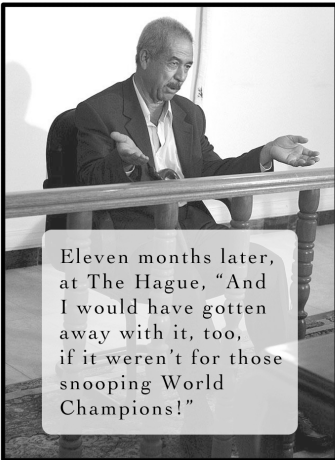
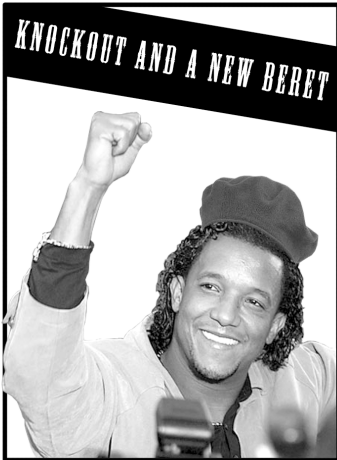
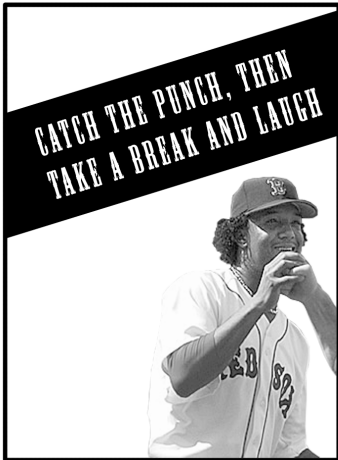
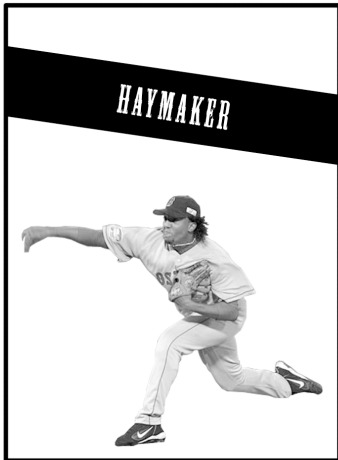
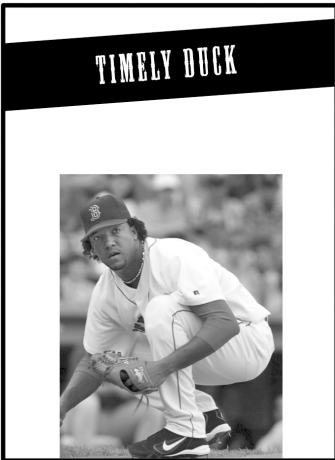
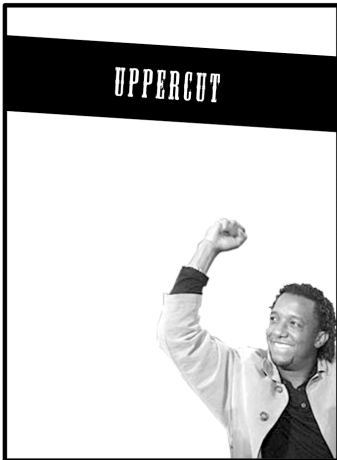
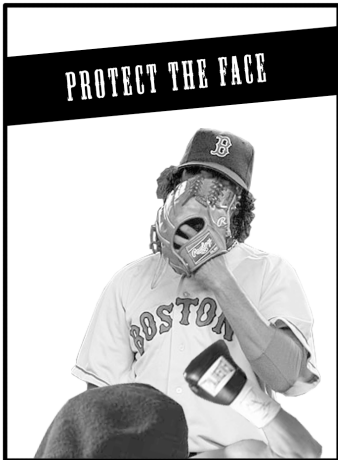
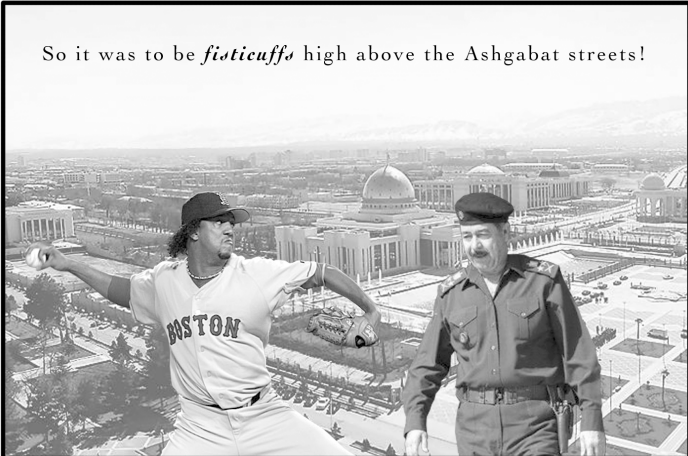
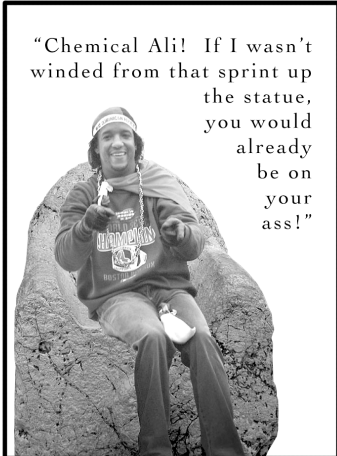
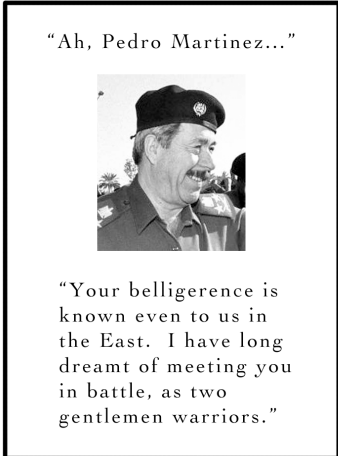
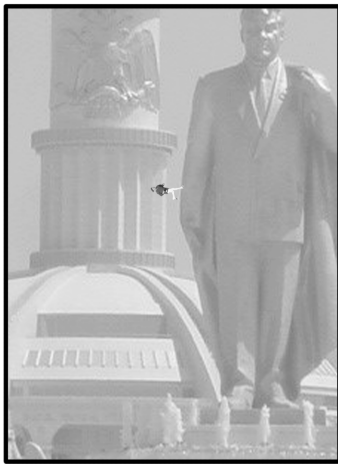
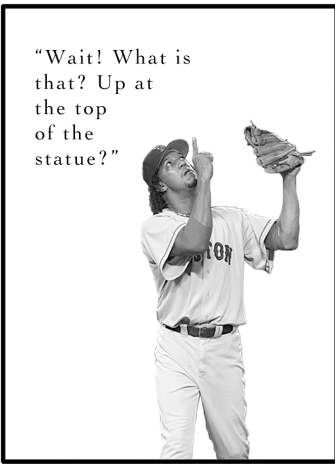
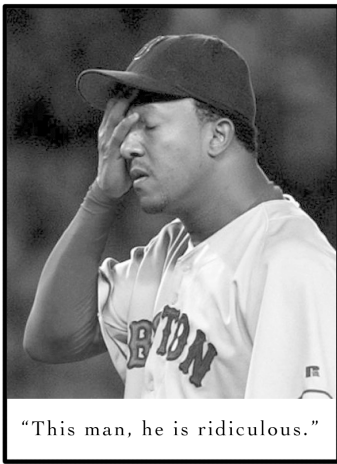
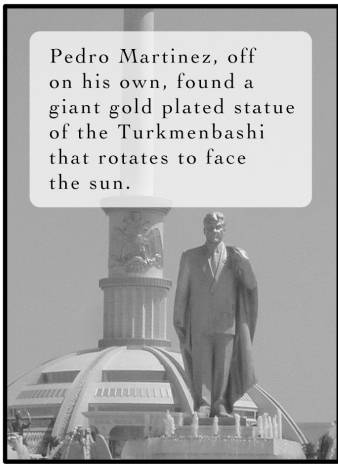


"Of course it is. What, don't you trust me?"



"Where's Gabe Kapler got off to? I got the inside info, guys."

Williamson found his way back to the hotel.



"Turkmenbashi! The game is up," cried Sandy Martinez.



"Hand over Pesky."



"You have penetrated the sanctuary of my palace? I am surrounded by fools and the incompetent!"

"Gee, boss, we didn't know dem Red Sox was gonna be dere."



"Well...perhaps it is *I* who have a surprise for *you*? Guards!"

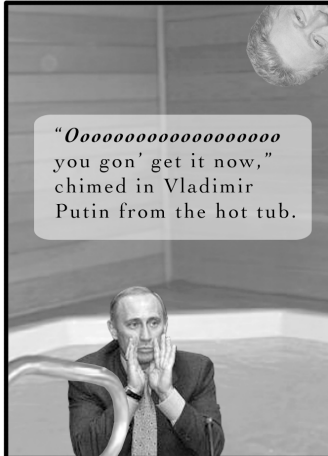


"Yes, Turkmenbashi?"



"Sieze them! And now Boston Red Sox," he continued with glee, "You will die!"

"Oooooooooooooooooooooo you gon' get it now," chimed in Vladimir Putin from the hot tub.



But, wait! Take a closer look at those guards...



It's Andy Dominique and Jimmy Anderson!



"We planned months in advance to infiltrate the Turkmenbashi's inner sanctum."

"Yeah, that's bullshit. We just couldn't afford to live on the minor league salary alone."

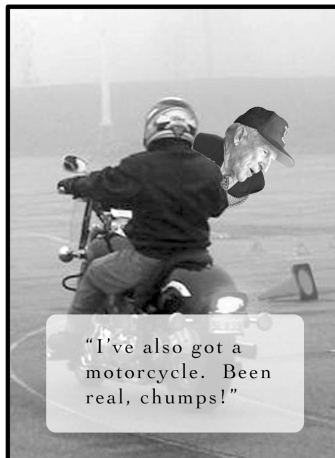


"Oh, you are *so* coming in for some of these!"

"Is it Johnny Pesky you want, then? I've got Johnny Pesky right here!"



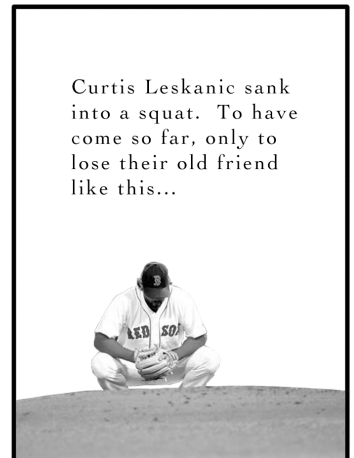
"I've also got a motorcycle. Been real, chumps!"

