

THE STONY  
BROOK

# PRESS

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"Yeah I love cats. I'm gonna fuck around and get me one"

December 7, 2001

IT'S HARD  
BEING  
SNOOP D-O-  
DOUBLE-G

Recycled Funny-  
Insert Style!

Middle

Oz vs. The Burriznito, Nephew.

pg.21

Prezneston's Pitiful Polity. Fool.

pg.3,5

# Khalid Banuri Speaks

By Beverly Bryan

On November 5th Khalid Banuri, deputy Director of Arms Control and Disarmament Affairs at the Strategic Plans Division in Pakistan, spoke on the implications of the war in Afghanistan for South Asia and the United States. The discussion was hosted by The Graduate School International Programs, The Social Justice Alliance, and the Graduate Student Organization as part of Stony Brook's Bringing Context to the Crisis/International Focus Lecture Series. The series is in celebration of the week of November 12-16 declared by the U.S. State Department to be International Education Week.

The Discussion, held in the Union Auditorium, was introduced by Chad Coulter of the Social Justice Alliance as an "effort to promote critical public discourse". After faculty member Les Paldy, who has served on U.S. arms control delegations in Geneva, warmed up the crowd with a few words Banuri took the podium.

Banuri is a group captain in the Pakistani air force commanding several fighter squadrons. The Strategic plans division, his organization in the Pakistani government, can be compared to our Joint Chiefs of Staff.

His education was completed between the Air War College in Islamabad and the Joint Services Command and Staff College in London. His is in America as a Visiting Fellow at the Henry L. Stimson Center, a respected think tank in Washington DC, where he is engaged in research related to nuclear weapons and international security.

He began his speech with the disclaimer that he was presenting his personal views and not those of the Pakistani government. "If I say something politically incorrect please bear with Me," he said, adding that he wished to address popular Pakistani sentiment.

With evident good humor he raised the point that Pakistanis, inured as they are to terrorism and fear, have a great deal to teach Americans in this time of crisis. He cited recent bomb scares in his country with one exploding on a bus and a few cases of suspected anthrax with one confirmed case at Karachi airport.

He described Pakistan's decision to disassociate from the Taliban as a major policy shift and made it clear that it was not made without some reservations. He expressed alarm that the hate crimes against those who look Middle Eastern or Southeast Asian have not stopped and anxiety that "They will escalate with more terrorist attacks such as the wave of anthrax.

He asked of those present, "Is there a willingness to look at this from a non-U.S. frame of reference?" One of those questions political theorists address at length in articles for Foreign Affairs but only history ever answers. A sacrilegious question in terms of popular American sentiment but one that Banuri attached critical importance to in his talk.

He cautioned that the war was not universally popular, mentioning the demonstrations against it throughout Europe and North America. His own view, he shared, was that air strikes were a somewhat "old thing". One major point he would stress was his lack of optimism about the effectiveness of an air strike campaign in achieving any sort of concrete objectives.

Then he reached the central questions that he wished to see considered by those in power: "What are the costs and how quickly can this war come to an end?" The American program of scorched earth served with sprinkling of vacuum-sealed rations, "Bombs and Bread", has, Banuri said, "not been adequate at best". He advocated implementing "a ground offensive that can bring fast results."

While on the subject of air strikes: "Now that the strikes are well underway could the U.S. not release the information they have on bin Ladin?" The U.S. he argued could only benefit from any information they released about bin Ladin's culpability in terrorist actions. His assumption being that the truth could only legitimize the war.

He moved on abruptly to the tight spot Pakistan currently finds itself in. Pakistani exports are suffering under the unrest in the region due to higher shipping costs and cancelled orders from foreign companies with little faith in the ability of Pakistan's industries to deliver.

Banuri wished to point up the American responsibility to Pakistan now that she has given her support to American interests in the region. He raised the fear that America "will leave us in the lurch like after the Soviet invasion." Then there was the "issue of affording 3,000 refugees." some of whom, he added, are very angry with the Pakistani government for siding with the U.S. He went on to mention that it would be very problematic for the Pakistani government if Afghanistan adopts a government that is unfriendly to Pakistan.

His point was that in casting her lot with the U. S. Pakistan has put her self in a very unstable position and finds herself suffering from many negative side effects of the war.

He told the story with some morbid amusement that when he had been at the Stimson center for a month an American colleague of his who had studied the history of American strategic alliances answered him by saying, "The question is not what if America lets you down but when."

His deepest concern seemed to be that the American leadership was not thinking more than four years back or ahead in time. He suggested the month of Ramadan should, indeed, be a cease-fire. "The month of Ramadan can be used to advantage for soul searching and dialogue, for more achievement at less political costs," he said.

Banuri also raised significant questions about the future of Afghanistan. He saw any future government of Afghanistan as facing serious problem of legitimacy and popular support. He suggested that sometime in the wishfully near future Kabul could be made into a de-militarized zone under the auspices of the UN and/or NATO.

He finished his speaking by urging the need for "Looking at the root cause. Why should someone be willing for suicide attacks." His meaning was that those involved in American foreign policy should be concerned with the psychology and worldview of the Muslim peoples and those involved in the war especially. "There needs to be an understanding of specific grievances," Banuri said.

Banuri explained that for an American campaign in Afghanistan to be successful there must be an understanding of the tribal cultures that make up Afghanistan. There must be radio and other public outreach in Pashtun, Urdu and other languages. This media campaign would focus on convincing Afghans, and also Pakistanis,

who may not speak the dominant language of the countries they live in that this is not a war against Islam but against terrorism.

"When I arrived in the United States I heard people say, 'Buried at Ground Zero is Americas lack of security and intelligence,'" Banuri said but added they should add understanding.

From there began the question and answer period. A woman asked, "Why does the U.S. always get condemned for leaving Pakistan and Afghanistan in the lurch? Wasn't it their responsibility to bring stability?"

Banuri responded that America needed Pakistan at that time and afterwards Pakistan needed America. He brought up the small matter of some F-16's that America accepted payment from Pakistan for but never delivered after sanctions were imposed.

Banuri was asked to explain the other solutions beside military action that he favored. He answered by first expressing the view that economic sanctions do not hurt the people one hopes to hurt in a military campaign and only succeed in turning the people of the country against the nation imposing the sanctions.

"The bombing isn't helping," He said. He spoke as a pilot of fighter planes in explaining their unsuitability for hitting particular targets. "When they (bombs) go off they go really far off."

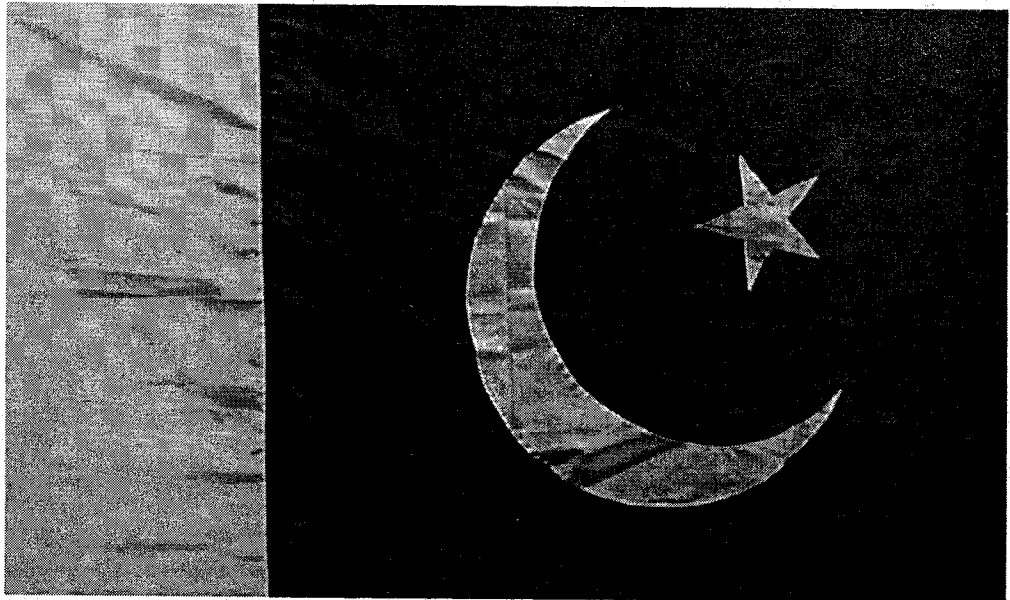
"Prolonging the war will only negate what you are trying to do." Banuri warned that the only time you will see Afghans fighting together is when they face a common external enemy. He added that while the Pakistanis can help the Americans and that while America has the opportunity to win many over to their cause, "If this war continues they will stop listening."

On woman said "I have the opportunity to go to Pakistan every year or so and so many people there seem ideologically in line with Al Qaeda even if they don't promote violence."

Banuri seemed flustered and answered that the people have very little knowledge about who bin Ladin is.

One man asked where the funding comes from for the refugee camps. He was answered that funding was provided jointly by Pakistan, the U.S. and the UN

Against accusations that because of Pakistan's previous support for the Taliban "Asking Pakistan for help is like asking the arsonist to put out the fire." Banuri insisted that Pakistan has never had any control over the actions of the Taliban. "Pakistan tried to argue with the Taliban not to destroy the large statues of the Buddha." He added to illustrate his point.





# Preston's Pitiful Polity

By Jonathan Gelling

Henry Kissinger once said that, "university politics are vicious precisely because the stakes are so small." If that's true then no one should be surprised that Stony Brook has one of the most vicious student governments around. So little is at stake in the operation of Student Polity that sheer boredom sets in amongst student leaders. Finding nothing constructive to be done or anyone in particular to try to help, some of these students take minor issues and turn them into major crises. The result is that an organization that should be helping to train the future leaders of society in basic democratic values is reduced to a squabbling match of children trying to see who can scream the loudest. Let me paint the dreary scene for you...

It's 11:30 P.M. on the 24th of October. Like every Wednesday night, the Polity Senate is holding another meeting to discuss the latest crisis in Polity. We're three hours into the meeting and nothing has been solved at this point. The issue at stake is one of procedure - the exact manner in which runoff elections should be held for some elected student government positions. The meeting isn't being helped by "student leader" Natalie Hodgson's presence. More than an hour was wasted trying to get her to admit that she wasn't actually the President of Polity (which she finally did, saying that the confusion was all because people mistakenly kept calling her president for no particular reason - a problem many of us can no doubt relate to). Something close to another hour must have been spent before she agreed that runoff elections were required under the rules. Not that all these delays were her fault, mind you. A small number of the Senators in the room are so in love with the sound of their own voice that they like to speak randomly, and to no particular purpose. Every minute another one comes chiming in with a "point of information" designed to let them speak out of order, so that people that don't like to shout are more or less shut out of the conversation. Not that anyone listens to each other anyway. Monologues crisscross the room, being heard, but never listened to.

It is in the last ten minutes of the meeting that a decision is finally made. The patient student leaders that have shown up (under penalty of having their college LEG budgets frozen for not attending) for the weekly ritualistic torture are getting ready to leave whether any decision is made or not. Fearful of losing quorum - the minimum number of Senators to do business - decisions are made lightning fast late in the night when they should have been decided upon hours ago. Once again, the conduct of the meeting has turned issues that could have taken thirty minutes to discuss into a three and a half hour ordeal that few people can stand. Most freshman Senators that enter the student government get burned out within a semester, and few survive a year of the process. All that time was consumed just to set the day of an election, and there is still another actually divisive issue on the agenda... whether or not the Senate should join in saying the pledge of allegiance before each meeting as a sign of unity. In the brief amount of time left to debate the issue it became clear that the pledge is definitely not enough to unify this body of students.

Of course, if the story ended there one could say that the student government does work, although the process itself may be painful. But of course since I've served as a Senator for the past year and a half I know better, and the story doesn't end there. You see, the Senate didn't actually set any details for how the runoff election should be conducted at that Wednesday night meeting. We had to come back together



Friday afternoon in an emergency meeting to try again. And after another hour, another set of decisions was made, working with the five (out of eight) student officers not facing runoff elections. But even after that meeting, the decisions were again changed (this time without the Senate) and yet another date was set. This is how Student Polity works, or rather, doesn't work. And you should care because these people are divvying up your student activity fee - \$175 a year - and they are primarily responsible for a lot of issues involving the quality of life on this campus.

Why is this the case? Why does Polity have so many problems, and who's to blame? Having been around for a while, I think I can offer an insider's view of what's wrong with the organization.

The fundamental problem with Polity is the complete and total disempowerment of most of the student government. The legislative branch, the Polity Senate, is given no power to initiate anything in its own right. As a matter of fact, the constitution is so hopelessly vague and poorly written that the division of powers between the legislative and executive branches is whatever anyone imagines it to be. But as things have worked themselves out, Senators are led to believe that they can't really do anything at all except whine. There's no money to allocate towards special programming projects, no cooperation between the Senate and our executive branch, the Polity Council. The administration, primarily Vice President for Student Affairs Fred Preston, makes matters worse by not engaging the Senate in constructive dialogue. Whatever political point of view a person may subscribe to, you should be able to accept this truth: if you bring a bunch of self-fashioned leaders together in a room and give them nothing productive to do, then they will find something destructive to fill their time. Three hour Senate meetings that could be taken up with useful planning and positive initiatives are therefore, by necessity, consumed by petty bickering and intrigue.

If the administration were smart and/or concerned about students, they would work with the student government on little joint projects to improve student life. At the very least, they should try to give the student government something positive to do, and in the process I'm sure campus life could only improve by whatever was done. As it is, Preston's only involvement with Polity is not in the form of a helpful guiding

hand from above. He only condescends to deal with us when he wants either a rubber stamp for some administrative scheme or else to smack us across the face. The recent budget problems were caused by Preston's refusal to accept the budget passed by the Senate out of sheer spite (no really, he has no logical reasons for doing what he did whatsoever... anyone that doubts this should have attended the first - and probably last - Senate meeting that Preston actually came to this year). Probably he did this because of the impeachment of his personal pet, Polity President Jonnel Dorris by last year's Senate. Whatever the case may be, I sure hope Jonnel is doing just fine in his new job interning for Preston (what's that stereotype about interns?). I hope being Polity President helped him get that job, because then at least we could say that we definitely do help some students on this campus. Although I suppose the students making \$70 to \$100 weekly stipends working for Polity are being helped as well, or maybe helping themselves, as the case may be.

Well in any event, we shouldn't wait around for a mandate from Fred Preston to fix Polity's problems. The first key with the Senate is to make at least part of that body elected by, and accountable to, the students on this campus. As it is, each individual LEG is controlled by very small elites. How can the Senate possibly claim to represent the student body when they're selected by an incredibly small number of people? I would like to see the establishment of political parties on this campus, formed and supported by different clubs and organizations, that put themselves up for election and receive representation in the Senate based on their share of the vote. With voter turnout of about 7% under our current system, we need more constructive politics of the sort brought about by political parties. It could only increase voter turnout from levels that are ridiculously low (by any standards... voter turnout, once upon a time, was much higher). For those that worry about parties being divisive, make no mistake: parties exist anyway right now. They just consist of very small groups of friends, many of whom know they can get Polity jobs if their friend happens to win. Once the Senate is fixed and made to represent the Stony Brook campus, I don't doubt that the rest of the problems will begin to be solved. What's missing from Polity is accountability and responsibility, and those have to be imposed by the campus community itself.

## Editorial: The Press, 2 Legit 2 Quit

This paper is far too respectable. Our hard-nosed adherence to deadlines, strict AP style format and the high standards in the quality of our writing has cultivated a reputation that does not serve our interests. Effective immediately, The Press would like to publicly reaffirm our long-standing commitment to mediocrity.

Our recent stretch of legitimacy is a disgrace to those who have fallen short before us. The Press was founded on a tradition of inferiority and who are we to tread on that tradition with our filthy boots of success and prestige? Earning our bragging rights as the award-winningest newspaper around, doesn't justify our leaving the bottom-of-the-barrel unscraped. Queue up the bugles and make with the mourning, for the beacon of fine journalism you come to refer to as the Stony Brook Press has achieved its last.

What's that you say? The Stony Brook Press isn't all that good? You can't even remember the last time you saw an issue on the stands? Not that you would give a second glance to a predictable, low-class, liberal mouthpiece like The Press, anyway? At its best The Press is just self-indulgent choir-preaching that is just as suited to line your birdcage as last week's Statesman?

Well it's a good thing that we don't give a shit what you think. Otherwise we might have to subject your snide ass to such unspeakable horrors as a philosophical argument with Squirrel or a Top Ten brainstorming session. That's right punk, we're unfuck-withable and as part of our recaptured disreputability, you can expect to hear from us

next time you start squawking out some half-baked opinion about how things should be done. Policies of the past be damned, The Press is now responding to our letters. Forget about 'not dignifying it with a response.' Oh, we'll dignify it, all right.

Furthermore, it has been far too long since someone motioned to defund this paper. I mean for the love of God, does an editor have to spend Polity money on crack-cocaine in order to raise an offended eyebrow these days? We fondly hearken back to a time when the mere mention of Tupac Shakur's name was taboo in the office, lest the angry mob be aponst us. Oh sure, there was the whole Secret Service fiasco, but look how that turned out, we made national news and came out looking like the poster-children for free speech. Where was the public outcry? Where was the demand that we apologize? Clearly you all think too highly of us. As God is our witness, we WILL sink lower.

It is not enough, however for us to merely squander our credibility and enrage the public. We will borrow further from the model of American government: to strengthen our cause, we will find ourselves an enemy. Yes, the kinder, gentler Press of recent history has been without nemesis and has paid the price with our diminished morale, vitriol and comedic malevolence. Even our website has suffered. The jolly, door-pissing mayhem of yesteryear is only an enemy away and we're moving to DEF-CON 2. so watch it.

*The Press* will be producing an issue during the upcoming intersession. Submissions can be e-mailed to [stonypress@hotmail.com](mailto:stonypress@hotmail.com). Give us content or we will fill space with big black boxes like this one.

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# Polity's Playhouse

By Jamie Mignone

The November 28 Senate meeting was uneventful this week. They were able to agree on a few points, kinda. After being threatened by VP of student affairs Fred Preston, Senate has to get its ass in gear or remain in its current state; a badly produced, never-ending episode of the Muppet Show.

Polity voted to form a committee of a few representatives from each branch whose purpose is to get its ass in gear. They are to discuss all matters of the student government in a condensed version of the larger body a-la-orange-juice-in-a-can. The body will meet outside of the senate meeting and will attempt to solve the ongoing Muppet election problem and they will attempt to amend the constitution.

Why are they avoiding consensus thus undermining democracy? First of all, their democracy currently doesn't work. Secondly, this is a suggestion of Dr. Evil, er, Preston.

His specific problem with Polity is the result of the election...and the election...and the election. The runoff election for Head-Muppet had a voter turnout of less than two hundred. Preston says that this is not representative of the student body. He also had no problem with last years' runoffs that had an EVEN LOWER TURNOUT. Last week, when presented with this information he said, "it must have slipped by" while his crooked grin sparkled like his shoeshine.

A suggestion made to resolve voter apathy problems amongst non-voting Fraggles was the proposal to have an internet vote. This has been very suc-

cessful at other universities on Long Island, and considering the amount of classes we take that require internet usage, to incorporate a vote into the black-board system or SOAR would substantially increase the number of voters. Perhaps Polity should go as far as to force people to vote before they can log into these systems. It would eliminate Preston's qualms and election costs.

The internet as a resource for candidate information could also be a dramatic step toward voter education. Rather than using the flyers that are posted by hopeful office-holders to encourage voters (that usually are effective in averting the eyes of passers-by with their obnoxious fluorescent eyesority), ACTUAL INFORMATION could be presented about the candidates.

OK, Polity did some other stuff too.

NYPIRG updated Polity on its doings thus far in the semester, and asked for support in its current anti-higher education drug clause campaign. The law says that any drug-offense-convicted person cannot receive financial aid. When compared to the ethnic cross-section of drug users and those convicted for drug use, this law is shown to target minorities because cops and judges and the entire legal system target minorities. And the part NYPIRG representative Tim Sostrin thinks is "the most fucked-up" is the lack of a similar law for violent crime offenders. Tim accidentally got Polity's attention with his verbiage, and they agreed (after a series of trite semantic problems dealing with how polity will say "OK, we will

sign your paper"), to support NYPIRG.

Some folks at this Wednesday's meeting created a list of complaints that they will bring to the administration along with a protest. Among the complaints are "the phenomenal rates of campus dining." It seems that some students are frightened by the fact that several students are eating. This is an unprecedented call for alarm, this tragically high consumption of food on the part of the student body, so alarming in fact, that one finds it necessary to "take it to Shirley." Another complaint on the list reads "the miniscule amount of parking on campus." Perhaps students are so hungry that they are running to campus eateries without the thought of bringing their vehicles to hasten their mission. Another problem to be addressed is the "lack of campus wide student awareness of their rights and of the organizations available to us." This is a genuine shame. Fat students are being abused while their numbers are dramatically increasing as campus dining rates increase, according to this odd flyer. Also, despite Polity's approval of NYPIRG's various projects, the publishers of the flyer seem to not appreciate "poor services campus wide."

So, polity is trying to get "it's act together" as Preston prescribed (or else), NYPIRG's doin' its thing, and some senators have some unusual complaints, but all in all, things seem to be pretty linear, as if Polity might actually be doing something. Some participants speak for the sake of making noise, but some do their jobs well, despite the circumstances.

## Freedom Fest, A Feminist Event to Save Lives

By Andrea Leeson

Freedom Fest occurred for its second time last night in the Colours Café of the Student Union. The goal of the event was to raise funds to help women of Afghanistan, who are oppressed, tortured, and murdered by the Taliban regime.

It is interesting to note that Freedom Fest was also held last year, before the tragedy of September 11th. For Afghan women, the struggle started long before, and the Feminist Majority has never ignored that fact. Women were truly the first victims of the Taliban.

Freedom Fest 2001 began with poet Hypatia Martinez. She transmitted the plight and the severe conditions of life for one Afghan woman through her own reading, with her voice soft, yet demanding of attention. Her voice spread through the room as students and young people waited to see exactly what this was all about.

After Martinez, a video was shown. The audience learned that women in Afghanistan cannot speak out loud on the street, or wear shoes that might make noise. Their fingers are cut off for wearing nail polish, and they are hanged for any indication of adul-

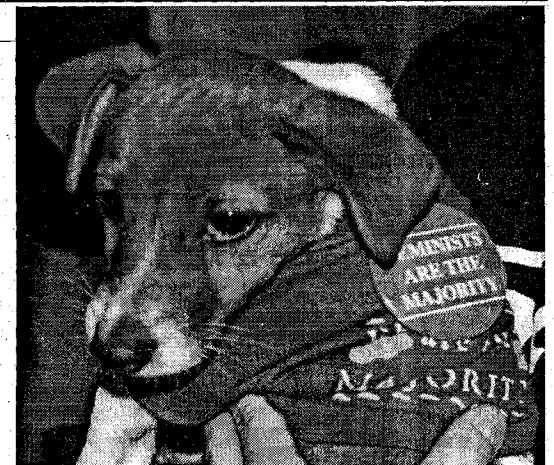
tery. At the event swatches of burqua were sold. Small blue fabric woven with tiny holes were attached to information cards giving facts of the women's lives. In Afghanistan these burqua must be worn by women at all times, covering their faces and entire bodies; punishment for a sock or ankle showing is sometimes death. Windows in their homes are painted black.

