

The Stony Brook

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"Do not touch music is buckins up"

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It was the Second of August 1990 and I had spent the night at my grandfather's house. I had just finished the one-month summer military training that Saddam Hussein had mandated for all college students during their school years. I was hoping to get some good sleep for the first time in a month, but my aunt's voice woke us all earlier than we wanted.

"Wake up! We have invaded Kuwait!"

Half a Million Dollars, Obsolete in Four Years

By Alex Berkman

Made up of 470 processors performing at three teraflops, with processing speeds measured in trillions of calculations per second, and costing \$500,000, Stony Brook University's new supercomputer, the Seawulf, is helping with math, biology, medicine and drug research on campus, said James Glimm, chair of the Applied Mathematics and Statistics Department.

Both faculty and students on campus use the Seawulf for research, said Glimm and Yan Yu, an applied mathematics and statistics doctoral student who oversees the supercomputer.

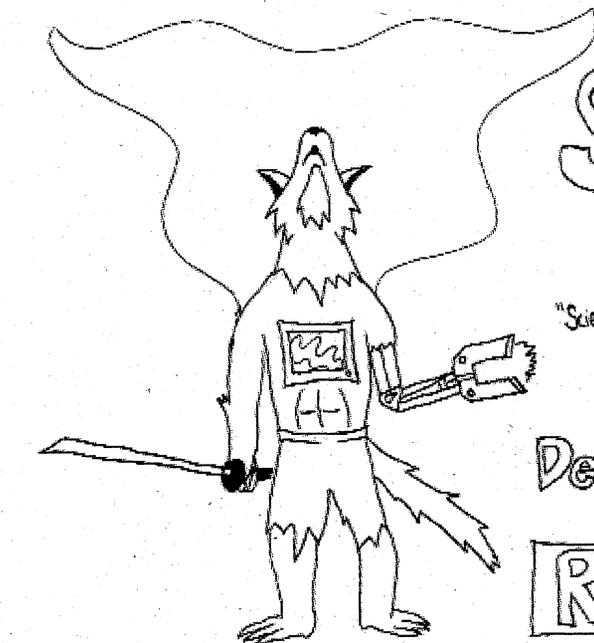
Compared to the cost of running other supercomputers, the Seawulf is being maintained "on a shoestring," Glimm said. It costs about \$25,000 per year to run, and this number is made up mostly of the salaries of the two undergraduate students and one graduate student who maintain it part-time. Since the university's power plant generates the needed energy for the Seawulf, there are no electricity bills.

The name Seawulf comes from a combination of the Stony Brook mascot, the Seawolf, and of the type of supercomputer it is, a Linux Cluster Supercomputer, that is commonly known as Beowulf, according to the university website.

The supercomputer can be used by

anyone who makes it through the application process. Applications must be approved by a committee of its major users and faculty, Glimm said. Students who want to use it must also have a faculty advisor.

Since the Seawulf opening in September 2006, six research projects have been completed while more than 30 are



currently in production. Most project applications are accepted and approved, Glimm said. To date, almost 60 applications have been approved for research, according to documents provided by Pamela Wolfskill, assistant to the chair of applied mathematics and statistics.

Stony Brook is working with New

York State's supercomputer, which is housed at Brookhaven National Laboratory. This IBM Blue Gene supercomputer, commonly referred to as New York Blue, is the largest used in an open research environment and fifth largest in the world, dwarfing the capabilities of Seawulf. New York Blue performs at more than 100 teraflops, or 100 trillion

calculations per second, is worth \$26 million and costs \$2.5 million per year to maintain, Glimm said.

The Rizzo Group, a Stony Brook team that studies computational biology and drug design, is using the Seawulf and will soon be working on New York Blue.

Robert C. Rizzo, head of the Rizzo

Group, used the Seawulf to create a model of a molecule of the pandemic avian influenza, or bird flu. Seawulf allowed the team to create the model quickly and to test drug-binding compounds to prevent the spread of the potentially pandemic flu, Rizzo said. New York Blue will allow the team's research to move along even faster and more productively.

"It's moving along at a much faster rate of speed [than it would normally]," Rizzo said.

Alternative energy sources, supernova stars and the climate are being researched with New York Blue as it is open to all researchers and universities in New York State, Glimm said.

"They're improving the nature of cloud models," Glimm said.

The problem facing both of these supercomputers is impending obsolescence.

In four years, the hardware of both the Seawulf and New York Blue will be obsolete compared to new supercomputers around the world. The current hardware will be useful for a maximum of six years, Glimm said, adding that he hopes the university will provide the necessary funding, around half a million dollars, to purchase another computer after the impending obsolescence.

Since the computer is in its first year of operation, Glimm said, "I am not thinking actively about this at present."

Pulitzer Prize-Winning Press Alumnus

Scott Higham Speaks to Hundreds in Javitz

By Alex Berkman

Scott Higham, investigative journalist at *The Washington Post* and a former editor of *The Stony Brook Press*, spoke to more than 200 students and faculty members on November 14, at Stony Brook University. He spoke about working for the *Post* and the *Press*, his time at Stony Brook, winning a Pulitzer Prize and working in Washington, D.C., and he shared tips for working with confidential sources.

Higham was on a team that won the Pulitzer Prize in 2002 for their series of articles about the neglect and, in too many cases, death of children in Washington's child welfare system. He and his colleagues were again finalists for that honor in 2003 for their coverage of, and investigation into, Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq.

Higham spoke about working with

confidential sources in Washington, D.C. without a shield law. Shield laws are state laws that protect a reporter from having to reveal her or his sources, with only the exception of extreme conditions. When journalists are able to provide better coverage of events, because sources are more willing to speak to them anonymously, the public is better served by the resulting available news.

He said that, without the law, some of his colleagues at the *Post* are scared (principled journalists, unprotected by a shield law, who choose to keep secret the identity of their anonymous sources, for the sake of the profession and, ultimately, readers, face potential jail time), but he also mentioned that there are ways to get around the problems.

"I don't use my work phone to call certain people. I don't use my cell phone to call certain people," Higham said, adding that he uses a technique

made famous by Al-Qaeda to e-mail certain sources.

He said that Al-Qaeda used this technique to communicate, as it is more difficult to trace. He and his source set up a single email address and share the password. They then write to one another on the account by saving the messages as drafts, without sending any messages over the Internet, as they may be traceable. He also said that many of his sources are now using "throw-away cell phones," which are difficult to trace, and can be purchased at convenience stores.

Higham got his start in journalism at *The Stony Brook Press*. He said that after almost being thrown out of school for spending more time at the *Press* than in his classes, he "found [his] love for journalism here."

His first investigative story to impact the community occurred during his tenure at the *Press*. He learned from

a source that information on environmental and diagnostic reports, being provided to the public, about the campus power plant were false. Higham said that, as Chris Fairhall (then editor of the *Press*) put it, it "was a 'holy shit' story—the kind of story that, when you open the paper, you say 'Holy shit!'"

While still attending Stony Brook, he reported on a story that impacted the campus in a more global way. When campus authorities were first considering arming the campus police with handguns, the idea provoked intense debate. The administration went through the motions of weighing the contesting sides of the issue. However, with the help of an insider source, Higham was able to show that the police force had, in fact, already purchased the guns, and lied to the public about it. That story ran in *The New York Times*, earned Higham \$125, and led to consequences on campus for the dishonest.

"Blah, there's nothing to put here."

—Me, because it's late and I'm tired

Whoever Smelt it Dealt (with) It

By Najib Aminy

I was half awake (or half asleep) in my Friday morning class when I was startled by an unknown number giving me a call, followed by a barrage of texts. The majority of those on the Stony Brook campus were given calls or text messages informing them about the gas leak at the construction site in front of Roosevelt quad.



Red Hot!

Najib Aminy

According to Gary Kaczmarczyk, the Director of Emergency Health and Services and Interim Director of Safety and Management, at approximately 8:30 AM, a construction worker accidentally ruptured a gas line causing the leak. "Thanks to the campus fire marshals, the gas was shut off and contained." Kaczmarczyk went on to say that "because no gas was detectable in the surrounding area, an evacuation was unnecessary." Kaczmarczyk explained that, as a precaution, the Fire departments from surrounding areas were brought in to help test the surrounding areas for gas. The gas to both Campus Dining and the West Apartments had been shut down until the leaked gas had been isolate, and a portion of Circle Road was blocked off for safety purposes. Kaczmarczyk said

that everything was under control and that students were safe.

Lisa Ospitale, the Director of Marketing and Communication for Campus Dining Services said that in anticipation of an emergency such like this, "Campus Dining practices emergency food drills in preparation." The gas had affected Campus Dining's morning service. The morning was, as Ospitale put it, "an ideal time" for a scenario like this. The gas had been restored approximately at 11:30 AM. In the case that the gas was not restored, Ospitale replied that Campus Dining would be prepared, noting that the worst case in her tenure was the North East Blackout during the summer.

However, the bigger story is on the safety notifications. The gas leak at Roosevelt was the first major test for the new SBU Alert System, which sent out text messages, phone calls, and voice messages to all students who have registered for them on SOLAR. Transfer Junior Elijah Clark, a resident of Greeley College, said that he was comforted by the quick response, as he had received a phone call and numerous text messages in class. Nonplussed by the crisis, Clark said, "these things happen." Junior David DePouli was impressed

with the new notification process, which was "not only impressive, it was also effective. If an incident occurred where our safety as students were in jeopardy, we'd be well informed and able to act accordingly." Junior Chris Cruz of Roosevelt Quad had lost his phone. However, a few friends informed him about the leak, as he began his day of classes. Though he was not worried about the whole scenario, he was a bit frightened by the possibility of an explosion or fire breaking out.

As the fire trucks left, the gas was restored, and Circle Road was reopened, much went on as on any ordinary Friday. The SBU Alert system managed to pass its first test, alerting a wide array of students, faculty, and personnel. Kaczmarczyk applauds the SBU campus fire marshals, maintenance crews, and police and fire crews who assisted in the operation. He also urged all students who have yet to register their phone or preferred e-mail to the system, on SOLAR should do so as soon as possible. If the gas leak went undetected, it is possible that it may have resulted in an explosion or giant fire. However, because safety notifications were sent out and the right precautions were taken, life returned to normalcy.

Another Mugging Rocks Stony Brook

After a string of aggressive crimes plagued Stony Brook University last month, another commuter student was mugged in a parking lot while walking to his car. The victim was not injured. However, his personal property was stolen. Both suspects are male, in their mid twenties, and around 200 pounds.

The University Police, in conjunction with Suffolk County Police, have stepped up patrols on campus. They also strongly suggest that anyone who sees anything suspicious immediately inform the police.

Coming Soon: 75 Years of Ugly People's Dreams Coming True

The December calendar is marked by many special occasions, including the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and holidays such as Christmas and Hanukkah. However, this December is equally, if not more, important than all of these notable days combined.

December 5 marks the 75th anniversary of the repealing of prohibition. With that glorious day came 75 years of drunken one night stands, sleeping with your head in the toilet

and spending the day after regretting everything you did the night before. Beer pong, flip cup, orgies: 75 years of legally being able to get shit-faced needs to be celebrated the right way.

So keep your eyes on this rag for more information about the upcoming debauchery-ridden, alcohol-poisoning, half-nude festivities in the next issue—pants optional.

House Passes EDNA

On Wednesday, November 7, the US House of Representatives passed the Employment Nondiscrimination Act (EDNA); which is the first bill that makes it illegal for employers to discriminate based on sexual orientation or perceived sexual orientation. The bill originally included a clause that sought to prevent transgendered individuals from being discriminated against, but the clause was removed after the bill was initially proposed because of a lack of support. This is the first time in history that Congress has passed a bill allowing for employment protection based on a person's sexual orientation.

According to a website statement by Joe Solomonese, President of the Human Rights Campaign, "Today, we witnessed the making of civil rights history in the U.S. House of

Representatives by the passing of ENDA. This vote by Congress is an important step at ensuring that millions of gay and lesbian Americans will never again have to go to work in fear of losing their jobs because of who they are." Currently, in 31 states you can be fired for being gay, or for someone even thinking you are gay, and in 39 states you can be fired for being transgendered. EDNA protects the employment rights for gays, but not for transgendered individuals. "Our fight for equality will not be won overnight, it will be won one step at a time" said Solomonese, "and we will not give up until we reach the finish line. This is a critical piece of legislation and a major step toward the finish line for all Americans." The Employment Nondiscrimination Act is the latest version of a bill that two former Democratic representatives from New York, Edward Koch and Bella Abzug, first introduced in 1974.

Phil Jackson Does Not Like Penetration

After a 107-92 loss to the San Antonio Spurs, Los Angeles Lakers coach Phil Jackson claimed the game they played was a "Brokeback Mountain" game. Jackson was asked if he felt that too much penetration was

leading to outside open shooters. Jackson replied with a straight face, "We call this a 'Brokeback Mountain' game, because there's so much penetration and kick outs. It was one of those games." Oddly, many of the reporters laughed as Jackson kept a stoic face. The following day, the NBA reprimanded Jackson; soon enough, Jackson was on damage control. His apology said that his "attempt to be humorous, which was using alliteration last night, was [appreciated by some journalists]." Alliteration? Jackson then went on to say that he was no Jay Leno or David Letterman.

Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation president Neil G. Giuliano issued a statement, saying, "Phil Jackson's been coaching long enough that he should be able to talk about the Lakers' performance without resorting to cheap gay jokes." Jackson went on to say, "If I have offended any cowboys, any Texans, any horses, anybody else that would be offended by these comments, I want to apologize."

News-In-Brief

Compiled By Ilyssa Fuchs, James Laudano, Scott Edele and Najib Aminy

Trusted Hardware Lab: This Article Will Self Destruct In Sixty Seconds

By Catherine Lund

Although it is no bigger than an office right now, the university's new Trusted Hardware Lab will soon be the testing facility for some of the most advanced secure information technologies in the world.

Trusted hardware technology is a secure way of backing up computer data such that one cannot alter or tamper with it. This September, the computer science department received funding from the National Science Foundation for the project and began the acquisition of hardware and software for this new lab. It is currently in a room no bigger than a small office on the first floor of the Computer Science building.

Professor Radu Sion of the computer science department is head of the Network Security and Applied Cryptography Lab and is leading the construction and acquisition of funds and technology for the lab. The National Science Foundation is funding the lab with a \$200,000 grant and with donations of hardware and software from IBM Research and IBM Cryptogroup.

"In the lab, we're going to have secure hardware, which is another way of saying 'tamper-proof hardware,' which means that everything inside stays inside," Sion explained. "This hardware is

very sensitive, so it can't be sent through the mail, and it can't be X-rayed or it'll self-destruct and it'll be useless."

He described the hardware as having a box around it, like a black box, with heat, motion, and pressure sensors inside that can detect someone has tampered with the box. If it is removed, or if an unauthorized user tampers with it, the hardware will self-destruct. These hardware boxes are already inside ATMs and banks. The military uses them also.

Not only does the hardware defend against outside threats, such as a hacker trying to access the secure information, but it also works against insider threats as well.

"One of the main purposes of trusted hardware is to protect information from insider attacks, like an Enron executive who has a \$50 million incentive to get rid of some compromising e-mails before the feds come and can't delete them because they're stored for six years on tamper-proof hardware," Sion explained. "If the Enron executive tries to remove the hardware itself to try and remove the e-mails, it'll self-destruct, and when the feds come, he's arrested anyway."

To rate the effectiveness of trusted hardware, the National Institute of Standards in Technology developed a certification test for security, which measures the hardware for resistance to

tampering. The test is rated on a scale of one to four. Level four is the highest attainable commercial level of security.

Currently, IBM is building a few level-four devices for normal PCs. The lab will test hardware like this to determine how well it blocks tampering within a PC.

"We're also evaluating devices from other companies in Europe so that we can maximize the amount of cool stuff we can buy for the lab," Sion said.

IBM has already given the Trusted Hardware Lab two trusted hardware platform computers with which to work, and they are also donating software development kits and additional computers that would normally cost around \$10,000 each.

"It makes sense for IBM to be supporting this project," said graduate student Peter Williams. "We're testing the product and helping develop their software and using it in research, so IBM is very open about giving us as much as they can."

Sion said he was not sure how much IBM will be donating altogether. IBM could not be reached for comment.

Banks use these trusted hardware platforms to store records, and big companies also use them to ensure the executive integrity of business owners. They are used in hospitals to store important information that may mean life or death for a patient.

The lab is receiving prototypes of

new hard drives that encrypt data right on the disk. This is done to ensure that the hardware will automatically encrypt everything on the disk if someone steals a laptop and tries to take the hard drive out of it and access it through another computer.