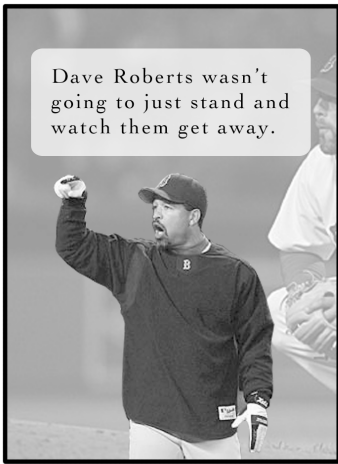


"He's getting away!" cried Ellis Burks.



Curtis Leskanic sank into a squat. To have come so far, only to lose their old friend like this...

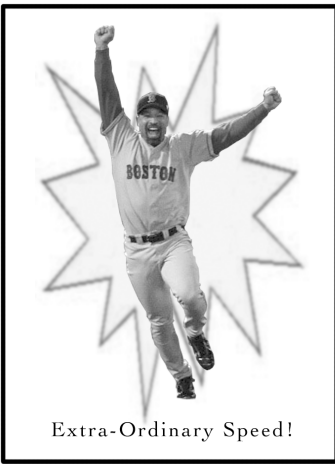




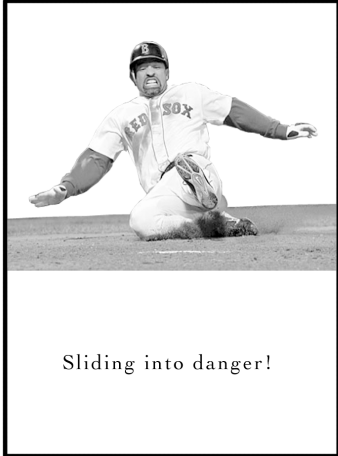
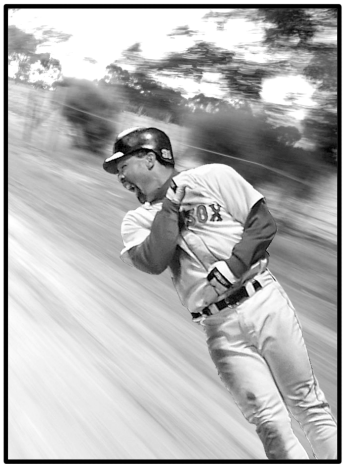
Dave Roberts wasn't going to just stand and watch them get away.



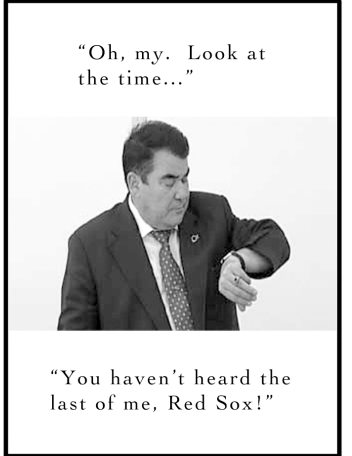
Ah *wooooo!*
Were-wolves of London!



Extra-Ordinary Speed!

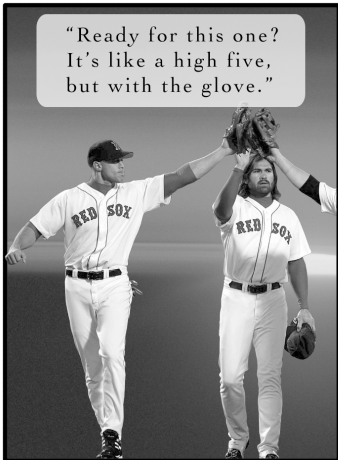


Sliding into danger!

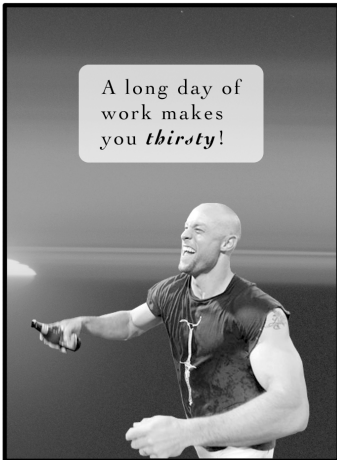


"Oh, my. Look at the time..."

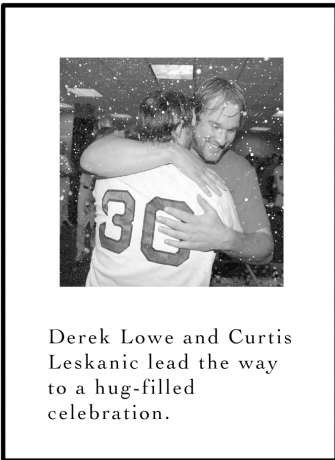
"You haven't heard the last of me, Red Sox!"



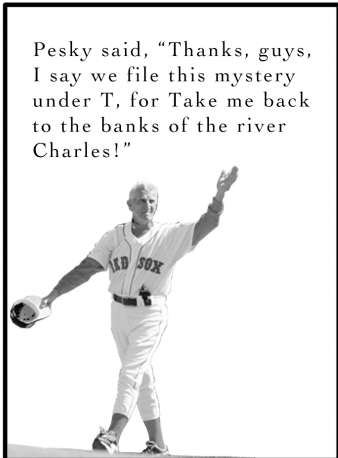
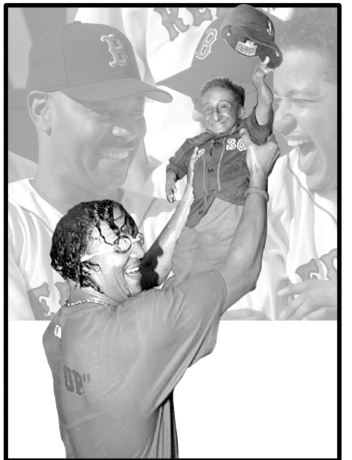
"Ready for this one? It's like a high five, but with the glove."



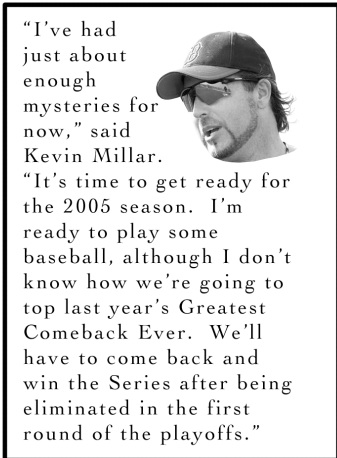
A long day of work makes you *thirsty!*



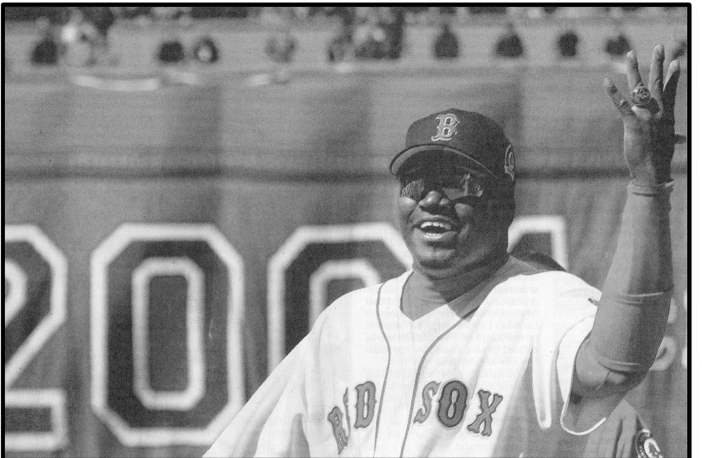
Derek Lowe and Curtis Leskanic lead the way to a hug-filled celebration.



Pesky said, "Thanks, guys, I say we file this mystery under T, for Take me back to the banks of the river Charles!"



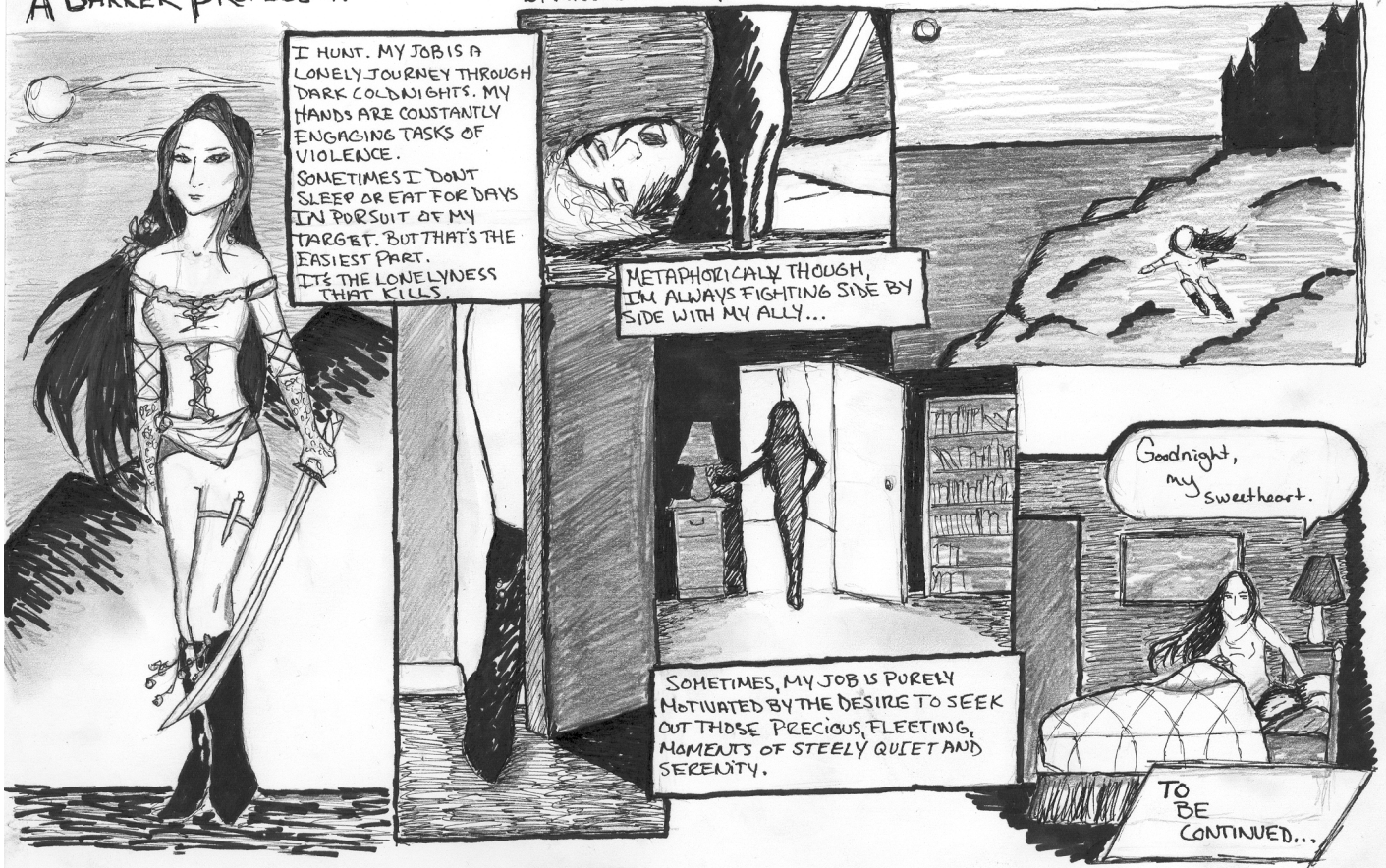
"I've had just about enough mysteries for now," said Kevin Millar. "It's time to get ready for the 2005 season. I'm ready to play some baseball, although I don't know how we're going to top last year's Greatest Comeback Ever. We'll have to come back and win the Series after being eliminated in the first round of the playoffs."



