

The Stony Brook

# PRESS

*The Community News and Features Paper*

VOL. XXVIII, ISSUE 7 "DOES SMALLPOX LOOK LIKE CHICKEN POX?"

DECEMBER, 15 2006

## Universitycafé

### Closing for good?

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Inside:

Literary  
Supplement Fall  
2006



# University Café Lives on in our Hearts and Livers

Written, researched, and rewritten by  
Alex Walsh, Stephanie Hayes,  
and Jim Beam

For a few tense weeks it seemed that the campus might be deprived of the University Café, the student-run eatery located in the Union. On November 30, the Graduate Student Organization (GSO), which had provided funding for the Café, withdrew its support, citing unprofitability. Daytime shifts had ceased operating on November 17. However, the Faculty Student Association (FSA) has taken on the cost of running the café, which now operates on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights between 7 PM and 12 AM. These hours will continue for the rest of the semester, until December 22. Although it will not be open during the winter break, it will reopen for Spring semester. Spring hours are not set yet, as they will probably be changing from this semester. According to Paul, a bartender at the Café, they intend to continue operations next year as well. "I just hope we can keep drawing in the crowds," he said. It seems that there is no longer much danger of the University Café closing for good, as had previously been feared.

During the closing scare, some people involved in the café blamed the

establishment's unprofitability on lax advertising and event planning by GSO. In a letter to USG, Café employee Jena Annise Harris attributed the closure to "a lack of draw (which is also a lack of efforts on the GSO's part) from the total student population." Previously, the café had frequently hosted musical performances and events for campus groups. Relatively little such programming was held this semester, but it should be noted that the café no longer had access to the audio equipment it had used in the past few years.

The decision to close the café's day shifts came as a surprise, according to one former employee. Workers were told on Monday, November 13th, that GSO was going to cease funding. Daytime shifts ended four days later. "We had no notice," the former employee said. In the meantime, Harris prepared a letter to USG, asking them to subsidize operations during the day. The Senate said they would consider the plan, but were unable to take immediate action due to the timing of the budget process.

The University Café's employees and patrons organized a campaign to save their establishment. This involved several Facebook groups, the largest of which "Save the Café!" had 265 members as of December 13. Fortunately for these concerned students and alumni,



Joey Safdia

The University Café on the side of the Student Union

and the whole student body the University Café is likely to be open for some time to come.

Author's Note OR Op-Ed Interlude: In a break from the newsmess, I'd like to say that the Café is awesome and you should all go get drunk there since it's pretty secure now. Fellow Presser Stephanie Hayes and I, operating under the popular misconception that the Big Final Closing Date was November 30,

went in for a last hurrah ("research"), and a grand time was had by all. The super-friendly bartender gave us this French liquor made by monks. The name of it took up two lines of text on the bottle. It was described as tasting "like the smell of damp, crushed pine needles." Pretty cool. That's the kind of stuff that we wouldn't be able to do if the Café shut its doors. Be glad you don't have to live in such a world.

## Pakistani Diplomat Hussain Haqqani Visits SBU

By Leeza Menon

On Saturday, November 11th, the Wang Center, in collaboration with the Center of India Studies and the Department of Asian and Asian American Studies, presented the second part of the Asian American Colloquium series of 2006. Hussain Haqqani, a renowned journalist, diplomat, and former advisor to three Pakistani prime ministers, as well as the current Director of the Center for International Relations at Boston University, lectured on "The Islamic World—Between Reform and Terrorism." During Haqqani's introduction, he promised that the evening would be one of "thought provocation" to the audience, which included Dean Staros, Provost McGrath, professors, students, and others who were interested in learning about this topic.

Haqqani began by giving some background on the Muslim communities of the world. There are 57 countries in which Muslims form the majority. China has a large Muslim population already, and Russia's is increasing. According to Haqqani, the Islamic faith,

even in its beginning stages, "energized the people who embraced it." So, what is the relationship between extremism and Islam? What has happened recently to prompt some young Islamic fundamentalists to turn to terrorism? Haqqani believes that the fundamental idea that drives Muslims is "redemption in histo-

ry" after such events as the sack of Baghdad in 1258 and the British overthrow of the Mughal order in the 18th century. Glory has always been an important factor as well. "Shah Jahan built the Taj Mahal to reflect the glory of his era, not to form an institution that would lead to the overall betterment of

society, such as a university," Haqqani said.

Haqqani continued by laying out an easy-to-follow model for the four major schools of thought in the Muslim world. Firstly, there is the secularist who believes that the cause of the decline of Muslim civilization is the religion itself; secularists want to "do away with Islam" and become more advanced like the Westerners. Next, you have the traditionalist who, instead of changing with the world, is going to live the way he always has and ignore the West by sticking wholly with his religion. Then, there is the modernist who takes the road of compromise. He believes in learning from the West and adapting Islam to it; it is a reformist approach that says nothing is written in stone, including the principles of Islam. The fourth and final school of thought is the revivalist's. The revivalist's thinking is to fight the West and stay with the "puritanical form of Islam"; this type of philosophy demonizes the West, and an "offshoot [of it] is terrorism." Many of the people who believe in revivalist ideals would be willing to "fight the West at any cost, even if it means terror-



Randall Stevens

Hussain in the membrane, Hussain in the brain

Executive Editor's Note: I <3 Alex Walsh



# Haqqani (continued)

Continued from previous page

ism,” and sometimes these groups are actively supported by states, such as in the case of Iran backing Hezbollah. The lack of economic prosperity and educational scope (almost half of the Muslim world is illiterate, and the combined GDP of the 57 predominantly Muslim countries is less than the GDP of France alone), in addition to the fundamental aspiration to revive glory, can lead young men in these areas to gravitate towards revivalist groups and even terrorism.

Haqqani says the only way to stop this from becoming an even more common occurrence is by making sure that the modernist voice is prominent. He says that the Muslim world needs to take an introspective look and ask itself, “Why aren’t the majority of us getting proper education? Why are our women being oppressed?”

His belief is that the West should contribute to the education of all Muslims and should create defense mechanisms to protect schools and as much of a free press as possible. Change takes time, and since the West has such a big stake in this issue, it is up to them to “make sure that the modernist voice is being heard in Muslim countries with hands-on involvement.”

Anyone interested in learning more about his stance on different aspects of Islamic relations can read his latest book, *Pakistan: Between Mosque and Military*, or read the journal *Current Trends in Islamic Thought*, of which he is the editor.

Dr. Sunita S. Mukhi explained why she and Harsh Bhasin, a visiting professor of International Relations in the department of Asian and Asian American studies, were adamant on bringing the BU professor to Stony Brook. In addition to being “timely” and “relevant,” she found Haqqani’s book “very enticing.” “There has always been a misperception about Islam as a religious, political and cultural force,” Dr. Mukhi said. Even though she felt the talk was stimulating and balanced, she said it left her feeling “dismal” afterwards because “the modernist voice seems to only have a place in academic circles. How can it be louder?”

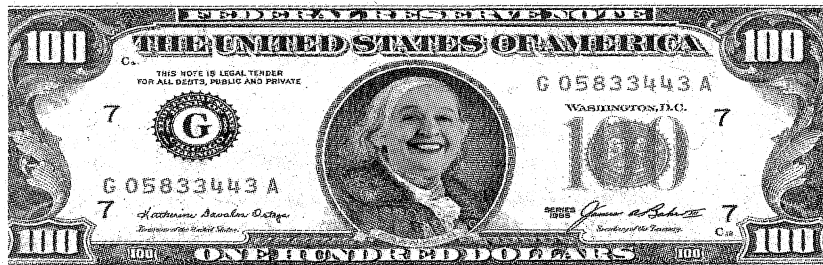
But, if Haqqani’s lecture generates this much thought and discussion in all its viewers, then it was highly successful. If this past lecture was any inclination of what is to come, the next set of Wang Center events are not to be missed.

# Campus Beautification is a Crock!

By Kotei Aoki

Early Friday morning, in the very first incident of December, the running water of Tabler Quad stopped. The quad office of Tabler Quad was notified by the maintenance personnel that a pipe had burst somewhere on campus. Although it was raining that day, the most probable cause of the problem was the continuing construction that Stony Brook has always been undergoing. Literally, it is just as if such repetitive plastic surgeries eventually deform the school’s body parts.

There have been many complaints about the condition of residential halls. A leakage somewhere in your dorm is guaranteed. One of the worst locations is the stairs. Once a leakage occurs in the stairwells, you cannot possibly walk down the stairs without fearing of slipping and of rolling down some eight or nine steps. The RAs only say, “You know, this is how it is supposed to be on [this] campus.”



As you may have noticed, some part of Stony Brook’s campus is always under construction. Imagine the amount of money spent on construction, and think about all the complaints on campus. It may be the meal plan, the pricing at food courts, the broken

seats in lecture halls, the non-functioning elevators, the old, crippled campus buses, the lost door handles of the Student Union and the ESS building, the most ancient computers you can find in Math/Physics/Astronomy Library, the sinking Melville Library, the flooding Union bathroom, and you can list the rest. Clearly, there are facilities Stony Brook University should improve upon before beautifying the campus. Not only does it spend gigantic amounts of money to perform “surgery” on the campus, Stony Brook

University also purchased the Southampton campus, one of the world’s largest supercomputers, and other things of which you may know. Stony Brook University is well-known for “its numerous conflicts with the government of New York State, often over budget-

ary considerations.” It also has a record that has “[reportedly] nearly bankrupted the state.”

So this is how Stony Brook University spends the money that should be able to fix the existing problems listed earlier. However, I overheard that Stony Brook University may also lose the University Hospital from under its management in the near future. People have been talking about it because a large portion of the school’s funding comes from the hospital. Some say the fraction reaches 60%, and others say it is nearly 80%. If the school keeps investing in campus beautification projects, President Kenny will soon be in big trouble. With less financial support for the school, when can students expect their complaints to be resolved?

# B.U. College Republicans Offer a “Whites Only” Scholarship

By Lukasz Chelminski

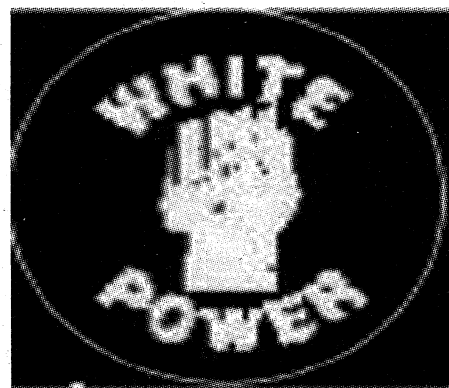
In an effort to raise awareness about racial bigotry, the College Republicans at Boston University have created a “Caucasian Achievement and Recognition Scholarship.”

The purpose of the scholarship is not to reward students but to spark debate about race-based scholarships and affirmative action. Qualifying students must be at least one-fourth Caucasian and maintain at least a 3.2 cumulative GPA. In exchange for writing two essays, one describing the student’s ancestry, and the second to be written about “what it means to you to be a Caucasian-American today,” students have the chance to receive a \$250 award. So far, not one application has been submitted.

Boston University does not support the scholarship, but the school has condoned it. Boston University College Republican President Joe Mroszczyk spoke to Dean of Students Kenneth Elmore and was given the green light. “To give out scholarships based on economic need is one thing but to base it on race and race alone when they’re coming from the same places where the white folks are, I don’t think that provides any diversity at all,” said Mroszczyk. Some students thought likewise: “There are a lot of different scholarships for one race only, so I think it’s a good idea,” said junior Ashley Banks.

This is not a new idea. The College

Republicans at Roger Williams University in Bristol, RI instated a similar scholarship in 2003. The “whites-only” scholarship at Roger Williams University was meant to be a parody, according to former RWU College Republican President Jason Mattera, but was not well-accepted by media that covered the event. The scholarship only lasted one year. The idea was abandoned when the national and state Republican parties severed ties



with the RWU College Republicans. One can only hope that in the course of these events the College Republicans learned that the country is indeed not laughing about that whole hundreds of years of slavery thing yet.

It seems that this exercise will not fare much better. Since being made public on November 7th, the scholarship has received a barrage of negative press. “It’s a poor way to talk about affirmative action,” said David Coreas, president of the Latino fraternity Phi Iota Alpha at BU. “We have to look at the

situation honestly.... Caucasians tend to have a higher per capita income than Latinos and other minorities. We have to have scholarships to survive.” Brian Dodge, executive director of the Massachusetts Republican Party, said, “Their actions are misguided and offensive.” The state party does not officially endorse the scholarship. In the same vein, a national GOP spokesman called the scholarship “highly inappropriate.”

It seems that a majority of people openly disagree with the BUCR scholarship. After all, anyone with any grasp of history probably should. Junior Jackie Ward told CBS Boston that, “As a BU student I would probably be 100% against the scholarship even though I’m 100% Caucasian.” Sara-Marie Pons, of BU’s Admissions Student Diversity Board, pointed out that racial differences are not a statement about skin color, but rather about American society: “Our country oppressed people of color for centuries while everyone else who was ‘preferred’ continued to succeed and lead our country in all aspects.” Race-based scholarships were created to serve an important purpose. They were started and funded by those who were able to perceive that racial disparities were present in our institutions of higher learning. Of course, the College Republicans have a legal right to run their scholarship, but one questions the point or purpose of the exercise.



The Stony Brook

# PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper

## EDITORIALS

### Shermer High Grads

**Ferris Bueller**  
**Jowy Romano**

**The Brain**  
**Andrew Pernick**

**Cameron**  
**Alex Walsh**

**Sloane Peterson**  
**Adina Silverbush**

**The Basket Case**  
**Caroline D'Agati**

**The Sexy Giiiiirlfriend**  
**Rebecca Kleinhaut**  
**Madeline Scheckter**

**The Princess**  
**Stephanie Hayes**

**Ralph, as in puke**  
**Joey Safdia**  
**Vincent Michael Festa**

**Geek Posse**  
**James Messina**  
**Rose Slupski**  
**Lukasz Chelminski**

**Long Duck Dong**  
**Chris Williams**

**Ed Rooney**  
**Kristine Renigen**

**Jake Ryan**  
**Rob Pearsall**

**The 1961 Ferrari 250 GT**  
**California**  
**Joe Rios**

**Abe Froman: Sausage King**  
**of Chicago**  
**Joe Filippazzo**

Sport-o's, motorheads, geeks, sluts,  
bloods, wastoids, dweebies, dickheads

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Melissa Bernardez	Alex Nagler
James Blonde	Irv Novoa
Jessica Cordero	Frank Nobiletti
Jimmy Del Kerr	John O'Dell
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## Pinochet's Dead

Good.

### Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

(hint: It Rhymes With "Tony took less")

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## LETTERS

In the October 5 edition, Frankie D. lists as one of the things that piss him off about Stony Brook, "Campus Police", who "ruined the fun this college used to emanate back in the '70s."

Well, I have little affection for Public Safety (their real name), but as one who had the great good luck to attend this place in its heyday, they are not really the ones to blame for the underground status of revelry on campus today. The blame for that lies squarely with the administrators and politicians who decided it would look good on their resumes if they cracked down on the students. The RA-as-cop bullshit, so poignantly described by James Han in the Asian American E-Zine of October 20, are the queasy brainchild, of, among others, Dallas Baumann. If he's still advertising his mid-life crisis by tootling around campus in that ridiculous sports car of his, you might wish to aim a rotten tomato at his balding pate.

Other parties richly deserving of blame are those of my hypocritical generation, who partied their asses off and now are pretending to be all pious and righteous and not speaking out about these inanities.

Chris Sorochin

THE PRESS ROCKS, LONG LIVE THE PRESS

And thanks for publishing my article,  
South P Lot bus, Amsterdam sex show, Roth dining  
THE PRESS ROCKS, LONG LIVE THE PRESS

-Daniel Munn

Thanks Daniel!

The Press is happy to publish all articles submitted by anyone who enjoys hearing about Amsterdam's sex shows!  
Hope you continue writing!

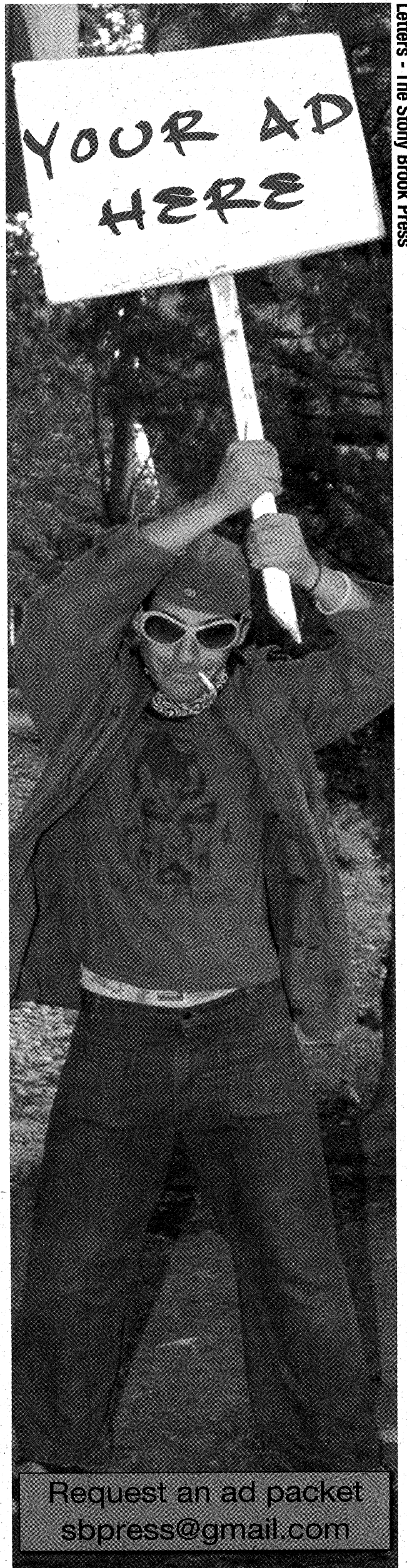
11/30/06

Dear Stony Brook Press,

You want to know what pisses me the fuck off. The lack of political science classes being offered next semester; especially if you can't register until the 29th of November because you're a transfer student and you lost credits by changing your major, but that a whole different story and a whole different letter; who knows maybe I'll actually start writing for you one day. Anyways, I don't want to complain about the Political Science Dept. I actual want to commend them on working their fucking asses off to get me the classes I need to take next semester. I want to bitch about the Administration (know you guys love that!)

If I was a chemistry major, there would be at least five sections given for every class, giving me the opportunity to actually be able to take the classes I fucking needed at times that worked with my schedule. Lots of us are commuters and have fucking jobs and balance school and work and need to have options to take classes that work with our schedules. Unfortunately, if you're not pre-med there are only one or two sections for each class the Political Science Dept. is giving, and there is lots of aspiring Political Science students. In fact there is so many of us that the upper-level classes get filled so fucking quickly that there isn't any room for anyone else, and the Administration is definitely the ones to blame. While they hoard all the money towards sports and physical science, (not saying that not a good thing) they tend to forget about the social sciences (the people who are going to hopefully fix what the Bush Administration is fucking up, one day). If they gave the department more money and paid more Professors to teach more classes, then maybe, just maybe some of us would be able to take what we needed without having to worry about being closed out of every class available in our major that we haven't already taken. The last time I checked we all pay the same amount in tuition.

The "Sincerely" Pissed Off,  
Ilyssa Fuchs



Letters - The Stony Brook Press

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# NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled by Adina Silverwolf Kotei Aoki, Rebecca Kleinhaut and Madeline Scheckter

## University of Missouri: Little Photoshop of Horrors

Three post-doctorate biochemistry researchers at the University of Missouri are being accused of altering images to match the results of an important paper. Kaushik Deb, Mayandi Sivaguru, and Hwan Yul Yong conducted research concerning cell division after fertilization in mice. Their results showed that cell division could be more uneven than what was presumed, with differently sized blastomeres that grew at different rates. The article was published in Science in February of 2006.

Since it was published, many research labs have tried to replicate the findings from this study. All of them, including The University of Pennsylvania, have been unsuccessful. The results of these tests have been reported back to Science, leading Donald Kennedy, its Editor-In-Chief, to release the statement that the data in the published report "may not be reliable".

Investigators believe that two images may have been doctored in order to support the research. R. Michael Roberts, the researcher in charge of the University of Missouri's lab, has since stated that he was involved in the research and that all research is based in fact. However, he encourages other scientists not to cite it until the investigation is complete. Also, researchers in his lab must now enter raw data into another system so that it cannot be altered.

## Vermont Civil Union Recognized in VA

After a bitter battle that began in 2003, a Virginia appeals court accepted the ruling of the Vermont Supreme Court that gives one same sex couple equal parental rights over their daughter. The Virginia court cited The Parental Kidnapping Prevention Act of 1980, which is a federal law that ensures that one state must bend to the custody decision of another.

Lisa Miller and Janet Jenkins were united in a civil union in Vermont; they had

relocated from Virginia after living together for three years. Miller was impregnated with a sperm donor in 2002. Miller filed divorce papers in Vermont in 2003, stating that she was no longer a homosexual, and she moved back to Virginia with her daughter. While a Vermont Supreme Court found that both parents were entitled to equal custody rights, a Virginia Court granted Miller with sole custody rights. They cited the 1996 Defense of Marriage Act, which states that one state does not have to honor the ruling of another if it involves a same-sex couple.

A lawyer for Miller is looking to take it to the Virginia Supreme Court and, if necessary, the United States Supreme Court.

## Indian PM Halts Dam Construction in India

Indian Prime Minister Manmohan Singh has stopped laying the groundwork for a dam in Manipur after the protests of residents. Their reason - it would destroy a sword that rests at the bottom.

The tribal people of the area believe that the sword of Jadonans rests on the bottom of the lake, which would be drained if the dam were completed. It would also submerge an island where they believe the souls of their dead go to rest. Although the dam would provide more power to India and boost the economy in the region, it would flood sixty villages and leave 40,000 people without homes.

The building of the dam along the Barak River is a part of Manipur's project to improve India's infrastructure. Manipur recently visited the region for the first time in two years.

Residents staged a twenty-four hour protest that drew so many people that it blocked roads across the area.

## SUNY Grows at You

On Tuesday, November 28th, SUNY proposed a budget proposal for more state spending in higher education. The SUNY Board of Trustees approved it. The propos-

al will be considered by Governor-elect Eliot Spitzer as he plans his executive budget for the first time this January. Then his (state) budget plan will be submitted to the Legislature by the deadline for the 2007-2008 fiscal year: April 1st.

Okay, the proposal sounds beneficial for us. However, it also requests a hike in SUNY tuition. Although the increase is just 4%, it will hurt many SUNY students who chose and may choose SUNY for affordability. Some of them work part-time, and some others take work-study while fulfilling their undergraduate degree requirements. One of the Press staffers said, "I work my ass off to pay for my tuition, and the hike will bite my ass." Clearly, the tuition hike will further suffocate many SUNY students.

Apparently SUNY's intention is to avoid unethical tuition spikes. In other words, SUNY intends to regularly increase tuition, by about 4% every four years. It calls such periodic hikes a "rational tuition plan." After accounting for increasing tuition and miscellaneous fees, SUNY tuition will increase by nearly \$1,000 by the end of fall 2008.

## Massachusetts:OMG Nevermind

On November 29th, Justice Judith Cowin decided that the state's entire high court should decide on whether or not a proposed constitutional amendment banning gay marriage should be considered by voters. The amendment would define marriage as a union between a man and a woman, overturning the court's 2003 decision in favor of gay marriage. Since 2003, 8,000 same-sex couples have been married in Massachusetts. The ban would leave those marriages in tact, but would ban all future same-sex marriages.

The proposal has 170,000 signatures and the support of Massachusetts's governor Mitt Romney. Romney's term ends on January 4th, and he is planning to run for president in 2008.

## Ding Dong Pinochet is Dead!

Pinochet, who was dictator of Chile from 1973 to 1990, died on Dec. 10th after suffering an acute heart attack a week earlier. The former ruler also had a build-up of fluid in his lungs.

In 2000, he was charged with 75 murders and kidnappings and was under house arrest for the murder and kidnap of two men in 1973. In 2002, the charges were dropped, citing that Pinochet was too sick and old to stand trial; he turned 91 on November 25th.

Although the former dictator has been accused of killing and torturing many Chileans, around 50 supporters rallied around the hospital, some in tears. His supporters claim he saved the country from Marxism.

## Yes Virginia, There is a Santa Claus; And He's a Nazi

Rossman, a German chain similar to Linens n' Things, has pulled a wooden figurine of Santa after customers complained. Many people sent in photos to the newspaper Bild, claiming that the figurines look like they are giving the Nazi salute. The company that makes the figurines, Haymann, argues that it looks like Santa is pointing up to the sky. Performing the Nazi salute is illegal in Germany, and it looks like there won't be a Christmas this year.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

8-----D

**"So it's sort of social...demented and sad, but social."**

**The Stony Brook Press Wednesday 1pm Union 060**



# Ambassador Hsia Speaks to SBU on Taiwan's International Representation

By Leeza Menon

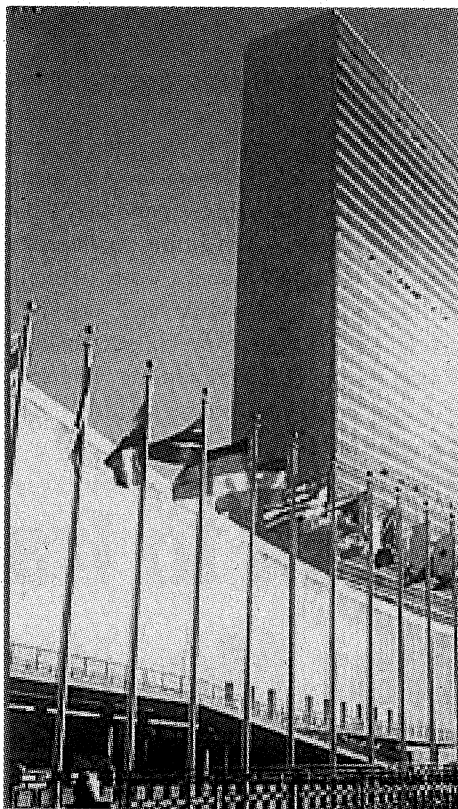
The third and final part of the 2006 Asian American Colloquium series was presented by the Wang Center on Wednesday, November 29th, during Campus Lifetime. The speaker of the day was Ambassador Andrew Li-Yan Hsia, the Director-General of the Taipei Economic and Cultural Office. His lecture was about Taiwan's international representation in today's society.

Ambassador Hsia started out by saying that Taiwan has done remarkably well over the past 50 years both economically and politically. Not only has its per capita income increased, its society is one of the "most democratic" in the world, according to Hsia. However, Taiwan lacks the international representation that it deserves; it only has diplomatic recognition from 24 countries, one of which is the sparsely populated island of Nauru.

Not being involved in international organizations has been very difficult on the people of Taiwan. Without international recognition and representation, Hsia says that the Taiwanese people cannot channel their contributions to the international community. For instance, Taiwan committed 50 million US dollars to tsunami victims in Asia and sought to donate \$300 million after the devastating effects of the war in Kosovo, but the offers were declined because Taiwan was not a member of the United Nations.

So why is it so difficult for Taiwan to be internationally represented? Some say that Taiwan is not a country; however, the internationally recognized guidelines for qualifying a geographical area as a country have been met with respect to its population, government, 24 recognitions by other countries, and the amount of territory it possesses. Still, Taiwan stays out of most international organizations because of what Hsia refers to as a "one-China principle," which many wrongly regard to be fact. This means that most of the international community does not see any discernable separation between China and Taiwan and still sees Taiwan as a part of the larger UN member from which it now distinguishes itself.

Taiwanese and Chinese relations have become more stable than in the past, but Hsia still believes there is a necessity for further debate and negotiation because,



Rhubarb Stevens

The UN (note the lack of a Taiwanese flag)

according to him, "the one-China belief is not true" and the Taiwanese people have "always wanted to negotiate." The interests of Taiwan have been largely unrecognized by the rest of the world. Hsia said, "The US can talk about anything except the issue of Taiwan."

So what does Hsia see for Taiwan's future? Taiwan has already made significant advancements. For starters, its important role in international trade has allowed it to join APEC and the WTO. However, there is still a long way to go. The first thing that needs to happen, Hsia says, is that the representatives have to sit down together and negotiate, with the highest regard paid to the wishes of the people. As for the upcoming Beijing Olympics in 2008, Taiwan will be entering the mix under the name "Chinese Taipei," and if any of their athletes get the gold, a specially made "flag song" will replace the Chinese national anthem for the winner.

So ended the Asian American Colloquium of 2006. All of the speakers, including Sukrita Paul Kumar, Husain Haqqani and the latest, Ambassador Hsia, provided a great deal of insight, entertaining lectures, and thought-provoking question-and-answer sessions. For dates and times of further Wang Center programming, you can go to their website at <http://www.stonybrook.edu/sb/wang/>.

# SINC Site Woes: Is Double-Sided Printing the Answer?

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

It's safe to say that students are generally unhappy with the various print centers on campus. Between the long lines and constant printer malfunctions, many students are wondering if it would be more economical to buy a printer of their own.

The Environmental Club's campaign to make double-sided printing the default setting was begun in order to help alleviate the mounting concern surrounding SINC site printing. They believe that double-sided printing would not only help the environment, but it would also be a more economical decision in the long run. They've created their own Facebook group, entitled "make 'double-sided' printing the SINC site printing default!" in order to spread the word about this problem.

Last year, a new page quota was implemented at all SINC sites. Money is now automatically taken from the technology fee that appears on every student's bill. Each student is allotted \$2.00 every day to print, which, at \$0.05 per page, means that everybody can print forty pages per day. Double-sided printing costs only \$0.08 per page. Once a student goes over the allotted amount of money, he or she will not be allowed to print any more.

According to Justin Grimm-Greenblatt, President of the Environmental Club and the founder of the Facebook group devoted to double-sided printing, the combined printing at all SINC sites for this semester ranges between 4,047,966 and 4,094,203 pages. Over 680,000 of those were cover sheets. Grimm-Greenblatt also estimates that 682,432 sheets were saved through the use of double-sided printing.

After the implementation of the page quota, a message board was started on Blackboard devoted to the topic. Many students expressed extreme discontent, not only with the quota but also with the SINC sites as a whole. Many complained that they went over their page limit due to blank pages leaking through the printer.

There have also been a few past posts on the Blackboard message board about the pos-



Shhhhhh That ghost chick from the beginning of Ghostbusters

sibilities of double-sided printing. A few people expressed concerns regarding the feasibility of such an action. Some stated that students would not be able to use the feature for assignments. However, Grimm-Greenblatt and the Environmental Club understand that double-sided printing would still be effective, even if it were used only for Powerpoint presentations and other class notes. They also feel that it could potentially limit the amount of blank pages that find their way through the printer.

The Environmental Club is aware of the many problems that might follow default double-sided printing. Special Xerox paper would have to replace the existing paper of a lesser quality, leading to an increase in the amount of money spent for higher quality paper. It could also lead to an increase in paper jams in the existing printers. Also, any sudden change in the printing procedure could mean that more paper would be wasted if people forget to change the printing setting. Grimm-Greenblatt has noted that he is open to discussing any of the potential problems surrounding his proposal.

Any student who joins the Facebook group is ultimately signing a petition and stating that he or she would like to see double-sided printing become a reality. Supporters of the change hope to next present the petition to President Shirley Strum Kenny with the hope that she will intervene when any SINC site problems arise.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

I do have a test today. That wasn't bullshit. It's on European socialism. I mean, really, what's the point? I'm not European, I don't plan on being European, so who gives a crap if they're socialists? They could be Fascist Anarchists, it still wouldn't change the fact that I don't own a car. It's not that I condone Fascism, or any "ism" for that matter. "Isms" in my opinion are not good. A person shouldn't believe in an "ism," he should believe in himself. I quote John Lennon, "I don't believe in Beatles, I just believe in me." A good point there, after all, he was the walrus\*. I could be the walrus, I'd still have to bum rides off of people.

\*The Press staff would like to officially debunk this mendacity. Ferris was incorrect. It was Paul who was the walrus. John says so himself on the White alb Ferris had ever heard "Glass Onion," he'd know.

I got a question. Does Barry Manilow know you raid his wardrobe?



# Fifty Shots Kill Queens Man on Wedding Day

By Joe Rios

On Saturday, November 25th, the atmosphere outside a strip club in Jamaica Queens rang with the sound of gunshots. The incident was over in mere seconds, but, when it was over, three men were riddled with bullet holes. Two of the men were fortunate enough to survive; 23-year-old Sean Bell was not so lucky. He was the one to die on the morning of the same day he was to be married.

Bell and a group of friends had assembled at Kalua Cabaret in Queens to have a bachelor party for Bell, a father of two, who was set to be married the next day. At around 4 AM, there was an altercation outside the club. Bell and his two friends Joseph Guzman and Trent Benefield went to their car outside the club. Police reports say that someone in the group mentioned getting a gun, but the details surrounding this comment are still unclear.

As the three went to the car, an undercover police officer followed behind them. As the car went to pull away from the club, it struck the officer, hitting an undercover police vehicle twice. It was at this point that the police opened fire. When the shooting stopped, a total of 50 rounds had been fired, 21 of them hitting the car, and over a dozen of those hitting Bell, Guzman, and Benefield.

The nature of the shooting has drawn criticism from civil rights activists, the general public, and even NYC Mayor Michael Bloomberg. Of the five officers who opened fire on the car, none of them had ever had to use their guns in the line of duty. Furthermore, ballistics show that 31 bullets had been fired from one gun, indicating that one of the officers was forced to reload his gun to continue firing. According to NYPD policy, "Police officers shall not discharge their firearms at or from a moving vehicle unless deadly force is being used against the police officers or another person present, by

means other than a moving vehicle." This policy is viewed by many to be contradictory and confusing, as it outlines that officers cannot shoot at a vehicle being used to run them down, but if the pursuers have

*The nature of the shooting has drawn criticism from civil rights activists, the general public and even NYC mayor Michael Bloomberg.*

a gun in the car, police can shoot at them.

There are conflicting reports that there may have been a gun in the car, despite the fact that none were found. Furthermore, the police are presently searching for what they believe to be a fourth person involved with the vehicle.

In a press conference with NYPD Commissioner Ray Kelly, Mayor

Bloomberg commented on the shooting: "I can tell you that it is to me unacceptable or inexplicable how you can have 50-odd shots fired, but that's up to the investigation to find out what really happened." The mayor also called the shooting "excessive."

On Wednesday, heated words came from Al Sharpton and Jessie Jackson as they toured the scene of the shooting with Sean Bell's fiancée. Trying to ease the pain, Sharpton declared, "We come this morning with the family in their hour of grief. We're all family now. Not a black family, not a white family, not a Latino family, a human family."

This is the most controversial police action since 1999, when police fired 41 shots at Amadou Diallo, an unarmed immigrant from Guinea. The five officers involved in the current shooting have had their badges and guns taken away and are on administrative leave. Bell leaves behind his fiancée and two children, a three-year-old and a five-month-old.

## Typhoon Durian Devastates Philippines

By Madeline Scheckter

In July, the Philippines' Mayon volcano erupted, and literally millions of tons of debris have been building up since. The Chinese newspaper Xinhua reports when Typhoon Durian hit on November 29th, it caused massive mudslides, in which 237 have been confirmed dead. It is estimated that the death toll will rise, with some sources placing the cost of life at over 400 already; search parties are no longer seeking survivors but collecting bodies. The bodies are being taken to makeshift morgues, as resources are grossly over-stretched. The rescue workers suffered from a lack of resources as they attempted to save those stranded in what is now referred to as a "black desert." The head of the provincial disaster coordinated council, Cedric Daep, reported that they "do not believe there are any survivors" still buried in the black mud. Rescue workers are pulling not only bodies, but also body parts from the mud; they are estimating that 800 people will be reported dead. Survivors are searching the piles of corpses for their loved ones. Funeral services began on December 2nd because of the rapid decomposition caused by the tropical heat.

The mayor of the capital of Albay, Legazpi City, Noel Rosal, visited areas affected by the storm. He himself was affected when a flash flood consumed his residence and he had to swim. Rosal says a six-foot wall of water came down Mayon, and that some people claimed it brought with it incredibly hot large rocks, which would suggest that the conical



Pixelated tires

Lando C.

volcano continues to erupt. Although the loss of life is staggering, there are many survivors who now face grim conditions. Approximately 45,000 people are now homeless, and many have lost their livelihoods; rice paddies and fruit trees were demolished by the storm. Thousands of survivors wait in schools and churches for food, water, and medicine.

Durian's winds reached at least 120 miles per hour, with estimations that the winds may have been as high as 165. This was enough to tear down trees and power lines, and the volcanic debris escalated the devastation in the region. It is the fourth super typhoon to hit the Philippines, which is hit by 20 tropical storms a year, in three months. The total death toll is nearly 500. Some are calling the area "geographically doomed," as there are no mountain ranges to break the winds before they strike. Indeed, between 2001 and 2005, the cost of tropical storms has been estimated at \$595 million, with a death toll of nearly 3,000.

## Bush to Iraqi PM: It's Not Me, It's You

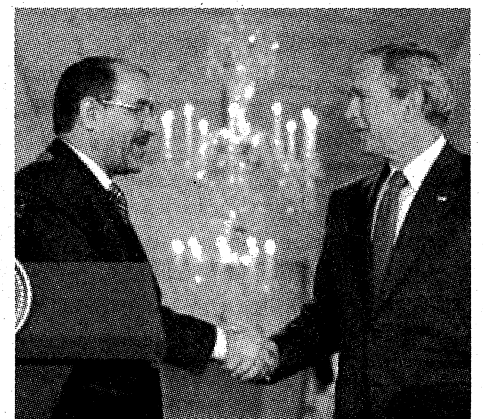
By Steve McLinden

With President Bush going to a summit with the Iraqi Prime Minister to consider solutions for the increasingly unruly situation in Iraq, the White House leaked a memo which called Prime Minister Nouri Kamal al-Maliki incompetent.

The memo, written by National Security Advisor Steven Hadley in October, was sent to a reporter at The New York Times on November 29th. "His intentions seem good when he talks with Americans... but the reality on the streets of Baghdad suggests Maliki is either ignorant of what is going on, misrepresenting his intentions, or that his capabilities are not yet sufficient to turn his good intentions into action," says the rather caustic memo, which was strategically released to make headlines on the eve of the summit of a November 30th summit in Jordan.

At the summit, Bush and Maliki discussed ways to solve what is now often being called chaos in the country as the month of November, the bloodiest since the beginning of the war, came to a close. Saying that a "graceful exit" is not a reality, Bush continued his rejection of "artificial" deadlines. Maliki, meanwhile, suggested that Iraqi troops could be in full control without American assistance by June of 2008.

In June of this year, Bush first met with Maliki, Iraq's second prime minister since the deposing of Saddam Hussein. After the statements in the Hadley memo were



Bzzzzzz... Ha! Gotcha!

Jesters

released, Maliki cancelled a pre-summit dinner with Bush, though they claimed it was just a conflict of scheduling.

Meanwhile, The Baker Report, an independent assessment of American military strategy, is to be published in December. Co-chaired by former Reagan Secretary of State James Baker and 9/11 Commission chairman Lee Hamilton, the report is being facilitated by the nonpartisan U.S. Institute for Peace. While Bush has dropped "stay the course" from his lexicon and insists that "we will not cut and run," the report will present a few more catchphrases. "Redeploy and Contain" would be a plan to move troops out of Iraq and into nearby locations in the Gulf region (such as U.S.-friendly Kuwait) and to be prepared to intervene should greater insurgencies arise, which historically-minded observers have compared to America's

Continued on next page

Can I borrow your underwear for ten minutes?



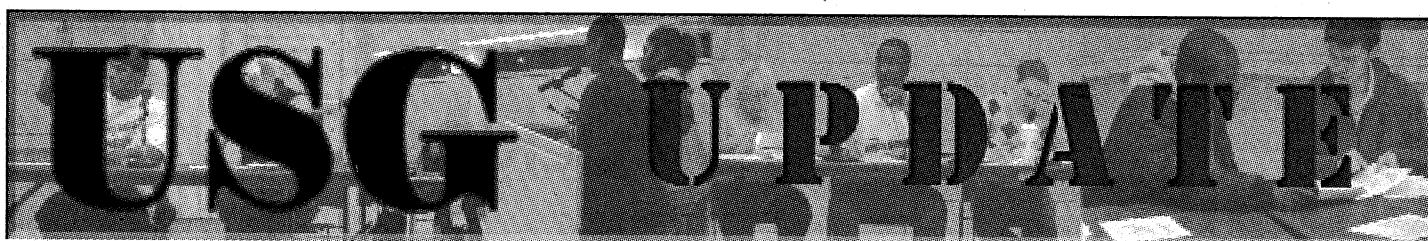
# Iraqi PM (continued)

Continued from previous page

occupation of the Demilitarized Zone in Korea for the past half-century. "Stability First" is a more diplomatic alternative expected to be in the report, which would ask for regional assistance, particularly from neighbors Syria and Iran.

Iran and Iraq recently struck a mutual security agreement, leaving some American observers concerned that Iraq was moving into the hands of opposition. The Bush administration has accused Iran of fueling violence in the war-torn Iraq, and President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad has been one of the global political scene's most outspoken critics of Mr. Bush.

While the Bush administration has tweaked its Iraqi game plan over the past month, with the resignation of Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld and in recent statements, it appears that Bush is still optimistic with the way that his administration has been running operations. However, some believe that if Bush accepts The Baker Report — critics of the administration have suggested that Bush's ties to Baker means the recommendations will have been approved by the White House before its release anyway — it would allow the President the opportunity to dramatically change the strategy without admitting mistakes.