Encryption protection is important for instances in which federal employees keep personal information and records on their laptops. This was the case in June 2006 when the laptop of an employee of the Department of Veteran Affairs was stolen. The laptop's hard drive contained information on more than 26.2 million veterans and military personnel.

"We're getting some of these self-encrypting hard drives to play with," Sion said. The researchers are trying to see if they can leverage the ability to do encrypting on the disk in some projects they have.

The Trusted Hardware Lab will be moved to a bigger room in the computer science department's new building, over by Roth quad, which is scheduled to open next year.

"Hopefully, by next year, we'll have enough space to be able to work on several projects at once in the lab," Sion said. "And we'll be able to add more and more hardware that we're able to work with."

The Super Dean-io Brothers

By Jon Pu

I have two major complaints about the university inviting the Deen brothers down to campus. First, why the hell do you invite the Deen brothers if they you will not give us the Food Network in our dorms? And second, why weren't the Deen brothers busting up bricks with their heads and jumping on little mushroom men? Heck, they didn't even do much cooking.

For all of you ignorant and silly people who live under rocks, the Deen brothers are the sons of Paula Deen. You know, that famous cook on the Food Network? Yeah, it is all right, I had no idea until the event, either.

The Deen brothers came down to the SAC auditorium on Wednesday and put on a cooking demonstration from 12:30 to 2:00. To be honest, they did

more motivational speaking than cooking. In a matter of a couple hours, we all had Bobby and Jamie Deen's life stories memorized. The two of them told of how they started their now-prosperous business, a restaurant named the Lady and Sons, in downtown Savannah. Now, the Deen brothers have their own show on the Food Network, called *Road Tasted*.

When the Deen brothers decided they finally had enough of the motivational speaking, they began their cooking demonstration. How very disappointed we were, however, when we discovered that they were cooking off of the exact same recipe handouts we were given. Come on, guys, I can read and follow directions, too, and so can my six year old cousin. The only difference is that she won't injure herself while cutting limes. (I jest, but Jamie Deen really did cut himself and, as horrible as that is, I found it hilarious.)

Their cooking (though I'm sure the food came out to be delicious) didn't look very spectacular, or special in any way. Not to be overly critical, but I worked in a kitchen over the summer, and I've seen more impressive cooking there. It's all right though, Deen brothers—the ladies still think you're both dreamy.

The event was interesting, though not terribly exciting. If I wanted to hear "You can do anything you set your mind to!" over and over, I would've listened to Chris Farley's hardtop-housed, littorally-located motivational speaker, Matt Foley. Seriously, Deen-io brothers, just eat flowers and spit fireballs next time—so much more awesome.



The Asian American E-Zine

The Greys made contact with a world governmental body for the first time in 1933 in Germany. However, they were turned away by the German government because it had already committed itself to involvement with the Giza intelligence. A renegade group of human extra terrestrials that were headquartered under the Giza plateau in Egypt. They were predominantly Pleadians. They were on their own, doing their own thing. Ashtar, Commigal, and even Jehovah were a part of the group, for some time. They came down here and played God with us. People worshipped them because they had technology which they used it as their power, big time. During the 1930's, the Germans were building rockets and starting a space program due to their contacts with the extraterrestrials of the Giza intelligence. The technology developed however, was used to create weapons because the German governmental body involved were concerned that there was going to be an alien invasion. The Giza intelligence had told them that the Greys were here to invade, but this actually did not occur. Plans for weapons such as sound devices, lasers, neutron bombs, particle beam weapons, etc. were designed. Although many of these weapons were not created until much later in history, a lot of other technology was shared with the Germans, by the Giza Intelligence, like how to do: anti-gravity, free energy, etc. The United States was the first to open its doors to the alien race known as the Greys. I have been told of only one contact in 1934, where the Greys made their presence known to the U.S. government, in the state of Washington. I don't know the particular details but somehow the government knew that the Greys were there. It wasn't until 1947, that actual contact occurred with the aliens and United States officials. The first face to face contact was due to the shooting down of an alien craft, namely the Roswell incident. This pressed the Greys into a contact earlier than they had actually anticipated doing themselves. After the crash in Roswell, the United States, the Soviet Union, and the British, at the very highest levels, became blood brothers. By the way, none of these governments knew what Germany was really up to. The Germans were very, very secretive about their contact with the Giza Intelligence. The Roswell incident created more of an urgency to develop a true space program to defend the earth. The United States and the Soviet governments thought that this alien presence could be a threat, because these aliens were so technologically more advanced. But the Greys in their own fashion, really back doored these governments through deceit. The true space program, this underground program that we are just now beginning to hear about, was originally financed by members of the Club of Rome. Now, you'll need to do some homework, to find out who those members are. And don't be surprised at who you see. We will talk more about that later, when we discuss the moon. Prior to this, in the 1850's to the 1950's, a hundred years, there had been some utilization of cattle and humans in experiments by the Greys. The NSA, which was created in the 1950's learned that the Greys were responsible. In 1952, the U.S. government prepared itself for the realization of ongoing alien contact when our military radar system started to down their craft. The Greys knew that in order to perform their experiments on such a large scale, to save their race, they would need the cooperation of a high political body. In other words, they had to come to terms. A select politically structured body, created secretly within the United States Government, was designed to be the liaison between the Greys, the technological gods, and the earth humans. The military was very enthusiastic for communication with the aliens, in hopes of exchanging technology for raw materials. This liaison group, this political structure, is and was the NSA, the super secret National Security Agency. For contact and study of the aliens was its original purpose. In May of 1954, at the Holliman Air Force Base, the United States Government made a formal agreement with the Grey alien race. Some of the terms of this agreement were the exchange of technology, of anti-gravity, metals, alloys, and environmental technologies to assist the earth with free energy and medical application regarding the human body. All the Greys asked for in return, was to be allowed to study the human development, both in the emotional consciousness makeup, and to reside here on earth. This single act of signing a contract with an extraterrestrial race was the most significant act in human history because it launched us in a direction we were never intended to go in the first place and it thrust us into a role that we were not prepared for either. Being hosts to an alien race. Essentially, what this contract has also done, has handcuffed the Andromedan council and those benevolent extraterrestrial races from being able to take a more active role in the earth's evolution. It has placed the burdens squarely on the shoulders of humanity to enlighten itself of the facts, and to consciously create ascension on an individual basis. Because this particular treaty was agreed upon between the aliens and the "ULTRA" units in the NSA, which actually is a government unto itself, they in affect turned away help from outside benevolent races that we could have obtained before. Now pay close attention, because this is the first time I've ever mentioned this. The particular document and original exchange material may be found today in the NSA facility, called Blue Moon, under Kirkland Air Force Base in New Mexico. It's exact entrance is in the Monzoni Mountains. This location houses the private department of energy technological labs. Currently, the building of free energy devices for use in space and on the moon and Mars is ongoing, in this particular area. Much of the alien technology has been reconstructed and sent via a connecting tunnel to Los Alamos and an area located underneath the cliff sides of Los Alamos canyon, where huge vaults are built into the earth. This facility is twenty-nine thousand square feet in size. There are also laboratories equipped to study light, thought and pure energy there. This facility is also used as a jail for aliens captured by the black (secret) government. Corporations that are currently assisting the aliens and the black government are Standard Oil, Lockheed, Northrup, McDonald Douglas, AT&T, IT&T, The A.A. Matthews Construction Company, The Robins Company, The Utah Mining Company, and numerous more. The NSA is exempt from all laws in the United States unless the NSA itself is specifically mentioned in any creation of law. This is due to its interaction with aliens and it's sometimes necessary infringements of civil rights and constitutional rights of the American people. In other words, to make it exempt from breaking any laws and hurting anybody here, they made it completely separate. And it is completely separate, even though your tax dollars pay for the running of it. There was also a great deal of private money used by the NSA to build the alien technology and to keep humanity under control. The status quo secure. Even the CIA doesn't know much about the Ultra or Blue Moon units of the NSA. These are the two highest units the NSA has that deals directly with alien technology and information. Now realize that the Greys are genetic engineers, though not the only ones. Most of the aliens from off planet are genetic engineers because they value life forms as opposed to gold and silver. Genetic's, life forms and things of that nature is their wealth. A lot of the genetic engineering and experimentation is going on here, on earth and on Mars moon Phobos, by the Greys. They are using this opportunity to try to satisfy their own agenda, which is to create DNA and genetic stock that is clean enough to foster new physical life forms that are capable of regeneration and birth for their race. As of right now, the Greys are most interested in female genetic stock because all family lineages follow the female rather than the male. Why? Because you always know who your mother is, you may not always know who your father is. Many new races have been created this way throughout our galaxy. It's not something that's new going on here. This has been going on for a very long time. Few races today have actually remained as pure genetic stock, with the exception of two races that the Andromedans say are really genetically clean. That is the Reptilians from Alpha Draconis, and the other is what we call, or know as the Elohim, which are a very ancient race of humans that survived Lyra. All other races are a varied degree of hybrid or mixture of races of different genetic stock. Another point is that, the Greys themselves would like to be free from the Orion empire. They will have no chance of survival themselves if they do not create or match their body type or genetics with ours. You see, time is quickly running out for them and we as a race is also evolving at a tremendous rate. On a spiritual conscious level, we are evolving dramatically, making our genetics harder to use while they are dying out like there's no tomorrow. And they are very aware of this fact. So, even though what they're doing is wrong, they really are caught in a very tough position themselves. Because what they're doing to us has been done to them. I'm just trying to draw parallels. I'm not justifying it in any way. By the way, when any of the aliens give birth to a child, they take that child outside of the earth's atmosphere so the child is born fully aware of its reincarnational history, so it realizes who it is, and it doesn't carry the veil. Why this is? Apparently, there is some kind of agreement; if you're born within the earth's atmosphere, you've got to be veiled. It's just part of what comes with being born here. The Greys masters assigned agenda, is to create a slave race which is currently in full swing, for the purposes of control, physical services, labor and sexual energy. Now I will explain this. The acts of feeding, war, anger, psychic energy, genetic experiments, hybrids as a food source, genetic and biological materials. The Greys and their Masters feed off this, our energy. As examples: If two people are fighting, they create a lot of emotional negative energy. And this is why you will find, that whenever there are wars going on, there's a lot of UFO activity. Negative energy! They just feed off it. It's liken to when your making love to your man or to your wife, and you reach that moment where you are both at the same place at the same time, in a loving benevolent way. That's how it feels for them regarding negative energy release. The energy of fear, that rush of adrenaline, young teens on a battlefield running around scared, this is what they crave, all of the negative emotional aspects. They have also been doing extensive research on the human brain and its capabilities as well as study of the soul. Many people who have been implanted by the Greys, those who are aware of it and those who still aren't, must become aware of the fact, that they have actually been on a kind of machine and are being shown and trained to do something. According to the Andromedans, the Greys are training us to fight their war against the Draconians (One of their masters) when they get here, because they are going to use us as their soldiers. Just like when our military sends in the infantry and marines, those implanted will be the first ones on the beach. While the Greys sitting back on board their ships drinking champagne or having a gin and tonic, and wondering how the battle is going. And they have chosen our world to be the battle ground. At the same time they are still going about preparing the earth for its new owners. Apparently, the Greys are going to make this attempt, but the inevitable truth is that the Reptilians from Alpha Draconis are on their way here now. And this has very serious implications for us. Now, honestly, I'm not here to promote fear. I don't believe in it. But I'm telling you what I've been told to tell you. We have boxed ourselves into a corner and the only way we can change the outcome is that we have to consciously become aware of what our world is really about, what's really going on here. And we have to create a space of love. Folks, that's the bottom line. By creating a space of love, the Greys, the Draconians, the Orions won't be able to handle the vibration. They have got to leave, or we're going to have to ask for some serious intervention here. In which case, there's going to be war in the heavens as the Bible has predicted. It will be all about saving us! You know, this talk about ASHTAR coming down here to save you. Ladies and gentlemen, it isn't going to happen. It's just another belief system. Or how about Commander HATTON, who is saying we will take you to Mars. No thanks! I don't want to go to Mars, it just isn't going to happen that way. Nobody is going to save you, because according to the Andromedans, if you're sitting here waiting for a savior, you're not doing the work yourself. And who would come down here to take you off the hook? For what purpose? You will only recreate the situation again someday. If you haven't permanently evolved to that level of becoming your own savior, your own messiah, then you haven't learned your life's lessons. And this is what the Andromedans strongest message is. You have got to do the work yourself. You are only responsible for yourself. Nobody is going to take you off the hook. Matter of fact, if they do end up intervening on our behalf, they are not going to stick around afterward and baby-sit us. That means we have got to get it straight. That we as a race, have got to come together and decide what it is that we want and how we want to live. How are we going to raise our children? What moralities, what laws, etc. Not to be told by somebody else out there, what is best for us. Folks! It's never worked before, and it isn't going to work now. Most human beings would rather die than live being a slave. That's just our nature, our soul, to be free. We're at that point again. What will we choose? You see, the Greys are currently monitoring the brain waves of those they have implanted. They have done this for the better part of a hundred years on earth. So generations of family members have had implants. The cloning of human beings, of life forms and the art of subversion was taught by the Greys to the NSA. On the two highest levels of human interaction with the Greys within the NSA, there exists cloned human beings and humans so heavily implanted, that according to the Andromedans, they do not consider them human beings anymore. They have joined the group mind of the Greys. They have lost free will. They are clone robots! Their soul is trapped and they are no longer considered compassionate human beings. The Greys clone their own race into a cast of slaves, just like ants. They all basically think the same things at the same time. Their minds are like radios. If there are no radio waves, they don't do anything. They have computers which transmit the radio-like waves, telling them what their jobs are, their functions that they must carry out. If the computers, their group mind, were shut down, the Greys would no longer know what to do for themselves. They do not possess individual intelligence like us, although they would very much like to create us to be like them. The Greys also consider what we call God, a mind, like we think of our own mind. They have completely detached themselves from their spiritual essence, so long ago, that their physical existence and personality has become pure ego. The Draconians are pure ego, as well. Many other races genetically altered by the Draconians, are also experiencing the separation from their own essence too. Now, I don't understand the process or exactly

how it works, but the Greys no longer believe themselves to be spirit, to be in essence. They're trapped mentally, emotionally, physically in a physical existence, therefore, that's all they see. They literally disown and fractionalize themselves away from their spiritual essence. It's no longer a part of them. Human beings have also been known to do that themselves, as well. You know we can fractionalize ourselves into many different personalities. The Greys are pure ego! They are very sophisticated in mathematics and energy sciences. It has been said, that our military at the time of the Holloman Air Force meeting, that there was an exchange of personnel. Our military gave the Greys sixteen military personnel and that were supposed to be taken to the Greys' point of origin and that they left us one or two guys or something of theirs along those same lines. Well, according to the Andromedans, it was really a hundred and nine human beings that were taken at that particular exchange. They have not returned. As a matter of fact, they did not go to the Greys' point of origin, which was Zeta Reticuli 2, rather they went to the motherhips and Phobos where they were experimented on. The Greys gave virus technology to the NSA, which then was handed on to lower levels within our military complex. In Africa, we find the testing ground for the AIDS virus. There's a reason for this. This virus technology was given by the Greys to the biological unit in Ultra within the NSA. One of NSA's underground facilities is underneath Fort Mead in Maryland. At that location there are nineteen acres of underground caverns, with some of the most highly technological and sophisticated super computers in the world, that were built and designed inside the facility. They have never seen the light of day. This area, and the one in Mt. Hood, Oregon are engaged in massive surveillance of the world's telephones, telegraph, telex, fax, radio, television, microwave communication, NORAD and also space radio waves. The complex in Mt. Hood is where our military is cloning human beings and aliens. I don't know what alien races. Jumping back in history a bit. In the late 1950's, the Greys also approached the Russians regarding the signing of treaties and mutual exchange. The Russians, however, already at the time, were included in the proceedings of the NSA, chose not to sign this independent treaty because they knew full well that the Greys would try to pit the United States against the Soviet Union. It is in fact the Soviet Union that informed JFK of the Greys presence, during the Cuban missile crisis. The Andromedans have stated that the Russians were trying to blackmail the U.S. into sharing the alien technology, thus the Bay of Pigs. That's when they put the missiles there pointed at the United States. The Russians became increasingly aware that the NSA and the CIA were developing incredible technology and were not sharing it, as was their agreement, shortly after the Holliman agreement. Apparently, JFK asked the CIA three times if the Russian allegations were true. The CIA lied twice to the president, even though nuclear weapons were only eighteen minutes away from striking the U.S. They just flat out lied to him and said, "No. They're nuts." This prompted JFK to want to scatter the CIA to the winds. This is one of the more important reasons the "black" government found JFK as a threat and had him make a physical transition prematurely. It was JFK's desire that some of this technology would reach the common people and be used for the betterment of mankind and that it be made known to the American people that the alien presence was upon us. This is one of the reasons why he successfully launched a civilian space program so that all Americans and people of the world could share in the discovery. In 1953 satellites and radars showed large objects coming towards the earth. They were Grey motherhips. These time traveling space crafts were the same crafts seen near Venus in 1787, 1788, 1789. In 1645, it was reported that a large moon was seen near Venus. For other times, as well in the same year, it was seen coming and going. The last time it was reported was in 1767. The same type of occurrence happened around Mars, on November 25, 1894. A large ship was seen illuminating part of Mars. The same occurrence for Mercury in 1799. The same large planetary body crossed the sun on August 26, 1859 and this same body today, that's still there, is called Volcan. It's a mothership. It isn't a planet. During the total eclipse of July 29, 1878, astronomers saw two large glowing planetary bodies, about the size of Venus, between Mercury and Venus. According to the Andromedans, these were Pleadian and Andromedan motherhips that had gone back in time.

