

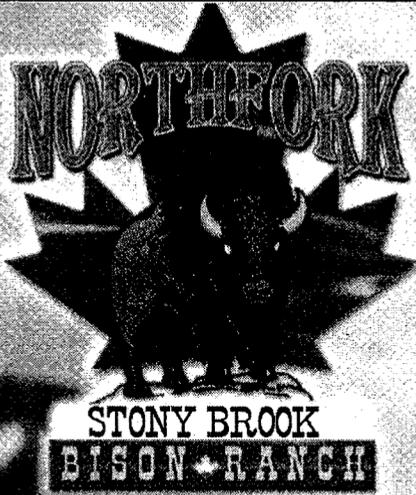
THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

Vol. XXIV, Issue 1

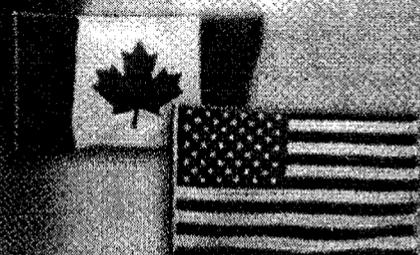
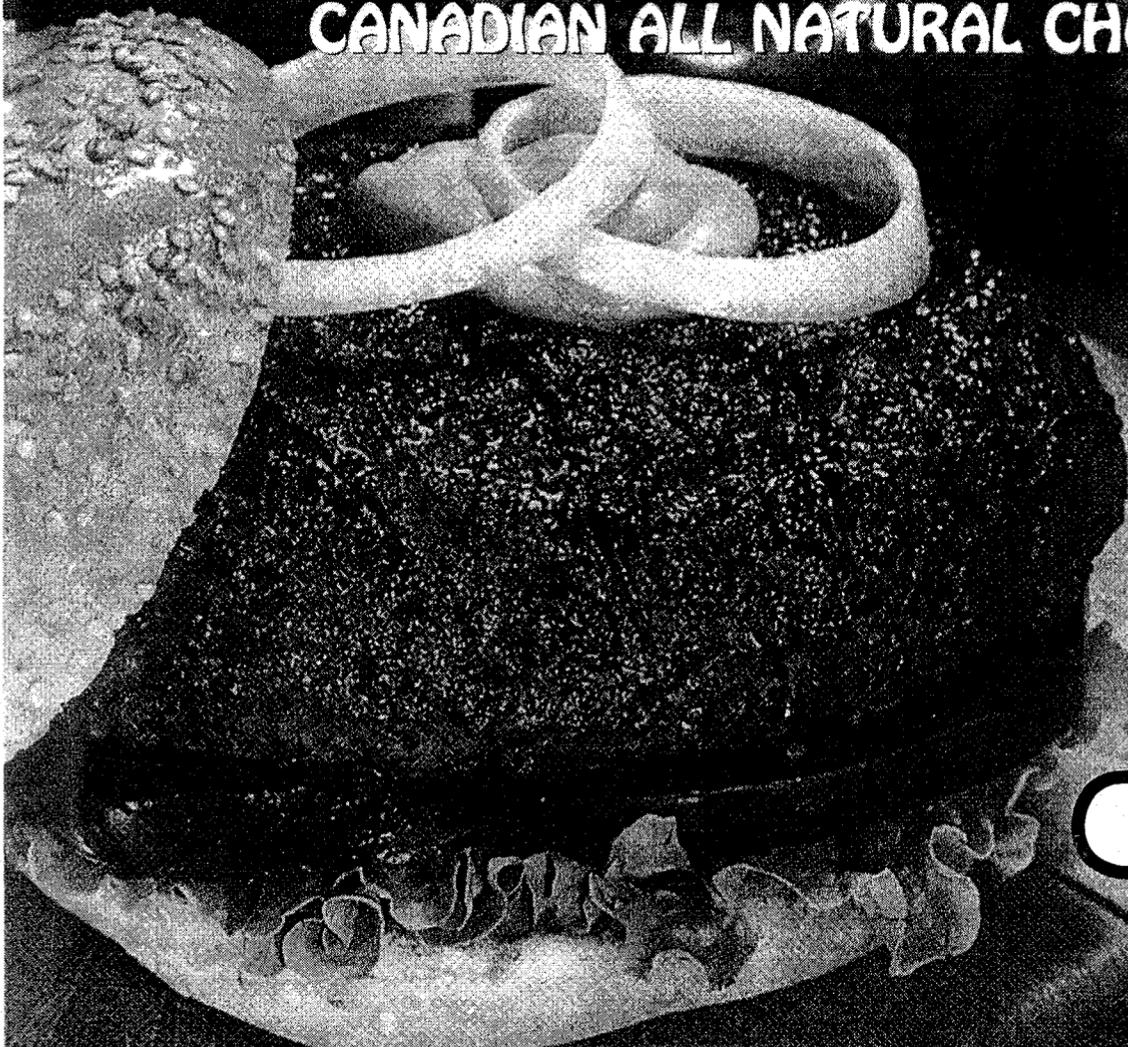
"Speaking Of Semen, Aren't We Going To Get Food?"