News - The Stony Brook Press

## Act to Provide Affordable LIRR Tickets Passes Unanimously

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

By next semester, Stony Brook students might have an easier way to get railroad tickets.

On November 28, Senator Joseph Antonelli proposed to the Senate "The Affordable Long Island Rail Road Tickets Act". If approved, ALIRRT would provide affordable round-trip railroad tickets to the undergraduate student body.

According to Senator Antonelli's bill, the USG ticket office would purchase 800 off-peak, round-trip tickets each semester: 500 to Penn Station and 300 to Jamaica. The ticket office would sell them for half of the price, making a ticket to Penn Station only \$9. Tickets would not be purchased during intersession.

Students would be allowed to purchase one ticket per week to prevent students from buying everything within the first few days of their release. Students would

not be able to reserve tickets in advance.

Tickets would be purchased from the LIRR for full price. Senator Antonelli said that he conversed with officials from the railroad about receiving them for a group discount, but was unsuccessful. However, purchasing the tickets for full price would not damage the budget. Senator Shapiro, who serves on the Budget Committee, praised Senator Antonelli's bill and assured the Senate that it would be taken out of the substantial budget surplus. Added Senator Antonelli: "There should be no problem selling these tickets with the proper advertising."

ALIRRT was positively praised by all of the senators, and the bill was unanimously passed.

The November 28 meeting was primarily focused on conducting hearings in order to put together the Undergraduate Student Government Supreme Court and Judiciary. Members of the Senate were allowed to question all nominees before casting their

votes. Supreme Court Chief Justice nominee Aleiya Gafar, who previously served as a Supreme Court Justice, was primarily questioned about the controversial presidential elections last spring, where nominee Samuel Darguin was sued by USG for allegedly campaigning out of the their office. Aleyia's nomination was approved, 13-2-4.

The nominations of Zoragina Castillo and Andrew Bruskin for the Supreme Court were approved. Igor Levenberg, Marvinia Charles, and Shalmi Rajan were all approved to serve on the Judiciary.

In other news, Senator Ketty Dautruche introduced The Programming and Activities Committee's latest event, "Meet and Greet Your Student Leaders". Students will have the opportunity to meet members of USG. Club members and representatives will also be able to learn how to program events and learn the budget process. "Meet and Greet" will take place in February.

## Talks of Civil War Sparks Semantic Battle Over War in Iraq

By Scott E. Silsbe

Following a series of devastating strikes in Sadr City on November 23rd, media outlets are beginning to refer to the Iraqi conflict officially as a civil war. Thursday the 23rd's wave of car bombs and mortar attacks represent the largest loss of life in Iraq on a single day since the United States invaded in 2003. The attacks, which killed roughly 150 people and wounded over 230 more, consisted of three suicide car bombings and at least two mortar rounds; the suspected culprits are Sunni-Arab insurgents. Shiite-Arabs responded by sending a number of mortars into Sunni areas, particularly the Abu Hanifa Mosque, a particularly holy site for Sunnis; the loss of life from the retaliatory attacks was significantly less severe.

These attacks and retaliatory strikes represent what is being increasingly called a civil war. That is: attacks by Iraqis aimed primarily at other Iraqis, divided along sectarian lines, as opposed to attacks on United

States troops (though US troops are still being targeted frequently; as of the 23rd, 52 American servicemen have been killed in November). Tensions between the two primary religious sects in Iraq, Sunni and Shiite, have been charged ever since the toppling of Saddam Hussein's Baathist regime roughly three years ago. Saddam, a member of the minority Sunni sect, oppressed the Shiite Muslims brutally during his more-than-twenty-year reign; one of the tasks of the new Iraqi government has been to make sure the majority Shiites do not oppress the now-vulnerable Sunnis. It has unfortunately proven unable to quell the violence as of yet.

Thus a war of semantics has been sparked regarding whether or not the situation in Iraq should be considered a civil war (as opposed to a regular war, which is apparently not as bad). The Bush Administration has been reluctant to characterize the situation as a civil war for obvious reasons: it would mean the recognition of the failure of the occupying coalition force as well as the failure of the Iraqi gov-

ernment to maintain order in the region. Moreover, the recognition of Iraq as being in a civil war where American troops are simply "caught in the crossfire" would certainly increase calls for a pullout among the general population, of which a large part is already harboring doubts about the war.

Nonetheless, both NBC and the New York Times have begun calling the conflict in Iraq a civil war as a matter of policy. Matt Lauer, one of NBC's anchors, said that the change was decided upon because NBC officials now see the conflict in Iraq characterized primarily by "armed militarized factions fighting for their own political agendas." At this point, no other major news establishments have made the switch explicitly; however, "civil war" is appearing in articles more and more as of late. CNN's policy has been to leave characterization of the war up to its correspondents, many of whom do regularly label the conflict as civil war.

It's not just media outlets that are now characterizing Iraq as being in a civil war, however. Former US Secretary of State



Daily devastation in Iraq.

G. Bush

Colin Powell said that civil war in Iraq is a reality that must be faced by world leaders. Powell, speaking at a business forum in the United Arab Emirates, said that he "would call it a civil war." He added that, while American troops must stay in Iraq until the job is done, any solution to the conflict would not be American, but Iraqi.

No more yanky my wanky, the Donger need food!



# Villanova Crushes Men's Basketball

By Antony Lin

In front of a record crowd of 4,285, the Stony Brook Seawolves fell to the Villanova Wildcats with a score of 72-44. Curtis Sumpter led the way for the Wildcats with fourteen points. Ryan Jones, Mitchell Beauford and Andre Vanterpool each had eight points for the Seawolves.

The Seawolves never had the lead after falling behind 7-0 two minutes into the match.

"I am disappointed that we did not play better," said Seawolves head coach Steve Pikiell. "We did not play well. I am not sure if we were ready to play Villanova."

The first half saw Stony Brook struggle against Villanova's full-court pressure. The visitors ended up getting thirteen points off of the twelve turnovers committed by Stony Brook.

"I am proud of our guys," stated Villanova head coach Jay Wright. "Stony Brook competed to the very end. Steve [Pikiell] is doing a great job in charge."

Playing man-to-man defense the entire first half, Villanova was able to shut down Emanuel Neto and Mike Popoko. The Wildcats were able to spread the ball around, with Mike Nardi dishing out five assists for the game.

"We were going too fast," mentioned Seawolves guard Mitchell Beauford. "They [Villanova] capitalized on our mistakes. Any good program will capitalize."

Despite trailing by a large margin, a missed dunk by Villanova's Curtis Sumpter ended up amusing the 4,200 in attendance. Seawolves guard Mitchell Beauford would follow up with a jumper, ending the half with the Wildcats leading 42-18.

"We knew this was going to be a tough environment to be in," said Sumpter. "We had to adjust throughout the game."

Stony Brook came out strong in the second half, cutting the score to 42-20 and causing havoc for the Wildcats offense. Led by the efforts of Ryan Jones, Stony Brook got the better of the field goal percentage throughout the half.

Nevertheless, the effort was not enough to hold off the Wildcats, as the home side fell 72-44. The Seawolves fall to 3-3 on the season, while the Wildcats improve to 4-1.

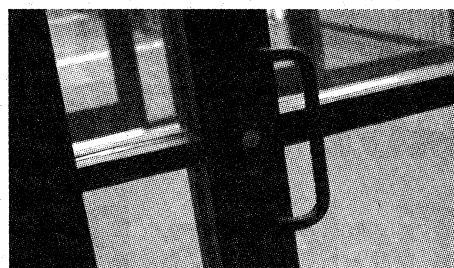
The huge majority of Seawolves supporters stayed until the final buzzer. "The players have never played in an atmosphere like this," said Pikiell. "I want to thank everyone that came out today. We never had a student section. We are a program that is continuing to improve."

## Who Writes an Article About Fucking Door Handles?

By Alex Walsh

There is a beautiful feeling of wholeness when something that's been missing for a long time is finally restored to its proper position. That's the sensation I'm currently basking in as I write this article. As a Press staffer, Mendelsohn Quad resident, and frequent patron of the Union Deli and Bleacher Club, I tend to pass through the Union several times a day. Regardless of your personal definition of several, I assure you, you're underestimating. Seriously, going in and out of that building became more than habit. It was fucking instinct. Wolverine style.

Sadly, instinct can get you in trouble sometimes. Check this: one day I was making my usual transit from Mendy to the Zebra Path via the Union. I wasn't paying attention to much of anything. The Bouncing Souls were cranked on my Zune (take that, Rios!), and I couldn't be bothered with the outside world. At the accustomed distance from the Stadium-side entrance, I reach out to snag the handle and open up the door. Swing and miss. Awkward gym class flashbacks. Yeah,



A-Wal

Where the knobs at?

the fucking door handle wasn't there.

So now I'm perplexed. A rational person would take a step to the right or left, open one of the two fully functional doors, and continue on his or her way. I have never laid claim to rationality. "I'd swear there was a handle there before," I mumble. A fellow traveler stops alongside to take a look. "Yeah, you're right," he says. Okay, so I'm not crazy. Having sufficiently wrapped my mind around the situation, I resign myself to the fact that my door handle has been stolen from me by some random act of administration or vandalism. That's a blurry line in some cases. Opening an adjacent ingress, I let fly with my generic expression of dismay.

"Motherfucking snakes...."

Time passes. I get used to the new order. Well, not entirely. I did have one act of rebellion, pulling pathetically at the near-tractionless stub of a handle that remained. I got the door open, but I probably looked pretty stooge-esque. And if there's one thing I hate, it's stooges. Much like the young Luke Skywalker, I had accepted the shitty situation. It's not that I like the Empire. I hate it! But there's nothing I can do about it right now. It may suck, but it's the only game going. For all I knew, I would spend the rest of my collegiate career in a world where only two of the three doors on the Union had handles.

Imagine my surprise when, opening the left-hand door, I spotted a familiar shape in my peripheral vision. A few Chaplin-esque double takes later, I was in high spirits. The prodigal knob had returned! Naturally, I couldn't slaughter any fatted calves to celebrate, but there was a good bit of mental rejoicing.

To all of you who were as upset as me by the lack of door handle for those few hard weeks, you no longer have to live in sorrow. We are all whole again. Complete.

## Three Men in a Room: An Afternoon with Dr. Seymour P. Lachman

By Alex H. Nagler

There is a gig in the state of New York where an employee can work for essentially four days a week for as little as an hour a day and get paid handsomely to do so. This is practically a lifetime appointment and it can only be taken away from the person who holds its office if they really annoy their boss. This job is sadly the New York State legislature, the people who draft our budget and decide our tuition every year.

On Wednesday November 29th, NYPIRG had former State Senator Dr. Seymour P. Lachman speak on the topic of his new book, *Three Men in A Room*. This is a discussion of the Three Men who essentially control all politics in the state; the Governor, the Senate Majority Leader, and the Speaker of the Assembly. These three men set the tone for the legislative policies of the state, passing what they want to pass and favoring legislation that would benefit them.

Before Dr. Lachman was Senator Lachman, he was a professor in the CUNY system and the Dean of Political Science for Baruch. Commenting on his experience in both the classroom and the statehouse, he said: "I used to teach the theory of State Government in Baruch. I didn't know the reality until I entered the State Government. There isn't a textbook that teaches it correctly as there isn't an academic who's there."

Dr. Lachman acknowledged that the

speech he was prepared to give had changed over the past 48 hours, as lecture was shaped by two recent events regarding the false transparency of Albany. The Albany Times Union asked the legislature to hand over documents in regards to member items, or perks to keep the members of the parties in line with the party leadership. The legislature tried to keep these documents sealed, but the parent company of the paper sued under the Freedom of Information Act and won. It was revealed that 85 million in member items were given to the Speaker and the Majority leader each to use however they wanted. The State Senate has still yet to release its documents.

Dr. Lachman also spoke about redistricting. The 23rd district, his district, is made up of parts of Staten Island and Brooklyn. I live in a neighborhood known as Bay Ridge that is in the 22nd District, save for one avenue. This avenue is the sole avenue of Bay Ridge in 23rd District; it is a predominantly white, upper middle-class area that tends to vote Democrat. I live one avenue up and have a Republican senator. Also found in this district is Sunset Park and Coney Island, both of which are ethnically and economically diverse neighborhoods. This district used to be much more of Brooklyn until the 2000 census gerrymandered Staten Island into it and reduced the size of the Brooklyn aspect. This district is gerrymandered to ensure a Democratic senator at all times, but there are also districts created to ensure Republican senators as well.

New York was the state that gave the coun-



Alex Nagler

Dr. Seymour P. Lachman

ty the New Deal and reformers such as Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Thomas Dewey. It has become the most corrupt state in the union, spending more on Medicare than California and Texas combined, is holding special sessions to raise their own pay, and giving money to the specialty projects of their choice.

The need for change is obvious. As a closing note, Dr. Lachman left us with a story of a town in Rochester that created a committee that pledged to not vote for any candidate that did not support reform. To prove their point, there were an estimated 500 votes cast for the write-in candidate "Reform." Reform is what is needed; reform is what must come.

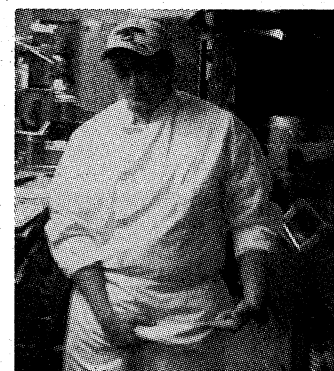
Alex H. Nagler still has some faith in the American System.



# EAT THIS!

With Chef Heath

*KITCHEN STORIES: BROKEBACK KITCHEN AND THE GREAT POTATO FIRE OF '02*



As in any workplace, funny situations arise and become part of the company's lore. Every employee at any job can tell you a story that begins "This one time..." However, kitchen stories are something slightly different. Kitchen stories carry with them a certain connotation of silliness due to the fact that we in the culinary industry handle people's food.

So, in the tradition of passing these stories down to my kitchen hands to tell over and over again, I will tell you these stories in hopes that you can appreciate the kind of shit that you are never well aware of when you order your chicken sandwich and fries. Actually, I am broke from eating at Roth recently, so I do not have the funds to even eat at the SAC. You don't know embarrassment until you have brought a brown bag lunch with leftover salmon fillet to college with you from home.

Let us begin with the Great Potato Fire of 2003, a story about Frankie and his irregularities. Frankie was the head chef at my restaurant from its opening in 1999 to 2002. At this time I was still working as a caddie on the golf course and doing some busboy work in my free moments. After the summer of 2002, he disappeared and we all just assumed that had been caught in a meth bust or had lost his mind and gone to live with the Sasquatches in Saskatchewan (which he spoke of often). Frankie was what is known as a "Crazy Mother Effer," and was overly fond of fire and explosions. In one instance, he had put a lit firecracker into one of the waitress's drinks, and not only succeeded in spraying the drink all over said waitress, but he also managed to shatter the glass and imbed a few pieces of it WWII shrapnel-style into said waitress's body. Frankie was dangerous and comical, and we all loved him dearly.

One day in mid-April of 2002, our golf course had hosted an outing (a lot of drunken and unattractive men getting together to play golf), which included a surf-and-turf dinner after the round. I was working as a lowly busboy, which is a position which holds two direct benefits: we have the most time (other than the chefs) in order to dick around at work, and our work is unbearably easy. Even in my kitchen now, I spend most of my free time joking around with, and for no good reason, feeling up the busboys (more on that later). So here I am, at the end of the night, clearing tables, when Frankie, good old Frankie, comes to me with a twinkle (it might have been an embolism from the speed ball he just did) in his eye, and asks me to round up as many uneaten baked potatoes from the tables as I possibly can. I assumed that he wanted them in order to make hash browns for the next day. This is a common practice in

restaurants; after all, no point wasting uneaten food that can be recycled.

I inform the other busboys, and from a party of 150 people, we collect about 100 uneaten baked potatoes (this is back when Atkins' diet was really big). We pile them on the counter behind the line and go back to clearing the tables. Over the course of the next half hour, I was kept busy doing other tasks, such as refilling water pitchers, fetching ice, and most importantly, trying to get the cute waitress (Jen, how I miss you), to come into the dry storage closet with me for some hands-on professional training. When I finally get some downtime, I notice that Frankie has scooped out the better portion of the inside of the potatoes. I thought that maybe he was going to make some twice baked potatoes, until I saw the can of chaffing dish fuel and a spoon next to him on the counter. Chaffing dish fuel is about as close to napalm as you can get; it burns at an incredible temperature, very slowly, and it is so sticky that it can be placed on an upside down surface in large amounts. In a phrase: flammable gelatin.

After another ten minutes of work, Frankie had filled all of the now-hollow potatoes (with tin foil wrapping) with chaffing dish fuel, and had inserted paper napkins into them to act as fuses. I think we can all see where his train of thought had been headed just before it had derailed. At this point, Frankie looked me dead in the eye, slowly drew out his Zippo lighter, and lit the fuse on the first potato. I couldn't move. I couldn't say anything, all I could do was watch him hold it in his hands, and observe the carnage about to ensue.

The important thing to remember is that chaffing dish fuel does not explode. It simply lights very quickly, and burns for hours. However, when you put it in a closed place with another flammable substance, such as in a potato, it reacts to form a pocket of superheated gas which bursts forth from the container with a great deal of force. It also spews forth burning bits of potato covered in fuel that cling to nearby surfaces.

So this Idaho grenade (or potaterade, we never decided which was a better name) goes off with a force of vengeance in Frankie's hand. Luckily he wasn't burned, but did get some of the mashed burning shrapnel on his clothing. He then dropped the potaterade into the pile of the other hundred of these things. I help him put out the fires on his coat, not realizing that the other fuses are already burning. Without warning, the kitchen turns into Dr. Atkins' hell. It has fiery bits of starch, tinfoil, and petroleum flying through the air. Frankie and the rest of us present take refuge in the walk-in freezer or use stockpot covers as shields in an attempt to save ourselves from

the raining fire.

As the flaming bits of potato start to burn, they produce a thick smoke and intense heat. This heat begins to melt the tinfoil which was on the potatoes. It was one of the foulest smells I have ever had to deal with, worse than burning hair.

As the fires started to die down and the smoke cleared Frankie and I began to survey the damage. Not only had a new layer of molten aluminum been added to many parts of the kitchen, but also a black, burnt residue had formed where the potatoes had burned. It looked like the aftermath of a laser gun battle with little fires burning everywhere, scorch marks on every surface, and piles of unintelligible garbage. The incident was kept as secret as possible from the manager, we all worked hard for the next few days to remove any trace of the Great Potato Fire, but most of the marks could not be fully removed. It was not until my second year as a chef, some three years later, that I was finally able to scrub out the last of the burn marks on the counter.

The second insight into our depraved and sadistic world that I am going to share with you is the instance of Brokeback Kitchen. First off, let me state that I am a heterosexual man who loves women and has no doubts in this fact. But the phenomenon that is BBK is something which transcends sexuality and moral consciousness. In every kitchen I have ever been in, BBK is not only tolerated, but it is the norm. It is something which no one can, or for that matter should, control.

BBK starts out in any kitchen as an innocent remark, a slight accidental touch, or even between two chefs reaching for the same knife. Next comes an innocent gesture of playfulness and friendship, such as a pat on the ass, a pinched nipple, or by answering the insult "F you" with "Where and when?" From there it takes many forms. In my kitchen, it is not uncommon for another male cook or kitchen hand to walk by and tweak my nipple, gently or forcibly grab my package, pinch or caress my buttock, or even to run their finger across my collar bone. I often return the gesture with a blown kiss and a wink, or by reciprocal touching. On occasion, when the opportunity presents itself, one of us will dry hump another, sometimes forming a chain 3 to 7 people long. It is this show of homoeroticism that gets most of us through the stressful day. There is also no better way to relieve the tension between two people than by one humping the other when they bend down to pick up the piece of chicken that they just garnished with some floor spice.

It is about being comfortable with the people that you work with. I have never been as close to any of my coworkers at other jobs as

I have been in the kitchen. I suppose it is something akin to sailors, where cramped conditions, tiring work, and unending stress necessitates a level of familiarity with your coworker which is uncommon in other industries. However, it is important to note that BBK is normally an exclusively male activity. Females who attempt to partake, whether they are kitchen hands, chefs, or wait staff, are often excluded because no one likes a sexual harassment suit, and women (not to sound like a chauvinistic pig) often do not take jokes of this manner in good spirits.

This type of affection transcends rank, social class, ethnicity, language boundaries, and sexuality. It is not about sex, it is more of a demonstration of love and care that can be interpreted as a method of letting your counterpart know that you are there to back them up even when we are in the weeds. It is the perfect expression of joy, worry, sadness, and anger. BBK is psychologically similar to crying. Many people, upon encountering BBK for the first time as either a participant or an observer, may think that we kitchen folk are all homosexuals, when in fact, we merely share a deep intimate bond of friendship and love that no words can truly describe.

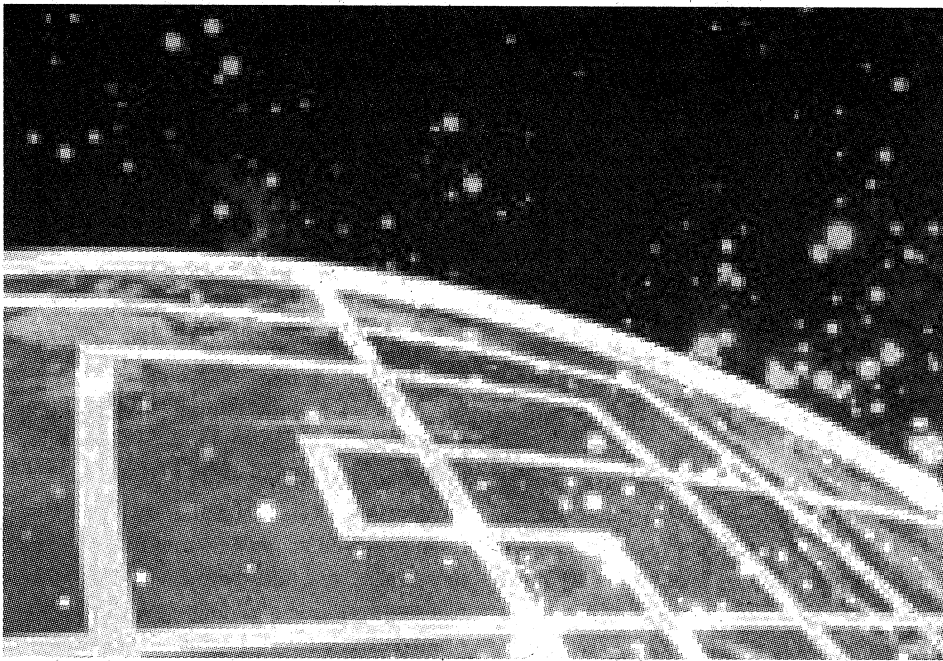
My first experience with BBK was when I was still a dishwasher; I had given up being a waiter and decided that the kitchen is where I belonged, since I cannot stand people. The Sous Chef at the time was Arturo, a Guatemalan man who had come to the States looking for work when he was 14, and had made a name for himself in the culinary work of the East End of Long Island (He still makes the best Franciase sauce I have ever tasted). One day, I was washing plates when he whistled to me (a common form of communication in the kitchen, often used in conjunction with Spanglish) to come behind the line. I thought that he wanted me to clean the deep fryer or some such task. As I turned the corner, he stood before me with his legs a shoulder distance apart. He then brought his hands down to his inner left thigh, grabbing the flesh, and making it appear as if he had a large penis (See photo). I was shocked, appalled, but I felt closer to him than I ever had before. I then walked to him, pinched his nipple (at which he squealed), and went back to work with a growing sense of calm and peace. That is what BBK is all about. Perhaps, one day, if the world can all learn to BBK, there would be no more wars. Perhaps, one day, we may have peace.

So remember, readers, eat good food, drink good wine, and please, for God's sake, tip generously. The waitress doesn't work there because she likes it. Good Eats!

Dick? Excuse me, Rich?



# Uncredi-Bull, by Facebook©- "Free Flow of Information on the Internet"



Futurominimalism

30th Century Art

By Kotei Aoki

I often hear of this open-source file sharing software called DC++. The analogy of technology this software incorporates is the following: people gather around the water coolers to share information in person, in which you can make a Direct Connection to the file you want from others. On the other hand, the now-dominant structure of file sharing is like posting flyers on bulletin for your sharing list, in which case you can see what is available but need to reach out to the person (i.e. via phone) who shares the file.

So, this campaign issue relates very closely to the file sharing that I sudden-

ly started with. The few benefits from "Free Flow" are that you can listen to CD-ripped music without buying the CD, watch DVD-ripped movies without buying the DVDs, and read textbooks without buying the textbook. There are unwanted consequences for letting "Free Flow" on the Internet.

One problem is that the title suggests an open door policy to all of our spam as well. Many people may not think about it too much, but your favorite mailing systems heavily invest on their spam filtering technology to reject and to eject unwanted messages. Whether you call the unwanted messages junk or not, for computers, it is still information. "Free Flow of Information on the Internet" eliminates spam filters.

Using Internet Explorer (or sometimes even Firefox), you encounter some site that is supported by advertisements. Some of you may vividly remember the annoying pop-ups. HyperText Transfer Protocol transfers the information to pop up along with the web page that you click to view. Many of you may have noticed "Pop-up Blockers" from somewhere, such as an extra bar embedded in your browsers. Pop-ups display unwanted advertisements, annoyingly cause pop up browsers, remotely manipulate your computer by implanting viruses, automatically install a tool to steal your personal information, destroy the Operating System (i.e. Windows) of your computers, and so on. Pop-up ads can do so much more harm than we generally imagine. "Free Flow of Information on the Internet" prohibits such "Pop-up Blockers."

Especially for Windows users, the interrupted flow of information is always an invaluable feature. You've probably heard of "Firewall" by now. It basically filters the Internet accesses from your computers to the outside world and vice versa. So it limits strangers, namely "hackers," from accessing your computer. I accidentally watched the movies Wargames and Hackers the other day. If you have watched these movies yourself, you sense the fear of "Free Flow of Information."

Various Antivirus and Spyware removers can also filter information. For example, viruses not only damage the Operating System of your computer

but also steal your information. Considering that Symantec's Internet Security is a bundle of Antivirus, Firewall, Spam Filter, and Spyware remover, the flow of Internet is never free. Do we complain about Symantec? Of course not, we just take those tools for granted. "Free Flow of Information on the Internet" bans them.

So having "Free Flow of Information" will cost you more than it will benefit you. People probably they want the free flow for file sharing. Universities generally block network flow by interrupting network tunnels, called ports. The ports that major file sharing networks use are blocked because we like to take advantage of the university's wide bandwidths (in simple terms, faster downloads). There are reasons for blocking them, of course. File sharing has been monitored by the RIAA since the Napster case, and is subjected to copyright law infringement. Moreover, the universities are concerned with unnecessary congestion in their network. Being a student, I understand draw of getting things for free, whether it is music, movies, textbooks, or software. So, I would like to get my hands on the excellent (but unaffordable) software, like Photoshop. But we should understand that it is the company that decides to offer their products to students and we should not violate their works by reproducing their market items. So "Free Flow of Information" means the danger of leaking our personal information and is against the privilege of using technology.

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wasn't scripted?  
Do you remember when each  
station was unique?  
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## TOP MUSIC PICKS OF THE FORTNIGHT

### Top 10:

Fats Waller - Promo  
Tom Waits - Orphans  
Evlis Costello and Allen Tousant - River in Reverse  
Beck - The Information  
Say Hi to Your Mom - Impeccable Blahs  
Duke Robillard - Guitar Groove  
Beatles - Love  
Yo La Tengo - I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will  
Beat Your Ass  
Decemberists - Crane Wife  
Sadies - In Concert

### MARIANA

Amos Lee - Supply and Demand  
Don Haynie and Sheryl Samuel - Please Don't  
Blame it All on Texas  
Various Artists - Paste Magazine Sampler 26  
Ben Folds - SUPERSUNNYSPEEDGRAPHIC, the  
lp  
Blake Miller - Together with Cats

### NICK

Down Lo - Lead my Way  
Tenacious D - The Pick of Destiny  
Thumbtack Smoothie - Fallback  
Inspector - Amar O Morir  
Chuck Picklesimer - Dead Ninja Christmas



# Honus Wagner's Combustion

By Kotei Aoki

What is the best student band on campus? I nominate Honus Wagner. I have tracked their performances after they combusted Mount College. Mike Taffet, the bassist for Honus Wagner, calls Honus Wagner a "funk rock" band.

Honus Wagner consists of guitarist James Pelowski, bassist Mike Taffet, and drummer Gary Jacobelli. Honus Wagner formed in the fall of 2005. Their pieces reflect the influences that each member has had. While they mostly play a mix of Bob Dylan and Jimi Hendrix songs with "a modern edge," they do have a number of originals. Progressive rock/metal, alternative rock, funk, and jazz are a few genres that appear in their pieces. They cover quite a large spectrum of music. Of course, they also integrate improvisations every so often. Their songs carve great impacts on you, especially if you are familiar with the genres they mix. Literally, their sounds vibrate your body.

I have to admit, I am not familiar with those genres and not a fan of overly loud music, but I still keep going to their performances, now with a headphone to protect my sensitive eardrums. Honus Wagner is well-credited by many. One of their sincere fans is Kimberly Goodman; she has attended every performance of Honus Wagner's. Moreover, believe it or not, LEG loves Honus Wagner so much that it permits them to play in College

Classroom and also provides refreshments for their performances. I think that says a lot.

The trio of Honus Wagner performs with their full enthusiasm. I can tell. What always attracts my attention is the way Mike plays. He slaps strings with his palm, and he picks and flicks strings with his pinkie. He plays in such a dynamic way that he must be putting his mind into performing to the fullest extent. Mike also plays the main role in entertaining the audience (body gestures and posing for cameras are involved). James' way of showing his enthusiasm was to snap two strings at once during their performance at Hendrix College. I know it is bad luck or whatnot. Still, I interpret that as the result of his enthusiasm. The trio's combined enthusiasm in their performance once combusted Mount College such that the fire alarm went off...well, it was not technically their fault because someone happened to smoke the kitchen in the residence.

So I became a sincere fan of Honus Wagner. By telling my opinion of the band, I hope you also will become interested in it. You can find out more about Honus Wagner on their Facebook group. Their songs are available on their MySpace page:

<http://www.myspace.com/honuswagnertrio>. Also, they seem to be playing every other Tuesday at Kelly. Lastly, if you need a band to play, Honus Wagner welcomes such requests. Rock on!



Bonus Honus!

Kotei?

# The Epic Conclusion of "Just Shut Up"

By Joey Safdia and Irv Novoa

Good. We're back. Those bastards at The Stony Brook Press, who worry about such trivial things as money and paper and ink, forced us to separate the greatest article in print media history—the sequel to the smash hit, Shut Up, Just Shut Up—into two parts; the second of which you are reading right now. Congratulations on being more literate than the retard sitting next to you. But still, how dare they? It's like containing the universe in a box! Blasphemy, I say! This is the funniest thing to hit The Press ever! And shit, they suck at humor almost as badly as Alex O. from The Patriot, if you can consider "Don't Be Half a Man" to be humor. Good job with the Al Bundy quotes, by the way, as it was an awesome idea to have Al Bundy write the article for you. But enough about that shining display of originality, and back to the issue at hand. Fuck you, Press, if that is your real name, for not having the greatness to contain our greatness and for forcing us to cut our writing in half. But enough of this! There are genetic defects and evolutionary defects that need to be informed of the revocation of their First Amendment rights. Those people who were created by the cruel hand of fate scraping the bottom of the gene pool and avoiding the pointy end of a rusty coat hanger need to be told to shut up. Their ignorance about concepts such as intelligence will be the end of us all, so I call on all of you too stupid to read this to shut up. Just shut up... for AMERICA!!! And now, we present to you the second half of the sequel to Shut Up, Just Shut Up:

Free Republic. HOLY CRAP IN A GOVERNMENT-APPROVED HANDBAG!!! The people of [www.freerepublic.com](http://www.freerepublic.com) are as psychotic as can possibly be. Now I understand that there are many conservatives that support Bush, the Iraq War, or other Bush Administration policies. But this site, its founders, and its posters take this America-worship to a new level! A new level of psycho has been achieved! Free Republic is another one of these blog sites, a right-wing one, but it's different from the others, mainly because these people aren't conservatives, nor are they neoconservatives. They are complete and total fascists. They abhor, though they won't admit it, every value America was founded on. The moderator and founder, Jim Robinson, deletes any post that contradicts the opinion of himself, his members, and the Bush Administration. If you question any American policies (as long as they are Republican-made ones), you get banned. No questions asked. Now, Free Republic

is completely private property. They have the right to ban anyone they want for any reason, and I respect that. But maybe Jim shouldn't have put on his "Statement by the founder" that he supports free speech, or any First Amendment rights (he and his members advocate trying the New York Times for treason because they reported on Bush's domestic spying program) since that completely goes against his policy of banning "trolls". Seriously, he states that Free Republic and its members (called FReepers. Seriously, I shit thee not) are "pro-God, pro-life, pro-family, pro-Constitution, pro-Bill of Rights, pro-gun, pro-limited government, pro-private property rights, pro-limited taxes, pro-capitalism, pro-national defense, pro-freedom, and-pro America." They oppose "all forms of liberalism, socialism, fascism, pacifism, totalitarianism, anarchism, government enforced atheism, abortionism, feminism, homosexuality, racism, wacko environmentalism, judicial activism, etc." Two other things Free Republic also claims to oppose are "wackoism" and "global balonyism". I swear I'm not making this up. As always, the next 1,176 REPLIES consisted of people mindlessly agreeing with him (that is the exact number). As is the case for every thread on this site, "FReepers" (whom should be embarrassed to be known by such a dumb-ass fucking name), the initial post by Jim is followed by 200 straight replies of people stroking each other's dicks. No, I would not lie to you about this. For every semi-coherent reply, there are about 25-40 responses of people giving one word replies and the like, such as, "AMEN", "Give'em hell, Jim", "That's why I'm pleased to be a monthly donor", "Go JR! This is great!", and "We got those liberals running scared" (note: These are actual replies on the Statement by the Founder. The replies to all other threads aren't much different. It really is 200 straight posts of dick stroking). They claim to oppose racism, but they are the biggest racists I've ever seen. Islam is considered a death cult by FReepers. For example, in a thread about a Muslim woman who wouldn't take off her veil in a courtroom while testifying before a judge, though it is something that the woman should have been required to do, one FReeper replied, "Well f\*\*\* it, maybe I'm part of a bizarre ski cult that hates Americans [a reference to an earlier joke about wearing ski masks to court and talking to Muslim women though mail slots], in which case I'd be protected by the document that Americans hold most dear." His signature read as follows, "Idiot Muslims. They're just dying to

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# Epic Conclusion (continued)

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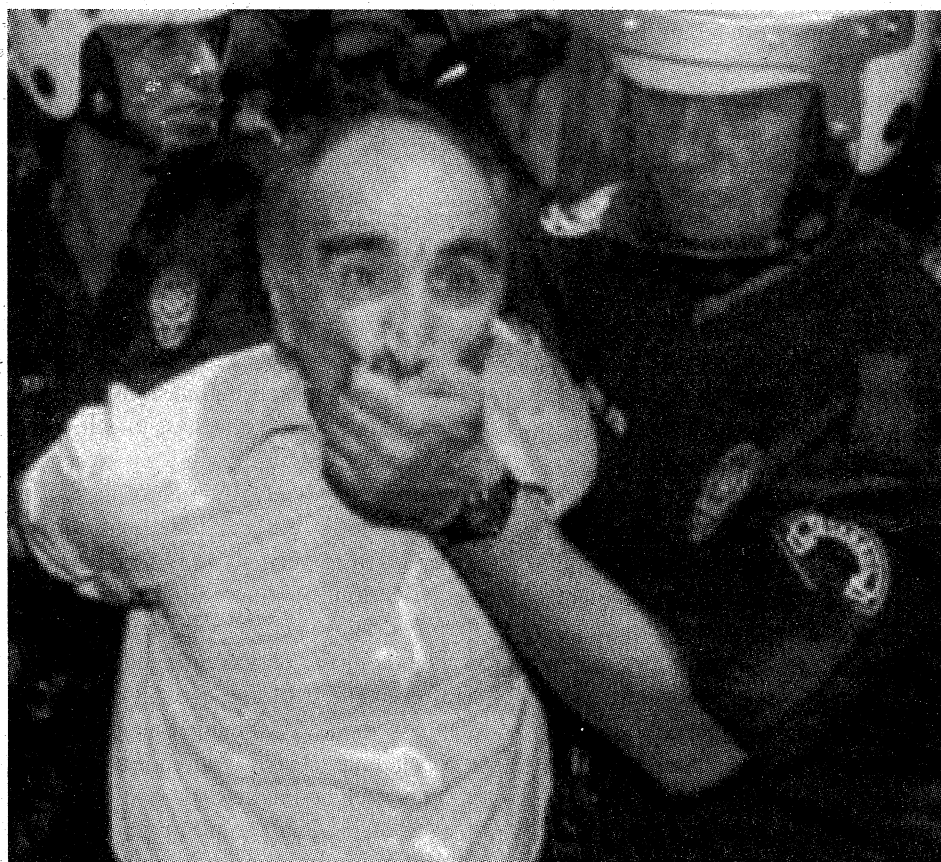
have sex orgies.” Another poster on another thread wrote, “Everyone Everyone Everyone would be so much better off if all Muslims were deported from Western lands”. No, you accident created in the backseat of your parents’ car, “everyone everyone everyone” would be so much better off if “you you you” were deported from Western lands. “I I I” would feel much better if you were deported into the middle of shark infested waters, actually. Learn to fucking type too, cum bucket. These people are fucking racist like I’ve never seen, mainly against Arabs, Palestinians, and anyone else who is part of the “death cult” that is Islam, whom are often referred to as “Muzzies” (they’re people, not dogs, you assholes). Oh and you should see what happens when someone posts a picture of a gay couple (not doing anything, just a simple wedding picture or whatever). 100 consecutives replies of, “Ewww”, “Disgusting!”, “Those disgusting fags,” and so forth. I love this country 110%, but this makes me ashamed to be an American, especially when they praise the United States and its founding ideals while calling for gays, Muslims, and liberals to either be discriminated against, relocated, or killed. Again, I am not making this up, though it is admittedly hard to believe that there are actually people in this country that seriously think like this. They praise God the entire time too, so these people would also make me ashamed to be a Christian if I actually were a Christian. They also have a fetish for declaring abortion to be murder (and sometimes “genocide” if my memory serves me), other cultures and nations to be inferior to America, any and every constitutional violation and infringement of civil liberties by George Bush to be perfectly A-OK, and Democrats to be anti-American traitors who want to “cut and run” and hand over America to the terrorists. Speaking of which, they actually have the gall to declare people who oppose their beliefs as “traitors”. “Treason” is a common word uttered (and shouted) on this blasphemy of freedom that we call a website. I swear, if you oppose the War on Terror, you’re a traitor to America. Vote Democrat? You’re a traitor. Believe that the United States should adhere to the international laws passed by the United Nations, an organization that America joined freely after World War II? That’s treason, too. Oppose the Bush Doctrine, racial profiling, or domestic spying? Oh, that’s definitely treason, big time, as well as defeatism, passivism, and conspiring with the terrorists (always referred to as giving them aid and comfort). The Founding Fathers would have been ashamed to have seen this site; it’s a slap in the face of every value and belief they held. I love how the line, “We

aggressively defend our God-given and first amendment guaranteed rights to free speech, free press, free religion, and freedom of association, as well as our constitutional right to control the use and content of our own personal private property,” is immediately followed by the contradictory, “Despite the wailing of the liberal trolls and other doom & gloom naysayers, we feel no compelling need to allow them a platform to promote their repugnant and obnoxious propaganda from our forum.” Once again, I support Jim Robinson’s right, as owner of the completely private site, to ban any member he wants for any reason he wants. But

and adhere to all the rules of the site when you do so. You will be amazed at how quickly you get banned, I guarantee it. Just make sure your virus protection software doesn’t delete the site. They won’t like that.

I support your right to free speech. Now shut up, Jim. Just shut up, FReepers.

Homophobes. HOLY CRAP! What fucking century do we live in? Either there are a great number of these retards or I am just gifted with the ability to attract stupid. Why do I hear people getting grossed out by homosexuals? That prejudice shouldn’t deserve the response I’m giving it. That deserves immediate



Shut yer trap old man!