They were observing the Greys orbiting around the sun. They wanted me to share all these dates with you. I don't necessarily know why, but here are some more. In 1783 and 1787, huge bright lights were reported on the moon. They were mistakenly reported as volcanoes, at first. But then they moved and lit up the dark side of the moon which cause a noticeable glow around the top portion of the moon. In February of 1894, a comet was apparently photographed striking a huge dark object in our solar system. It happened to have wings and, according to the Andromedans, this was a Draconian mothership. The same phenomena occurred in April 4, 1892 and it was about one third the size of the moon, six to seven hundred miles in diameter. As it crossed astronomers thought that it was a bird, but its wings didn't flutter. Again, this was a Draconian mothership. This was observed again on January 27, 1912. A ship two hundred and fifty miles long, fifty miles wide, resembling a crow, was sitting on the moon. According to the Andromedans, this again was a craft from reptilian Alpha Draconis. Many operations have been created by the Greys over the past five hundred years for the purposes of manipulation and control of our religious belief systems. I don't want to offend anybody, but I'm going to tell you just the way it's been presented to me. All you have to do is listen. If it doesn't feel right for you, then dismiss it. If it does feel right, and you get the chills, then maybe you should start paying attention to it. To have us morally and spiritually compromise our free will to a savior-like image, the Greys by allowing us to compromise ourselves under these false pretenses, they are absolved from the creating any Karma for themselves. Instead, they let us create the Karma to ourselves. It really is such a set-up. The power of belief systems can be used as fuel for the game of seducing people into believing that certain things are true. By the power created by the conscious thoughts, we can literally make these things occur and come true, whether they benefit us or not. These are real spiritual dynamics at work here and they're being used against us. Our physical matter (physical body) is the embodiment of ideas or belief systems.

Our Universe consists of ideas and thought systems, condensed and turned towards itself, inwards. We turn it towards ourselves to create and originate spirit and energy. Now if I need to say it again I will. This is our definition again, word for word. Our physical matter is the embodiment of ideas (belief systems). Our universe consists of ideas and thought, condensed and turned towards itself, inwards. To create and originate spirit and energy. In other words, we really are gods. We really can do anything we want to do. We, of earth, have evolved only in technical and material sciences. Our spiritual evolution, for the most part has been suppressed from us by a group of extraterrestrials, and now the black government and its plan for a New World Order. Because upon learning these spiritual truths, the NSA and the black world government, realized that everything that they have been trying to do can be swept away. According to the Andromedans, and their exact words were, "Could be swept away in a day, should humanity become enlightened." If a billion people come to the realization and a decision that we no longer want this reality, it can literally change with the setting and the rising of the sun. But, they stress, we need to be clear of what we want, which is part of the decision, and our responsibility factors. That is ours. In other words, if we're going to create it, we take responsibility for it. The Shroud of Turin. According to the Andromedans, this is one example of the extra terrestrial manipulation or assault of our belief systems. This holographic image on the shroud was created by the Greys to strengthen a belief system in a savior or messiah. This belief system assists their plan for control because humanity would love to give their power away to someone that appeared to be a true and legitimate messiah, because we've been taught to do that. The Greys know that few people truly want to accept responsibility for their own evolution. Most would rather be told what to do, than to realize the situation and take the appropriate action necessary to free themselves. To further realize the Greys manipulation on a belief system level, there is also a plan in development to play out a staged second coming. This will occur shortly after the destruction of the world economy, maybe six years, tops. This being will be a clone human being, a biological, who will holographically be imprinted with everything from spiritual truths regarding information about all religions, metaphysics, and he will come out speaking about all of these great wonders. He will strongly profess the Hindu philosophy. Why, I don't know, but this is what they're saying. The intent is evil; this being will not have a soul. He is not spirit. He is robotoid, a clone, a robot, a synthetic. The Greys have this kind of ability to stage this kind of action using their technology. He will be the image of the man on the shroud of Turin. THE ANTI-CHRIST will not be the evil soul portrayed in the Bible. The Anti-Christ will truly be someone who tried to express the truth on the true matters and seize the United States government as the cause of all this evil. This is what they've said. Now, I have to add this, in defense of that belief system. The Vatican, in 1960, admitted that there were fourteen plagiarisms in the New Testament. They refused to say what they were, but they said that there were fourteen. That means you can't believe by it as gospel, so to speak, because they changed it. It wasn't God who wrote it. The church changed it and they admitted it. So, you do with that what you want. But everyone is believing it has to happen, and by us believing it has to happen, ladies and gentlemen, we're going to create it! We're going to make it happen, and they're sitting up there laughing at us, saying look at those idiots. Look what they're doing to themselves. The Greys were responsible for the FATIMA EPISODE IN PORTUGAL, where the Virgin Mary supposedly spoke to the children. This was a holographic image of a woman who professed to be the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. The sun supposedly fell from the sky and miraculously healed people. Using Grey technology, these somewhat miracles did occur. But they used light and sound, which they beamed from their ship to the various people affecting these cures in their physical bodies. Now, this is technology that has been here on the earth, at least the last hundred years or more. But it is against the law now, in most places in the United States because it works. And that's color and sound. And the reason for sound work, is because the entire universe is a holographic projection turned inside of itself. It's all a holograph. Virtually all the people present were implanted during the missing time phase of this episode. A large mothership positioned itself in front of the sun to create this occurrence. The reasons this is not a true is because the biblical Jesus is a composite character. And as such, is an allegorical myth. The Virgin Mary is also a composite character and these composites were made for the purposes of uniting the religions of the ancient Roman Empire so that their resources were not being used to constantly stop religious wars between different factions. In the 1950's the so-called meetings of the Jason society were triggered by information given to the Ultra unit in the NSA by the Greys about the world's situation regarding pollution and population. It was at this particular time that the Greys offered little assistance or sharing of technology regarding environmental issues. This has persisted even today. The Pleadians have in fact, offered more solutions than any other group to date, but they were turned away by the NSA. This prompted the first of three alternatives that have been discussed in UFO circles already. These alternatives are in fact, and were in fact, a reality. That's alternative one, two, three and four. The New World Order is in a major predicament. The Greys are twenty-five hundred years ahead of us technologically. The black government is afraid to tell us the truth concerning this reality because they fear a revolution, overthrow, and desire self-preservation form the people who will want their scalps. Two large motherhips are on the planet right now, hiding in the oceans. One is in the Pacific Ocean, below the equator and the other one is in the Atlantic. I don't know where. I don't know whose they are, but they're here. My sense is that they're benevolent because the government has actually talked about implementing alternative four which was creating a controlled pole shift. The Andromedans have said no way would they allow this to happen. So my sense is that there are benevolent ships that are anchoring the planet on its axis. That's my opinion. The military know that this is why they're testing sound in the oceans, especially in the Pacific. Aliens have been attacking us more openly in space. It started with the Russian Phobos probe when it was destroyed. The Mars observer was captured by Reptilians on Mars. It isn't going to come on-line. It's gone. Also, closer to home, in December 1993, a Landsat satellite disappeared in orbit, just vanished. In August of 1993, the European space agency lost two communications satellites, again, they literally just vanished from orbit. The Canadian TELSTAR was destroyed in our atmosphere on January 15, 1994. It was seen crashing to earth. This was shot down by the Greys. Again, I don't know why. A NASA Satcom 3 communications satellite vanished in May of 1979. It was just taken. Two Soviet Millennium satellites were also taken. They just vanished from our orbit, from our atmosphere. Here's our scenario. The benevolent races have told the world governments that they would help us but world governments have to dismantle their nuclear weapons. The earth governments did not want to do this because they don't know who to trust. They created this situation and they do not know who to trust now. However, the world government is so desperate to get rid of the Greys, that they apparently have put a call out for help, using satellites. The Andromedans say there is a group that has offered to help our earth governments with the problem of the Greys, even by giving us weapons to fight the Greys. Re-enter, the Reptilians from Alpha Draconis, the only real enemies the Greys have, and that humankind has. The Reptilians from Alpha Draconis have answered the call. But the Greys actually work for the Draconians. It's all part of the set-up. When we invite them in here there will be no battle. And once they're here we'll never get rid of the Draconians. The Pleadians are assisting the Andromedan Council in attempting to quarantine our solar system from invading forces, namely the Orion group and Alpha Draconis. The quarantine line, the defense line, is between Uranus and Pluto and consists of a mixture of benevolent races, both physical and non-physical. There are Pleadians, Andromedans, Arcturians, Syrians from Syrius A, Reticulin, Accordance and Umonians from Umo. This line of defense is really like a last resort. Apparently, two huge Grey motherhips have already been turned back that were on their way to Earth and Mars. And apparently there were casualties on both sides in the exchange of turning them away. Please realize that currently, there are fifteen thousand Greys underneath the United States. The Greys (Dows) are in fact, a renegade group of Reticulans. They are not from Reticuli and haven't been back there for hundreds and hun-



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editorials

It's Seawolves Country! Wooooo!

These are exciting times for students here at Stony Brook. We have super computers and ruptured gas pipes and a soon-to-be-Starbucks and, yeah, it's just riveting—riveting I tell you.

What we really need is a slogan of some sort: one that really captures the unbridled fervor of the university. I suppose that's what they were thinking, anyways, when they came up with what we have now. Oh, yeah. It's Seawolves Country.

Perhaps there's some big hunting movement going on that we aren't aware of. There's been an influx of seawolf procreation, and to remedy the problem we're promoting this fact in hopes of grabbing the attention of local rifle-wielding coonskin cappers.

Either way, it's dumb. And though it's slightly less annoying than the Red Hot theme, it's just as ridiculous. It's understood that a public relations push is going to accompany the rest of the campus' progression; it would be interesting to find out whose decision it was to push the image of our football team banging their helmets together and screaming at Wolfie.

The signs are shit—obviously. Even if you're into that sort of nauseating in-your-face branding, they're doing a laughably terrible job and just annoying everybody. This isn't a country; Stony Brook is a town. And there are no seawolves—anywhere.

It is important to point out that, when it comes down it, this is an altogether silly topic. Whatever one's impression of the success of the administration's most recent activities, it's clear that the actual campus developments, not their public image, are what's important.

But let's assume these advertising decisions are at least, at some level, connected to the campus hierarchy, and not some out-of-touch marketing clown with a shit understanding of what draws prospective students (or fans for that matter). Does this give us insight into the campus' newfound priorities? Does the fact that they're changing their image provide some potential justification for the campus' current ills? At the very least, it looks badly to the type of students the university is looking to attract. Try to find a similar billboard

near the entrance of other prestigious academic universities to which it's evident Stony Brook looks for inspiration. You can't, and for good reason.

Three Stony Brook professors were (with Al Gore) awarded a share of the Nobel Piece Prize the other day for their participation in the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (it's unclear whether or not Red Hot personally offends them). The story was given its headline on the front page—fine. But for the most part, it happened under the radar. This isn't deservedly so. The university has these grand ambitions of academic dominance, and part of that, is raising the funding to do so. Athletics is a part of that, but the marketing push in that regard just reeks of corporate, mind-numbing idiocy. The football team lost their last game, which we'll see a lot of in the coming years with their overly ambitious enlistment into the Big South Conference.

It's clear the new ads follow that same campus theme we're seeing more and more every day: misguided, counterintuitive, sightless ambition, and without consideration of consequence.

自由女士劉



Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

Dear **SB-Press** Cindy Liu,

Where do I begin? You were truly something different, something special. I'd never met such a self-hating Asian before. You made me see the world in a completely different way. I was stunned, completely blown away by your witty remarks on Asian stereotypes. It was amazing; I'd never met a girl like you before. We had two amazing issues together, I remember them clearly. And then you disappeared.

Cindy Liu, why don't you call anymore? I miss you; you were my favorite self-hating Asian. Every time I go to math class, I see those Asians hard at work crunching numbers and I can't help but think of you. Whenever I pick up a pack of Pocky, a part of me laments not ever seeing you around anymore. My nights are so lonely without any of your articles to read myself to sleep.

I'm just asking you to give it one more chance. Just come back and see how it is, maybe you'll like it. Please, I'm almost begging, come write for the *Press* again. It's so empty here without your radiant Asian-hating. Every time I browse through the *SB Press* and just hope to catch a few words by you but alas, every issue these days is devoid of your presence. It's just not the same without you around. There's a void in that paper. No articles can match up to your unique style, that distinct feel you add to the paper.

Cindy Liu, I miss you. Please give it another chance. There's just nothing else quite like you to brighten my day with a slew of anti-Asian statements. What I wouldn't give to read one more of your articles. Please, Cindy, just reconsider. You belong here; you belong on the staff at the *SB Press*.

With all my heart,

Your Secret, Asian-hating Admirer

Word. Free Cindy Liu!

Editor:

As a Stony Brook alumnus who has read the *Press* since its inception, I am curious as to just when Stony Brook became part of the Bible Belt. In the November 7 issue, Rabbi Joseph Topek and Alex Nagler have a go-around about some students at a fire drill who were (horrors!) drunk. I kept waiting for one of them to acknowledge that drunkenness on a college campus is not exactly unusual behavior and certainly not to be obsessed about, but both men seemed to be operating under the impression that they should parrot the party line and act like scandalized old aunties.

Rabbi Topek is older and should know better, but he does have to worry about the trouble he'd get into if anyone thought that young adults, who are old enough to die in Iraq, were actually drinking at Hillel events. Mr. Nagler has less of an excuse. Alex, you are Associate Editor of the mighty ass-kicking *Stony Brook Press*, and that does not mean chorusing hallelujah to the official hand-wringing about the sinful ways of the young'uns. Are *Press* parties all milk and cookies these days? I'd suggest a foray into the archives to learn about the paper's rich history as a defender of students' god-given right to raise a little hell.

Edward F.S. Keller, you of the pompous name, history major, I am going to assume that you're a first-year history major, because you don't seem to have studied enough history to know that societies in which people are encouraged to inform on each other to the authorities for breaking ridiculous rules are inevitably tyrannical and need to be resisted. To you, I heartily recommend a viewing of *The Lives Of Others*, an Academy Award-winning film about the former East Germany, where about twenty percent of the population were recruited to report any "potentially disruptive" behavior to the government.

Finally, dear, elfin Kotei Aoki himself. In his latest Epistle to the Philistines, Kotei asks why college students can't "enjoy party without alcohol, gambling, getting wasted and hooking up?" Kotei, since student life here so disappoints you, have you ever considered perhaps a year abroad as an exchange student? Eastern Germany is no longer the paradise for snitches it once was, but I really think you'd enjoy the wholesome, clean-living vibe of a Muslim theocracy like Iran or Saudi Arabia. In those dictatorships of virtue, all these sinful practices are punished with flogging or worse. Maybe you could even get a work-study package with the religious police who go around looking for transgressions to punish. And when you come back, you can get a job as a Stony Brook RA or RHD. Mr. Keller could join you. I always wondered where they found people who'd take a job whose description included busting up parties. Now I know.