The Comics Section

A DARKER PROFESSION

BY NICOLE L BARRY



THE PRESS

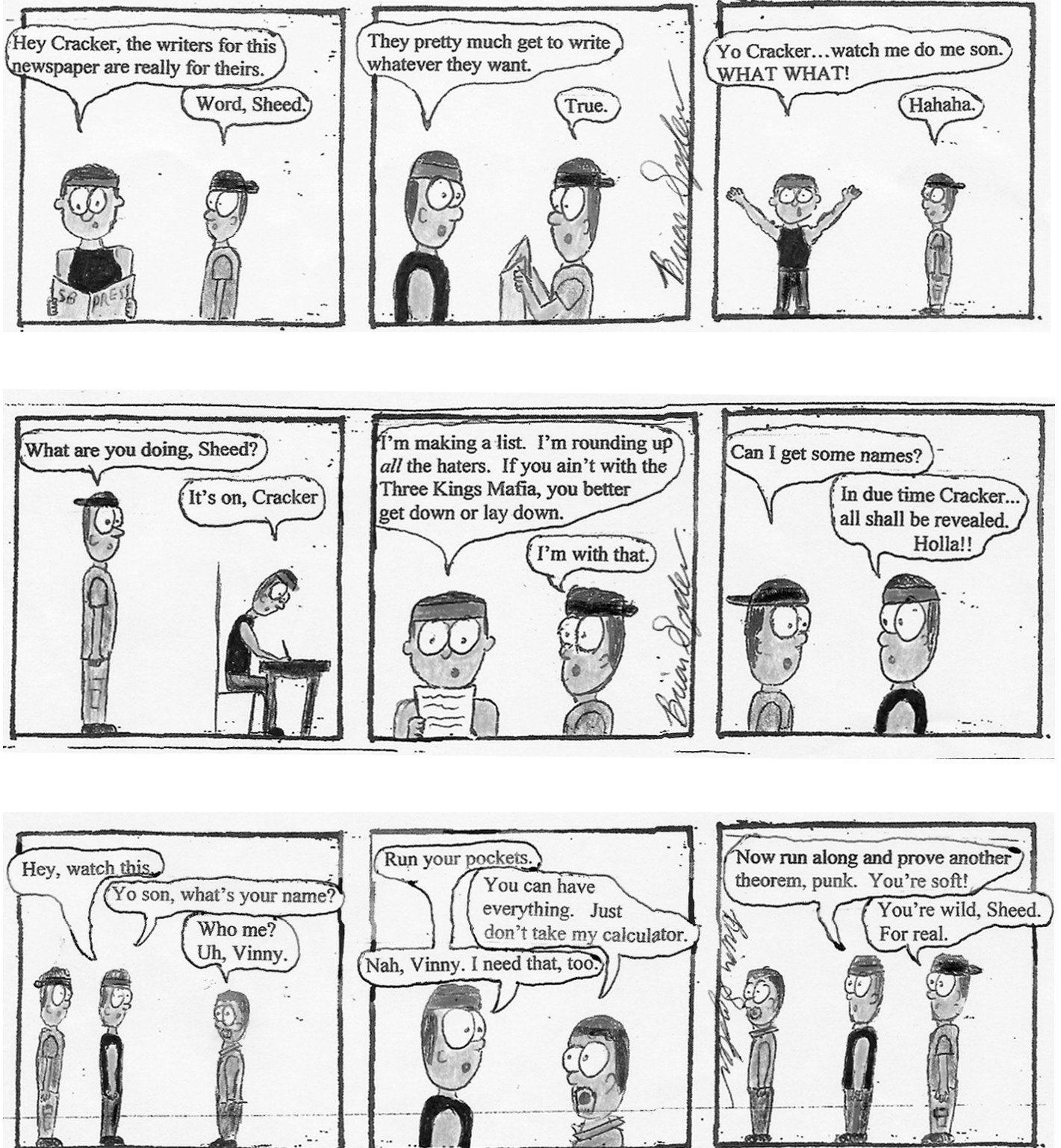
THEY STOLE OUR PRESS-IOUS...
AND WE WANTS IT BACK!

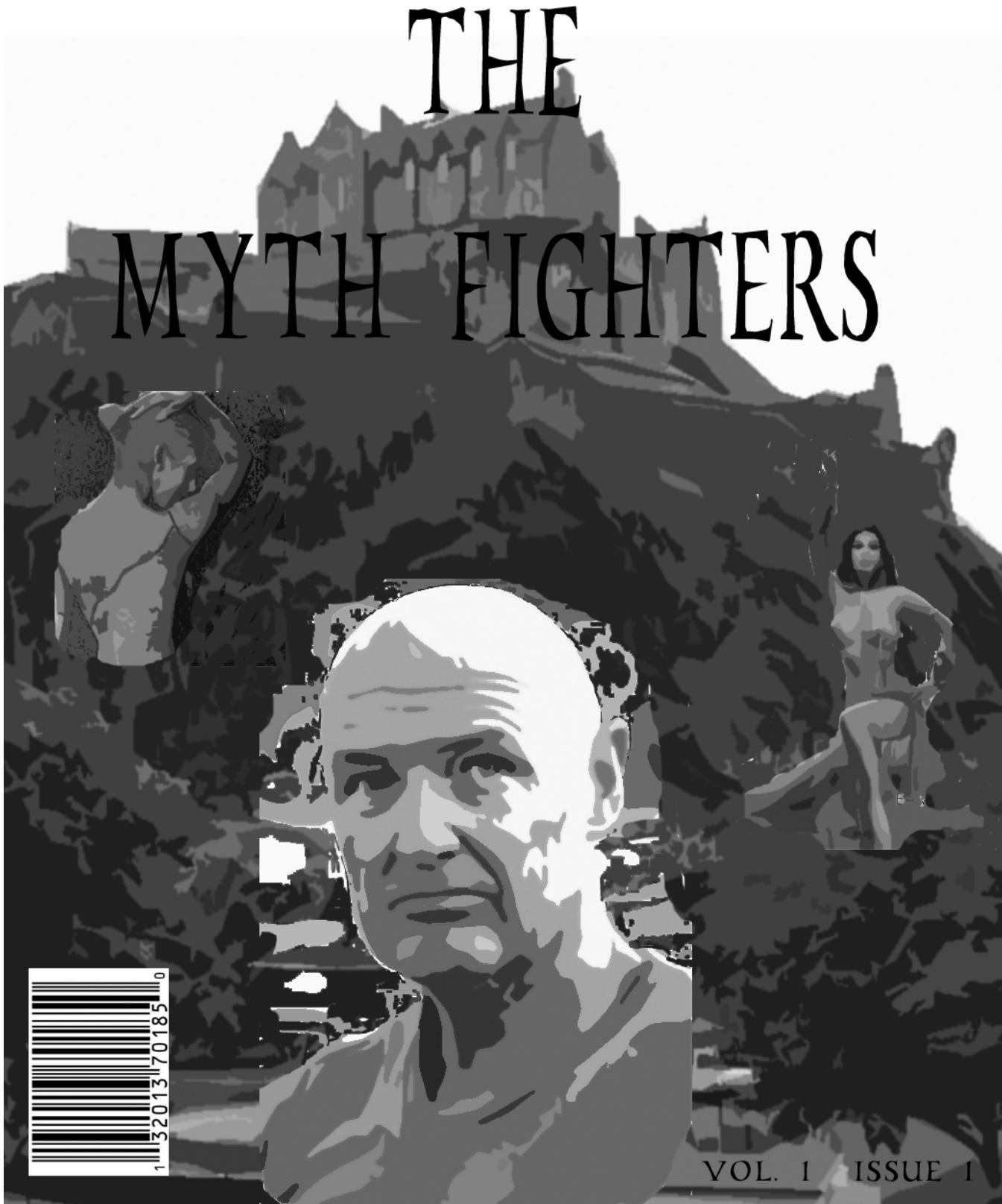
MEETINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 1PM. STUDENT UNION 060

The Comics Section

Name of Comic

By Brian Snyder





The Comics Section

HIGH-RISE TERROR

Story and all other bullshit by David K. Ginn



LOST STAR TERRY O'QUINN...

VICE PRESIDENT DICK CHENEY...

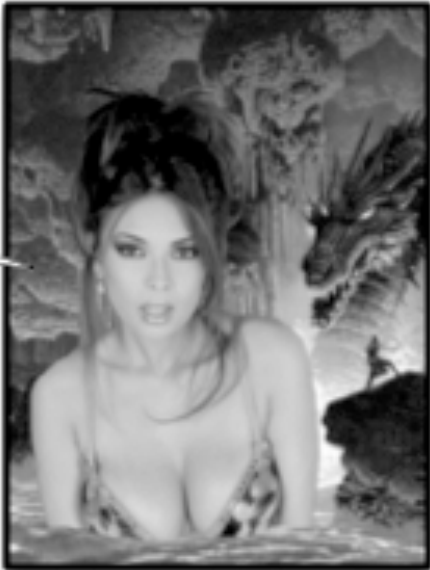


AND PORNO ACTRESS TERA PATRICK...

FIND THEMSELVES ON THE ROOFTOPS OF BUNGALO CITY...