September 19, 2002



Buffalo Burger

CANADIAN ALL NATURAL CHOICE FLAVOR



100% PURE
HEART-HEALTHY
CANADIAN
BISON MEAT

Goodbye Bridge

pg. 3

COMICS!

pg. 8

9-11 Memorial Panel

pg. 6

The Spirit of the Trees, A Memorial That Cannot Be Forgotten

By Jason Amoroso

I've noticed a lot of changes upon entering my third year at Stony Brook: the fall of the bridge, the completion of SAC II, a complete football stadium that will be a new home to the disappointing Seawolves, and hell, they've finally thought of a new menu at the Campus Dining Services (although they increased some of the prices again, those dirty bastards).

However, the biggest change is the one that goes unnoticed. I'm not talking about architectural change or menus or even prices. I'm talking about a memorial grove in commemoration of those who lost their lives on September 11, 2001.

I'm sure that most people on campus overlooked this particular "construction," paying attention to some of the biggest changes like the bridge or the expansion of the SAC. I was one of those people. When classes began, I would constantly pass the SAC loop and notice the big holes being dug up. I said to myself, "Great! I'm paying my tuition for another fucking green bulletin board that is suppose to prevent littering of flyers that people are probably going to stick on the ground or on edifices anyway." But only upon attending the memorial service on September 10th did I realize that it was more than just dirt being dug up, and it was more than just trees being planted.

It was a grove filled with spirits and memories of those who were alumni at Stony Brook University, twenty-one lives that will never be brought back to this world.

The memorial, which most of you bums

didn't show up for, was supposed to start at 5:00 p.m. Most students, like myself, had classes to attend. However, the memorial started fifteen minutes late to allow some time for some students to get there. I was appalled by the number of people who showed up. A third of the people sitting in front of the podium were family, friends, and guests of the victims who lost their lives. The rest of the spectators (estimating roughly about a little over one-hundred, even though it should have been at least five times as many) were standing right behind them for support. With our hands covering our eyes from the setting west sun, we listened to the twenty-one names that were called out.

What was amazing to watch was the little signs for each of the victims placed underneath his or her tree. Watching the twenty-one spruce moose's during sunset was an awful sight. It was something that was totally remarkable, one of the few experiences I'll never forget as an undergrad here at Stony.

What was disturbing were the students, particularly those who just simply ignored the memorial service and went on doing God knows-what. Even worse, someone's cell phone went

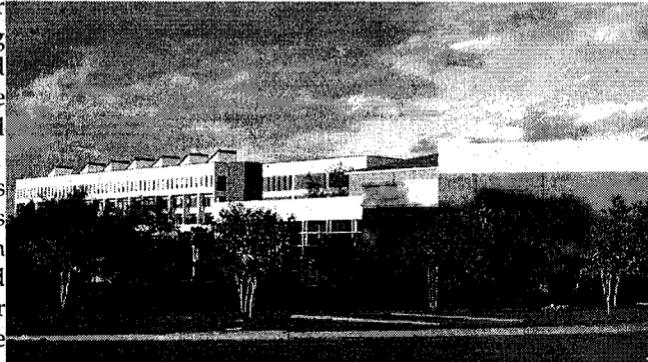
off during the ceremony, and during the moment of silence, you could hear nearby students just gabbing away as if that podium wasn't there. What nerve!

To those of you who didn't even notice or bother to attend this memorial, I have four words for you: you people fucking suck. And to those who leave their cell phones on all the time, here's a suggestion: set the damn thing to vibrate and stick it down your pants; it makes you feel much better, and it's a great substitution for viagra.

You people should be put to shame!

At least I hope you attended the ceremony on September 11th at the SAC plaza. It not, then at least redeem yourselves and visit the memorial grove that's located right where the SAC loop is. Show some proper respect for the deceased instead of playing your Half-life/Counterstrike battles on the PC.