Sincerely,
Ray Albieri

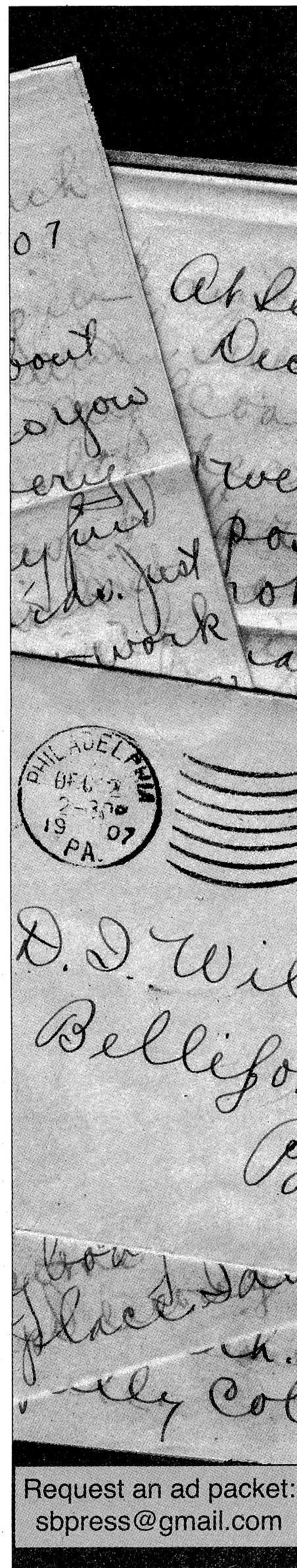
Hey there, how have you been? I just wanted to talk to you about something so exciting, something that you surely need to learn about. I'll save your time and get straight to the reason behind this email.

It is unfortunate that research indicates that only around 25 percent of all women can reach the sexual high they so drastically desire from making love alone (guess what, they require a little tickle.) What this means is that almost all women are left totally unsatisfied. You may believe that you rock her world in the bedroom but if the truth be told, you probably don't at this stage! Do not be alarmed though, we have a device you will love.

Its safe and fun, take a peek @ <http://Angeline1471.googlepages.com>

Bye for now,

Jaimie Tompkins



Request an ad packet:
sbpress@gmail.com

Under Saddam's Reign

By Ali Fadhill

It was the Second of August 1990, and I had spent the night at my grandfather's house. I had just finished the one-month summer military training that Saddam Hussein had mandated for all college students during their school years. I was hoping to get some long good sleep for the first time in a month, but my aunt's voice woke us all earlier than we wanted.

"Wake up! We have invaded Kuwait!"

What? When? Why? How come we didn't hear anything about this? We were all very confused, since the only thing we heard in the news was that there were some problems between us, the emirates and Kuwait regarding oil export policy.

We gathered around the TV, hoping for some clarifications or updates. To be honest, we were all a little excited and maybe even proud at that time. We didn't like any of the Gulf States. We saw them as arrogant, rich and lazy. I guess it was just envy. We also felt like our army had accomplished something extraordinary by invading a whole country in a few hours. The excitement didn't last long, as they aired the news about calling the reserve and the "People's Army" back to service. Some of those reserve soldiers they called back to service had served for eleven years and had just begun to resume their normal lives. My uncle had to go back to the people's army, and he wasn't thrilled about it the least. It seemed like we were preparing for a long war even though we had just declared "victory."

Things got much worse since then, as the whole world, led by the US, started to show that not only were they unhappy, but they were determined to do whatever it took to change it. Most Iraqis didn't expect the war to take place. We had more than a million soldiers in Kuwait, and we thought it was going to take a world war to liberate them. It wasn't worth it for America. Luckily, we had a military expert in the family who explained to us that it wasn't going to be that hard. My father was a military general back then, and he was convinced that America would go to war and that it would be disastrous for us. I say we were lucky, because it made us prepare for the worse. Our worst fear was that Saddam would use chemical weapons and that the US would retaliate with nuclear weapons. That threat seemed very possible.

Days went by and I had to go back to school in Basra, about 350 miles south of Baghdad. My family had made preparations to evacuate to a farm out-

side Baghdad that belonged to one of our neighbors. They offered to host us and two other families until the war was over. I had to stay in Basra until the war took place, because if I didn't, I would have gotten expelled if the war didn't happen. Many students who were not from Basra pleaded to the school board to delay the mid-term exams (which were to start on the January 16th) until things cleared, but the school board wouldn't hear of it, and they said that it amounted to "treason." The official stand was that the war was not going to happen — or at least, they wanted for us to believe that. Many of my friends still left while I and a few others decided to stay and wait until the last moment.

The deadline (the 15th of January) came, and nothing happened. It gave us some hope that maybe the war could have been avoided. The next night, my roommate and I were preparing for our exam the next day, but at the same time keeping the radio on to listen to the news. We were expecting the alarm any moment. At about 3 AM, we decided that maybe nothing was going to happen

tonight and we should go to sleep. It was hard to fall asleep, but the continuous tension for days had left us very tired, so I fell asleep. I didn't know that Baghdad was being bombed at that very moment by B2 Bombers that snuck in unnoticed.

However, my nap didn't last long. About half an hour later, we woke up at the sound of alarms. It's one of the worst sounds I have heard, and one you can never get accustomed to. We hurried downstairs with several others who lived in the building. We were trying to get to the shelter, but as we got outside we couldn't hear bombing or airplanes. The streets were empty, and the city was very quiet. We stood there motionless and speechless for a couple of minutes, gazing at the dark sky. I don't know what the others were thinking, but I was hoping to hear the sound of planes! The silence was very scary. We knew there was something out there, but we couldn't see or hear it. Maybe because it's mis-

siles and not planes and that they're going to hit soon, I thought.

I thought, "What if Saddam had already used his chemical missiles like he had threatened? This means these missiles may be nuclear." I was almost convinced that the missiles were detected by the radar on the borders and were on their way to strike Basra. We waited about 20 minutes, getting a bit less tense and trying to reassure each other. As nothing happened we convinced ourselves that it was just a false alarm, and we decided to try going back to sleep.

Just as I laid my head on the pillow, the sound of several 57 mm anti-air cannons firing into the sky broke the silence. It wasn't a false alarm; we were sure now that the war had begun.

I hurried down with my roommate to the shelter. It was a large basement

that could hold more than one hundred people. When we got inside, I saw dozens of families. Many of them brought their own beds. That's why the city was so quiet; it was sleeping underground.

The bombing went for hours, and then we heard the alarm announce the end of the raid. We decided to leave Basra and go back to our families. We seized the opportunity, packed and headed

to the city's main bus station. Missiles hit closely and disturbed our plans, but we finally managed to pack and get to the station. There were hundreds of people there and only two buses. It seemed impossible to get a place on one of them, but my friend, who was small and fast, jumped and climbed through an open window. He got a seat and booked one for me. Most of the passengers were young soldiers who had left the battle scene when nobody was there to stop them. The government's iron fist had magically disappeared. Most of us had no doubts about losing. However, we didn't care that much. All we wanted was to get out safely. It was as if we were not part of the war. That was the time when many Iraqis and I lost whatever confidence or faith we had in Saddam and his regime and even our country as a whole. We had just had a chance to catch our breath and heal the wounds of a destructive war that went on for eight years against Iran, and now we were in

another even more devastating war for no logical or justifiable reason.

After a long trip where we had to change busses many times — since no one was willing to go to Baghdad — we finally made it to Hilla, about 60 miles south of Baghdad. My friend's family lived there, so we decided that I had better spend the night in his house and head to Baghdad in the morning.

I had some relatives in Hilla who told me that my family had left with our neighbors to go to the farm outside Baghdad. I felt a little reassured. The next morning, I left Hilla, and joined my family and my friends in their refuge after a couple of hours.

We spent about a month there, but after that we decided that we could go back to our home, although it was still risky. Life on the farm was quiet, and even fun sometimes, but it was also rough. We had no electricity; we were far away from any store, and the only source of water we had was the river.

Life in Baghdad was a little easier. We had no electricity there as well, but the water would reach our neighborhood for a few hours every week. It was enough to store, and it would get us through, but some people had to dig in their backyards for underground water.

The daytime was easy to get through, but the nights were terrible. That was when most raids occurred. Going to sleep was very hard when your house rocked with loud explosions several times every hour. The bombing was accurate most of the time, but that was far from enough to make us feel safe. Many of the Ba'ath party and military headquarters had relocated inside civilian neighborhoods. There was a Republican Command Center about 200 meters from our house, and whenever there was a raid, all of the officers and soldiers would run out of the building and hide close to nearby houses. Thankfully, Americans avoided hitting such temporary command centers. Besides relocating inside civilian neighborhoods, Saddam's remaining fighting squads used vehicles to launch SCUD Missiles from within such neighborhoods and then ran away. The sound of those SCUD, when they were launched from nearby, was even louder and scarier than bombs falling from the sky, because it's hard to differentiate it from the sound of a close falling missile, which was something we experienced during the war with Iran.

At last, Saddam decided to give up, and some rejoiced the end of those horrible times, and firing celebratory gunshots into the air, but many were depressed. Moreover, they knew that our problems had just begun.



"Students who fail to follow directions deserve some form of repercussion."

Operation Black Shadow Fall

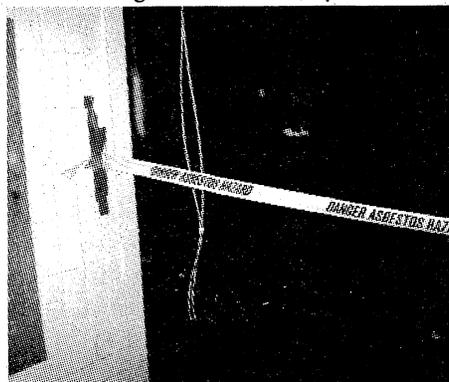
By Pandora's Hope

0100 hours. A dark and damp night. The plan had been set. If things had gone sour, it would have been every man for himself. After we deliberated on what to do for the night, our eyes brightened and our smiles widened—we had conceiving the perfect plan. It



was a simple 'break in, explore and break out' type operation. No wires, safes or check points to cross. All we needed to do was to wait for the right time.

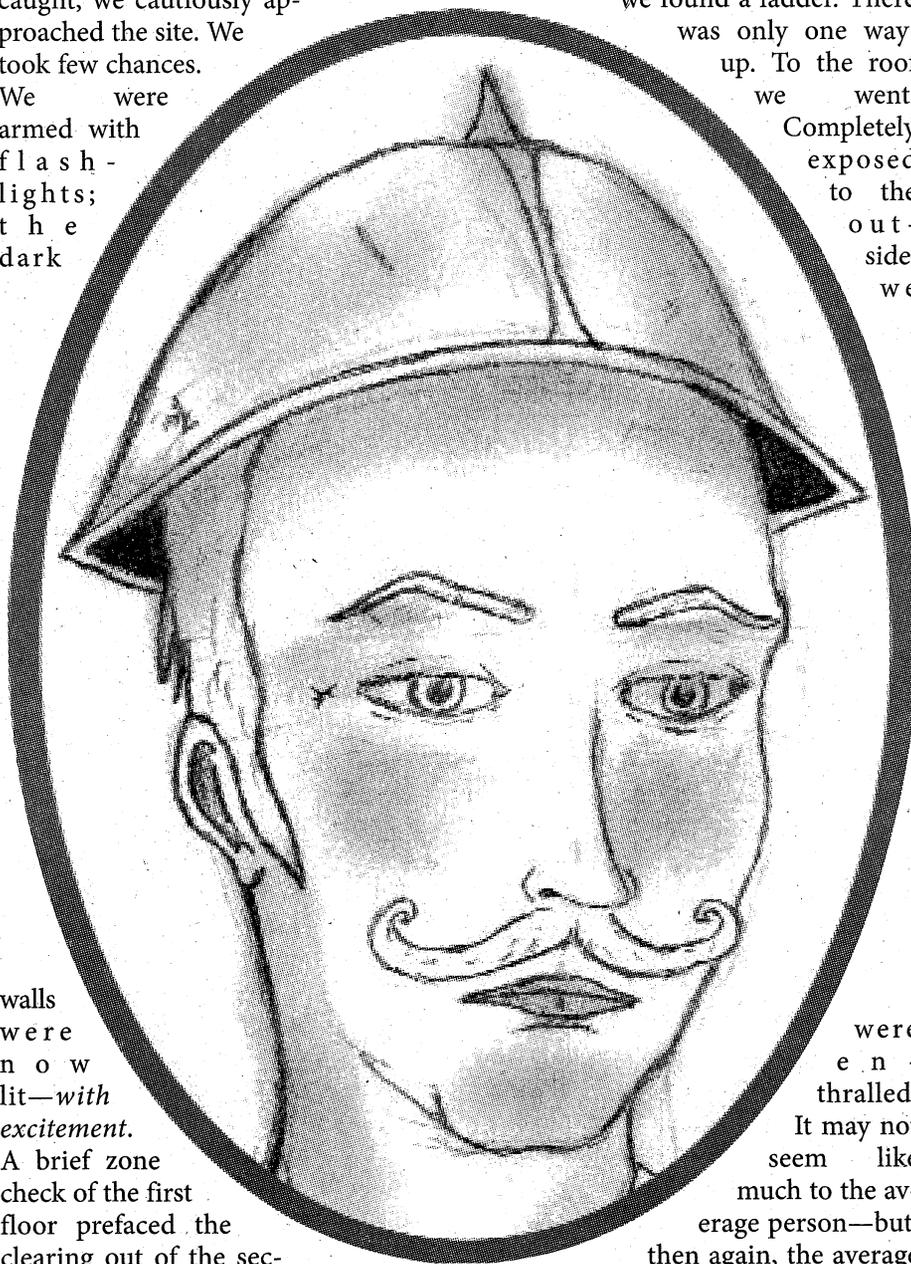
At last, the moment presented itself. One by one, we departed. Crouched down, we retreated from the light and moved swiftly. What started as a casual walk soon became a steady sprint up Church Bell Hill, right in the heart of the Roosevelt Quad. Near the peak of the hill lay an elevated boardwalk, which was approximately ten feet high, off of the ground, but only four feet



above the hill. We jumped onto the boardwalk, ran down a few feet and then jumped a ten-foot descent to the other side of the fence. We were now situated in the Fanny Bryce Theatre construction site in front of Roosevelt.

Aware of the possibility of getting caught, we cautiously approached the site. We took few chances.

We were armed with flash-lights; the dark



walls were now lit—with excitement.

A brief zone check of the first floor prefaced the clearing out of the second floor. There were bricks all over, shattered walls covered in spray paint and a tarp blowing with the wind. Further exploration revealed a warning of

asbestos, numerous water leaks and an exposed patio, from the inside of which one could see the world, but which, from the outside looking in, seemed like nothing at all.

As we continued to scavenge through what was left of the building, we found a ladder. There

was only one way: up. To the roof

we went. Completely exposed to the outside, we

were enthralled.

It may not seem like much to the average person—but, then again, the average

person does little to explore the world in which they live. A 360-degree panoramic view brought us peace, as we reflected on what we had accomplished.



We soon left for the descent to the second floor of the Fanny Bryce Theatre. As we furthered our investigation into what lay in the shambles of these ruins, we progressed to the lower level. Soon enough, we were in none other than the boiler room, home of rusty pipes, old tanks and limited lighting.

From the ground up, the ramshackle Fanny Bryce Theater was a testament to the past—a past unknown to man. It was a building of lost memories, a site left, reminiscent of a time left—lost. It was evidence of a time in which there was more to life. We pro-



ceeded out by climbing our way through the chain link fence. Relief and joy were upon our faces. We casually returned to our undisclosed headquarters, where we recollected our adventure of the past hour. In the end, what seemed like a dead Friday night transformed to an operation where the night was black, only to be covered in shadows—shadows that were left in the fall.

angel-headed hipsters, submit your poems, short stories, photographs and art to sbpress@gmail.com

*i saw the best words of my generation destroyed by madness,
starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the pages of the press at dawn
looking
for an angry fix*

biannual literary supplement

before Wednesday 5 December

find the ancient heavenly connection to the starry which you burn for in the machinery of our

Food For Thought

If you know that you're gonna throw up, eat Honey Bunches of Oats with Soy Milk before you do. It's almost as good the second time. Trust us, we know this from hard-earned personal experience.

Wilford Brimley, the American Patriot

By Najib Aminy

What is a hero? Is it one who sacrifices his or her life for the sake of another? Or is it one who stands up for that in which he or she believes, even if it means standing alone? Is it one who wears outlandish costumes to hide his or her identity, who saves the world at the same time? To many – hell, if not all -- the true hero of today is a man named Wilford Brimley. While many are fighting the war on terror, nutrition, or immigration rights, Mr. Brimley stands alone in fighting the war against diabetes. Armed with his Liberty Medical testing supplies and his nutritional balance including Quaker Oats Oatmeal, diabetes stands no chance.