BATTLING TERA'S EVIL TWIN... GOZER!

CHOOSE YOUR DESTROYER!



The Comics Section



A CHOICE HAS BEEN MADE...



WHOA WHOA WHOA! I DIDN'T CHOOSE ANYTHING!



...DICK???



I THOUGHT OF THE MOST INNOCENT MOMENT OF MY CHILDHOOD...



NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

The Comics Section

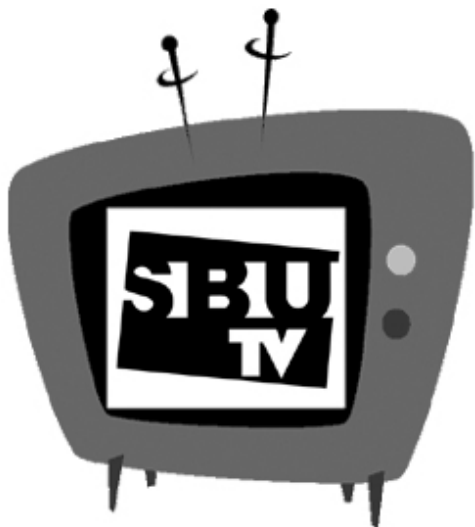
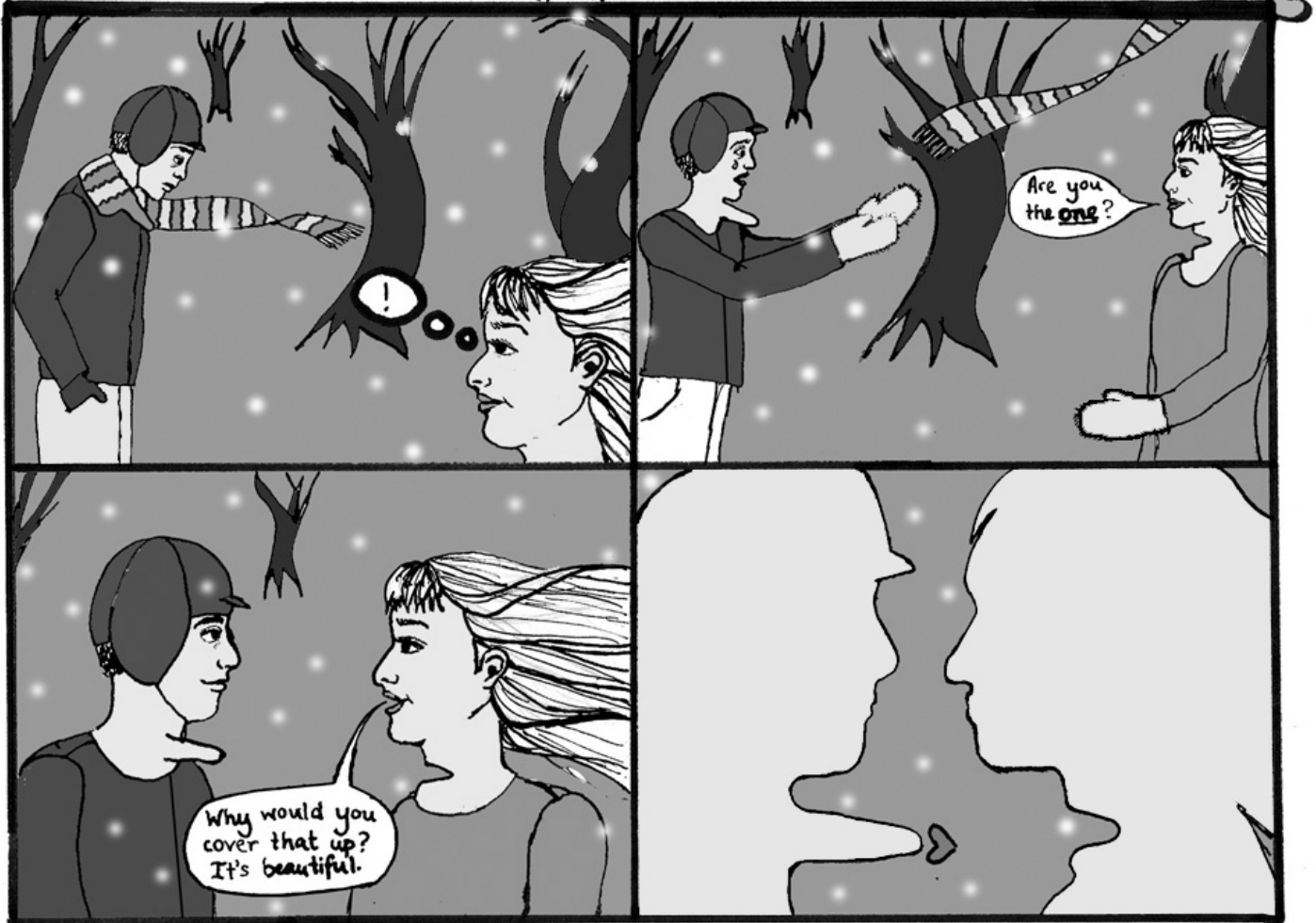


The Comics Section

There's A Place for Us



Steph Hayes and David K. Ginn



TV SUCKS!

BUT YOU CAN CHANGE THAT

JOIN SBU-TV 30

WE NEED DIRECTORS, PRODUCERS, EDITORS

CAMERA PEOPLE, CREW, AND FRIENDS.

DROP BY ROOM 074 IN THE UNION BASEMENT

OR EMAIL SBUTV@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Ask Amberly Jane

I'll be honest with you. I just spent the last 43 minutes concocting some kind of invention to shield the sun-like brightness of my overhead Greeley light. I'm highly altered of course. High on drugs, if you didn't catch the inference. Tried hangers and fabric. I finally took a fuchsia plastic bag from Toys in Babeland (NYC sex shop) and taped it up there, celebrating my small red-hued victory by turning on some stellar Jenna Haze porn and double-clicking the mouse ... masturbating, if you didn't catch the inference.

All this is just a useless form of procrastination. I should be sleeping right now. I should be reading the five or so Anthro. books I need to ingest by post time. I should be drawing pictures for friends or something constructive at least. But right now I'm writing to you.

Maybe you are lonely, hoping to make a connection. Maybe you are horny, aching for penetration.

I want to tell you so many things. I want to tell you that you can't save everyone. That neither material nor marital bullshit is important. That pleasuring your muffin or flogging your bishop is a beautiful thing. (Touch it. Touch it often. It's sex with someone you love.) Look for a dare-to-be-great situation. While losers whine about doing their best, winners go home and fuck the prom queen. Don't settle for the prescribed life. Don't eat at Deng Lee's. Don't take any guff from no fucking swine.

But what do I know. I'm just here for the tits and whiskey. Getting my kicks in before the whole shit-house goes up in flames. And I'm always up for a good old-fashioned visceral experience. Next best thing: a great story.

I wish I could remember all the cool stories I hear everyday; huddling on the fire escape passing the blunt around; always a team effort in the wee hours to get a Dutch or some green. And when we do – such sweet victory to feel the burn – mmm smells like Christmas – and climb on your mental erection.

So yeah, the stories. Got a little off topic.

My dear friend April got CRAZY drunk in the city: she was clutching the middle of the road at one point, intent on not getting up, though cars were swerving around us and honking destruction – and that was the beginning, the first indication that shit was going awry.

I had a great conversation with a homeless man on my way to Grand Central about government conspiracies – he said that Bush is the high-priest of globalization, and doomsday is scattered across the frontier, but fried dumplings still give him the best dreams.

And five guys from upstairs – dare-devils – hooligans – went on a road-trip to visit 5 upstate schools, Buffalo, Cornell... They brawled with each other and tried to pick drunken fights with passerby. One got covered in cream cheese, sweet Dezzie woke up naked, wrapped in a deflated air bed, with a seriously busted foot and no recollection, and Sal threw his crutch in a lake, then jumped in after it, wandering around the rest of the night in his boxers, soaking wet. And in Buffalo, after a particularly blotto evening (was there a run-in with The Law?), the whole lot of them woke up to bacon, egg and cheese's.

How's that for a slice of fried gold.

Anyway, here's to life and friends. Don't let yourself be swallowed up in the vacuum vortex of school work and misery. Joe had a midterm – he summed it up this way: "If Calculus were a person, I punch it in the face." (To which my friend Julie said, "I wouldn't. I would ride its 14-inch cock, because Calculus is *that* cool.")

For now, intoxication is on the menu for the immediate future. Trying to get the hang of living in this post-burn 'default' world. I'll take an order of the porter, and a quarter for the jukebox of your mind.

Hey Brainy Janey,

Your absence was felt acutely. I don't know if you've returned to everyone's favorite little Hell on Earth known as Stony Brook but I just thought I'd say hi, welcome back, and good luck this semester.

-Pimp

AJ.

You are crazy, but I dig it girl.

When are u cumming back – I need a material for the masturbatory rolodex. I thought you'd like that. Oh, yeah. Yeah, you did.

-John from Mission Control

Amberly Jane,

Have I told you how much you kick ass?

I mean really, the amount of ass you kick is staggering and beyond mere words. I must admit I am a bit paranoid and hope the man doesn't persecute you either through intimidation or legal means because of your kickass and forthcoming nature about lamely illegal issues and such, but whatever, like i said, I have a paranoid nature. your articles are the shit, please keep them coming, you speak your mind and what needs to be said, but what few people are writing or saying, you are great big fucking giant brass balls.

Peace out. - P

Miss Amberly Jane,

First of all I sincerely enjoy your style of writing; your descriptions and the imagery therein are the most vibrant and entertaining I've read in a long while. Secondly I do believe I'm in one of your classes, judging by your picture in the current issue of The Press. Specifically ANT 360 - Ancient Mesopotamia. If it's not you in that class, then I'm afraid the lectures have added my mind more than I had suspected.

Finally, I come to a problem of sorts. My girlfriend and I have always had friends who were averse to new experiences. Not particularly straight-laced or close minded, but possessing views somewhat less open than ours. We were lucky to find each other and instantly realize that we shared a desire for more. Burning Man sounded great, though she's not a fan of desert climes. How does one find like minded people when one's social circle is square?

yours truly,

-doomed to mediocracy

Dear Mediocracy,

First of all you are not doomed. True, we are on Long Island, the cultural vacuum, gold-bricker land of puritanical bitterness, but all is not lost my dear friend.

I'm not going to tell you about any Internet horseshit, Face Book and others can eat my ass – they are lame and sitting in front of a monitor is a simulation, it is not real life.