Before Taliban rule, women made up 51% of the work force. In 1996 the Taliban took over and has since banned women and girls from school and work. They cannot walk outside without a male escort. Life was once closer to normal. Women were doctors, politicians, students. They are now unable to practice medicine, and oddly, are banned from being medically examined by any male.

Women and girls are being tortured and murdered. There are reports of a woman who was stoned to death for attempting to flee Afghanistan. Another woman was hanged for allegations of prostitution, and another killed for running a homeschool for girls. These are not isolated incidents. There is video footage of many such incidents, as well as an elderly woman being beaten for accidentally showing her ankle beneath her burqua.

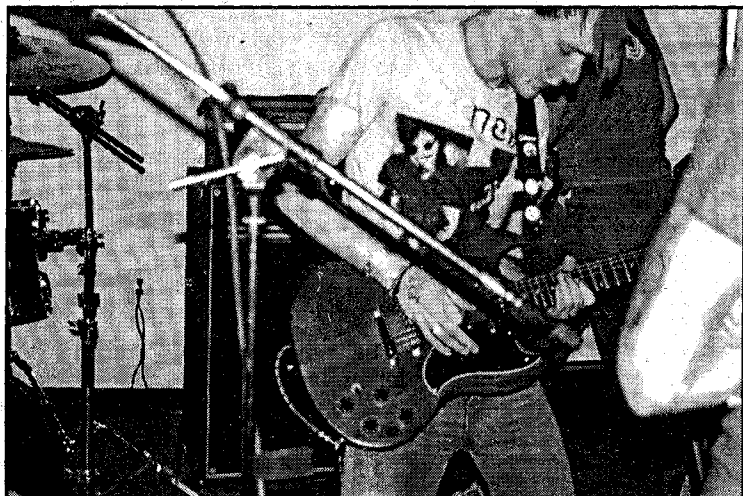
A symbol demanding equality for women was marked in permanent ink upon guests' hands as a sign that they had donated money to the cause. The emcee told us that tomorrow when someone asks what the symbol means we should tell them all that we had learned that night; we should, and must, spread the knowledge and the information. Lives depend on it.

Folk singer Rachel Jacobs performed an emotional set, and was followed by emoband, On the Might of Princes. It seems On the Might of Princes has quite a following, and played



one of the best shows I've seen at Stony Brook in quite awhile. Congratulations and thanks must go out to the Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance for being able to have a successful indie rock show on this campus. Students were not harassed or pat down for weapons. Guests paid a suggested donation to enter. It was a great show in the form of all great indie rock shows- no hassles and good music.

Last night the Feminist Majority did their part in saving the lives of so many women. Last night they raised a very important awareness and very important donations. In a press statement regarding the event, members Diana DiGibraldi and Amber Fales said the purpose for Freedom Fest is to "help women of Afghanistan pick up their hearts, their hopes, and their lives." This is not the FMLA's only event. Join them. Their office is in the union, rm. 223. Or email them at USBFMLA@yahoo.com. They will inform you and help you to inform others. They follow the belief that anyone, male or female, rich or poor, young or old, can be a feminist. Their definition of feminism is a simple one. It is the policy, practice, or advocacy of political, economic, and social equality for women. Leave your stereotypes and misinformed ideas at the door, and open your minds to social change.



# Gender Apartheid in Afghanistan

By Diana Gibaldi and Amber Fales

There is a Cheyenne proverb that says, "A nation is not conquered until the hearts of its women are on the ground." Presently there exists a nation where women's hearts, hopes and lives have been pinned to the ground under an oppressive, violent, and extremist militia known as the

Taliban; and the nation is Afghanistan. Although the awareness about this crisis has heightened in the past couple of months the Taliban's dehumanizing treatment of women has been going on for over six years. Before the Taliban seized Afghanistan women were doctors, lawyers, teachers, and students; every aspect of freedom and quality has been stripped away and denied to them for the past six or seven years. Imagine all of your female friends (and yourself if you are a woman) suddenly disappearing from doctor's offices, classrooms, television, factories, and politics. Imagine never seeing the face of your female friends and loved ones again except through the thick screens of a burqua or opaquely painted windows.

Here in America most of us know little about these women, about their lives. Most of us know very little about the kind of suffering these women have had to endure. It is very easy to look at an Afghan woman depicted on the news in full burqua as a helpless, hopeless victim of an alien culture suffering a form of injustice that seems unbelievable and untouchable. Some of these women, though by no means all, may indeed feel

hopeless. They probably see the crisscrossing lines of their burquas in their sleep. They are for sure victims, but they are not helpless. The women of Afghanistan, whether courageously ingesting painful poisons or bravely attending underground, illegal schools are fighting the sit-



uation they have found themselves in. We at the Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance (FMLA) recognize the magnificent struggle these women face and are awed by the resistance they demonstrate. Last year near the close of the fall semester the FMLA organized an event called Freedom Fest to raise awareness and money for the women in Afghanistan. It was held at the spot and featured speakers, poets, musicians, and a documentary film called Shrouds of Silence produced by the national organization Feminist Majority Foundation (FMF). Crafts and swatches of burqua all made by Afghan refugees were sold and a donation box circulated the room throughout the night. All of the money raised (over \$1,000) at the event was sent to the FMF and was used to help fund the underground schools for women in Afghanistan.

Throughout this semester the FMLA has been organizing another Freedom Fest, which will take place on November 29th, 2001. It will be held at Colours Cafe in the basement of the Union starting at 8pm. There will be a showing of Shrouds of Silence, speakers including Sister Sanaa, poets, and musicians including punk/emo band On the Might of Princes. We will be selling crafts and swatches and taking donation; and the money will once again be used to help fund the underground schools, to help Afghan women help themselves.

If you have any questions about this event or about the FMLA please contact us at 632-4292 or [usbfmla@yahoo.com](mailto:usbfmla@yahoo.com). We hope that everyone will come together at this event to help women of Afghanistan pick up their hearts, their hopes, and their lives.

## F-Words for P-Stuff

By Jamie Mignone

Yeah. Polity. Fun...Right. So I was asked to cover Dr. Fred Preston's address to Polity on the fourteenth. Sucked. They hate him. He hates them. I now distrust everyone involved.

I was reminded of my experiences as a child. When I was a little cynic, My family moved a lot. Upon enrolling in a new school, I would become the alienated one by default. I knew better than to attempt making friends because I would be leaving in three months anyway. So, I was never socialized like most kids. This gave me a unique perspective. I was always the outside observer, but I could still understand what was going on. I would see the fifth-graders pick on the third-graders, all the while the adults would make for an environment conducive to nothing.

Because I had no friends, the adult faculty saw me as abnormal, a problem. I saw no point in playing nice with the other kids. They were mean to me in general, being that new kid every year. This gave me a lot of time to do my work. I never had a problem that wasn't authority related in my schooling. I had reached a point where I had been assigned all the work from a certain school's curriculum, and completed it with ease. My instructor asked the principle to advance me to a higher grade, but he refused; it was considered bad for my "socialization process".

So basically, the kids sucked, the administration sucked, and I just wanted to be

left alone with my books. I liked to learn. Everybody else liked to play. The people in charge didn't like anything, and, looking back on it, probably didn't value their lives.

What's this got to do with polity? Basically, the kids can't get anything done and nobody votes in their elections, the administration doesn't let them make any progress with the resources they do have, and I still just want to be left alone with my books.

Dr. Preston told polity, in so many words, that if they don't play nice, they're gonna have to go take time-out and think about what they've done until they're ready to apologize. Then they'll get milk and cookies. The administration is not going to recognize the recent elections, in which only one hundred fifty-four students voted. If polity doesn't organize it self to "better serve the student body" and "straighten up it's act", Dr. Preston will decertify it. This means that OUR activities fees, which are OUR MONEY WILL NOT BE IN OUR CONTROL. I find this funny. Ha ha.

This mandate is the reaction to the third election held. The other two were not recognized by the administration, and neither will a fourth.

If asked to vote on the same issue more than once until a higher authority is satisfied with the result is to be told that YOUR VOTE DOES NOT MATTER. The other kids are too busy socializing to bother voting. This is a result of the "progressive" public education system. You and your kind, Dr. Preston, have

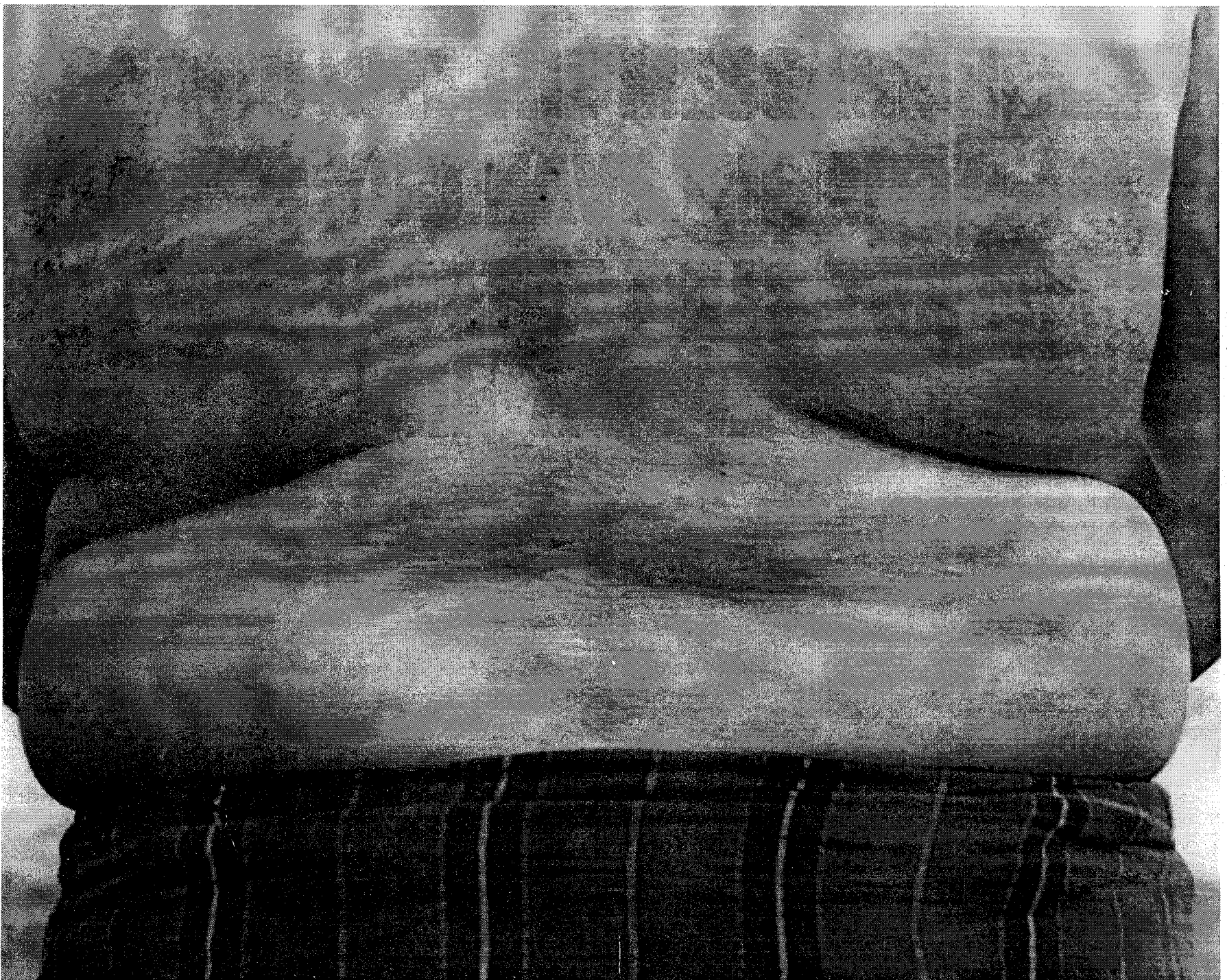
made it this way. You will have the kids play nice no matter what, even at the price of having to subordinate education and actual progress to your causes. This is why I hate you. This is why I hate most of the people my age. I don't do what I'm told. They do.

So, I spoke to Dr. Preston briefly. Those crooked teeth should be made of gold. That man has close ties with Satan. "Who gets control of the money if polity doesn't?", seems to be a simple question, which would imply a simple answer, and in no circumstances should be answered with something intended to confuse the inquisitor while actually having no meaning at all, right? I laugh again. Ha ha. Dr. Preston said something along the lines of blah-blah-blah-yackety-schmackety, followed by something about the student body magically manifesting its representation in a new polity (despite the fact that because of his authority, their current votes don't matter, so they don't vote). Wow, that's going to be really cool, a new polity will fall from heaven, and lead the student body to Zion, and the administration will embrace this new organization like a newborn baby made of solid gold.

Yeah, so, you won't see me at any more senate meetings. If you do see me, please don't talk to me about polity. I don't care. If it goes bye-bye, I want my mandatory activities fee back. Screw this paper if the administration funds it. It'll be like Bizarro Statesman from the Phantom Zone.



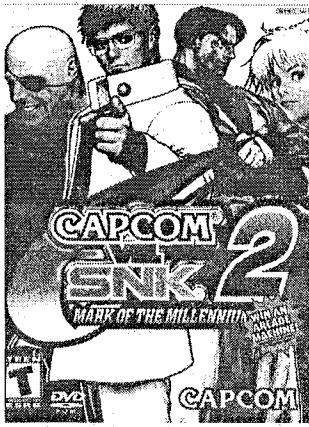
**THERE IS AN ANCIENT SCIENCE WHEREIN  
THROUGH INTENSE MEDITATION, ONE TRIES  
TO DIVINE ALIEN MANDATES, CARVED INTO  
THE BACK-FAT OF THE SCI-FI COMMUNITY  
DO YOU SEE THE MESSAGE HERE?  
DO YOU HAVE THE GIFT?  
THE BACKFAT TELLS YOU TO  
JOIN *THE PRESS***



By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

**Capcom Vs. SNK 2**  
Developer: Capcom  
System: Playstation 2

Many people would call me crazy for dropping 50 bucks on a Street Fighter Game. They say that the 2-D fighting games are whack. They say Tekken 4 and Dead or Alive are the shit. Well I say my biznitch is the shiznit and you can cram your 3rd dimension up your pooper.



CvS2 is the penultimate fighting game. 44+ fighters gleaned from a wide array of Capcom and SNK games (Street Fighter, Fatal Fury, Samurai Showdown, Rival Schools, Final Fight, Darkstalkers and the like) come together in an epilepsy-inducing brawl. On top of the disgusting array of characters there is 6 "grooves" that alter the basic mechanics of character movement and super-moves, and the ability to decide the power and toughness of each character on your (up to) 3-man team. Suffice to say that's a damn load of options. And, as any fighting game aficionado will attest that it is the combination of customizability and a large and varied selection of characters that make or break a game. So CvS2 has that in spades; not to mention the thick layer of nostalgia that makes the game so appealing to anybody who remembers trekking to the mall and pumping 10 bucks into your favorite fighting game.

Both intricate and classical CvS2 provides an enjoyable gaming experience to any Play station 2 owners. While it may not have the mind-blowing graphics of some recent games it does have the depth of gameplay and learning curve that lets the game retain its playability after the initial flash is gone. It's a new classic, but like any classic game there are areas that could use some polish. It wouldn't have hurt to redo the character palettes for the fighters as many of the art styles clash or (especially on some of the less know characters) seems sadly dated. The music isn't so hot nor is the atrocious announcer who hawks every match like he's simultaneously selling a juicing machine and preaching the end of the world.

All in all CvS2 is certainly a game worth having if you've got the PS2 and is a must have for any fighting fan.

## Nocturnals

Artists: Dan Brenton  
Publisher: Oni Press

Good Christ I hate Goth Comics! Normally I'm the first person to "Brava!" the latest other-than-superhero comic to make it onto the cluttered shelf of my comic store but Goth Comics is where I draw the line. Why is it that the most puerile sub-culture on the planet managed to trump Marvel comics in their capacity for producing pure drivel? That's right Goth Comics suck; they make me beg for the Justice League. They suck in ways that I thought only your mother could suck. Even the closest to tolerable gothic, Johnny the Homicidal Maniac, would be better titled: Sucky the Suckicidal Suckiac.

So because I enjoy Brenton's Nocturnals I need to rationalize pulling it out of the realm of Goth comic. To this extent I am laboring to force my local comic shop to move it away from that rack of dreary unfunny tripe to a more suitable locale.

Anyway. Brenton is nifty; his book (which exists primarily in mini-series or one-shot format) is



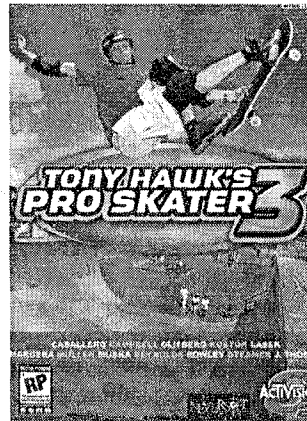
a delight. Sure the characters are hokey archetypes (almost in the old Universal B-Monster Movie way) but they are surprisingly well thought out. The art, Brenton paints the entire book, doesn't have the smarmy Spielbergian humanism you find in Alex Ross works and while rough around the edges this works to evoke the dark atmosphere that his characters inhabit. Nocturnals plots normally revolve around powerful undead or demonic figures mucking things up for our stereotypically diverse cast of occult heroes. While this is certainly trite it is refreshingly so. It is the absence of Gothic self-deprecation, pompous romanticism and mediocre cynicism that keeps Nocturnals on my shelf. Just watch your ass Brenton and don't let the Bauhaus music get you down.

**Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3**  
Developer: Activision and Neversoft  
System: Playstation 2

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3 is simply the best game available for the Playstation 2. It is, for lack of a better word, perfect. Building off the excellent THPS 1 & 2, Pro Skater 3 takes the amazing trick system of those games and exponentially increases the "fucking-awesome-coolosity" aspect of it. Hordes of new tricks and links between tricks fully realize the vigor and elegance of skateboarding, while taking it over the top to wow the player and the onlookers.

Pro Skater 3 has everything you could ask for. It has a spanking multi-player mode, fully editable skaters and skate parks (in addition to the 13 luminaries of professional skating, 7 unlockable skaters and 40 plus hidden skaters), broadband online play, seamless graphics and a rock ass sound track.

There simply is not a criticism to be levied against Pro Skater 3 that won't make the criticizer look foolish and "ignant." One could say that eventually the soundtrack may begin to grate on you (after all one can only hear Alien Ant Farm so many times) but even this is a irrelevant critique; after all you have total control over the playlist, can switch from music to ambiance, and the songs themselves present a higher caliber of music than any other game on the market. So get your ass off the couch, get the game and get your ass back on the couch.

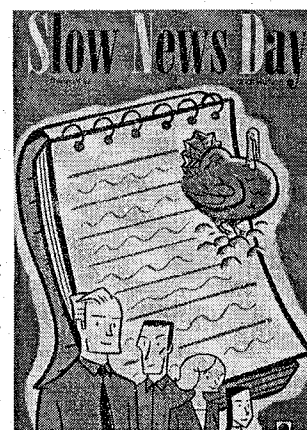


## Slow News Day

Artists: Andi Watson  
Publisher: Slave Labor Graphics

Andi Watson has long been one of the most intriguing voices in the comic community, Watson's minimalist art and heartfelt personable characters have brought grace and maturity to a medium drowning in spandex and testosterone. In Slow News Day Watson brings us the story of Katherine an American doing an internship at a local newspaper in the British countryside. Spot on in his depiction of small paper politics and small town ideologies (not to mention the subtle but enormous differences between American and English culture and language) Watson truly brings his story, characters and locale to life.

With intriguing pacing and a modern-traditional layout Watson's art meshes seamlessly with his plots. Slow News Day manages to be smart without



being obnoxious, gracious without being grating and all around possessing of a wonderfully emotive understatement in all that it sets out to do. Additionally, Watson takes the smartest of routes in the comics world by establishing his story as a six-issue mini-series rather than the slow dive into mediocrity that often accompanies any lengthy run. Anyone who is interested in comics or who never thought that a comic could be interesting should pick this up and give it a good read.

## Lucifer

Artists: Mike Carey and Dean Ormston  
Publisher: Vertigo (a subsidy of DC comics)

Lucifer (Satan for those of a less Judeo-Christian slant) tells the story of the former archangel, and former ruler of hell (having abandoned his role as ruler of Hell to the staple Vertigo character Morpheus in an early Sandman series). Having had it up to the proverbial here with God Lucifer has decided to create his own universe where God has no sway. Such is the enormity of plot in Lucifer; an impressive title form the predominately impressive Vertigo line-up that is rounding into the home stretch of its second year.

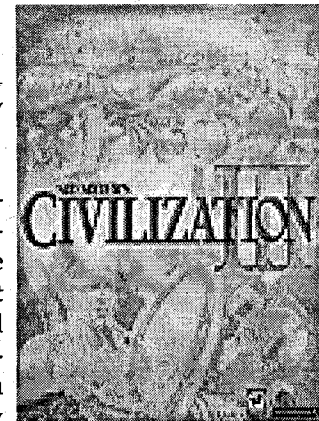
While the plot has been grandiose, readers have delighted in Carey's tangential forays into the politics of hell and the family bonding of Lucifer's right-hand woman Mazikeen. It is these subplots and diversions that have kept Lucifer from rushing its plot so fast that any significance of metaphor or allegory would be lost. And we'll have none of that thank you. It's rather atrocious to label something a modern (or worse post-modern) fable but that is what Lucifer is at its heart. It certainly shares this aspect with its immediate precursor (Neil Gaiman's much lauded Sandman series) as well as sharing its parent books love for the mystic, occult and biblical as point of reference.

Lucifer is not a book that pulls its punches in depicting the cruelty of reality or the hierocracy of God and man. As such it often, although certainly tastefully, lives up to it's Suggested For Mature readers cover stamp. If for no other reason than to read an excellent portrayal of Gods number one enemy as cold, calculating and driven by a fierce idealism rather than a loathsome beast of irrevocable evil. If you liked Sandman and have been thirsting for a series of that ilk it can't hurt to put this on your list.

## Civilization 3

Developer: Firaxis and Hasbro, published by Infogrames  
System: PC

There is something about ridiculously tedious, intricate strategy games that make me stay up until 5 am. Call it an addiction call it what you will but a game like Civ 3 really rubs my sweet spot. Like all of Sid Meier's Civ Games you control the fate and daily humdrum of a historical empire from the pre-biblical era to the near future. Civ 3 addresses many of the concerns of the prior two games by balancing the games military systems and fleshing out its diplomatic and scientific aspects. Adding significantly to Prior Civ gameplay is the inclusion of a Culture determinant. Your civilization generates a Cultural influence on the civiliza-





# Get Ur Geek On (Continued from pg 8)

tions around you that can work to alter their diplomatic states, cause cities to defect to (or away from) you as well as providing a possible path to winning through cultural dominance of the globe.