To all of us here at *The Stony Brook Press*, we give our condolences and grievances to the twenty-one alumni like William F Burke and Stan E. Furman as well as all the other victims of the Sept. 11 attack. May we strengthen our resolve and God bless America!



Time to Let Go

By Nick Di Francesco

9/11. There, it has been said. What else is there to say, what should be done? I for one, am tired of all of the publicity this day has received. With the one year anniversary passed, it is time to move on, time to live life again as a nation, and as a city. Families of the lost have forever been changed. Indeed, no one deserves to live through such a terrible tragedy, but at what cost must we as a civilization ceaselessly relive the experiences of that day? Why must we insist on mass producing and commercializing memorials for thousands... THOUSANDS of dead?

I am sick of seeing everyone from the Ford dealer, to NASDAQ flashing American flags in order to advertise. I feel nauseous every time I think back to that day, and constant reminders on TV are bad enough, but when the hell did people become fans of the FDNY (NOT NYFD) and NYPD? The New York "boys in blue" were the most hated force in the country until September. Rudy Giuliani, one of the greatest mayors the city (dare I say the country) has ever seen (I'm a Democrat and I know that for Christ's sake), had an approval rating barely above 40% before last autumn. Amazingly he became Time's Man of The Year in 2001. Why? We realized that he along with the firefighters and police, as well as the businessmen working at 8:46 that morning, were all taken for granted.

September 11 was indeed the day that America changed. It gave companies one more marketing gimmick, another way to make sales, and greater ease at making revenue. How many people do you know came home one day in early October wearing an American flag shirt, or had an eagle bumper sticker on their car. Then there is my personal favorite, the tagline: WE WILL NEVER FORGET. What does that even mean? Of course we are never going to forget. Did we forget the

holocaust, or the bombing of Pearl Harbor, or D-day, or Hiroshima (ok maybe that doesn't count)? NO. What I find interesting are the things that we do forget. Do you remember the bombings of US embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam? Pan Am flight 103? Bombing of Marine Corps barracks in Beirut? Khobar Towers bombing in Saudi Arabia? The USS Cole? What about the first try at knocking down the World Trade Center in 1993? I bet you haven't thought about any of them for a long time; I know I haven't. The reason is obvious, sad as it may be, like in business it is numbers that count. I didn't stop to think that these were very similar incidents that, while I didn't shrug them off, had not preoccupied my daily thoughts. I will put it in this context: if one person dies it is a shame, 10 people die it is a tragedy, 100 people die it is a disaster, 2,801 people die and it is a national catastrophe. Americans need to look beyond 9/11, at the grandiose picture of our history. September 11 was indeed a wake up call; it forced us all to realize our lack of respect for this country, for our officials and civil servants. It woke us all up to the fact that we are living not only in the capital of, but the greatest city in the world.

Perhaps a spur of national pride is a good thing, but nothing is worse than a blind patriot; that is how coke-heads get elected to a second term. No, we need to find a healthy medium to reside in; we do not need to hear people bitch about how bad it is to live in America, and how we shouldn't be bombing the shit out of Afghanistan, nor can I tolerate hearing aristocrats preach about the wonders of capitalism. These knee-jerk reactors will tire of this fad, and soon quiet. I honestly can't wait. But I do believe that there is a core of people in this country that have been deeply affected by these events, and I put myself among their ranks. Not just emotionally from the loss of

a loved one, or psychological trauma, but from a total understanding of the implication of the action that was taken against us. There are men who lost wives, women who lost husbands, thousands of children who lost parents. Do we need to hear about them? Maybe. Do they need to take time from their lives to be put on display for the sake of making others feel bad? Absolutely not. Granted, there are some powerful images to be remembered on this anniversary, but have we reached the point where we should feel obligated to wear a pin, or fly a flag on our car, or put one up in a window? Have businesses simply all jumped on the patriotism bandwagon? Have networks caved to the guilt that is seemingly governing all of our lives? I didn't think that television knew the meaning of the word. Documenting each nook and cranny of these attacks is nothing more than a cheap dirty ploy to bolster ratings, viewership and prestige at the Emmy's, and that violates everything we should hold sacred about the eleventh day of the ninth month of the year.

Marketing, special media events, mass coverage of memorials, tributes, documentaries (to name a few), should be fewer and further between by now. Americans do not need hats, or t-shirts to help advertise this disaster; we live with it daily. Who needs to be constantly reminded of that day? Is it that we are victims of a perpetual joke? Is it possible that revisiting the horrifying sights and sounds of that day make us feel better?