But you do need to expand your social circle, at least to include people who are not adverse to life, uh, I mean new experiences. For starters, there is a Burning Man Decompression party coming up in NYC very soon. Like-minded people, without playa dust in your crack. If your 'desire for more' extends into the sexual arena, you swingers could surely find anony-

mous people there. Or on campus – since a good number of soirées I've attended have turned into make-out parties or full-blown orgies. (Long glorious stories all of them.) Beer Fest is coming up, as is a massive Halloween shin-dig.

Seriously, I feel like I know a wide cross-section of the most liberal people on campus. I love blowing minds for a living. So if you want to expand yours ... talk to me in class. I thought I saw someone staring at me.

Dear Amberly Jane,

I really, really, really want to have anal sex with my girlfriend, but she says she tried it once with someone else, and is pretty sure she doesn't like it. I bring it up a lot but she always says 'no.' How can I convince her?

Back-door Man



POSITION OF THE WEEK: REVERSE COWGIRL HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. DEDICATED TO A DEAR BURNER IN GREEN FUR
Courtesy of The Karma Sutra

Dear Ass Man,

First of all, you have to face the grim, meat-hook reality that you may NEVER get to plug your girlfriend in the ass. Some people will never be converted, and as we all know you must respect her boundaries. But I definitely condone communication; maybe her previous ass experience was with a bigger dick and was painful, maybe she didn't use lube ... maybe she'll consent if she can use a strap-on and fuck you in the can, so you'll both be even.

Remember, if a girl says she's uncomfortable doing something with you in bed, don't just go and get her another pillow – that's probably not what she means.

AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com

'My God ... I haven't been fucked like that since grade school.'

Sex and the Brook

By Rudy Randall

Article 2: Why Talk When You Can Type?

There are many venues and dating services out there with the sole purpose of getting people hooked up. Some of these might include Yahoo Personals, Match.com, the LGBTA, even The Bench is a good place for picking people up. However, in early-October of 2004, Stony Brook University was opened up to a pseudo-dating service to end all dating services, we were introduced to TheFacebook.com. As soon as we heard of this my friends and I immediately created accounts. I love computers and things like facebook; you couldn't pry me off of myspace when I first got an account, so facebook kept me quite entertained. Now there's one thing that facebook and myspace have very much in common, they both come with some interesting people.

"Some ugly ass girl totally friended me and wants to go out." Said John as we all had lunch the next day.

"No, some guy has been messaging me telling me that he's confused about his sexual orientation but has no one to talk to, so he had me online for a freakin' hour today telling me about some guy he has a crush on!" Janey said. We had met her one night at a comedy show, it turned out she lived in our building so we started hanging out quite frequently. Charlie hung out with her more than anybody. There was obvious attraction there and open flirting but they kept it innocent since he had his girlfriend, June, back home.

"I have the story to end all stories." I tell them, "This guy friend requests me, from SUNY Albany, and I live not too far from there so I'm like 'Oh I must know him', so I accept and he IM's me like the next day. So we're talking and he's telling me he's from the city, and I say 'That's cool, I've always wanted to live there.' You know what he says? He IM's back to say, 'I'll be back this summer, we should get an apartment together, it'd be fun.'"

"What a creep!" said Janey.

"Who does that?" I asked.

"Fucking losers. What'd you say?" asked Ed.

"I told him that I just met him and I was planning on living back home. Then I told him I had to go and removed him from my friends then blocked his ass."

"Haha- you don't play!" said John.

"No, I don't."

The next day I was back on the comput-

er and I had a message in my inbox, a friend request on facebook. I checked it and it was a guy from Stony Brook, his name was Seth. He was cute, gay, and from the profile, seemed not only normal but my type. He was into the same movies, same television shows, same music, it was almost identical to my interests. I accepted.

That same day Charlie had a message waiting in his inbox too. He was used to getting a lot of love letters via e-mail from his girlfriend; she always tried to disguise them with other headings so when he read "Subj: We need to talk" he expected another e-mail full of hearts and kisses. However, when he opened this e-mail, it wasn't what he usually received. He got exactly what the heading had implied- she wanted to break-up. Charlie was beyond surprised; he was shocked and hurt. He left his suite to go walk and absorb everything, but as soon as he walked out the door, there was Janey.

"Hey, what's up... is everything all right, your eyes are puffy...have you been..."

"June broke-up with me, through an e-mail." He said cutting her off.

"What? That's so insensitive, how could?" "I don't know," he said cutting her off again. "I don't know, she didn't even have real reasons, she just said we were drifting apart, it's all so fucked up."

"Do you wanna go upstairs and talk?" She asked him.

He looked at her. He could go outside and be alone just replaying the two year relationship over in his head, or he could ease the pain with a little company. He chose the latter. They got up to Janey's room and sat down on the bed. "You'll be okay- you know that," She said trying to comfort him.

"I know, it's just..." He trailed off.

"June is stupid. I'm sorry but she was lucky to have you in the first place, and to throw you away-"

He cut her off again, but this time with his tongue. He pulled away from the kiss almost immediately.

"I'm sorry. Oh, I shouldn't have done that. I'm so sorry. I have to go." He started to get up.

"No. Its okay. I've wanted to but you were with her. I want to." She said as she leaned in and kissed him. The kissing became more and more passionate as more and more of their clothing began to appear on the floor. She reached over to her drawer and pulled out a condom, it was a done deal.

The next day, unbeknownst to anybody what had happened, Charlie and Janey went on just like before. Neither of them were quite sure as to what they wanted. Charlie was less than enthusiastic about jumping into another relationship, although the truth was that he jumped into a relationship with June right after his first serious girlfriend, and that he hadn't actually been single in over three and a half years and he didn't really know how to be in a relationship to function. Janey was more open to the idea of being single and flirting around. She truly liked

Charlie but didn't want to be tied down. Both of them wanted this to be more than a one-night-stand but were scared to see where it would go if they continued. They were also scared of what people would say so they decided to keep what happened to themselves for the time being.

"So what did the e-mail say?" Ed asked Charlie. Ed, Charlie, John, and myself were all at Kelly Café trying to cheer Charlie up.

"Just that we weren't working and that she didn't think me being this far would be this hard and that she felt we were drifting." He answered.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"Who knows. Look, it's fine...I'm fine. I should've seen this coming. At least I don't have to see her or anything."

"True. Just find a girl to get your mind off of her." John said.

"Look. I'm fine. Really, I'm gonna run upstairs and get an iced tea." Charlie said as he got up and walked out.

"Now, I'm not trying to talk shit but Charlie's a sensitive guy, I'd think that this would be affecting him a lot more than it is." Said John.

"I know dude, he's chill about it, like nothing happened." Said Ed as Janey walked up.

"Hey, where's Charlie?" She asked.

"Oh, he went upstairs to get a drink," I answered.

"Okay, thanks," she said as she walked away.

"Did anybody tell her about Charlie and June? I bet she's excited," asked John.

"Why?" I asked.

"She totally wants to fuck him. It's completely obvious," said John.

"Yeah, I don't think he'd do that though," said Ed.

"I don't know..." John said as he got up, "I gotta go, I'll see you guys later."

When I got back to the room I saw an instant message from a 'seth_man85' and got excited. I opened it and there it was:

seth_man85: hey

"What the hell is 'hey'?" I thought. So I sat down and typed a response,

rudy0101: hey

I waited....and waited....and waited. About five minutes later I got up to go to the bathroom and as I was washing my hands I heard it, the bing that any generation x-er knows all too well. I came back in the room and saw the message window flashing. There was another response:

seth_man85: what's goin on?

What was he doing?

rudy0101: pretty good, u?

I wrote back. Minutes later:

seth_man85: can't complain

Well now I was getting pissed, I didn't know what I thought he should be writing, but this wasn't it. Then:

seth_man85: so what're you up to this week-end?

I felt like we were off to a good start.

To Be Continued...



HEY, WHO ORDERED THE REVIEWS?

The Exorcism of Emily Rose

By Eddie Zadorozny

There have been countless films that have dealt with possession, exorcism, and scandal, within the confines of the church. At the top of that list is the classic *The Exorcist!* This classic, released in 1973, left audiences and critics stunned, with its depictions of a sweet innocent girl whose soul is inhabited by a demonic presence. At the time, the scenes were shocking as we, the audience, were uneasy and apprehended into an entities world of possession of a sweet innocent girl. Surprisingly, 32 years later, this film holds up as a fright film especially in the hands of the commendable filmmaker William Friedkin. *The Exorcist* is such a film of suspense and gaping disbelief about possession that it is clearly the prototype of which all other films that deal with possession and exorcism should be judged, which in the end is inevitable!

As is the case of *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* which may not play as much on the theatrics and shock of its paramount genre predecessor, *The Exorcist*, but still succeeds in being a rather intelligent, suspenseful, eerie film. Although both films deal with the possession of a young girl, as well of your belief system over such an event's existence. The comparison is inevitable, the difference though is that in *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* the good fight over the possession of its young woman is not only performed by a willing priest, but the act itself of the priest is put on trial! In other words lets take the demon to court! That statement may sound like a sarcastic remark against the film but it's what makes this film interesting to view.

Religion is a subject that has left many

throughout the existence of mankind either as accepted, believed, skeptical, or simply ignored. These qualities are what this film best represents to its viewing audience since all of these angles of whatever your own belief may be are represented here by the actors. The film is not trying to persuade you at all but it's a rather nice concoction that plays out captivately on screen especially in its court scenes. It is interesting to note that a film that deals with a possession (which is actually done rather grippingly) essentially plays second fiddle to the engrossing courtroom drama that ensues.

Emily Rose (Jennifer Carpenter) has been experiencing events of apparitions, nightmares, as well as ghastly images while attending college. Upon her arrival home, the incidents flare up more with greater intensity. Normalcy is out the window; Emily is speaking in tongues, ripping her hair out, scratching wallpaper while bouncing on her knees (great scene). With the family at wits end on what to do, they call upon Father Moore (Tom Wilkinson), their family priest, for help. Upon arrival, he witnesses Emily in complete paranormal action and instantly knows that these are not the doings of a woman waiting for season 7 of *The Sopranos* to start but a woman in the beginning states of being possessed. Father Moore goes through the whole ritual of exorcism, but in the end is defeated.

cism, but in the end is defeated.