Fans of the prior Civ and Alpha Centauri games will be immediately comfortable with Civ 3's layout and interface, which, while at times confounding, becomes easily navigatable after a small effort of familiarization. Cities have separate screens that detail all the necessary information and give near total control over its management. If this proves too boring you can regulate city management to a customizable "governor."

Management shortcuts like this abound in Civ 3; but it is my experience that the appeal of the Civ Games — lays in its dizzying minutiae. Unfortunately this is an aspect of the game that you either love or hate and the addition of the management shortcuts do make the game more accessible to players who want a little less investment in their entertainment.

With this iteration of the classic Civ format the graphics, sounds and animations have been "kicked up a notch" and although all of these pale in comparison to many popular games on the PC (though in Civ 3's defense none of those flashy games has the depth of the Civ

series) they certainly are sufficient if not pleasing to the eyes and ears. Although special mention should be made of the background music of the game which eerily fits and soothes the player.

The standard criticism of the Civ games still exists: That the game bogs down at the later years through the oft-lengthy necessities of city management and the waiting time for the computer civilizations to complete its moves which is a tad ridiculous to be experiencing on any computer that is up to snuff these days. Still beyond that Civ 3 is a damn good buy for any strategy or history minded gamer and certainly a must-have for players of the prior two incarnations.

## Congratulations...It's An Alligator Boy

By Chris Stackowicz

How those signs on the door, in their attempt at warning potential audience members of the content worked. First, they set the stage and gave a precursor for all to know that the performer was going to undress. And secondly, they advertised. In the same way that the Sensation show was all about the advertising and the potential for the work to offend or cross borders that only art somehow can. The advertisements are still on the door now, detritus of the event of October 31, 2001, when Glenn Webb performed, as are the videos of the performance, not nearly as shocking as the actual performance may or may not have been.

It's not very often that there is a "performance" on campus, especially of the "art" kind. So the vocabulary has to change in order to discuss it or critique it. One can't discuss it in the way they can discuss a Broadway play or show- they could but it makes no sense when the context is quite different- nor can they discuss it in the way of seeing "art," that senseless object of curiosity, stationary and awaiting us to deliver meaning upon it. So how can one talk about this type of "performance" that blurs so many different boundaries? Do we discuss the formal aspects of the stage, setting, lights, etc.? Or do we discuss it along the lines of effective narrative? If I could discuss it along the lines of effective narrative (which I tried to do in a critique with the artist), I come to an impasse. How does one discuss the effectiveness of narrative when it's a personal story? Can I possibly say, "Well Glenn, I didn't like your narrative (i.e., I didn't like the way you let us in on the events of your past and your personal interpretation of them)." For that matter, I can't really judge it along those lines. It fails to follow our conventional rules for narrative because the story itself is about two consecutive narratives, two consecutive dialogues, diagetically freezing us in a certain moment. At once we are shown both the birth of the Alligator

Boy and the near death by bludgeoning of Ben. And thrown into the mix as a sort of maypole from which to sing these two stories lies the Mother who self describes herself as a "Puzzle." So these are the characters to the performance. Glenn Webb, playing Alligator Boy and Glenn Webb and the Narrator for both the video back drop and the "Ben" storyline, does a remarkable job at the beginning. He gives us the staging, for which we are placed in a hay filled carnival tent. The audience packs itself in, friends and spectacle observers, all here sweaty and cramped amid the allergic air. One Professor even stations himself at the door warning of overcrowding that "the Fire Marshall may have to come by and stop the performance." Another professor lovingly dotes herself upon the scene ensuring that all technical difficulties work themselves through with ease and simplicity and that technically everything goes off without a hitch, which it does. The lights are already dimmed and then the video begins rolling. The audience begins to accumulate evidence of the birth of

this boy who is other, who is alligator, who is not one of them-even highlighted by a chant, though even more so through video footage of family photos with the little boy cut out and replaced by a reptilian skin that oozes from below the surface of the picture. Needless to say the performance goes on, the alligator boy appears, the bride/mother/puzzle appears. A really great moment occurs when they pick up these eggs,

hold them and caress them for a while and then simultaneously smash them to the ground. And what to our wondering eyes do appear, but two tiny alligator boys nestled inside. She holds hers up with disgust, while he/it lovingly cradles his. Short little snippets follow such as the banging on the table and the customary backwards writing on the wall with Lipstick. Then, the storyline changes and the viewer was forced to make some type of conjunction with the previous plot and the one now occurring. One, in which the Alligator Boy, strips himself down to nothing but his human flesh, and collapses on the stage wrapping himself in a sheet. A

shorter story follows, based on a gay-bashing incident that I believe through logical deduction, occurs simultaneously with the birth of the Alligator Boy (though the intro scenes of the Alligator Boy as already Alligator, shown in the family photos, cause me some confusion as whether we are being informed of an already existent but dormant character that only surfaces with the Ben incident. Or whether the Ben incident is in parallel occurrence with the birth of this newly recognized otherness.

If the first is true, then Glenn is offering even more than his personal story. He gives us what his political bent toward "queerness" is, i.e., that queerness is a gender disposition from birth and not a sudden revelation within one's life, a sudden recognition of the fact that "Oh my God, I'm Queer!" However, if the second reading offered above is right then it is a mixture of both, that with this incident recognition of dormant gender/sexuality tendencies appear, and therefore, the Alligator Boy's eggs which have been pre-laid are finally able to hatch. But then again I could be reading way more into this than need be, though as I understand the performance, it is about being queer and the recognition of one's own queerness and the events in life that trigger the absolute realization of it, events that make one stop skirting their identity issues and allow themselves to see themselves as who they really are.) It is at this point in the performance that the uncomfortability with the hay, the amount of people and the length of the performance started to factor into my perception of it. The Ben account truly seemed like a second act, and was quite difficult to interweave.

as it does first get mentioned after the entire video and clothed segment. During this stage as I'll call it, Glenn undressed recounts with emotional intensity



the events of the beating of Ben, the events which while sad and gruesome also lead him to recognize fully his otherness. Yet, this stage seems quite contrived. As an audience member I'm not really sure whether the first part, despite its well choreographed nature was the "real" part of the performance, and the second part even in its bare

nakedness, was not an "act." It becomes difficult for an audience to empathize with a performer when they are so overwrought with emotion. The overwrought nature has been seen one too many times on television and in the movies for people to truly believe. I'm not trying to be completely demeaning of it, because I know those were real emotions. But as an audience member, one questions emotional release on stage as something that is always staged. And with the spectacle nature of the nudity, it seems in its effort to convey the naked truth, to be the most distorted and unexciting part of the performance. There was expectation of this segment by the signs on the door and like anything with expectations, our serenity and peace of mind in viewing, our very pleasure in viewing is inversely proportionate to our levels of

expectation. Because we expected this part, it would have had to be astonishingly more than we could possibly comprehend for us to come away saying "Wow, that part blew me away!" Instead the first half of the performance, the unexpected beginning, makes one see serious potential for direction in Glenn's work. The second half, left me and many others wanting more, needing more for it to satisfy the build up it had created for itself. But this performance comes off being very successful and should be judged that way. For a first "solo" performance on campus, Glenn showed a lot of inner strength in being willing to lay his personal life on the line and for all to see. Not too many of us would have that type of courage, especially in such an antagonistic and conservative academic setting to lay our lives and sexuality and history out for all to judge and be privy to. I look forward to seeing more of Glenn's performances and seeing the infinite potential only they can realize. The documentation and residue of the performance is open for viewing Monday 12-2pm, Wednesday 1-3pm & 4:15-6:15pm, and Thursday 4-5pm.

For more Alligator Boy go to [bluemeanie.art.sunysb.edu/~gatorboy](http://bluemeanie.art.sunysb.edu/~gatorboy)

# Afghanistan Remembered and Imagined

By Bev Bryan

Students and teachers crowded into SAC room 306 on November 28th for a talk given by Fahima Vorgetts about the recent history and near future of her native Afghanistan. The discussion, which focused on the role her countrywomen have and should play in the public life of Afghanistan, was part of the Graduate School's International Services International Focus lecture series.

The floors were covered with beautiful oriental rugs that Vorgetts encouraged visitors to sit on. In the midst of all the fabric Vorgetts began to speak with un-gaurded passion about her convictions about the Afghan people and what is necessary to restore peace to their country. She began by sharing her memories of a very different Afghanistan from the one we know today. Vorgetts was born, raised and attended college in this country existing in the not-so-distant past. This is the Afghanistan before the Soviets and before the US backed war for independence.

"As far as women's rights were concerned, it was never heaven but changes were coming," Vorgetts said. She talked about the 1960's when Afghanistan was holding it's first parliamentary elections and she was a little girl. Women were running for seats in the senate and various posts throughout the government. She described a country where women could be doctors and lawyers and many were but she also recalls feeling from a young age that women were unfairly treated.

Vorgetts said as she grew older she began to read and help with literacy classes eventually getting her degree in chemistry at university. Watching changes in Afghanistan she thought, "Four or five years from now we will have equal rights." She continued to think it year after year until the fighting began.

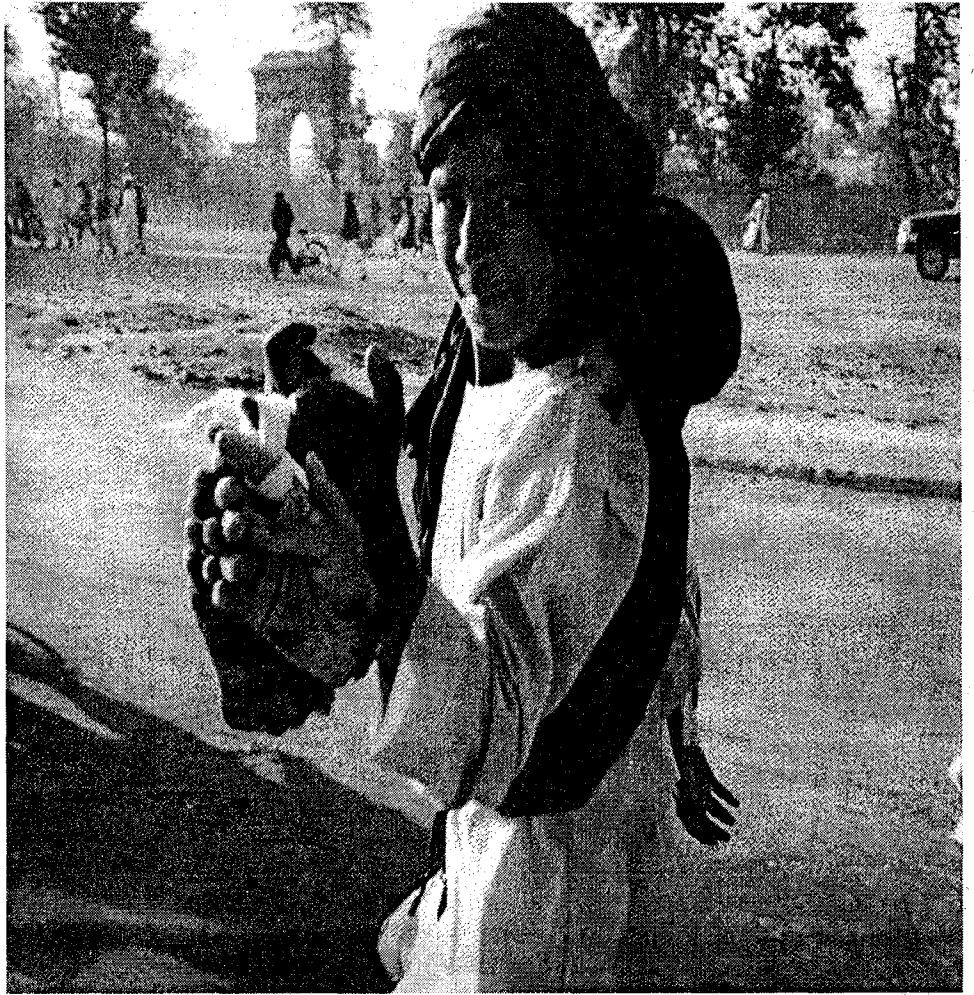
Vorgetts described Afghanistan as a neutral country in the cold-war world of the two super-powers. "The government of Afghanistan wanted a good relationship with the United States but the U.S. was busy with countries that had oil." She said by way of explaining how Afghanistan came to "throw herself in the arms of the Soviet Union." The

implication being that if the United States had acted with greater fore sight so many years ago Afghanistan would have had an easier time resisting absorption by the Soviet Union.

Women's rights improved under Soviet rule, Vorgetts observed. However, these gains were used against women after the Soviets were driven out by the CIA supported Mujahudeen (approximately "Freedom Fighters"). Under the brutality of the Mujahudeen, women who advocated for their rights would be called communists and prostitutes in the same breath-- the one equated with the other and both punishable by summary execution. All Afghans in those days were subject to random terror, especially women.

The Mujahudeen practiced a, by now, very familiar blend of thuggery and questionable religious fanaticism. In many ways they were worse than the Taliban. They fought amongst themselves for territory in the Kabul and behaved very much like the terrorist warlords of the ongoing civil wars in African nations like Nigeria. Tribal hatreds masked raw greed.

When Vorgetts did not describe them as



monsters she called them criminals and characterized their activities as nothing more than the bloodiest sort of organized crime.

She told the story of one armed member of the Mujahudeen stopping a boy on the street and asking for his bicycle. When the boy resisted the man shot him and took his bicycle.

One of their main terror tactics was singling out individual women for going to work or to school and later killing or raping them. They made no distinctions in terms of age. Families voluntarily began keeping their women at home.

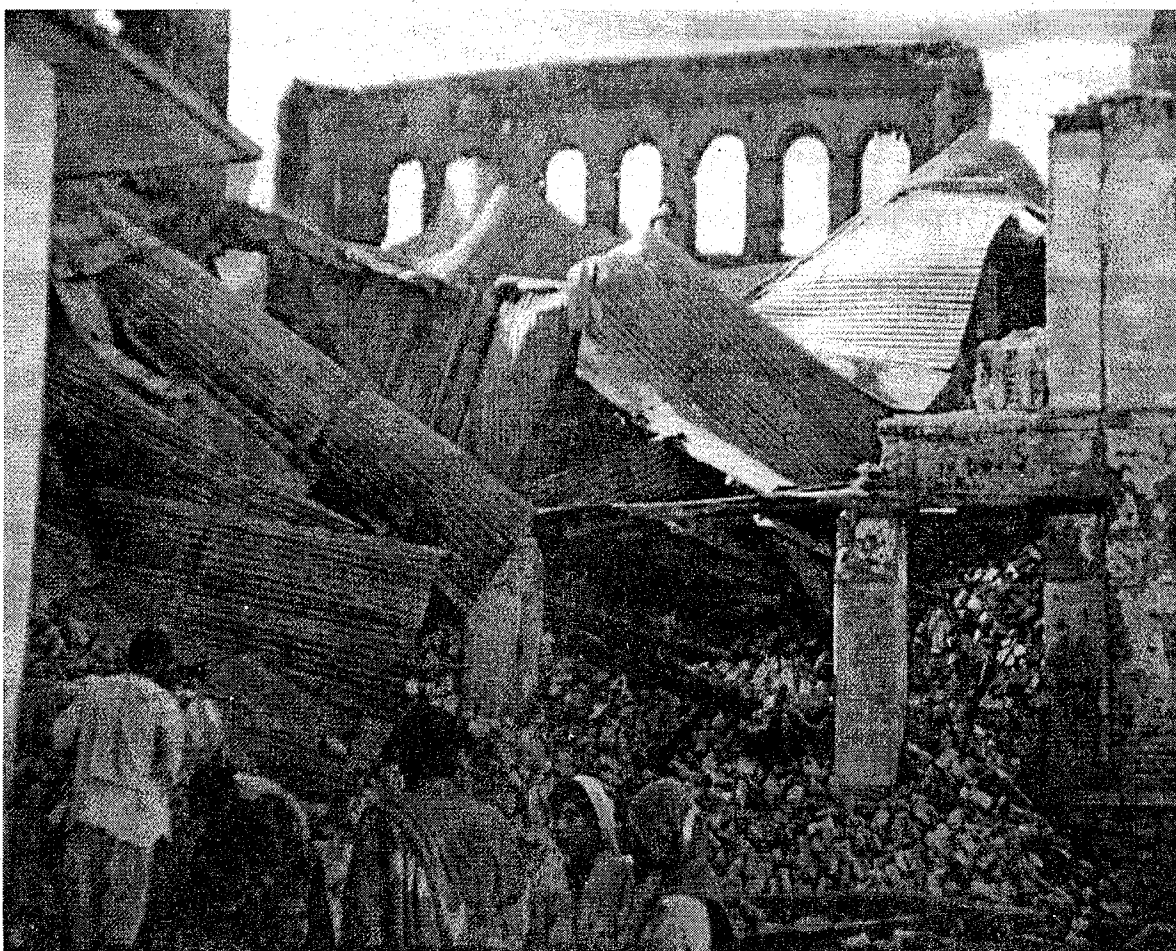
The Mujahudeen were able to draw their legitimacy from outside of Afghanistan when they could not have acquired it within by receiving international recognition. Today, the Mujahudeen call themselves the Northern Alliance

"The Mujahudeen made it easy for the Taliban to come to power," Vorgetts said, "The people wanted them at first." The Taliban promised to bring peace and stability to Afghanistan. It is now well known that they founded a government to continue the terror begun by the Mujahudeen. The violence against Afghan women was stepped up and made law.

"We were screaming and crying about the women's situation but the world did not listen...the world did not pay any attention because [the Afghans] were not needed anymore," Vorgetts said. She believes that if Afghanistan had remained strategically important after the end of the cold war and/or possessed oil the United States never would have allowed the violence to continue.

She went on to discuss the CIA's role in the war against the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. She told about schools called "madrasas" in Afghanistan and Pakistan which were originally funded by the CIA but which are now run by paramilitary organizations such as Al Qaeda. With broad support from the Pentagon they became pan-Muslim in their scope, training young men throughout the Southeast Asia and Africa.

They taught their largely illiterate and





# Afghanistan Remembered and Imagined cont...



poverty stricken student body weapons handling, bomb making, what Vorgetts called "wrong religion" which is to say the interpretation of Islam favored by the Taliban and general mayhem studies. When these students graduated there were no Reds left to fight but fighting was the only thing they knew. Vorgetts considers organizations like Al Qaeda the direct product of the madrasas. The only difference in the madrasas today that Vorgetts identifies is that those in Pakistan have had to remove the loudspeakers piping anti-America propaganda in the compounds.

The first bombing of the World Trade Center, the bombing in Tehran, Saudi Arabia, the embassy bombing in Kenya, all of these Vorgetts links to Al Qaeda. Furthermore, she alleges that the CIA was thoroughly aware of it when Osama Bin Ladin made the move from Sudan to Afghanistan. There was a joint decision that he should go to Afghanistan made between Sudan, The United States and Bin Ladin's native Saudi Arabia.

Sudan didn't want him because he got them in trouble, the Saudis wished to keep him from coming home because of the importance of the wealthy Saudi oil family he comes from and the United States didn't want to be responsible for his extradition, Vorgetts believes. Bin Ladin was, therefore sent to Afghanistan by the Sudan to the general satisfaction of everyone concerned. Once in Afghanistan Bin Ladin was able to form a very co-dependant and history making alliance with the Taliban.

The situation continued to fester, ignored by the international community. The destruction of some big statues of the Buddha by the Taliban oddly made headline and network news in America while human rights abuses were hidden in the back pages Vorgetts pointed out bitterly. "Buddha's destruction got more attention than the women of Afghanistan, than the children of Afghanistan," she said.

Vorgetts closed her speech saying, "There would not be any peace and freedom. There would not be any democracy without

women—if women are not part of the government. She mentioned specifically that no Afghan women were invited to a conference being held in Bonn, Germany by the United Nations to discuss the future of Afghanistan. She asserted that while the men were engaged in years of warfare, women were left to maintain what they could of civilization inside Afghanistan.

Following Vorgetts speech there was a lively question-and-answer period. She answered those who questioned both her belief that the U.S. had shirked her responsibility to Afghanistan and what they saw as her hope for help from the U.S. in rebuilding the country.

She did this by explaining her view of U.S. foreign policy, which she criticized as being short sighted. "I don't think they can see five years into the future," she said. "I have no trust in U.S. foreign policy. They always create more enemies... but all I am doing is hoping for a change in policy," Vorgetts said.

Forty million dollars in military support went to the Mujahudeen. Between aid from the U.S. and matching funds from the Saudis, Vorgetts added that the U.S. was sending aid to the Saudis, the Saudis were supporting the Taliban who were supporting Bin Ladin. She questioned President Bush's theorem that if you support terrorist then you are a terrorist. "Why [aren't] Saudis terrorists?" she asked.

She went on rather boldly to ask if the U.S. was really against Bin Ladin and drew a few laughs when she asked rhetorically in one answer "Have you heard anywhere in the world the CIA supported a democratic government?" "Everything is hidden behind the oil she cautioned.

Vorgetts was asked her opinion about the possible symbolic reinstatement of the 87 year old former king of Afghanistan as a unifying force around which to build a democratic government. She was generally in favor of this idea and she expressed a great deal of respect for the Organization of Revolutionary Women of Afghanistan (RAWA) who also support this plan. She expressed hope that U.N. Peacekeepers could be moved in soon so that such a plan could be implemented. "There are groups who want peace for Afghanistan but they do not have outside support or recognition," she said.



# TOP TEN Battle of the Century

Things You Will  
Eventually Get If you Lock  
100 Monkeys in a Room  
With 100 Typewriters

10 The Stony Brook Statesman

9 Romeo & Julisdfjkhkgugvukfycxgqwoi  
ahgqwuyibschbajsdhqbqybduybpvnas

8 Objectivist Fiction a la Ayn  
Rand

7 99 Dead Monkeys & 1 Monkey Holding a  
Femur, Next to a Monolith while *Sprach*  
*Zarathustra* plays on in the background

6 "Feces: To Throw or To Fling? A  
Critical Analysis"

5 The U.S. Senate

4 Helena Bonham Carter  
Erotica

3 Monkey Semen, lots and lots  
of Monkey Semen

2 Investigated by the ASPCA

1 All Work and No Bananas Makes Jack a  
Dull Monkey All Work and No Bananas  
Makes Jack a Dull Monkey All Work and  
No Bananas Makes Jack a Dull Monkey All  
Work and No Bananas Makes Jack a Dull  
Monkey All Work and No Bananas Makes Jack  
a Dull Monkey All Work and No Bananas

Jedi  
Knights

Buddhists

PRO

Yoda

Samuel L. Jackson

Deflection of Bullets

One With The Universe

The Jedi Mind Trick

Sir Alec Guinness Stout:  
The Offical Beer of the  
Jedi Knights

Industrial Light & Magic

If you paint a garbage  
pail like R2-D2, C-3PO  
will try to hump it, time  
and again

Light Sabres

Shaolin Monks kick ass

Buddha; kicks ass

One With The Universe

No Dark Side

No association with  
Ewoks

Dhali Lama; kicks ass

Mountain Strongholds

Nothing keeping you  
from going to Toshi  
Station to pick up your  
power converters

Englightenment Sabres

CON

Bottomless Pits

Close Personal  
Relations w/ Jar Jar  
Binks

Broken English

Swamp Livin'

Rampant Incest

With the Blast Shield  
down you can't even  
see

Force Fondeling?  
Not an acceptable  
use of The Force.