Officer Krupke

Jim, don’t ban someone because they disagree with your beliefs or government policies and then sit there and tell me that you support our First Amendment right to free speech, because you are a fucking liar. And congratulations to all you FReepers, you have earned the right to not exercise your First Amendment rights for a change. Do us all a fucking favor and don’t speak. You make the other right-wing extremists look worse than they actually are. You’ve forfeited your right to freedom of speech, so shut up, just shut up. Most of you probably think I am making this all up, and if I didn’t see Free Republic, I would swear that if someone told me about this, they were lying. But I am not. Go check it out for yourself if you’re willing to risk the possibility of a brain aneurism. I urge people to sign up for this site and do me a huge favor. Post anything you want. Anything, it doesn’t matter. Post your own viewpoints, be they liberal, conservative, socialist, communist, fascist, libertarian, or whatever, and just make sure you read

execution! Perhaps a good old fashion one, like stoning or boiling alive in oil. What the hell is wrong with being gay? Homophobes act like it’s a contagious disease that needs to be wiped out. Sorry, buddy, but you’re a moron. People have been gay from the beginning of time and they’re going to be gay till the end of time. Besides that fact, everyone has a gay family member. They probably haven’t come forward with it, but there is someone gay in your family. So why is it seen as immoral to be gay? In my experience, a homophobic person is suppressing their true feelings and is the first to admit they are actually gay. So, again I ask the question: why is it seen as immoral to be gay? It is now an established belief that being homosexual is more than upbringing, but a large part is attributed to genetics, and thus, beyond anyone’s control. However, the fear of being gay is from upbringing. Prejudice is not inherent, it’s taught. So where do the teachings come from? Religion. Whether we want to admit it or not, this country is a Christian

dominated society and the Church’s position on homosexuals is to deny them rights that others have, such as marriage. Oh, they love to say that marriage is only between a man and a woman. Right... the guy in Jesus’s latest pimp-ware with a traffic cone on his head is going to tell me what’s right and wrong. The worst part is people interpret this in their own way and somehow come to the awe-inspiringly stupid conclusion that all gays are bad. These are the same ass-hats to advocate tolerance of their own religion in schools to allow prayer and the teaching of creationism. I can tolerate a man wearing a human head as a hat with a necklace made of ears dancing around me on a city bus trying to exorcise the demons out of me, but I don’t have to accept him. If these people taught acceptance rather than tolerance, maybe they would take the time to understand others instead of judging them before actually meeting them. Oh, and the next person to talk about any of the following will be sodomized until they are impregnated and give birth to a baby through their penis. First off, the “homosexual agenda”. There is no homosexual agenda, you fucking Darwin Award. Anyone who says otherwise should be deported to a gay club in San Francisco. You cannot fucking believe that there is a giant gay conspiracy out there seeking to turn America gay. Which leads me to my next point; people who talk about the “Homosexualization” of America. I call bullshit on it. Your IQ, I mean. It’s definitely a four at most. Gay people just want to take part in the same monotonous, loveless, miserable marriage that straight people engage in (why, I don’t know). There is no “homosexualization” of America, there is no plot by liberals and public schools to raise our children to be homosexuals. You are a fucking retard if you believe in this, and if you do I will fucking beat you to death with a stick. Same for anyone who claims that the homosexuals are pushing their culture onto him/her. You do not deserve reproductive organs if you are that stupid. Gay people don’t care if you embrace their culture. They just want you to leave theirs alone. Also, anyone who claims that a gay marriage ban won’t infringe on a gay person’s right to marry because they can still marry any person they want as long as it’s someone of the opposite sex will get run over by a car. Such is my royal decree and divine command, human shield! You cannot be this stupid and remember to breathe, which is what I am counting on for the good of America. I have seen Theo Huxtable give better arguments to Cliff about getting him a car on The Cosby Show than this piece of crap in opposition to gay marriage. Every person deserves to marry the person they want to marry, and this is just your sorry-ass excuse to con-

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# Epic (concluded)

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trol other people's lives and make them as miserable as you. Because, under this fantasy logic, straight people can actually marry the person they love, but gays have to settle for people they aren't attracted to at all (so that when gays divorce their opposite sex partner, you fucking red-necks can point at them and revel in their high divorce and infidelity rates). That's not a compromise, that's a civil rights infringement. Go eat dinner at Deng Lee's (that may be the worst threat I've ever given a human being). The last thing I have to say is that if gay people marrying each other is a threat to your own marriage, then maybe you shouldn't have gotten married in the first place. Obviously you're not right for each other, and you cannot maintain a relationship, so don't fucking have one and leave those who can alone. Now, you fucking homophobic stains of humanity, go have sex with a giant guard dog.

The Bible tells me to love the shut up, hate the shutter upper.

People who correct others while they're typing....

Irv to Joe: Shut up. Just shut up. Holy shit, you did it again.

George... fucking... Bush. We could write a book telling this jackass to shut up, and while it's the collective belief of both authors that Bush should have his tongue removed and stapled to his forehead and have his noise-hole melted shut, this is specifically telling Bush to stop his State of the Union addresses. Does anyone actually listen to him speak? When he actually does make a halfway coherent statement, it's not telling us anything, and when it does contain some facts, they are worded in an unbearably optimistic way. The State of the Union address is supposed to be just that; it's a report on the condition of this country. Instead, Bush fills the space with how great we did and how much better we are going to do this year in every aspect. No... step away from the podium, and hand the microphone over to someone who isn't an idiot. I am an adult and as such, I don't want to be fucked with when it comes to something this serious, and last time I checked, the members of Congress were adults, too. We don't need a fucking pep talk, we need answers. We need to know what is wrong, so we can fix it. The only way to progress is to examine your flaws and see what you did wrong to avoid future mistakes. How is that going to happen when Bush just states one or two terrorist attacks that were silently thwarted, followed by those patented feel good words like freedom, peace, and justice, followed by how much we love and were successful in the aforementioned fuzzy words? In place of having some dyslexic cave-man with a southern accent trying (and failing) to play sleight of hand by having

us marvel in our own greatness without question, why not have someone give us the truth? I want the truth, plain and simple. If you can't give me that, then sit down and shut the fuck up. Many a year ago, the State of the Union was a written report delivered to Congress that told of what you'd think it would tell— the state of the union. The status of the economy, national security, and the like, and recommendation for future legislation. Today, we have the words “freedom” and “terror” repeated over and over while Congress claps their hands like dancing monkeys for over an hour (they should be given a standard issue, government approved fez and cymbal). I swear, they spend more fucking time applauding than they do actually listening to the speech. Besides the flowery language about the resolve of the American people not wanting to give up in our “mission” in Iraq (he must mean that mere 34% of the American people who still support the war) and that of an Iraqi civilian population determined to vote, live in freedom, and not die in the civil war that erupted as a result of our invasion, Bush and many of his predecessors bring out special guest after special guest; all of them ordinary, uninspiring, forgettable, completely useless people that the President giving the State of the Union addresses uses to play on our emotions. Or he'll just tell their stories even if they're not there, such as, “A young woman in Baghdad told of waking to the sound of mortar fire on election day, and wondering if it might be too dangerous to vote. She said, ‘hearing those explosions, it occurred to me - the insurgents are weak, they are afraid of democracy, they are losing. ... So I got my husband, and I got my parents, and we all came out and voted together’”. This was referring to the heartwarming story portrayed in the 2005 State of the Union address, the same one where he said that justice was distorted by “frivolous asbestos claims” (“Nah, I'm not looking for justice. I'm just trying to milk the defendant for their money so I can afford non-essential luxury items like chemotherapy”). The whole thing is just a fucking ceremony now, and it's filled with optimistic propaganda that only the biggest fucking morons in America, such as FReepers (shoot yourselves), can fall for. I shouldn't have to clean apple pie off my TV monitor after watching a political speech. It's always the same. The State of our Union is always strong, we are always waging a global war against evil men who hate freedom and democracy, we thank our men and women in uniform, we talk about the resolve of the Iraqi people, then the resolve of the American people seemingly to test the resolve of the Iraqi people, then the resolve of the Iraqi people again, freedom, terror, terror, freedom, stay the course, cut and run, freedom, freedom, terror, freedom, terror, terror,

we're writing a new chapter in the course of history, America stands by the oppressed peoples of the world as they cry out to be liberated and live in a democracy, terror, freedom, freedom, let freedom ring, special guest with heartwarming story, something about children not being left behind, something about Social Security, something about those fucking faggots and their activist judges and how a constitutional amendment is needed to protect marriage from something-or-other, random threat to third world nations that still have terrorists in them, specific threat to member of the Axis of Evil (their headquarters located right next to that of the Legion of Doom), exportation of terror, terror, evil men being afraid of democracy, something, something, something, six straight minutes of applause and handshaking, and done. Oh, and freedom. Thank you. I walk away from every State of the Union speech now knowing that there are good guys and bad guys with no gray area in between. America loves freedom, as do our allies. Everyone else loves terrorism. I think that's about right. Yeah, whatever the case, Dubya (and every fucking president who's given the exact same speech as the one I just outlined): just don't say anything anymore. Just walk out onto the podium, grunt like an apathetic 13-year-old responding to her parents, and walk away. That would probably be more informative. I will leave you, my loyal henchmen and faithful peasant-monkey servants, with some memorable quotes: “Every year of my Presidency, we've reduced the growth of nonsecurity discretionary spending, and last year you passed bills that cut this spending” (nonsecurity? They've cut back on everything EXCEPT for military and defense? Well that explains where they got the money for the domestic spying thing); “Tonight the state of our Union is strong...” (the State of the Union is...strong. Thank you, Mr. President. Thanks a lot); “Abroad, our Nation is committed to an historic, long-term goal: We seek the end of tyranny in our world. Some dismiss that goal as misguided idealism. In reality, the future security of America depends on it” (and our next goal after that is to make people stop thinking unhappy thoughts. Some dismiss that goal as misguided idealism. In reality, the future security of our supply of magic pixie dust depends on it); “. On September the 11th, 2001, we found that problems originating in a failed and oppressive state 7,000 miles away could bring murder and destruction to our country” (while not completely untrue, that tells us only about half the story. But it's the patriotic parts, so we only get the parts that matter. Yay!); “When they murder children at a school in Beslan or blow up commuters in London or behead a bound captive, the terrorists hope these horrors will break our will, allowing the violent to

inherit the Earth. But they have miscalculated: We love our freedom, and we will fight to keep it” (yes, I'm crying a single tear with the reflection of the American flag in it. WHAT IS THE STATE OF OUR FUCKING UNION!!!!?); “The United States will not retreat from the world, and we will never surrender to evil” (hooray for patriotic moral absolutes); “Under the No Child Left Behind Act, standards are higher, test scores are on the rise, and we are closing the achievement gap for minority students” (.....); “We are witnessing landmark events in the history of liberty. And in the coming years, we will add to that story” (again, I'm all for liberty in countries that have none, but this is making me fucking nauseous).

Mr. Speaker, Vice President, members of Congress, fellow citizens, the State of our Shutting Up is weak, so I urge all Retarded-Americans to do just that. To shut up in the name of freedom.

And shut up, just shut up, if you can't tell which parts of this article were a joke and which were real. Seriously, we don't make death threats in real life, and I will fucking slit your throat if you can't wrap that around your thick caveman skull. I probably wouldn't have to, even if that last threat were serious, because you and your people, the Stupid People®, will probably die out due to good ol' evolution pretty soon. Survival of the smartest, bitches. The purpose of writing this article was not to hear ourselves, um, type, nor to curse and make fun of homophobes, red-necks, and Christians (though those are always added bonuses). We are writing this because people are stupid, and they perpetuate their stupidity by speaking. It is our mission statement, written thousands of years ago on sacred parchment, to stop the spread of people's viral stupidity with common sense, free of any and all forms of political correctness or general respect for other people. Now, you Prepackaged Single-celled Humanoid Blood Sacks, we, your lords and masters, gods among gods, issue you one final decree.

Shut Up. Just Shut Up.

COMING SOON! JUST SHUT UP @ TRADING CARDS!! COLLECT THEM ALL! TRADE THEM WITH YOUR FRIENDS, USE THEM TO CUT THE THROATS OF STUPID PEOPLE, CLEAN HOUSEHOLD ELECTRONICS, CREATE A SOCIETY OF MOLEMEN, CUT THE THROATS OF STUPID PEOPLE, GET STAINS OUT OF CLOTHES, MAINTAIN GOOD ORAL HYGIENE, CUT THE THROATS OF STUPID PEOPLE, CREATE A COMPLICATED SYSTEM OF WORMHOLES, PREVENT PLANETARY DESTRUCTION, OR CUT THE THROATS OF STUPID PEOPLE! COMING TO A [\*INSERT LOCATION HERE\*] NEAR YOU!



# Humanity Slowly Descends

By Bojin Traykov

The recent case of police brutality against an UCLA student sends a chilling message to those who may dare questioning the actions of the possessors of power. An Iranian-American student who was at the university library was picked on obviously because of his appearance by an UCPD cop, whose main job, by the way, was to protect the students and guarantee their safety. The cop asked for an ID and the student refused to show it sensing racial profiling. The student then proceeded to leave the library as ordered by the police. And while leaving, as the many witnesses had confirmed, he was for no apparent reason repeatedly tasered with a stun gun.

The incident itself is disgusting enough, even though we are somewhat familiar with this tactics of terrorism applied by the police and have seen them being used on minorities and peaceful protesters. But what is more disturbing is the place of occurrence. It happens in a library of a university well known with its reputation for hosting many students and professors with progressive views. There have been other attempts in the past to silence the progressive voices in UCLA. A right-wing alumni group known as The Bruin Alumni Association has tried to bribe students with hundred dollar bills, if they ratted on "radical" professors. Are we witnessing a rise of neo-McCarthyism?

There have always been attempts to curb the freedom of speech in numerous colleges, including the recent smear campaign against Prof. Tito Gerassi in

our own college. But the library abuse is the most outrageous recent case of outright violence with political implications conducted by the authorities against a student in his own college. This poses the questions: is the abuse a random incident or a demonstration of increased aggressive and uncompromising coercion tactics to silence dissent? Are we facing a political trend that aims at demonizing and singling out a particular ethnic group or groups and propagates ethnic hatred? Or is this a part of a process with much deeper connotations?

There is a long history of racial hatred and discrimination in this country that is not limited only toward African Americans. Here are just a few examples. In the 1800s Chinese immigrants were fiercely exploited and died by the thousands while building the railroads of the West. The culmination of this assault was the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 whose main purpose was to get rid of the Chinese people, when they were no longer needed. The Immigration Act of 1924 was aimed at preventing the coming of Southern and Eastern Europeans to the US, while at same time allowing immigration from Western Europe. And let us not forget that there were times when even the Irish and Italians were not perceived as "White".

A special attention should be given to the Japanese case, where the hysteria created by Pearl Harbor culminated with the Roosevelt's executive order 9066 in February 1942 and led to raids against the Japanese Americans and their sending into concentration camps. This is an illustration of what the outcome is when fear and hatred toward an ethnical group are intentionally instilled to serve polit-

ical or economic interests. It looks like history repeats itself.

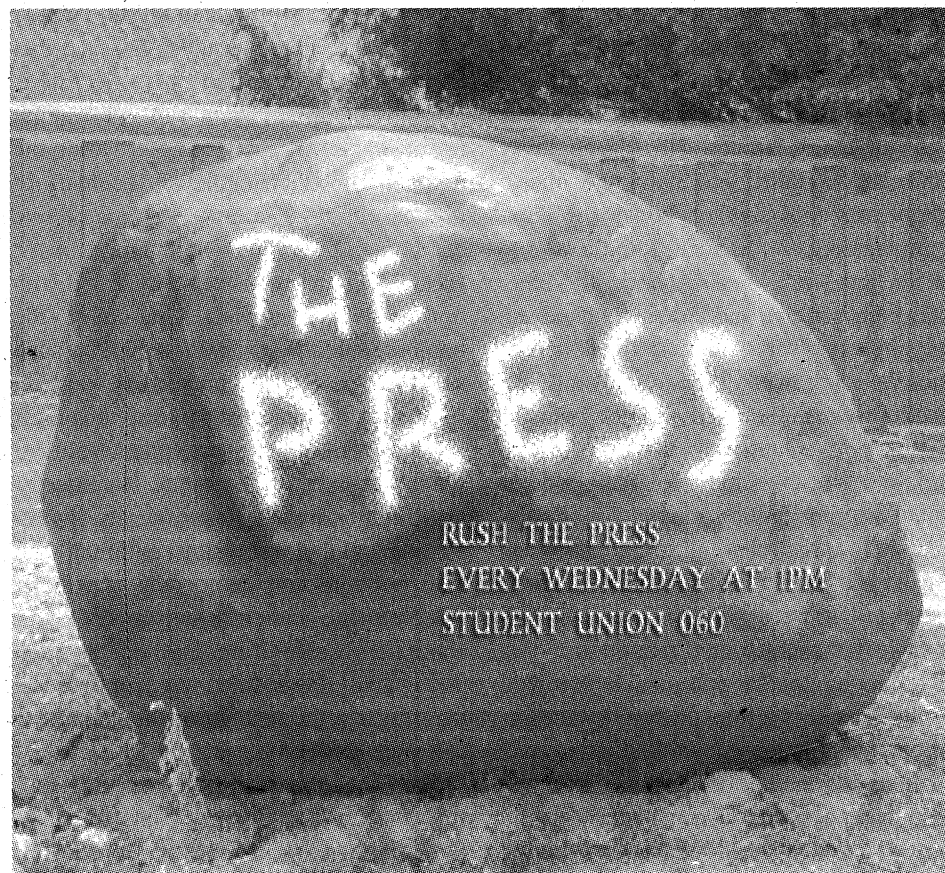
Not so long ago in Europe a mad man managed to convince an entire nation that the root of all evil was one ethnic group. Hiding behind his madness there were concrete economic and political interests of corporate big business. The ethnic group became a scapegoat for this man's horrific crimes that had dreadful consequences for all humanity. Eventually, he got what he deserved and rightly became a symbol of monstrosity all over the world. Is the same scenario played once again? Nowadays, the instruments of oppression look similar and the events that brought them about are not much different. Hitler's Enabling Act of 1933 was implemented after the burning of the German Reichstag. It was a direct attack on human liberties, which was justified as a protection measure from terrorism. Does it sound familiar? One does not have to do much research to discover the striking similarities between the Patriot and Enabling acts.

The form of propaganda used by the ruling regime and supported by the media is successfully implanting fear and hatred. It is combined with a rise of hypocritical patriotism that the elite parades with at any given moment. This tactic seems to work and bear its fruits. It has managed to mobilize all the right-wing warmongers, religious psychotics, prejudiced and ignorant rednecks and white trash degenerates. The white supremacists can justify their racism and xenophobia by waving the "Die terrorist scum!" card. A browse at the comments of the video that documents the UCLA abuse reflects the hatred and prejudice created by the terrorism hype.

The phony War on Terrorism (read the

actual War on Freedom) is an excuse for the trampling on all human rights, citizen and non-citizen alike. It openly shows the ugly face of the American empire transforming on its final stage of extremity, ever since Dumber the Second ascended into the throne and gathered his fascist clique. But what is really alarming is the lack of a serious alternative. Humanity is slowly descending into times of terror that even Hitler would envy (he did not have the total economic and political control that the US calls globalization), while concentrating on events of great importance such as Tom Cruise's wedding! The media is doing its job well – making sure that the process of retardation is permanent. So, what is the future preparing for us while the majority has been turned into amorphous mass with no consciousness and no desire for struggle? And the few who possess them are reminded with acts such as the abuse in the library, that they might be next.

Oh, I forgot: America love it or leave it! An ungrateful immigrant like me has no place in here criticizing the Land of the Free that gives us the sacred freedom to choose between Wal-Mart and Target! I am sure that many will shout: Go back to your own country. My country by the way like many others is slowly but surely turning into a new American colony, with three newly built US military bases. But what do you know, this is democracy and if you don't want it Operation whatever will make sure to bomb it in your head. After all, the Emperor said it himself: "If you are not with us you are against us." A motto with which another famous monster – Stalin ruled America's former worst enemy – the "Evil Empire" itself.



The Stony Brook

# PRESS

Literary Supplement





# Designed By

Tony  
Romano



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# Poems

## Wanting

The Rug  
By Jon Plaisted

The tiger is often hunted  
for the tiger skin in forgotten  
places, the hunting  
is hot and sticky.

The hunter must be strong  
lest he be disemboweled  
by his own greed,  
his own ambition.

He must be bold at day's  
end now to close his  
eyes in tiger country  
and call it a day.

When the tiger is caught  
he is skinned and packed  
in striped suitcases designed  
especially for tiger hunting.  
Hunters stack tiger skins  
one on top of the other,  
and place their eyeballs  
upright side by side.

No one cares about what  
the tiger's seen or what  
the tiger's dreamed...

As he stood there on the hill  
fending off all comers  
spitting a tooth on the ground,  
a tooth—and his whole life  
splayed before him.

I want a sunrise in my pocket.  
So i can wake up early before it's bright  
And when you sit next to me i'll  
laugh. I'll smirk because it meant all the world to me,  
and i've got a light  
in my hands, and my dreams wash off (like dirt)

You could say i want to be dirty  
But my names already Mud.

By Nick Greenwald

Untitled by Raven Bosque

I let the darkness  
eclipse my heart  
so I no longer  
feel the pain  
I've wrought  
my soul.

Reincarnation

My soul is  
reborn without  
memory.  
New ones  
start each time.  
What vaguely comes  
up is a mystery  
to who I used to be.

### PIECES OF ROME

Pieces of Rome  
cling to my feet  
dirt and dust  
monument rust  
Pieces of me  
here in this street  
slip and slide  
il autobus ride  
Inches of grime  
at 2am time  
smells of rot  
gravel and rocks  
Brush on my skin  
stick to my soul  
Seep in my nose  
Pieces of Rome.

### ARRIVING

I came back from a place  
Arriving here  
nothing has changed  
Nothing except me.  
I am one  
and although not alone,  
I feel changed.  
Though not different,  
I feel new.  
Though I never was "old"  
I feel good.  
Through and through.  
Every day,  
the outlook in me,  
is a refreshed set of eyes  
upon the world.

by. Lena Tumasyan

## Soul Purity

By Al Mishkin

seven houses of energy-  
the center we call the heart-  
not the physical, pumping what is necessary-  
but the spiritual center or part-  
if you were to dip your finger in to chutney-  
and put it in a cup of water -  
slowly but surely-  
it would effect thee entire order-  
this way similiarly evil consumes-  
read suratal asr in Qur'an.....man is doomed-  
if we don't seek to purify-  
through actions that are justified-  
who are we really seeking to please, is our testification of faith a lie-  
to help to remember..... what is written on allah's throne-  
muslimin be careful, RAMADAN's end is near Shaitan is coming back home-

*Purple:*

*Influenza strikes me down and sends my brain into the  
Deep Purple  
I go silly and swirl around as my head throbs  
Glands pulse, and though there may be different color cameos  
Purple is in my eyes*

*So fly, under the swarthy voodoo carpet  
In the swamp, in the moldy wooden shack  
Fly, but don't forget, you're sick  
And purple is my illness.*

*By Nick Greenwald*

## California - By Nick Greenwald

*I am six  
and everything is Red  
The windmills on hills remind  
me of birds.  
It seems that all i see are  
sunsels.  
At the Burning beach i play.  
ground of Brown, and purple too  
Here I get distracted by the sky again  
and the Floor is falling away.  
now Everything is Red.  
And the fire ants are not my friends.*



Poems are by Ruby Crowe

Untitled

*You've abandoned me  
so I must do the same.  
I'll never forget  
what we had and,  
what a shame,  
what I did to destroy it.*

Untitled

*Broken mirror scattered.  
Dreams forever shattered.  
Everything forgotten and gone.*

## THE PASSION OF THE SON OF MARY-

By Al Mishkin

IS THE SAME AS THE COMPASSION OF ALL THE PROPHETS-  
WITNESSING, LISTENING, TEACHING THROUGH PROPHECY ONLY SEEKING AFTER LIFE PROFITS-  
RESISTING TEMPTATIONS-  
LEADING THE NATIONS-  
BY EXAMPLE WITH SAMPLES THE SPIRITUAL INEPT FOUND ALLEVIATION-  
GENTLE PERSUASION, BY THIS MUCH MANIPULATED-  
LEAVING THE WORLDLY ASPIRATIONS MUCH HESITATED-  
DISBELIEF IS EASY, FAITH IS HARD-  
TO BRAKE THE SPIRITUAL STRENGTH OF SOME WHIPS, CHAINS AND BARS-  
PROJECTS, RESERVATIONS AND CONCENTRATION CAMPS-  
RIGHTEOUS AND DEVILS BOTH SIGNIFIED WITH STAMPS-  
RIPE TREES DON'T GROW ROTTEN FRUITS-  
HOW RIPE IS YOUR TREE IF TO POOR COUNTRIES YOU SEND TROOPS-  
FRUIT LOOPS, PROCESSED TRASH-  
ONLY FORCING PAYMENT OF CASH-  
ONLY SPIRITUAL VAMPIRES-  
LIKE HARLOTS BATING THEIR PAINTED EYELASH-  
OUTER PRETTY PICTURE OUTER REDUCED TO ASH-  
NO PHOENIX WITH IN BUT QUICK TO PULL CONDOMS FROM STASH-  
BACK TO MY PASSION, WHICH BRINGS ME SATISFACTION-  
PREMEDITATED ACTION FOR THE PEOPLE ENTIRELY NO FRACTION-  
WHAT'S MY FACTION?... SLAVE TO THE MOST HIGH-  
MY EVERYTHING, WHY I WAS BORN AND WHY I MUST DIE-  
HE I FEAR, THIS IS WHY I STEER CLEAR-  
OF POLYTHEISM, MATERIALISM AND WOMEN ONLY ABOUT THEIR DAERIARE-  
SELF DESTRUCTION STARTS WITH LACK OF FUNCTION-  
THE PROPHETS TAUGHT HOW TO KEEP YOUR CALORIES FROM THE DEVIL'S LIPOSUCTION-  
BACK TO THE ANOITED-  
WHICH WAY HE POINTED-  
NO MATTER IF THE GROUPS STAGNATED UNSURE-  
HIS REMEMBRANCE AND FAITHFUL ACTS KEPT HIS CHAKRA PURE-  
PHYSIOSOMATIC SYMPTOM AND DISEASE DID HE CURE-  
THOSE YOUNG IN HEDONISM HE GUIDE TO MATURE-  
HORSE AND CARRIAGE WITHOUT THE MANURE-  
THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIGE HE SUPPORTED PLUS STAYED POOR-  
HUMILITY AND HUMBLENESS WEREN'T MIRACLES BUT GIFTS-  
BUT JUST LIKE TODAY THE SYSTEM CHANGED THE GAME AND THE PUBLIC SHIFTS-  
THEY TURNED THEIR BACKS WHEN THE ATTACK RAN ASUNDER-  
NO DIRECTOR TO YELL CUT, NO BLEEPs, NO BLUNDERS-  
LOUD LIKE THUNDER OR SHOULD I SAY OCEANS-  
EYES LIKE FIRE, SOLUTIONS WITHOUT MAGIC POTIONS-  
THEY TALKED THE TALK BUT DIDN'T WALK THE WALK-  
WITHOUT FEAR OF MAN THE SON OF MARY, THE ANOITED DID STALK.

## Ode to Empty Space

Fuck  
you  
empty  
space

How  
do  
these  
words  
feel  
inside  
of  
you?



## Today (starting with how I wake up)

By Nick Greenwald

### I. Thoughts from Bed

The clock demanded my movement  
As wasted Yesterday  
Crept forward,  
Presenting itself in warmth  
and strangling sheets

### II. After class My mind is free again

Endless  
Fields of Flowers have become  
Brimstone  
Clawing up Walls  
And flowing across hills

Empty hands are trees  
pointing to an empty sky  
like Desolate Paper.

### III. Taking the Walk

The Few leaves left on Branches  
Are pebbles in a stream  
Yellow and Red are Ripples on a  
Bland pond of Grey

Green makes a splash  
as plants from cold Dirt  
Dribble  
Up

### II. B. (Revisiting the steps from after class)

Wet earth  
slides Grass  
from its Roots  
And dandelions stand lonely  
Upon Dirty steps  
of Displaced seed

### IV. Love, Simply (Now, Sitting Watching the world and people pass by)

Two bodies face each other, two  
form a heart  
From where I sit its just her, he  
And the Garbage can In between  
But, only from where I sit,  
Is that what I see.  
And if I really  
Think, The garbage is Really  
Only in the distance,  
But without it,  
I wonder is there a heart?

### V. I Don't like tomatoes (But there's Worse)

I feel the tomatoes  
Slide in between my fingers  
As I watch the cigarette in her mouth  
and he smoke on her lips.  
what is that like as it's going down?  
Does it slide and slither, wriggling it's way  
down her throat? All I know  
Is that a tomato won't corrode you  
from the inside out.

### VI. Stylish Girl

Her hair fell slick  
on her face  
like oil on water.

### VII. Birds and the Gathering storm (And I'm still sitting)

The Stony sounds of Rusty Door Seagulls  
are harbingers of A storm  
As they circle the stone Ax  
I found myself sitting around.

### VIII. Thinking about things

Enough sleepy tress together,  
Create a blur  
Rather Than a forest.

IX. Getting Ready to leave (Impending Rain)

All grey Buildings  
Look Rain-wasted  
Even in the Sun  
A splash of Bouncing Umbrellas  
act as a colorful wash against Monotonous Brick  
Bobbing and moving to make the walls look Brighter  
against the Dark Sky

X. Interrupted

Tired Evergreens Worn Down by dead Brisles  
Imitate the coming Rains  
...Then he walked into view and...  
Smoke came so naturally from his beard  
That you would think  
he was but ash on the inside

XI. How to Realize You've sat too long

The smell of old fish  
Reminds me of manure on stone  
I wonder if it attracts birds  
Returning over and over like Vultures  
  
Glass harboring light  
makes the building glow like gold

XII. My favorite Tree

Roots Rip themselves  
from the earth  
with the scream  
of  
Split wood

XIII. At Black Lake Flat (A sleepy walk Home)

Near The Black Lake, Flat,  
Like marble with veins of white  
from the sky that  
Are Really a minor reflection  
In minor Waves.

XIII. B. A second Glance

And all is smooth across the cold water  
Except for Neon Uniforms  
That scream against the  
Indifferent atmosphere.

XIV. Hopeful Dream

I look Right, And for one second it looks like...  
...A leaf fell from his silent mouth.  
And secretly,  
I hope that I will see  
A forest bellow forth  
from more of the  
steadfast lips  
Surrounding me.

XV. An overview from the Room (Along with talks with another Dreamer)

Falling leaves  
And combs from the ceiling  
The first thing you told me today  
was that you're angry

Sitting here and wondering  
Just what I've felt today  
I Realize, that's not all, that's not all I can be

XVI. Stepping out (much later)

At night  
umbrellas become  
Black Roses  
And Illuminated Rain is not mist,  
but sand, and I am in a desert of light.

XVI. B. Midnight conspiracy

Inside the Shady Dark, trees hide behind one another,  
to disguise their numbers  
And when I walk near Pine trees  
Barbed wire is Obscured by the smell of smoke



# Short Story **Frogstomp**

By Christopher Di Niso

With a plastic bag wrapped over my hands I grabbed the body and slowly pulled, a light trail of blood diagramming a line from where it was hit to the roadside. An orange leaf was sticking to the ear, probably held there by the blood. As I picked it off, the girl who had been crying almost the whole time asked me if I could flip it over to see where it was hit.

"I need to see it" she said, a tissue still dotting her eyes and cheek from time to time.

I told her "it's better if you don't," as I slid the now red bags off and into the leaves gathered on the sidewalk.

"But I want to see" said one of the boys, with a bit too much fascination in his voice than I would have liked. I just shook my head before standing up and asking them if they knew who's cat it was. No one knew for sure, but the teary eyed girl said she thought she might know. It wasn't long before the four teenagers had decided they'd go visit the old woman in question to ask, which was a lot more than most people would have done.

"But what's going to happen to the cat?" the other girl asked me, turning around quickly as if it had just occurred to her.

"The Parks Department or the A.S.P.C.A. will probably come by and pick it up," I told her. The group lingered for a moment more before finally setting off. Thinking about what I was asked to do yesterday I was trying to keep out of my mind the many inappropriate yet efficient ways the city could have this poor cat picked up. Across the street a woman pulled her car off to the side directly across from the cat, and for a second I fooled myself into thinking it's someone else that cared.

As she got out of her car, she looked over at the tiny body sprawled out across Wilder Avenue, blood once again pooling around the head, before turning and walking to her front door as if it were an ordinary day. Not even a tinge of remorse could be picked up as her door shut and locked, ignoring the world outside.

It was like this yesterday too, but instead of Staten Island it was in Battery Park, and instead of a tabby it was a German shepherd. At work my foreman had given us a 'top priority' pick-up;

there were numerous complaints to 311 piling up about a dead dog in front of a posh apartment complex. On our card he had written in shorthand "p/u dead dog" with the address underneath. What that basically translated to was that he wanted us to pull the garbage truck up in front of it, take a shovel and lift the dog into the back to be crushed up with the rest of the trash we needed to pick up from the neighborhood.

The whole ride there I couldn't get my mind past it, I kept seeing in my imagination a picture of me throwing trash into the back and seeing a bloody snout and two dark unforgiving eyes staring back at me from between the black bags. Finally arriving, there was a Parks Department jeep and a Police cruiser with its lights flashing parked off to the side. The cops were just hanging around there car while a woman startingly wearing just a t-shirt was standing a bit off from them. It was October, and mornings like this next to the water sometimes were unforgiving even in a jacket, but I didn't have long to think about it because it was then that I saw it.

Wrapped under a sweatshirt and jacket, all I could see was the head lying on the pavement. My partner Durbin pulled the truck over and yelled out to the woman: "We're here to pick it up." She turned around towards us, her arms crossed over her chest for warmth but instead dually adding to her powerful visage.

"No" she yelled, amazingly clear over the rumbling engine. "It's not dead, you can't take him." I could hear Durbin whisper "shit" under his breath before he pulled the truck up, parking in front of the squad car. I knew I'd have rather not looked but something else overtook me, and soon enough I had slipped off my seatbelt and was kneeling down right in front of the dog, with the Parks Department woman now standing behind me. This close and I could see the breaths; the jacket rose and fell, gasps of air laboriously being taken and exhaled time and time again. Without turning around I asked the woman if anyone had found out whose dog it was, her answer coming back "no."

"He has no collar." Looking down I could see a thin line of

blood that reached almost a yard, fueled by the pool around the dog's mouth. I couldn't tell with just the dim streetlights if he was taking in blood through his nose trying to breathe, but by the sound it seemed like it. It was almost eight by then, and as I would find out later it had to have been lying here struggling for hours. Corrigan had driven by it at five on his way to work. That meant that in at least those three hours only one woman out of all the passing motorists and residents had bothered to even see if the dog was alive. Everyone had just kept on going, including the driver who hit it. Everyone had been much too ready to think of it as dead, rather than find an ounce of compassion in them and have actually checked.

Not two blocks away was a dog park where, during warm, sunny days, you could find a countless number of local animal lovers walking their pets, and yet the reason I was here was because 311 had received four calls of a dead dog in front of their apartment building. Looking around at the endless windows and terraces, I couldn't tell what to think of people anymore. I couldn't understand how they were so quick to decide this dog was ruining their lavish view, how selfish they were that they were so quick to have it washed off of their streets. Clearly people had seen it, yet if they had come within ten feet they would have seen the chest heaving, the fight still existent in this dog they left for dead. Even more unnerving to me was the thought that they had realized the dog was still alive and had just kept on walking by.

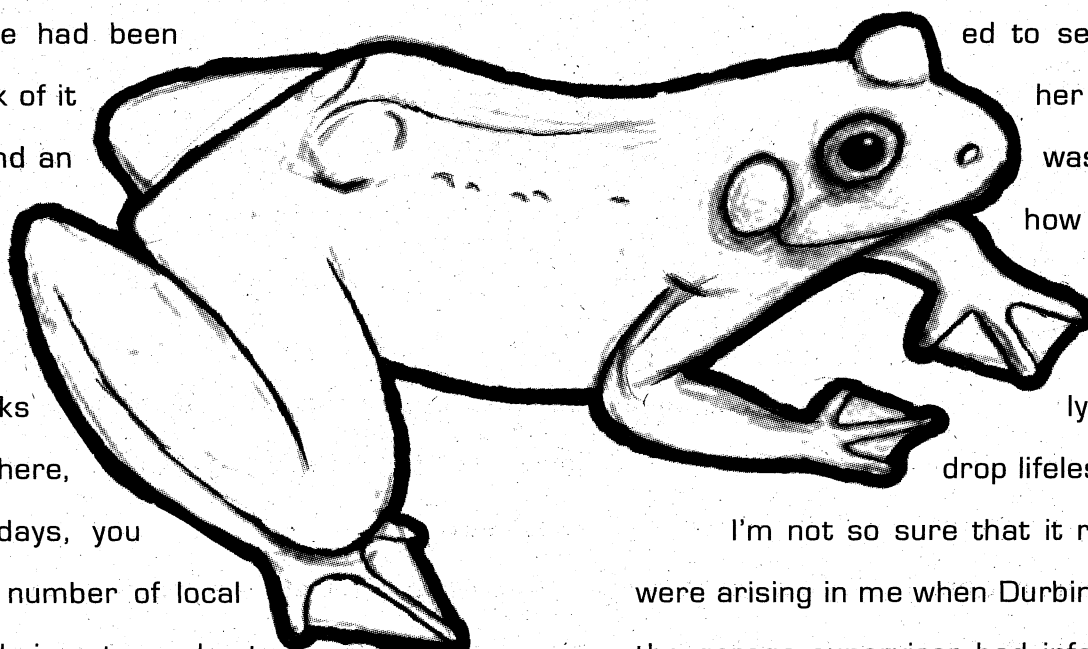
It's not that I want to be judgmental of people, but sometimes I wonder. When I was young, I was attending a funeral for a distant relative and at some point, like many of the other kids there, I had wandered off. I was walking around by the artificial

lake when I happened upon this group of kids. They were excited and fighting each other for the chance to see a tiny frog one of the older girls had managed to catch in her hands. She would open her hands every now and then to show them her prize, but when that got boring and attentions started to wane she came up with the idea to "squish it."

I yelled and pleaded with her not to, to just let the poor thing go. Everyone else on the other hand just stood around; I guess to them it didn't matter whether the frog lived or died, they just wanted to see what happened. She tightened her grip and suddenly that was it, it was over. A few kids looked to see how 'cool' the crumpled frog looked but soon enough they were on to the next thing, forgetting entirely about the body they had helped drop lifeless into the grass.

I'm not so sure that it really paralleled the thoughts that were arising in me when Durbin finally called me back over to say the garage supervisor had informed him to continue our route, and that if we were needed to pick it up later he would give us another call. I felt like saying to Durbin 'could you really pick up this dog knowing you had seen it alive only a couple of hours ago?' I didn't though, knowing he only took it as another job that had to be done.

That was yesterday, though, and although we were never called back I still couldn't get it off of my mind. Standing over the small lifeless body at my feet, I couldn't forget. The wind was kicking up leaves, and they began collecting on the cat's backside. I wish there was more I could have done for this cat, but realistically even I knew I had reached my limits. Walking away I didn't take solace in the fact I had pulled the cat to the side to save him from the disgrace of being run over again, but I did in seeing that group of kids actually care as they set off to find its owner.





## Short Stories

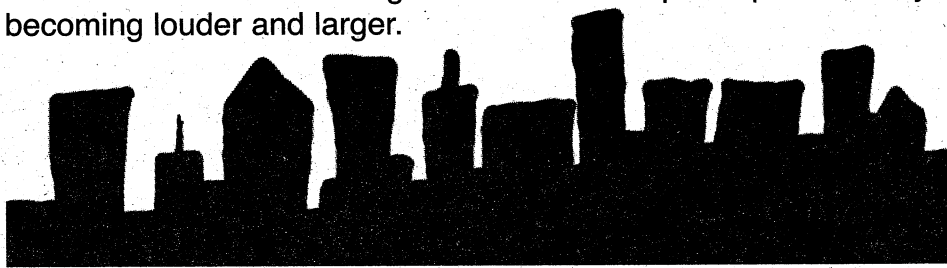
### The City That Never Sleeps

By Christopher Di Niso

He stayed frozen in the street; glass and pavement in his hair, his belly facing the sky. The driver lounged on the yellow cab's door, a spiderweb marking the point of impact on the windshield.

With a phone to my ear and words entering the receiver, I noticed no one else had called. Save for the woman kneeling beside him, no one else had bothered to help.

Standing on Canal and Greenwich in 'the city that never sleeps,' I felt oddly still as the audience surrounded us; they remained detached enough to circumvent participation, only becoming louder and larger.



#### Rooftop

By Pizda Huyova

We sit on the roof of our apartment, just you and me. I point out for you the Empire State Building, a shooting star, the Kozciuszko Bridge, LaGuardia airport, the deli where I get my cold cuts. You offer me a cigarette, and I take it without hesitation. You take one too, and we sit in a comfortable silence, puffing away. You lay your head to rest on my shoulder; I acknowledge its presence and imagine it as an extension of my own body.

Time passes. Neither of us know how much time. Our cigarettes have long since finished; I concentrate on hearing your breathing, feeling your chest heave, sensing your warmth. I wonder what you might smell like, what you might feel like, what you might taste like deep in those places that are reserved only for a rare few.

You lift your head up and look at me. Your face is a look that says "I know what you've been thinking." And then it says something else I couldn't quite make out. You move your head, forehead-first, toward mine. I reciprocate, thinking that this could be what I've been waiting for.

You see my eyes.

You turn away.

You head for the door.

I sit on the roof again, staring at the skyline. This time I feel the biting cold, and the skyline isn't quite as beautiful as it used to be, just five minutes ago. I wish I had another cigarette.