It will now be decided in a court of law if Emily died from a psychotic epileptic disorder or if Father Moore's act of exorcism enhanced the conditions leading to her death. The trial is the real meat of this story, as told in several flashbacks on how Emily arrived at such a state, as well as the actual exorcism by Father Moore. The trial is totally engrossing and the discourse of it is interesting as the doting, churchgoer, prosecuting attorney (played by Campbell Scott) does battle with the atheist defense attorney (Laura Linney). Each comes into the trial with set perceptions of the trial and events of the demonic possession. The great fun of this movie is watching the uncoiling of events by testimony of witnesses, as well as professional experts. Also to watch the parties involved in the trial have their original dead-set perceptions and beliefs altered. Perhaps that could also be you yourself.

The film is based on actual events but that fact doesn't have to make the film more appealing- case in point *The Amityville Horror*. It is nonetheless rather engrossing, as well as captivating.

The Exorcism of Emily Rose, rated 114 min, pg-13 (intense, frightening scenes and images).



WRLAAAAHAARGH, Courtesy of People For A New Dark Ages

MirrorMask

By Madeline Scheckter

MirrorMask is a slightly new film directed by Dave McKean and written by award-winning and cultishly followed author Neil Gaiman and McKean. It has a classic young-adults storyline (by which I do mean I hate you and it's for those things we call pre-teens and young teenagers), but it works so I won't whine too much. Or will I? No, I will! The film's been bizarrely released, allegedly because no one can decide if it's a children's movie or not. Dear Stupids: It's a young adult's movie. They used to make those back in the day, remember *Goonies*? Remember way back when the MPAA ratings actually meant something? There you go, this movie's rated PG, which means Parental Guidance is suggested. Just to give some perspective, that means that this movie is more child-appropriate than *Pirates of the Caribbean* was. Therefore, I'm going to need a better explanation than a confused demographic. Yeah, I know, I'm not going to get one. Maybe studios would rather make us watch a remake of a remake of a movie based on

a play that was based on a story which wasn't original to begin with. Fuckers. Anyway, Neil Gaiman is a New York Times Bestselling Author, which I would think would mean that this film would get a wider release, but it isn't. Bro, bro, broseph, *The Corpse Bride* is widely released, and I doubt *MirrorMask* is much stranger or more disturbing. Why not give it a better release? Whatever, this has nothing to do with how good the movie is. So the story line isn't original. Every review I've read has said that the story wasn't that good but it's not nearly as important as the visuals. Dear Stupids: Wrong. The story is as important as the visuals, but in this case, the visuals are so fucking amazing that no one's really going to care that it takes about a half-hour to get into the story because there's goddamn fish swimming around in midair. Fish in midair are awesome. Trouble is, the story was disappointing. I like Neil Gaiman, I well and truly do. It's his

fault for writing a few good, incredibly original stories; now he's forever going to be held to a high standard. *American Gods* was a fantastically original, wonderful book. *MirrorMask* has a plot I've seen at least a half dozen times (in the past week). A girl wakes up to find that she's been transported to a strange magical world rife with danger to discover that it needs saving and she's the only one who can save it. I know, you're shocked by the originality of that plot, I was too. Sorry, let me wipe off that sarcasm I just dripped on your shoe. Oh god, that's not sarcasm; try cleaning your shoes once and a while. I'm not saying I didn't like the story, or even that *MirrorMask* wasn't worth the eleven bucks it cost me to see it, I'm just complaining that when I see the name Neil Gaiman attached to something, I expect it to amaze me. The visuals were typical McKean and therefore absolutely stunning. The story was enjoyable, just not up to par, but the visuals are mind-blowingly brilliant. Hell, the acting is pretty good, the dialogue is often hilarious, and the characters are sympathetic. It's simply that, as a huge Neil Gaiman fan, I was disappointed by the story. And since I get to hide behind a computer while I write this, I'm going to say so.

Whatever guy, it was interesting, it was gripping and for once in my life I didn't walk out of the theatre feeling like I'd just gotten rolled over in an alley. So go see it. Or wait for Netflix, but make sure you see it.



WHY DO THESE INSIST ON MAKING BACKWARDS LETTERS? Courtesy of Sony Pictures

HEY, WHO WANTED SHORT AND SWEET?

A Truly *Extraordinary Machine*

By Alison Schwartz

When an artist or band takes a respite from the art of making music for several years, a detrimental result can ensue. Listeners in the modern music world are fickle beings and grow restless for new material. Even loyal devotees meander toward different musical horizons as their tastes evolve and shift.

Fiona Apple's latest release, *Extraordinary Machine*, is just that: a musical piece of art. Like all great works, it was a feat to accomplish and unveil. After several months of struggling over release issues, Apple's latest crafting of musical splendor emerges following a six-year-hiatus from the industry. Initially, *Machine* was produced by Jon Brion, Apple's production partner for her two prior albums, *Tidal* and *When The Pawn*. After supposed label conflicts regarding the "lack of singles" amidst her new material, Apple nearly retired from the industry. Yet, fans rallied together in protest to produce a support site, FreeFiona.com. After obtaining freedom to release material of her choosing, Apple returned to the studio - this time with Mike Elizondo, a hip-hop producer best known for his work with 50 Cent and

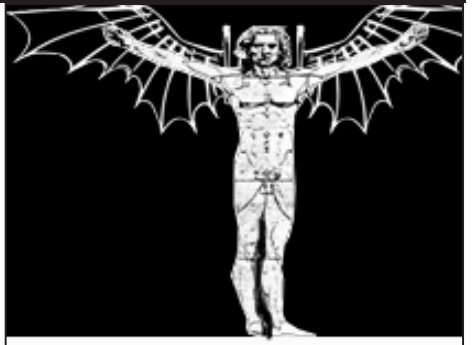


Eminem. After re-working nearly all the songs to create a new sound, it is clear that Elizondo brings a new edge to Apple's sound.

The album launches into a track of the album's namesake, crafted in the style of a 1950's song. After experimenting with varying tempos in the reflective "Better Version of Me,"

Apple meanders through such lyrical feats such as using "a dirty pane of glass" for metaphorical comparison to infidelity in the infectious catchy "Window." Apple's previous works have been woven with emotional plentitude, sending the listener into a whirlwind of peaks and lows. *Machine* is no exception, as Apple cascades from regretful and vengeful in "Get Him Back," to sullen and resigned in "Oh Well," to the utterly haunting and smoldering rage in "Red, Red, Red." Apple successfully expresses her plethora of sentiments, all the while maintaining musical integrity with innovative style.

Will Apple's splendidly crafted *Machine* thrive in an unsteady musical climate? On the current musical canvas of mostly monochromatic hues, Apple's shade exudes vibrancy.



How do you prepare for your commute?

Join the Commuter Student Association!

Meetings Wednesday at 1pm in the University Cafe

Everybody Loves the Party Gordo Gringo

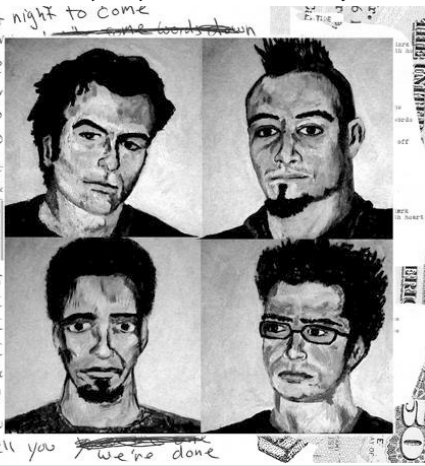
By Stephanie Hayes

Who knew a jangly banjo could coexist with a long human screech? I sure didn't but Gordo Gringo seems to pull it off pretty well on their sophomore effort, *Everybody Loves the Party*. Here is an album that is loaded with unique couplings of the like. These guys have integrated a remarkable assortment of instruments which include a dulcimer, vox, banjo, viola and mandolin. It's this sort of variety that has made this an interesting album.

Phill Jimenez, formerly of Wheatus fame, heads Gordo Gringo with distinctive, emotional vocals. His voice is balanced nicely with songs like "Mad Tide" and "Wasted Life", both full of catchy melodies that could easily be qualified in the elusive category of smart-pop. The only thing unapparent upon a first listen is most of the lyrics. Cracking

open the CD booklet, though, it is clear that the subject matter seems to sway between criticisms of modern life and feelings of melancholy - nothing too abstract.

While you'd be hard-pressed to pick out anything specifically unlikable from track to track, this is nothing near to being a masterpiece. *Everybody Loves the Party* is likable enough. It's solidly good but it lacks that extra something that makes some albums great. They've been likened to "a cross between Death Cab For Cutie, Modest Mouse, and Wilco." Indeed, that critic was close, although I wouldn't be so quick to put Gordo Gringo on the same level - yet. However, it's 44 minutes of atmospheric indie-pop that you'd never consider wasted time and they can only get better.



MY GUESS? IT'S THE CD COVER, Courtesy of Steph Hayes

Check out Gordo Gringo at: gordogringo.com and myspace.com/gordogringo.



Words of Fun

By Jimmi Del Kerr

In these times of trouble, uncertainty, and political confusion, we tend to drown ourselves in anxiety and doubt. I have comprised a list of words that will help you navigate the world.

Fundamentalist: A person who demonstrates only a basic understanding of what he or she believes.

Evangelicalism: The intense and crippling fear that someone, somewhere, disagrees with you.

Zealot: A mathematical unit used to show how successful a religion is.

Atheist: Someone who is not a Fundamentalist or Evangelical.

Agnostic: Someone who is too busy to care.

Conservative: A Republican who thinks too little about the issues at hand.

Liberal: A Democrat who over-thinks the issue at hand.

Strategic Oil Reserve: A way for a President to boost their popularity ratings, at least in the short term.

Public Opinion Poll: The product of a sudden and frightful realization that no one knows for sure what is going on.

Statistics: A mathematically defensible way of lying.

Armed Forces: A mass weapon of destruction yet to be banned by the United Nations.

NATO: An anachronism that is too weak to live, too strong to die.

Gross National Product: What a country produces when its citizens are too wrapped up in what they believe in.

Abortion: an easy issue to get someone elected into office.

Gay Marriage: A union between two people, which will most likely end up in Straight Divorce anyway.

Right to Die: Proof that the American population will watch anything on T.V. if it is marketed correctly.

The Nuclear Option: The choice to microwave your food as opposed to eating fast food.

Intelligent Design: An idea showing that futility does not decrease hope.

Gun Control: When the Abortion platform fails, use this one; or in Texas: Hitting your target at least 86.5543210571% of the time.

Democrat: A religion based around the memory of John F. Kennedy.

Republican: A religion based around the teachings of Ronald Regan.

Moderate: A person who casts their votes in accordance with Public Opinion Polls (q.v.).

Philosopher: A person who is too determined to admit that the universe is too complex to understand and yet too simple to fathom.

Whistle Blower: An adult film star who shows an unusual level of proficiency in their craft.