China's Tibetan  
Foreign Policy

Celibacy

Richard Gere

Self Immolation

Passive Resistance  
to Bullets

Stingy special  
effects budgets

Distinct lack of:  
Samuel L. Jackson



*THE STONY BROOK PRESS*, IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO SHARE OUR AWARD  
WINNING SENSE OF HUMOUR  
WITH THE YOUNGER  
GENERATIONS HAS DECIDED TO  
CONSOLIDATE SOME OF THE  
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PAST FEW  
YEARS INTO THIS ISSUE.  
YOU ARE ENCOURAGED TO  
LAUGH VERY LOUDLY WHILE YOU  
READ THE NEXT 8 PAGES.



# Tripled Up!

Hey aspiring actors!

RubyDice Ltd. is set to shoot their latest erotic film, right on your campus!

"Tripled Up!" is the heart-warming story of a virile college freshman who, due to a wacky mix-up in the housing office, ends up sharing a dorm room with two nubile young fresh-women!

And this could be your story!



RubyDice Ltd. is willing to negotiate to provide additional compensation for actors who is in possession any of the attributes listed below. Compensation will take to form of gratuitous extra snack-ums.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| • Open-Mic Free-Verse Poetry "talents"     | • Midgets (sorry no dwarves need apply)                   |
| • Amputations                              | • Break-dancing skillz.                                   |
| • Relocated saliva glands                  | • The ability to gurgitate and re-gurgitate tennis balls. |
| • Projectile Female Orgasms (females only) | • Jill Baronosity   |
| • Uncanny resemblance to LL Cool J         | • Dexterity or Wisdom scores of 17 or higher              |
| • Working knowledge of Illustrator 8.0     | • Relocated Saliva Glands                                 |

Send Resumes/Videos to : RubyDice Ltd. c/o The Stony Brook Press  
Suites 060&061 Student Union Bldg.  
SUNY Stony Brook, Stony Brook, NY, 11794

If you would like to "Audition" "Personally" you can meet us this Sat. night by the Union dumpster.

So if you're a man's man between the ages of 18 and 37, or a feisty girl between the ages of 18 and 18 fill out the checklist below and send it along with your resume and a SASE.

Check off any and all acts that you would be willing to perform over the course of filming.

- Adult Themes
- Cussing
- Shark Related Violence/Gore
- Vampire related Gore
- AI Gore
- Realistic Animated Violence-Mild
- Underage Drug-Use
- Full-frontal nudity
- Working with the naked
- Aerobics/contortion
- Kissing
- Light petting
- Coprophilia
- Cunnilingus
- Fellatio
- Full-Costumed Rendition of "On My Own" from Les Mis
- Auto-fellatio
- Heavy Petting
- Auto-Asphyxiation
- Auto-Fistification
- Felching and/or Shrimping
- Cum-swapping
- Teabagging
- BDSM
- DVDA
- PB4UGO2BED
- Insertions
- "The Hot Carl"
- The Shocker
- Basket Weaving

## Strike Force Echo

by Matthew  
Vernon  
Xavier  
Willmain

<p>OH MY GOD! What have you done with my hair!</p>	<p>And get this coffee off of my head, pronto!</p>	<p>When last we left our heroes (Vampire and Ninja Master,) they had just been discovered by the evil Spyder, who sent Balnab to "get" 'em!</p>
<p>STRIKE FORCE ECHO</p>	<p>Stay back, or I'll do some scary Vampire stuff!</p>	<p>I could take that "USB Ninja"...he's got nothin'!</p>
	<p>GULP! "Lord Of The Oak People" my ass!</p>	<p>Oh, woe. A forlorn robot am I!</p>
<p>What just happened? Once again, I have no idea whatsoever. It's about 7 am, and I have to paste-up the whole paper before 10 when Anne takes the thing to get printed, just so you can get it off the shelves on Wednesday. What's up with that two frame thing? It doesn't even fit right!</p>		
<p>NEXT ISSUE: EPISODE</p> <p>Who do I look like, Kreskin? Maybe something about I-Con.</p>		

Top As-Many-As-We-Can-

Find ACTUAL Names for 8 1/2

Extasy That Sound

Sexually Suggestive When Michelin Man

Placed at the End of the Disco Biscuits

Phrase "I Gave Her The Old\_\_\_\_\_"

Brown Pikachu

White Puff

White Igloo

Crick

Double-stack Euro

Brown Spade

Purple hooters

Peruvian

King Tut

Pink Torpedo

Polly Pocket

Orange Julius

Pink HQ

Telletubby

White Flying Saucer

Plus- 4

Snow Frog

Smiley Face LA Romp

Apple Cobbler

Spotted 2000

Star Of David

Fat Cat

Fierce Clover

Pink Molly

Pepper Fish

WUAA

Worried Parent

Purple Heart



# Battle of the Millennium

## Harry Potter

## Jesus

# VS

Pagan

Kids dig it

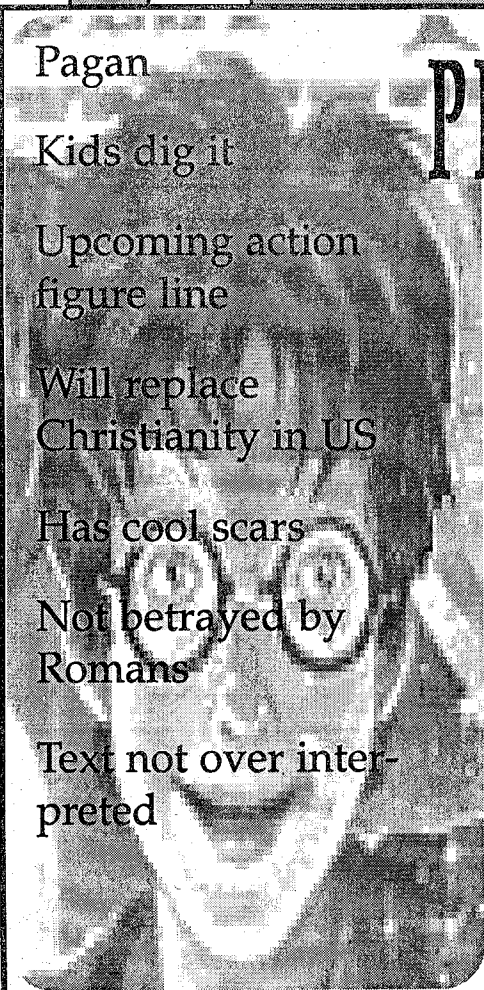
Upcoming action figure line

Will replace Christianity in US

Has cool scars

Not betrayed by Romans

Text not over interpreted



Son of God

# PRO

Kids are forced to dig it

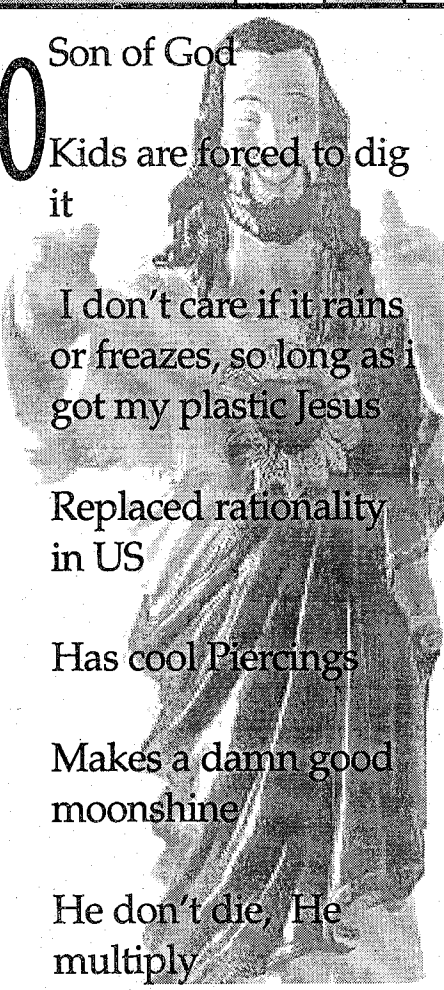
I don't care if it rains or freezes, so long as I got my plastic Jesus

Replaced rationality in US

Has cool Piercings

Makes a damn good moonshine

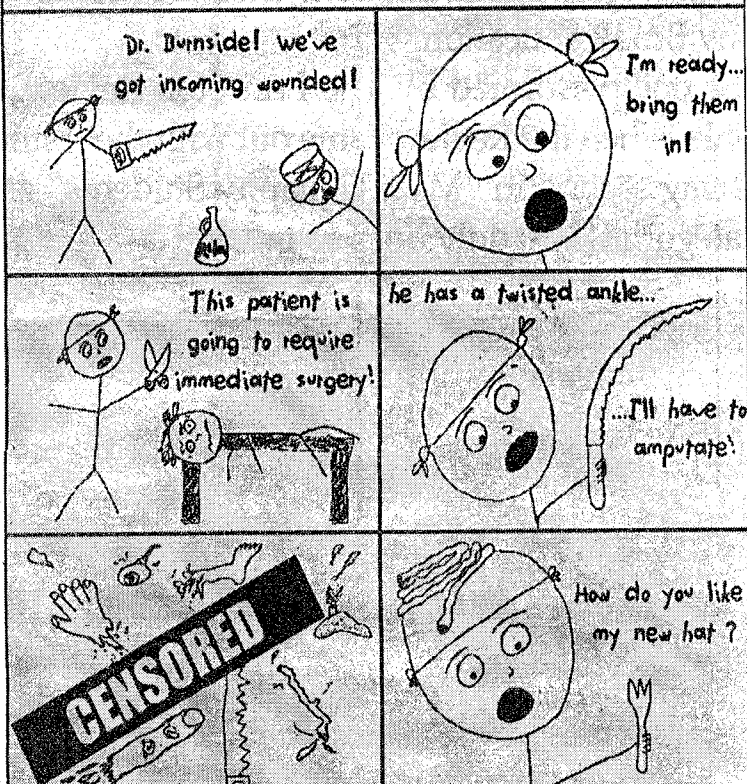
He don't die, He multiply



The Adventures of...

## ULYSSES BURNSIDE

### CIVIL WAR SURGEON



## THE FUNNY CONTINUES

Anatomy Lesson  
By Brian Kate

I know why breasts  
Are called "boobs;"  
That's what guys act like when they see a pair.

"Hey, you developed so nicely."  
Yeah, he doesn't even know  
What I look like from the neck up.

He's Thumping my melons  
Like he's Shopping the produce aisle  
Like I can just be bought at "Titty-Mart"  
Like he can pick me up in the "boychick"  
aisle  
For the price of a cheap feel.

I shove him away -  
"Ya can look for free, but a feel'll cost ya  
Two seconds later his hands are back.  
Now he's trying to twist my nipples -  
"Hey, I don't get 'Radio Free Europe' on  
those!"

I seize his hands,  
Start smacking him around Joan Collins  
style  
"Hey buddy - the 'hands-on' anatomy les-  
son is  
over."

Fictional Character

Books now available at 7-11

Gives Christians something  
to bitch about

May actually be second coming

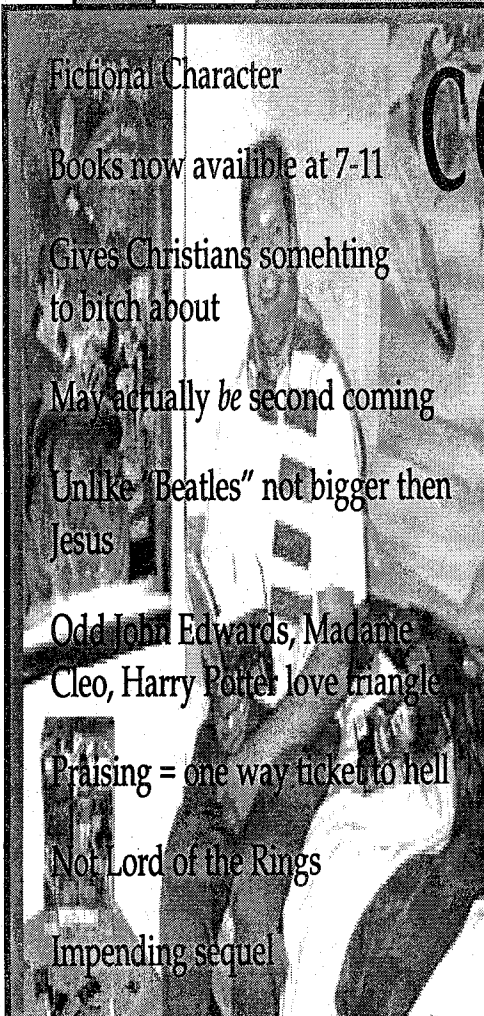
Unlike "Beatles" not bigger than  
Jesus

Odd John Edwards, Madame  
Cleo, Harry Potter love triangle

Praising = one way ticket to hell

Not Lord of the Rings

Impending sequel



Fictional Character

Books available in every sleazy  
motel room

H stands for Harry

Old news since "Beatles"

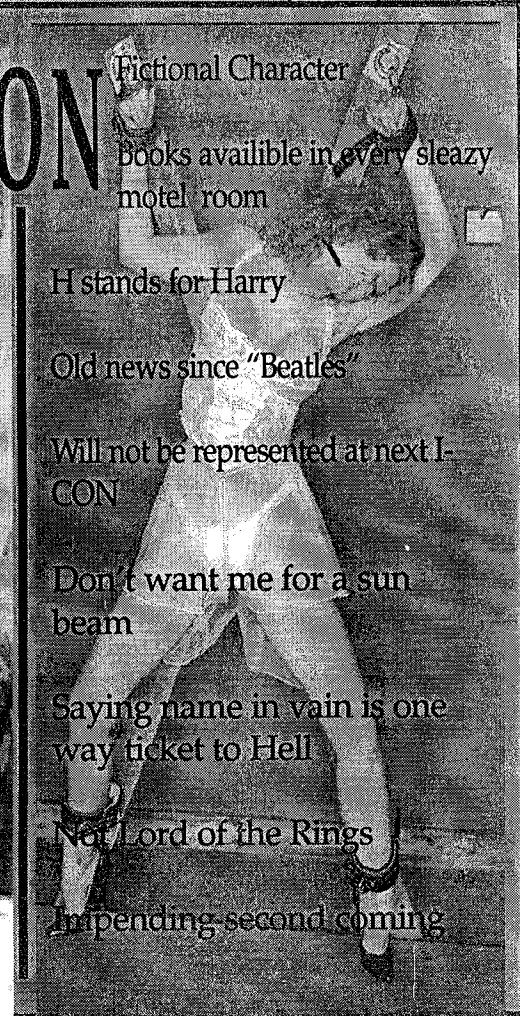
Will not be represented at next I-  
CON

Don't want me for a sun  
beam

Saying name in vain is one  
way ticket to Hell

Not Lord of the Rings

Impending second coming





# BATTLE OF THE CENTURY PRESIDENCY

## Dr. Shirley vs DR. EVIL

PRO

Triple Chin-  
Triple Threat;  
Patented left hook known as the "Sweet Southern Bell";



"Fe-Fi-Fo-Funk me smell the blood of double chocolate chunk!"

Years of cameos on 'Baywatch', Doesn't mind when The Press resorts to vicious name calling (ya fat bitch!); Can belch the alphabet. . . BACKWARDS!; won't expel students based on scurrilous remarks made against her; Has student media right where she wants them; Successfully tricked, trapped and executed Agents 001-006; Can't be fooled by that Commie Pinko Chris Sorochin; Miss June AND Miss July; Often seen on the covers of Newsweek, The New York Post and DogFancy; Her adidas windmill can stun a Bull Elephant from 50 yards away; Close personal relation with Mayor McCheese; Has brought new meaning and motivation to this humble little paper; Part of the World controlling Pentaverate; If there's a ghost in your house she's who YOU'RE gonna' call!; knows the pain that every student feels when they're forced to wait 15 minutes for their Breakfast Burrito to reheat; Can watch "Hee-Haw" for 72 hours straight without breaking down and crying; Knows that Weight Watchers is a lie, A BIG FAT LIE, THEY USED HER, SHE LOST NO WIEIGHT, THEY LAUGHED, soon she will have her revenge.

CON

Never learned that when some one touches you in a funny way to say "NO!", and then GO and

teach someone you trust; Every full moon her evil side comes out and ruins the Seawolves chances of scoring that crucial clutch game field goal; Midnight Satanic mass may interfere with administrative duties; takes responsibility for her actions as well as Abigail from The Crucible; her house is infested with wayward Mormons; Secret shame of only achieving the bronze in the 50 metre high hurdles; other than that she's a pretty good President. . .

Ohh yeah I almost forgot that she has singlehandedly taken a college once know as the "Berkely of the East" and run it into the ground through a steady regime of:

- Media Sychophanthy,
- Redefinition of the University from a place of higher learning to one of higher profit,
- Rolling over at the slightest of Pataki's whims,
- Duplicitous Relations with the student body,
- The Perpetual whoring of the University to the highest bidder.

We hate you Shir!.

PRO

Loves Animals; doesn't beat around the bush; Six years of evil medical school puts him well in touch with our physical

therapy program; If he was president, mechanical engineering majors would have high paying jobs right after graduation, provided they have experience with big underground drills; Is hip to the groove of the nineties generation, and that spells CON-CERTS BABY!; who doesn't like sharks with lasers affixed to their heads; he's evil, but in



that nice next door neighbor kinda way; who can blame him for wanting to destroy the world, If your father was a relentlessly self improving boulangerie owner from Belgium with low grade narcolepsy and a penchant for buggery, you would to; would instantly liquidate the Student Polity Association for insolence; could put the Brook Haven National Labs to good use; Knows exactly what a Seawolf is, in fact he helped genetically engineer the Seawolf, which was a splicing of the North American Grey Wolf and a Puffer Fish, in an attempt to finally eliminate those pesky secret agents that dog his every move; Instillation of new grading policy, pass or beaten with reeds; Tough Love; Won't tolerate Hippies.



"When Mr. Bigglesworth gets angry... People DIE!"

CON

Well to put it bluntly he's evil, which might be construed as a con; tendency to incinerate those who dissappoint him; wears

Nehru; is thirty years out of touch with the American culture, ohh wait that was for Shirley; Listens to Enya day and night, night and day; Mandatory testicle shaving at freshman orientation; his numerous psychological disturbances make him a likely candidate for TKE;

I can't think of many more cons for Dr. Evil. For once we're seeing a clear victor in the Battle of the Century. Dr. Evil seems to be the rightful and fit candidate to lead our University into the next century.

I for one welcome the arrival of our new diabolical master with open arms, and wish to point out that my position of student media leadership makes me an invaluable future member of Dr. Evil's inner circle of henchmen.

I pledge my allegiance to my new overlord in hopes that his reign be more benevolent than that of Shirley Strum Kenney.

The rest of you monkeys would be wise to follow in my footsteps.

Stony  
Brook  
Loves  
Dr. Evil!



# Libel of the Dead!

By Johnny Backslash

According to the 6th trade edition of the Associated Press Stylebook and Libel Manual, "In general, there can be no defamation of the dead. No one can sue on behalf of a deceased individual on the basis of false and defamatory statements made about that individual." We at The Press are thrilled.

**Jimmy Stewart**

Beloved American actor, known for leading roles in such feel-good classics as *It's a Wonderful Life* and *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington*, beat his wife every night. And his manager. And his cat. And Elvis (see "Elvis," below). Mr. Stewart also had a cocaine abuse problem. Mr. Stewart would typically snort between five and a baker's dozen lines of coke a day. These episodes would usually be followed by a session of beating the stagehands and cameramen involved in his film projects with his belt, which he referred to as "Daddy's Belt of Hot Death." Mr. Stewart was involved in a nefarious conspiracy to send chemical weapons to the Belarussian Liberation Front during the early '70s-weapons paid for by taxpayers with money appropriated for helping poor deaf children.

**Eleanor Roosevelt**

Eleanor Roosevelt was a spy for the Japanese. Set adrift in the Pacific by a California couple in 1897, she was raised by a wealthy Japanese businessman who obediently laid her at the feet of Emperor Hirohito. She was trained in a high mountain conclave, wherein she learned the supposedly outlawed arts of the Ninja. Re-integrated into American society, she quickly climbed the ranks of politics. It was Eleanor Roosevelt who provided the information to the Japanese that made possible the infamous bombing of the U.S. Naval

Base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. The "Kamikaze" thing was her idea too, an idea that led to the loss of life of not only countless Americans, but young innocent Japanese men as well.

**Elvis**

Elvis is the devil. Elvis was cast from heaven when he turned from God's light. Elvis had a habit of tearing the hearts from live virgin girls. The last thing these girls would see as they slipped the surly bonds of this earth was Elvis sloppily consuming their hearts- hearts still beating with an unholy fervor.

**George Washington**

George Washington was a cross-dressing pedophile. George Washington played the nation's "founders" like so many wooden puppets. The Constitutional Convention was a farce: Washington called all the shots, bullying the framers of the constitution with little more than the threat of physical violence. Washington's "Constitution" was carefully orchestrated to deny blacks and women the right to vote. Washington found blacks and women loathsome. He preferred young white boys.

**The Final Crew of the Space Shuttle Challenger**

The final crew of the space shuttle challenger did not, as is commonly believed, spend their last days preparing for their ill-fated mission. In fact, had they prepared as they should have, they would still be alive today. Instead, the set about to produce low budget pornographic videos using NASA equipment. It was their intent to produce the first zero-gravity pornographic movie. Those bastards got what they deserved.

**Princess Diana**

Princess Diana was, personally and professionally, a whore.

**Gene Kelly**

Throughout the '50s and '60s, Gene Kelly collected monies under the auspices of a fund for the study of the common cold. What Kelly failed to mention is that this study would intentionally infect newborn babies with the so-called "common" cc. 1 Over three thousand innocent children were sent to early graves by the lovable star of *Singin' in the Rain*. This project grew out of Kelly's contacts with German Eugenicists-contacts made during the three week period in 1937 when Kelly visited Germany at the personal request of his homosexual lover, Adolph Hitler.

**Andre the Giant**

Coming from a background of petty larceny and other lesser street-crimes, as Andre the Giant gained in fame and power in Hollywood his criminal misadventures grew larger and deadlier. In the end, he was stealing billions of dollars from the trusting public and bragging that if he "hadn't killed a man in twelve hours" he "had no damn appetite." Andre lived his last days in fast cars with faster women, and will be remembered for his penchant for necrophilial felching.

**Chris Farley**

Chris Farley was not addicted to cocaine and heroin. Chris Farley did not frequently hire prostitutes. Chris Farley was a vegan, and ate only parsley. Chris Farley played basketball between five and six hours a day with his buddies from the Chicago Bulls. Chris Farley was not funny at all.