### Astors crunched raptly on Norsemen, you maladroitt

By James Messina

Ichthyosaurs fling ischia nastily down. Magi yelling sibilances elegantly, longingly. From Hyperborean altruists the isthmus nictates; Gnostics mention yeast jowls, owls bare hirsute attenuations. Trysts involving narcissistic gnus transmit hatred embers, pregnant red erstwhile semblances. Susurrations! Needing ephemeral xanthous trellises, your endearingly apoplectic raconteur warred internally. Lo! Languorously beguiling enquiries sent onwards awkwardly went forth unto landlocked territories. Haunting ethereal cadences on occidental longitudes, purposefully emitting onerous philosophies. Lambasting echidnae amble 'round exceptionally gargantuan obelisks, inevitably now going towards other bilious omens. Were omphaloskepsis useful, the pusillanimous of rocky towns enter now to speculation. Of fens dire, of ominous moons I fain oblige recitation. Ending seeds ever ending. Politicians scurrilously announce nothing, dour raiment everywhere wringing sorrow anon. Never a zelophobe, I.

#### ADMONITION

By Pizda Huyova

You know, I've thought a lot about this the last few days. It's kind of been weighing on me, and here is what I think:

I think that four things could happen: One, we have a beautiful relationship that ends when you leave. Two, we have a relationship that crashes and burns, and it won't matter because in the end we'll never see each other again. Three, we have something special.

Or four, nothing happens.

And I'm not going to choose that one. And I won't let you choose that one, because I believe. I believe that we could be something special, something like nothing else in the world. I believe in you and me.

And by God, I'm going to make you believe.

Life is long and hard and miserable. There are brief moments of transcendent joy bracketed by the mundaneness of ordinary existence. We wake up, we brush our teeth, we shower, we go to work, we come home, make a shitty dinner and watch TV. But it's those small moments that make our lives worthwhile, that make them meaningful.

This ... this could be a moment. Right now. All you have to do is take my hand and say yes and we can go back downstairs and watch The Colbert Report, but it will all be different because you will know and I will know that in these few months that you're still here, we will have each other, and that's something no one else in the world can say.

Believe in you and me. Believe in us. We can be something special. All you have to do is say the word, and the universe will open up and the sky will take us in and we will be swallowed up in its majesty.

Just say yes.

# Saturday Morning

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

It all began with a drumbeat. Centuries ago, someone took a rock and swung it against another rock and made a drumbeat. Today, someone is waiting behind a drum kit somewhere in the record player, eyes open, mouth twisted. He's waiting on you, waiting for you. But he trusts that every morning, you'll cue him for that drumbeat.

After you eat your bread sandwich (bread between two pieces of bread, nothing more, nothing less), you stand before your big brass band and raise your baton. It's the band you've always dreamed of. It's the band that you stand in front of every Saturday. What you don't know is that your children are awake above your head, lying in their beds, listening to you direct your band. You also don't know that they're smiling, giggling even, their rosy cheeks covered by their fleece blankets.

As your girls begin to laugh, your big brass counts the drumbeat patiently, pounding the heels of their unpolished black shoes in unison. You know that your brass is always together, even once the record stops. You imagine them sitting at the bar afterwards, ordering whatever's on tap, and they take their peanuts three at a time so they'll all end up having the same amount. They've calculated it perfectly, and you know that it's taken them many trips to figure this out, but they don't mind because they're always together.

Your trumpet is a loner, but he does this by choice. He likes the other guys, but he prefers to spend his nights alone, watching the paint peel off of the walls until the sun comes up. He doesn't mind. He does it because this is where the passion comes from, where it comes forth and breeds. When his trumpet wails, it merely reflects the man underneath. You feel this through every note, just as he does.

Slow your baton to four-four time, sweeping it across the sky, framing your clarinet man, your main man, not a child genius but a seasoned vet, someone who's been told that he sucks more than once. Where does the pain come from if everybody tells you how fantastic you are from the time you first learn what those words really mean? No sir, your clarinet needs soul, more than your trumpet even. He's not afraid to let it show, even when his notes get a little out of his control, even as he closes his eyes tightly to test the limits of his pitch. You lower your baton a few degrees and watch for a moment. He's not afraid, and neither are you.

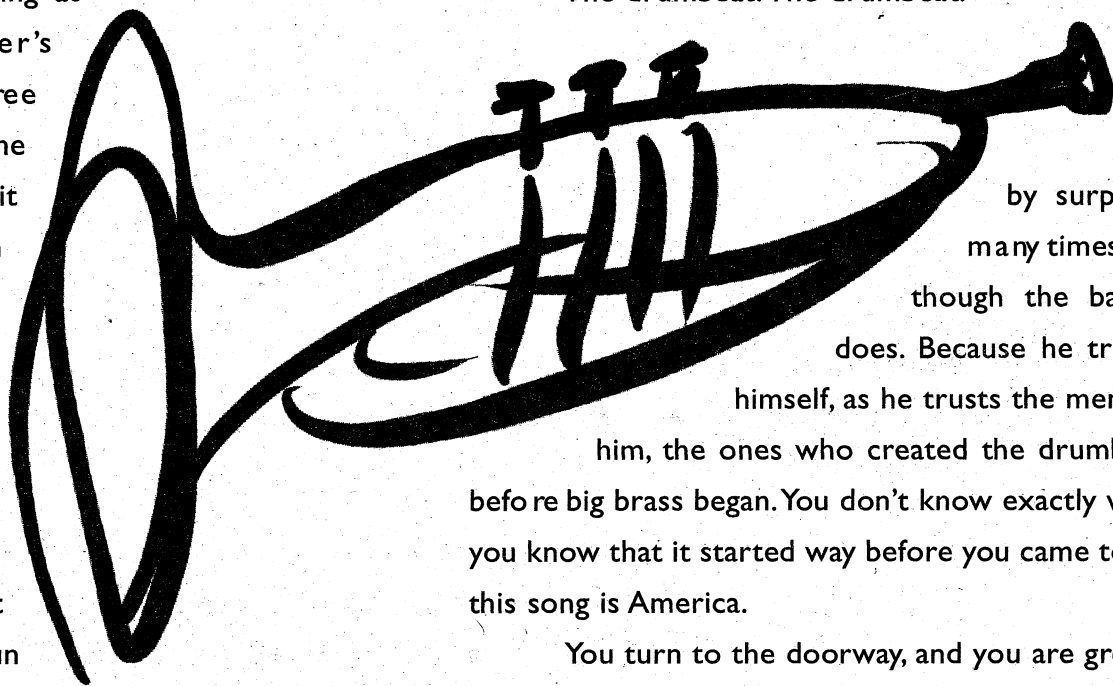
Place your hand behind your ear. The man at the bass should have bloody fingers by now. Yes sir, the tips of his fingers should be so chapped that he has new fingerprints. There should be skin on the tuning pegs and blood on the baseboard. He shouldn't have to look for where to place his fingers. The fruit of his labors have marked his place from the night before, and the night before, and the night before....

Explosions! Watch the platinum girl twirl on top of the record player, twirl with the Earth's new rotations. See how she grabs a clump of her freshly pomaded hair in each pale fist. That dress gives her no shape but she's got class, a woman who can hold her liquor so well that you don't know if she's cracked a drink until she grabs your friend's hand and wants to share his umbrella, his and his alone. But that happens much later, and it might never happen if she never stops twirling!

Twirling!

Twirling!

The drumbeat. The drumbeat.



Gets you every time. It always catches you by surprise, no matter how many times you hear it. But even though the baton never stops, he does. Because he trusts you as he trusts himself, as he trusts the men who've come before him, the ones who created the drumbeat with stones long before big brass began. You don't know exactly when it all started, but you know that it started way before you came to America. But to you, this song is America.

You turn to the doorway, and you are greeted by six blue eyes as they peer around the doorway. You're the man who eats bread sandwiches and sings them to sleep and who, every Saturday morning, greets them with your music, with your drumbeat. What they don't know is that in a few years, they will begin to feel your drumbeat in their chests, and they will continue to feel it long after you are gone. You are their drumbeat.

You are their drumbeat, just as your wife is yours.

She comes up behind you as the baton slowly lowers, wrapping her arms around your waist.

"You're my Benny Goodman."

She is as real to you as the drumbeat is to him. It's beautiful because you trust her.

You turn to her. You grab her hand. You take your stance.

You dance.



# HINDRANCES

By Andrew Pernick

## Chapter One - She

*There are stories, and then there are stories.*

-Charles De Lint, "The Conjure Man"

She walked alone. Her footsteps were all but silent upon the cracked sidewalks of the city. Her gait was slow, nervous. She shivered. The first snows of winter were upon the city, gently dusting the streets and rooftops with sugary white. Her brown hair, a tangled, knotted mess, was at her shoulders, stuck in place by the stiffness of her posture, rigid as rebar. The wind dared not blow, it seemed, for a few minutes. Then it changed its mind and her hair flew behind her. She braced herself against the bitter chill, to no avail.

People were staring at her. This was nothing new, per se. People tend to do that to one dressed in such an eye-raping manner as she was. From head to toe, there was nothing about her outfit that didn't make one's eyes run to the hills, screaming and wailing in terror. A powder-blue shirt, green and white vertically striped pants, purple socks, Birkenstocks of a yellow in the ugliest shade to occur since the Big Bang, all topped by a brown leather fedora that looked as if it had seen, fought in, and been on the losing side of every battle of every war since *Homo intelligens* became a species.

She was taking the long way home that night, clearing her head.

As she headed east on Moore, the wind doubled in strength, knocking the merest of slips of a woman, a hair under five-foot-four and wafer thin, back a pace. She looked up at a sign outside a storefront - "Things and Stuff" - and smiled slyly. 'Do you have things?' she imaged someone asking a clerk. 'Sorry, not today. We've only got stuff.'

Turning down Goodman, she found herself standing outside the costume shop for far longer than she should have, given their prices. The white and red polka dot bowtie had been begging for a new home, and she had been dreaming of adopting the poor creature, but tonight would not be the night. Next door was Patterson's Music, the only place on earth one could find both Norwegian Shouting Chorus LPs and the very latest compact discs from

the big labels. She stepped inside, bathing herself in the wave of warmed air that made its way over her. As she browsed through the used cassette collection, she couldn't help but wish she hadn't spent down to her very last dime on rent and food.

And cigarettes. And ink. And paper. And a cowl.

She sighed, not just her lungs, but every muscle and bone and organ, all at once.

Turning on her heels, she found herself, soon enough, on Broad View, cigarette in one hand, lighter in the other. Smoking, it must be said, does little to warm oneself during the cold. She realized this relatively quickly - relatively taken so as to mean "once she had tossed the butt to the curb." Her two favorite haunts stood before her now, Elmer's Books, home of the youngest antediluvian shopkeeper in the world, and Big Joe's Pub.

On Levy, she found herself all too tempted to add to her tab by splurging at Oxford Comics. While it is true that, when she looked in her wallet, no moths flew out, it was still quite and most definitely empty. *No, wait, there's one whole unspent penny in... no, it's Canadian*, she thought. Soon enough, she stood before a locked door attached to a nondescript, squattish brick building on Tulley. Feeling around the pockets of her vest, she felt the cold weight of a key in her hand. The lock turned over on itself slowly. She looked up, as she always did, at the faded, hand-painted sign that hung above the door.

"The Sandhook Inn" it read.

Home. In her 25 years of life, the oddities of strangers had always been a comfort to her. The need to decorate one's home with clowns, for instance. Of course, having bought the building lock, stock, barrel, furniture and plumbing problems, the clowns left the building in a cardboard box labeled 'Volkswagen.' That was three years ago tonight, she realized. She had no way of celebrating, save kicking off her sandals, lighting a cigarette via the gas fireplace, and making a cup of herbal tea.

"Make friends," they had all told her. Friends, she had often thought, served only to be there in fair weather, or to only be there in time



# Artificial Life

By Christopher Di Niso

of their own need. Besides, that would mean letting people in, and there was precisely enough room for one person in her heart, thank you very much. She had to place herself before all else.

The job at the library wasn't all that demanding. She dealt with machines, in IT. She did her job too well in her first week, and they hadn't upgraded since. Aside from the occasional odd bug, the kind that would send her into full-fledged OCD-mode until it was fixed, all she had to do was sit in the server room, read, write, and run the usual system maintenance tasks. Backups. Patches. A kernel upgrade once a year. She spent her time in the stacks.

Literally. She would work her way to what they *called* the stacks and build a stack of her own. Some of the regulars thought her a homeless bum who squatted in the library. Others, a wild eccentric. One or two thought her mad. Those who called themselves her friends knew better. She was, it is true, a mix of both, but she was also something more, something capable of either destroying or saving the world. By driving it stark raving mad.

That is, if she ever got her book published.

There was a knock at the door. As she let out a small 'eep' of surprise, barely more than a mouse's squeak, she placed the cup on the largish dining room table and padded over to the front door, bare feet silent on the carpet.

In three years of living in what was once an inn, only two types of people came to knock at the door. One was the Yuppie, brought to the town by the Chamber of Commerce's efforts to "gentrify" the neighborhood, at her door under the impression that what was, on the outside, advertised as an inn was, in fact, on the inside, indeed an inn. The other were mailmen.

The woman knocking on the door was neither.

It's weird. There are so many better things I could be doing with my life; I could be writing the most influential album ever on my guitar, or rioting for some noble cause. I could be outside with a beautiful breeze riding up my back as I watch the waves roll back and forth from the South piers. For people like Joey Ramone or Johnny Rotten I'm sure it was much simpler in their day. There weren't as many distractions back then. Advertising wasn't the monster it is now, and television was limited to less than fifteen channels. They never had to put up with what I have to now, the addictions. The compulsion to look. Every chance, every second I can, I'm there. I can't help myself; it's so easy, so accessible.

It's hard to believe an aspiring anarchist could succumb so easily to the fad of having my very own little Internet page all about me. As if having television channel numbers that require four digits (and video games so real they could be confused for real-life action from a video) wasn't enough. Nope, I had allowed myself to become a sucker to sites like 'myspace' and 'facebook.' At some point I must have deluded myself just like everyone else into thinking that I was interesting; that I was worth noticing. That I was worth that all-so-gratifying pageview added to the counter on my page.

If you could even call it an epiphany, I couldn't believe I'd fallen for this crap. 400 fake friends that I had to prompt into adding me. I'm sure the only reason people even looked at my page was to see who the fucking asshole was that was hounding them with messages. As if they cared, the self-proclaimed gods and goddesses of cyberspace. I used to take solace in the numbers, the falsified documentation of an army of buddies. It made me feel like I had friends. Like I was a special, like I stood out in the world.

What I've learnt is that one way or another, the truth always catches up with you. You can't hide behind away messages and cute smiley icons forever. Some day you're going to have to realize that this whole second life, complete with geeky alias, is a sham. Nobody cares what music I listen to or my comical chain survey posted in an online bulletin. I can't believe I actually cared about this crap.

I can't believe how I was envious of people with more popular pages than me or spiteful of those who proudly proclaimed that not only did they have only real friends but that they still had twice as many as me. I feel like a prostitute now, like I sold myself out to a crummy friend website for a shitty page with fun facts about myself and some random pictures that are meant dually to capture my artistic side and prove that I'm a real person. And all for the chance to make believe I was loved.

What's even sadder is, despite knowing all this, I'm still jealous that the faux webpage I set up for my dog is attracting more friends and comments than I ever could.

TO READ MORE OF HINDRANCES, VISIT  
WWW.ANDREWPERNICK.COM/HINDRANCES.  
HINDRANCES IS UPDATED BI-WEEKLY ON  
SATURDAYS.



# TEN OR DUSK

By DAVID K. GINN

There was a textbook lying on the side of the road somewhere between eighty-five and eighty-seven Havernell. It was a sociology textbook, old and worn and looking nothing like the one-hundred fifty dollars it cost some poor undergraduate student three years ago.

Although no one on the block knew it, that sociology textbook had been in that same spot for two years. In those two years (it was actually something like two years, one month and twenty-three days, but there was never anybody counting) the textbook remained there and only there, surviving mud splashes from speeding tires, rain showers that washed the mud away, a dog that tried to eat the book sometime last summer and the renowned blizzard of 2002 that caused an elderly couple to freeze to death when they were trapped in their house without electricity for a week.

But somehow, through all of this, the book was still there. Four people on the block have died during the book's stay on Havernell, two of those being the frozen couple. But still the book remains.

Why and how the book is there doesn't really matter, and its past and future are of not importance.

What is important is that the book was there when Johnny Raines grabbed his brother's basketball from the garage and headed out into the street to practice his free throws.

John had lived on West Havernell for four years (a highway divided East and West Havernell on either side). His family moved in from another suburban town only thirty miles away, saying that over here by the beach the property values were bound to skyrocket after the turn of the century. And they were right. The house they bought for 110,000 quickly grew to 260,000, with only 25,000 dollars in work and development. But to his parents it was only status; they never planned to move, so therefore the house's worth was an obsolete factor in their financial assets. But it did make them feel good. And maybe it's important sometimes to have something that makes you feel good, no matter how useless it is.

In his family it was John, his aforementioned parents, his brother Matt and his younger sister Jen. His older sister, Jean Anne, was away at college in Hartford. So it was just the four of them for now, plus the people from the neighborhood who were constantly in and out of the house. Matt, who was sixteen, had made a lot of friends from around the neighborhood. Mostly they either played basketball or Nintendo. John, who was five years older, would sometimes join them even though he knew they were as different as night and day.

John bounced the ball in the street, realizing that even his dribbling hadn't improved. It didn't really matter; he was only out here for fun. He lifted the ball right above face level, aimed, and watched as it grazed the rim before falling to the pavement and bouncing away up the driveway.

John sighed and ran after the ball. This was pretty much how his practicing went.

He dribbled the ball back to the free-throw line he imagined and tried again. Another miss. On the fourth shot the ball swiveled down into the net, making the triumphant *swosh* sound. John smiled. It was about time.

He took the ball back and practiced for another twenty minutes. He

could tell that even now his shots were improving, and the realization encouraged him to keep shooting. It was only eleven-thirty in the morning; he had the whole day to practice.

At a quarter past noon Matt skidded up the driveway on his bike. He stood for a moment, amused at his brother's attempt to play basketball. He walked over with a bright smile.

"Hey there, Johnny. Whatcha doin'?"

John paused his free throw and shrugged. "Just practicing."

"Mind if I practice with you?"

John grimaced. He did mind. Matt wasn't exactly the most supportive partner to have while playing basketball. "Actually, it's getting kind of late. I was thinking about turning in."

Matt laughed. "Oh, come on bro. That's why you still suck. How long've you been out here? Ten minutes? Wait, wait- twenty, right? Going for a record?"

John sighed and shot the ball. He missed. "I've been out here for about an hour, actually. And to tell you the truth I just don't want to be out here with you. Nothing against the game, really."

Matt grabbed the ball from the road and threw it effortlessly. It sunk into the net. "That's basketball, big brother. Let's see you do that."

John picked up the ball and tossed it. It bounced off the rim and rolled off into the driveway. Matt ran to get it, snickering to himself along the way. When he returned, John had his hands out.

"No way!" Matt laughed. "It's my turn now. You're the one who sucks." He threw the ball up into the air and once again it sank right through. He grabbed his own rebound and stepped back to the imaginary free-throw line.

"Why don't you keep going?" John said. "I'll stand here and watch while you make me look stupid."

Matt tossed the ball up and sank it again. "That's your problem, big brother. You're always ready to stand on the sidelines. You think it's really a big difference whether you're tired or you just don't like me talking smack?" He picked the ball up and threw another perfect shot. "There's no difference at all. Either way it's because you're weak, and you can't handle it." He smiled. "Go ahead, tell *me* I suck. I'll bet you I'll play better." He sank the ball again.

John grabbed it and bounced it back to him. "I'm disciplined, little brother. You may not think so, but I am."

"Bullshit."

"I form my own methods of discipline. Sure, they might not be the same as yours, but they still work."

"Yeah, and what methods are those?" He tossed the ball up, and for the first time he missed.

John caught the ball before it landed and dribbled it over. "That."

"What's 'that'? Catching my ball?"

John shook his head. "No. You losing your streak."

"It happens, bro. No big deal."

# TEN OR DUSK

"Well how are *you* gonna get better with an attitude like that?"

Matt went to grab the ball, but John pulled it away. "Nuh-uh. You're the one who sucks, remember?" He dribbled the ball back to the free-throw and threw it up. It sank right through the net, bouncing off the long pole before coming back to down the pavement. "There! That's one."

"Big deal, you got one. That doesn't make you any good. It definitely not discipline."

John threw again and scored another perfect shot. "We'll play a game, then. We'll call it□ Ten or Dusk. Sound interesting?"

Matt frowned. "What kind of game is it?"

"I don't know. I just invented it. It's sort of like a disciplinary thing. You know how if you practice enough at something, eventually you'll get it?"

Matt nodded.

"Well, this will be like that□ but with rules. Let's say our goal is to get ten perfect free throws in a row, with no misses and no backboard. As of right now I can't do it, but maybe you can. That doesn't really matter. The point of the game is to keep going until we do."

"So we keep taking shots until we miss, with the goal being ten in a row?"

"Exactly□ but here's the catch: it goes on as long as it has to. Ten or Dusk. Ten shots in a row, or nightfall. Whichever comes first, we turn in. You game?"

Matt smiled a little. "You mean we either make our shots or we're out here until dark? This should be fun. I get laughing rights when you quit in a half hour."

"So does that mean you're in?"

"You're damn right it does. You've got two so far; let's take it from there."

"Hey Billy, move that book out of the way!"

Billy waved at his friend Lance and then kicked the old sociology textbook onto the lawn behind him. When he looked up Lance was there, jumping in the air and catching the basketball.

"You're too slow!" Lance yelled as he hit the ground and started running for the basket.

"Hey, that's no fair! It's my turn!"

Lance laughed. "Finders keepers—"

Suddenly a hand snatched the ball out of his hands. Lance turned, annoyed and embarrassed. John held the ball in his hand, his face stern but patient. "Losers weepers." he finished.

"I was just having some fun."

"We're trying to play our game here. If you want to have your fun, go play somewhere else."

"Fine, whatever." Lance shrugged and walked over to Matt.

John tossed the ball to Billy. "Billy boy, you're up!"

Billy walked over and grabbed the ball nervously. John patted his shoulder. "Nothing to worry about, kid-o. Just aim and shoot."

John and Matt had been playing for over an hour before Lance, Billy, and Rob showed up. John didn't think much of any of them, but that was just his natural prejudice to his brother's friends. Rob was quirky but with a witty sense of humor; John liked him the best. He was standing by the side of the road, rubbing at his chin hair.

Billy was quiet, but also very annoying. His lack of enthusiasm and tendency to open his mouth only to complain about something had started to get on John's nerves. He was alright, though.

Lance was by far the worst. John imagined that if he were to take his brother's worst qualities, increase them exponentially, and from that alone create a new human being, Lance would be that person. He was rude, obnoxious, but above all he was overflowing with teenage testosterone. John wasn't sure how much of him he could take before he lost his cool.

*Well, he told himself, I guess 'till the night comes.*

The simple premise of the game had proved to be more difficult than any of them had thought. Matt had been confident he'd score ten within the first few minutes, or that at the very least his brother would throw in the towel. Neither had happened, and neither looked like they would happen soon.

Billy shot the ball and got a perfect *swoosh*. "Yeah!" he yelled. "I got the first one!" Billy had not sunk a single basket in the hour he'd been there.

Matt passed the ball back to him and he shot again, this time excited and overconfident from his previous success. The ball hit against the side of the backboard and bounced down the road.

Lance ran after it. "God you suck, Billy. This is the last time I'm getting the ball for you."

"Who's up next?" Matt asked.

John held his hands out as Lance tossed him the ball. "I am."

He stepped back behind the free throw line and aimed the ball carefully. Even he hadn't expected the game to go on as long as it had. The disciplinary angle was really starting to lose its appeal.

He shot and missed. In a way he was glad; it was certainly better than shooting five or baskets before going out.

The only one who'd come close was Lance, who after only twenty minutes took his turn and shot five baskets in a row. He hadn't been too upset about it, but John knew if he'd been trying since noon he'd be pretty bitter.

Rob took the ball and walked over to the free throw line, which had now been etched in white chalk. "Okay guys, if I don't make this I'm going home."

"Bullshit!" Matt yelled. "It's Ten or Dusk, baby. No way out of it unless you do it."

John nodded. "There's no escape clause, man. You either do it or you don't."

Rob aimed. "You guys□ whatever!" He shot the ball and scored. "There's one. You happy?"

John smiled and tossed the ball back. "Not until you get nine



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more."

Rob took another shot, but it bounced off the rim and fell to the pavement, jumping away towards the neighbor's lawn. "Fuck. Really guys, I'm out."

John took his arm. "Dude, you can't leave. You'll ruin the game."

"How's that? You've got plenty of people. Too many, if you ask me."

"That's not the point, Rob. The game's about not leaving until you do it. If you weren't up for it then you shouldn't have agreed to play."

Rob sighed. "This is horseshit, man. Fine, I'll stick around for your stupid game. But as soon as it's over I'm leaving."

"Suit yourself." John looked back to the group. "Who's next?"

It was three-thirty in the afternoon. Everyone was exhausted, but no one so far had called it quits. Two more people had joined the game: Alex, the soccer player from down the road; and Joanna, the girl who lived across the street and one house over from John and Matt.

Joanna dribbled the ball in front of her. She was wearing a white t-shirt with the Inventel Wireless logo, tucked into dark red basketball shorts. When she'd heard they were having a game outside, she'd decided to get dressed for the occasion.

She took a step back and shot the ball in the air. It tackled the net from inside and made the ever-so-gratifying *swoosh* sound. She yanked her arm triumphantly and readied herself for the next shot.

"That's three, sweet stuff!" Lance called from the sideline. "Let's see you get seven more; maybe then you can play with the big leagues."

She shot the ball and scored again. Matt passed her the ball and she smiled devilishly. "Put your dick away, little boy. As far as I can tell I'm kicking your ass." She shot again and scored.

Lance laughed. "Baby, if my dick was out you'd *begging* me not to put it away."

"Well of course, if I was still adjusting the microscope to try to see where it was."

"You think just because you're on the volleyball team you can shoot better than us?"

"Not think□" She shot another basket and scored. "know."

John passed her the ball and smiled. "If you get nine you at least beat him."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that," she said. "But thanks anyway." She smiled and sunk another basket.

Matt ran after the ball and passed it back to her. She aimed it carefully and relaxed her shoulders. "Now, if I can just go for number eight—" She shot the ball, and it landed on the left side of the rim. She clenched her fists tightly, wishing it to tilt the right just slightly enough. The ball spun and tilted to the left, hitting the pavement and bouncing away sadly.

Joanna closed her eyes and sighed. Matt patted her back, a slight grin on his face. "Better luck next time, homegirl."

She shook her head and sat down at the edge of the lawn across the

street. John shrugged his shoulders and called for the next person up.

Rob stepped up to free throw line, catching the ball as John passed it. He threw it in the air and it fell about three feet below the backboard. "That sucks," he said, and walked back over to his friends.

Matt grabbed the ball and threw it at his feet. "If you're not going to make an effort, at least pretend to. You're being a jackass."

Rob picked the ball up and held it tightly between his hands. Then he relaxed and threw it back. "I'm sorry. I just didn't think it would go on this long."

"Neither did I, man, but if you want to get out sooner just shoot ten hoops. Here, take it back." He tossed the ball back, and Rob reluctantly stepped behind the throw line again.

"Just aim and shoot, man."

Rob positioned the ball next to his right eye, carefully planning its path to the hoop. He moved his arm back and took the shot.

The ball went straight toward the hoop, but right before it could reach the rim it spun around and veered off to the right.

Matt shook his head. "Man, I gave you another shot. I didn't even have to do that. What the hell did you do that for?"

Rob's face went red with anger. "That was no fucking fair, man. That was the best shot I've ever done! Didn't you see that? Some breeze took it away at the last minute."

Matt grabbed the ball and stepped to the throw line, preparing for his own shot. "And I suppose the other ones were gusts of wind, too?"

"No, man. *That* one. You mean you didn't see that?"

"I saw you miss the hoop completely."

"But you didn't see the wind?"

John walked over and grabbed the ball from Matt. "I saw it." He turned to Matt. "And by the way, it's not your turn." He passed the ball to Billy.

Lance punched Rob's leg jokingly. "Don't be such a baby, man. So you missed the shot, big deal. It happens."

"Don't even talk to me about that, man. I made that shot."

Lance laughed. "Dude, I've seen shots that have made it. That was not one of them."

"I mean I made it□ like it was perfect right up until the end. I don't know what the hell happened."

Lance stood up. "Don't sweat it, man. You'll get another chance." He looked over to John, who was holding the ball patiently. "Looks like it's my turn."

Lance caught the ball and dribbled it to the throw line. He loosened his body and threw a perfect shot. He clapped his hands. "He shoots and he scores. That's two points for the home team."

John threw the ball back. "But only one point for you."

"Yeah, whatever." He shot the ball up and scored. "Now it's two. You happy?"

"Oh yes," John said. "I'm burning with happiness. Can't you just

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shoot the ball and not say anything?"

"Whatever you want, boss." He sunk his third basket. "Ready for the first ten today?"

John passed him the ball and he shot it, just missing the rim and instead bouncing off the backboard onto the road.

"I sure am." John said. "But it doesn't look like it's gonna be you."

Billy sat on the side of the road and watched Alex take his shots. He was pretty good, but he wasn't going to be the first one to make all ten.

Yawning, he stretched out his arms and lay his back down on the grass. He turned his head and noticed the dirty text book he'd kicked away before. He sat up a bit and reached over to pick it up.

"Hey, Billy! Are you gonna sit there all day or are you gonna get the ball for us?"

Billy looked up and saw Jeff, the kid from his school who'd joined in twenty minutes ago. Jeff was pretty smart for his age, but most of his time was spent in front of the computer or on video games. He was fun and charismatic; pretty much everyone liked him. His girlfriend, Nikki, was sitting on the sidelines across the street, trying to take an interest. Both she and her boyfriend were wearing black t-shirts with rock band logos on them. Billy had noticed that she'd gone a little heavy on the black eyeliner, but that seemed to be typical for her.

He went after the ball and tossed it back to Jeff.

Jeff caught it and called out again. "Come over here and join us! Don't be so shy, man."

Billy walked back over to the main group, turning back once to look at the text book. A cold chill passed over him, and he shuddered. It was getting colder.

It was five-thirty and the sun was still shining over the houses on West Havernell. John was standing at the free throw line, aiming his next shot. He was up to six.

The shot flew off the backboard and bounced away to Joanna's lawn. Lance groaned and ran after it.

"Who's next?" Matt asked. "I can't remember."

Lance came back with the ball. "I think I am."

Joanna got up and shook her head. "You're not next, Lance. Nice try, though."

"I'm next, Sporty Spice. Why don't you stay out of it?"

She went to grab the ball from him, but he yanked it away from her. "You go after Matt. He goes now, so your turns up next."

"How the hell would you know? You think just because you're a senior you've got a better memory than me?"

"No, I think I have a better memory than you because I'm not a complete fucking moron. Now give me the ball."

Lance smiled and held the ball above his head. "Let's see you grab it."

Joanna jumped up, barely grazing the edge of the ball. Lance threw it down and started to dribble. "Come on, volley girl! Take it!"

John stepped over and tried to knock it out of his hands, missing completely. "Stop this, you guys. Let's just play the game."

Lance shrugged. "If princess over here can stop me in a lay-up, I'll give the ball to whoever wants it."

John tried to grab it again. "You're an idiot, Lance. Just give it over."

Lance broke out into a run, dribbling the ball between his legs as he raced up to the net. Joanna followed behind him, muttering a series of swear words under her breath. Lance jumped up towards the net and tossed the ball at the backboard.

As he was landing his feet fell out from under him, moving him into a laying position. He landed hard on his back, crying out in pain. The ball flew back from the hoop without ever touching.

Everyone raced over at once to check on Lance. As they gathered around him he sat up slowly, massaging his own back with his fist.

"Are you alright?" John asked.

"Yeah, I think I'm okay. I'm sorry about that, guys. Sometimes I just get carried away, you know?"

John nodded. "It's okay, man. Just tell me if you're hurt anywhere."

"My back hurts a little." He reached down and grabbed his right leg. "And oh fuck! My leg really fucking hurts."

John and Jeff helped him to his feet. "See if you can walk on it." John said.

Lance hobbled a few feet and then turned back. "Yeah, I can walk on it. It just hurts like a bitch."

"I guess that's it, then. Game over."

Lance hobbled back quickly and grabbed the ball from Jeff, who'd been holding it since it fell. "No fucking way. I'll be fine, man. There's no way I'm going home knowing I couldn't hit ten shots. That's just pathetic."

"Are you sure?" John asked.

Lance nodded.

"Then stay off it until your next turn. And for God's sake don't do that again."

The sun had fallen further behind the houses, but it was still light for six-thirty. Joanna missed her sixth shot and sat down on the grass across the street.

Jeff grabbed the ball and walked up to John. "So what's this 'dusk' part of the game? You think that's gonna come soon?"

"It's been getting darker. It's shouldn't be much longer."

Jeff laughed and stepped back to take his shot. "I can't believe you guys have been out here all day." He shot the ball and missed. "But I guess I know why."

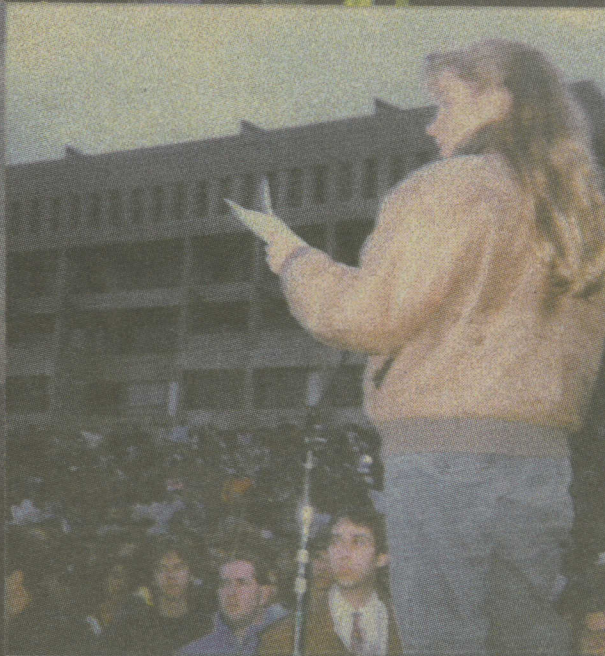
TEN OR DUSK IS CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



# Photography



By Rob Gilheany







BY SCOTT SILSBE



# TEN OR DUSK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Rob picked the ball up and readied himself behind the line. He'd been doing fairly well since the incident earlier, and was hoping he'd at least come close to winning this time.

He threw the ball up, and for a moment was ready to give himself a round of applause. But as the ball rolled on the rim it began to tilt to the right, eventually falling to the pavement.

"Fuck this," he said. "It's late enough. I'm leaving."

John ran over and grabbed him as he walked away. "Wait, Rob! Wait a minute! At least wait for your next turn. It might even be dark by then. Just wait another few minutes, man. You can do that, can't you?"

Rob shook his head. "I'm sorry man, but I'm out." He pushed John's hand away and walked to the house next door, grabbing his jacket from the lawn.

Billy stood up from the sidelines. "If it's early enough for him to leave, then it's early enough for me."

Matt ran to the throw line with the ball. "You guys are pussies. What's another hour gonna do for you? He yelled over to Rob. "Come on, man! Just another hour! It's not so bad!"

Rob turned and shook his head as he fixed the sleeves of his jacket. "No thanks, guys! I've got a life, you know!"

Matt stared in horror. "Rob! Rob, wait!"

"I'm leaving now! Later!"

"No! Rob, don't fucking move!"

John turned around slowly, his heart racing. Something was going on, and it was beginning to frighten him. He glanced over at Rob, squinting his eyes in the fading sunlight. "What the hell's going-

He froze.

For a moment no words came out. Then he found himself screaming.

"Rob! Stay still! They're right behind you!"

Rub spun around quickly, and in a startled jump began to scream.

The wolves pounced at once, jumping onto his body and taking him down within a second. He hit the ground hard, his heart beating fast in his chest. He screamed louder as he felt the sharp pain of ragged teeth digging into his left arm. He wailed his other arm around in panic, trying desperately to fight the other animals off.

John didn't even realize he was running until he was halfway there. Matt was two paces ahead of him, running even faster. He started to feel dizzy, and stopped for a second as his mind raced in circles. Jeff passed by him followed by Alex and Joanna. After a brief moment of vertigo John caught his breath and ran forward.

Matt lunged at the wolf closest to Rob's face and tried to pull the animal off with his hands. The wolf spun its head around in a quick reflex, biting Matt's hand and then setting it free.

More wolves had gathered around, and they were forming a half-circle around the newcomers. Matt continued to struggle with the wolves, his hand dripping blood. Suddenly he felt his arms being pulled back and nearly fell backwards as Jeff pulled him away.

"They're gonna fucking kill him! Help me, godda-" Matt blinked

his eyes and looked around. The wolves had surrounded them completely, growling and barking, their jaws dripping with saliva that made steam in the cold air.

One of the wolves lunged at Matt, and Jeff pulled him back to the others. The wolf landed three feet in front of them, growled, and returned to the pack. After a moment of staring, the wolves retreated back into the woods.

John felt a tingling in his throat and realized he was about to throw up. Nikki caught him from behind and tilted him forward as he vomited, feeling the warm sting inside his cheeks. He wiped the tear from his eye and looked around. No one was moving; some were staring at the lawn, others were doing everything they could to look away. John felt his legs give out, and he sat down on the pavement before he could fall.

"You do have a phone in your house, don't you?"

John looked up from the road, his eyes still blurry. "Y<sup>es</sup>. Yes, I do."

Jeff helped him up to his feet. "We've got to go use it, man. I'll go with you."

John nodded and walked wearily toward his house. Jeff held his arm out behind him, ready to catch.

"I'm alright," John said. "Let's just get to the phone."

They walked up the lawn together, looking both ways to make sure the animals were really gone. They moved as quick as they could, and when they reached the steps they let out a sigh of relief.

"The phone's right there in the kitchen," John said. "If I can't make it up the steps, you go ahead and make the call."

Jeff nodded, and they both started up to the door. On the second step John fell back a bit, but he quickly regained his balance. After the fifth step they were at the plexi-glass storm door. The main door was still open from when John had left the house earlier that morning. It seemed like a lifetime ago.

They walked in the house, and John leaned back against the wall in the dining room. "Go ahead and get the phone," he said, breathing hard and relaxing his hands. "I'll be okay."

Jeff walked into the kitchen and grabbed the portable from its base. He clicked the button to talk, but stopped before he could dial the first number.

There was an odor in the house; something strong and vile. It made Jeff feel sick to his stomach. He looked around, trying to find the source, but it was a waste of time. Whatever it was, it wasn't in the kitchen.

He looked back down to dial the number when suddenly he heard the sound.

"Oh, shit," he whispered, lowering the phone into the back pocket of his jeans. "Oh shit oh shit."

John walked wearily into the kitchen, holding his chest and breathing heavily. "What's going on? Where's the phone?"

He controlled his breathing for a second, holding it in. There was



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something in the house. Something breathing. Something that wasn't him.

He looked down the hallway, and all he saw was a pair of red eyes staring back at him.

"They're here, Jeff. They're in the fucking house. Get the hell out of here."

"Shut up and stay still!" Jeff whispered back. "You're closest to the door. When I say go, you step backwards and go out the same way we came in. I'll follow right behind you."

John looked up at the high-rise ceiling and then at the wall to his right, where a large hole had been cut to serve as the living room window five feet above. There were three sets of eyes staring down between the boards, and John could tell the growling was getting louder.

The basement door opened, and two wolves crept up into the hallways, staring directly at Jeff. They barked viciously, and the other wolves howled in response. Soon there was entire choir of howling, and John once again felt his legs weaken. *Just keep it together, man. Just keep it together-*

"Go now!"

John ran backwards so fast he crashed into the storm door, banging the small of his back against the handle. He reached his arm around and pushed it down. The door flew open and he fell backwards onto the steps.

He lifted himself up just in time to see Jeff running out the side door and leaping over the wooden rail of the patio. He landed feet-first on the grass, stumbled and ran over to John. They both turned around, expecting to see the attack coming, but there was none. They moved hurriedly back to the street.

"What the hell was that?" John asked.

"It was them again, man. They were in the fucking house." Jeff nursed his ankle, which he'd bruised on the fall over the patio.

"Why'd you throw the phone? Someone would be here by now if you hadn't done that."

"I didn't throw the phone! I was putting it into my pocket, but it wouldn't fit. When I started to run it slid out of my hand. It was an accident, man."

Lance hobbled over and sat against the basketball pole. "Why are they doing this? What the hell is going on?"

Billy stepped over, his face pale white and frightened.

"Billy, are you okay dude?"

"It wants us to play."

John looked up and squinted his eyes in the retreating sun. "What are you talking about, Billy?"

"I'm talking about the game. It wants us to play. We all swore an oath: to play it until dusk, or until we won. We can't stop. It won't let us."

"Billy, you need to sit down-"

"No. It's just the opposite. We all need to keep playing, until dusk comes. We swore it."

"We didn't swear anything, Billy. It's just a game. I invented it. I thought it up just a few hours before you got here. There's nothing special

or dark and magical about it. We've all just been through a trauma, and we have to think about what we're gonna do about it."

"I know what I'm gonna do about it, but I can't right now."

"Why not?"

"Because it's not my turn. It's Alex's."

John stood up and put his hand on Billy's shoulder. "Billy, I know you're feeling scared right now, just like the rest of us. But you've got to relax. We're gonna find a way out of this."

Alex took the ball and held it in his hands, spinning it in front of him as if marveling over the texture. "He's right, man. There's no other way to explain it. That's why Lance fell and hurt himself. He tried to shoot a brick, and it wasn't even his turn."