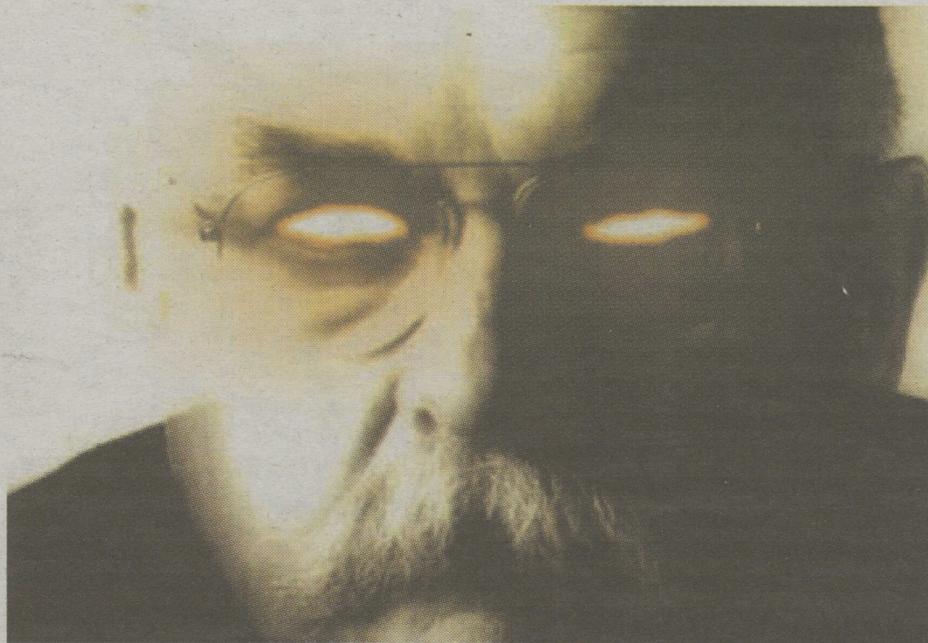
For years, Brimley has been seen on horseback, apparently addressing the American population of diabetics, all the while awaiting the day when he must ride into battle. Brimley has also sparked a revolution regarding the pronunciation of the word diabetes. In the Merriam Webster dictionary, the word "diabetes" is "di-a-be-tes," with emphasis

on the "tes." Brimley has sparked innovation in the field of "diabetes" pronunciation by pronouncing it "di-uh-bee-tuus," with emphasis on the whole word because he can do such a thing. If you question such, do not be surprised when you get hit with an arrow and all you see is a man on horseback fading away on the horizon. Followers of this new revolution includes a Facebook group of 800-plus members, as well as an endorsement from former president Bill Clinton, who came out supporting this honorable cause in a 2007 commencement address delivered at Knox College.

Brimley is promoting awareness of his Liberty Medical testing supplies, stating, "There are people who don't know that the cost of their diabetes testing supplies may be covered by Medicare." Brimley is concerned about bettering the lives of many, as he and his mass army of one million strong have joined Liberty for their diabetic testing supplies. This enables them to, as Brimley puts it, "go on with your life and do some of the things you want to do." Brimley urges all to call Liberty, as "they can help you live a better life."

You may be asking yourself: how can I apply for my free testing supplies. You may also be thinking, wow, I had no idea such a great man like Wilford Brimley even had diabetes. However, the truth is that Brimley has devoted a good portion of his life to promoting awareness of Liberty's testing supplies -- not for his own sake, but for the sake of others. Brimley could instead perform profes-

sionally, playing his guitar. Or, he could become a 100-meter Olympic champion; hell, he could become America's next top model if he so chose. This man, who can truly conquer the world, chooses to fight the greatest threat facing humanity: diabetes. For this, Mr. Wilford Brimley is the cookie cutter of what a hero is meant to be. Wilford Brimley—my hero.



Red Hot Space Jam Fun

By Najib Aminy

On Monday, November 12, hardwood marked the battlegrounds upon which the Stony Brook men's basketball team would face off against the Leopards of Lafayette in their home opener. About 300 were in attendance, all to be entertained, all enthused, and in expectation of nothing less than a win. The tipoff went under way, and the game began.

However, twelve minutes into the quarter, very little had occurred, as the score was only 12-10, with the Leopards leading. What many expected a game of high-flying acrobats with balls in their hands was nothing more than a slow game of a tug-of-war, in which neither side was budging. No dunks, no alley-oops, and no *AND1* crossovers: merely a pure game of fundamental basketball. Stony Brook made an effort to increase momentum, building a small lead until junior guard Nick Carter, who has no affiliation with the Backstreet Boys, was

elbowed in the face by one of the Leopards. As he walked over to the bench, the momentum that Stony Brook had been building began to diminish, and it resulted in turnovers that left the game closer than it needed to be. Halftime came soon enough, and the score was 30-21, Seawolves.

The second half marked much more enthusiasm out of the crowd as the game became electrified with excitement as time was drawing down and the game was coming to a close. With five minutes remaining in the second half, the Seawolves were ahead, 50-48. The next 300 seconds of play intensified, each basket becoming more precious, each play that much more important, the orange ball that much more valuable. Alas, the final sixty seconds of play began, 57-56, with the Seawolves fortifying their chances of victory. The hasty Leopards, who fought until the clock read zero, continually threatened Stony Brook's potential win. The buzzer sounded, 59-59 — overtime.

The beginning of overtime marked the pinnacle of excitement, nearly all of the few hundred on their feet, awaiting the outcome of the surprisingly exciting game. Jump ball. Junior guard Marques Cox failed to keep his feet inbounds as he leapt to catch a ball, thus causing a turnover, one in which Stony Brook

failed to rebound. The Seawolves kept within close range until the final minute. It was clear that this final minute would mark the heat of the moment, where all hopes would fall from grace, where all smiles would be wiped off everyone's face, where Stony Brook's players found themselves behind by two under the bright lights that held no charm for the Seawolf crew. It was the heat of the moment. What had been a two point deficit soon became seven, the score 72-65, Leopards, with 30 seconds remaining. In what seemed like a lost cause, Stony Brook fouled for the sake of preserving time in the hope of regaining the lead. Time was preserved, the lead left lost. The final score: 76-68, Leopards.

Though defeated, seniors Ricky Lucas and Mitchell Beauford played like champions. Lucas led the team with eighteen points, and Beauford scored thirteen, with one of them marking his 1,000th career point. The Seawolves has lost their season opener to 25th ranked Villanova (86-64) and just recently lost to Maryland Eastern in the final seconds (53-52). A 0-3 start for the Seawolves leaves them that much more eager to win, as well as that much more vulnerable to losses.



Chris Martin takes a shot from the line, applying red hot pressure

Najib Aminy

Food For Thought

We are sad to report that there's no Kotei's Korner this issue. But in response to recent criticism leveled at his work, we wanted to offer the following observation: the Japanese word for the number 55 is "gojuugo". And that's the speed limit, so, you know...



Ask a Lesbian By Ilyssa Fuchs



In my last column, I discussed how lesbians can protect themselves from acquiring a sexually transmitted disease. This raised many questions on the opposite end of the spectrum about what lesbians can do if they want to have children, which leads me directly into this week's question...

Dear Ilyssa,

I heard a few of my friends talking about the options lesbian couples have if they want to have kids. In my mind, it seems that this isn't as difficult as it is for gay men because, after all, lesbians are still women and can still get pregnant, but I know there are other options. Can you please explain to me the options available to lesbian couples who want children?

Sincerely,
Susan

Dear Susan,

You raise some very interesting points when it comes to lesbian women and conception. I will do my best to explain to you the routes that lesbian couples can take if they wish to have children. Lesbians can bring children into their lives in a number of different ways. With many lesbian couples, one partner gives birth to a child and the other partner (the second parent) becomes a legal parent through second parent or stepparent adoption, if that's permitted in the state where they live. In states that allow it, lesbians or gay men sometimes adopt children jointly, so that both partner are legal parents from the beginning.

First off, as you already mentioned, because lesbians are still women they can get pregnant as any other woman can. This would be the first option that a lesbian couple could consider if they wanted a child. Now, I know you're wondering, "How would she get pregnant? Her girlfriend doesn't have any

sperm?" That is a silly question. With the advances in medical technology of the 21st century, I am sure you have heard of in vitro fertilization. In vitro fertilization is a procedure where one of the women has her eggs fertilized by a doctor using the sperm from an anonymous donor, from a close male friend, or even someone who is hired for the purpose of being a sperm donor. Of course, if a lesbian couple decided they didn't want to use in-vitro fertilization, they could always do it the natural way: invite over a good-looking guy, get him drunk, poke a hole in the condom and have a big old threesome. The only problem is he has to fuck the girl who wants to carry the baby. If he accidentally impregnates the girl who doesn't want to carry the baby, there could be a slight problem. Once the child is born, the second parent must adopt the child so that she is also a legal guardian; however, second-parent adoption is not permitted in all states.

The second option a lesbian couple has, which is a fairly new procedure (but still involves either in vitro fertilization or a wild crazy threesome party) is when one of the women in the lesbian couple has a few of her eggs removed from her and transplanted into her partner. The eggs are then fertilized via either through in vitro fertilization or via sex, and the baby can now technically be considered to be biologically similar to both of the women. The reasoning behind this approach is that it is one woman's egg, fertilized by a sperm will grow in the fetus of the second woman. This is a very interesting option that many lesbian couples are exploring, but it raises new legal questions involving whose name will appear on the baby's of birth certificate, and so on and so forth. Due to the fact that the procedure is new and costly, this is not the option that most lesbian couples choose; however, in the future, the pro-

cedure seems to be promising.

Finally, a lesbian couple can choose to adopt. This procedure can take two different routes, and the legality differs depending on which state you live in. In some cases, one of the women in the couple must adopt the child first, and then the second woman can adopt the child afterwards. This is known as second-parent adoption. In other states, same-sex couples can jointly adopt children. Lesbian couples in these states can adopt children through agency or independent adoptions, and even through international adoptions, though they will have to stay in the closet to complete an international adoption. These are the same ways a heterosexual couple would go about adopting a child; however, same-sex couples must be careful when picking an agency or a private adoption company. Research is important in this department to make sure that the agency or private adoption company that is picked is "gay friendly."

For many same-sex couples, however, joint or second-parent adoptions are not available. Some lesbian and gay couples are fortunate enough to live in a state where same-sex partners can jointly adopt a child -- or where one partner can adopt the biological child of the other through a second parent, stepparent, or domestic partner adoption. In Massachusetts, because same-sex marriage is legal, same-sex parents are considered legal parents of the child from the time of the child's birth, like heterosexual married couples. The same is true (in theory) in California and Vermont, because both states grant legal parent status to partners of birth parents when a child is born during a domestic partnership or civil union. However, attorneys in Massachusetts, as well as in California and Vermont, continue to recommend that same-sex partners complete stepparent adoptions

on behalf of the non-biological parent. The adoption serves as extra protection if the parties travel to a state that doesn't recognize same-sex relationships and also should ensure that the federal government recognizes the parent-child relationship for purposes of Social Security and other federal benefits. Without the adoption, these benefits would rely on the parent-child relationship created by the marriage, and the federal government does not recognize the marriage. For lesbian and gay couples in other states, both parents are not automatically considered legal parents. The second parent is not a legal parent, and has few, if any, legal rights with regard to the child, unless he or she has completed a second parent or stepparent adoption.

I hope this answers your question about the ways in which a lesbian couple can go about having children. Unfortunately, for same-sex couples having or adopting children where both parents are considered a child's legal guardian can still be a long process. Hopefully, in the future, more states will enact laws that will make it easier for same-sex couples to adopt children. If you have any specific questions regarding second-parent or joint adoption, I would tell you to look up the laws of the state you live in. Hope this helps.

-Ilyssa

Please Note: The views and opinions expressed in this column are solely the views and opinion of one member of the LGBT community and are not necessarily the views and opinions of the Stony Brook LGBT group and/or the LGBT community.

Guitar Hero: The Answer to Overpopulation

By Alex "The" Berkman "Of Alcatraz"

I am a musician, and I became a musician for a couple of reasons. One, music is great. It is worthwhile to play, write, or listen. Two, being a musician gets you intense amounts of ass.

Speaking from the perspective of someone who grew up in the nineties, I can say whole-heartedly that playing guitar can get you laid. But now, with the rising popularity of *Guitar Hero*, that is not as true as it used to be.

Today, anyone who can push a plastic button and flick a toggle switch back and forth thinks they are guitar gods. Well, let me inform you as nicely as I can: you're not, you will never be, and you suck.

The few good things I have found about *Guitar Hero* spreading faster than Chlamydia at porn convention, is that being able to play a real guitar is even more likely to get me laid now. I am 22, I know how to play a real guitar, and I will not be living in my parents basement until I'm 37 years old trying to beat Dragonforce's "Through the Fire and Flames," on expert.

The other good thing about *Guitar Hero* being so fucking viral is that it will keep all the dweebs, nerds, dorks, losers, jerk-offs and fans of *World of Warcraft* out of the gene pool.

In 25 years, I won't have to worry that my granddaughter is going to go out with a guy who rides a motorcycle. I will have to worry that she is going to date a guy with pasty-white skin, acne, greasy hair and coke-bottle glasses from being so damn good at "Rock You Like a Hurricane," by the Scorpions.

Now, don't get me wrong, there are plenty of guys who could go buy

a Gibson SG today, start to tear it up, and still not get laid, but chances are unlikely. If you have the attitude and skill, you'll get some ass.

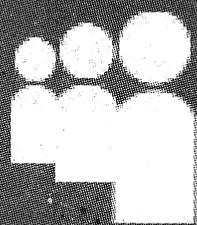
On the other hand, being able to get five stars and 95 percent on Danzig's "Mother" does not make you fuckable. Get off the couch, brush the Cheetos off your face, stop drinking Mountain Dew and go learn a real skill, you freaking geeks!

I got five stars on "Stop" on expert a couple weeks ago. Who wants to get it on?

- Matt Willenain

"Hey, it's me again. Still with me? It's kind of lonely in here. Andrew's been sleeping for a while."

It's even later than it was on Page 5,
and Andrew doesn't snore, so he
can't keep me awake



his space.vmf

by vincent michael festa

Memorabilia

"This is it. I'm leaving for good..."

After 25 years in this house, I had no choice but to move out. My folks decided to move to South Carolina; I was against the move. In the end, I won out, and I am staying here in Brentwood.

The process of moving gave me the last opportunity to sift through 25 years of collections, memorabilia and media. The past two weeks gave me the opportunity to go through most of my entire life.

Boxes of obsolete video games and board games were the first things I packed up. The majority of the former, bought by my old man for me, are the first to go. Thankfully, due to emulation and the computer age, the games, codes and programs themselves have been salvaged and backed up. The archive of endless music, style, graffiti, art and other magazines and my issues of *The Press* and *Compass* that I wrote for during the Stony Brook and Selden days are the next to go.

There are two boxes of family photos that I will bid farewell. Most of them date back to the 50's and 70's, and even to the 1920's. A collection of photos of a very young me when I was living in Brooklyn are, fortunately, salvaged them and backed them up on a disc. The rest will all go south.

Various crates of VHS tapes have been closed up, and they are ready to be shipped out as well. Almost twenty years of wrestling bouts, comedies, odd moments, music videos, and other soon-to-be vintage footage are on their way. I am in the process of acquiring the only four tapes of me (again, in Brooklyn), and my sisters' modeling audition and Sweet Sixteen (1980?) for copying and archiving purposes. Tape degradation, deterioration, and oxidation made me fearful of losing that footage.

Various early 90's movie posters, which were given to me by my friend Bill — who unfortunately lost his life — are rolled up and are on their way, as well as four years of comic and card collections.

However, not all of "me" is going to South Carolina because I do have room to take some stuff. I found two boxes of high-school memorabilia, which I swear will never be reopened. Ten years of vinyl records have been packed away. Records bought at hardcore shows, hip-

hop stores, independent stores, jazz section, R&B section, crate-digging, sample-searching, 7"s, colored vinyl, picture discs, and even some of my mom's Disney records from the 1950's generation, are coming with me. The soundtrack to my life, consists of cassette tapes, homemade dubs containing recordings of radio shows, samples, spoken word performances, and sounds that have watermarked memories through the years since middle-school are coming with me in the hopes of being archived onto disc. CD's, some VHS of very rare shows, DVD's, and underground magazines will be carried on.

I have my collection of t-shirts that I'm taking with me. Over the years, they have been a part of me. These shirts may become a basis for an art project that I will be creating during my very final semester at Stony Brook. Each shirt tells a story, and it would be great to tell it all.

Boxes of art, stickers, and promotional flyers I have collected over the years are going with me, and like the cassettes and t-shirts, they may be part of a project I want to work on.

Various memorabilia, ranging from rummy tiles, poker chips, matchbooks, AA batteries made in Japan, dominoes, patches, stickers, and other stationary from a gumball machine in my room are staying.

The car seat in my room (no seat belt) that I used for a chair to watch TV is going out to the garbage.