# TOP TEN

## Top 10 Lists

### NUMBER TEN:

Top Ten Things That Were Masturbated Upon Over The Course Of I-Con  
(Printed May 9, 2001)

- 10) A Near-Mint, Series-One, Zombie Spawn Repaint, Numbered 023, Signed by Todd McFarlane himself, NRFB, Value \$231.00
- 9) My dignity
- 8) The voluminous assets of ye olde maidens faire
- 7) All the chairs and desks in Javits Rm 105
- 6) The shattered hopes and dreams of the thousands of sci-fi and fantasy fans let down by the lackluster events
- 5) Twenty-three pairs of Vulcan / elf ears
- 4) Ted Raimi
- 3) Any woman within a twenty-foot radius of a dealers table, Warhammer 40k game "Filk" session, or LARP
- 2) The inner thighs of many, many geeks
- 1) A college once known as "The Berkeley of the East"

### NUMBER NINE:

Top Ten Positive Racial Stereotypes  
(Printed February 9, 2000)

- 10) Mexicans can fly
- 9) Asians have minty fresh breath
- 8) The Australians are mysteriously adept with "the Rubiks cube"
- 7) The French make every one else feel good about not being French
- 6) Russians get to vote twice
- 5) Jews can belch the entire alphabet, backwards
- 4) Black men can bend spoons with the power of their minds
- 3) The Irish have eyes that smile
- 2) The British are 35% less likely to develop scurvey
- 1) Straight white males do the least work for the most pay

### NUMBER EIGHT:

Top Ten Top Ten Lists Where The Title Is Funny But The List Is Not  
(Printed March 7, 2001)

- 10) Top Ten Plagues Of Egypt
- 9) Top Ten Ways To Taunt A Bull
- 8) Top Ten Shirley Strum Kenny "Sex-Capades"
- 7) Top Ten Hairstyles Of The 80's
- 6) Top Ten Things John Madden Says During Sex
- 5) Top Ten Motivations For Characters Played By Sylvester Stallone
- 4) Top Ten Sensations I Get From Polity Meetings AND Urination
- 3) Top Ten Ways To Skin A Cat
- 2) Top Ten Ways To Get Accused Of Being A Racist
- 1) Top Ten Crimes The Press Frequently Gets Away With

### NUMBER SEVEN:

Top Ten Things About New Roommates That Will Grate On Your Nerves  
(Printed February September 7, 2000)

- 10) Underpants on the floor constantly
- 9) Eating all your Little Debbie snack cakes
- 8) Nocturnal emissions and bunk beds don't mix
- 7) No matter how much bleach you put in their coffee, they still won't die
- 6) Their incessant banter about how great things were back at the farm
- 5) Their Al Pacino poster is cooler than your Al Pacino poster
- 4) Repeatedly sleeping with your significant other; I mean the first two or three times could be an accident, but it gets to a certain point...
- 3) Their pet screaming cockroaches
- 2) Their repeated attempts to abscond with your ass virginity
- 1) Breathing

### NUMBER SIX:

Top Ten Least Popular Ballpark Days  
(Printed March 3, 1997)

- 10) Birth Control Defect Day
- 9) Petroleum Jelly Day
- 8) Infectious Disease Day
- 7) Dr. Zizmor Day
- 6) Crack Day
- 5) SKOAL Mouth Cancer Day
- 4) Fontanelle Day
- 3) Fran Drescher Showtune Day
- 2) "Children of a Lesser God" Day
- 1) Yellow Froth Day

### NUMBER FIVE:

Top Ten Robert Blake Lines From Money Train  
(Printed April 30, 1997)

- 10) "Go ahead, take a bite outta me. You'll be licking your asshole for a month just to get the taste outta' your mouth."
- 9) "Nobody stops my money train."
- 8) "And remember, the money train has not been stolen. It is still in our tunnel, still in our control, and will soon be in our hands."
- 7) "I will rip a hole in your throat, suck your heart and eat it."
- 6) "You got the money train heading your way. I want you to shut her down. Trip her brakes. Reach in and rip her guts out."
- 5) "I implore you- shut it down and turn yourself in. Or die."
- 4) "What? And give those sick bastards a clear track from here to hell and gone?"
- 3) "Yeah."
- 2) "Hey sweet pea, how's your cock working now that you haven't got a badge no more?"
- 1) "I'll fuck you dead."

### NUMBER FOUR:

Top Ten Snack Poems Constructed Of Five, Seven And Five Syllables  
(Printed October 6, 2000)

- 10) That's my Chocodile  
keep your greedy mitts away.  
I'll eat your baby.
- 9) I will fuck your botched  
suicide slashings. Be sad,  
silly, silly goth.
- 8) Fruit pies are not snacks.  
Don't feed me your poison lies  
Hostess, you've hurt me.
- 7) English snacks are wack.

Remember we killed Hitler;  
fuck your damn crumpets.

- 6) Ho-Hos, and Ding-Dongs  
I sex you for all your snacks.  
My nine-inch Yodel.
- 5) You wretched bastard.  
For finishing the Cheetos,  
you will have to die.
- 4) Taunt me with pictures  
of Zagnut, Kit Kat, or Spree  
and I get teary eyed.
- 3) You are a vegan,  
you will never enjoy snacks.  
Care for a snickers?
- 2) Bees are my buddies.  
They produce snacks with their spit.  
Smoke burns their foul eyes.
- 1) snack, snatch, snack, snatch, snack,  
snatch, snack, snatch, snack, snatch,  
snack, snatch,  
snack, snatch, snack, snatch, snack.

### NUMBER THREE:

Top 10 Actual Vanilla Ice Lyrics (From His Smash Debut, "To The Extreme")  
(Printed November 12, 1997)

- 10) Just kickin' like a chicken that you just ate
- 9) If you a ho, get off my lap
- 8) I made you work 'till your butt got sore
- 7) Be on the lookout in your vicinity / I'm robbin' virgins of their virginity
- 6) Oh my god homeboy / You probably eat spaghetti with a spoon
- 5) Vanilla Ice, yep, yep, I'm comin' hard like a rhino
- 4) In my dreams I vision myself at the ocean / Beautiful girls rubbin' me down with some lotion / Even thought you know I flow as cold as an Ice Cube / Let me tell you how it is to make love on an inner tube / Floatin' on water while splashin' waves on your body / Flowin' and gowin', now pump it, pump it, hottie!
- 3) Get out your seats and let me shake your pants
- 2) For good luck, I like my rhymes atrocious / Supercalifragilisticexpialadocious
- 1) What it's like / Havin' a roni

### NUMBERS ONE AND TWO:

Top Ten New Slang Terms For Female Genitalia  
(Printed January 26, 2000)

- 10) Bloomin' Onion
- 9) Chicken of the Sea
- 8) The Pit of Sarlacc
- 7) Fresh Samantha
- 6) Your Holiness
- 5) Slot B
- 4) Crocodile Mile
- 3) Roast Beef Curtain
- 2) Bearded Clam
- 1) Cum Dumpster

Top Ten New Slang Terms for Male Genitalia  
(Printed January 26, 2000)

- 10) Weeny Zucchini
- 9) Ol' Milwaukee
- 8) Young Depressor
- 7) Astro Blaster
- 6) Baloney Pony
- 5) Tab A
- 4) The Communioner
- 3) Meat Missile
- 2) The Big Kielbasa
- 1) Mini Me



# Obscure Sub-Cultures: Vol. 4

By John Giuffo

## Live-Action Role Players

In this installment of Obscure Sub-Cultures, we explore the fragile reality of the Live-Action Role Player, or LARPer, as the acronym-crazy members of the group prefer to call themselves.

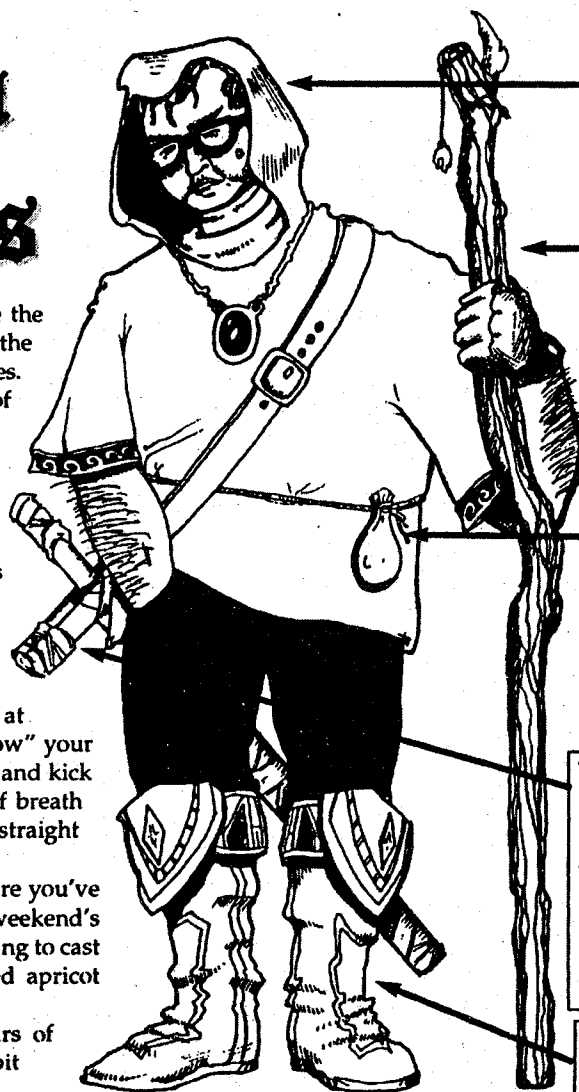
Live-action role playing combines the best elements of Dungeons and Dragons and schizophrenia to create an alternate reality for people too uncomfortable in *this* reality.

A visit to the annual ICON convention here on campus can give you a glimpse at the lifestyle of the Live-Action Role Player. Remember that 350 lb. girl in the chain mail bikini? You can bet your limited edition copy of Deities and Demigods that she's seen her share of LARP action.

When elaborate months-long campaigns consuming reams of paper and 20 players just don't *do it* for you, why not strap on a plate mail vest made from cardboard and aluminum foil, visit the Brach's candy stand at Waldbaum's to stock up on spell components, and "borrow" your grandmother's brooch to use as a ward against evil spells and kick back for a weekend of running around the woods out of breath while not bathing, and eating cold Chef Boyardee ravioli straight from the can?

True, it's no filk show, but it has its perks. Just make sure you've read and understand whatever D&D rip-off rulebook the weekend's coordinators have supplied you, or you'll find yourself trying to cast *Magic Missile* only to find out you must eat every dried apricot you've brought with you, and then you're *fucked*.

And maybe, just maybe, you'll find out that 12 years of Dungeons and Dragons playing does teach us all a little bit about courage.



**Hooded Sweatshirt:** \$14.99 at J.C. Penny's and some "medieval" trim from Frank's gets the LARPer his "garb" staple. Every good adventurer needs protection from the elements (not to mention ridicule) and nothing protects like a cotton/polyester blend.

**Walking Stick:** Woodland adventures often cover acres of land, and the copiously breast-fed LARPer needs assistance in battling the ever-present spectre of gravity. Bell is from old cat collar; the feather is from a pigeon.

**Casio Calculator Watch:** How else to keep track of ration depletion and Encumbrance/Movement calculations?

**Bag of Holding:** The resourceful LARPer uses the pouch he bought for dice (Oh, and what beautiful dice he has!) as a carry-all for the butterscotch candies and sesame seeds he uses as spell components. Only a clever somatic component separates the LARPer from mastery of all things magical.

**"Boffer" Sword:** Made from PVC piping and duct tape, the "Boffer" sword is a wood-freak's best friend (well, that and his hand) and it often gets him out of trouble when faced with certain doom from opportunistic NPC's. Held to his torso by the creative use of a vinyl belt from the Big and Tall Men's shop, the "Boffer" sword makes the LARPer ready for anything (except reality).

**Boots:** \$200 at ICON will get the LARPer stylish protection from the cold, as well as society.

# ~~Obscure~~ Sub-Cultures: Vol. 5

By John Giuffo

## White Hats

In this installment of Obscure Sub-Cultures we veer a little to the non-obscure side of obscurity, that is to say, you see these motherfuckers everywhere.

I am, of course, referring to the CK One-drenched "studs" which make up the White-Hats. White Hats are easy to spot and hard to miss. First and foremost is their namesake: the white hat. A baseball cap usually embroidered with the name of a sports team the wearer once saw on ESPN2, but secretly (to him) wears because he thinks it: a) looks "phat" or, b) is "funny."

The White Hat is similar to the larger sub-cultures of jock and frat-boy, (in fact, most white-hats are a member of either a sports team, or "Greek" organization) but is instantly recognizable by his insistence on not differing at all from what his friends look like.

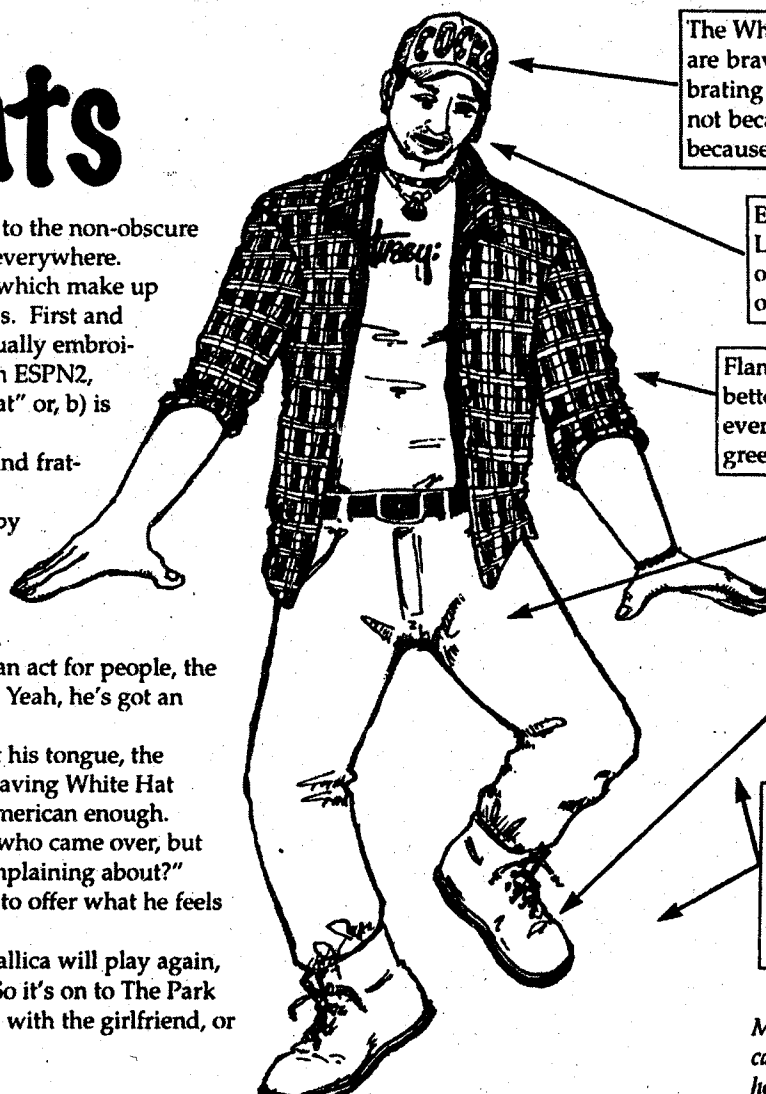
All attitude and no clue, the White Hat stumbles around life in a Budweiser-induced state of comforting drunkenness. Not knowing why he should interact with people when he can act for people, the White Hat long-ago lost any and all respect for individuality. Yeah, he's got an older brother in the Marines, So What?

With sex on his mind and a "deep" Pearl Jam lyric ready at his tongue, the Bong-hitting, mosh-pit shit-kicking, Alanis Morissette crush-having White Hat presents an image that is at once all too American and not American enough.

"Yeah, the Indians were treated really badly by the people who came over, but now they have their own lands, so what the hell are they complaining about?" observes the "politically conscious" White Hat in an attempt to offer what he feels is a contribution in every class he attends.

Oh yeah, he looks forward to Lollapalooza, but only if Metallica will play again, because as any White Hat will tell you, Metallica Kicks Ass. So it's on to The Park Bench, but be sure to get back in time to watch Melrose place with the girlfriend, or it's no ass for studboy tonight.

Let the boys be boys, indeed.



**The White Hat:** Alpha male White Hats are brave enough to wear the hat celebrating the South Carolina Gamecocks, not because it's their favorite team, but because, you know, it says "cock" on it.

**Earrings:** He got 'em pierced at Lollapalooza '94, but had to get one re-pierced after it got yanked out during the Green Day pit.

**Flannel Shirt:** Nothing says "I fit in" better than wearing the same shirt every other asshole who has the greek alphabet memorized wears.

**Levi Silvertab Jeans:** "They looked cool when I saw them in an ad in Details, so I bought them."

**Mustard Colored Work Boots:** What better for "shtompin shome ayshe" in the pit?

**White-Hat Dance Pose:** Anyone who has ever seen a White Hat at a club is familiar with the "ow, hot coals!" duck-waddling gesticulations of dominance that say "check me out, ladies!"

*Mad props to that guy John who came down to The Press for helping me put a name to a face!*

# With Love From Russ

## This Week's Target: Cosmopolitan

By Russell Heller

For those of you unfamiliar with my articles from last semester, let me explain this. I send an e-mail to a deserving celebrity each issue and print it. I would print their response if anyone EVER wrote back. Last year I contacted Mick Jagger, Rocco Siffredi (porn star), The President, and Bjork. This issue's victim is Kate White, Executive Editor of Cosmopolitan.

To: [cosmo\\_letters@heart.com](mailto:cosmo_letters@heart.com)

Dear Ms. White,

Hello. I am a student journalist at Stony Brook University. I recently picked up the September '99 issue of your magazine at my local newsstand. I can't tell you how impressed I was by what I read. The incisive wit and brilliant writing that goes into your periodical is some of the greatest I have seen. I must acknowledge you for putting out a much-needed caricature of a women's beauty magazine.

My sister did me the favor of leaving an issue in the living room. I'll confess, what drew me in was the sexually explicit cover, brazenly displaying the word "sex." I figured that I was in for a graphic depiction of something pretty libidinous. Being a teenage male, my curiosity was piqued enough to give the issue a look-over.

Now, I consider myself to be a pretty sharp thinker with a great sense of humor, but at first I actually believed that I was reading a legitimate beauty magazine. The parody is accomplished so well that I almost missed it completely. When I got to the article about how you can "tell his love style by the shape of his eyes..." I realized what was going on: the whole magazine is a put-on!

I reread the magazine, cover-to-cover, and I laughed myself to tears. Your work is in league with *The Onion*, *Mad Magazine* and *The National Lampoon*. Your writers marvelously burlesque the popular beauty magazines into the lowbrow trash that they are. You have picked apart every single detail that pervades the quintessential fashion glossy, right down to the base subject matter splashed across the cover.

As we all know, sex sells. The typical beauty magazine shamelessly capitalizes on this by throwing the spotlight on those articles which are likely to get the blood pumping South. Your delightful magazine cleverly pokes fun at this, by basing the top cover story on the world's paragon of sexual manuals: *The Kama Sutra*. Not to mention, "The Bedroom Trick That Will Blow Him Away (All You Need Is A Hair Scrunchie)." I could hardly believe that you were suggesting the use of hair care products as sexual aides! I mean, where do you come up with something like that? I bet there are a few gullible people out there trying that right now. Not me though, I am way too shrewd.

Your comic genius continues throughout the magazine as you encourage your readers to imitate as closely as possible the myriad of celebrities that cover almost every page in the magazine. There must be

HALF A DOZEN pictures of Scott Wolf in this issue!! I was especially fond of "Control Your Crises (Like The Stars Do)," and "How Hollywood Stylists Make Chubby Celebs Look Sleek And Sexy." The glossy rags that cover the shelves at a supermarket checkout are littered with this exact kind of gross advocacy of widespread conformity. You achieve a deep cutting satire by turning your magazine into a gossiping, star watching, fashion show that rivals the Oscars. If only you had the dried-up, whiny, abrasive, shrewish, commentary of Joan Rivers interspersed between your words of "wisdom" on haute couture.

Your features stories are by far the best section. With subject matter ranging from "The Day My Vibrator Got Away," to "I Was Dragged Four Miles By A Train." This absolutely captures the intellectually devoid writing that fashion mags are steeped in. You even take a few pot-shots at their diction, using phrases like "your beau," "aprons with attitude," and my personal favorite, "do-it-all divas."

The entire package is held together with hundreds of ads, as per usual beauty mag format. Offering such indulgences as larger breasts, smaller pores, longer/better/multiple orgasms, cologne samples, whiter teeth, a firmer tuchus, or just the opportunity to look at pictures of very attractive people smiling EXTRA big. It is here that you perfectly illustrate how a beauty magazine does nothing if not make ordinary people feel inferior and ugly.

What beauty magazine parody would be complete without a "self-quiz" where the quizee can produce an unreliable evaluation of some trivial aspect of her personality which she probably already knows? You provide a splendid take-off on such an exam. "Can You Keep A Secret?" puts forward nine VERY contrived scenarios in which one's discretion would be put to the test. The results tally into one of three categories:

Big Old Scuttlebutt: the chronic gossiper  
Cool Confidante: exercises good judgement in divulging secrets.

Silent Sadist: wouldn't crack under torture.