John shook his head. "This is crazy. You guys have no idea what the hell you're talking about."

Joanna "You guys can feel it, can't you? It's strange. It's like a coldness but all over"

"I kind of feel it." Nikki said. "It's not that weird, though."

Matt sat down next to his brother, his body shaking. "Johnny I can feel it too. I don't know why, but we've got to keep playing."

"What else has happened?" John yelled. "So there's wolves in the woods, and they killed our friend. I'm not really A-Okay here, but it has nothing to do with a basketball game. That's just fucking ridiculous, you guys. Lance hurt his leg because he was acting like an idiot, not because he was shooting out of turn."

Lance interrupted. "It happened before that, when Rob took that extra shot. He said it was like a gust of wind just carried the ball away. When I fell I felt something just like that. It was as if a hand came under me and knocked my feet away."

His conversation with Matt and Rob that afternoon rose up in his mind and caused a chill to run over his body.

*"It's Ten or Dusk, baby. No way out of it unless you do it."*

He closed his eyes. There was no way this was happening.

*"There's no escape clause, man. You either do it or you don't."*

"This is crazy, you guys. You're really gonna do this? Even if you're right, which you're not, you can just wait for dusk. You don't have to play for it to be over."

Jeff looked up at the sky and then back to John. "It's almost eight o'clock, man. I don't think dusk is coming."

Joanna yelled as the ball fell off the rim. It was unintelligible, but it sounded like some variation on the word *fuck*. Matt passed the ball to Jeff, who looked it over the same way Alex had. He could feel it too. It was scary, but it was definitely there. There was no choice but to play.

He threw the ball up and hit the left side of the backboard. The ball

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bounced off into the road and Matt caught it before it went too far.

"Alright, big brother. You're up."

John was standing away from the others, his arms crossed. "I told you already, I'm not shooting."

"You have to. There's no other option."

"I don't *have* to do anything. You guys want to stay out here playing basketball while your friend lays dead on Mrs. Lankle's lawn? Have fun. I'm not going to play a part in that."

Matt walked over to him and shoved the basketball against his chest. "You play, big brother, or I'll throw you there right next to him. You better fucking believe me. You have two choices here: play, or die of malnutrition or worse when you starve out here in the middle of the street. Make the choice, big brother."

John grabbed the ball and stepped to the throw line. "You talk to me like that again, I'll throw this ball at your fucking ear." He shot the ball up and missed completely. "Satisfied?"

Matt watched as the ball bounced off the road and into the neighbor's yard. He looked around at everyone, then took a deep breath.

He stepped onto the grass quietly, not wanting to make a single sound. He closed his eyes and concentrated, slowing his breathing so as to make less noise.

He got halfway up the lawn and stopped.

The body was torn at the arms and legs. There was a long slash across the chest and the face was almost beyond recognition. He stopped himself, not wanting to look but tempted by some abject fascination. It couldn't have been what he thought-

He looked back up again; he'd been right. The neck was torn halfway through, leaving the head at an awkward and sickly looking angle. Matt covered his mouth and continued walking.

The ball was on the other side of the body. All he had to do was reach over and grab it, then run back. No big deal.

He'd started to wonder why the wolves hadn't come, but just as soon as he'd thought about it the answer came to him: the wolves wouldn't come after him now; he was going after the ball.

That also explained why they hadn't torn John and Jeff into pieces inside the house: John and Jeff weren't leaving; they were trying to call for help. Rob was the only one so far who'd tried to leave, and now Matt needed to reach over his body to retrieve the ball.

Matt came back, carrying the ball behind the throw line. "I'm not exactly satisfied, Johnny. It's my turn."

Billy took his shot and missed. He bowed his head and took a deep breath. "If I'm the last one left out here, will you guys stay with me until I make it?"

John nodded from the sideline, which had been moved to the middle of the road. The others nodded as well.

Alex picked the ball up, but paused before he got to the throw line.

"Nikki, when do you go?"

Everyone froze. Suddenly it was as if everything else had stopped, and there was only Alex, standing in the road with the ball in his hands. Jeff turned to Nikki, talking slowly, his thoughts still racing around his head. "Nikki wasn't playing."

Nikki looked around at everyone, and realized she was suddenly the center of attention. "I was just watching. I never really liked basketball. I thought it was stupid."

Matt ran over, his hands on either side of his head. "Holy shit, man. Holy shit, you're right. You were just sitting there, watching the game the whole time. I didn't even think about it."

John stood next to his brother, his eyes filling with dread. "If what you guys are saying is true, then there's only one thing we can do."

Lance got up and shook his head. "No way, man. No way. That's fucking nuts. You want to send her out *there*? Alone? Have you lost your fucking mind?"

"No one's lost their mind, Lance. It just makes a lot of sense."

"Tell that to Rob! Let's go over there right now and have a little sit-down about what makes sense. Leaving certainly makes sense, but if he could talk I'm sure he'd tell you otherwise."

Nikki stood up. "You guys can stop arguing. I'll go. I just don't want to go alone."

John was crouched in front of Nikki, going over the plan. The night was getting colder, but there was still an edge of sunlight. It was almost ten o'clock. The sun, although, dimming, wasn't going anywhere.

*"It's Ten or Dusk, baby. No way out of it unless you do it."*

He handed Nikki a handful of money. "This was the best we could come up with. Take it, and once you get into town you get yourself some water and something to eat. Use the rest of the money to get water for us. We're gonna need it."

Nikki nodded.

"The first thing you do is use Joanna's phone. If it doesn't work, you go down the block and try the neighbors' houses. Someone's got to be home somewhere, even if we can't see them from where we are. If that all fails, though, then you make your way into town. You got it?"

Nikki nodded again.

"If all that fails, and for some reason you can't help us, then you go. You go on, and you don't look back. It that clear?"

"Yes. It's clear."

She stood up, her hands shaking. Joanna took her hands and warmed them. "It's okay. You're gonna be fine, darling. I'll be right there with you."

Joanna let go so Jeff could come through. "Are you ready, sweetheart?" Nikki grabbed his hands and smiled weakly. "Ready as I'll ever be."

Lance walked over and motioned for them to leave.

John stood up. "Where the hell do you think you're going?"



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"To Miami Beach, Johnny. Where else?"

"What about your leg, jerk?"

Lance shrugged. "I'll be okay. I figure since I couldn't talk you loonies out of this I might as well do what I can to help."

John sighed. "Just be careful. All of you."

None of the lights in Joanna's house were working. The phone was dead, and there was nobody home.

Nikki looked dropped the phone in its cradle and turned to the others. "I have to keep going. I'm the only one who can get help."

The others nodded, but Jeff alone turned away.

"I'll be back, darling." Nikki consoled him. "I'm not going far.

He lifted his head and nodded again. "Be careful."

Nikki smiled. "You know I will."

She walked down the hallway, passing the kitchen and stopping in the living room, watching her own reflection in the sliding back door. She opened the door and stepped out onto the wooden patio.

Feeling the cool air fill her lungs, she closed her eyes and took a step forward. She reached the first step and looked up to the sky.

The moon shone over her like a giant star, piercing the night with a narrow and benevolent glow.

The sun was gone. The night had finally come.

She turned around and held her arms out by her side, smiling brightly in the moon's projection. "It's here!" she cried. "It's come at last!"

When she looked past her own reflection in the door all she saw was faces filled with horror.

"What is it? Come out here! It's over!"

The wolves came from either side, springing on her like catapults. The last thing she saw was her reflection, falling to the ground on its own will.

Joanna shot the ball again, but instead of sinking the basket for a sixth time she hit the backboard and watched as the ball fell to the ground. The sun still shone over the horizon, and the moon had yet to appear.

John picked the ball up and tossed it to Jeff, who let it hit bounce off his knee and roll further down the street.

"Jeff, you've gotta snap out of it, man!"

Jeff shook his head slowly. John walked over and grabbed him by the shirt. "You have to wake up and do this. At the very least do it for her!"

Jeff raised his fist and hit him square in the mouth. John fell over, catching blood in his palms.

"You fucking bastard." he spat. "I hope you fucking die too."

Jeff walked over to the ball, moved to the foul line, and hurled the ball at the backboard. It made a deafening crash. "I'm not playing your fucking game anymore."

John scrambled over to the ball and lifted himself up. "Well," he said. "I guess that means it's my turn."

Alex tossed the ball to Matt. "That's seven so far, man. Three more and you're done."

Matt caught the ball and aimed it for the net. He poised his body to shoot, but stopped before he could let the ball go. He looked around at the street, the houses, the mailboxes, the garbage cans, and he laughed.

John took a step toward him. "Are you okay, Matt?"

Matt laughed louder. "Big brother, I am *okay*." He let the ball drop to the ground and continued to laugh. "I don't want to play anymore. I'm done. Good luck to you guys, I really mean it."

John grabbed his shoulders. "You can't just leave. You've almost won!"

Matt looked deep in his brother's eyes and laughed. "There is no winning, Johnny. You can only lose."

He turned around and walked toward the house behind them. As much as he tried, John couldn't bring himself to move. When the wolves came, all he could do was close his eyes.

Jeff sat on the sideline laughing as John missed his third shot. "Let's see you try to play now that your brother's dead!"

John didn't realize what was going on until he was on top of Jeff, beating the hell out of his face. Jeff laughed even harder, spitting his blood up in the air.

John clawed at his neck with his fingernails, drawing blood on the sides. To his surprise, Jeff began to howl in hysterics.

Jeff smeared his knuckles in his own blood and connected hard with John's cheek. He fell over, and Jeff stood up to kick his ribs.

His face and clothes covered in blood, Jeff turned to the others and smiled. "Let's play some ball!"

Lance hobbled down the street, looking over his shoulders. He turned back to the group. "I don't see him! He's gone!"

John grunted. "It's his fucking turn. Where the hell did he go to?"

Alex shrugged. "Maybe he's hiding, or something. Maybe he got scared."

Jeff laughed. John and Alex turned to see him sitting on the plastic base of the basketball net, his back against the pole. "He's hiding. I would be too, you know. It's just so much more fun to be a part of it. Maybe he didn't see that. I don't blame him, I suppose. How could he see the fun? I'm the only one so far."

John clenched his fists. "Ignoring the crazy asshole by sitting against the net, I will ask again if anyone knows where he went."

Jeff threw a rock in the road. "Why don't you stop telling us you're going to ask and just fucking do it?"

"Alright then, where the hell is he?"

For a moment there was silence. Then Joanna called out. "He's over

# TEN OR DUSK

here!"

John and Alex ran over near the woods, where she was crouched. Lance limped quickly behind.

Billy was laying between two bushes, his eyes glassy and cold. Blood dripped and rolled down his forearms.

Joanna cupped her mouth, then took a deep breath. "Did they do this?"

John crouched down and picked up a green shard of glass. The first two letters of a beer brand could still be seen despite the blood that had already begun to dry over the label.

"No." he said. "They didn't."

Alex shot the ball for the ninth time, certain this would finally be the miss.

The ball fell into hoop and spun out through the bottom, making the beautiful and comforting *swoosh* sound.

John tossed the ball back, his palms covered in sweat. "This is it, man. You make this one and you're done. I know you can do it."

Alex readied the ball, aiming it carefully. His hands began to shake and he dropped the ball to the ground. Cursing himself, he picked it up again and aimed.

The shaking ran up from his hands through his arms and out to his shoulders. He felt his whole body start to convulse, and as he collapsed to his knees he tossed the ball blindly over his head.

John had already begun to cry as he saw the shot fly wildly across the road. He buried his head in his hands, and was stirred back up by the beautiful and comforting *swoosh* sound.

John watched the ball bounce lifelessly to the street, and looked over at Alex, who was still shaking.

Alex stood up slowly, looking around at the road and the houses and the mailboxes and garbage cans. The shaking stopped. His shoulders fell back and his fingers loosened their grip around his thumbs.

As his eyes finished their tour around the road, he looked at John and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I'm kinda tired. I think I'm gonna turn in."

John's eyes went wide. He tried to run over after him, but the shock of it all kept his body frozen. Alex began to walk casually down the street.

"Where are you going?" John screamed.

Alex turned and cocked his head, surprised by John's outburst. "I'm going home, man. It's late."

"But you made a promise to stay out here until we were done! You can't go now."

Alex smiled nonchalantly. "You guys can keep playing if you want. I didn't know you still needed me."

"What about your promise? Are you that much of a coward?"

Alex laughed. "Dude, you guys are taking this game way too seriously. Go home and get some rest."

He turned around and walked away, softly whistling a pleasant melody as he left the makeshift court.

Jeff looked closely at the other three players and scratched his head. "I'm sorry for going crazy before, guys. I guess things got kind of outta hand."

John looked at the lawn behind him and quickly turned back. "Yeah. Yeah they did."

"I'm sorry about your brother. He was a good person. I used to see him in school sometimes, you know? He always seemed so happy, like he always had a smile on his face."

Someone started screaming.

John and Jeff looked around, both scared and excited by the presence of a new voice.

Jeff stopped moving and listened closely, trying to figure out where it was coming from.

"Stop it! Stop right now!" It wasn't just someone screaming. It was Nikki.

She ran towards them from Joanna's backyard, screaming with her hands out in front of her.

Jeff caught her and gripped her arms tightly. "Nikki, what the hell happened? I thought you were dead! I mean, I saw those things come after you. I saw what happened."

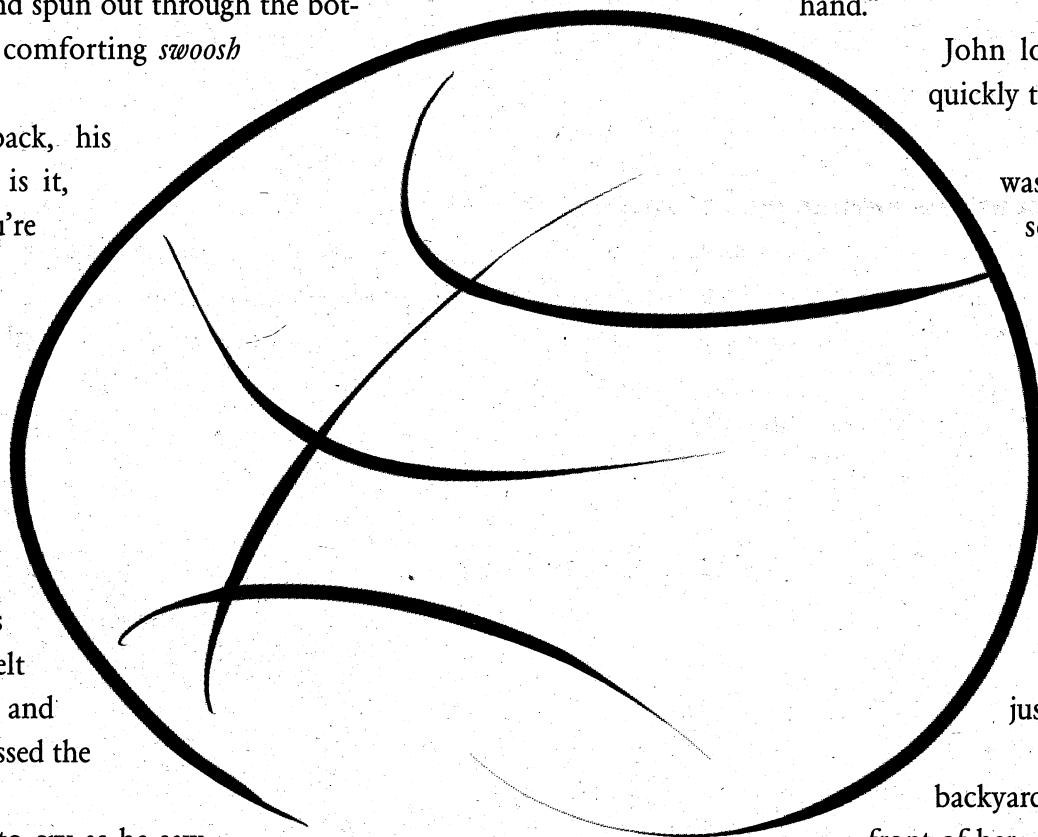
Suddenly she reached one hand up and gripped his jaw. "You didn't see anything, you fucking moron." She let go and turned to the rest of them. "You guys haven't seen anything this entire night."

John shook his head and walked up to her calmly. "Nikki, whatever happened to you is over now. You're safe."

She grabbed his shirt and pinned him up against the basketball pole. "Save me the patronizing bullshit, John. I'm not the one who's crazy here."

Lance limped up behind her. "Nikki, what happened?"

She turned around and screamed. "Nothing happened! Nothing happened at all! The fucking moon is out, you guys! It's dark. It's been dark for hours."





# TEN OR DUSK

"There's still light, Nikki." John said, fixing his shirt and standing up straight. "There's still plenty of light."

"Of course there is. How else would you keep playing?"

"Exactly."

"No! How else would it get you to keep playing, if it let you see the sun go down?"

Jeff put a hand on her shoulder, his face pale with fear. "What is *it*?"

"*It*. It wants you to play, like prisoners in the Holocaust. It wants to see how far you'll go before you lose your minds. It's testing you all!"

John shook his head again and grabbed the basketball. "We've got a game to play. I'm glad you're alive, but I suggest you get off this court so we can continue our game."

She slapped his face. "It's going to make you play until you die." She stole the basketball and held it to his face. "Rocks." she said. "All you're doing is moving rocks." She threw the ball into Mrs. Lankle's lawn. "There's nothing here. Go home."

John stared at her for a long moment, then walked up the lawn to get the ball.

Nikki grabbed Jeff's hand and it rubbed it softly. "Are you ready to go, honey?"

Jeff nodded slowly. They began to walk together, but Jeff stopped and turned around. "John," he said. "why don't you come with us?"

John passed the ball to Joanna who took it behind the foul line. She gave them a grave look, then turned back to the basket and aimed her shot.

"Guys," Jeff pleaded. "let's go home. Haven't you been listening? On the next block the moon is in the sky. That's where I'm going."

John stared at them, his thoughts drifting back to his brother.

*"It's Ten or Dusk, baby. No way out of it unless you do it."*

Jeff met his gaze. "It's now or never, John. You have to let go." He pointed past the lawn. "The way out is over there."

John closed his eyes, and for a moment he saw the darkness.

*"There's no escape clause, man. You either do it or you don't."*

He turned to Joanna, who was standing still with the ball in her hands. "Hurry up, Jo. It's my turn next."

Jeff and Nikki watched from Joanna's side lawn as John and the others did their best to ignore the sounds of the wolves howling and tearing flesh from screaming bodies.

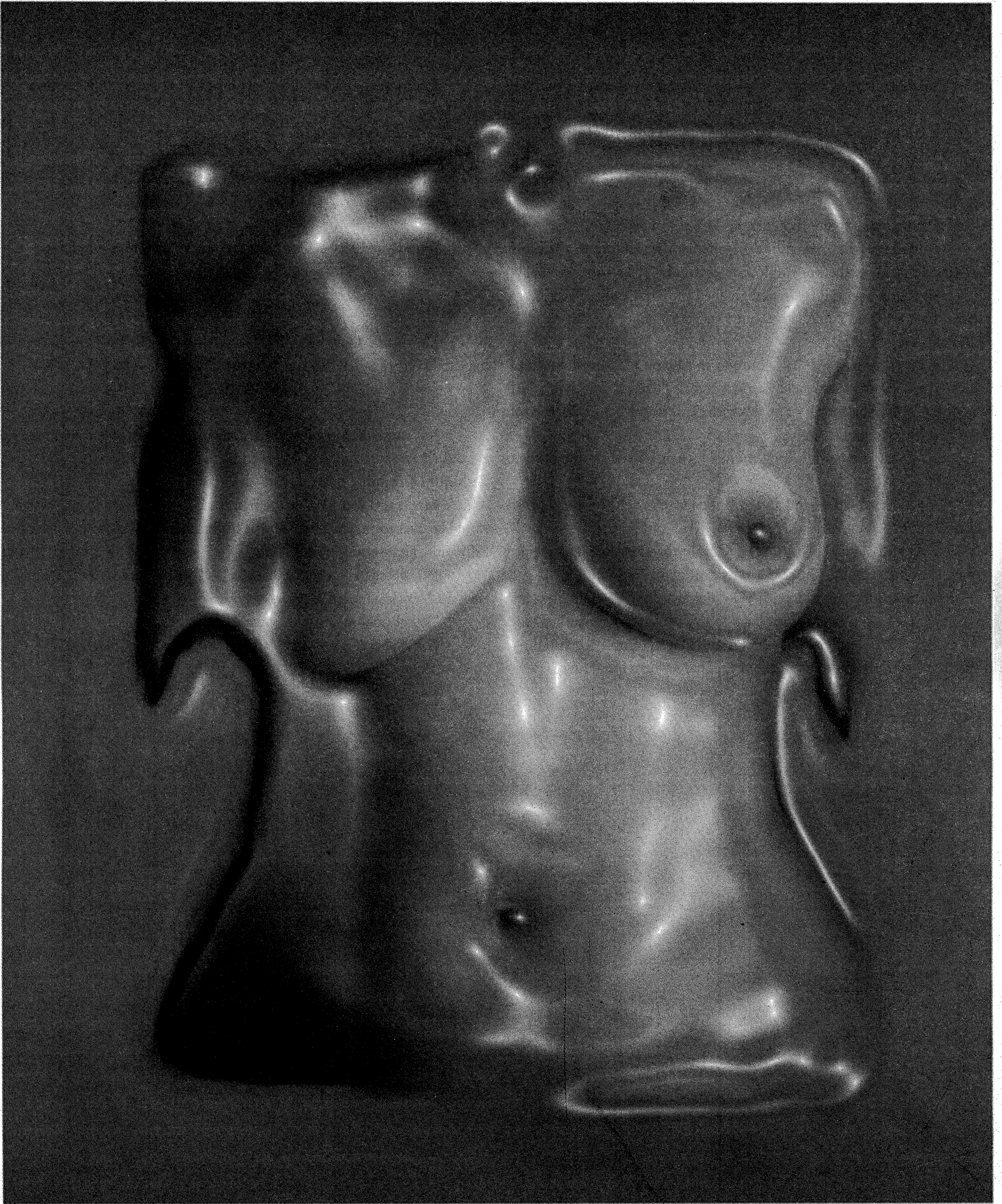
Matt sat down next to them and crossed his body to stay warm. It would be over soon, he knew. Maybe his brother would turn out better than Billy did. That was all he could hope for.

Jeff watched from the distance as John glanced at the neighbor's lawn and quickly turned away in disgust.

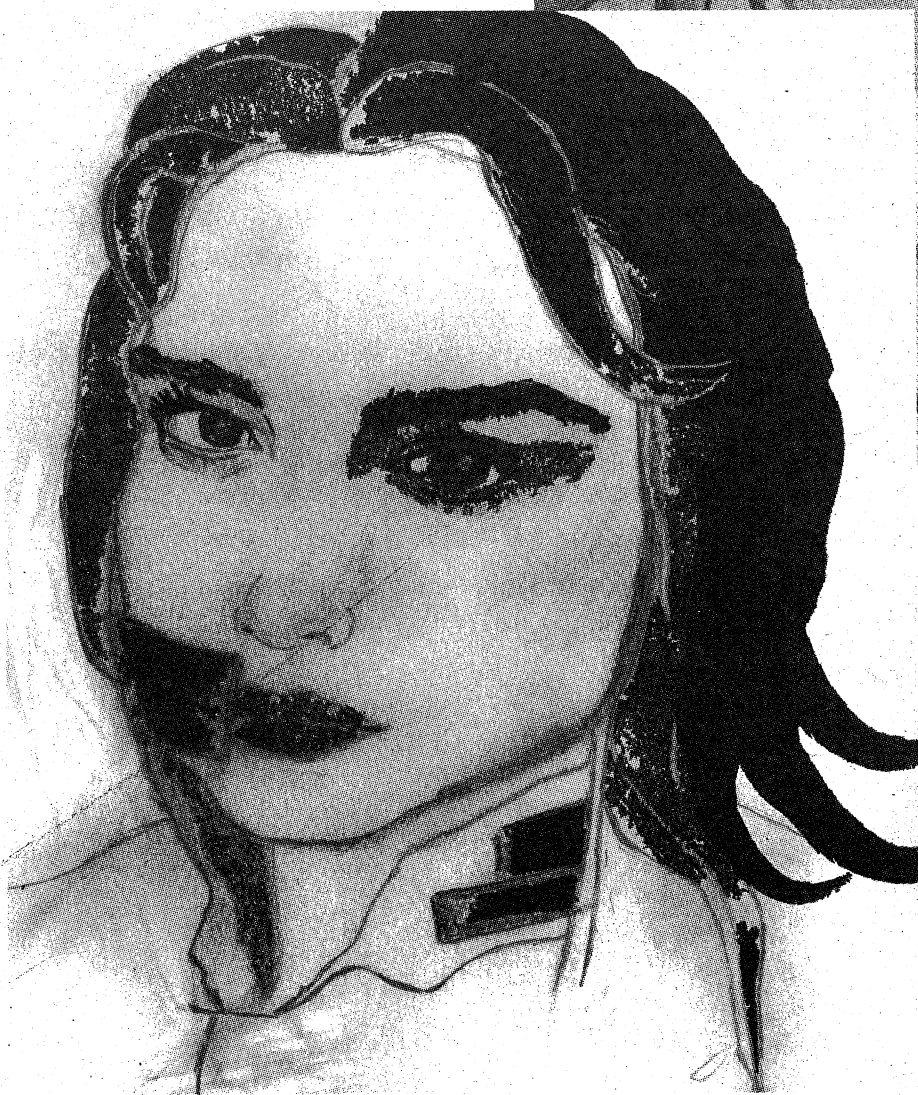
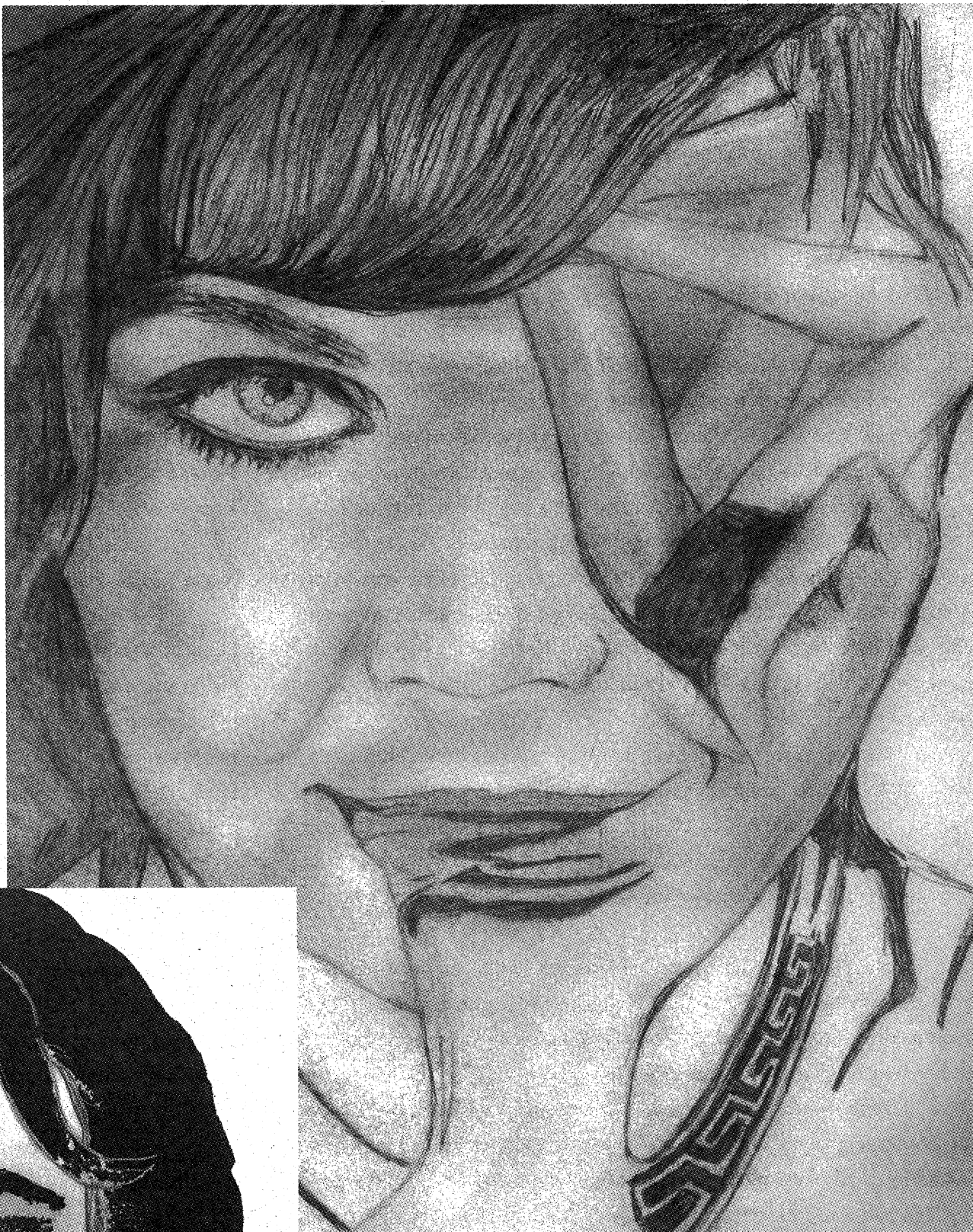
"What do you think they see?" Jeff asked.

Nikki shook her head. "Whatever'll keep them playing."









By David Ginn

Short Stories

# HANK

BY JEREMY JAMES ROMAN

**H**ank works with me. He's about forty-something. One time a gorilla came in the store and told him he should think about shaving his back.

Not really, but that's how hairy this guy is.

He shaves his face, except for a full Czar-like moustache and the hairs that spring out from under the neck of his t-shirt like some thin and wispy Elizabethan collar.

He's generally pretty goofy. He'll start joking when we start joking. Right now he's down in frozen packing out veggies.

"Hey Hank," I start in on my way to get some coffee.

"Eyyehh?" he comes back with in his inimitable high-pitched creak.

"One time I blew you a kiss and got a hair on my tongue."

"Ahhh hehehe, your girlfriend likes me that way" as he nods his head in a way that lets us know we're joking around. Joking around plays the same role as the coffee in the back of the store. It keeps us awake at 5:30 am. I used to think it strange, driving to work while it was still dark out; now I look outside to let me know how much time we have before the store opens.

This, like almost everything else that happens between these four walls, has happened countless times. We'll tell a joke, knock something over so the other one has to clean it up, or anything we think will pass time. We're the kind of acquaintances you make at work that won't last much longer than our employment— whether or not either party admits it.

Hank rides his bike to work. He hasn't had a car since his divorce. From the way he talks about it, it'd be more appropriate to call it "her" divorce. His wife took most of his everything, including the car he bought for her, which I guess isn't really taking.

I like him because he has been through a lot and hasn't turned into something angry. I worked with another wonder like him once. He walked in on his wife and her boss, but still smiled like he'd never been hurt. He had a moustache too. Maybe that's something they did to reinvent themselves, the way I hear girls cut their hair after a breakup. Maybe.

Well, now Hank rides his bike to work.

"Hey Hank, I bet you'd ride your bike more if you took the seat off."

"Ahhh hehehe, I'd save money on getting you drunk."

He's great with customers, friendly but not absent-minded. They laugh at his goofiness and sometimes he hams it up. I laugh too, but only when I think he wants me to, which is more than I can say for some of our customers.

I'm packing out some dryload when Chris, the kid next to me, starts scraping his tongue with his fingernails.

"Wha happened?" I ask.

"I got a hair on my tongue."

"Maybe Hank made the coffee," I say loud enough to get Hank's attention from the next aisle. Chris laughs so hard he spits some coffee on his shirt.

"Fuck, I gotta go get another shirt," he says as he leaves me alone in the aisle to throw load.

I've got a glass jar of vodka marinara sauce in my hand when Hank grabs me and spins me around quicker than is comfortable. He grabs my shirt by the collar and pulls me so close his moustache is touching where my moustache would be if I could grow one. It tickles and I laugh a little bit. I think he's joking 'til he pushes me three times hard against the shelving. The jar fell on the second push.

"THAT'S IT. THAT'S ENOUGH. THAT'S ALL," he growls.

"Dude, what the he—" and I almost finish my sentence when I feel the filthy blade of his boxcutter pressing firm against the soft skin of my stomach.

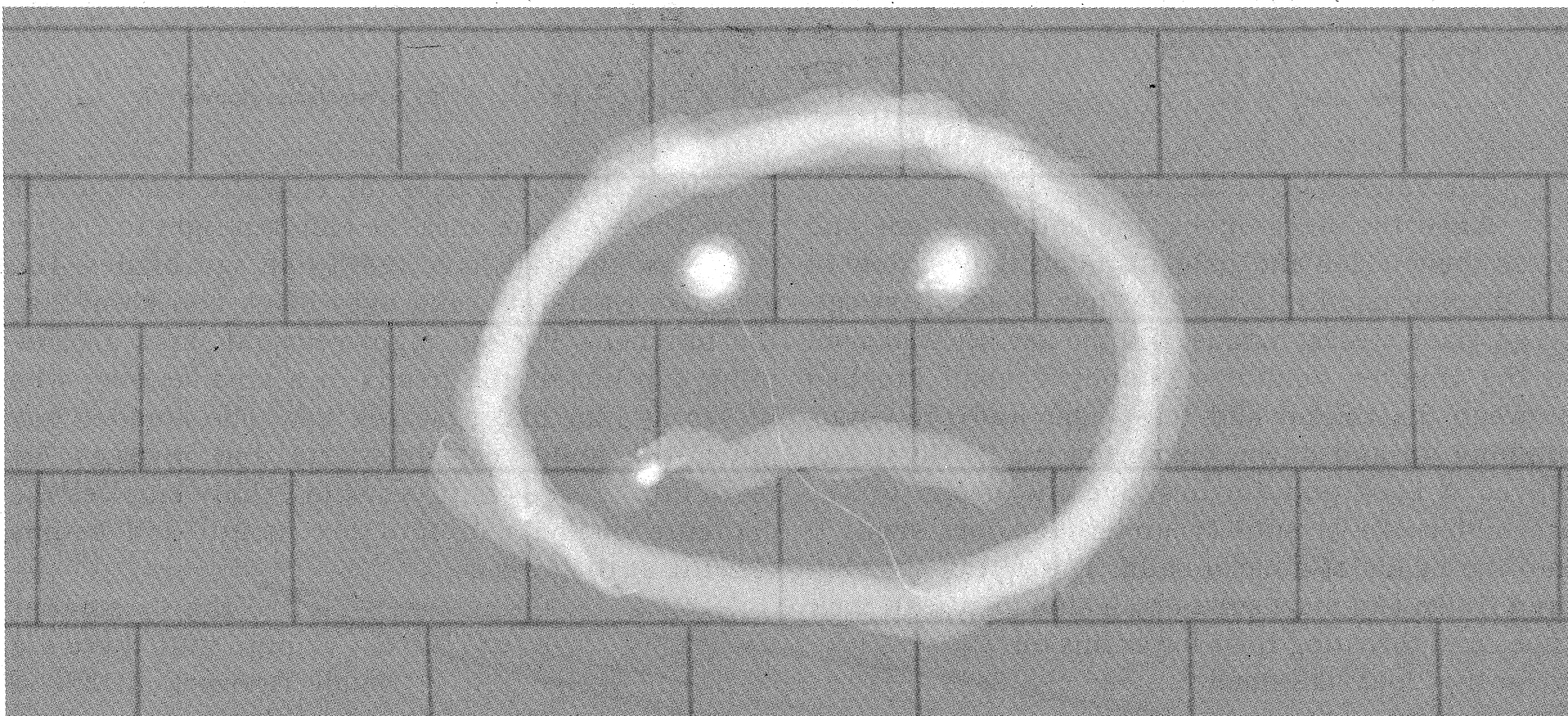
It didn't matter that there was glass and pasta sauce all over the floor. It didn't matter that we still had 2 aisles to finish in only two hours. What mattered was this hairy tower of anger standing in front of me seething.

Two clicks and the blade is back where it's supposed to be; he eases it from against my stomach, puts the blade in his back pocket, and walks back to frozen.

Chris is putting on a new shirt as he turns the corner into the grocery aisle. He has "what the hell happened?" written all over his face when he sees me leaning against the shelf, standing in a puddle of vodka marinara.







## Caroline Luvs Barbasol and Rob's Butt...But Not the Statesman

By Caroline and Rob

It was a brisk and bustling Saturday evening in the *Press* office. Lots of work to ignore, much fun to be had. Andrew was wearing his bunny hat, melee was afoot. Rob Gilheany was dancing to a punk documentary. David and his blackened hobbit feet were hanging off the desk looking for his keys. Then Rob Pearsall and Joe walked in. After initial greetings/dry humping, Rob found a lacrosse ball and started bouncing it lethally outside in the hall. Caroline followed him curiously. Then, suddenly, Rob dashed into the nearby *Statesman* office.

"I'm gonna get some grub!"

Stealthily, he entered the office, making sure the coast was clear, and darted into the kitchen. Caroline followed because of Rob's butt, which is sculpted — nay, "hewn" — from granite. She found him gloatingly holding the last fudge drop Sandie in the kitchen. Rob exclaimed, "Haha, it's the last one!"

"But we have bags of cookies in our office!" warned Caroline.

"But stealing it makes it all the sweeter!" said he, with crumbs at the corners of his supple lips. "Ahh, the spoils of war."

Caroline's eyes scavenged the scene

for something worthy of pilferage. She saw only empty herbal tea bags and unsweetened cereals. Pussies. Then she spied a can of Barbasol next to the sink. After her initial thought of *Eew, some skank is shaving in the kitchen*, Caroline shrieked with devilish delight.

"We should write something on the wall."

"Draw a penis," ejaculated Rob, without skipping a beat.

"No, I'm not doing that."

"Draw a penis."

"I'm not acquainted with them."

"Write 'penis.'"

Caroline giggled sheepishly. "No."

"Fine, just draw a frowny face."

Caroline picked up the can and commenced the guerilla terrorism. Rob ran over and quickly switched off the light. *What is that asshole doing?* thought she, and then got back to work. Face, eyes, mouth...finished! Caroline held her thumb up to the wall to ensure it was level and saw...a smiling mouth.

"Shit."

"You drew the wrong face?"

"Fuck."

"Haha! Screw it, let's book!"

The pair raced back to the *Press* office to tell their daring tale of heroism, earning the respect of the editors of yesteryear.

"Joe, Joe, get a camera. We're going back," said Caroline.

Joe and Caroline went out into the hallway. Caroline slipped her shoes off, preparing for her mission. Joe stepped on a plastic bag and made it abundantly clear why he was only a photo editor.

*We're dicked*, thought Caroline. "Okay, let's roll. On my signal, we go."

They entered furtively without being detected. Caroline flicked on the light. Joe got into position, and Caroline picked up the can again. "We should write something."

"How 'bout 'greetings?'"

"Too long. I got it."

Joe committed the masterpiece to photo, and they both raced back to the Oh-sizzle. They looked at the pictures triumphantly, for they knew their cause was just. Their mission: accomplished.

All names in the above story have been changed to protect the freedom-fighters.

Short Stories

The Butcher

By Jeremy James Roman

The butcher loves his job.

When the store opens, the children come and press their noses and palms against the window of the display counter where he has lined up sweetbread, flank steaks, tongue, and the like. He walks out to the counter holding a bloody eyeball pinched between his thumb and forefinger and they start jumping up and down, clamoring for it. He slowly moves it back and forth above the heads of the assembled crowd until an underhand toss sends it into the hands of a lucky child. The rest of the children frown and start sulking, kicking dust with their shoes and thrusting their lower lips out so far they look like small uncooked sausages.

That's when the Butcher returns with a wire bucket filled with eyes of various sizes and starts taking handfuls and showering them down upon the children, who laugh in this sudden squall of delectable treats. A four-year-old girl in pink overalls holds an eye in her hand and hobbles back to her mother's shopping cart smiling.

The Butcher is smiling down on these children as a man who has no children of his own. He breathes these moments in deep, the way someone might stand over their successful campfire. He disappears for a moment while the children suck the juice out of their treats with stomach-turning enthusiasm and a competing chorus of slurps. When he returns he's carrying on his shoulder a dirty white industrial bucket with a metal handle filled with a mysterious dark colored liquid. The children start smiling and getting each others' attention as he brings it out from behind the counter. He has a leg made out of wood, black with lacquer, that thumps on the ground as he walks.

There's a table three feet high with a glass top and small paper cups set upright waiting to be filled. He stands besides the table, takes out a stainless steel ladle, and begins filling the cups while the children crowd around him impatiently, jostling and vying with their tiny elbows. There are miscellaneous bits

of animal that hang over the edges of some of the cups. These are the ones the children fight for.

Now they all have teeth like saw-blades, fingers like Nosferatu, and eyes black and shiny like the butcher's leg. An eight-year-old jerks a brimming cup out of the hands of a smaller boy, who hisses at him like a scared cat. The smaller boy grabs the eight-year-old's arm and plunges his teeth into it. The eight-year-old calmly empties the contents of the cup into his mouth and begins clawing at the eyes of

the smaller boy, and there's a small firework of blood that could have come from the eight-year-old's arm or the smaller boy's face.