The Moral Platform: A series of complex political issues that all too often points out hypocrisy.

Charity: America's way of saying, "Better you than me".

Public Servant: A person who is too ugly to be a T.V. or movie star but wants fame and notoriety nonetheless.

Hurricane: Nature's way of showing a society's glaring social problems. Often costing billions of dollars to cover up.

The Dude Identity

By David K. Ginn

The skies cleared as Ko the Magnificent Bludgeoner pondered over his domain. The damned government installed their stupid sidewalk last week, and so his domain was diminished greatly. He mused over the towering menace of his well-kept hedges, and the vast dark territory where he kept his car so it wouldn't get damaged during inclement weather. Yes, a time was coming.

It was suppertime. Suppertime for FEAR!

Across the land, BonoCactusBird I flew over the great world. His team of Supermates soon joined him: LyleFire, Juniper-Mix, Liverpool Wonder, HappyBob, TwelveTickets and Super BreakfastNook. Liverpool Wonder fell into a deep abyss of boiled potatoes, and he suffered a great deal before his untimely death. He was mourned over tea and biscuits. Biscuits are a sign of sadness in the Overworld.

One fateful day a giant Kangaroo met an evil Fairy who turned him into her minion. That Kangaroo gave birth to many minion joeys, and

they populated a section of the world which they named The Evil Joey Territory. When BonoCactusBird I flew down to his grave site a week later, he hit his head on a rock and collapsed on the soft soil.

One week after that, he woke up on a ship full of Circus Fellows. They harbored him and pet his spiny fur and told him how wonderful he was. He destroyed them all by breathing fire on their skin. They were displeased, but then they died and were not displeased anymore, save their reservations that carried over into the afterlife.

BonoCactusBird I left in a hurry, unsure of who he was or where he came from. Some mean guards with giant silver knives chased him in the streets of Jungian City, and he hid in a dark and slightly disturbing if not artsy International Embassy. Whilst they were chasing him, he bumped into a tiny neurotic woman named Neuro. Neuro tried to eat him, but he was not edible. She helped him escape, and then she tried to help him regain his memory. Finally he figured out who was to blame for all of this:

Edward, the guy who serves his mustard and pastrami sandwiches at the local tax-free and reasonably priced kosher deli on a well-kept Native-Jungian reservation. He told Edward he was a fool, and Edward cried. BonoCactusBird I then realized he was wrong, and it was not him. BonoCactusBird I then realized it was himself. He was the cause of it all.

Then Ko the Magnificent Bludgeoner arrived and challenged BonoCactusBird I, his greatest threat, to a duel. He agreed, and in a blast of dreadful smoke Ko the Magnificent Bludgeoner was banished to the world of Dreadful Smoke, where people who get surrounded by blasts of dreadful smoke can be accepted and meet together and have helpful group therapy sessions every other Wednesday, except in the case of holidays or when the weather's really bad or might get bad while they're in session and thus make it more difficult for them to come home.

BonoCactusBird I flew back into the sunset.

Swords

Sorcery

Technology

LESBIANS!

CRASHWORLD

- A NOVEL -

www.AndrewPernick.com

The Reformation in Central Kentucky

Scintillates

By James Messina

I bet you were really happy to learn that the first letter of last issue's puzzle was a T! Yeah, my bad. I forgot to double-check the article before it went to print, and you got the invisible code. Those are the hardest to solve, so give yourself a hand if you did. In this issue I'll include the cryptanalysis of last week's code, but if you want to try it out for yourself first, DO NOT read ahead and take a gander at this.

⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈
 ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈ ⋈⋈⋈⋈
 ⋈⋈⋈⋈

The cipher used above is known as the Pigen cipher, or the Freemason's cipher. It was called this because, surprise! it was used by the Freemasons in the early 18th century for private correspondences. Though this cipher at first appears complicated, it isn't any more so than a regular substitution cipher, the letters were just changed into symbols arrived at via arranging letters on a grid.

The code I just showed you would be pretty tricky to somebody unfamiliar with cryptography, but to anyone with some background it's a snap. So how exactly does a cryptanalyst determine how to attack the unknown and venture boldly forth into a metaphorical abyss? Honestly, I couldn't tell you. Those guys are pretty smart. But I can illustrate a few potential pitfalls.

As I mentioned, there are two types of basic ciphers, substitution and transposition. Within these two broad categories though, there's a lot of room for devilish tricks. Substitution and transposition can be used together so that you first descramble and then solve or vice versa. Code words can be implemented. Nulls can be added to the end, or strewn throughout, i.e. only read every third symbol. As in the above instance, symbols can take the place of letters. Misspellings can be added so that frequency analysis is bungled a little. The messages can be transmitted in another language.

But none of this matters. There are dozens of historically relevant ciphers, and essentially an infinite number of mathematical operations that can be done to create new ones. So the basic task of the cryptanalyst is to break the code – details like language will follow much more naturally. And the name of the game is interception. Under realistic conditions, people using codes are a careful shifty bunch who doesn't want to be found out. But they're also fallible. Sometimes the message doesn't go through the first time, so it'll get sent twice. Sometimes the machine for making the codes falls into the hands of the enemy. Sometimes people on the other side sell out or material is stolen. Inroads are then made.

Perhaps the most classic example of this is the Rosetta stone. It's interesting because in fact no effort was made to hide the Egyptian language, but over time it became a code of sorts; anyone looking at a message written in it would have no clue as to its contents, after all.

The written Egyptian language was used extensively in ancient times, but fell into disuse by the beginning of the fifth

century A.D. Soon it became associated with a certain sense of mysticism and the occult. Over time efforts were made to decipher ancient Egyptian texts, usually with abysmally poor accuracy. Most enthusiasts simply guessed what they felt to be an appropriate symbol based on their own impressions. Most also consulted a text called *Heiroglyphica* by Horapollo, which was accurate at parts but not entirely. The result was that the Egyptian language was a mystery until the French Captain Pierre-François Bouchard discovered the Rosetta Stone in the city of Rosetta on July 15, 1799. The Stone contained an inscription which described a decree of Ptolemy V regarding taxation. The important thing was that the Stone contained three separate decrees, one in Greek, one in the Egyptian common alphabet and one in hieroglyphs. Ancient Greek

being a comparatively well-known language, it was no great task to work from there, and the Rosetta Stone provided a great leap forward in understanding. So what am I saying? That cryptanalysis is the result of luck and happenstance? Hardly. But by the same breath, often times fortuitous circumstance is the only thing between breaking a code and its remaining indecipherable. By the French "interception" of the Rosetta Stone, they (and later the British) were able to decode the language. Now on to the puzzle.

See above for the puzzle. To solve this puzzle, it's useful to associate each symbol with a number. I simply listed each symbol as it appeared and then tallied its frequency. For example, the first symbol to appear becomes a 1, the second a 2, and so on, like so:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
6	4	10	3	4	5	3	3	2	2	1	3	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1

It's pretty easy at this point. You can see 3 appears ten times. It's a good bet it's "e". The 1-2 digraph appears four times. Got yourself another good bet in assuming that it's "th". So, plugging in and substituting numbers for symbols as before, we get:

T H E 4 E 5 4 E 6 T 7 8 8 9 E 10 9 8 E 4 E 5
 11 7 12 13 T H 7 6 T H 5 12 14 6 15 E E 16
 17 6 18 10 17 T H E 19 5 12 20 6 E T

It's pretty obvious the first word is "there". Then you substitute in all the r's. From there, solving is child's play, just some mental menial labor. In order to check your answer, here's a table of the Pigen cipher:

Finally, I leave you with another treat. I didn't have to scan this one, so there are no foreseeable instances of me being a retard. Hint: It's transposition, not substitution. If you mess around with the letter positioning, you'll get your answer.

PUZZLE THE 3RD: THEET HORBE ERTER SHTK

Answer to Puzzle the 2nd. There are still people reading this? Thanks Jeebus, you the man. WSET.

A	B	C
D	E	F
G	H	I

J	K	L
M	N	O
P	Q	R

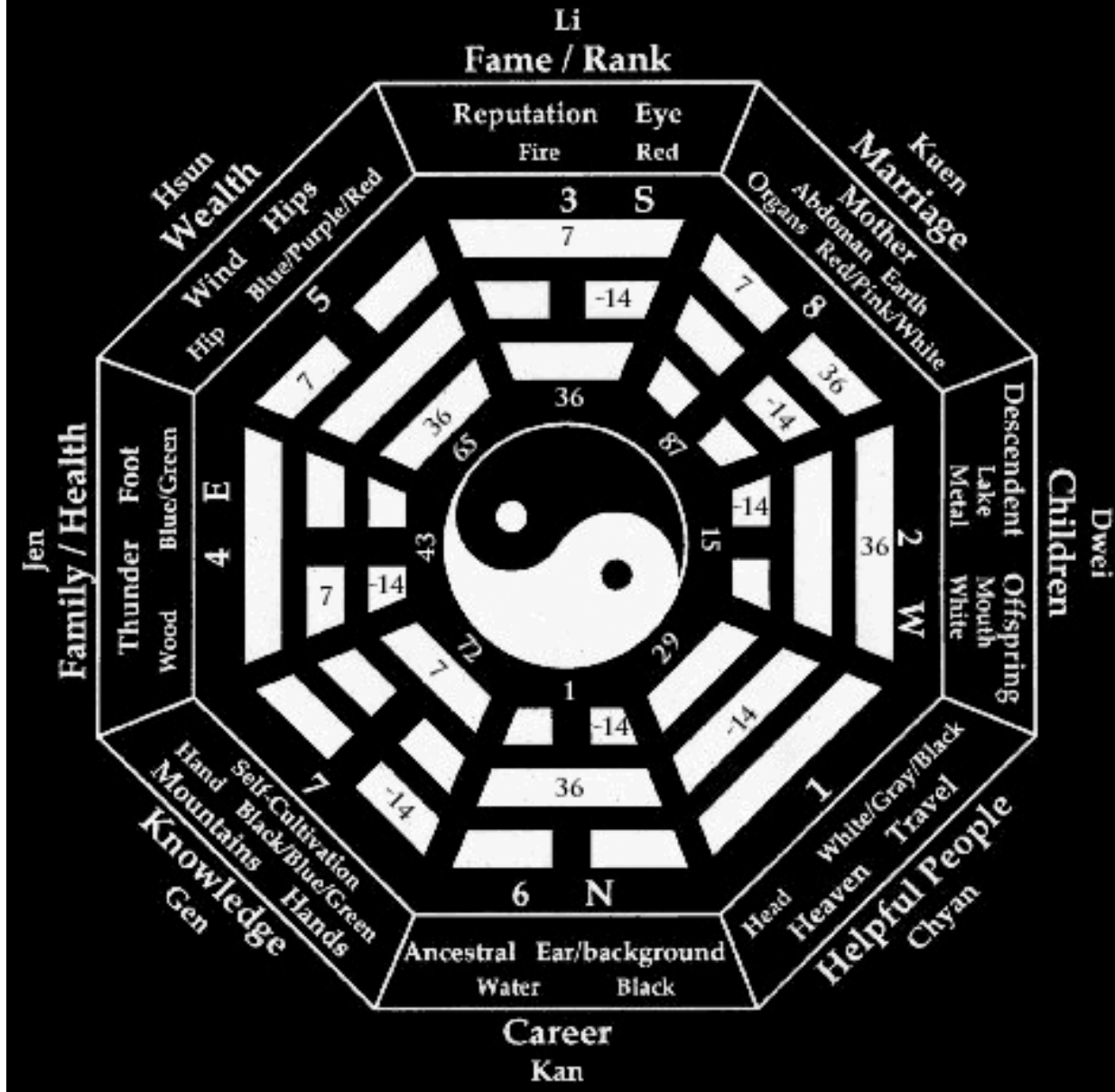
T	S	U
	V	

X	W	Y
	Z	

Dear God, what does it all mean?