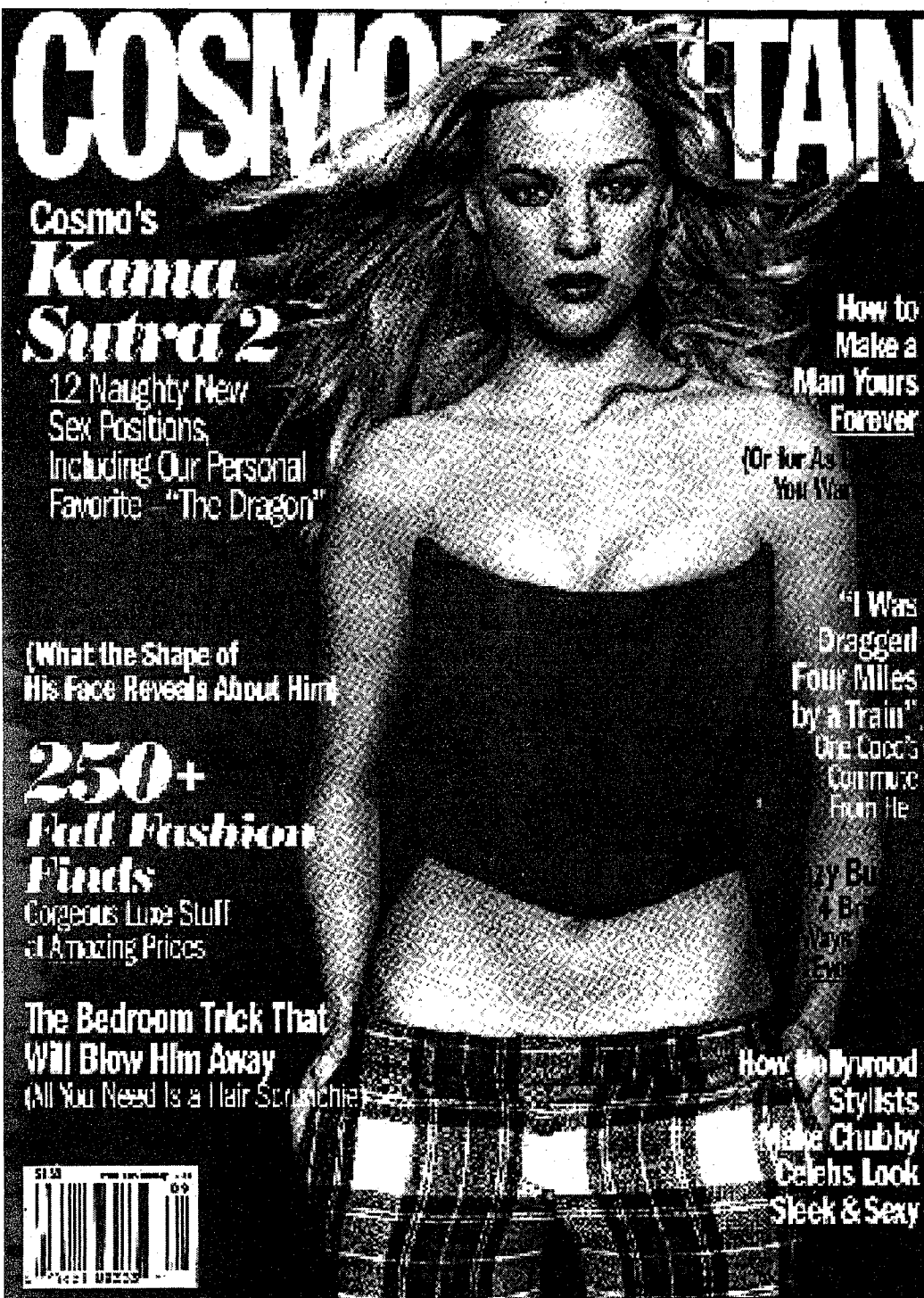
The best part about this piece are the descriptions of the triad of personalities, in which the readers are chastised for failing to achieve Cool Confidante status. "It doesn't take more than the

finiest twist of your arm to set you off on your friends..."

In conclusion, let me once again thank you for the pleasant surprise I had discovering the real story behind your humor periodical. I am anxiously awaiting the next issue, and would be honored to have my letter featured.

Gratefully Yours,  
Russell Heller, age 19  
[rheller@ic.sunysb.edu](mailto:rheller@ic.sunysb.edu)

(If you would like me to contact a celebrity on your behalf, send me an email with their name, email address, and why this celeb should be contacted. I may just send them an amusing letter for you.)





# Guy Talks About Stuff

By Little Blue Super Jew Dave Pratt

The Place: The Fireside Lounge, Student Union.

The Person: Dr. Jeffrey Ross.

The Time: About 1:30, Eastern Standard Time.

The Subject: Terrorism and Israel.

Israel. The land of Jerusalem, the homeland of not only the Jews, but Christians and Muslims as well. Yet it is a place ravaged by terrorism, or so says Dr. Jeffrey Ross, who spoke at the ...okay, you see all this above. Anyway, Ross gave the following rundown of the situation in Israel:

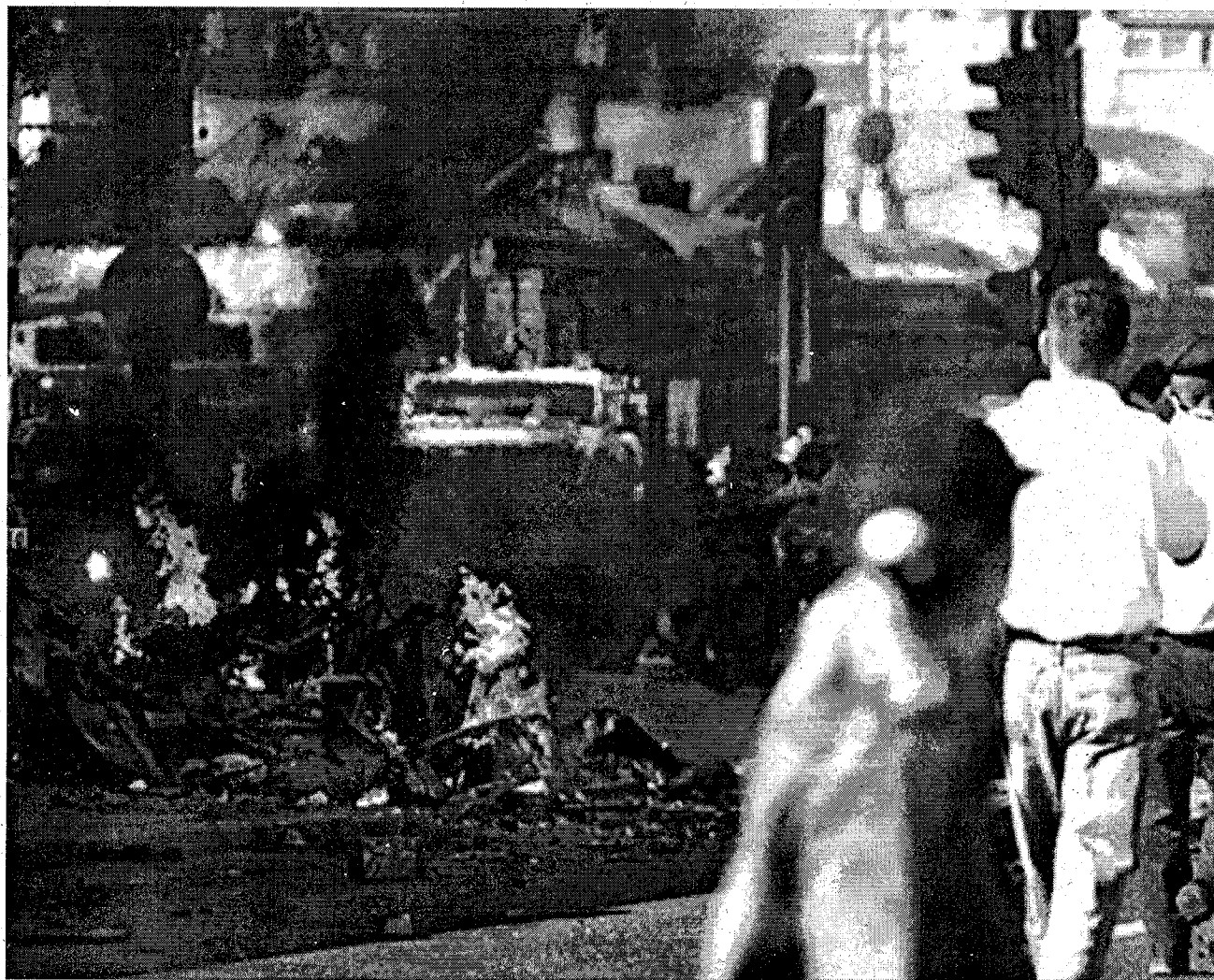
Arabs regard Israelis as invaders, and look to their history as to how they have dealt with invaders. First, during the Crusades, Europeans created a state in Arabia, much to the chagrin of our turban-wearing friends. However, after 100 years of putting up with European presence in their land, the great leader Saladin appeared. Saladin united the Arab nations and led them together to defeat the Europeans, and the Crusader state was destroyed. The peasants rejoiced.

Then, again in the 1960's, the Algerians, who had long been subject to French rule, took back control of their country. Again, the Arabs learned the lesson that by simply waiting out foreigners, they can eventually take back anything that is taken from them.

However, the Arabs fail to realize that historically, everyone who has invaded and established territory in their land has had a place to return TO. Israel may not have a lot of water, and there may not be a whole mess of natural resources, but it's the only country the Jews have ever had to call their own. There is no country that they are invading from, no ancestral grounds they can retreat to. They ARE on their ancestral ground, and they aren't going to let anyone push them off of it. Not Saddam Hussein, not Osama bin Laden, and not Yassir Arafat. Arabs, being Arabs, fail to recognize this fact.

And that takes us right into the second topic of the night, terrorism. One of the reasons that the U.S. is wary about having Israel as an ally in the war against terrorism is that if any state can be called a terrorist state, it's Israel. Perhaps a better term would be a counter-terrorist state. The Israeli policy of dealing with all of the attacks on the streets, suicide bombings, and all those other things you hear about over there, are by gunning down high-ranking Palestinian officials. Israel has had to deal with terrorist attacks by Palestinians for years, and for some reason they just won't stop. Ross explained that, during the Camp David Peace summit, then-Prime Minister Barak attempted to satisfy all Palestinian demands - even promising the establishment of a Palestine state along the Gaza Strip and West Bank, with an immediate evacuation of all Israeli settlements along them. Arafat refused. He refused the best offer he's ever going to get, because I'll tell you - and Jeffrey Ross made it clear as well - Ariel Sharon isn't going to make it so easy for them.

But now what Americans really care



about - the September 11th attacks. Dr. Ross summed up nicely the points used to rationalize the attacks on the World Trade Center by Arab communities and others who feel the need to explain the terrorist actions. Those points were given to us by the good Doctor as follows:

- The U.S. supports Israel, an "invader" on Arab land.
- The U.S. has a poor foreign policy regarding the Middle East
- The U.S. supports the regimes in Saudi Arabia and Egypt.
- The U.S. insists on sanctions of Iraq.
- They resent the role of the U.S. as a world power.

Similar arguments were made by those who agreed to the policy of appeasement in regard to Hitler.

The point being that there IS no excuse or rationalization for terrorism. Terrorism, by definition, means attacks on an unarmed and unsuspecting populace in an attempt to cause fear in order to achieve a political end. Does that sound like something that can be rationalized to you?

The bottom line is that, when dealing with terrorism, the last thing you ever want to do is give the terrorists some sort of reward for their actions. This sends a message of positive reinforcement to the terrorists, and so anytime that they want something else, there will be further and worse acts of destruction. This cannot be tolerated. Terrorized societies, such as Israel, do not lack resolve or hold on to any sense of fear. They stand up to what has happened and what could happen, and make it their goal to stamp out the possibility that it could happen again. It's just too bad that it took the September 11th attacks to open our eyes to the thought of doing the same thing.

God Bless Israel. God Bless America.

Commentary::

If you don't like America, fuck you, you can always leave. Go to some other country to live; I just hope you're not used to seeing people of all religious and cultural backgrounds everywhere you go, because this is the only place in the world where you can get that. I also hope that you're not a big fan of the idea of the people getting to vote on all of their decision-making representatives, because the vast majority of nations in the world don't allow their citizens that luxury.

Another thing; those terrorists were cowards. The attack they made was cowardly. They were cowards to attack six thousand people that they had never met, never known, had nothing to do with their country or whatever troubles they might have, in an attempt to get our attention. I hope kicking off Ramadan with a hearty helping of Cruise Missiles is the kind of attention they were looking for.

To everyone I have heard over the past few days that has said "America is a terrorist country as well," fuck you, too. There's a big difference between someone like Osama Bin Laden or Saddam Hussein believing that everyone should listen to what they have to say and Americans doing it. If someone disagrees with us, we laugh at them, or possibly punch them in the face. They attack us. America and all it stands for means rule by the people, and if we have committed any acts of terrorism I DEFY you to find evidence of it happening in a country that follows that belief. America stands for Democracy, Capitalism, and the spreading of the two. The opposition is rule by fear, rule by oppression, and rule by strict religious confinement.

If you don't like America, leave it, because quite frankly I love this country, and I'm damn sick and tired of hearing you badmouth it. We're not perfect, but we're the best the world has got, so deal with it.

Understand?

# Reggae/Soca CD Reviews

By Jody Jarvis

First and foremost, big respect to the Staff at VP Records, The Stony Brook Press called VP records and we got nothing but quick and total cooperation.

## Cocoa Tea: "Feel the Power"



In this Album Cocoa Tea reminds us of what reggae is all about. He maintained his cool while running with the reggae torch. With all the slackness going in the business today, Cocoa Tea take

us back to a natural type of reggae with a twist of modern riddims and lyrics. In the early days of reggae artists use to sing about love, politics, righteous living etc. Cocoa Tea touches on these topics and more. However, this album is missing some African drum riddims, Feel the Power would have been more complete if it had some of these riddims

Never the less, Coca Tea covers a wide variety of topics. He definitely takes his listeners back to when Reggae was a music about protest music and love. For all of those who have a liking for that "Sunday morning type culture Music," Cocoa tea delivers with full blast. This disc is a disc is one that should be in a true fan's collection.

## Terry Linden: "Terry Linden"



Plagiarism. It is what it is, one cannot look outside or around it. Why did Terri Linden self titled his

Album? Usually when an artist self titles an album it's suppose give his/her audience a portrait of who the artist is, and what they represent. Well if that is the case, Terry Linden is a duplicate. This album is a Carbon Copy, the type of things the type of things the reggae genera doesn't need.

Remember when reggae started approximately half a century ago? It use to be a leading music, other music type use to follow Reggae. Yeah I remember those golden days. However, Linden's "Your love is my Love," "Storm is Over," "That's the way it is" and "Where do broken hearts Go" are all remakes of songs by artists like Whitney Houston and R.Kelly. At this point, Reggae needs more Grammy award-winning artists; it needs to get stronger and stronger, not to taking step backwards. The good side to Linden's album is he does have a soothing and relaxing voice, full of potential. He has the kind of voice that allows those who are in sorrow to reflect. His music is voice is that of like soothing Jazz. Hopefully with some more creativity and originality, I think that Linden has the ability to be one of the reggaes leading singers.

## Various Artists: "Soca 101"



In the early Roman days when the grapes were harvested and the God Bacchus was worshiped at the bacchanal festival, the Romans probably use to play the Soca 101 CD. The music

on the 101 disk is not so ancient but for those of you, who don't know Soca, this is a great CD to start your journey. Soca the "jump, jump, Rae...Rae," adrelenin pumping, carnival music always seems to get people in the mood to dance. The disc is composed of past hit songs from various artists, from Caribbean; they include the legendary Mighty Sparrow and other artist like Iwer

George and Burning Flames.

The Music makes you that feeling as if you wish to grab your flag and whistle and go and to s party. Soca 101 includes past hits like "Tine Winey" by Byron Lee, a definite rump shaker song that gets crowds dancing. The Soca 101 comes with a double disk; on the second disk, the songs the first disk, are mixed by a DJ with party horns VP Records style. Whether you've just begun listening to Soca or you're a Soca fanatic the Soca 101 is for all audiences. The CD has some of the biggest hits that came out in the past years. It's a disk full of back to back hits for you and your Granny to enjoy.

## Buju Banton: "Buju Banton, The Early Years (90-95)"

A few days ago, I heard some young patrons speaking about Buju Banton. I was wonder what happen to the man held the golden mic for dancehall in the early 90's. Well he is here again with an album from the early days of his career. This man has hits

that can last him a lifetime. Not for getting, that this Album covers only covers five years of his career.

The album includes such it's as Bogle, the forever controversial hit Boom Bye Bye, Batty Rider and a lot more, totaling 19 tracks. It also includes the hit song "Hotness" featuring Hip-Hop artist Heavy D. However this album is not only his hit songs, it also includes songs like: Miss Joan and Love Wizard. These are two great tracks that might be have been a brush over to some of the dancehall massifs in the early 90's. This disk has a smooth feel and would definitely welcomed by any Dancehall fan, whether old are new. Some the tracks on this album when played today in dancehall guarantee a forward from the patrons.

**The Stony Brook Press**

**we got's couches**

**room 060 SBUnion**  
**every wed 1pm**



# Stony Brook Sucks... Dot Com

By Daniel Hofer

You may have heard the phrase before. You may have even said it yourself. You may not even agree with it. But for the most part, Stony Brook sucks. In fact, it sucks just enough to have a website devoted to its lameness. Next time you are pissed off at something, and the school is to blame, log on to [www.stonybrooksucks.com](http://www.stonybrooksucks.com) and share your feelings.

The life of the site revolves around the message board. It was initially put up for students to share what they hate about Stony Brook, but recently, people have come to the board to bash the site and those who do not like the school. It is strange how most of these people spend their time insulting those who don't like the school. I guess these people think voicing your opinion against something is not allowed. It's also strange that these supposed happy Brookers keep coming back to the site to pointlessly insult the users of the message board. Hey, if you really thought the website was stupid, don't you think you would just stop going

to it?

So this may leave you wondering, why would someone want to make a website trashing his own school? Let's go back to the generalizations I made earlier about people. The two groupings of people (pro and anti-Stony Brook) may not be the best way to categorize people. If you were to tag me, I would be an anti-Brooker. But does that mean I hate this school? Does that mean I can't see the good things that come out of here? No, it doesn't. It means that I am not happy here and I want to see changes. Maybe we should be called the "pro-change USBers." Then again maybe we shouldn't.

How about those pro-Stony Brook students? Do they really like it here or are they just to afraid to speak up about the things they don't like? Maybe they want to believe that everything is keen and dandy and they don't want to see that this "second-rate" university is actually jerking us around. The webmaster of [StonyBrookSucks.com](http://StonyBrookSucks.com), not to mention the other

anti-Stony Brook users, take a lot of crap from these pro-Stony people. I have yet to meet a person who really likes this school. I know some people who post on the message board and make fun of the anti-USB group and claim they actually do like it here. Yet when I asked these people why they were being the way they where, I didn't get any clear answers. If you are reading this and you really do like it here, please post on the message board why you do. Who knows, maybe we are all wrong.

Honestly, it's really not that bad here. People have said things like, "get used to it, things here are better than other schools." While that may be true, while Stony Brook may be better than other schools, it's still not the greatest and it still has a lot of room for improvement. Maybe you are thinking, "Wow that's a little rough saying Stony Brook sucks." Hey, what else should it be called? How about [www.stony-brookisntreallythatbad.com](http://www.stony-brookisntreallythatbad.com)? I think not.

Often I do find myself and other people I know saying, "Stony Brook sucks," because they are angered at something they did not like about this school. Think to yourself; are you really happy with everything here? Isn't there something you want to change? Let's look at complaints that are reoccurring. For one, there is the food service. There have been many complaints on the Stony Brook Sucks message board, and there have been many people who have written about it in The Press. Every year when you think it has hit bottom, it manages to get worse. How about those commuter buses? Honestly, I have only been in them once, but it seems a lot of people are not content with on how they are run. How about the never-ending construction? How about the restricted internet access? The list goes on and on.

Our school needs a site like [StonyBrookSucks.com](http://StonyBrookSucks.com). This site is here to challenge the school administration or anyone else who is watching, and let them know that people are not happy here. It is the first step in the direction of change for the students. [StonyBrookSucks.com](http://StonyBrookSucks.com) is devoted to one thing, that we the students are not happy and that we expect better than what we are getting.

STONY  
BROOK  
STATE UNIVERSITY NEW YORK  
SUCKS

the Arcade  
open mon-fri  
games all day  
pool 5-11pm  
basement, student union

# Caper By Numbers

By Adam Kearney

Beyond my third floor balcony is a tree, apparently entering into hibernation before the coldness ahead, and littered with the various objects which the people who hang out in my dorm room like to throw at it. There are shirt hangers, beer cans, two pairs of shorts, and someone's entire tape collection strewn about the various interweaving branches like a giant Christmas tree of college mirth decorated in the tinsel of toilet paper and magnetic tape. At the sight of it one is infused with the urge just to climb right up there into the madness and take a leak off the top. Coming back to the presence of that tree on Sunday night was if some higher force was patting me on the back, congratulating me for a job well done and encouraging me forward on this path of chaos and destruction. This tree became the rallying symbol of my weekend, of my camping adventure.

On Friday they were afraid. We came into town puking on the sidewalk. No one could truly handle the energies of which it was our goal, or perhaps our destiny, to disperse that evening. At the high school they read Nostradamus. A van was supposed to leave for a mountain cabin containing my associates and myself, but it seemed that we would not be permitted on this journey after all due to our inclinations to be overly intense. This sort of accusation is enough to unsettle anyone, so I found myself an old Halloween costume, a Jedi cloak with a lightsaber, and paraded around town harassing the natives until my neighbor came back with a Dutchmaster.

This season is the most notorious in our history for pagan activities. Perhaps it is the gradual decline in sunlight, or some ancient survival instinct that possesses the masses to disguise and indulge themselves, and for the children to mercilessly decimate anything that comes in their path. I can say that I would be able to tolerate this being the normal state of affairs. Later on in an open field under the shadow of a football team and their cheerleaders, we watched a fire department ignite an enormous pile of wooden palettes while the marching band attempted something inspirational. The thirty foot flames licked the clear October sky and I puffed a giant cigarette I had rolled while I pondered the essence of "homecoming." Some vestigial authority walked over to me and asked if I could put out my smoke, because I was on school grounds. "Screw off, I'll clip it," I responded as a fellow professional. He shuffled away, disgruntled. It was good to be back.

The next day I woke up in complete darkness; the windows were sealed off by dense blankets and the room was devoid of any electrical activity. I remembered staying up until late in the morning with a mystical guru discussing our usual topics of good and evil, metaphysics, science, our future, and who I would bring on a space mission to Mars. I thought to myself, "What time is it and where the hell did I put my lightsaber?" I waited nervously in the darkness until he entered the room. "Evil is winning," he told me, before turning on a lamp. I laughed. I didn't believe him because I was wearing a tie.

We walked to a party on the other side of town, on the way bumping into the people who had supposedly left to go upstate without us. They told us how the cabin had been repossessed and I acquired a cheap case of beer through an underage alcohol transaction. We were debriefed to the battle

plans: this party was being sponsored by meatheads and it was our mission to have more fun than they did, at their expense. I cracked my knuckles.

The festivities were canceled after an hour. The neighbors had apparently called the cops and whoever hadn't been kicked out with any good reason beforehand was herded into a darkened basement like a pack of disgraceful sheep. This way the police would not know anyone was inside. Naturally I completely resented this treatment, along with their genuine fear of this supposed authority, and was determined to express this by banging at the windows and uttering various obscenities regarding swine and my superiority over such creatures. When the coast cleared and we were released from our subterranean holding cell, I immediately raced outside with my cup in hand determined to find something else better to do. The street soldiers were on us in seconds. I felt I knew best how to handle the situation; I gambled my freedom for a chance to save my Schlitz.

Yes sir, that is my backpack. No sir, you can't search it." I grabbed it and casually walked towards the house, guided by a vision of myself secure on the private property with all of my belongings. The door was locked. God was shitting on me. The officer reached his arm around my neck and threw me into a bush. My bag was seized along with my identification and I was told to follow him to his car. I reluctantly obeyed, knowing that in front of the car I would be recorded on video and this would prevent him from committing any further illegal actions. He said that if I didn't let him drive me home than he would bring me down to the station and file me for disorderly conduct. It appears it is actually illegal for anyone to walk home if they have been drinking, that this constitutes disorderly conduct, and that because I had felt obliged to protect myself from being illegally searched I would be threatened with this charge. He claimed that he had probable cause because I was leaving a gathering of teenagers which was under no parental supervision, when in fact he had come there to tell us to be quiet. I think it's a load of crap I am not going to stand for.