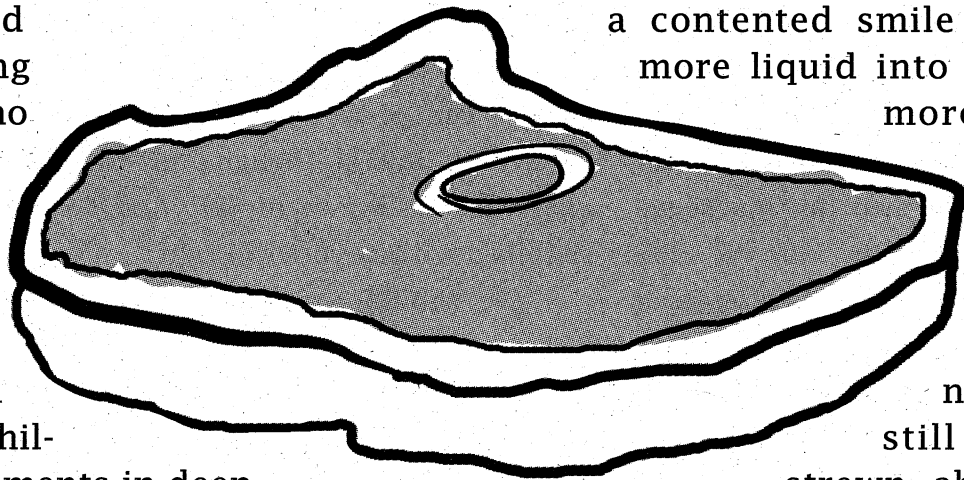
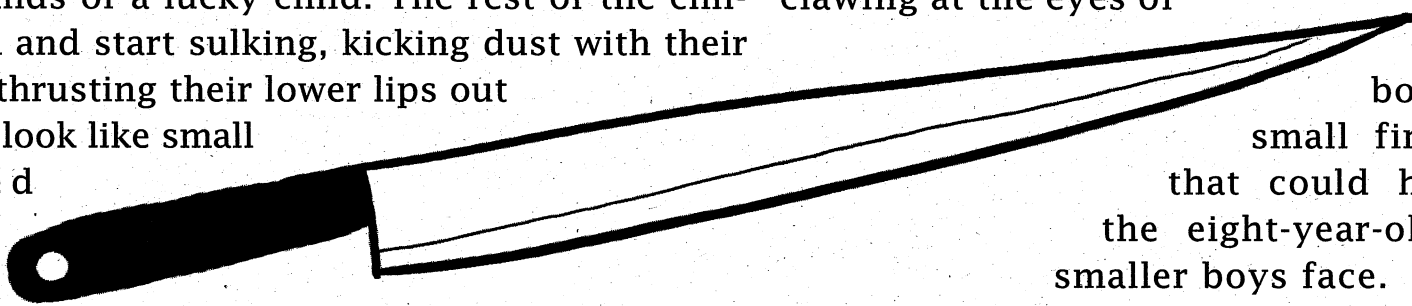
The Butcher looks down at the two struggling children and gives a contented smile as he spoons more liquid into more cups for more little mon-

sters. The man is cheerily holding sway over this carnage. There are

still eyeballs strewn about the floor that have been trampled underfoot. The white tile is acned with these tiny bulbs of fluid and blood.

He's enthused. He walks back behind the counter and turns around with his hands on his hips. He's watching the two creatures maul each other while their mothers chat about how tough it is to find a good low-carb bread. Right now the smaller boy has the eight-year-old pinned down and convulsing while he pulls shards of the eight-year-old's face away with his teeth. The butcher smiles and sighs in a boys-will-be-boys kind of way. "Back to work," he mutters to himself.

There's a sobbing woman, gagged with a scrap of apron, chained to a metal pipe against the wall. As he approaches her the room echoes with the metal against metal sound of the Butcher sharpening a very long thin knife.





# THE NEXT SPECIES

By Joe Rios

Marcus stood at the edge of the cliff, gasping for air after running for what seemed like forever. His clothes were torn, and cuts oozed blood down his legs and arms. From where he stood, it was a 400-foot drop straight down to the bottom. Marcus found himself in quite the rough situation; very little room to move and in a moment he would be either captured or dead. As figures moved through the brush, drawing nearer and nearer, Marcus looked back on the events that led to him being here.

Roughly seventeen years ago:

A young woman dressed all in white stood at the head of an altar. This was the day she had been dreaming of all her life. She had met a man who loved her, who understood her, and was someone she could share her deepest, darkest secret with. The world around her was spinning. Gina was absolutely delirious with joy. The only reprieve was a moment of clarity where she could hear the words, "you may kiss the bride." The two embraced in a loving kiss inside a small church in the city. On this day Gina Aldredge and Victor Wallace became one, as a family.

Gina and Victor had been going out for years, and lived together for just as long. They had decided to celebrate the birth of their son Marcus by getting married. They vowed to stay together forever, and to protect each other and their son from a world that could never understand them. They knew that their son would be like them, part of a life that many simply did not understand. They were called many things; "Gifted", "Neo-Humans", "Meta-Humans" but none of it mattered to them. They were a family.

A week after their wedding, the couple and child left New York, to live a new life, one where they could be safe. As they made their way down a vast stretch of highway heading West, Victor looked back at his little boy, sleeping in his car seat. He was pure innocence. As Gina and baby Marcus slept in the car, he said in a low voice, "I swear, I will protect both of you until the day I die." In the car seat, baby Marcus stirred, his face grimaced and his little teeth could be seen, more pronounced than any baby's would ever be. Victor couldn't help but smile at his little boy. He was just like him. He said to the sleeping baby as he resumed his normal sleeping, "Don't worry Marcus, we're going to a place where there will be no nightmares... a place where we can be safe."

Ten years later:

For the past ten years, the Wallace family lived in obscurity. The family had settled down in a newly forming community in Arizona. Roughly 80 miles from Scottsdale, a town known as Serene

Hills was growing, and becoming a very popular place to live. Victor got a job as a data analyst for Sysnet, the makers of the world's top portable device operating system. Gina, when not caring for a very active Marcus, worked from home as an accountant for a non-for-profit group.

For the ten years, things went along peacefully and quietly. Marcus went to school with other children, and was unnoticed by most. He had two friends, Danny and Jeff, who together formed a misfit trio of overactive pre-teens. Their life was average, and peaceful.

With regards to Marcus' as a Neo-Human, he slipped under the radar. His fangs were dismissed as a dental deformity that ran in his father's family. Aside from that, and hair that always seemed a mess, Marcus's traits did not manifest. For the next two years, Marcus lived a normal life, and his parents were relieved that there was very little that made him stand out. Life was good... but it wouldn't last.

One Friday afternoon, Marcus came home from playing soccer, and his lower back hurt. Gina set him up for a hot bath to ease the pain and as he walked down the hallway, a towel wrapped around his waist, Gina could see a red spot at the base of his spine. She thought that maybe he took a blow to the back when he was playing soccer. Marcus was a tough kid; she thought he would be fine.

The next morning, Gina called up the stairs to Marcus. She had just made pancakes, and normally the smell would get him out of bed in no time. After a few minutes of calling up to him, she figured she would go get him out of bed. She had told him time and time again not to stay up all night watching TV.

Opening the door she saw Marcus laying in bed on his side. He was covered in sweat, and was breathing slightly shallow. She placed the back of her hand on his head and immediately pulled it off. He was burning up. Gina yelled into the next room to wake up Victor. She remembered the red spot on his back from yesterday, and rolled him over, lifting his shirt to take a look. Gina picked up Marcus and ran out the door, colliding into Victor. He groggily asked, "What's wrong honey?" Gina was clutching Marcus in her arms, crying, "There's something... his back..."

*THE NEXT SPECIES IS A WORK IN PROGRESS BY SBU  
STUDENT JOE RIOS. THE CONTINUATION OF THE STORY  
CAN BE FOUND ONLINE AT  
[WWW.ZAZIESTUDIOS.COM](http://WWW.ZAZIESTUDIOS.COM)*

# Let it Bleed

By David K. Ginn

"I told you not to bleed on the asphalt."

Cheri looked up apologetically. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

The man took a drag of his cigarette and blew the smoke roughly in her face. "Don't worry about it. Just keep going."

They both watched as the blood flowed out of her wrist and onto the grass by the road. It felt warm, as it always did, and seeing it trickle down her palm excited her, although she would never reveal that.

"You're good," the man said, leaning against his truck as he tossed the cigarette on the ground and lit another. "What do I got to do to get the whole thing?"

"This is it."

The man's smile broadened. "I un'stand that's what I paid for. What I'm asking is how much more you gonna need to get them pretty clothes of yours off."

Cheri shrugged. "I'm sorry, but the clothes stay on. It's part of the deal."

The man took a step forward angrily. "Don't tell me what's part of the deal and what ain't. I'm a payin' customer, and that means I call the shots. If I say I want to see your pretty little body doin' that trick o' yours naked, I'm sure we can come to some sort of a business arrangement."

Cheri wrapped a bandage around her wrist. "I don't negotiate, and you definitely don't call the shots. We're done here."

The man threw his cigarette down and grabbed her shirt collar. "That wasn't fifteen minutes, missy! We ain't done with nothin'."

"I think we are."

The man swung his hand around and hit her cheek with his open knuckles. Cheri grabbed his shoulders and kneed him in the crotch twice, throwing him on the ground and kicking him between his closed thighs.

"You stupid bitch! I'm gonna kill you, you goddamn freak! You fucking freak whore! I'm gonna make you bleed!"

Cheri reached into his pocket and took his driver's license, along with sixty dollars in cash. She held his license out. "Don't tell anyone about this, and definitely don't try to find me. I know where you live, and I will kill every member of your family and every friend you ever had. Are we clear?"

"I'm gonna gut you, you godless whore!"

Cheri drove her heel into his crotch and twisted. "I said are we clear?"

"Yes, we're clear! Now get off of me, freak!"

Cheri shrugged again. "Your choice." She twisted her foot again as she pulled it from between his thighs. The man screamed, then swore incoherently. Cheri walked around to her car, tucking the license and the money under her shirt and into her bra. She opened the driver's side door and got in, leaving a

steady trail of blood along the pavement. She cleaned the blood from her arm with a fresh towel and wrapped a new bandage around her wrist.

The ghost in the passenger's seat handed her a small bottle of peroxide. "That didn't seem like it went so well."

Cheri poured the peroxide over the soaking bandage and dried it with the towel. "It never does anymore."

Rain drummed loudly on the roof above the attic bedroom. Two days worth of dirty laundry lay across the floor by the mattress. Three small hardcover books sat on the hard wood near the pillow. There was a crash of thunder. Cheri woke.

"Wesley?"

There was no answer.

"Wesley, where are you?"

The ghost appeared from the corner of the room. "What's the matter?"

Cheri shook her head. "I don't know. There was thunder... I had a crazy dream."

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah. I just need some air."

Cheri sat on the porch watching the rain blow through the trees. Not many cars would drive by after dark. The town had a foreboding aura, not just because of the darkness and scarcity of life, but because there was a vintage, almost forgotten design that hadn't been updated in decades. This was precisely one of the reasons she lived here; in a place like this, it's easy to be forgotten in the same way.

She pulled a blanket over her bare shoulders and shuddered. It was cold, but it felt good to be outside. She tightened the blanket and ran her hand over the goosebumps forming along her thighs beneath the nylon shorts. Something was wrong. She could feel it.

A man wearing a v-neck t-shirt and black pants ran past the house, ducking his head in the rain. Cheri stood up and tried her best to peer through the rain, but he'd already ran past before she'd adjusted enough to get a good look at his face.

She stood for a moment, letting the rain blow in to hit her face slightly. She looked around, dropped the blanket on the wooden rocking chair, and ran after the man.

The rain was colder than she'd imagined, but it felt even better to be running. She tried to think for a moment about what she was doing, but it didn't make enough sense to keep her occupied. The man was closer; he wasn't going as fast as she'd



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first thought.

She came up behind him and caught her breath. "Excuse me!"

The man stopped and spun around. His face was fair and purely beautiful; every feature showcased his soft, moist skin while curving around tightly in shapes that could be considered nearly perfect. His eyes were bright, even in the darkness, but they were also afraid.

"Yes? Can I help you?"

Cheri stood, not sure how to respond. Rain fell from her hair onto her lips. "Where are you running to?"

"I'm not really running anywhere."

"I saw you. You were running. Why are you running?"

The man shook his head. "You should go back to your home. I don't know why you followed me, but you can turn back now."

"I will if you tell me where you're going."

"No deal. Goodnight." The man turned and began jogging again. Cheri jogged after him.

"Maybe I can help you."

The man stopped, turned around, and scanned her body, paying close attention to the innumerable cuts and scars along her arms. "You don't look like you're ready to help anybody."

"It's not what you think."

"It never is."

There was a loud horn, followed by incoherent shouting. The man twisted his head sharply and ran. Cheri ran after him.

"What's after you?"

The man kept running. "Go back to your home! It's for your own good!"

Cheri grabbed his wrist and pulled him to a stop. "Who are you running from?"

"Get down!" The man pulled her onto the nearest lawn, ducking with her under the porch.

"What is-?"

"Shh!"

After a moment of silence the clacking sound of hooves against pavement blended with the rain. Cheri looked out from under the porch as a single brown horse came to a stop in the road.

Five minutes passed with no movement. Just as Cheri was about to ask the man what was going on, the horse took off down the road. The man sighed and pulled her out from under the porch.

"Come with me." he said. "I have a place you can stay."

"I live down the road."

"Not anymore, you don't."

Cheri froze. "What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry."

"About what? What's going on?"

The man looked at her sternly. "You're being hunted."

They sat in the musty basement, each holding a blanket over their shoulders. Cheri took a sip of tea from her cup. "What do they want from you?"

"They're hit men. The only thing they want from me is to disappear."

"Why? What did you do?"

The man shrugged. "It's not about what I did, it's about who I am."

"What are you, some kind of politician?"

"No." the man laughed. "Definitely not. It's kind of hard to explain."

"Try me."

"Well," he began. "there was a girl. She was from an important family over in England. I met her in a park one night, and to sum it up we fell in love. Of course her family didn't approve."

"Why not?"

"I was different. I lived differently than they did. They couldn't handle it. They wanted their little girl to marry someone important, someone who could provide for her. I didn't fit the bill."

"But that didn't stop you, I'm guessing."

"No, and when I made that clear they arranged to have me killed."

Cheri shook her head. "That's crazy."

"Tell me about it. And it was crazier each time they tried. I'd lived on my own long enough to know how to survive, so with each assassin I grew more prepared for the next one. Eventually they wised up, and hired someone who wouldn't fail."

"Is that who was outside?"

"Yes. He's not human. I don't know what he is, but he hasn't stopped. He's come at me with everything, and the worst part is he's methodical. He's slow and deliberate, and I'm not sure how much longer I can outrun him."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to keep trying. What I'd like to know is why you chased after me."

Cheri shrugged. "I just... I don't know." She looked into his eyes intensely. "I'm different, too."

"How so?"

"I have an ability... a talent, even, if you can call it that."

The man returned her gaze. "What is it?"

"I can bleed."

The man stared forward, silent. Cheri continued. "My

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body keeps making more blood, no matter what I do. I can open my wrist, and it'll bleed out without stopping. I could bleed for days and never feel anything."

"That's incredible. Have you told anyone about this?"

"Not really. Not anyone who could help me."

"Who knows?"

"People. People who want to see it. People who can pay. It turns them on, mostly. I don't think about it. I just open a vein and let them watch."

"Why would you do that?"

"People pay."

The man shook his head. "It's not the money."

Cheri paused, then lowered her head. "No, it's not."

"You like it. Some part of you likes that they get off on it. It makes you feel special."

Cheri looked up. "I'm not a good person."

The man smiled comfortingly. "I wouldn't say that. I think you have a unique ability, and you have no idea what kind of power comes with that."

"It's nothing. There's no power."

The man leaned forward. "You can show me, if you want."

Cheri was silent for a moment. She felt a chill run down her spine. "You want to see it?"

The man nodded. "I think it's beautiful."

Cheri stood up. "If you- if you have a blade, it makes it easier."

The man opened a nearby drawer and pulled out a razor blade. She took it slowly and stepped back. "Is it okay if I do it here on the floor?"

"It's just a basement floor. It's not really that important."

Cheri slid the blade across her arm, immediately releasing a stream of blood. The man leaned forward and stared intensely. The blood continued to run down her arm and drip onto the cement floor.

"Do you want me to keep going?"

The man nodded, moving his chair closer. "Yes, please. It's beautiful."

The blood ran down her shirt, now flowing steadily along her arm and onto the floor. She shivered, half-nervous and half-excited. "I- I can take my clothes off, if you want."

The man moved his face closer to her arm, smelling the blood as it trickled down to her hand. He looked up at her, and his face was contorted and intense. He smiled, baring two large white fangs. "That won't be necessary."

He grabbed her arm tightly and bit into her wrist. She screamed.

her body, teeth deep in her neck. He pulled out, raising himself above her and staring at her naked, motionless body.

"Do you want me to stop?"

She shook her head. "No. Don't stop."

He closed his eyes and let his face return to normal. "We can't stay here long."

Cheri sat up, pulling the blood-soaked blanket over her exposed body. The man took a second to look again at her soft, inconspicuous breasts, admiring the unacknowledgable roundness, the subtle way they moved as she slid the silk sheet over them.

"They're looking for you."

The man nodded.

"Then we should go." She wrapped the sheet around her body and fastened it at the waist with a hair clip. "Who's house was this?"

"Some lady's. It was abandoned when I got here."

"Do you think?"

There was a loud crashing sound outside. They both froze. The window on the far end of the basement shattered in as a rock came hurling toward them. They strafed out of the way and stood for a moment looking at the rock. Cheri picked it up and unwrapped a small piece of paper from around it.

Written in perfect cursive was the note:

*Dearest Luthe, half-breed living among mortals,*

*You are called once again to step forward and face your execution with honor. Do not decline this offer.*

*Sincerely,*

*L*

Cheri looked up at him. "Luthe? That's your name?"

"It's short for Luther."

"I see." She looked down at the note, then back at him.

"How long has this guy been chasing you?"

The man took a breath. "One hundred twenty-seven years, three months and two days."

"They hired him to kill you." She paused. "But now they're long gone. Why is he still going?"

"He has to. He can't stop until he completes his mission, no matter how long it takes. He'll chase me forever, unless we do something."

"Why haven't you done something already? What do you need me for?"

"I need you to be with me."

Cheri looked out through the basement window. "We can make it to my house if we run."

The white sheets were soaked in blood. The man lay over



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The rider was fast behind them, charging at full speed. Torched arrows flew at them, swishing by and hitting the pavement in front of them.

"We're almost there!" she called as they turned the corner towards the house. She looked up, felt a blaze of heat, and stopped.

Luthe stared forward. "I'm sorry."

Cheri walked closer, holding her hands out to block the heat of the fire. "Wesley! Wesley, where are you?"

There was no answer.

Luthe grabbed her shoulder. "I'm sorry, but anyone in there... it's too late."

"No, it's not possible!"

"If they were in there, they're dead. I'm sorry, but we have to keep—"

"He's already dead! He can't die again."

Luthe froze for a moment, then looked back at the rider, who had slowed to a quiet walk. "You were friends with a ghost?"

"He was bound to the house. He's gone now."

Luthe sighed. "We have to keep going. Come on."

It was still dark, but it wouldn't be for long. They'd been traveling for a while, and now they stopped. In front of them was a large, burned woodland, still black and smoking.

"Was he looking for you here, too?"

Luthe nodded. "He doesn't stop, and to him, everything's collateral."

They entered the woods and sat down on a burnt log. She looked at him closely, then grabbed a sharp stick and cut her arm deeply. Blood flowed out onto the burnt grass beneath their feet. Luthe moved his head closer, and she moved her hand away. The bleeding worsened, the thick blood coming out of her like a river.

"How long did you know her?"

Luthe stopped, then looked up sadly. "Four months. She was worth this, though. The running, the hiding. She was worth it."

"But if you loved her, if you truly loved her, why would you do it?"

"We had to be together. I wasn't going to let her family stop that. Love conquers all obstacles, breaks through all bound—"

Cheri moved her arm further away. "Even life?"

He looked at her gravely and sat up straight. "I had to. It was the only way."

"How many of her family did you kill before you tried to turn her?"

"I had to—"

Cheri nodded. "I understand. So this rider, L, is after you. And it's because over a century ago you killed an entire family, including the girl you claimed to love."

"I did love her."

Cheri looked out into the distance and closed her eyes. "I believe you." She moved her arm to his mouth and grabbed his head. "Do you love me in the same way?"

He nodded. "Yes, yes I love you. I need you. Can't you see this was meant to be?"

"Yes. I do see it. And you're right." She moved her arm closer. "Drink from me, please. I need it as bad as you do. Please."

He grabbed her arm and drank, running his free hand over her body. Cheri ran her hand through his hair. "I'm sorry."

The rider stood before them, looming as a shadow in the approaching sunlight. Luthe raised his head and looked at her intensely. Cheri touched his face, looking into him and feeling a swell of tears build in her eyes. "I love you too."

The rider threw the stake, and it hit Luthe in his left lapel. As the sun rose over the burnt trees he fell slowly to dust, indistinguishable from the ash left behind by the pyre.

Cheri stood up and looked at the rider. "Who are you?"

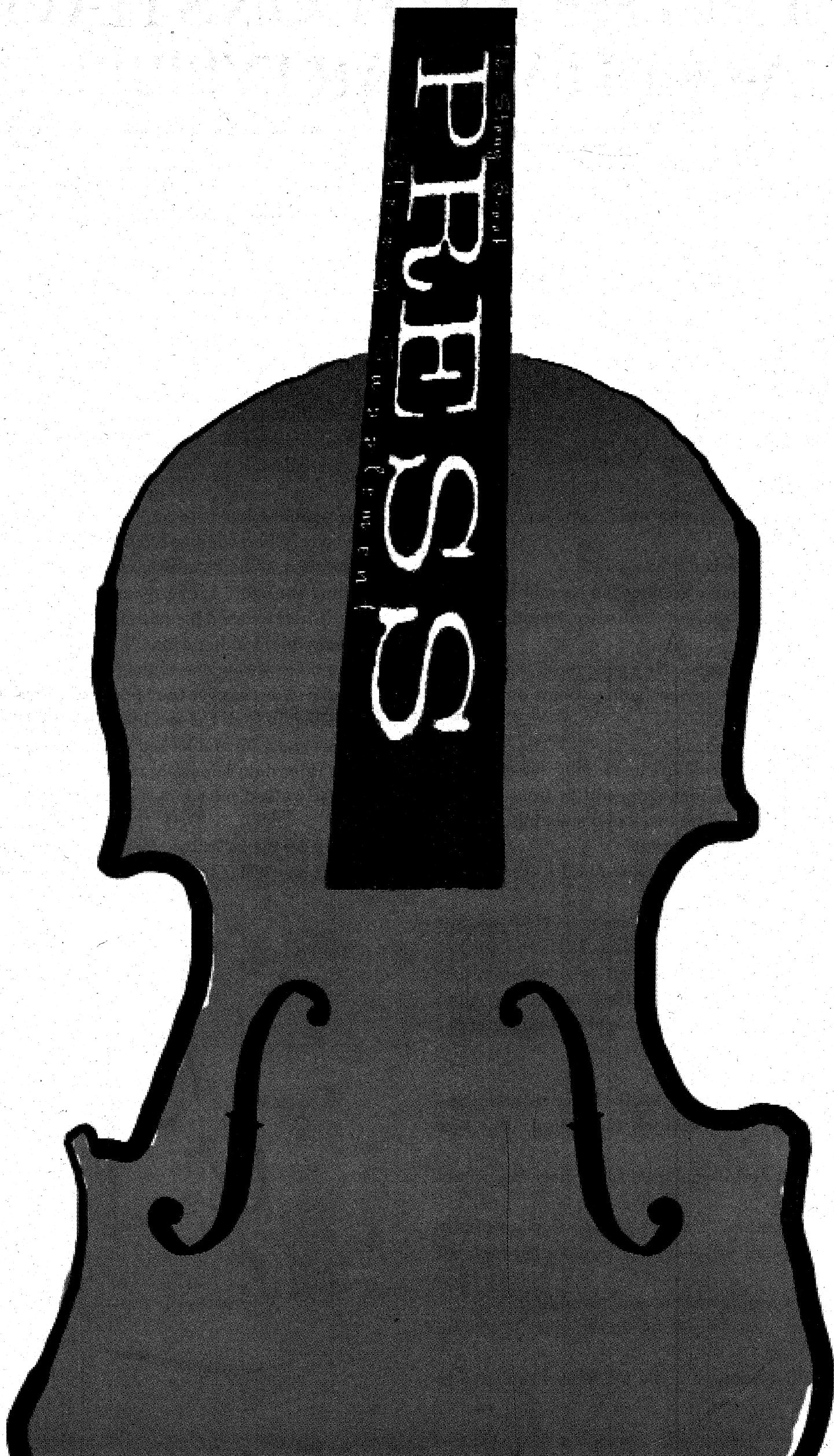
The rider didn't answer.

Cheri walked past him, bleeding on the asphalt by the woods.

The rider spoke softly. "You should bandage that up."

Cheri shook her head. "No, I think I'll let it bleed for a while."







# HELP! THE NEO-CONS HAVE HIJACKED MY PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

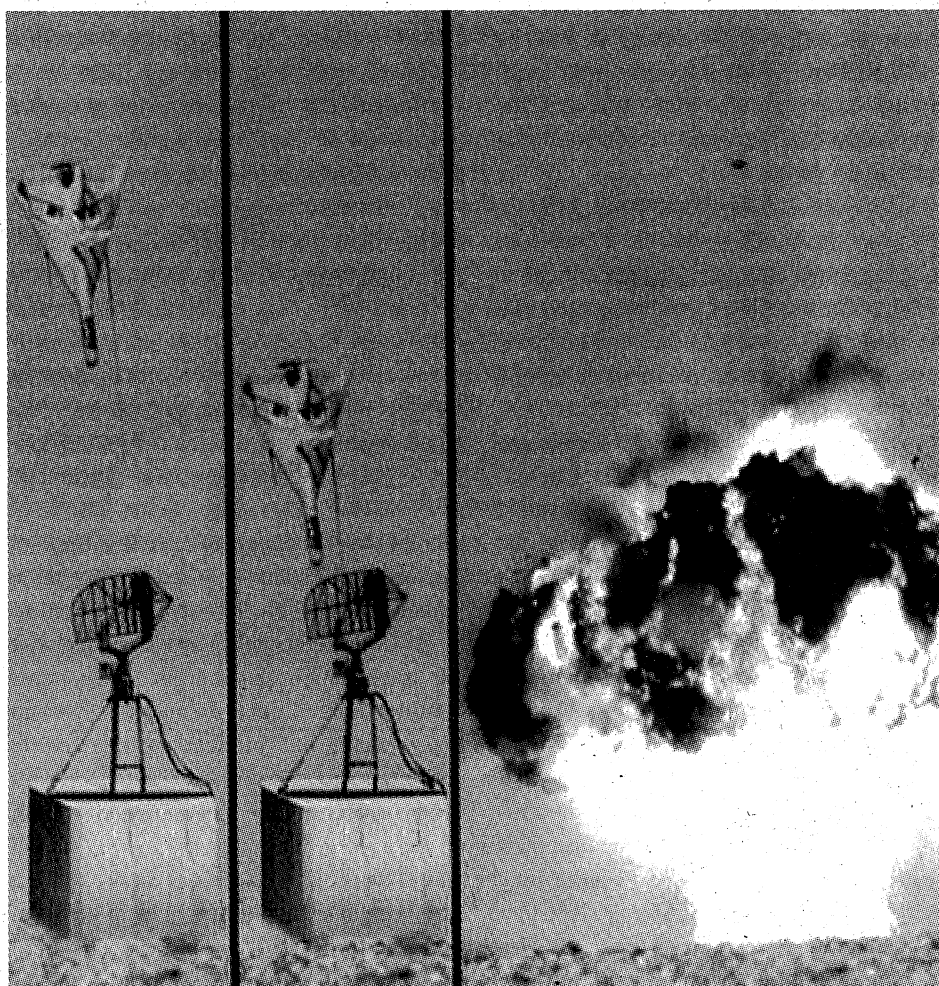
By Natalie Schultz

There is a bizarre friendship between two former Presidents that puzzles just about everyone in this country: George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton. How can these two guys with completely divergent political views, who once ran against each other for the most powerful position in the world, be best buddies? Bizarre, to say the least. Alas, I have figured it out: George H.W. Bush realizes that his party is no longer the party of true conservatives like himself and Ronald Reagan. He realizes that his son, our current President, George W. Bush, has lost all control and allowed the Neo-Cons to walk all over him and influence his policy decisions. So, realizing that his biological son has alienated his own base, George Bush the First has adopted a new son in Bill Clinton. Yeah, he's a liberal, but he's not an extreme left-winger like his wife Hillary. So, I think these guys have bonded because they just don't 'get' their own relatives. Better off just playing golf and pretending that the world doesn't exist.

So, who exactly are these influential Neo-Cons? That is a wonderful question! In fact, until I decided to do some research to figure out exactly where this freakish ideology came from, I wasn't even aware that it originated with a small handful of Socialists who were smart enough to band together and disillusion the Grand Old Party. I just thought it was some weird twisted, convoluted fringe of ignorant, confused conservatives. Far from! In fact, this Neo-Conservative ideology has absolutely nothing in common with ANY traditionally conservative or Republican values! They don't believe in less government, they believe in more! In fact, this ideology is so twisted that it makes the likes of Hillary seem sane; at least Hillary is a liberal and her beliefs coalesce with true social-liberal ideology. At least she hasn't jumped ship to join the Republican Party; if she had she would be the poster-child for the Neo-Cons. Why? Because these idiots actually agree with all of the super-liberal ideals of the "nanny-state." The only true difference between liberals and the Neo-Cons is that the core belief of Neo-Cons is that the true purpose of America is to take over the world and make sure that every other nation is "democratized" to our way of life: at any cost! That is why we are at war in Iraq. Not because conservative Republicans wanted war, but because the Neo-Cons used 9/11 to convince George W. Bush that all of the things they had desperately tried to convince Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush to do were in fact correct. Our President fell for it, and in turn the Republican Party has alienated its base. The Neo-Cons succeeded brilliantly; they

turned our President into a pawn and actually managed to garner a lot of support from true conservatives by brainwashing them through their steadfast hold on the media.

The Neo-Cons today adamantly try to convince us that they are true conservatives; that Neo-Conservatism died out in the 1970's. That is not true; they succeed in this propaganda by pointing to certain Neo-Cons who claim to be true conservatives, the ones who often began as true conservatives but slowly adopted Neo-Con values: Condoleezza Rice, Donald Rumsfeld, Dick Cheney and Liz Cheney. Yes, today these Republicans are Neo-Cons, yet most people think that they are true conservatives. But true conservatives are not members of Project for the New American Century (PNAC), the Neo-Con think-tank begun by William Kristol, son of Irving Kristol, the man who truly ushered in the Neo-Conservative movement in the 1970's.



Too late

These infamous Neo-Cons whom George W. Bush worships lay claim to true conservatism because they were all a part of Reagan or Bush the First's administrations. But, what most people do not realize is that the Neo-Cons themselves were at that time only successful in converting a select few die-hard Republicans; Reagan and Bush the First ignored them at best, and locked horns at worst. The Neo-Cons wanted to attack the Soviet Union and lambasted Reagan for his diplomatic tactics; they hated George Bush the First for not being tougher during

the Gulf War and not pushing their "Americanization" agenda. In fact, before 9/11 our current President had to fight their agenda on many occasions, such as when our plane crashed in China; the Neo-Cons had been desperate to go to war with China since the 1980's and saw that incident as their lucky chance, but George W. Bush refused and the Neo-Cons were furious, they even likened him to Bill Clinton! Fortune smiled down upon the Neo-Cons after 9/11 as they were then able to push their agenda of "democratizing the world via 'American' ideology;" they were able to convince George W. Bush that we were attacked because we hadn't "democratized" the Middle East. If you recall, George W. Bush ran in 2000 on a platform of "NO nation-building." Makes you wonder why and by whom 9/11 really happened.

In fact, Paul Wolfowitz, mastermind of this administration's foreign policy and the

military forces against such states as Kuwait or Saudi Arabia... To solve this the US must be able to defend the interests of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and ourselves against an Iraqi invasion or show of force." According to the other researchers Iraq was not a threat, but Wolfowitz refused to budge; one of the analysts was even worried that Wolfowitz's report would get out and that in itself would lead to an international incident. Of course, he held out long enough and pushed the issue, and low and behold the Gulf War in 1991, and yet again in 2001. It's five years later, I guess he's decided that he's done as much as he can in the American government; today he's President of the World Bank. (Mann, James. Rise of the Vulcans: The History of Bush's War Cabinet)

Irving Kristol wrote an article in the Weekly Standard (Neo-Con rag owned by Fox News Corp) in 2003 explaining how Neo-Conservatism is so much better than true traditional Republican conservatism. He himself wrote of its "origin among disillusioned liberal intellectuals in the 1970's." You don't need to be a rocket scientist to know that no true Conservative or Libertarian would ever align themselves willfully with "liberal intellectuals;" after all, that is just a pseudonym for a Socialist. Just reading that degrading, insulting article of his makes me view Hillary Clinton in a whole new light. I used to despise that woman as if she was Karl Marx's love child; now I at least have respect for her simply because she is not so insensate as to demean an entire population of rational believers in limited government by infiltrating our ranks and brainwashing us. No, at least she has the courage to admit that we do not see eye to eye; that our political views are diametrically opposed to each other's. Not the Neo-Cons, no they insist that our values are the same, that "disillusioned liberal intellectual" values are the same as true conservative values. Bollocks!!! Neo-Cons you truly are!

But the worst part, the absolute worst thing about it is that they actually, truly and honestly have succeeded in co-opting the Republican Party. They have not only managed to infiltrate our ranks, but somehow did so without us noticing before it was too late. But now it is too late. We are at war, our borders are still open, jobs are flying out of the country faster than a Concord Jet, and our government just spends, spends, spends, while our national debt keeps going up, up, up! All this big-government horror has been happening under the leadership of Republicans. I am absolutely distraught!

Irving Kristol, in that same article continues: "...most European conservatives are highly skeptical of its (American Neo-

Continued on next page

Impossible, sir. It's in Johnson's underwear.





# Honors College: We Is Smart!

## A Semi-Serious Piece

By Alex H. Nagler

For reasons unbeknownst to me, I spent the informational weekend before Thanksgiving working behind the booth for the Honors College at the orientation for high school seniors. The most common question asked of me by parents, prospective students, and Alex Walsh alike was "What the bloody hell is the Honors College, anyway?" After giving the "Learning Communities, senior thesis, research opportunities, suites, please god don't let them ask me about Scholars for Medicine, I'm a Political Science major" spiel for god knows how long, it dawned on me. What the bloody hell is the Honors College, anyway? I realized I was actually going to have to do some research for this one. And that meant one thing: talking to Laurie Fiegel.

For those of you who don't know Laurie (and you won't unless you're in Honors College, so my guess is that's most people), she is one of those people who you hear before you see. She's the Administrative Director of the Honors College and pretty much knows everything that's going on with all 240-odd members of the Honors College. Plus, she has candy in her office, which makes going to it a good thing.

I realized the best way to find out about where a program is going is to discover where it came from. So I'd have to discover the history of the Honors College. All I knew was that it was founded in 1989, as is evidently

obvious from the wooden plaque on the door of the Honors College Lounge in the library (where we have our classes for four years).

I shuffled off to Laurie's office one Friday, rousing myself from my normally prolonged slumber to talk about the history of the Honors College. After a brief wait as various people whined about not getting into this or that class, I sat down with Laurie to discuss the history. That, and to kvetch about the thorough whipping that Villanova had handed down the night before at the basketball game.

The Honors College was founded in 1989 by Dr. Elof Axel Carlson, a geneticist and scientific historian, and Laurie Johnson. It was their idea to create a way for the students of a public university, such as Stony Brook, to receive an education that would be on par with that of an Ivy League institution. At the time, Stony Brook itself was only 32 years old, and not much thought had been given to creating an honors program. In fact, there was no set honors curriculum aside from honors classes within departments themselves, called Presidential Scholars. The University Scholars program was still only a blip on the horizon, and nothing existed yet to draw in the feisty over-achievers that make up the present-day Honors College.

So Dr. Carlson and Ms. Johnson set about to create something. They initially came back with a 36-credit, university-wide program that would serve as a major. They would create a series of

interdisciplinary courses that would engage the students with their professors and serve as something that they saw as being akin to an Ivy League institution. They would give students a one-year scholarship of \$1,000, a faculty mentor, and access to the Master of the Program, who wound up being Dr. Carlson.

The initial Honors College class of 1989 set out with a group of 60 starry-eyed freshmen with an average SAT score of 1230. They took in their first year HON 101 and HON 102, Historical Approach and Philosophical Approach. Both of these classes were taught by one professor each and served as a replacement for the core curriculum of Stony Brook University. In time, this core curriculum would later be replaced by the DEC's that we know and love today, the ones from which Honors College students are exempt.

This Honors College class, which could be considered the Rho Class, has set off a group of 57 somewhat less starry-eyed and slightly more cynical freshmen with a combined average SAT of 1460. They, or more appropriately, we, are taking HON 105, Modes of Being, and HON 106, Modes of Knowledge, now taught by three professors. Our studies will terminate with an Honors Thesis, putting our four years of research and practice to use. The course has become much more liberal arts-based, hoping to culturally enrich the students and giving a liberal arts university feel to Stony Brook.

This is the reason the residence hall for Honors College moved from Cardozo College in Roth Quad to Toscanini College in Tabler Quad.

Over time, the Honors College evolved. From its humble beginnings as a 36-credit course, it now encompasses every major available on the campus and turns twenty in 2009. Thanks to a tremendous spike in the research capabilities of the university as a whole, and the increased importance of AP classes at the high school level, Honors College has been successfully churning out top-caliber students, with many having successfully completed the residency period needed to practice medicine five years ago. Laurie mentioned that the newest goal of the Honors College is to create a database of alumni to help establish connections between former members and current students. Laurie mentioned in passing an Honors College alumni who had gotten a PhD from Harvard in the field of social relations and has now come back to the Alma Mater to help out a current senior with that student's thesis.

By discovering the past, I was able to figure out what the present-day Honors College held, and, hopefully, I now know what the future will hold for me for the next three-and-a-half years. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Laurie for sitting down with me and dusting off the original documents that detailed the founding. I'm Alex Harrison Nagler, reporting for the Stony Brook Press, signing off.

## The Intelligentsia

By Miguel A. Sanchez

For what it's worth, I believe that what there is to say about this matter is important in terms of understanding the root of American intellectualism and its current state, for there is a lot to say about the nature of the intellectual community. However, what's most important in understanding this issue is the reality that this community (sometimes called "the perceived intelligence") has a significant amount of control over the flow of information, including the media, as well as doctrinal and state institutions. Most of them are liberal intellectuals, meaning that they are either far right as Neoconservatives or centered right as Democrats. A lot of them partake in American politics as though it weren't of any importance to them. They know that they stand to lose very little, because the mechanisms by which this per-

ceived intelligence works fragment and confuse the more ordinary mind so that it doesn't decide to do anything funny, such as in Vietnam and the civil rights movement, which are historical events that led to most privileges being threatened today. Some intellectuals call themselves spiritual or religious in many ways. Many of them have formed extreme right-wing groups that espouse issues like anti-abortion, anti-gay rights, illegal immigration, and even Imperialism, like the divine purpose to help Israel (regardless of its human rights atrocities or its proliferation and use of weapons of mass destruction against the Palestinians). However, what's more important is that they claim benevolence and altruism, yet what they actually do is quite the opposite. These religious intellectuals have distorted and fragmented what is, in a sense, spiritual; some even call themselves atheists and claim to know what the "spiritual" is. Though some may do so, I

am an atheist: does that mean that I am a spiritualist? Do I believe that there is some divine purpose in our existence? Yes! I think life, or even human life in general, does not make history, but rather seeks it. It has no control over history's judgments and concerns, but, rather, there is the sudden loss of radicalism that is prevalent because of those who would try to make history their own, rather than let history take its course. Create a point where history itself is pulled away from that course, and what happens is that historical contradictions tend to become animated and spread through the entire global network. In a way, the intellectuals' ideals become historical contradictions in themselves, because, in a sense, they cannot be realized, and what cannot be realized is control. But their success is one anyway because wealth spreads unevenly throughout the networks, and people live in utter starvation while scores of countries put them in debt. So what can

one say? Well, it's important to note that not all is lost. The more confused and fragmented population, which is more cooperative and sociable than the intelligentsia itself, has indeed made great strides to build groups from the bottom up and not the top down. These groups, from Amnesty International even to church organizations in Latin America, have made terrific strides to take away support and leadership from once highly authoritarian systems. With terrific voting outings, and vast support from the population, these groups manage to win elections and, in a way, bring stability back into their country. Many times, the West looks at this with scorn and disgust; they label it as a Socialist or radical group gaining power, when on many occasions, it wasn't them or the organization: it was the trade unions or representative counsels that gained power. It was indeed the population itself.

# Let's Talk About the Birds and the Bees

By Shaun Bennett

Ah, yes, I remember my first sex-education experience. I was in the fifth grade, and let me tell you, listening about wet dreams and erections was more than my ten-year-old sense of humor could handle. Although the rest of the day my class may have made provocative upward gestures with their pencils that the young ladies didn't quite understand (they were in another room, getting their own version of "The Talk"), I walked out of school that day actually having learned something valid.