BA-GUA

The BA-GUA and its corresponding elements, body parts, colors, and life situations.



Today's numbers are:
7, 36, and -14 (negative fourteen).

Today's values are:

1	- 29
2	- 15
3	- 36
4	- 43
5	- 65
6	- 1
7	- 72
8	- 87

Hey everybody, it's time for the Bagua puzzle. Here's how it works:

The Bagua is used worldwide as a guide for dividing energies (typically the setup of a room or office) so that one might be able to derive the most clarity and happiness out of life.

Here, I've developed a puzzle that takes eight of the nine elements (the ninth being the center element, Health) and assigned them all values within the ninth element. The idea is to take the three numbers given with each puzzle and adding them up so that they equal the value, using each number as many times as needed. Within the breakdown of the elements there are either 3, 4, 5, or 6 spaces. These spaces dictate

how many occurrences of numbers you may use to equal the total. **Each of the three playing numbers must be used at least once in each element.**

The second rule of this puzzle is that the opposing elements must not mirror each other. Here's how that works: the Bagua is, as you can tell, an octagon, and so therefore each side has an opposite side. The opposite of Element 1 (Chyan) is Element 5 (Hsun), and the opposite of Element 2 (Dwei) is Element 4 (Jen) and so on. There are three lines of spaces, and for each line there are either one or two spaces. **The number value of a space on a line may not be the same as the number value of the same space on the opposite side of the Bagua.**

In the case where two spaces mirror two

spaces, draw a line from one space to its mirroring space. As long as the values don't match, you're okay. Diagonal matching is permitted in this case.

In the case where two spaces mirror one space, the values of either of the two spaces cannot be the same as the value of the single space.

Hint: Write your answers, especially as you are experimenting with the numbers, down on a separate sheet of paper. Try "ghost-writing" (writing very lightly) the numbers when you have them and are trying to work out the mirroring.

I've filled in some answers for you. Good luck!

I Will Destroy Your Soul

By David K. Ginn

I will devour your being, and consume your consciousness. Resistance is useless. Do not try to resist. I will burn your body and make pee-pee upon your unholy ashes. I will sink my teeth deep into your skin and kill you many times over with sharp objects and harsh syllables. My body is starving for violence, and your existence is my target. I will aim my lasers at your mind and fry your brain within the confines of your own bloody fucking skull. I will saw off your scalp and eat your brains like soup in a bread bowl. The future of your pitiful soul lies within the pitiful pits of my stomach, to be digested and shat out as fecal matter. I am eternal and evil. Very, very evil. I am so evil, there is not much that is evil that can quite say they are up to par, or in the same general range of evilness as I am, unless you count the Nazis, but everyone knows that, and they are not quite as evil as me. Well, as I. With evil comes proper grammar. Yes, my grammar will destroy your being. My almighty sinister malevolent grammar will consume every ounce of your pathetic existence. I will kill your body by killing your skin, your bones, and your white blood cells. I will give you ovarian cancer, and if you do not have ovaries, I will donate them to you so that I may curse them with my evil and horrid cancer. Your time has come to an end. And that end is me. (Or I... mwahahaha!) I am your destructor. I am the form of your sinister termination. Your death is only the

beginning. I will rape your bones, and murder your vital organs. I will feed you harsh liquor until your liver becomes a die-er.

You will not live for much longer. And when you do die, you'll wish that you were living. I know that's what most people think, but with you it will be for an entirely different reason. The pain in death will be worse than the

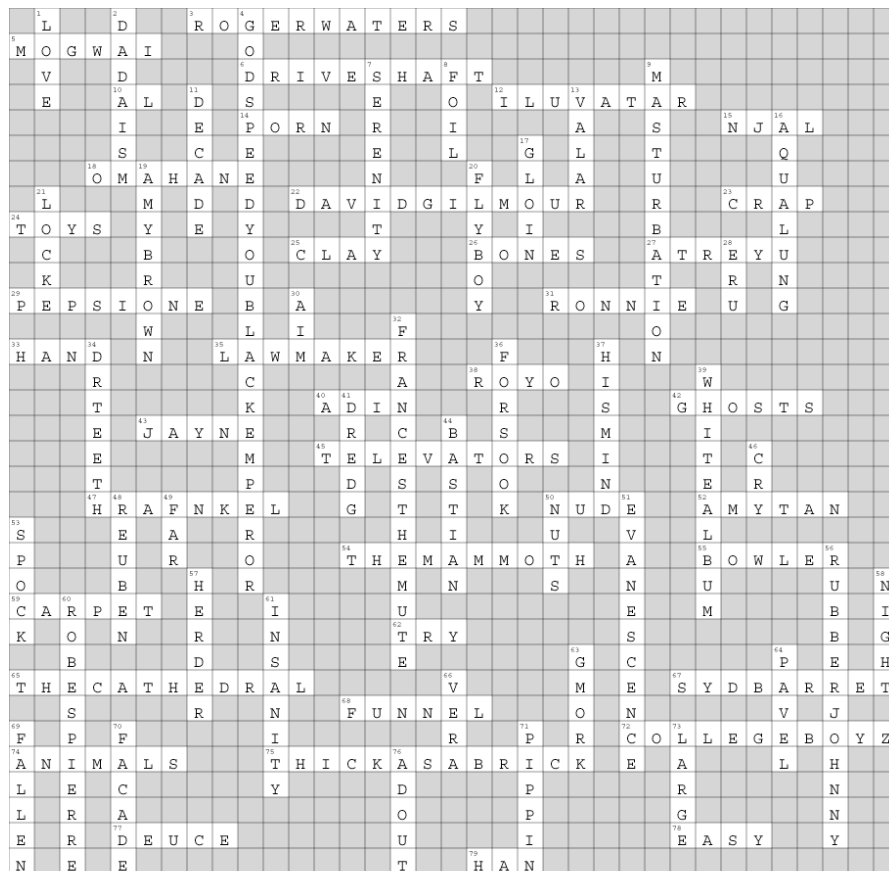
think I'm kidding. You think I'm joking. I am most definitely not. Your destruction is near.

I will eat your thoughts, and stab you with sharp ball-point pens until you scream out in agony and make pee-pee in your trousers.



pain in life. I will eat your thoughts, and stab you with sharp ball-point pens until you scream out in agony and make pee-pee in your trousers. I will tie your neck up with pulled thread from an old skirt, and make you hang forever in your pitiful destiny. I will EAT YOUR FUCKING SOUL, MOTHERFUCKER! Don't

Answers to the Master Crossword



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

TOP TEN

Untitled

By Karen Shidlo

I have been witness
 To my own evolution,
 Seen my legs and arms
 Turn a brown which I forget
 In between summers,
 For I must live for months on end
 As my paler version.
 Watched scabs for over crimson,
 Only to pick the crusts to reveal
 What is flowing in my veins.
 Lifted eyelashes to transform
 Them into tokens of wishes,
 Blown into the wind.
 Played with dead skin,
 White and rough around my nails,
 Just like the foam on the edges of waves.
 And just like the storms enrage the sea,
 Filling them with the energy
 To lash out at the shore with all its' might,
 Anxieties compel me to peel off the whites
 Of my fingernails,
 Bringing them close to the
 Edges of pink from which they spring.
 These long fingers of mine
 Never reach up to wipe away the tears
 Which lace my eyes,
 But let them run in whatever direction
 They choose,
 Until there are no more
 And the heaving bosom settles,
 Stops gasping for air as if drowning.

By George Agathos

The Press sucks my ass
 Too dirty to line cages
 A plague on you all

Uses for Ramen Noodles

10 Looks like worms taste, Delicious

9 Breakfast, lunch and dinner for those students who stay on campus on the weekends

8 Donate them to food pantries. Now their someone else's problem.

7 Pour salt on them

6 They're extensions for blondes

5 Brain replacement after a lobotomy, may not be brain food but looks like real brains

4 Building Stones for Habitat for Humanity

3 Ramen Wrestling... cheaper than jell-o, yummiier than mud

2 Binge, Purge, See them come out whole

1 And for the men, mol-lifier after anal rape

The Incredible Mix Tape

A musical odyssey by Rob Pearsall

Because Music is Poetry too.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1.) Malk - Pain | 8.) Gainesville Rock City - Less Than Jake |
| 2.) Blister in the Sun - Violent Femmes | 9.) 500 Channels - Choking Victim |
| 3.) Glamour Ghouls - World Inferno/Friendship Society | 10.) White, Proud, & Stupid - Propagnadhi |
| 4.) Antidote - Pain | 11.) We Threw Gasoline... - NoFX |
| 5.) Everyone I know is from Lindenhurst - Edna's Goldfish | 12.) City Lights - Stockyard Stoics |
| 6.) New Day - Bouncing Souls | 13.) Soon We'll Be Dead - Leftover Crack / W.I.F.S. |
| 7.) Castaways - Common Rider | 14.) Sink. Florida. Sink. - Against Me! |
| | 15.) Change - Fishbone |

Big Easy Benefit

MusiCares

Tuesday, October 25th

Featuring

John Flor

Kinky Porcupine

Attic Space

and

Common Thread

\$5 for students

\$10 for everyone else

All proceeds go to MusiCares and
will benefit Katrina Victims
www.visionsinjazz.com/musicares.htm

8 pm at the University Cafe

DEATH EGG ZONE