It seems that civil disobedience is just another word for crime as I sat in the back of his squad car while he identified every object in my possession and asked me what it's purpose was. Meanwhile, through the window I watched my buddies run into the backyard and liberate the keg of beer that had been residing in the shed. I felt like a domestic vigilante, as I observed them lowering the massive alcoholic container into the trunk of a car and peeling off out of there while I distracted the police force with my liberal antics. I had traded the last of my funds for a cup of that keg (a four dollar tax refund check from the state of New York), and while I sat in the back of his squad car contemplating whether I should make a run for the Canadian border



there was a keg being stolen from a bunch of assholes and being brought to the woods by my associates with their knives in hand.

I was taken home but I soon left to find my compatriots. I found myself in a friend's basement, who had not yet returned from the night's adventures, and I took this time to really evaluate what had occurred. I was a college freshman, undecided on a future and full of idealism, fighting force with words against the people destroying the world. In the end everything is ruled by an unwritten code of karma so complex that no human may ever be capable of properly explaining it, let alone discovering it's system. In a subtle and fully introspective mode one knows the causes and effects of karmic payback, from the most trivial occurrence to wars and revolutions. In this case my spiritual error was misplaced trust, in people with no soul, in the ghosts of law, in my empowerment in society. Fuck the police. A guy in his underwear, covered in tattoos including a swastika, walks into the room I am in and asks me what the hell I am doing there. I try to explain that I was arrested and needed a place to go and he gave me a Marlboro. "Shit happens," he said. He did twenty years for murder. I breathe smoke.

So, I sit in my friend's basement and sip Schlitz. This is my Halloween, I don't need a costume or candy; I don't need to pretend I'm scared. They say reality is stranger than fiction. I am free at least and infinitely gracious for that, my heart beats and I have a pencil and paper. People ask, "They actually let you publish what you've written?" I respond, "Yeah, they'll publish anything." The authorities never get angrier than when you show a little respect for yourself.

The next morning I drank eight cups of ultra strong coffee. It was then that I realized the true lesson of the evening, the message society was trying to tell me: "Come on Adam, sell your soul, eat the apple, get the Visa, flip the burgers, start saving, start shaving, you can't win by valuing your spirit. Your fingers should bleed, not your heart." And it was then that I developed my response: "Be a rebel without a bank, cuffed and carcinogenic, spitting in the face of your doom 'til they punch you out with thorazine."





# Guitars of the Gods



By Oz

Welcome to the first ever GUITARS OF THE GOD's column. This space will be used each issue by Oz to provide education and information about rare guitars, effects and other rad gear.

I recently acquired a Fender STARCASTER. This is an extremely rare Fender-made semi-hollowbody guitar. It was Fender's attempt in the late 70's to compete with the Gibson 335 model. Unfortunately for Fender, around the same time Metal and Synth-Pop were attaining widespread popularity and the sales for all semi-hollowbody and full hollowbody guitars plummeted. Thus this design was scrapped after barely three years of production. There is no hope for a re-issue (thank GOD because Fender would really mess it up!) To get one now, your only hope is E-bay where they will cost you anywhere from \$1200 to \$2000 dollars if (and I stress if) you can even find one that isn't severely damaged. In fact the only other one I have ever seen in person is when I saw Radiohead at the Roseland Ballroom in 1995-1996. The lead guitar player Johnny Greenwood had one. I was lucky enough to find one that had minimal damage for around \$1200 dollars. But keep in mind it did not come with a suitable case.

I also had to do some repairs on it; I replaced the 1/4 inch jack and plate, the toggle switch, and the five (yes five) pots (two volume, two tone, and a master volume.) Next I added strap locks (which I highly recommend for any instrument.) I also had to have a new nut carved for the Starcaster (ouch!)

When all this work was said and done I took it to a guitar tech at guitar center, who buffed the finish and set it up with 10 gauge strings.

For a few weeks the guitar sounded amazing but I noticed that the high E string was constantly at a lower volume than the rest of the guitar. Upon further inspection I realized that this was because the magnets on the pickups used do not line up with the strings. This is caused by the variance in the distance between strings on the Starcaster compared to other Fender models. This was a major flaw of the guitar that probably helped in it's premature demise.

Aside from the original cost, and the restoration costs, and the set up cost (totaling about \$1700), this instrument is a great value both as a collectors piece (good luck finding one) as well as a play-everyday-beat-the-shit-out-of-workhorse-tank-of-a-fucking-guitar. I highly recommend picking one up before they ALL disappear.

## PRODUCTION TIME PERIOD:

The Fender Starcaster was produced from late 1976 until early 1980. About three years of total production time.

## ELECTRONICS:

Two Fender humbuckers, two volume pots, two tone pots and a master volume pot. One mono \* inch input jack. Three position toggle switch.

## BODY:

Semi-hollow (center block.)

Two F-holes, no binding.

Maple front, back and sides.

Has binding on top and back.

## NECK:

Maple.

## FRETBOARD:

Maple.

## HEADSTOCK:

Looks like a hockey stick, it has an odd atypical design and a black or brown stripe of color (depending on body color)

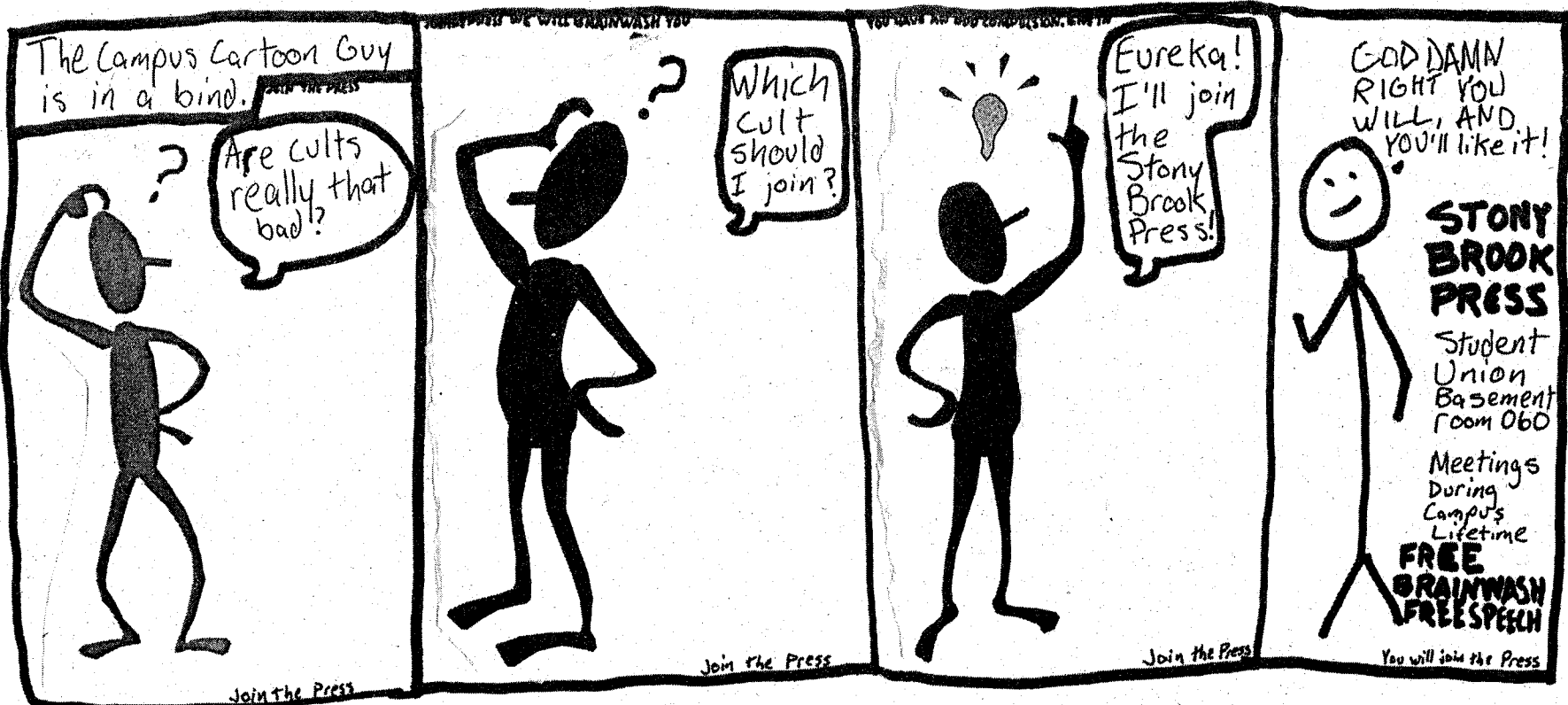
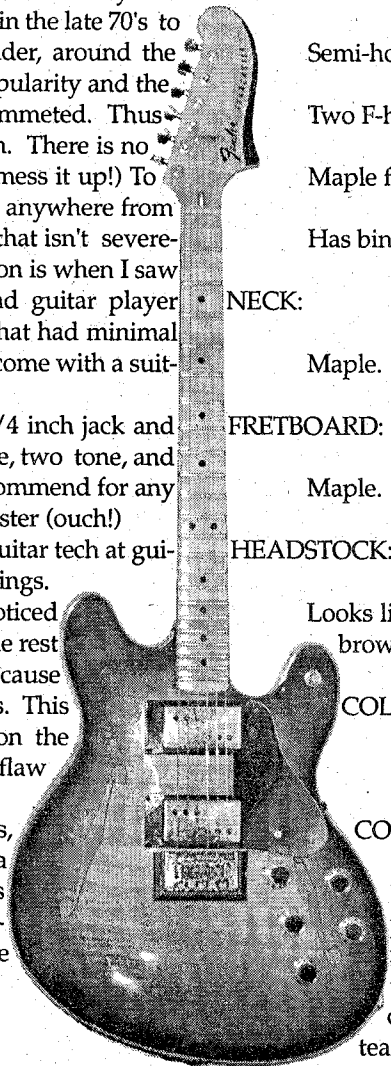
## COLOR(s) OFFERED:

Sunburst, natural, white and black.

## CONSTRUCTION SPECS:

Most of the Starcaster was essentially constructed from extra parts lying around the Fender factory. It was quite an experimental model for Fender, signifying the second time they tried to market a semi-hollow body electric guitar (the first being the coronado model in the late '60's. It has two f-holes, as well as a teardrop shaped black pickguard. It came with two fender humbuckers (which were not '76 issue but '72 issue, the same pickups used in the '72 Fender Telecaster Thinline model.) The body and horns are off set, and it looks almost like a hollowbody Stratocaster.

Well that's it for this issue! See you after. \*Oz



# VOX POPULI

As part of our never-ending interest in student life, the Stony Brook Press bring VOX POPULI, the results of a survey given to the ~~fools~~ students of the student body we found around Stony Brook  
Hey, don't blame us, this is how you answered!

## *According the voice of the people...*

50% of the women at Stony Brook who have the glory of God in their lives can fit their entire left hand in any orifice of their body

66% of female psychology majors have shaved....you know...down there

100% of the people who have had sex in their parents' bed do not believe that the mullet is dead

80% of men (50% of women) who read the Statesman have or know someone who has tasted fecal matter

100% of sorority sisters cannot find Afghanistan on a map where Afghanistan is colored in and has a big fucking "A" on the middle of it (see below)

66% of female psychology majors piss in the bathtub

100% of women who can fit their entire left hand in any orifice of their body have not have sex in their parents' bed

100% of people who have electrocuted themselves remember the 80's sitcom "Alf"

100% of women who have eaten at Deng Lee's admit to have eaten a cat

83% of men who don't have a "magical forest" *do* have the glory of God in their lives

## ***Top Ten Things Heard Whilst Surveying:***

10- "Just give me the fucking pen."

9- "Cats are the guardians of the undead."

8- "Ew....ew.....ew....ew....yes."

7- "You can't scare me-- I work for *The Press!*"

6- "I can't fill out surveys. I only have one eye."

5- "...and you spelt 'orifice' uncorrectly."

4- "I'd like to eat a cat..."

3- "What's *The Statesman?*"

2- "What is a doo-chay?"

1- "Sex in my parents' bed? I had sex in their backyard...  
What do I look like? A psycho?"

### Our favorite question:

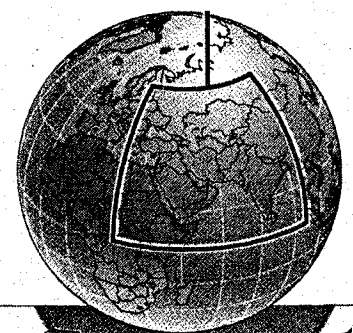
Which letter is Afganistan on this map?

### Answers we got:

A (the correct answer): 47%

B,C,H,J,M,N,Q,U,"Yes",

"I don't know": 53%

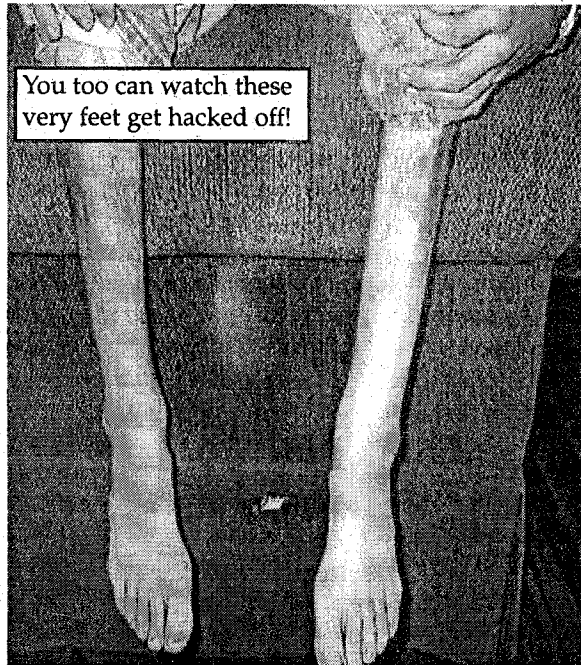




By Mr. Thomas Peterson

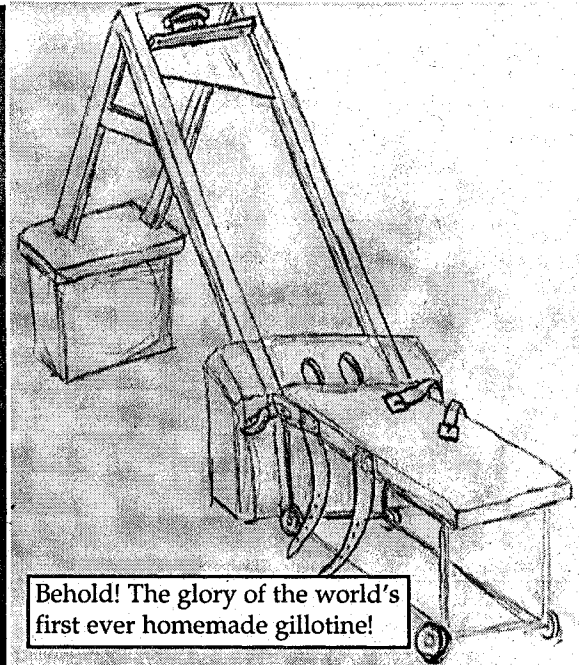
He's just a man with a homemade guillotine and a dream. The man? 33 year old Biloxi, Mississippi native Paul Morgan. The dream? To chop off his own feet live on the internet on January 5th, 2002. "I promise you something morbidly curious," says Morgan in his charming southern drawl. The story has the makings of a phenomenal piece of performance art, but alas Paul Morgan is no artist. He is an entrepreneur through and through. Morgan and his friends expect the public befootings to generate a pile of money to make King Midas blush. "For \$20 you'll be able to watch me chop my legs off," explains the creative capitalist. That's right everyone, for a mere ten dollars a foot, you can secure yourself a front row seat for the event of the millennium (so far). Although he has few takers as of yet, Morgan expects an enormous last-minute rush on his website, [www.cutoffmyfeet.com](http://www.cutoffmyfeet.com). Like any good free-market thinker, he is simultaneously creating both a public demand and supply. For a delightfully reasonable fee, the audience will be treated to a first-class, hour-long production complete with a professional producer and director, expert audio and video operators, and even a host for the evening's event. After a brief introduction to the life and times of Mr. Paul Morgan, the topnotch crew plans to test the guillotine several times on large pieces of beef before the dramatic finale. These trials will not only build audience suspense, but also allow for some final safety checks. After all, safety comes first, and no one wants to see the performer maimed unnecessarily. Following his loss of limbs, Morgan plans to bleed for a short while, then cauterize his own massive wounds, all the while basking in the silent applause of his internet spectators.

One of the major obstacles standing in the way of this ambitious project is its blatantly illegal nature. Technically, Paul Morgan's money-maker is an infringement upon Mississippi's "Mayhem Law" but not to worry, these scofflaws have already found a secure and remote location to broadcast from. Of course, a suitable setting is



not the only problematic concern in an undertaking such as this. There is still the pressing matter of what Morgan will do once his body has been rendered footless. "I'm just gonna get me some new legs", assures Morgan, with the best grammar he can muster. In fact, he already has a nice shiny pair of hydraulic prosthetics all picked out. Indeed they are a handsome black metallic set, manufactured by a state-of-the art company that refuses to give its name. Morgan declares that with the prosthetic limbs he "could be able to run again," which will surely come in handy on his trips to the bank.

His family and friends are overwhelmingly supportive of the brilliant plan. "I'm behind anything that he does," remarks Paul's brother and assistant guillotine builder, James Morgan. "If it can be successful for him, I'm all for it," he says with a glimmer of tender bloodlust in his eye. In fact, the only people protesting the plan are the local authorities, and nearby religious groups. Presumably, as this endeavor draws more and more attention to itself, it will gain vast numbers of both paying customers, and conscien-



tious objectors. It is not entirely implausible that if the naysayers have strong enough complaints, and deep enough pockets, that they may band together and encourage Morgan not to drop that rope, with a very persuasive sum of money.

This would be a particularly unfortunate outcome not only for the loyal spectators who's thirst for "mayhem" will go unquenched, but also for those of us who would like to see this mutilation-for-money trend catch on. Just think, there may very well be a profitable future in this up-and-coming industry. Future performers would compete with one another for our hard earned dollars in never-ending attempts to entertain us with their butchered bodies, and guillotines are just the beginning. This utopian future can only be realized with your help. Do your part. Take the \$20 you would have spent on a sandwich and coke in the Student Activities Center, and buy yourself an hour of unparalleled entertainment instead. We are standing on the brink of a new age in both business and entertainment, so run don't walk, to your local computer and help Paul Morgan to usher it in. God bless America.

## Madman Runs Loose on Campus

By Ross Rosenfled

A madman, known only as Ross the Red, has been seen running around Stony Brook campus trying to cut red tape with a giant pair of shears.

The Red, who has become a hero to some, began his rampage in the Administration building, where he thoroughly scared various members of the Stony Brook administrative staff by threatening to ruin their livelihood by with his tremendous scissors. "It was frightening," said a practically hysterical Stan Deround, Director of Administrative Responsiveness, "He was going to cut it! He was going to cut all the tape!" Fortunately the Red (monster that he is!) was stopped by what administrators call "The Moving Wall of Terror," commonly known as a "Registration Block."

"Thank God for The Wall," Rea Dundant, the Director of Bad Policy remarked, "Otherwise he most certainly would have succeeded, and who knows when we would've gotten more tape from the state..."

The Red apparently went mad after learning that he could not register due to a 55 dollar late charge on his account. Administration policy states that a block will be initiated if there is more than 10 dollars owed. This prevents unreliable students from continuing their education with incredible fifteen or sixteen dollar deficits.

The Bursar's office was the first to be hit.

"As soon as he came in I knew something was wrong," said cashier Penny Pincher, "He had a giant pair of scissors and a crazed look in his eye. I

tried to sound the alarm, but I got caught-up in the tape. And then it was too late."

The Red went straight for the computer system, which is covered in standard Stony Brook red tape for protection.

"It was terrible," Pincher said, "He cut-up the tape around the computer, then went straight to the back to get at the spare supply. I was just thankful I didn't wear my red tape dress."

When he was finished, the Red darted out of the Bursar's office and up the stairs to the various administrative offices.

"I was scared," Wei Tan Eternity, a secretary for the Office of Administrative Action told us, "I knew there was trouble when I saw the red tape that blocks the door fall to the ground. Then he entered, and I saw the scissors."

The Red hurried through numerous Vice-Presidents' offices, then made a quick exit through the back, somehow evading police and making his way to Student Telephone Services.

"It was the most terrifying thing I've ever seen," cried Bea Z. Signal, a receptionist, "He knew what he wanted - he went straight for the 100 dollar Limit machine, trying to break it by cutting the red tape out from under it. Then he took the tape and mailed it to Arizona with a bill for what he called 'frustration damages.' Oh, even the thought!"

The campus then went on "General Alert," with police scouring the area. Yet somehow the Red managed to sneak into Campus Res., where he ran-

sacked the office of Gina Badtcore, snip, snip, snipping all the red tape around her office. It was a measurable task, but the madman worked quickly. Badtcore found herself helpless and her office in shambles.

"He has taken me," Badtcore later muttered, whimpering through her hands like a lost child, "He has taken my power. My foundation. What is to hold me up now?"

The red tape was very strong.

"We tried to tackle him," said Stu Pid, a worker in the office, "But he was too strong - too driven."

The Red then ran out the side door and has not been seen or heard from since.

Police are taking the matter very seriously.

"If you see this man," said Police Chief Han Cuff in a general press statement, "Do not attempt to apprehend him yourself. He is armed with reason and most-definitely very dangerous."

President Kenny also issued a statement calling for "red tape" donations, since a general shortage now exists.

Various suggestions have been made to help us through the crisis, including one for temporarily protecting University policy with green tape, but these suggestions have met with little approval. "The bottom line is that we need the red tape," an unidentified administrative spokesman said, "It's what makes us Stony Brook."

# Would You Fast (so that others may eat?)

By Patricia Doherty

In every community there is a desire to alleviate the pain and suffering of others. In a world of such plenty there is no reason for anyone to not have his or her basic needs met. This is why several campus organizations at Stony Brook have joined together this year to sponsor our 13th annual Fast for a World Harvest campaign to benefit Oxfam America. The purpose of this event is to educate the campus community on issues of hunger and poverty, as well as to raise money for Oxfam's programs in the United States and throughout the world.

Throughout the world and in our country as well, there is terrible poverty, hunger, and injustice. Children are born with no hope for a better life. That is where organizations, such as Oxfam America, are needed. Oxfam, a non-profit organization, seeks to alleviate social injustices through lasting relationships with poor communities throughout the world. It is not a charity, which seeks to put band aids on the deep problems in our world. They seek instead to discover the true roots of these problems and to ameliorate them. Oxfam gives people training and the necessary tools to improve their own lives. Recently our nation's thoughts have been on Afghanistan, but we must realize that these problems have existed long before a few months ago. Since 1989 Oxfam has been working with local staff in Afghanistan and is responding to the humanitarian emergency with food aid as well as with water and sanitation. Through the local staff and Oxfam's continuing support for Afghan partners, they have helped approximately 750,000 people. USB students have raised over \$20,000.00 with the help of our sponsors for Oxfam's programs.