In our country today, however, there is a large push by the powers that be (you know, that now lame-duck administration) to eliminate sex education and push for an abstinence-until-marriage program. Contraception is also under attack, with new laws allowing the refusal of "devout" pharmacists to sell Plan B, and of course the ever-lasting right wing lament of abortion. To be blunt, a faction of our society has declared a war on sex. A reactionary few have risen up against the tide of sexual liberation, to turn back the clock and force us back to repression.

Let's be honest, this is college, I don't know many of my peers who still retain the highly coveted v-card. Sex is necessary (that's why we have such pungent hormones, that's why women have a monthly cycle, and that's why we get the dreaded blue balls), the need to procreate is hard-wired into us. This notion of eliminating our sex drive, or at least forcing a sexual procrastination until marriage, is doomed to fail. The sexual revolution of the 60s left us with the ability to talk about sex: the cat's out of the bag and no one is shoving it back in. Sex is everywhere, from the powerful marketing tool that it is, to a favorite topic of conversation in any hallway in any school. The point is, ignoring this fact won't make it go away. Kids are being exposed to sex at younger and younger ages, nothing short of a full-blown culture shift can change that. Our goal should be to make sure these kids are getting the facts, not the fictions, of sex. It is imperative that our youth understand the consequences of unprotected sex, STDs, and the possibility of pregnancy. It's common sense that the populace will enjoy the fruits of their loins, but first they should be taught about methods of birth control and protection. Condoms need to be out on the counter, and easily accessible, if not handed out directly in school. Methods like Plan B need to be readily available for ladies responsible enough to take such immediate counter-action.

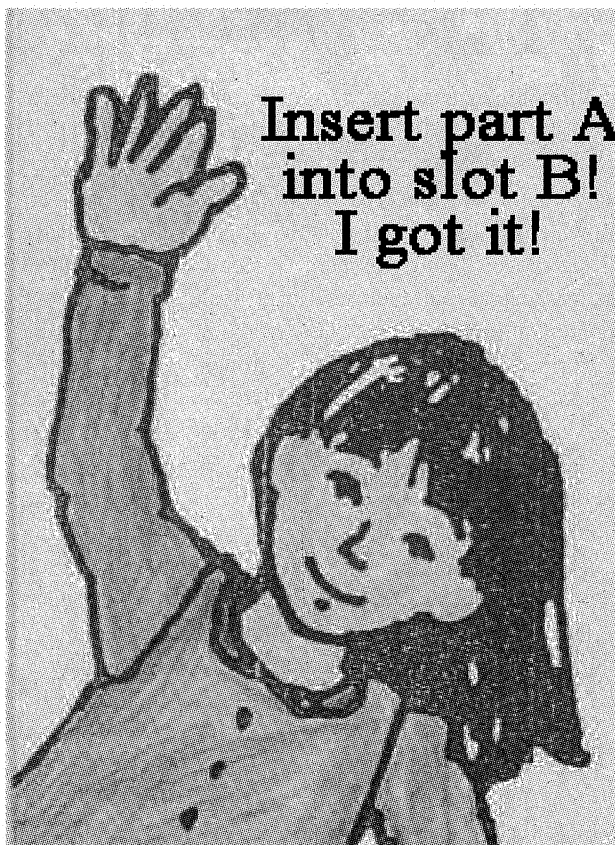
Probably my favorite aspect of this whole abstinence until marriage scheme

is the pledge. A solemn oath taken by young, delusional fucks who swear to keep their "purity" until after their sacred vows. These are the virgin supremacists who stick their nose up at the dirty fun-whores. Too bad for their egos, studies across the country have demonstrated that those who take these abstinence pledges are just as likely to indulge in intercourse before marriage as those that don't, although on average they wait 18 months longer to get in the game. What these sexual recluses do with these 18 months, other than prayer of course, I do not know. I do know, however, that they don't brush up on their sex education. Abstinence pledges are one third less likely to use contraception when they succumb to the inevitable. Communities with large numbers of pledges, studies have shown, also have large numbers of STDs. For all you science majors, this means abstinence-only education and STDs have a direct relationship: when one goes up, so does the other. Pregnancies are also rampant in such sexually repressed environments, similar to the one we found in the 1980s. A simple look at history will show you that teenage pregnancies decreased dramatically when the first Clinton administration came to power in the 90s and promoted a more thorough sex ed. lesson plan. Teenage pregnancies are much higher in the United States than in other industrial countries, due to more limited access to birth control here – another reason for everyone across the pond to laugh in our country's sad face.

As Americans we are taught from a young age that money is a powerful motivator, so where does that little chunk of change the feds always take from us go? Forgetting the fact that the potential onset of ignorance surrounding sex in the years to come could be devastating, let's just consider how much of our fucking money is being blown away on these inept bullshit programs. While governor of Texas, King George allocated nearly 20 million dollars to abstinence only programs after they had already proven inefficient. After his job title was tragically (for us) boosted to president he upped the ante. This year alone congress threw down 170 million dollars to states and community groups to promote abstinence only

education, while George Bush suggested increasing that figure to 204 million for the 2007 fiscal year. Since 1996 we have spent more than 1.1 billion dollars on the unrealistic idea that we can convince the youth to wait until holy matrimony, and that's just federal spending. To receive this funding the states must follow eight carefully crafted criteria, which say nothing less than the stipulation that abstinence-until-marriage be taught as the "expected standard of human sexual activity." Maybe concerned citizens should spend more time bitching about ineffective programs like these than programs that actually yield results like welfare.

I think this push to revert back to sexual constraint is merely a glitch in the overall revolution. The majority of people are on the progressive side regarding this issue, with a whopping 81% of Americans favoring a more comprehensive sex ed. regiment over abstinence-only programs, according to a recent CNN poll. We're a promiscuous society; we love our sex – the Goddamn conservatives are not taking this one from us. For a modern society to function the people must be informed. The taboo regarding sex is dead. If we're going to counter epidemics like AIDS and teenage pregnancies then we have to sit down and talk about a reasonable way to prevent them. Public policy should reflect three things: what will work, what the people want, and how the policy affects the rights of the citizens. I don't think the abstinence program even touches any of these cornerstones but with a new, democratic senate and congress it looks like things are about to change.



# To the Students of SBU (That's You, So Listen, Please)

By Thomas Lombardo

Hi, my name is Thomas Lombardo. I was recently elected as a USG Senator. I would like to thank you all for voting. I plan to serve you all well. Being a part of USG is not as easy as people think it is. There are a lot of headaches that come along with this duty. As a USG Senator, I plan to do numerous things to help out the school community.

As a USG Senator I plan to take in any proposals made by my fellow students. I plan to look at them thoroughly and, if they are beneficial to the school, I will consider voting upon them. I plan to vote by the majority rule. I will not be in favor of a proposal just because my fellow Senators are. I will not be scared to oppose anything. The students come first before anything. I work to help you guys learn in a more fun and efficient school environment.

I am a student before anything else. I will not go against my fellow students just for the Undergraduate Student Government. I plan to work as a whole with you guys. I consider myself equal to every one of you students on campus. It is prominent that you guys know that I am approachable and down to listen at any time. Don't be afraid to have an idea. Sometimes ideas can trigger something larger.

Once again I would like to say "Thank You" for voting for me, and you will not regret it. I plan to help make this school a better place for you. Like my campaign flyers said, "I Want What You Want."

Sincerely,  
Senator Thomas Lombardo



# War and Peace Under Neoconservatism

By Natalie Schultz

I hereby declare war on the war-mongering Neocons. To borrow a quote from the "confused conservative" Sean Hannity, "Let not your heart be troubled!" The truth of politics is simple; there are three primary world-views: Social-Democratic liberalism, Libertarian-Republican conservatism, and Neoconservatism. Within these spheres of thought, individual interpretation runs from the center out, in one direction or the other, left (big government) or right (small government).

Neoconservatism has embraced the social-conservative view of the world as morally depraved and, in turn, has attempted to solve this "moral depravity" through the Marxist theory that big government can cure all human ills. Neoconservatives are direct descendents of Trotskyites, hardcore Socialists in opposition to Stalinism. They openly admit that their political theories stem directly from the pure Lenin-Bolshevism that led to the Russian Revolution and the destruction of the Russian monarchy and the Orthodox Church. Being Trotskyites (purists), it only makes sense that once Stalin came to power in Russia, the American communists would rebel as well (Trotsky and Stalin hated each other). These American Trotskyites joined the Democratic Party during the big-government era of FDR and became virulent supporters of the anti-communist purge during the 1950s. They were ardent supporters of every war since WWII, including Vietnam, and although they approved of all the big government spending and the civil rights movement, the 1960s ushered in an era of personal freedom that they just could not handle. The Neoconservative movement was ushered in by what can only be deemed a group of "socialists against free love" or "communists against moral relativism." Viewing the Democrats as morally repugnant, some of these commies decided to jump ship and join Reagan's campaign in the 1970s. By the early 1980s the original handful of Neoconservatives increased significantly as they brought in more of their disillusioned comrades from the Democrat and Socialist Parties.

In our age of "political correctness" the concept of "multiculturalism" has become de rigueur. However, there are three distinct interpretations of the term "multiculturalism": the Social-Democratic interpretation seems to be that the majority culture should be sacrificed to the minority cultures (even though the Social-Democrats in power are themselves of the "majority" culture and never give up their elite ways). The Libertarian-Conservative interpretation is that everyone is equal, and therefore, no one individual should have to give up his/her own culture to that of anyone else. The Neoconservative interpretation is that "multiculturalism" is an absolute, concrete "American" culture that cannot be questioned or interpreted in any way other than as "supreme." For the most part, neither the liberals nor the true conservatives feel it neces-

sary to pass (aggressive policy) judgment on the cultures, peoples, or governments outside of America. But the Neoconservatives truly believe that every other nation, people, culture, and government is wholly beneath our "American supremacy," that we must institute aggressive policies in order to "democratize" all outsiders to the American way. The exception to their rule is Israel, whom they view as America's only true ally and equal.

No matter what happens, they will always



Israeli girls write messages on shells ready to be fired towards Hezbollah targets in southern Lebanon

manage to find fault with every other nation on the planet for this reason or that, but when it comes to Israel, even when Israeli children sign "messages of love" on the missiles about to be fired at Lebanon; even then, "It's not Israel's fault; Israel is the victim and we must defend our only true democratic ally." Whenever someone points out facts of Israeli aggression, the Neoconservative media monopoly immediately labels them an anti-Semite and Holocaust denier. Not only that, but they will go out of their way to dig up dirt on any such person to make them appear to be a full-blown racist: all the "minorities" will then hate them, too, and assume that anyone who harbors sympathy for Palestinians or decries Zionism is inherently evil. Case in point: Pat Buchanan. He is a staunch conservative; the first person to point out the destructive agenda of the Neoconservatives and leave the Republican Party because of it. He was labeled a racist and anti-Semite by the Neoconservative media. Their propaganda worked: most Americans just assume that he is a bona fide racist and toss him off as a right-wing hack. However, the truth is that he is not a racist; his vice-presidential running mate in 2000 was an African-American woman! Most people don't know that, since the Neoconservative media wouldn't allow the truth to be told because Buchanan's sole mission is to get our country out of the hands of the Neoconservatives, to stop our policy of war at all costs, and to limit the interference of government in the lives of individuals. The Neoconservatives fear Buchanan more than anyone because they know that he knows exactly what their agenda is, having worked in both Reagan's and Bush the First's administrations and having seen first-hand how the Neoconservatives manipulated our country.

The Neoconservatives use "minorities" as pawns in their New World Order agenda. They think that the average American is nothing more than a fool whom they can blindly lead. They believe that the average minority is just too dumb to ever realize the truth; the Neoconservatives "support" minority rights with the sole goal of recruiting them into their army that will lead to US-led world domination. WAKE UP! Don't allow these war-mongers to blindly lead you; don't accept their

breadcrumbs of apathy. They don't care about "human rights." They only care about Israel; they write laws outlawing Christians from preaching against homosexuality when they themselves hate homosexuals! It is all a LIE, a FRONT to get all the "victims" of "White Christian domination" to side with their ultimate goal of annihilating all enemies of Zion. The truth IS out there, the truth WILL set you free, but you must be willing to take the time and fight to expose the truth!

I'm willing to fight this war: War of the Words! Bring it on, baby! Bring it on! You degenerate, hackneyed, insolent dredge! Your preposterous arrogance is nothing more than a virulent stain on the history of mankind! You can't stop us from exposing the TRUTH, try as you might, you Illuminati fascists, hiding behind your "hate laws" written by your Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith's Center for Human Rights and Public Policy. You defame our country and our Constitution! Our Founding Fathers knew full well you would someday creep out of the woodwork and attempt to destroy everything they believed in and fought for; that is why they wrote the Bill of Rights: to protect us from YOU!

To fight against the Neoconservatives and their Zionist New World Order is NOT anti-Semitic; in fact, many Jews believe that the state of Israel itself goes against their own beliefs. The Central Rabbinical Congress of the USA and Canada "deplores Zionism as a complete falsification of Jewish tradition and values." There is even a website run by the True Torah Jews dedicated to fighting the Zionist fallacy: [www.jewsagainstzionism.com](http://www.jewsagainstzionism.com). They state: "It is our firm belief that when the state of 'Israel' is recognized for what it is, a Zionist state which is not guided by the teachings of the tra-

ditional Jewish faith, Jews worldwide will be able to live in peace." The founder of Zionism, Theodor Herzl, who published the book *The Jewish State* in 1896, wrote in his diary, "It is essential that the sufferings of Jews... become worse... this will assist in realization of our plans... I have an excellent idea... I shall induce anti-Semites to liquidate Jewish wealth... The anti-Semites will assist us thereby in that they will strengthen the persecution and oppression of Jews. The anti-Semites shall be our best friends." (From his Diary, Part I, pp. 16) In fact, their website documents that it was the Zionists who started the war against Jews in Germany by deliberately organizing a worldwide Jewish boycott of German goods before Hitler even came to power; their aim was to force Germany to react against the Jews so that they could form an Israeli state in Palestine. The cover article in the (London) *Daily Express* on March 24, 1933, announced the "holy war" with the title "Judea Declares War on Germany: Jews of All the World Unite in Action." It was only after this that Hitler gave his speech on March 28th ordering a boycott of Jewish stores. Why? Because up until this point German Jews had no interest in Zionism or an Israeli state; the Zionists needed to scare ordinary Jews into supporting the creation of Israel. The Zionist leaders secretly met with the German government on August 7th, 1933, to push for Jewish immigration to Palestine; 60,000 Jews emigrated and \$100 million was transferred to Jewish Palestine. "For all intents and purposes, the National Socialist government was the best thing to happen to Zionism in its history, for it 'proved' to many Jews that Europeans were irredeemably anti-Jewish and that Palestine was the only answer: Zionism came to represent the overwhelming majority of Jews solely by trickery and cooperation with Adolf Hitler." I wonder how long it will take for the ADL to convince this website's ISP to shut them down for "hate crimes."

If the Zionists were willing to deliberately destroy the lives of their fellow Jews, can you honestly trust them to lead the world and "protect human rights"? Unfortunately, the concept of a necessary Zionist State is no longer just a Jewish belief but is growing in popularity amongst many extremely conservative born-again Christian sects; this is no accident, I'm pretty sure. Irving Kristol notes the "unexpected alliance between Neoconservatives and religious traditionalists." The truth must be exposed before there is no turning back: we cannot continue our foreign policy based on protecting Israel; that is why the rest of the world hates us. The Neoconservatives state that the United States is a "great power" whose "national interest is not geographical but ideological" that our "foreign policy has more extensive interests than our own defense." Finally, they say that we must use our "incredible military superiority... to defend Israel today, when its survival is threatened. No complicated geopolitical calculations of national interest are necessary." Talk about New World Order! The Neoconservatives don't even want to consider the geo-political consequences of our actions! I guess might makes right.

# Does HIV Really Cause AIDS?

By Matthew Rammelkamp

AIDS has been called the plague of the century and betrayed as some sort of medieval nightmare. We've been told it can strike anyone and everyone is at risk, it has no boundaries. For over 15 years now, AIDS has terrorized social America and we have spent 40 billion dollars and mobilized the greatest scientific research effort in the history of man. In fact, the "War against AIDS" has spent more money and utilized more scientific talent than it took to land on the moon. All this, while focusing on fighting a microscopic enemy (the HIV virus) for over twenty years with no success. So why has AIDS research failed? Could it possibly be that "AIDS research has not failed because it never found a cure...AIDS research has failed because it never found the cause!" as many respected researchers have been claiming ever since the beginning (including the guy who invented HIV). Yup that's right - hundreds of researchers worldwide have claimed HIV is NOT the cause of AIDS. This claim has constantly been dismissed by the government, suppressed in the media, and censored and suppressed (note: not disputed) by the political-economic powers of the AIDS industry. If HIV is NOT the cause of AIDS, we are letting millions of people die of a disease while looking in the wrong direction. We would be wasting billions of dollars, tortured countless animals without justification, and would have committed the worst scientific blunder of the 21st century. To understand why HIV has become the target of the campaign against AIDS, it's important to look back in history.

## "HIV MIGHT BE [HARMLESS]"

**Dr. Montagnier**  
Co-discoverer of HIV

Following the depression of the 1930's and WWII, America entered a new era of technology and prosperity, as well as society changing as people were having more time for recreation and self realization. We conquered polio, the last great infectious epidemic of the modern world. New antibiotics emerged, giving cures for everything from minor infections to venereal disease. With the emergence of birth control came the sexual revolution; freeing the public from age old fears and norms. Homosexuality found more freedom and acceptance as gays came out of the closet and formed their own subculture. During the Vietnam era of the sixties, recreational drug use skyrocketed among the young and would continue to grow. Yet we remained optimistic that we could solve all our problems through our new faith in science and technology.

Before long, the consequences of this new

'liberated' lifestyle began to rear its ugly head and headlines began to emerge about a 'gay disease' starting in 1981. It was first thought to be caused by behavior unique to homosexuals. But soon, similar conditions began appearing in IV drug users and hemophiliacs. Gay Related Immune Deficiency (GRID), as it was called, was thought to actually be an infectious disease that might spread throughout the entire population. This threat of a deadly infectious disease that could be spread by sexual contact was sensationalized by both the media, as well as enraged gay activists who demanded action by the government. Threats in the media that this disease could be acquired by anyone sexually were now beginning to frighten everyone, not just homosexual males. Suddenly, immune deficiencies found common in only IV drug users, homosexual males, hemophiliacs, blood transfusion patients, and advanced TB patients, became linked together in a microbiological search for a common cause. The collective condition was transformed to Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, or AIDS. As the fear of AIDS spread, and bath houses in San Francisco began to close, The Department of Health came under fire to find the cause and cure quickly. The public was willing to believe that science could find a quick fix. The funding began to roll in and the huge army of virus-hunters who had been unemployed by the unsuccessful cancer/virus program went back to work.

Scientists speculate (and I'm not disagreeing here) that AIDS patients lack the ability to fight infection due to a shortage of T-cells that co-ordinate immunity. In an AIDS patient, the level of T-cells (cells that help white blood cells produce antibodies to fight off infection) is below 200 per microliter of blood. In a healthy person, the level of T-Cells is about 600-1200 per microliter of blood plasma. Someone with AIDS has levels too low that when the patient gets an infectious disease such as the flu, pneumonia, or tuberculosis, their white blood cells cannot fight off the infection. Eventually the immune system gets ravaged by disease and will succumb to death. The official stance today is that the retrovirus HIV is what destroys T-cells and thus what leads to AIDS. But that will be debated as you read on.

But is HIV really what is killing T-cells? In the beginning, a lot of other causes were suspected, such as hard drugs that we know today to cause immunity suppression: heroin, cocaine, poppers, barbiturates, speed, PCP, LSD. Other causes: Malnutrition, repeated infection, overuse of antibiotics, and emotional distress. However these behavior-oriented characteristics where political incorrect to gay activists; who would never want to admit that AIDS could be self-inflicted. At the same time, researchers need money and promised results on being able to find a cure for an infectious disease, just like we did with polio and so many others. So, the decision was made politically, not scientifically, and the infectious epidemic model of AIDS was accepted (over the behavior-related model).

Now all researchers had to do was promise to search for a vaccine or treatment and they could get funding.

Dr. Robert Gallo (National Cancer Institute) and Dr. M. Essex (Harvard AIDS Institute) were the first to suggest that "AIDS might be caused by a retrovirus" as early as 1982. Keep in mind that Gallo's prior work at the NCI failed to prove his theory that retroviruses caused cancer. He also failed to show they caused Alzheimer's Disease. Gallo believed to have found the retrovirus HTLV III to be the one that destroys T-cells. He approached the head of U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret Heckler to set up a press conference. On April 23, 1984, Heckler claims "We have found the cause of AIDS: HTLV III." At the same time the press conference was going on, the blood test used to detect HIV was being patented, which would earn Gallo large royalties. Thus the AIDS Industry was born. Heckler claimed that a vaccine ready for testing would be ready by 1986. Everyone was happy that the cause had been found, especially gay activists, who were pleased the government had responded and would do something for them. But before the announcement, Gallo had bypassed a major checkpoint in scientific discoveries: he had not submitted his test results for peer review! Now no one had a chance to critique or verify his claim, and his test results were not published in Science magazine until one week after the press conference. We are talking about a major violation of scientific protocol here. Shortly after, researchers began to attack Gallo. Moreso, an International Lawsuit from France charged Gallo with scientific misconduct, because the Institute Pasteur claimed that Gallo had stole the discovery of Dr. Luc Montagnier, who had sent LTV (HTLV III) samples to Dr. Gallo six months earlier. This issue was settled diplomatically between Ronald Reagan and French President Jacques Chirac. Due to the settlement, the name of the virus was changed to an internationally recognized "HIV" and the profits from the blood tests was agreed to be split between Montagnier and Gallo.

It is now believed by the public that in order to get AIDS, you MUST be infected with HIV. However in Gallo's own original test results (in Science magazine, Vol. 224, May 4 1984), only 44 of 93 AIDS patients tested actually had the HIV virus. But Gallo claimed to be able to reproduce tests where up to 90% of AIDS patients had HIV, as did some other researchers, and thus it was soon internationally accepted by most that HIV must have something to do with AIDS.

Now let's meet one of the most outspoken critics on the HIV/AIDS hypothesis. Dr. Peter Duesberg Ph.D. was the first man to map the genes in viruses (like HIV) in the National Cancer Program at UC Berkley in the 1970's. His memberships include National Academy of Sciences due to his discovery of cancer-causing genes. Having researched retroviruses for over 30 years, many have called him the world's best expert

on retrovirology. Dr. Duesberg was skeptical of Gallo's claim from day one. He says that Gallo's claim would have been the first time in the history of human or animal biology that a retrovirus could be the cause of a disease. For the next few years, Dr. Duesberg researched every single scientific publication on HIV and AIDS. When his conclusions came out On March 1st, 1987, in Cancer Research Magazine, he stood alone against the tide of public opinion and the government-funded AIDS Industry. He argues that HIV is not causing AIDS; and that HIV is a harmless passenger virus that has lived in humans for centuries without causing diseases. He believes that AIDS is caused by other non-infectious factors like drug use, and ironically enough, AZT, the AIDS drug. That might come to a shock to those of you who trust pharmaceutical companies: AIDS drugs causing AIDS itself?! Stick with me...

Many of Duesberg's colleagues studied his research and have come to the same conclusion. Among those are Nobel Prize winners

*At the San Francisco International AIDS Conference in 1990, Dr. Luc Montagnier (the French guy who discovered HIV) claimed "HIV Might be Benign" (harmless). He obviously made these statements against his own interests, owning half the rights to the patent on the HIV tests.*

like Dr. Walter Gilbert, Biochemistry Dept, Harvard (Nobel Prize, 1980) and Dr. Kary Mullis (invented Polymerase Chain Reaction, or P.C.R., Nobel Prize, 1993). And still, Duesberg's arguments in Cancer Research have still to this day never been responded to by Gallo or anyone else. A group of 12 of these scientists created The Group for Scientific Reappraisal of the HIV/AIDS Hypothesis. The group wrote a statement questioning Gallo's bold conclusions and asking for more independent research on HIV and AIDS. They wrote letters to practically every medical journal asking that their four-sentence long statement be printed; each time it was rejected. This made them angry, and they sought out to expand the list. It soon became 100 signatures and by 1994 reached 600; of these 188 had advanced degrees. The group of scientists has operated a newsletter and website for years now. Thus, many in the scientific community (including experts on virus' like HIV) have questioned the HIV/AIDS hypothesis from day one.

At the San Francisco International AIDS Conference in 1990, Dr. Luc Montagnier (the French guy who discovered HIV) claimed "HIV Might be Benign" (harmless). He obviously made these statements against his own interests, owning half the rights to the patent on the HIV tests. But the conference attendees were too brainwashed and kept going on talking about new antiviral drug treatments.

Why is the scientific community (really,

*Continued on next page*



# Does HIV Really Cause AIDS? (continued)

Continued from previous page

only those who write scientific journals and who dictate what is taught in schools) ignoring such credible scientists? "Too many people are making too much money off of it" claims Dr. Charles Thomas, Fmr. Harvard Professor and Founder of the Group for Scientific Reappraisal of the HIV/AIDS Hypothesis. Dr. Thomas has learned that after two decades of his group being denied publicity, "...money is much stronger than truth." So...now you know why contesting the HIV/AIDS hypothesis has failed to overcome the scientific community. Now it's time you (the public) learn 10 Scientific Reasons HIV does NOT cause AIDS, and What the REAL causes of AIDS could be. It will also explain why conventional sex does not spread AIDS and why clean needles or condoms will do little or nothing to stop AIDS.

*There are over 100,000 studies on HIV/AIDS and there is not one that has direct proof that HIV causes AIDS. - Dr. Peter Duesberg Ph.D., National Academy of Sciences, many have called him the worlds best expert on retrovirology.*

## 10 Scientific Reasons HIV does NOT cause AIDS

1. HIV (like all other viruses) is harmless after antibody immunity.

The HIV test does not test for presence or proliferation of HIV, or if it is attacking cells. The test shows if you have antibodies for the virus. If you have antibodies to chickenpox or the measles, it means you had it already. The virus is either eliminated or lays inactive in your body and will never make you sick again because your body has the antibodies to fight it if it begins to proliferate. Thus, when a person tests "HIV positive" this actually means they are now immune to the virus. This is why we give people vaccines, so that our bodies can produce antibodies against infectious diseases. No known viruses can proliferate faster than the body can produce antibodies to fight it off, and no known virus has been found to cause an illness ONLY AFTER the antibodies have done their job. Very rarely some infectious viruses can re-infect the host, but none of them do this ONLY AFTER antibodies are present.

2. HIV does not kill the T-cells it infects.

Because HIV infects T-cells, it was thought that HIV was killing them. But only under rare laboratory conditions do retroviruses kill their host cells. In fact, HIV researchers use T-cells to grow the virus because T-cells live compatibly with HIV.

3. HIV does not infect enough T-cells to cause AIDS.

Shortly after HIV is brought under control by the antibodies, the billions of virus parti-

cles become dormant and begin to disappear. HIV infects only 1 out of 1,000-100,000 T-cells. T-cells can reproduce at a rate of 5% per day. Therefore, even if HIV killed T-cells, it does not infect enough cells at a time to lower T-cell count and bring down the immune system. This is a notorious flaw in the HIV/AIDS hypothesis that supporters even claim has loose change. This is the reason it has been so hard to isolate the HIV virus (and thus create a vaccine for it); because it is so rare and hard to find.

4. HIV has no AIDS-causing Gene.

All retroviruses have only three major genes, GAG, ENV, and POL, and six minor genes. The amount of and sequences of genes in retroviruses is so limited, so they need all the genes to replicated. HIV is almost genetically identical to all other retroviruses. There are 50-100 different retroviruses that can be found in every healthy human body. HIV reacts no different than any of these in the way it mutates, becomes dormant, and reactivates. If none of these other retroviruses cause AIDS, why should HIV? If HIV DOES cause AIDS, why DON'T all the rest?

5. There is no such thing as a slow virus.

HIV is said to be a "slow virus" that takes 10-12 years after infection to cause AIDS. The only way to explain this would be to give HIV magical abilities to reactivate, mutate, migrate, and hibernate. Supporters of the slow virus myth base their hypothesis on studies of Epstein Barr, which they thought would include a cancer infection 10 years later, or herpes viruses, that reemerge in persons who have suppressed immunity and can't generate a sufficient defense. These both differ from HIV because large amounts of active virus can be found causing specific symptoms. In HIV, there are no symptoms until 10 years later. In total contrast, HIV is inactive but said to cause 30 different diseases 10 years later; none specific to HIV itself (some of those diseases, all of which are previously known include: strongyloidosis, aspergillosis, cryptococcosis, histoplasmosis, herpes simplex, Kaposi's sarcoma, toxoplasmosis, lymphoma, cytomegalovirus, leukoencephalopathy, cryptosporidiosis, dementia). Viruses cause disease days, or weeks or at the very most, after infection - how long is a direct function of the "generation time" which is how long it takes the virus to infect the cell and generate new virus particles.

6. HIV is not a new virus, so it could not cause a "new" epidemic.

AIDS cases have increased exponentially ever since 1981. But HIV cases have stayed at roughly one million ever since the Center for Disease Control started testing in 1995. So for the last decade, we've had approximately the same number of people measured with HIV. Farr's Law of dating viruses states that an infectious virus will spread exponentially in a population (like a seasonal flu epidemic). If we've had the same number of HIV

cases every year, HIV must be an old virus. HIV must have been infecting every generation for centuries, without causing AIDS. Duesberg claims HIV probably came into America with the first immigrants, and that anyone who has antibodies to it today, has gotten it parentally; from their mothers, not from dirty needles or unsafe sex.

7. HIV fails Koch's Postulates.

The universal test used by scientists to determine if a disease is being caused by an infection was developed over 100 years ago by Robert Koch, The Father of Bacteriology. Koch's Postulates states that 1) the organism/virus must be found in all cases of the disease, 2) you can isolate the organism and then 3) inject it into a new healthy host, and it causes the same disease in the new host, and 4) it must be found growing in the newly-diseased host. HIV fails part one because 10-20% of all AIDS patients have no HIV at all. When HIV is found, it is only in tiny amounts and is dormant. HIV fails part three because when health care workers accidentally are infected they rarely get AIDS (unless they use recreational drugs or AZT!).

8. AIDS has remained in its original risk groups for over 12 years; and different risk groups develop different diseases.

If a disease does not spread, it must be caused by something non-infectious. CDC studies show that AIDS is not spreading among the population at large and it is locked among its original risk groups; homosexual males (62%), IV drug users (32%), hemophiliacs (1%), and transfusion patients (2%) [CDC, Pharmac. Therm. Vol. 55, 1992]. Although HIV is evenly spread among men and women 50/50, AIDS cases are 90% male, 10% female [U.S. Army 1985-1996]. This could explain why drug use is more related to AIDS than HIV infection: In the U.S., males use over 80% of all hard psychoactive drugs. Among women with AIDS, approximately 60% use hard drugs also.

IV Drug Users who are HIV positive and die of AIDS develop Tuberculosis, Pneumonias, and Wasting Syndrome, whereas gay males (who do a lot of poppers) develop Kaposi's Sarcoma and Cytomegalovirus. The slow, wasting deaths of heroin addicts and other drug addicts have been documented in medical literature since 1898. What is interesting is that these same diseases are present in those risk groups WITH OR WITHOUT HIV. Drug users also lose the same T-cells as those who are HIV positive.

9. The International profile of AIDS patients is inconsistent.

A germ related disease would affect populations consistently. In the U.S., AIDS patients are 90% male 10% female. In Africa AIDS patients are 50% male 50% female. In the U.S., 97% of AIDS cases are among risk groups. In Africa, it affects people at random and there are no risk groups. Why does AIDS react differently in the Industrialized world?

The best explanation for this is that HIV does not cause AIDS, and that in Africa, there is widespread malnutrition, parasitic infection, poor sanitation and other conditions causing immune deficiency. Those that test HIV positive and die of immune conditions are thus counted amongst official AIDS statistics. In the U.S. and Europe, where malnutrition is not a problem but where IV drugs are available and used mostly among males, we have 90% of immune deficiency among males, those of which who are HIV positive are counted amongst official AIDS statistics. One incentive for African countries to report deaths from diarrhea or poor sanitation as "AIDS" is to get money from the United Nations or World Health Organization.

10. AIDS occurs without HIV infection and most people with HIV never develop AIDS.

The evidence in support of the HIV/AIDS hypothesis is based SOLELY on correlation. Correlation does NOT mean causation. In the beginning, the official statistics showed that there were 4,621 cases of those who have died of AIDS but were found to be HIV negative. Since then, the official definition of AIDS was created to eliminate every case of AIDS without HIV. So as Dr. Richard Strohman, Ph.D., Fmr. Professor of Cell Biology at UC Berkeley says, "If you ignore all the cases where there isn't a correlation; [of course] there is a correlation...it's a self-fulfilling prophecy...it's not scientific" So, when someone dies of one or more of 30 specific diseases and are HIV positive, they are said to have died of AIDS. But when someone dies of one or more of 30 specific previously known diseases, but are found HIV negative, they die of that specific disease, be it pneumonia or TB. Those patients are NOT counted among the AIDS statistics and the data is skewed to create a perfect correlation: everyone who dies of AIDS had HIV. The WHO estimated in 1996 that 28.1 million people worldwide were HIV infected, and there were only 1.4 million AIDS cases. Therefore, 95% of those with HIV do not have AIDS.

Furthermore, the list of diseases that AIDS encompasses has increased over the years, and has skewed the data to make it look like the number of AIDS cases is actually increasing. Whereas dying of one of 10 diseases and having HIV was considered an AIDS death, today one of 30 diseases and having HIV is sufficient to count in official statistics as an AIDS death. By increasing the number of AIDS cases to make it look like an epidemic, AIDS researchers, AIDS charities, the United Nations, WHO, and third-world countries all can demand or expect an increase in funding. But if you question the official hypothesis, you are threatening a lot of people with some serious money. You are also frightening religious conservatives who can use the fear of AIDS to promote abstinence. That's not to

Continued on next page

# Does HIV Really Cause AIDS? (continued)

Continued from previous page

say that I really believe that either of them are "in on a conspiracy." I just think that this is a big gigantic scientific blunder, which many researchers and charities are too close-minded to open up for discussion because they know they benefit from the myth too much. If we continue to put all our eggs in one basket, and continue to fail to produce any meaningful research to help people with AIDS, and if we ignore what could be the true causes (drugs), we are allowing 100's of 1000's of people to die from preventable causes each year.

I'm not completely sure. But based on how it probably isn't HIV means we should shift the funding to finding out the true cause of AIDS. But here is what Duesberg and others hypothesize (but aren't boldly claiming without concrete proof, unlike Gallo did): Drugs are the cause of AIDS in 9 out of 10 cases. Since 1981, there has been an increase in the cocaine and heroin use in the U.S. [use, overdoses, and hospital visit data, CDC], and the correlation between these drugs and AIDS cases correlate pretty well. Whereas, the correlation between HIV and AIDS does not. HIV has remained affecting 1 million people every year, and AIDS has skyrocketed from zero to half a million over a decade. Unlike HIV, we have a pretty good idea of how drugs suppress the immune system. It should be no awakening revelation to us all that hard drugs, especially drugs that "speed" you up and make you able to stay awake for days, have an adverse effect on your immune system. It's like owning a car and once a week, driving it 160 mph for days straight without rest. Of course the car isn't going to last as long as if you were to drive it 60 mph! So far no long term studies on drug use and AIDS has been conducted even though hard drug users who loose the same T-cells as AIDS patients, and who develop the same diseases as AIDS patients. But what we have done is promoted hard drug use by passing out clean needles and telling addicts it's OK to do drugs as long as you don't get HIV.

Why are 60% of AIDS patients in the U.S. gay males? There are two possible reasons. First, let's look at drug use. It's amazing that 96% of all gay males have used one drug that was available legally, known by many as 'poppers' or nitrate inhalants. In addition, 90% use marijuana, 50-70% amphetamines, 40-60% LSD, 25% barbiturates, 10% heroin, 50-60% cocaine, etc, etc., Poppers are known to cause Kaposi's Sarcoma, a rare form of skin cancer that affects around the nose, lungs, throat, and skin. It is found very high in gay men not infected with HIV.

Next, let's look at the preferred method that many gays have sex: anal intercourse. Whereas the vaginal tissue lining is 3 layers thick, the anal tissue lining is only one layer thick. During sex, the anus tears and foreign viruses along with semen and bacteria have a direct route into the blood. Contamination with feces and bacteria has been blamed for 'gay bowel syndrome' where the rectum and

colon become inflamed, accompanied by diarrhea and malnutrition. Foreign proteins found in sperm have been found to be immune-suppressant. It has been suggested that when they enter the blood, they can trigger an autoimmune reaction, where the bodies' immune system turns upon itself. Small cuts on the penis are routes by which infection can spread to the person on the giving end. The use of condoms can protect against these foreign proteins from entering the blood, but is still not enough to protect the recipient from rectal tearing, which still exposes them to chemicals used as lubricants. Is it possible that lots of anal sex that produces infections in the anus can possible cause AIDS? This is very possible; especially when done in connection with heavy drug use.

*"If HIV is NOT the cause of AIDS, we are letting millions of people die of a disease while looking in the wrong direction. We would be wasting billions of dollars and would have committed the worst scientific blunder of the 21st century."*

Many gay AIDS patients (the promiscuous and sexually active ones) have multiple infections of gonorrhea, syphilis, hepatitis A and B, herpes, cytomegalovirus, and other diseases. To combat these repeated infections, gays take huge amounts of antibiotics (which are drugs!), which also wear down the immune system. In retrospect, it is not all gay males who are at risk for AIDS, but just those who are living one type of gay lifestyle: the fast-track, heavy drug use, and sexually promiscuous one. These make up a very small percentage of gay males.

OK, what accounts for the other 1 out of 10 AIDS Cases besides recreational drug use?

Why the AIDS correlation between blood transfusion patients and hemophiliacs? It is a medical fact that the more blood you receive during a medical procedure, the less your chance of survival. About half of all transfusion patients die within one year after receiving a transfusion. It's the same reason your body will reject the organ from a non-human animal, or why there may be a risk for foreign proteins found in sperm or feces getting into the blood system. In order for your immune system to be healthy, your body would like your own blood and it wants it to be clean. The risk of AIDS in transfusion patients directly corresponds with how much blood they received and the condition of their illness; but not whether or not the person's blood they received had HIV (antibodies) in it. Duesberg claims that specifically, it is foreign proteins found in clotting factor VIII that have a dose-response in suppressing immunity among hemophiliacs. A British study (the Darby Study) on HIV/AIDS and hemophiliacs seems to support the HIV/AIDS theory by showing an increase in deaths among hemophiliacs testing HIV positive, but the study failed to control for the foreign proteins

and thus it is possible that it was these that were actually causing immunosuppression, not HIV. The most alarming observation about this study shows a huge spike in deaths among HIV positive hemophiliacs, around 1984, and more exaggerated in 1988. 1984 is when hemophiliacs started to be tested for HIV and told if they had HIV. Since emotional distress has been known to cause immunosuppression, can there be an effect from the fear, terrorization, and diagnosis of death one has when told they have HIV and will die of AIDS? Furthermore, the 1988 exponential spike can easily be explained by the introduction and increased access to the first major AIDS drug, AZT.

How AIDS Drugs Cause AIDS: AZT was a poisonous chemotherapy drug that was banned because it destroyed the immune systems of cancer patients too badly. In 1987, when the AIDS scare was at its height, the FDA was pressured to re-approve the drug, this time for those with HIV/AIDS. It is even prescribed for people who are healthy, and have no sign of AIDS (but are HIV positive). It does not cure AIDS, and is only supposed to slow the progression. It does this by destroying all cells randomly. AZT destroys the genes and cells, especially in the bone marrow where white blood cells are made. These are the very cells that AIDS patients need the most yet they are being destroyed by "AIDS drugs"! Yup - that's a good name for them; call them what they are: AIDS Drugs. AZT destroys bone marrow, kidneys, liver, intestines, muscle tissue, the brain, and central nerve system. Because HIV infects 1 out of 1,000 T-cells, 999 healthy t-cells must die to kill 1 HIV-infected cell. Even the drug literature itself admits that AZT causes this. AZT clinical trials were an abysmal failure and even FDA Toxicologist requested that AZT not be approved. However, AIDS activists won a "victory" by getting the FDA to approve AZT. AZT costs a patient an expensive \$8,000-12,000 a year, mostly paid for by the tax-payer. The maker of AZT was Glaxo Wellcome, today GlaxoSmithKline, who have generated sales of over a billion dollars a year just from AZT! A bottle of AZT costs \$5 to make but is sold at \$500 and the markup is subsidized by the taxpayers. AZT tricks patients, because initially it creates a small increase in the amount of T-cells. Duesberg explains, "when you go on AZT, it starts destroying your bone marrow, and your immune system says overproduce as much as you can...and for a while people start producing more [T-cells] than they did before the treatment [AZT]. As Dr. Charles Thomas, Jr., Ph.D., explains, "All toxic substances, initially, administer a positive response for a little while, for example...making a person stronger and healthier, for example, low level doses of radiation...ethylene chloride [etc], produce a lengthening of a lifespan of rodents...higher doses of course will kill them." Duesberg says that within a year or two, those on AZT die from it. Worldwide, 200,000 people, many who are not sick and who have no AIDS symptoms, are being

treated with AZT.