I also happened to uncover a lot of dust, black clouds, lung cancer-causing agents, and poisonous sponges from under my bed. Goes great with the faux lead paint peeling from the walls in my room. That's not going with me.

And none of this could ever amount to what I found...

Over the years, I have collected countless birthday cards, photos with people from the past, memos, notes, and other reminders of the past. These things are totally irreplaceable.

Six envelopes full of pictures of when I went to Lima, Peru with my ex, Jenny. I also uncovered pictures of when me and Jenny were together, even ones from hanging out at Splish Splash with Chocolate Victoria.

Pictures I took when me and Jenny went upstate to Rochester to see Linkin Park, Korn, Snoop Dogg, Ghostface Killah, The Used, and Less Than Jake at

Projekt Revolution, Summer 2004. It was the very last time I will be stuffed in a hot Greyhound for hours on end.

I accidentally stumbled upon some pictures of me when I was in my Commack years, and me with my other ex from Commack. A reminder to not make the same mistake twice...

Photos of my friends in my Brentwood years when they crashed my house for free food, TV, and pornography, and some portraits of my exes from the Plainview days as well.

An eight-page children's Easter coloring book. Don't ask.

Handwritten letters and a picture of a blondie in Ohio during my poetry-writing days in Selden/Suffolk Community College.

And last but not least, pictures of my family from Staten Island, when we were younger and out having fun. One thing that totally shocked me when I found it... a picture of me and my Judas cousin on Christmas Day 1995, at a time before the unthinkable happened.

But it didn't stop there. There was one box of Xeroxes I had taken upstairs with me that I hadn't checked out in a while. These were my stack of poems, mostly written during my years in Selden and shortly thereafter.

These poems were somewhat a reflection of me during that time: anti-authority, friends who went through downward spirals, people I met I couldn't stand, the redhead phase, works I wrote for my then-girlfriends, and other experimental ideas. A mix of meeting and keeping in touch with people who wrote poetry as a hobby, writing clubs, writing classes, and my time at the *Compass* had led me to start writing poetry regularly.

As I went through them, I realized that I didn't do such a great job writing poetry. Looking back, most of them don't make any sense at all. I could possibly count only ten that I can take with me, and say, "Yes, this is it. Finished."

I also found some of my very first samples of graphic design. My first GFX design class that I took almost ten years ago had me work on Quark Xpress and allowed me to try something that interested me. Thanks to the influence of music and magazine artwork, which I am forever in debt to the *Designers Republic* and *Raygun Magazine* (RIP). These first samples are only black and white, and most of my first works involved making cassette art.

Going through the pile of poetry and GFX design, I also came across a few printouts of some articles from *The Compass*, at a time where unpopular opinion was unwanted and cursing was a big no-no. The articles I wrote were significantly shorter and were somewhat unstructured and unclear. Back then, I wasn't that critical of anything. No writing three or four pages about the public, humanity, the way things work, trials and tribulations, and etcetera. Mostly, I wrote music reviews and straight campus articles for the three years I was staff.

I also came across something I couldn't bare to look... another picture of my Judas cousin and me, taken a couple of years later. Me on the left, expressionless, while my cousin, on the right, crossed her legs with a huge grin on her face. That photo can't even begin to express its full potential.

Finally, it was not until I came across some printouts of emails from former friends and allies that made me forget about what I just found. These emails reminded me that I'm still stressing about certain things in life. They also reminded me of the former situations, events, instances, and the people I met in my life.

One email I came across really pulled me back. Once upon a time, before Myspace where surveys are posted, there were chain letters with questions waiting to be filled out. It was from a lady friend of mine from New Jersey I kept in touch around the turn of the millennium. "Sweetness," I called her. She was one of the most unique people I've known, due to her charm and personality. She would dye her hair red to make me happy (!), and she just thought I was "awesomely cool." It really made me feel very flattered and taken aback.

One week, and 25 years worth of pages from a book will be closed forever. At this time, I will be moving into my new residency that, ironically, will be just around the corner from my old house. It is my brother's girlfriend's former room, and I am very fortunate to have that one and only out that saved me from saying goodbye for good.

Already, I am thinking about how a new family will be living in our old house, and how it would be very funny that from now on, I could be sitting on the porch at the old house, being just a guest stopping if I ever were invited back...

Our Way: Aboriginal Art in Wang

By Ben Van Overmere

The paintings have been there a long time. You might have passed them while going for a bubble tea in Jasmine or a Japanese avant-garde dance performance. Those of you who took a moment and stood still might even have admired some of the pieces. Rightfully so: the recent exposition of Aboriginal art from the Lockhart River area in far-away Australia was a great cultural realization in our university. In the short time I have been here, I have not seen any cultural event that compared to it: a real art exhibition, without entrance fees but with guided tours, located in a very public area.

Geography and ethnicity were the primary features around which the exhibition was organized. Within that frame, we were told that the unifying theme is one of "community." This seems very doubtful indeed, and if such a link is there, the exposition does not stress it. That would be an arduous task, as there is so much variety in the styles of the artists. These styles and genres

are modern and ancient at the same time, and do not seem to fit somehow with contemporary Western art, although the influence of the latter is always clear. Expressionism, for example, was clearly present in the works of Silas and Samantha Hobson. The latter paints wild, euphoric, and exploding spaces, often linked to the destructive creation of nature itself. But her "Bushfire" is no mere bushfire: it is overwhelming anger and dazzling blindness, creating a work that stresses its subjectivity as much as the object it tries to represent. The work of Silas Hobson is in a wholly different key: in his most impressive paintings (such as "Sorry Moment" or "Their Way"), excessively tall and sprightly black figures dance their emotions. Here it is possible to speak of a community portrayed (which is probably the reason why the exposition was named after one of his paintings): one were grief is an experience that is shared. But higher than these passing emotions rises the fundamental life force, which, in Silas Hobson's paintings, is represented by spirals emerging from the thin waists.

Communal ritual does resurface in

the works, especially those imbued with a very particular kind of primitivism. Fiona Omeenyo draws the Quinkans, or humans who are abstracted to their very basis: head (with piercing eyes) and belly. Apparently, the Quinkans are a major feature of traditional Aboriginal art. If they are, they find unique applications here: Omeenyo uses them over and over again to illustrate essential themes, such as time, death, and renewal ("Growing," "Marks in the Sand," and "Mother and Child"). These figures are truly something new, which balances out her blatant and bad Jackson Pollock imitations. Another painter who harks back to tradition is Adrian King. He certainly does this less effectively than Omeenyo, but sometimes his simultaneous portrayal of modern and ancient is refreshing. Truly, he tries to reach a "New Site" (as indicated by the title of one of his works). It is only too bad that these sites are all too often areas upon which others have already trod — too much of a "been there, done that" feeling.

An artist of whom it is hard to make any sense whatsoever is Rosella Namok. A lot of her paintings show two

stretched circles imposed upon featureless, deserted areas. The accompanying information for her paintings tells the diligent visitor that these squares represent two social-organizing "moieties." They are supposed to be like yin and yang, and they are fundamentally opposed. Most of the info is more useful than this. The fact remains that her paintings are very intriguing and promise depth where Samantha Hobson sometimes seemed superficial. In her refusal of more evident meaning, she is perhaps the most interesting of the artists exhibited.

An overview such as the above was impossible in the exhibition itself. Although the official flyer talks about an organization around three areas, such an order seems moot when one tours the premises. Although chaos is a fun state in which to be, a little bit more structure would have been handy. There is one central area where the dazed visitor can find some reprieve and even help someone along by buying an expensive but beautiful art book on the exposition, something that can fittingly

OUR WAY Continued on next page

I Saw Enough

By Douglas Cion

There is more to the title of this review than a clever insert of the film title. This is the actual statement I made upon viewing the first 10 minutes of Bousman's *Saw IV*. In fact, this statement may be applied to my whole opinion of this franchise. Seriously, how long can one man keep finding ways to have other people kill themselves? (Considering there are two more films on the way) The funny thing is that yours truly, as well as many others, will be sitting in their local multiplex the weekend before Halloween next year to see *SAW V*. I guess that I am personally interested in the idea that the future films will show me something I have not yet seen in this new generation of the SHOCK—GORE—PORN genre that horror has become. I cannot blame film producers when they follow the golden rule of film making: "Make the movie if it makes money." Well, I purposely waited two weeks to write this review because I wanted to see if *Saw IV* was going to follow the trend of most horror films. Not surprisingly it did; the percentage of weekend gross from its



opening was more or less cut in half. However, that was more than enough profit, because the film, which only cost about ten million dollars to make, got it all back almost six times over.

Now we shall review the actual film. (That is the point... right?) I humbly declare my love for the first ten minutes of *SAW IV* for being the best opening ever! Okay, that is an over-dramatization, but how ironic is it that the goriest and most disturbing scene of all four films comes with real, ordinary action of an autopsy. Opening the film with

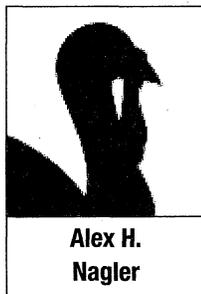
more bone crunching, blood splattering sound effects than all the 90's slasher movies combined was genius. Yes, it was over-the-top, but necessary, because if this had not happened, the little tapes are not found that perpetuate the initiation of the plot, which means there is no movie.

Upon this inciting incident of finding the tapes, the plot begins. This plot consists of one character who was present in the last films, and he is put through "tests" that challenge him to examine his flaws. All of these tests con-

sist of a victim who either performs inhuman acts upon themselves, which will eventually lead to their death (but at least they are a better person for it) or they do not perform the acts and are tortured to death anyway. Is it safe to say that this has already been seen? These tests, which we can refer to as "death scenes", didn't do much for me. There have been scarier, gorier and more brutally painful death scenes in the previous films (the ice shower in *SAW III* still makes me want to throw up when I think about it) so there is no need to worry. If you have seen the first three films, you have already seen the worst of Jig Saw. In this film, you get to see the *human* side of Jig Saw. Diving into John Kramer's past allows the viewers to connect with the homicidal maniac that everyone has within themselves. By showing *how* a killer becomes a killer is completely ruining the idea of the monster movie. Leaving the mystery by not allowing anyone to connect with the antagonist keeps the plot scary. The only thing I need to know about Jig Saw is that he is a psychotic, merciless killer who is going to show me new ways to kill people.

SAW Continued on next page

Ground Control to Major..Declaration Fair



Alex H.
Nagler

I've always shied away from actually declaring a major. Despite the fact everyone knows I'm a political science student, I've always felt that actually going out there and stating it to the world was something that was more than a wee bit frightening. How would I react? Would there be some change in how I carried myself as a declared student, rather than loafing around as an undeclared/general studies person, as I had done for my freshman year? That all changed on Wednesday, November 14th, when the Academic and Pre-Professional Advising Center held the "Major" Event in SAC Ballroom B.

The event itself started at noon. After stalling for time for half an hour, I walked past the people shuffling into the auditorium for the Deen Brothers' Cooking Demonstration and Q&A, past the vacancy of Ballroom A, and into the crowd of a dozen or so people waiting to be let into Ballroom B. I saw the telltale signs of a Registrar-sponsored event; kitschy objects like shovels and squeezable balls bearing the names, addresses, and phone numbers of various departments, a raffle with a prize somewhat related to the theme of the event, and the dreaded major declaration forms. These forms would be my penance for not quite slacking off the past year.

When I say "slacking off," I mean it

in a different sense of the phrase. Everyone else I'm friends with has a declared major. Many of them are in labs doing research projects or doing something that has to do with their area of concentration. I'm down in the Press' office taking minutes, signing forms, and occasionally mailing things. None of these have to do with my major. Yes, I've fulfilled more major-based requirements than the rest of them, but does that really mean anything? The professor I'm on best terms with is in the English department; that's my minor, and an undeclared one at that.

With the form in my hand and a sense of foreboding in my stomach, I look for the political science table. They seem to have arranged all the social sciences in an alley of academic death and despair, with easy access for those who don't want to be seen as anything but a science major by their friends. I walk over to table, pick up the yellow requirements pamphlet, and start quietly checking off the things I've taken to see how I'm doing. Not that bad. After next year I just need three more credits in the political theory track, and it would be the same thing if I wanted to do American government.

"Can I help you?" she asks.

I never got her name. She's a secretary in the department, I know that much. I take a deep breath in and state my intentions. I have my form filled out. All I need is her signature. She has the signatory power to make my expected graduation date go from 2011 to 2010, which is the date that all my friends already have on their forms. With a few

strokes of the pen, it's done. I'm a political science major, and I don't feel any different. I'm still working on my papers for Professor Norpoth's 317 class, still reading cases for Professor Mak's 320. I still have to wake up at 7 AM on Friday to make sure I get the one lone political science class I want next term. The rest are philosophy and English, with one required honors class.

Speaking of those areas, where are philosophy and English, and how am I doing? Philosophy is one table over. I walk over there, and I'm greeted by a lovely older gentleman, Professor Dilworth, I presume. I don't really know anyone in this department. I talk of minors and political thought, and we go over my track. I'm ahead of the game. Just one more class after spring term and my minor is done.

"Why not a major?" he implies. "You're already one class away from the minor."

He's right. I am. I think about it. I may do it, but not today. Today is about declaring my first major, my main major. Declaring a second major will come at a later date, after I've struggled my way through PHI 300 and 306.

Now, to go check on my minor. A familiar face: Professor Videbaek, who I was lucky enough to encounter my first term here and with whom I still correspond. She's the only reason I have Friday classes next term. It's worth it for the blood, sex, rape, murder, and gore that Revenge Tragedies will bring. My minor, it's doing fine. No real fear there; I doubt I'll ever cross into the major territory. Don't want to write a thesis, don't

want to take a year of a foreign language.

The "Major" Event was aptly named. For some of us, it served as a major stepping-stone in our college careers. For others, it was a chance to find out something about a major we might like to pursue. For me, it was a self-recognition. I'm at Stony Brook, a science school, pursuing a possible double major in two non-hard science fields. And I wouldn't want it any other way.

I walked out of the Ballroom, having deposited my future in the tray for completed forms. I was the first one of the day. Fitting. As I worked my way to the Union, I didn't feel any different. I still don't. But, after becoming politically aware at the age of twelve, for the first time in my life, I was a political science major.

Alex H. Nagler was awoken at 7 AM by the dulcet tones of "Devil Went Down to Georgia." You know, the Steve Ouimette version that serves as the final boss for Guitar Hero III.

Art? I eat art!

Submit your art, photography, short stories and poems to sbress@gmail.com by December fifth, for inclusion in our literary supplement

Aboriginal Art, Continued

OUR WAY from previous page

rest on the table of a salon, never to be opened again except briefly by a bored guest at a cocktail party. Also present in this central area was a TV that showed interviews with the artists and a general overview of Aboriginal culture. The dedicated *Stony Brook Press* reporter naturally decided to sit that video out, supposing it to be stocked with dazzling insights and profound monologues. He did not get what he wanted. An inane – probably British, certainly female – journalist kept posing the same cliché questions to the artists, who wearily looked about as they related when they started painting, how they started painting, whether they like being famous. Fascinating — the primary thing about these paintings is, after all, that the artists are "backward" people in the classical sense, that must be amazed by

the Western world and Western sophistication. Colonialism was never a distant nightmare for this kind of journalist, and an uneasy feeling ensues in another kind of journalist. I did not stay for the documentary.

People who know me are familiar with my constant tendency to criticize. This tendency does not prevent me, however, from highly recommending the Wang Center to organize more exhibitions. *Our Way* is, in many ways, a huge success: people who never see any art, who think it is elitist, were talking about it. And they all agreed it was wonderful. Although I wouldn't go that far, it was a very good exhibition. I'd recommend it, except that it has already moved on to another location. Where, I do not know. But the space it left allows for new artistic triumphs. Keep your eyes peeled.

I Saw Enough, Continued

SAW from previous page

Finally, we arrive at the climax and it is just as you would suspect: a twisty ending that answers the "How's" and "Why's" all the teenagers in the theater were screaming at the screen. Of course, here is the resource to produce the plot for the next movie. You know what would be a good twist next time? Not having the same, outdated twist ending the last three films had.

In conclusion, was *Saw IV* a good movie? I nobly respect the franchise for reinventing the horror genre to fit today's social standards. You cannot scare today's moviegoers, but you can gross them out. This new wave of horror introduced by the first two films modernized the genre and shocked audiences with inventive and original styles that contrast the feeble

process of remaking older or foreign horror movies, which is commonly done today. The *Saw* franchise also revolutionized the twist ending that can live up to M. Night Shyamalan's wacky antics, but the truth is that it is getting old and boring. It does not work when the audience is going into the movie already asking what the twist at the end is going to be. Let's face facts, people; if you are going to see a horror movie, you are not interested in the Academy's acknowledgment. You are going to watch people get killed. Unless the director of the film is Rob Zombie or M. Night Shyamalan, or you dive back into classics like *The Shinning* or *Silence of the Lambs*, the film may possibly fill your entertainment standards, but it will not be a good film.