This year, as in the years before, students are sitting in the dining halls in the weeks before Thanksgiving and asking other students to donate to

Oxfam America. This is a popular event on campuses across the nation and Oxfam is the largest fast campaign in the country, involving almost one million people. Last year USB students raised \$2,500 and this year we hope to beat that goal. Students can donate whenever they see people at the Oxfam table, or they can donate directly at the cash registers. Simply tell the cashier the amount and they will deduct it. On November 7th, Catholic Campus Ministry hosted the annual Bingo Night in the SAC Lobby to raise funds for Oxfam. Many campus and off-campus locations were very generous in donating prizes for the evening.

The goal of the Oxfam Planning Committee here at Stony Brook is not just to raise money for Oxfam, but also to raise awareness about hunger and poverty issues. This is why this year they will be sponsoring the 2nd annual Hunger Banquet to benefit Oxfam. The very diverse planning committee is comprised of members of and is sponsored by Catholic Campus Ministry, Sigma Beta Honor Society, Golden Key Honor Society, Zeta Beta Tau Fraternity, Sigma Lambda Gamma Sorority, Sigma Lambda Beta Fraternity, Sigma Iota Sigma Sorority, NYPIRG, the Vietnamese Students Association and Oxfam America. Together they will join together people who wish to experience how most of the world truly lives by presenting to the Hunger Banquet participants a truly global meal with participants taking on the roles of people in 3rd World, Developing, and Industrial Nations.

On November 14th at 7pm in the SAC lobby at the Hunger Banquet, students, faculty, and staff will gather to raise understanding on campus of the problem of global hunger and the social injustices that cause it. Participants will be asked to bring donations of food and clothing for area shelters as

their admission to the banquet, and will leave with knowledge of how they can get involved and make a difference. They come together to bring to life the inequalities of our world and to challenge each other, as the more economically fortunate, to realize how our decisions affect others in our world. Few will leave the banquet with full stomachs, but hopefully all will leave with a greater understanding of the problem of global hunger and poverty and the motivation to do something about it. Last year, the Hunger Banquet was a great success, and won the "Outstanding Program Award" and this year they are hoping for an equally successful turnout.

While we are all celebrating our freedom and our ability to live life how we see fit, we must reflect upon why are we so lucky? If there is a God-given right to freedom, then why can't we share this gift with others? All people have desires. All people want the best for their communities and loved ones, but very few have the opportunity to achieve these goals. Where there is no opportunity there is no freedom. What good are laws and rights, if people, due to circumstances beyond their control, are unable to meet their basic needs, and without human rights protection, there can be no peace and stability. By supporting Oxfam America, Stony Brook students are making a great contribution to the protection of human rights and are helping to find long-term solutions to social injustices, and thereby are helping to create a world in which we too can have the peace that we long for.

For more information on Oxfam America, or to sign-up to collect donations in the dining halls, please contact CATHOLIC CAMPUS MINISTRY at 632-6636.

## Lead the Path to Success

By Chitra Ramasubbu

As a junior, when I look back at those two years as a premed student majoring in chemistry, it always occurred to me that at least a few people would benefit from what I'm going to say now. These are the thoughts I had in my mind during those years of intense course load and hardships, which I am still learning from.

Yes, Stony Brook is a huge university; too many smart kids working double times harder than you do, large classes may divert your attention, discouraging words from your peer students about a class or something etc, these factors affect your productivity to a great extent. My sincere advice is to ignore those factors totally. It is good to know how a particular class works, how to study for it and tips on how to do better. Talk to those who did well in that class. Never think that they're smart and you can't do it. You are the best, and if you can't achieve it no one could.

Doing well in a class is not about being intelligent, it's about working hard. It's not just studying 24 hours a day that would give you an A; It's all about time management. You might have the textbook in front of you and daydream for 10 hours. You would rather watch some TV during that time and feel relaxed or go for a walk or something. Concentrating and reading for one hour is equivalent to just sitting on your table with the book in front of you for 10 hours.

When studying for an exam, never think about how bad you did in the previous midterm, unless it actually motivates you. In my case, doing badly in the

previous midterm gives me the drive to do well on the rest of them. Science and engineering majors are bombarded with labs, recitations, quizzes, midterms and homework everyday. In those cases, always prioritize your work. Make sure you finish your lab reports, homework in the weekend so that you can concentrate on your midterm or something during that week. Everyone has different study habits, and it's never too late to actually learn what yours is.

Get organized. Write down the deadlines and dates for midterms and handing in homework or reports. We're getting closer to the finals. It's still not too late to pick up in a class. In most science classes, they like to see improvement. So doing well in the final can boost your grade up to a significant level.

Everyone can't be the best in everything. If someone's good in theory classes they may suck in Labs. This is most of the times true especially in higher-level courses. So never look down on someone who isn't doing that well in a class, they will always shine in something else and you may always need their help in some way that you would never expect.

For math, physics and science classes, the best way to study is to "Solve Problems". Reading the book just helps you understand the basics of the problems and what they're talking about, but unless you try solving a lot of problems it is hard to succeed in an exam. You have only limited time during an exam and it is hard to actually find a method to solve it unless you have solved a problem similar to that before.

If I was given a chance to start school all over

again, the first thing I would is to join all the clubs that suit my interest. I regret even nowadays the fact that I wasn't involved on campus in the beginning, now that I know what's going on there. It is very useful. Some clubs are very informative they even take you to trips to various grad schools and companies. Make sure you don't join those clubs that just provide free pizza every week, they are a total waste of time, you would rather go for clubs that give you information about your major, premed, pre law etc, some clubs even provide free tutoring assistance for some classes, take full advantage of these facilities. Go to advisors they are paid to help you out, they have seen so many problems like the ones you are facing at present and their advice should be very helpful.

Never procrastinate; I shouldn't say this, because I do it all the time. If I don't have time in the week to study, I try to catch up on the weekend. The weekends are the only days when people could catch up with their classes. Going to parties and hanging out isn't bad if it is done once in a while. But make sure you finish up some work and reward yourself with something like that. That actually motivates you to study better.

These are the only four years in your life where you can study as an undergrad. These are the only four years in your life where you will be provided with tons of resources from the school. This is your first and last chance. Take advantage of it to your fullest now or else you might regret it later. Never again in your life are you going to get this opportunity. When you look back at these four years, you should feel that you actually worked hard, and get a sense of satisfaction.



# Mano-a-Burrito

By Russell Heller

"I've never seen anyone finish it," says Trinity Madison, the redheaded cashier at the Green Cactus Mexican restaurant on rt.25A by the train station. "I've seen a few people come close, but there's always something left over." The 'Two-Fisted' Burrito is the largest and most expensive burrito on the Green Cactus' menu. Thomas Osborn, The Press' Copy Editor has vowed to take it on.

"It's about three—four pounds of burrito," Claims a chef in the back, his Mexican accent giving him an air of authority, "you can't finish it." Osborn however remains confident. Having just finished an ordinary burrito and an order of nachos in impressive time, Osborn began to boast about previous accomplishments of his appetite. "I once ate 14 slices of pizza," said Osborn, articulating with his hands exactly how large 14 slices of pizza is. "That's almost two whole pies. I could go eat this two-fisted burrito right now."

"I bet \$10 you can't finish one," said Madison, reaching for her wallet. Upon hearing that Osborn had already eaten a regular burrito and an appetizer, her confidence grew and she slapped a 20-dollar-bill on the counter, adding, "Not a chance."

With the stakes running high, Osborn opted to postpone the challenge until the following Monday, November 12th. Not having the 20 dollars necessary to cover his end of the bet, Osborn could not at the time 'put his mouth where his money is,' but he has little doubt that with a few days to prepare himself physically, mentally and financially, that both the burrito and Madison will be the losers of this bet.

Weighing in at 190 pounds, Osborn would appear to have an advantage in hand-to-hand combat against a mere three pounds of food. This is not the case, according to the experts. "The skinny guys come closer," says Madison. "It doesn't make sense but that's what happens."

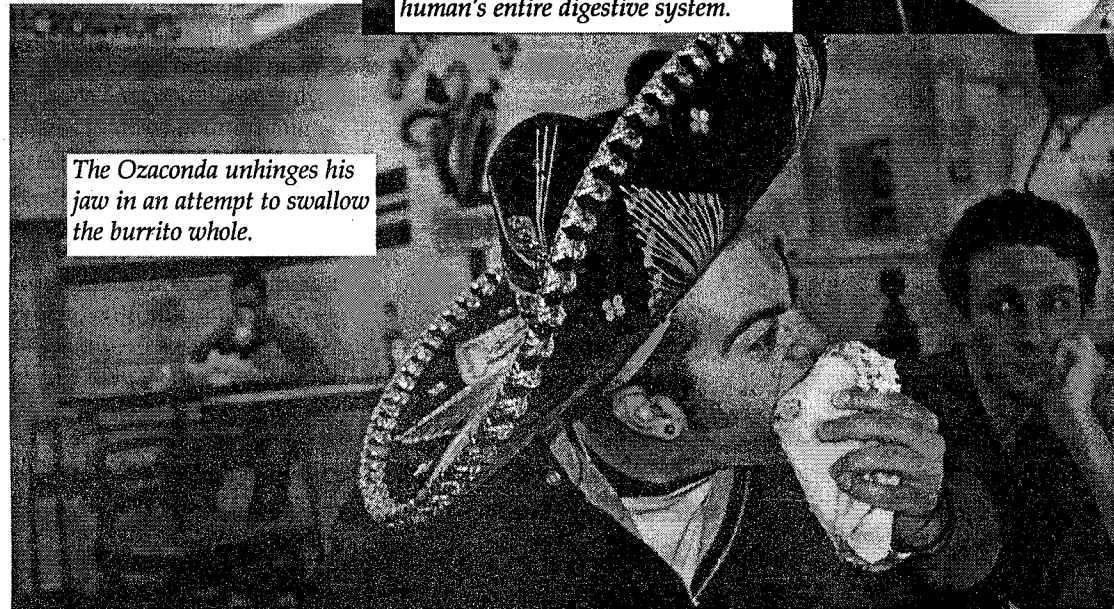
The two-fisted burrito features an impressive 17-inch diameter tortilla, which is filled nearly to bursting with charbroiled chicken or steak, rice, beans, grilled onions, peppers, Monterey jack cheese, sour cream and salsa. It is priced at \$8.95 with the \$2.75 option to have it 'enchilada-style,' which means the addition of enchilada sauce and cheddar and Monterey jack cheeses melted on top. The next-most-expensive burrito on the menu would be the shrimp burrito at \$7.75 and since it is smaller, the 'enchilada - style' option costs only \$1.72. It should be noted

that since Osborn has been a vegetarian since birth, his 'two-fisted' burrito will not contain meat but will have more of the other ingredients in its place.

Osborn thinks his chances are good. He openly shares a story about driving down a highway in Ohio and seeing over the horizon a giant billboard of a man with a burrito for a head. The ad is for a restaurant whose specialty is a burrito custom-cut to the size of the diner's head. Osborn claims to have eaten his 'head-to' without difficulty and although it might not be 17-inches, in this reporter's humble opinion, Osborn has an exceptionally large head. "I'm gonna do this like Rocky," said Osborn. "I'm coming from the standpoint of the underdog—but I'm not just gonna go the distance, I'm going to



According to scientists, the two-fisted burrito fills more volume than a human's entire digestive system.



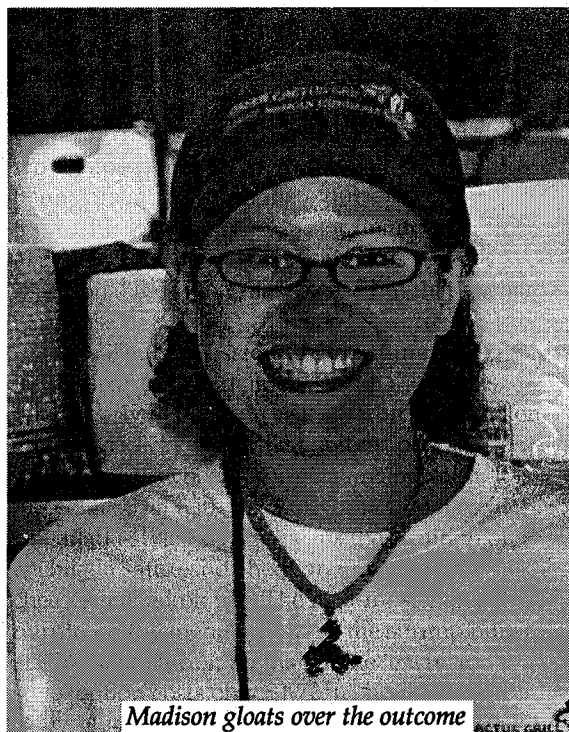
The Ozaconda unhinges his jaw in an attempt to swallow the burrito whole.

prevail."

The main event took place in the Green Cactus on November 14th.

With approximately "a quarter-fist" left to go, Oz left to vomit in the parking lot. The Two-fisted holds its title. Any takers?

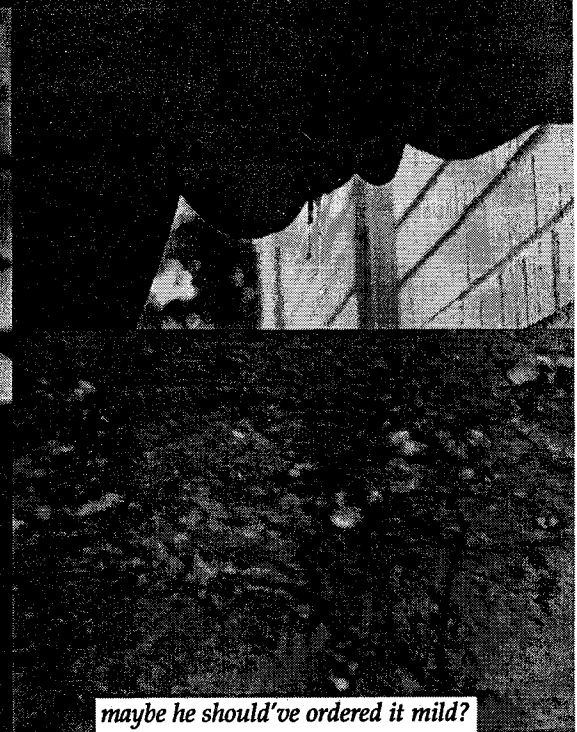
This is the face of vomit



Madison gloats over the outcome



This is the face of shame



maybe he should've ordered it mild?

By Dustin Herlich

# History is Made at Marine Science Center

Yes ladies and gentleman, I myself could not believe it, but something actually happened on this campus that was worthy of praise. The amazingly irregular event of which I speak is the Marine Wilderness workshop which was held on November 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> at the Marine Science Research center on campus.

The reason I call this workshop to your attention is that maybe for the first time in the history of the school a conference held here actually will help decide not only local laws, but possibly those enacted by state, federal, and even international governing bodies. The 90 some odd people (including myself) who attended the conference came from many diverse interest groups. Those represented were not only law makers and politicians, but scientists as well. Also, people from the recreational and commercial fishing associations were in attendance, and participated like everyone else. Usually, people from such opposite ends of the spectrum such as scientists and commercial fishermen are pre-disposed to violence with each other rather than orderly discussion, but on these two days we emerged with no fist fights and some possible solutions.

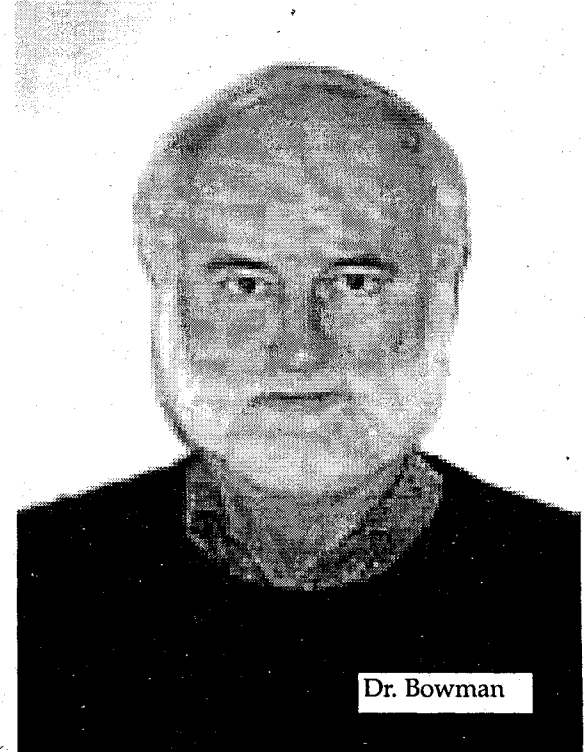
The solutions are over "Marine Wilderness Areas." Think of them as state parks underwater. These are places where people are not allowed to fish in order to help bring up stocks and sizes of local marine flora and fauna. Just as in, say Yellowstone Park, where no hunting is allowed. Nations such as New Zealand and states such as Florida and Hawaii have already created such areas, and now it looks like it is New York's turn. While Fisherman are of course concerned that they will lose the ability to harvest enough to make a living, what they do not realize is that by not letting fish stocks rise again they are literally going to run out of fish some day. Some fish are

being caught and killed faster than others.

The conference consisted of not only lectures, but also of discussion groups. These groups met to discuss not only feasibility, but effects. I had the privilege of sitting in on the group that discussed the biological significance of said protected areas. Aside from a few minor concerns, the consensus seems to be an overwhelming positive response about protected areas of the ocean. Thankfully, even some of the oldest saltiest fishermen in the lot recognized that we really do need a way to improve fisheries in the area. I guess when your dad used to bringing home a few thousand barrels of clams a year, and you only get maybe a few hundred, you start to think that something needs to be done to help the situation besides fish harder.

An excellent way of representing the cooperation shown is through the list of sponsors. This list ranges from Environmental Defense to The commercial fishermen's association. Environmental Defense by the way was started right in the attic of the Stony Brook post office, and is now one of the larger environmental organizations, with an annual budget of close to eighteen million dollars.

All in all, the conference was an amazing success. The decisions made here will no doubt have far reaching effects for years to come. Dr. Bowman, the professor here on campus that put this all together should be proud of what has been done, as everyone in attendance is looking forward to next year, when perhaps even more concrete decisions can be made. Evidence of the magnitude of this conference can not only be seen in the number of important people who attended, but also in the amount of media attention this conference has attracted. This has been a feature of articles published not only in the Stony Brook



Dr. Bowman

press, but also in New York Newsday. Eventually, we will have a write-up in popular Science magazine.

Fifty years from now, when our grandchildren can actually expect sustainable yields from the ocean, as well as clean and natural places of learning and play, they can direct their thanks back to now, when ground was broken at a conference which may have more of an impact than anything else this campus has ever seen. It's not often that we get to talk of something that happens here as worthwhile. I think that at a time such as this, we should revel in all the glory we can.

## The Spot<sup>(2nd Floor Fannie Brice Theatre)</sup>

open Thur<sup>(6-12)</sup>

Fri & Sat<sup>(6-2)</sup>

Music

Beer

Theatre

Culture



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

My Shien Kyaku is  
beautiful and deadly like  
assassin Geisha

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



mon-sat  
6-11

pool  
games  
butt-  
kickins

Basement  
Student Union  
Building

## Animal Destiny

By Andrea Leeson

Sugar gliders are tiny marsupial balls of creative, squeaky love. Sugar gliders are mammals and marsupials, which means that they keep their babies in their pouches. This will be discussed in detail later. They are native to Australia and live in trees. They get their silly name because they have flaps of skin that allow them to glide from tree to tree in the wild, and because they eat sugary things, like fruits. And they are nocturnal, so when you're awake, probably they are sleeping. I always explain them as what looks like a cross between a flying squirrel and a chipmunk.

I have a sugar glider named Basil. I bought her in an exotic pet store. This is a move that I regret. Pet stores are a pretty evil thing, even if they're mom and pop pet stores. Most of the time the pets are not kept in the optimum conditions, because their stay is supposed to be temporary. This is not always so. Also, I have experienced that many pet store workers do not know what is best for each animal. This can sometimes cause a situation in which a person has an animal but had no idea what the care entails. This means lots of animals get neglected, and become sad. A sad animal makes a sad owner! So, when I buy my next glider I will definitely buy from a breeder who knows what's going on.

So we keep Basil in a big ol' birdcage, 'cus they like to be as high above the ground as possible. After we had her about a week we noticed two little peanut-sized lumps in her pouch. Yes, the gods of cute heard my call and gave Basil two little joeys in her pouch. So fucking cute I can hardly type just thinking about them. So little Pesto and Q-Tip emerge from the pouch on MY BIRTHDAY! I was so thrilled that I cried.

Gliders make the most amazing sounds. When they are afraid they make this sort of gurgling sound. It's really quite loud; most people say they can't believe it came from something so tiny. I guess it sounds something like a big stomach growling, or like an electric pencil sharpener. Sometimes they make a chattering sound with each other. I would stay lying in my bed at night just listening. It is wonderful.

Sugar gliders have small little monkey claws. That's what glider aficionados call them, at least. Also, they eat fruits and veggies. Our Basil loves grapes and grabs

them between her hands. It's a little smaller than the size of her head.

When we let her run free through the room she causes mild trouble. Sometimes she just sits on

one of the metal venetian blinds. Or she holds onto the edges of a picture frame and leaves a little poo behind.

Gliders are very clean, and have basically no scent.

They do, though, rely on scent to recognize people and animals. It is sometimes recommended to give your new glider one of your shirts so she can get used to your smell. Basil sniffs me thoroughly before I can pet her.

When a glider gets attached to her owner, it is hard to separate them. Many times a glider will sit in their owner's shirt pocket or shoulder. It is a rewarding, amazing relationship. Basil is squeaking at me as I type this.

If you're interested in getting a glider there are things that you must know. Gliders absolutely need companionship. They cannot be kept alone. In the wild they stay in communities with other gliders. They are extremely social creatures. Gliders are about \$150-\$200. They don't need any initial shots or vaccinations, but make sure you can afford a vet visit if the glider ever gets sick. And not every vet knows enough about gliders, it will be harder to find the right one. Remember that they are awake when it's dark, and sometimes make some noise at night. State laws are different regarding sugar gliders. In New York they are legal.

On ER tonight, a woman's doggie died. She was crying and I was thinking about how much animals can help people. Old people hang out with dogs and cats and their moods elevate. Depression is helped by animal visits. My Basil makes me happy. She brings me peace. She is like nature TV, but live! I don't even need cable anymore, really. I've got my buddy Basil, she's squeaking and gurgling, and everything's going to be alright. So, if your life is missing something and you've got love to spare, happiness is a sugar glider.



by Jamie Mignone

# Bob Is Cool