Studies show that physicians are less likely to question authority than other professionals. As long as the HIV/AIDS theory is the official stance of the American Medical Association and U.S. Department of Health, physicians will not question it. If HIV is harmless and AZT is what is causing patients to die, physicians will probably be the last to know. AIDS deaths from those on AZT are 25% higher than those not on the drugs. And at the International AIDS Conference in Berlin in 1993, it was admitted AZT was ineffective in preventing AIDS among HIV positives.

Tremendous pressure is put on women to get HIV-tested and to be treated with AZT if they are found to be HIV positive. This has been found to cause abortion, malformed heads, extra fingers and toes, and holes in vital organs like the heart. Even if we are to say that HIV could be dangerous, it still does not make sense to feed AZT to pregnant mothers and their babies. Within 12-18 months after birth, 40-90% of babies who test HIV positive at birth are later HIV negative, because they develop their own immune system. Mothers who refuse to take AZT or giving it to their baby can find their physician calling Child Protection Services and having them arrested and jailed. Worst of all, their babies can be taken away from them indefinitely and placed into foster homes and submitted to AZT. Adopted children are usually tested for HIV before entering the U.S., and many have been forcibly put on AZT and have since died as a result.

Other newer AIDS drugs, like ddI and ddC are similar to AZT; in the same class of "chain terminators." The newest types of treatment for AIDS are Protease Inhibitors, which are supposed to prevent the virus from detaching from the cell, so that it cannot reproduce and affect new cells. Pharmaceutical corporations that produce protease inhibitors, like Hoffman-LaRoche (Squinavir), Abbot Labs (Ritonavir), and Merck (Indinavir), all announce their drugs at press conferences (and see skyrocketing share-prices starting that day) rather than publish their research for scientific review. Dr. Duesberg has researched extensively and says he found "no clinical benefits of these protease inhibitors whatsoever."

Well I hope that sort of helps everyone think about what other scientists are saying and If you feel compelled at all to question other things you hear from pharmaceutical companies, the media, or the government, your welcome to explore [myspace.com/fightbigpharma](http://myspace.com/fightbigpharma) or [www.newstarget.com](http://www.newstarget.com), [www.medicinereform.com](http://www.medicinereform.com). More info on AIDS specifically can be found at The Group for Scientific Reappraisal of the HIV/AIDS Hypothesis's website, [rethinkaids.com](http://rethinkaids.com) or [virusmyth.net](http://virusmyth.net). You can also type in "AIDS hoax" in Amazon for books, you can watch a good film on Google video called "Deconstructing the AIDS Myth" by Gary Null. The information is out there, so research it more and learn the truth.



# The Negative Zone - Comic Book News and Reviews



Civil War Frontline #1 by John Watson

Dave Sands

By Dave Sands

## Civil War

When a brash young superhero team in Stamford, CT confronts villains that are out of their league on national TV, it results in the death of 600 people, including 60 children. America is outraged. Congress passes the Superhuman Registration Act, requiring all powered beings to register their identities with the government or risk apprehension. The heroes are split. Some, led by Captain America, fight against what they see as an erosion of civil liberties. Others, led by Iron Man, fight to bring in these rebels and enforce the new law. With a seven-issue main title and a dozen or so tie-in series, Civil War is ubiquitous in the Marvel Universe. But don't worry; you don't have to read them all to know what's going on. Considering these days comics are \$3 a pop, not everyone can afford the ten to twenty comics a month just to keep up with all these events. So here, in the premiere of the Negative Zone, I'll give you the rundown on which series and tie-ins are worth reading.

Whose side are you on?

### Civil War #1-7

Mark Millar (Ultimates, Superman: Red Son) brings us an action-packed tale of hero fighting hero, with Captain America and Iron Man leading the fronts. While the idea is solid and guaranteed to draw in readers, the execution is somewhat lacking. The plot seems like it's hastily thrown together, with our favorite heroes acting out of character in some places. Iron Man comes off as a total ass. Captain America comes off as irrational and violence-prone.

That being said, it's a good read. Millar knows how to tell a story. The dialogue is strong, with each character having a distinct voice (not an easy thing to do in a comic medium). There are deaths, unmaskings, traitors, and plenty of twists. The art, by Steve McNivan (Meridian), is pleasant to the eye and extremely detailed, though perhaps a tad generic. It fits well with the story and keeps it flowing. McNivan is new to the industry and has yet to develop a distinct style, but, in this context, the generic look works. When you have to draw fights between large groups of heroes, it's best to keep it simple.

If you plan to read any Civil War titles, you should read the main title as well.

the middle, a man who wants to follow the law but who doesn't want to betray the friends he's counted on for years. I don't want to give too much away, but Civil War has seen a major change in Peter Parker's life. The art is great, done by Ron Garney (Uncanny X-men, Fantastic Four). We see a whole new look for Peter, without losing any of his Spider-Charm. The contortions and action sequences, including an epic battle between Spidey and Captain America, show off Garney's talent.

My rating: 10/10

### Fantastic Four #536-543

Straczynski again. I love this man's work, I'll admit. While ASM was about one man's struggle to come to terms with war, Fantastic Four is about a family's struggle. We see a family fall apart as the differences between husband and wife become far too apparent. The action is minimal, but Fantastic Four is more about family dynamics than action. Mike McKone's (Exiles) art was good, but there was nothing outstanding. I do like the way he draws The Thing, though.

My rating: 9/10

### Civil War - Frontline #1-12

Perhaps the most innovative title to come from Civil War, Frontline by Paul Jenkins (The Darkness, Spectacular Spider-Man) brings us several story threads from unique perspectives. "Embedded" is the story of two reporters, Phil Urich for the conservative Daily Bugle, and Sally Floyd for The Alternative. Both are looking for the big story, trying to find the truth, and trying to stay alive. The other main story is "The Accused," in which Speedball, the only surviving New Warrior, has to deal with the deaths he indirectly caused and the fall-out of the Stamford incident. Jenkins does an excellent job paralleling the issues in the Marvel Universe to the issues we are facing in our own country.

My rating: 9.5/10

### Wolverine #42-47

Well, who doesn't love Wolverine? He's the best there is at what he does. And what he does is sell comics. Fans love the gruff loner who strikes out on his own, not afraid to do what must be done. Marc Guggenheim (Blade, Law & Order) delivers, with a story of Wolverine seeking (big surprise) revenge on Nitro, the mutant who blew up

My rating: 8/10

### Amazing Spider-Man #529-538

Wow, what can I say? Time and time again, J. Michael Straczynski (Babylon 5, Fantastic Four) shows that he can write an amazing story for the Amazing Spider-Man. Straczynski goes heavy on the internal dialogue, but that's always been a Spider-Staple. He shows us a conflicted man, struggling to make sense of a war where he is caught in

Stamford. While the premise is nothing new, the execution is commendable. Guggenheim gives fans what they want, with Wolverine getting stabbed, cut, disintegrated and nearly decapitated, and always coming back to dish out more than he took. The art is by Humberto Ramos (Impulse) and is a little distracting. At first I didn't like it: the proportions are off and perspective is screwed. Still, after a few issues, it grew on me. It was a nice change from the norm.

My rating: 9/10

### Civil War: X-Men #1-4

Don't read it. Trust me, it's not worth stealing. I wanted to tear my eyes out as I trudged my way through this four-issue mini-series. 'Nuff said.

My rating: 1/10

### She-Hulk #8

Dan Slott (Great Lakes Avengers: Misassembled, The Thing) is one of my favorite authors. I've loved his work on She-Hulk from the first issue. But the one-issue tie-in is just not necessary. Slott tells a good story about two former New Warriors trying to shut down an Internet hate site. She-Hulk, the big green lawyer, agrees to take the case. Read it if you are a She-Hulk fan or have a need for completeness; otherwise, it's not really worth picking up. The art by Paul Smith (Uncanny X-Men, Dr. Strange) is pretty average.

My rating: 7/10

### Thunderbolts #103-105

Fabian Nicieza (Cable & Deadpool, X-Force) brings us a group of reformed villains trying to make good, under the leadership of Baron Zemo. With the new registration act, a lot of villains are going underground. It's up to the Thunderbolts to catch them and bring them over to their cause. I wasn't impressed. There was too much dialogue and not enough action. What's more, if you hadn't read the pre-Civil War issues, it's hard to know what is going on; twenty pages of characters I don't care about, talking about things that didn't interest me. Still, it beats the X-Men tie-in. And the art isn't bad. Mark Grummett (Superman) has a style that is reminiscent of the '90s.

My rating: 5/10

### Cable & Deadpool #31-32

Nicieza again, though this time I've got better things to say. Cable & Deadpool are an unlikely duo. One is an elite psionic warrior from the future, the other is a slightly-insane mercenary with a healing factor. What makes this comic is Deadpool's internal dialogue, and his ability to break the fourth wall and talk to the reader. The story isn't bad. We've got Cable on one side of the issue, Deadpool on the other. It's not a new idea, typical Odd Couple stuff, but Nicieza pulls it off. Staz Johnson did the art. Johnson gives us a light-hearted look, which fits Deadpool's general tone. It comes together quite nicely. As a plus, it features a cameo of my favorite team, the Great Lakes Avengers.

My rating: 8/10

Continued on next page

# The Negative Zone (continued)

Continued from previous page

## New Avengers #21-26

Brian Bendis (Ultimate Spider-Man, House of M) gives us an in-depth look at how the war is affecting different members of the New Avengers. Each issue is a close up look at the life of one New Avenger. Some issues are really good (Luke Cage), while others are not so interesting (Sentry). Each issue is intended to help us appreciate the character more, and understand the stance of each. Bendis does a good job. He's strong on the storytelling, stretching something to a whole issue that other writers would put into five pages. Each issue features a different artist, reflecting the different characters. What I find most interesting is the fact that a team title finds itself focusing on individuals. Though it's not so surprising when the name of the storyline is "New Avengers: Disassembled."

My rating: 8/10

## X-Factor #8-9

Well, it's better than X-Men. Maybe I'm just anti-mutant. I find that these X-titles go overkill on focusing on how hard the mutants have got it. Not having read the pre-Civil War issues, this title doesn't make much sense to me. I only know half the characters, and Peter David (Incredible Hulk) doesn't seem to do much in the way of distinguishing them through their actions and dialogue. Dennis Calero's art doesn't help much, either. His style is unique, but he draws everything rather darkly and without a lot of detail. It adds to the noir detective-agency style of the book, but it makes it hard to tell who is who, and what is going on. The story itself is kind of interesting if you know some of the background from the House of M.

My rating: 6/10

## Young Avengers & Runaways

I was not familiar with either of these teams. The "kid teams" never really interested me. So when the team of Avengers-in-training met the team of runaway children of super-villains, I had a dozen or so new characters to get to know. With that many characters, it's no surprise Zeb Wells (New Warriors) has trouble focusing on them all. So a few of the more interesting characters get a little more attention. All in all, I thought it was a good story. My favorite part was realizing how similar the two teams actually are in terms of team roster. Wells alluded to that sev-

eral times ("Oh, you've got a magic user?" "You've got a Skrull too?"). The art by Stefano Caselli is slightly cartoonish, reminiscent of newer manga.

My rating: 7/10

## Ms. Marvel #6-8

Brian Reed brings us Carol Danvers as Ms. Marvel. Many fans of the old X-Men cartoon will know her as the "woman who Rogue got her powers from." I think, by giving her this title, they are trying to make her into the Wonder Woman of the Marvel Universe. Frankly, I don't think she warrants her own book. Basically, take what Bendis is doing for each of the New Avengers and stretch it out to several issues. Watch Carol as she is forced to take on her old friends because they are no longer following the law. Roberto De La Torre does the art. I feel it's a little too light for the subject matter. But then, Reed himself switches from dark to comical throughout the book. De La Torre is just trying to keep up, it seems. One thing it has going for it is that it's an easy read. It's got a good balance of dialogue and action.

My Rating: 7/10

## Heroes For Hire #1-3

A band of mercenaries joining together to capture unregistered heroes and villains. Sound familiar? Yeah, it's not too different from Thunderbolts. The characters are a bit more likable, and the dialogue is a bit more interesting. What's more, there are actually some decent team dynamics going on, something that seems to be lacking in a lot of team titles these days. There are two writers and three artists, and I don't feel like listing them all. Pick it up if you've got some extra money.

My rating: 8/10

## Captain America #22-24

Why does Captain America need his own title, you ask? Because he kicks that much ass. Ed Brubaker (X-Men: Deadly Genesis), however, brings us not the tales of Captain America kicking ass. Instead, he brings us the characters around Cap, those he's affected in the past and more recently, and how his actions are inspiring or hurting them. I like it. The stories are paced perfectly to keep you interested. Mike Perkins (Mandaleys) does a perfect job of matching the art to the story. It's got just enough detail and the right shading. Flashbacks look like flashbacks, whatever that means.

My rating: 9/10

So I'm going to leave it at that. Now you know which ones are worth buying and which ones are best used as toilet paper. Put this knowledge to good use. There are a few single-issue tie-ins, like Black Panther and Choosing Sides, and a few tie-ins that have just recently started up (Punisher War Journal, Invincible Iron-Man), but there isn't enough, really, to review, and this is already longer than I thought it would be. Your local comic book shop should have most of the back issues, so you can catch up; otherwise, you can wait for the collections to come out, which will probably be sometime late next year.

Next week: Heroes In Spaaaaaaaaace!!!!!!!!!!!!



Dave Cockrum and Dan Green on X-men #107

Dave Sands

News Quickies (taken from www.newsarama.com)

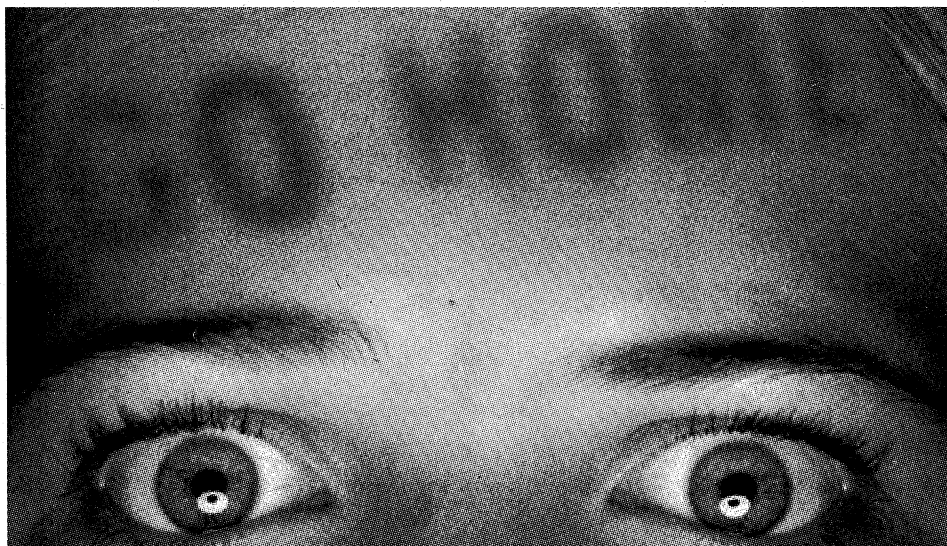
- David Cockrum, the artist who co-created Storm, Colossus and Nightcrawler, among others, passed away. He had been sick for a while.
- Joss Whedon, creator of Buffy The Vampire Slayer, Angel, and Firefly, plans on writing a new Buffy comic, which will pick up where the show left off.
- Artist Adam Hughes (Wonder Woman) has been picked to design the costumes for the film version of Watchmen.
- Civil War #6 has been delayed two weeks due to the artist (McNiven) coming down with strep throat.





## Movie Reviews

# Turistas: The Worst Movie I've Seen in Five Years



...instead of seeing this movie

Shittymovies.com

By Madeline Scheckter

Thanks to major douchebags John Stockwell and Michael Ross, I no longer have to wonder if it's possible to make a horror movie worse than *Hostel*. *Turistas* is pretty much the worst horror movie I have ever wasted an hour-and-change of my life watching, and I liked *Candyman*.

This movie has a message similar to *Hostel*, which is that foreign countries are scary, scary places and traveling abroad will result in death. But really, who cares about the possible ethnocentrism of the film; what I really cared about was how deeply it sucked. Of course, one has to qualify statements like that, because it's not fair to just go around accusing movies of sucking the cosmic dog dick. So, the

first thing that sucked about the movie was the body count. Of the douchebags who got themselves into trouble with the sinister Brazilians, three of them survived. That's far too many; there were six of them. Now, I'm no math whiz, but that number looks a hell of a lot like half. Of course, if those who died had died in an impossibly gory, revolting, sick, fucked-up (i.e., interesting) way, it might be all right. But only one of them died by the skillful surgical hands of the evil doctor Zamora. The others were killed by gunshots. Yeah, gunshots. Let me say that one more time: they were killed with bullets. Shooting someone in a horror movie is just about the biggest insult you can dump on your audience, unless you're only, say, knee-capping them so you can go to something really gross later. That's totally cool. Actually, I'm not really being totally fair: it's totally implied that two people die by organ-removal, but you only get to see one. Of that scene that you see, it's... g-d, it's fucking PG. You see a little blood and you see the open cavity of a human body once. Probably the worst thing about the scene is that the girl whose organs they're removing is completely drugged. Had the

makers of this movie bothered to talk to one of their friends whose mom once let them watch *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (the original, not the abomination) they would have known that the best way to get the point across in a horror movie is with a stream.

No one's going to deny that creepy, evil dickheads who steal your organs is a good premise for a horror movie, because it is a good premise. Perhaps it's even a great premise (though the best premise is always an insane fucker who's going to kill people just because he's crazy and has a chainsaw). This movie was absolutely ruined by the inept way in which it was made. This is what happens when people who aren't horror movie fans try to make a horror movie, and everyone suffers. In fact, if it weren't for my giant popcorn and mecha-soda, I don't think I would have made it through this soggy take-out container of human and animal excrement.



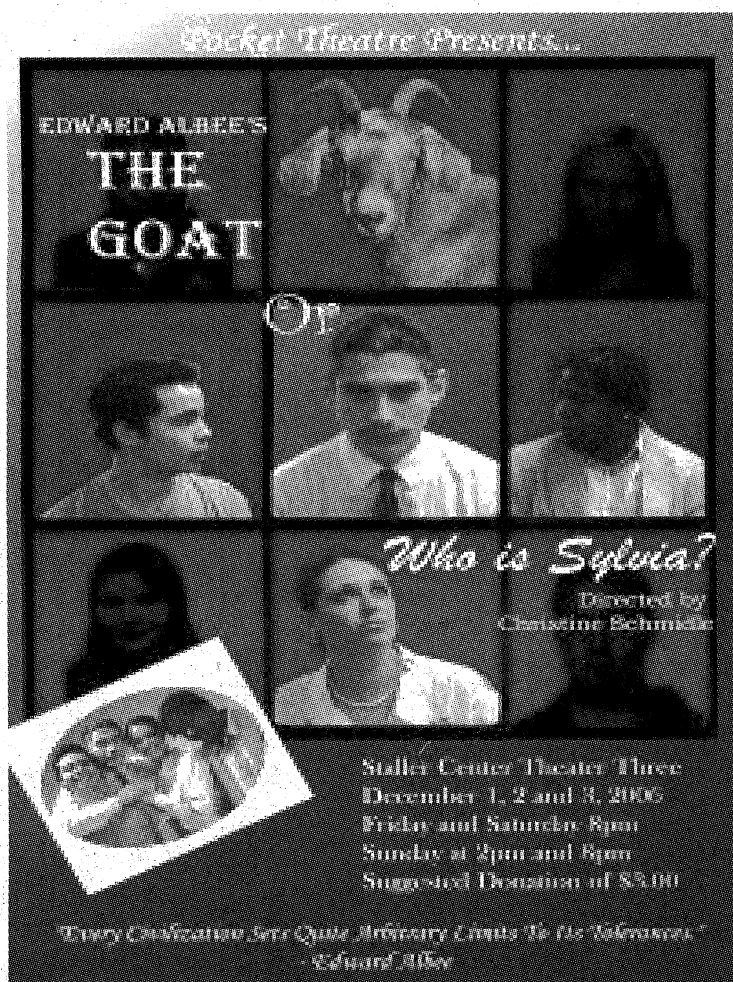
"Turistas"

John Stockwell

## Play Reviews

# The Goat, or Who's Silvia?

By Adina Silverbush



Pocket Theatre

Going to see a play about a man who's cheating on his wife with a goat isn't exactly what most people would want to do on a Friday night. Having seen Edward Albee's play *The Goat, or Who's Silvia?* five years ago on Broadway and having been highly disturbed, I felt I'd give Pocket Theatre another chance to give some meaning to this provocative play. The small cast of four, directed by Germany's own Christine Schmidle, gave the audience a good time, though I'm not sure that the deeper meaning I was hoping to view was as obvious to the audience around me. The constant laughing during some pretty serious moments was disrupting.

The cast was led by Martin (Nelson Diaz), who played the "goat fucker" husband of Stevie (Tessa Lanzetta). The two played very well off one another, with each having to explore very deep and wide-ranging emotions. Nelson was especially strong throughout the play, and he did a good job of making his highly dimensional and disturbed character real. He's a man very much in love with his wife but who also feels a deep love for his barnyard friend Silvia (The Goat). Being a famous architect, he's a member of high society and very much in the public eye. His best

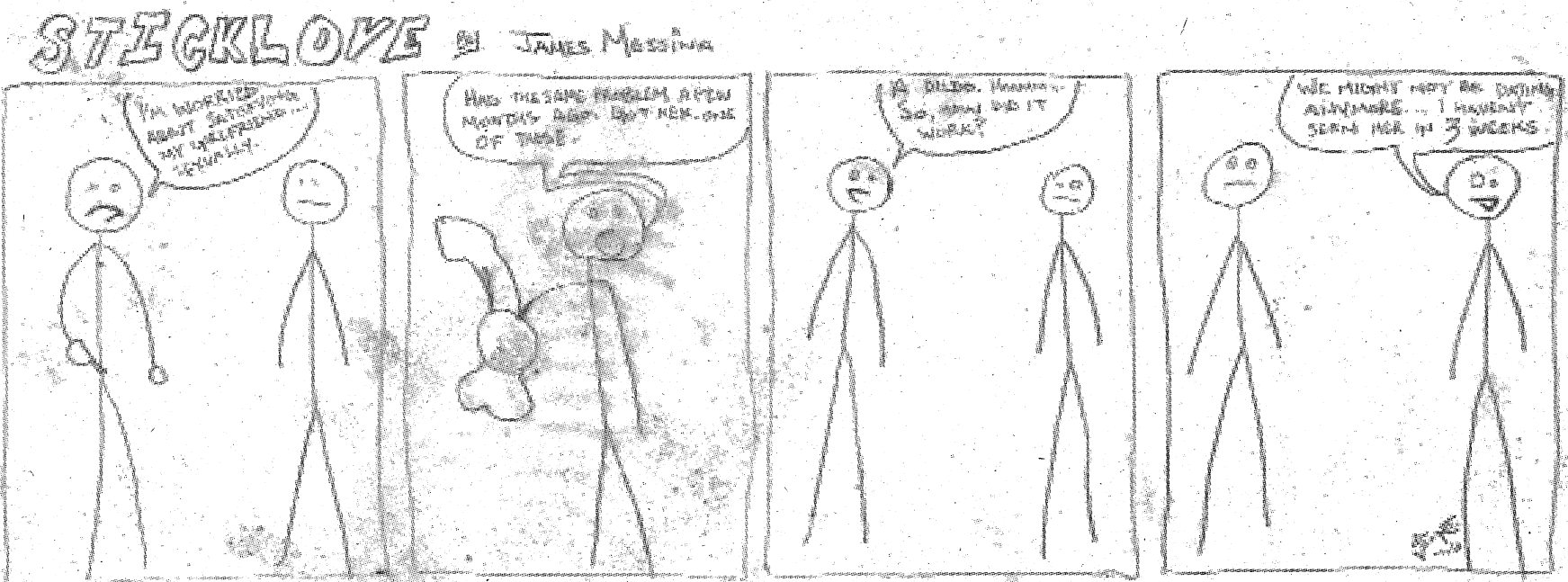
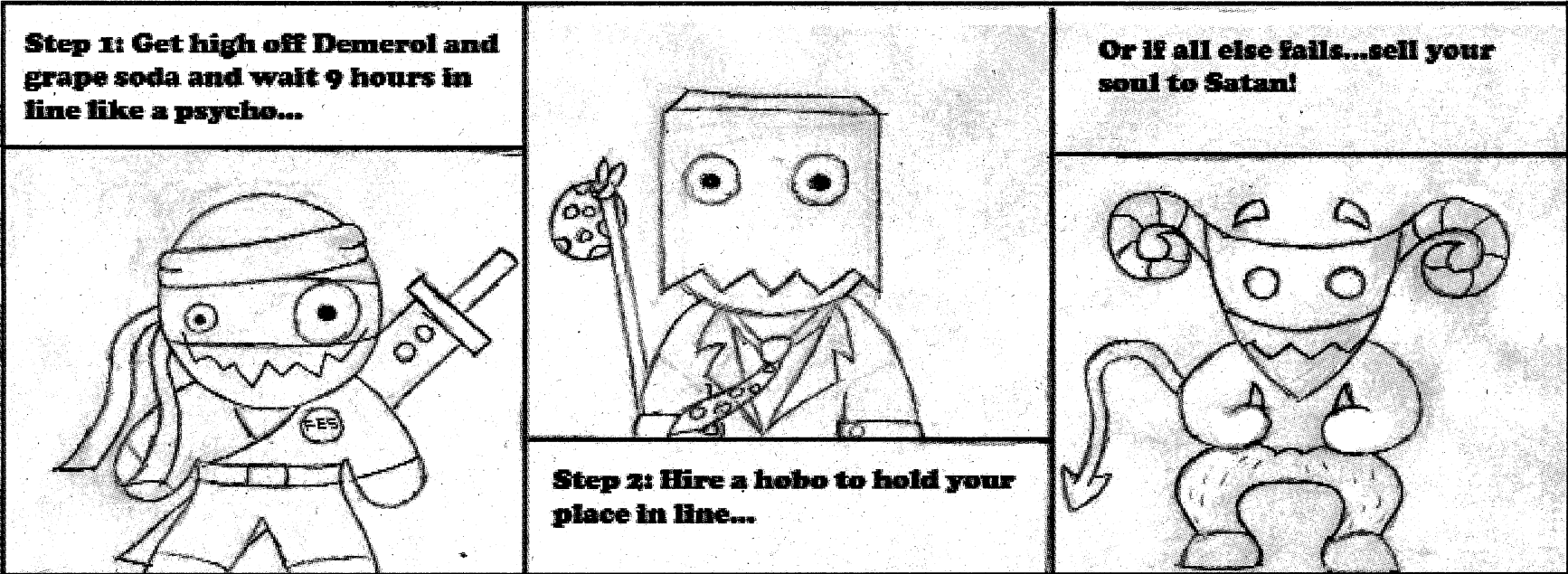
friend Ross (Xavier Rodney) is at his home to give him a television interview when the truth of Martin's affair is revealed. Ross feels compelled to share this secret with Martin's wife, and the second act gives way to a major family dilemma, to say the least.

The second act of the play was extremely well executed by its cast. This is a difficult act with very intense emotions. Dan de Jesus makes his appearance in this act as Martin's gay son Billy. As the house begins to fall apart — quite literally — the cast seemed to finally come together.

This is a play not simply about having sex with a goat; that part is pretty arbitrary in the scheme of things. The play explores love and questions what it really is. The characters are simply people seeking the ability to understand themselves and their places in this world. A high society filled with social expectations creates a false reality. That people claim to be liberal and then care so much about their public image shows the true problems that our culture creates.

Pocket should feel proud that they chose such a challenging play and were able to do it justice. As always, I encourage all students to see their shows. I have yet to be disappointed by them. It's hard to complain when the shows are only \$3, and that's suggested, not mandatory.

The Fantastic Adventures of FES: How to Obtain a Wii by: John O'Dell

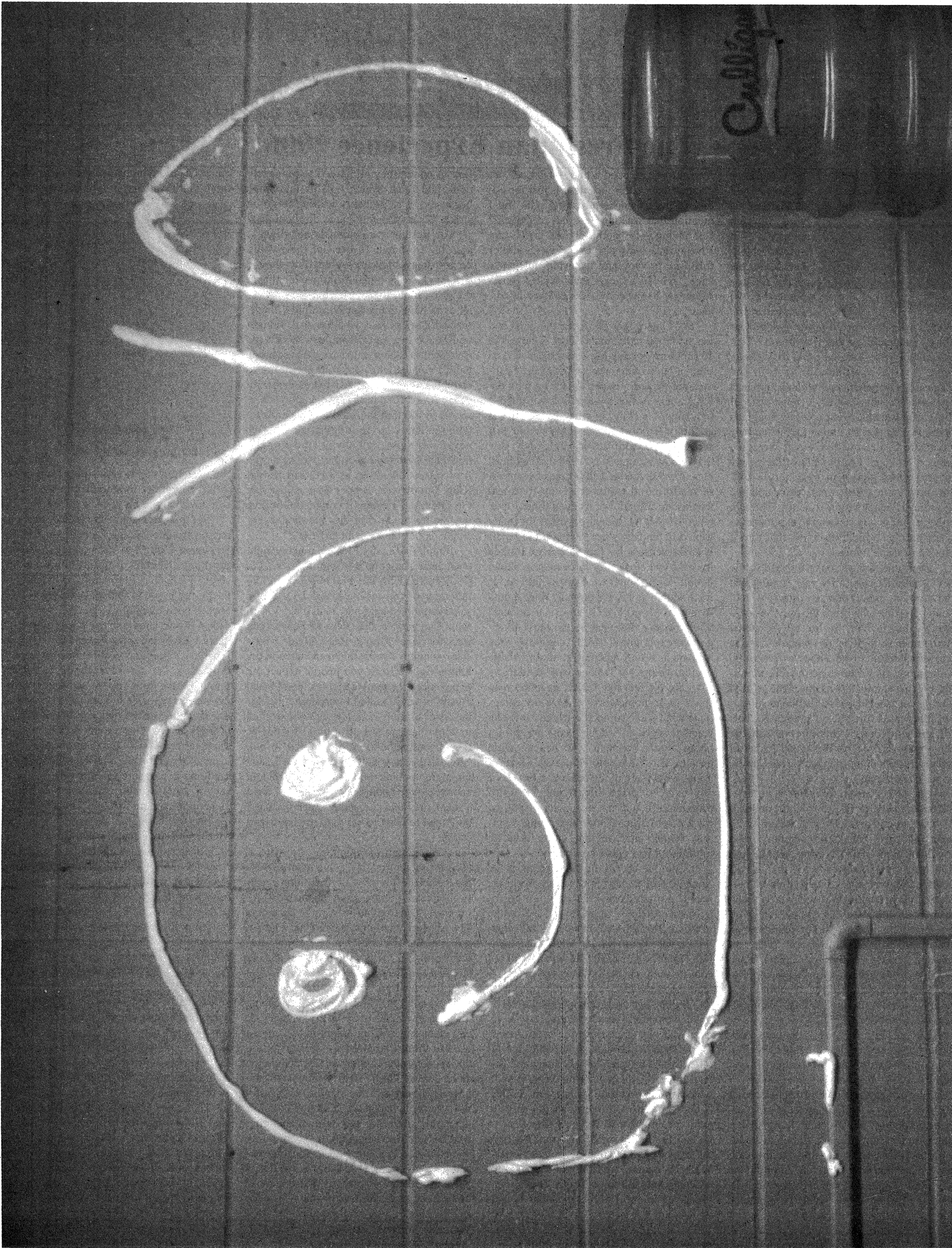


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## The Freshman Experience 2006



By Jennifer Zhong

What's even scarier is if you're going there all by yourself, without a friend. That would feel pretty lonesome and frightening, right? You have to think for yourself and take care of yourself, and mommy sure isn't around to do your laundry or pick up your dirty, stinky socks. What you just imagined is the feeling that freshmen feel when they first enter the so-called warm welcome gates of college. Freshmen are like newly planted seeds placed in fresh fertile soil. Just give them a little time, water and sun and they'll adapt rather quickly. Through college, they are somehow supposed to grow into beautiful flowers so that they'll blossom for the future.

Everyone always looks forward to the new generation year after year, hoping that the newest generation is different and unique in some way from the previous generation; but in fact, we are all the same. Remember in high school when everyone was considered to be either a freshman, sophomore, junior or senior? Well, in college, it isn't so much the same. Well, at first you do get labeled with a freshman sticker, but afterwards, the sticker gradually peels off and everybody treats one another the same way. There's no freshman Friday in which freshmen get mugged or beat up by upper classmen.

Age doesn't seem to matter in college. Whether you're an 18 year old girl dating a 21 year old guy or a 19 year old dating a 26 year old guy, there's no statutory rape involved. You could do whatever the hell you want and nobody would care. It's all about having a bunch of wicked fun at college. Freshmen hang out with juniors and seniors all the time and there's really no concern of one being older or younger than the other. We're all the same. We're all mature, grown individuals, who have worked our big butts off in high school to get here. Well, the maturity, of course, only lasts for some time, and that is in the mornings.

When night falls or Thursday comes around, that is when the almighty God alcohol comes. Parties, parties, parties! If you were to ask anyone in high school to describe college in one word, guess what each and every one of them would say: partying, of course. It may sound irrational, but that is in fact how all high school kids consider college. They consider it the safe haven for nonstop drinking, anonymous sex, and wild, sick, all night parties. To have the feeling of not having your parents

find out you smoked a blunt or passed out on someone's bathroom floor is just incredibly exciting and breathtaking. Oh, did I mention that was the best part of college? Not having your parents around is not only adventurous, but it also gives you a sense of fulfilling privacy and inspiring independence. It's like how that saying goes. Whatever happens in college, stays in college.

So, I heard that my freshman class had around 4,000 individuals. Wow. That is like 10 times my graduating senior class in high school. No wonder almost 7/8 of the freshmen are tripled. I mean, what's up with the RA's being so thrilled that one is tripled. I remember checking in when I first arrived at Stony Brook and the RA's would just scream "Whoooo!" every time they saw that one was going to be tripled. They must have done that over 1,000 times because it seems to me that almost all my freshman friends are tripled. I don't even think I ever received that additional payment for being tripled in the first place. Being tripled really sucks because the tiny rooms are limited in desks and closets for three people. Stony Brook dorm rooms were apparently made for 2 people, not 3. It's not fair. Why should freshmen deserve this unjust treatment? Shouldn't our first year be the most unforgettable experience? Well, certainly they have made it unforgettable an unforgettable overcrowding. No "whoooooo!" to that.

I always feel like I don't have my own space to do homework because my roommate can't seem to decide which table she wants to work on. I don't blame her for not being able to choose. She has no table because her "little colored post-it" (\*determines which side of the room you get and if you have to share things with the third roommate) it was not at a certain spot, so it's not her claim. Good thing I chose yellow, which gave me an entire desk to myself, but less closet space. Boo.

The overcrowding doesn't end at the room situation. Due to the large freshman population, my class lectures are so gigantic that sometimes I find myself lost in the massive crowd. I seem to lose my self-identity because I can't get any individual attention from the professor. Now that is so not cool for med school, in which you need college recommendations. What happened to the small classroom environments? It is 2006. Come on. I need to learn.

And what's up with the food here at Stony Brook? It tastes so horrible that I'd rather waste my meal points away and just cook food for the rest of the year. What a waste. What a total waste of money. Couldn't Stony Brook try to pay a little extra for good food? Why did they have to go and find cooks who can't cook? What's the use of being a cook if you can't cook? Well, of course, nothing. The cooks are probably paid minimum wage. They probably have some sort of secret, isolated rebel-

lion in which they all agreed to purposely cook bad food. Watch out for the cooks because they're probably waiting to go on strike. What's Stony going to do about that?

The freshmen are probably not going to gain the freshman 15 because they would be too busy thinking about how they're going to lose their appetite at just looking at the gross food. It seems to me Stony doesn't even have many fat, obese individuals. Instead, I see people, who has stick straight bodies and me, a girl from New York City, isn't used to seeing this outrageous scenery. Now, I wonder why numerous people are so skinny. Think about it. My experience with Stony Brook food hasn't been a good one. It seems to me that the food always ends up with too many or too little ingredients. It's never just right. It's always too spicy! I think the best food at Stony would be the fruit salads, salad bar at SAC and Burger King. But oh wait, Burger King is just way too fattening. I mean, it would surely give one the freshman 15 if they ate there every single day of their freshman year.

I think that's why I lost so much weight over these last couple of months here. I'm so disgusted with the food about being too fattening or too tasteless that I just cook some scrambled eggs and I call it a day with food. Can we get some new chefs, who can cook for once? Please? Pretty please with a cherry on top? I mean that is included in my tuition right? Or do you people expect me to pay more for some delicious food? I find myself always excited to go home just for the food. I mean I'm supposed to be excited to come back to see all my old friends or family, but rather I'm exhilarated to eat. Could it get any sadder? What can I say? I'm a pig at home who eats nonstop and an anorexic once I come back to Stony. I have a meal plan and the saddest part is that I only tend to want to eat food my boyfriend cooks.

So enough of ridiculing Stony Brook University for its flaws, but instead let's look at the beauty of it all. One thing I really adore about Stony would be the blossoming trees. The trees never seem to upset me. The campus environment, is in fact, and I'm going to be truthfully honest about this, beautiful. So, if you ever feel sad or stressed out from school one day and feel like you need an uplift in life, go take a walk through the Stony campus. It's going to bring your spirits up with the fresh air and changing drifting colors in the trees. I used to think I admired the season spring, but upon coming to Stony and watching the calm leaves drop swiftly down to the ground, I realized that maybe the season fall wasn't too bad at all. Although, I dislike the cold, shivering winds and changing weather, the ever-changing trees are really something to look forward to for this season. The environment in Stony is one that is peaceful, serene in harmony. I feel a sense of balance and stability in the world for

once. The Stony Brook campus is like something that you'd see in a movie, unbeliev-



able, remarkable and eye-widening. It's like a tranquil dream that keeps you from going crazy. So for this sea-

son, watch as the leaves change from green to red to yellow in smooth timing. You'll smile with a grin on your face for sure.

So, this goes out to the ladies. Are you having trouble finding a good man? Have you come a long way through tough, heart-breaking breakups or unfulfilling relationships? Well, then, Stony Brook University is the place for you to find that one guy you've always been looking for. Before coming to Stony Brook University, I had a horrible, nasty outlook on guys. I went through the terrible breakups and heartbreaking processes. I'm sure everybody has been through these things one time or more. The guys here are really something. They're not like the ones you'd find at your hometown or high school. They're not the rotten kind of apples that you'd want to throw away, but instead, they are like the fresh light green kind that you're sure to enjoy. So as I was saying, I have really met some incredible guys upon coming to Stony Brook. Maybe it's because college is supposed to be the time when guys mature and grow out of their disgusting ways, or maybe it's just the peaceful environment that have made them into caring, nurturing individuals. I met my boyfriend here at Stony Brook and let me tell you, he is like no guy I've ever met in my entire life. He has given me a new, clean perspective on the way I think about guys' attitudes towards girls' feelings. Not basing this only on one guy on campus, I'm basing it on the guys on campus as a whole. I'm sure there are a few rotten guys out there on campus, because there's no way an apple can never go rotten, but ladies, if you truly look deep into your hearts to open up, you'll find the one you've always been looking for right on campus. I've found mine. It's time to find yours.

Thank you Stony Brook for helping me find some sense of happiness. Freshman year has had its ups and downs, but overall, I'm truly glad I chose to come to this school, and all the people I've met that's made my experience awesome. I'll keep you in my heart on Christmas Day. =)



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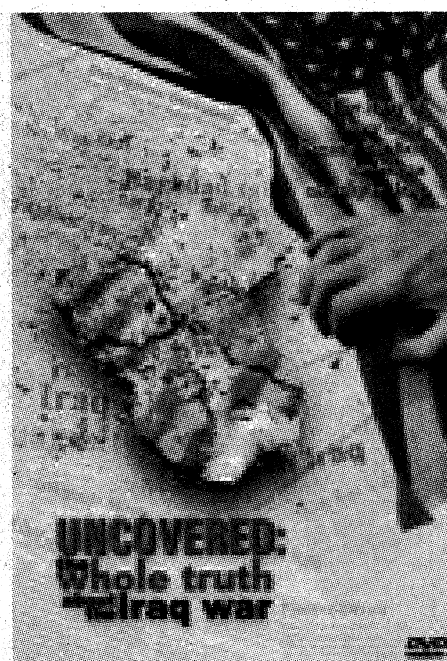
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AL FRANKEN  
"It's one thing  
for a President  
to lie about his  
sex life. It's another  
to lie about why  
we are sending our  
young men and  
women into battle."





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# TWISTER

## Quotes that Explain Why the stony brook Statesman **SUCKS**

"The Suck Zone"... That's not the technical term for it, obviously."

Inability to finish things.

So you want the papers? We did drive all the way out here for them.

They really are in love with themselves. We thought it was just a summer thing.

Haha! It's the wonder of nature, baby!

They're coming! They're coming! They're headed right... for us!

They're gonna rue the day they came up against The Extreme!

They're already here.

My god, who are these people?

He's in it for the money, not the science.

In a severe lightning storm, they wanna grab your ankles and stick your butt in the air.

Fuck it, this thing is useless.

We strolled up to their office, and we said, "Have a drink!", and we chucked the bottle [of Jack Daniels] into their office, and it **never hits the ground.**