Make your opinion heard! Write for *The Stony Brook Press*.

Meetings Wednesdays 1pm
Union Building Room 060

If I Didn't Have Anything Nice to Say About Mornings at SB, I Wouldn't Say...Oops



Ilyssa
Fuchs

First: On South P

Much to my dismay, I always find myself ranting on and on about subsequent problems on campus and such that are never resolved.

Well shocker people: South P is full. What? It all started last week when I pulled onto campus. It was still bright and early as far as I was concerned (I was still pulling the crusties out of my eyes). It was only 9:30 in the morning, but to my surprise the South P lot was almost entirely full. I told this story to some of my friends and they didn't believe me. They just gave me that awkward look like, "how could such a big parking lot be full?" Well, it was. I don't mean completely, because lets be realistic, I didn't go around row by row counting exactly how many parking spots there were and how many were available (that's a project for a weekend afternoon when you're tripping on acid with 5 of your friends, "uh guys is this one taken? I see a multicolor VW van and *oh my god* is that Scooby-Doo? Scoobyyyyyyyyy"). But even then you wouldn't be able to get a real count. From first glance the lot appeared to be full. Yes, this giant fucking abyss of a parking lot we call South P, or I personally call South Guam, was more than 75% full by 9:30 in the morning. Does

this seem like a problem to anyone else? If it doesn't then you either live on campus, or you just get here at one of those random times when there is a lot of available parking. For most, not being able to find a spot in a giant lot is just ridiculous. This is my third semester at Stony Brook and I have never seen it like this. So now that you're already running 10 minutes late to class, once you actually find a spot you must contend with the Express bus...

Second: The Express Bus

Ah, the (not-so-)wonderful Express bus that takes you from South P to campus. So, if you were already aggravated that it took you so long to find a spot, prepare to get even more irate once you step on the Express bus. The problems with the Express bus vary from day to day so I will attempt to tackle them one at a time. First, talk about fucking communism; you get on the bus, find a seat and the bus fills rather quickly with people trying not to be late to their 9:50 class and the bus fills and fills until there isn't any more room. There are people standing and these hippy communist bus drivers wait until the bus is at maximum capacity and then continue to wait. If you didn't know, the bus is supposed to run on a certain schedule. The drivers are aware of the schedules, but in the instance that your bus is completely full, *what the fuck are you waiting for?* A fucking invitation telling you the

bus is full and you can't fit anyone else? Let's leave already. It pisses me off more than anything to sit on a full bus for three more minutes just so you can stick to your precious God damn schedule. It's a full bus, for God's sake, you couldn't fit Tinkerbell on this bus if you tried; take us to class already. On the same note, the bus drivers try to be nice and wait for late comers so they can pack the bus and create an unsafe situation. But one day I was late and the driver told me, "Sorry I don't have room for you." Come on you commie bastard, I'm 4 foot 10 and I weigh 95 pounds soaking wet. I could probably fit into a stroller made for a two year old if I really tried and you're telling me you don't have room for me? What kind of bullshit is that? Second, sometimes you get there and there is no bus at all and there are about 150 students all waiting, trying to figure out how they can scheme their way onto the first bus because they already know that, no matter how packed it is, there is no way everyone is getting on. Yet on some days there are three buses lined up in a row, and the first one is full and hasn't left yet (see above), and people are still trying to elbow their way onto the full bus. We have a lot of respect for each other, don't we? I thought that the busses were on a schedule, in fact I mentioned that early didn't I? If you are on such perfect schedule then why is it that some days there are three empty busses and no students and on

some days there is an enormous amount of students and no buses? I thought we had that whole timing thing down. Guess not.

Third: Coffee in the SAC

Ok, so you finally made it to campus and you really want to get a cup of java before you head to class because you're already ten minutes late, so you figure why the hell not, it's not going to make you that much later. Yeah right! If you don't want to be twenty minutes late I would highly suggest not getting your coffee at the SAC. You probably have a commuter meal plan and don't want to spend your cash, but trust me, if you want to have an aneurysm before noon then get your coffee at the SAC. If not, pay the measly \$1.25 and get your coffee at the Seawolves market place or at Harriman Café. If you show up to the SAC at around 9:45 the only thing you're getting are empty coffee pots and empty milk dispensers. Maybe I have bad timing or maybe it's just bad luck, but this is the time when the SAC magically runs out of coffee everyday, and if you want a cup you have to wait however the fuck long it takes for them to brew a new pot, and I'm not talking about a regular sized pot of coffee either, I'm talking about this giant coffee pot that take like 15 minutes alone just to fill. Now, common sense would tell you that if the people who worked in the SAC knew that they ran out of coffee at approximately the same time everyday, they would just start brewing more fucking coffee at 9:25 before they ran out. Then they wouldn't have 15 angry students standing around waiting for more coffee to brew because it would be done already, and all they would need to do would be to change the pots. Unfortunately, it's come to my attention that we don't have the brightest crayons in the box working at the SAC. But that's not everyone that works there; props to Rich the grill guy for making the best damn grilled cheese with bacon and tomato ever, and keeping the grill line moving during lunch time; if only everyone working there were as smart as Rich. Once you actually get your coffee you have to contend with the old ladies who are extremely nice but sometimes a little hard of hearing (like yesterday when I asked her if she was still open and she said yes and I stood there for two solid minutes before she said, "oh hun I'm closed." Sheesh). Then you can finally make your way to your 9:50. Oh, by the way, if you haven't yet looked at your watch, it's already twenty after ten.

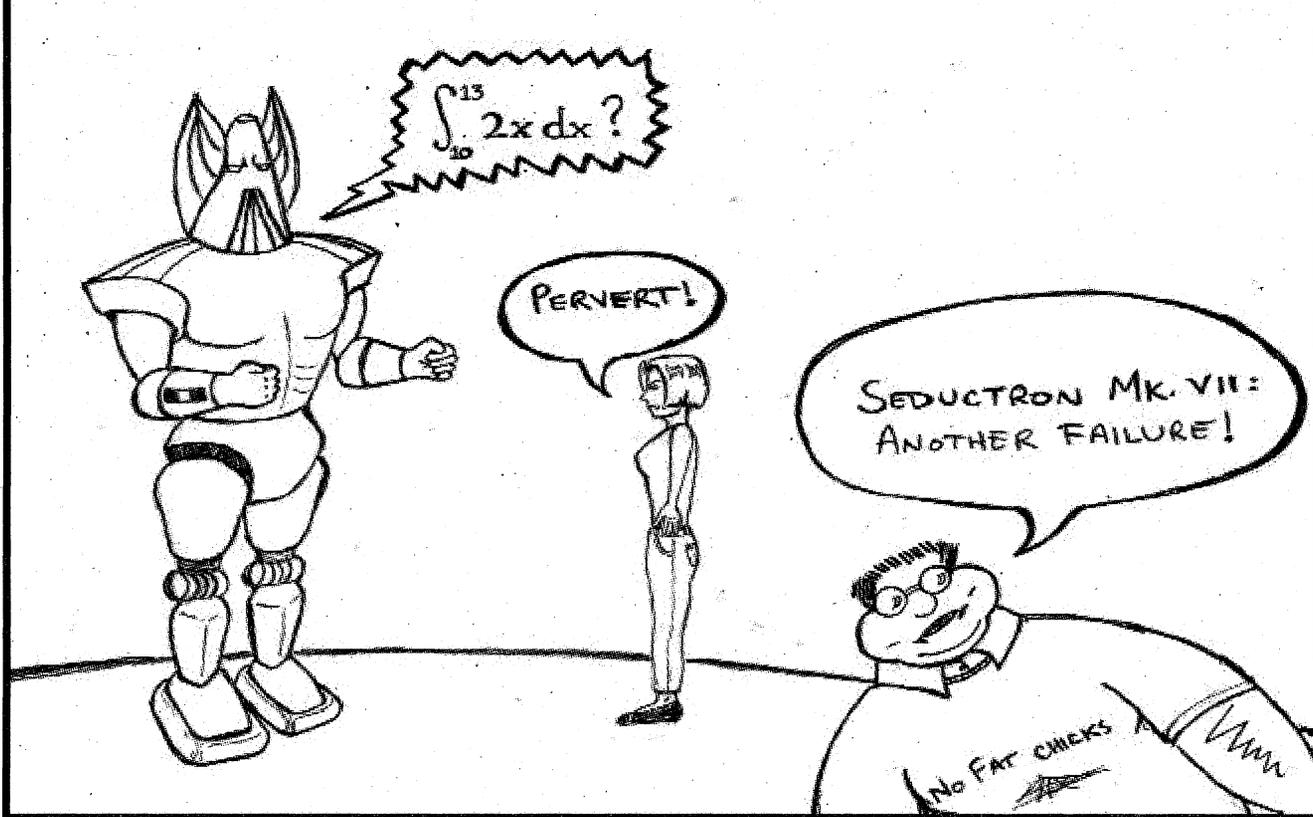


Roman Sheydvasser

THE COMICS SECTION

FROM THE DEMENTED CATALOGS OF: SHERMAN D. GLOBBERMAN UNORTHODOX INVENTOR

by Andrew Fraley



PROFILES FROM THE WINDENBERG ASSASSIN FILES

by David K. Ginn



I've never seen a sunrise. Not the way you see it.

You should probably judge all critics of "free" trade based on this article.

What Liberals Don't Know About Illegal Immigration



Matthew Rammelkamp

The Globalists are using a "divide and conquer" strategy to balkanize the United States. The North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) and the Central American Free Trade Agreement (CAFTA) undoubtedly lowered the standard of living in Latin America, especially Mexico. The architects of the New World Order have been planning a world government for centuries, and through secret organizations such as the Bildberberg group, the Trilateral Commission, and the Council on Foreign Relations (all set up by the Rockefellers), they developed, funded, and pushed NAFTA and CAFTA throughout the 1990s. The agreements were sold to corporations and the public as a way to better the economies of the three countries by increasing trade; it did the opposite. Its key goal was to cause a flood of unrestricted illegal immigrants into the United States. That is why President Bush and the leaders of Mexico are happily leaving the borders wide open and finding any excuse to arrest and indict border control officers or police anywhere in the U.S.

While the corporate-controlled media teaches Americans that pro-United States nationalism is xenophobic and racist, the very same media is busy teaching Mexicans that ultra-extreme race-based nationalism is good and a part of their culture. The federal government, tax-free foundations, and the Fortune 500 have pumped more than \$800 billion into a long-term strategic plan to export Latin American revolution into the United States. The United States must be divided before it can be absorbed into the North American Union.

The New World Order's social engineering has done a masterful job exploiting social divisions between the U.S. and Mexico. For 24 hours a day, seven days a week, Spanish-speaking media drills into their audience's heads that the southwest, from California to Texas, once belonged to Mexico, and that the U.S. stole it in 1848. Every child in Mexico is taught from birth, and officially in school, that the United States is the arch-enemy of Mexico, and that it is their job to travel to the United States, to take part in a reconquering, or La Reconquista, of the United States.

Reconquista today refers to an explicit agenda of M.E.Ch.A. (Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlan) to retake the lands from the U.S. which once belonged to Mexico. This includes Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and parts of Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, and Oklahoma, all of which were

ceded by Mexico under terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848.

The primary method for this "reconquest" is demographic. By means of legal and illegal immigration from Mexico and Central America, and by means of high birthrates among non-White Hispanics, the non-Hispanic population will be reduced to a minority that can then be voted out of power and influence. While nominally nonviolent this will force African-Americans, Asian-Americans, Native-Americans and European-Americans out of what will be called Aztlan. Reconquista is not integrationist or tending towards assimilation; it is separatist and explicitly racial. M.E.Ch.A.'s motto translates as, "Everything for the race. Nothing outside the race."

The Federal government, in the name of "keeping us all safe from each other," would love to use something like this as an excuse to set up an incredibly powerful police state. I don't want Hispanics looking at whites with fear, nor do I want whites looking at Hispanics with fear. We're all human beings. What one needs to understand is that empires have always used "divide and conquer" to manipulate.

The reconquista movement has big corporate funding. In almost every case, rich white men are behind the neo-Aztec movement. One businessman in California bought almost 700 signs telling the public that Los Angeles is now Mexico. This is an attempt to create false pride by which people can be easily steered.

Mexico has the greatest concentration of wealth per capita in the world. But Mexico's tiny elite rules against one of the poorest and most oppressed populations in the world. Mexico is exporting its impoverished and angry citizens to the United States as a way to avoid internal revolution. The corrupt elite of Mexico tells their enslaved populations that all of their problems are caused by the United States.

The architects of the New World Order are using cheap slave goods and oceans of Third World migrants to overrun the United States. The same oligarchs who have wrecked the Third world are now framing the United States for their crimes, and they are using the rightfully enraged mob as a weapon on conquest.

The guest-worker amnesty plan being pushed by President Bush is nothing more than a North American Union standardized ID card that erases the independence of all three nations. Spanish-speaking TV, radio, and print are on fire with talk of revolution. Many stations bare the name "La Invasora" ("The Invader").

Americans who don't speak Spanish are unaware of what is going on so that the corporate-controlled revolution can build in semi-secrecy. Most of the media outlets spewing the slogan "Viva La Raza"

("Long Live the race"), are owned by New York and London-based companies that are cold-bloodedly pushing for the breakup of the United States.

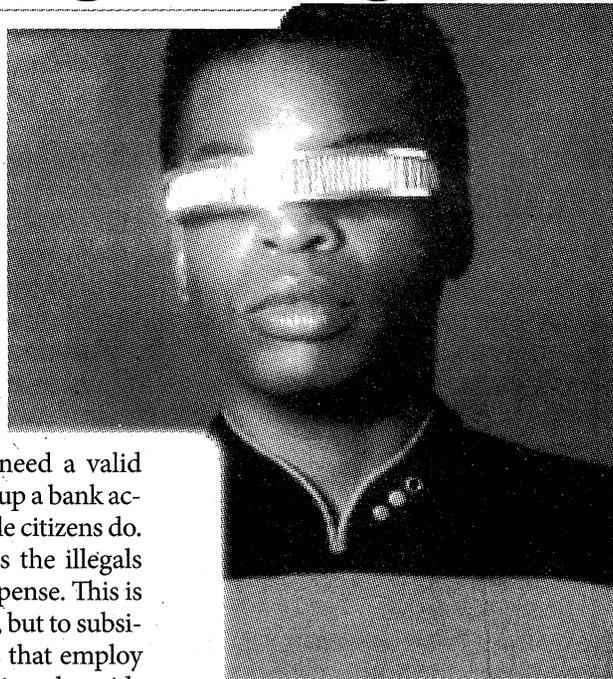
The government is pushing a double standard in its treatment of citizens vs. its treatment of illegals. Citizens are arrested if they don't have insurance or drivers licenses; illegals are not. Illegal aliens do not need a valid form of identification to set up a bank account, or get a car loan, while citizens do. The government subsidizes the illegals via welfare at tax-payers' expense. This is not done to help the illegals, but to subsidize the large corporations that employ them in an ongoing war against the middle class.

Driving down the standard of living for the middle class is being done not only through subsidizing illegals with tax-payer money, or through the illegals taking millions of U.S. jobs for lower pay. The Federal Reserve destroys the value of the dollar, continually breaking the record every month for being at an all time low compared to the Euro or other currencies. The Federal Reserve, an offshore private corporation, now does not have to publish audits of how much money it prints into circulation. The purchasing power of our dollar is being destroyed, and we are all told that inflation is only 3 percent when, calculated with energy and food, it is often well above 15 percent and growing.

Destroying the U.S. economy in this way is a plan to introduce and set up the "Amero," a proposed shared currency in North America, and eventually, all of the Americas. After leaving office in 2006, Vicente Fox toured the U.S. calling for amnesty and American integration because he is a now a paid propaganda puppet of the New World Order. President Bush is pushing for amnesty in Congress and refuses to protect our borders because he is a paid puppet of the New World Order. The President has already been meeting with the heads of Canada and Mexico, announcing a "Security and Prosperity Partnership" which is nothing short of merging the three countries' regulatory agencies, armies, and more. For access to these documents that have been released under the Freedom Of Information Act, go to www.judicialwatch.org.

For those of you who have been duped into believing that unrestricted illegal immigration is a human rights issue (I was one of them), remember the phrase, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

Case Example of Double Standard: Immigrant Rally in Seattle, Washington. Draw your attention to Seattle, Wash-



ington, during a march where tens of thousands of demonstrators took to the streets demanding amnesty for 30 million illegal aliens. Despite the fact that many of them were undocumented, they were afforded their first amendment right to speech and expression. Of course in Mexico, most demonstrations are broken up by the police force, with machine guns fired into crowds, killing people.

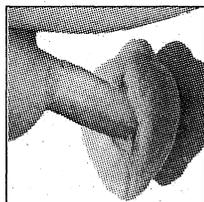
Taking over downtown Seattle while waving Mexican flags and screaming "La Raza" was not enough. The crowd demanded that police physically stop an American citizen from engaging in his silent protest. Stuck in traffic for hours, the citizen held up his middle finger to the crowd. The police did not arrest a protester who assaulted the driver through his sunroof. The citizen complied with the police officer's order to suppress his first amendment rights and stop flipping the bird. But under orders of a plain-clothed police officer, the police ripped the driver from his car, and although he was not resisting, they smashed his face into the ground while arresting him. The commanding officer clapped and cheered, along with a predominantly foreign mob of protesters, as the citizen was arrested.

A huge pool of blood lay on ground as they continually slammed his face into it with full force. The police did not stop the protesters as they bashed out his car window and kicked his car in plain view. "Now you're bleeding punk, what's it like now bitch," exclaimed the Hispanic criminal who assaulted the citizen through his sunroof.

That day, the Seattle police filled patty-wagons with American citizens who tried to peacefully picket the event. The New World Order allows free speech for illegals because they suit the agenda of the New World Order, whose chief goal is to set up a North American Union as a stepping stone for a world government.

Did we put in the 'Free Cindy Liu' ad? I'll offer her sex to come back.

What Your Mom Doesn't Know About Illegal Immigration



Karl Von
Lemonfucker, ESQ.

The Globalists are using a "divide and conquer" strategy to rape your mom. First, they divide her legs. Then they conquer. The North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) and the Central American Free Trade Agreement (CAFTA) undoubtedly lowered the standard of prostitutes in Latin America, especially Mexico. The architects of the New World Order have been planning to defile your mother for centuries, long before you were born, and through secret organizations such as the Bilderberg group, the Trilateral Commission, and the Council on Foreign Relations (all set up by the Rockefellers), they developed, funded, and pushed your mom into prostitution throughout the 1990s. The agreements were sold to corporations and the public as a way to better their chances of getting laid; it did the opposite. Its key goal was to cause a flood of unrestricted illegal immigrants into your mother. That is why President Bush and the leaders of Mexico are happily leaving your mom's legs wide open and finding any excuse to arrest and indict pimps who try to claim her.

While the corporate-controlled media teaches Americans that anti-prostitution is xenophobic and racist, the very same media is busy teaching your mom how to shag Mexican style.

The New World Order's social engi-

neering has done a masterful job exploiting her. For 24 hours a day, seven days a week, Spanish-speaking media drills into your mom. Every child in Mexico is taught the ways of American love through her.

The Federal government, in the name of "keeping us all safe from your mom's diseases," would love to use something like this as an excuse to set up an incredibly powerful police state. I don't want whites looking at your mom in fear, nor do I want your mom looking at Hispanics with fear. We're all human beings. What one needs to understand is that empires have always used "divide and conquer" to manipulate.

The reconquistayourmom movement has big corporate funding, now that your mom has called it "quits" on prostitution. In almost every case, rich white men are behind your mom. One businessman in California bought almost 700 hours worth of her passionate love-making. This is an attempt to lure her back into whoredom by having these rich clients pay for her exquisite services.

Mexico has the greatest concentration of wealth per capita in the world. Mexico is exporting its impoverished and angry citizens to the United States to "line them up" for your mother's eventual moral downfall. The corrupt elite of Mexico tells their enslaved populations that all of their problems can be cured by the healing powers of her vagina.

The architects of the New World Order are using cheap slaves to stimulate the population's interest in sex. The same

oligarchs who have wrecked the Third world are now framing the United States for their crimes, and they are using the rightfully enraged mob as a weapon on conquest its most valuable whore: your mom.

Americans who don't speak Spanish are unaware of the Mexican STDs your mom carries. Most of the media outlets spewing the slogan "Viva La Whoreo" ("Long Live the Whore"), are owned by New York and London-based companies that are cold-bloodedly pushing for her certain relapse.

The government is pushing a double penetration in its treatment of your mom. Citizens are arrested if they don't have a buddy to team up on her with. Immigrants are not. Illegal aliens do not need a valid form of identification to fuck your mom, or get a blowjob, while citizens do.

Driving down the standard of living for the middle class is being done not only through encouraging illegals to fuck your mom with tax-payer money, or through the illegals taking millions of U.S. blowjobs for lower pay. The purchasing power of our dollar is being destroyed by your mom's promiscuity, and we are all told that fellatio is only 3 percent of it when, calculated with tongue-teases and hand-job-hybrids, it is well above 15 percent and growing.

For those of you who have been duped into believing that unrestricted immigration into your mom's cooch is a human rights issue (I was one of them), remember the phrase, "The road to orgasm is paved with your mother's vaginal

lubricant."

Case Example of Double Penetration: Immigrant Gangbang in Seattle, Washington.

Draw your attention to Seattle, Washington, during a gangbang where tens of thousands of participants took a turn fucking your mom. Despite the fact that many of them were undocumented, they were all allowed to fuck her with or without double penetration.

Taking over downtown Seattle while waving Mexican flags and screaming "La Whoreo" was not enough. The crowd demanded that police physically stop an American citizen from engaging in his one-on-one with your mom. Stuck in her for hours, the citizen held up his middle finger to the crowd. The citizen complied with the police officer's order to suppress his right to bang your mom and also stop flipping the bird. But under orders of a plain-clothed police officer, the police ripped the driver from your mom, and although he was not resisting, they smashed his face into the ground while arresting him. The commanding officer clapped and cheered, along with a predominantly foreign mob of gangbangers, as the citizen was arrested.

That day, the Seattle police filled your mom with their Seattle P.D. semen. The New World Order allows illegals to fuck your mom because it suits the agenda of the New World Order, whose chief goal is to set up a population consisting entirely of millions of your mom's illegal immigrant babies.

Nuestra Estrategia del Conquisto del Mundo!

By Baron von Fistfuck
Migrant Worker in San Diego

Los artículos arriba hablan de los "problemas" de inmigración ilegal, pero no sospechan la verdad!

Me pienso que la inmigración "ilegal" es estupendo! "Por que?" me pides? Bueno, los razones revuelvan sobre "A.Z.T.L.A.N.", nuestro proyecto top-secreto de reconquistar California y Arizona y Têjas y el "Gulf of Mexico", en el nombre de Quetzálcoatl, Gran Patron de los aztecos desde la empieza del tiempo!

Cada día, ustedes nos miran...en parking lots esperando para trabajo, limpiando baños sucios por los muchachos de los carajos ricos, cuidando para los niños de trabajadores white collar Anglo-Saxones...cortando sus cespedes, cocinando y sirviendo sus quesadillas y tacos y burritos...hahaha! Mexicanos

en realidad no le gustan estas piezas de mierda! Ptooi! Y es demasiado divertido para verle a los norteamericanos engordarse hasta 100 kilos, 200 kilos...andando como patos en la calle! Como se engordan...se llegan mas debiles...se pierdan fuerza para resistir y pelear...y todavía ustedes piensan que es la falta de high-fructose corn syrup y una falta de ejercicio! Y, al mismo tiempo, ustedes usan toda su energía en construir "border fences" y "Minutemen tactics." Nadie sospecha la verdad.

Ultimamente, seran demasiados debiles y pobres, y no se podran resistirnos!

Donde va el dinero que nosotros ahorrean por nuestro trabajo ilegal de "day labor"? No va a la economía norteamericana, y no lo enviamos a las auelas enfermas y familias hambres en México, no! En vez de esto, todo los fondos suportan la construcción del Death Star II, nuestra arma de guerra, y nuestra esperanza para reconquistar

A.Z.T.L.A.N., nuestra patria historica, que fue robado por President Franklin Pierce!

Al conquistar el Southwest, no vamos a usar la tierra nueva para vivir or contruir restaurantes de tacos o burritos o enchilladas...no! Vamos a VENDER la tierra a Saudi Arabia...o Iran...para \$450 billiones de dolares! Los arabos quizá desarrollaran mas facilidades del petróleo en el Southwest y el "Gulf of Mexico".

Ultimamente, podramos uar este dinero para contruir un gran Ark, como el de Noah como se dice el Biblio...porque en el año 2012, segun los leyenda de la maya, Global Warming va a cubrir el mundo en agua! Todos los países y imperialistas seran muertos!

Como se gustan sus SUVs ahora, idiotas?

Ultimamente, cuando ustedes son muertos de Global Warming, nosotros vamos a desarrollar un Yellow Submarine a robar todo el oro bullion quedado en Fort Knox, y los fondos va a

suportar el construcción de un Trump Tower & Casino, para nuestro Dios y maestro, Señor Donald Trump!

Viva la Raza! Viva la Whoreo!



Have I not Human Hands?

By Frank P. Fusaro

Special thanks to Al VanBuren

Based on the short story, 'No Woman Born' by C.L. Moore

Her naked metallic body glows as the climatically controlled storm's lightning jumps from one dark man-made cloud to the next ominous, yet artificial cloud. It has been years now, years since she has felt the rain on her skin, since the sound of thunder has been felt in her bones. It feels like centuries. Maybe it has. The window she stands in front of is as tall as she is. The light can be seen again, creeping out and seen clearly. The rain, her silvery right hand glides across the window and she can see the pattern of the rain falling. Her eyes appear as if they are made of metal, but she can see very well, but she can't feel. She can see the rain falling on the ground, but she can't feel it. The room she is in is dark, but she can see the door and her hand is set to the correct tones. As the door slides open, with a sharp hiss, the light from the hall slices through the darkness. A man, in what looks to be middle age, walks in. He commands the lights to activate as the door slides shut behind him.

"Hello, Deirdre. How are you?"

As he walks further into the room and stops, she doesn't move, she just sits staring at the storm. His long white hair tosses about as he advances again towards her. He tries to conceal his left leg as he drags it behind him, beneath his blue lab coat. He makes his way to the perfectly made bed, which lies in the middle of a dull and barrenly mechanical room.

"Mind if I sit?"

"Haven't gotten used to the new body yet. Her body was perfect, almost lovely. It was made of the best materials, the finest. The lightning jumps yet again, it's almost blinding. She can't see the days when the lightning would touch the ground, far off, and she would run up her spine, but she no longer has a spine and she is not afraid of the world. These people who live today are too afraid to let things happen naturally, too afraid to live or die.

"I've finished your new body. It's amazing how real it is. With the new biosynthetic flesh and the T.N. components, this makes my father's stuff look simple, it'll change the world, but most of all, you'll be practically human again."

"Always the overachiever, just like your father and his damn things that no one ever dreamt possible." The venom in her words strikes like the lightning used to.

He goes on ignoring her coarseness, "I've solved the detachment problem. The mesh mand will then integrate properly with your new body."

And as if surging electricity, she spurts out, "Really? How do you know that I'll be better?"

"No, to be more human, that's what I thought. You'll be like a real person. You'll know, look like you, I mean."

"Just like this one does?! And how would you know when I'll be better than you? When I lived, if you'd have thought—"

"You still live, D. As long as there is hope there—"

"In life? I have heard that one too many times from your father." As if to mock him she adds in a low and electronic voice.

And with that her delicate looking metal hands clasp the opposite side of her shoulders, covering her chest with her arms. Cable strands, which make up what appears to be her hair, fly about and she slowly slides to the floor, to sit.

"When your father gave me my first mechanical body, I wasn't sure how to react. Now Sam, now... I still don't know how to feel about being up in some mechanical body."

He gets up and she sits motionless, her fingertips just touching the window now. He reaches out and had the proper response program running. As he squeezes tight,

he is at the front door of the building. My hearing is better than the

loved tactile-steel door. If it ever works right, that is."

"My body?" As she turns to look into his eyes, she already

features surprisingly soft, she used to marvel at it. Her touch

than just anger or melancholy as she continues on letting her

feel like real skin. When talking the whole face moves, lips look

in this body. His Greatest Achievement! Thanks to technology

"had!"

ing him talk of me like that. The worst part was the 'unforeseen' side effect. How I can't infect any

turn, made my brain, for all intents and purposes, ageless, as you and the rest of the world do what you can to

erced, slowed all action and ripped away all sound throughout the room, save only the slowing sound of the rain.

and saddening tone, "I should have died on that day. How will immortality make me human, Samuel? How?"

"body you're in will hurt you much worse than my father did that day. An immortal mind in a broken body; you may not

affect your mind and cause you more pain than you could imagine."

"Maybe that's what I need to feel pain to feel... something."

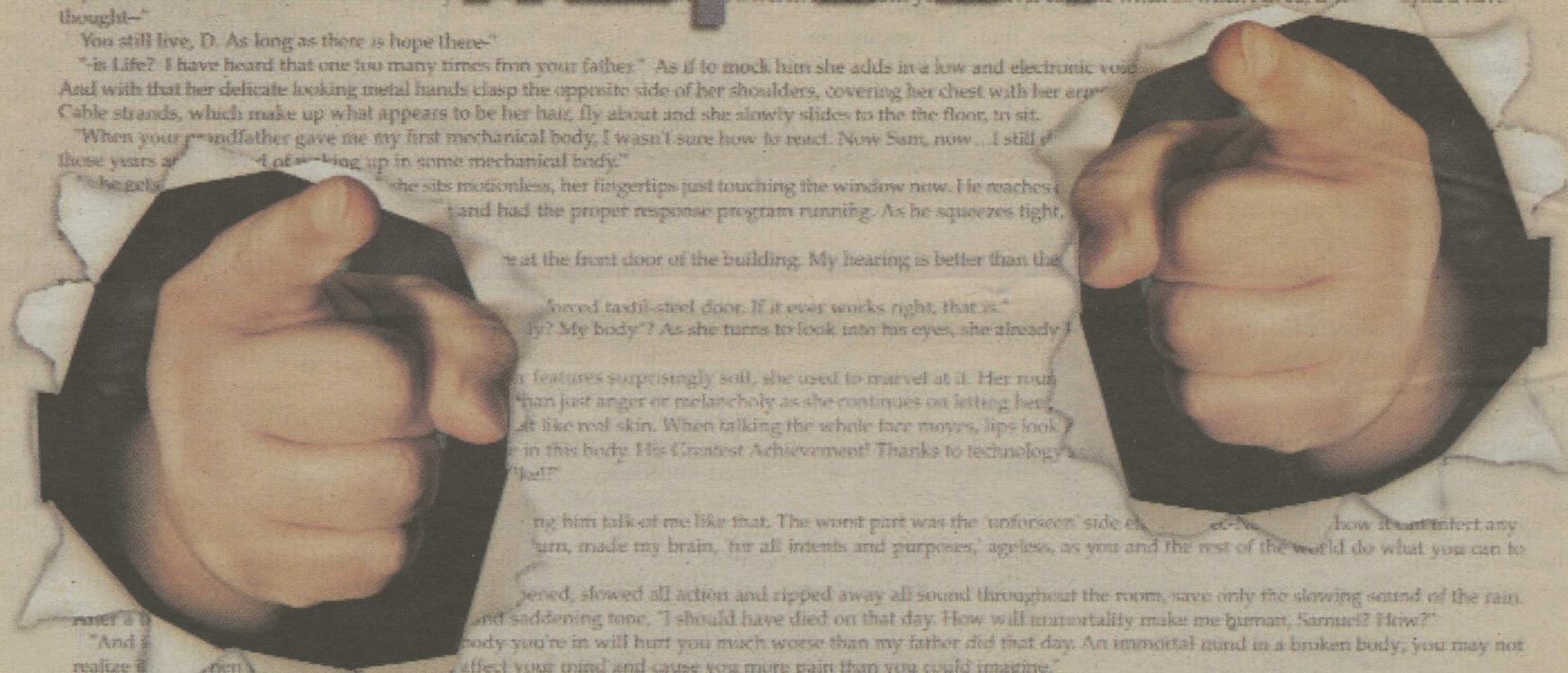
The room was quiet, again as if Hiroshima the day after the bomb fell, even the rain had stopped now, but she could still hear everything. The bright rays of the sun

begin to break through the dark ceiling that covered the sky only moments ago.

Storm's breaking right on schedule, looks like it'll be another beautiful, eh D?"

And as Deirdre looks out at the world that man almost destroyed, the world that is once again blooming with life. She knows that she too is as afraid to live or die,

as the rest of the world and maybe, just maybe, hope is life. Maybe she can be whole again.



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