I couldn't take my eyes off of the television for weeks; but it is a year later and in every paper we can still see remnants, on television we still see reports, and on the radio we still hear songs in memory and in tribute. It is too much, the time to let go is upon us. The faster we forget, the easier it is to remember.

The Bridge to Nowhere is No More

By Daniel Hofer

On a quiet day in May, what we knew as "the Bridge" was torn down. Carried out at a quiet time of the year and with virtually no previous publicity, the Bridge fell without any spectators. One could speculate what would happen if the demolition of the Bridge was publicized. There may have been protest from the students, or even more so, various Stony Brook alumni.

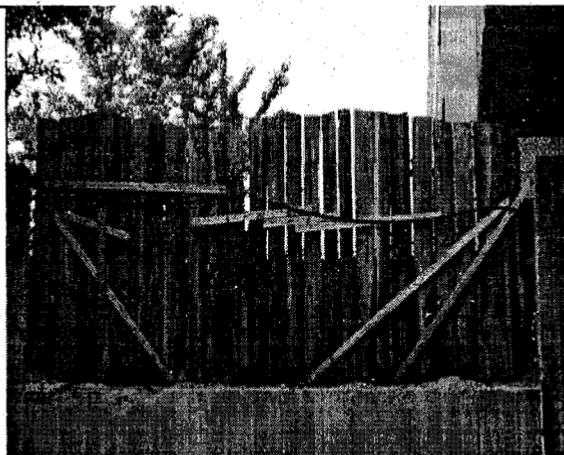
Back in the days when Stony Brook was called "the Brook" for short, instead of today's "Stony," the Bridge had a greater meaning. It also had a different name; "the Bridge to Nowhere." The structure actually led nowhere. Legend has it, the library was built backwards. The entrance that faces psychology was supposed to face the Union, when the builders realized they couldn't connect the bridge to anything, construction ended.

That was 1967. It wasn't until 1977 that the bridge was finally completed. During those 10 years, the Bridge to Nowhere became an icon of the school. Nowadays we have the Seawolf as a mascot. But then, in the days when our team was named the Patriots, the closest thing Stony Brook had to a mascot was the Bridge to Nowhere. If anything, the Bridge was more respected than our mythical monster.

Carole Traster-Wilk, a Stony Brook alumni reminisces, "At a 'University of great minds,' they managed to build the library backwards." The situation was humorous and she adds, "We loved it. It was special and odd at the same time." Susan Einbinder, another alumni adds, "People appreciated that it existed so long."

Looking back, the error of the constructors seemed to be nothing more than a long-lasting joke at the administration's expense. But alumni Mike Delvin saw a deeper meaning. "When someone is taking classes and is not exactly sure what they want to do with the rest of their life, it seems like they are crossing the bridge to adulthood, with no destination."

School to many is a bridge between their adolescence and an uncertain future in the real world. Stony Brook appeared to unintentionally incorporate that idea into its own layout. The



completion of the Bridge seemed to accentuate this thought with its makeshift zigzag design. This is not far from how we deal with life after we make a mistake. Usually starting over is not an option, and we are forced to work with what we have.

But starting over is something the administration finally decided to do this summer. No one can deny the failing structural integrity of the bridge. Anyone who was here in the past few years can recall the frequent broken tiles on the bridge, and the broken stairwell among a few things. Underneath the bridge wasn't much safer. Some have been lucky enough to witness a piece of falling concrete. Most of us can recall many times after a rainstorm, with clear skies above, the continuing rain beneath the Bridge.

While the details of the Bridge's history may have faded from the public memory of the students, there was always a strange feeling about the building. But now, the past has been pushed aside. This of course came as a great surprise to everyone, even to those who will not miss it. But what will become of the area? The decision to go ahead with demolition was decided early in the Spring semester, yet most people were uninformed of this choice.

There will be no new bridge. Maybe Stony Brook wants to forget their past, maybe they are finally correcting a mistake they should have realized thirty-five years ago. Either way, Vice President of Administration, Dr. Richard Mann,

states, "Landscaping for the open area is in the works. The asphalt is a temporary solution while we get the money to work on the area in front of the Union and the Staller Pit." He mentioned that beneath the proposed area are leaks, which need to be taken care of first. "Work will be underway in about a year," Dr. Mann concluded.

The demolition of the Bridge was probably the biggest surprise we will see for a while. But construction and changes are something we should all still expect. Curious about specific projects in the works? We all know about the Humanities renovation, which will most likely span beyond our time here. The stadium is scheduled to be open sometime before the printing of this article, and the Wang Center should be part of the school by October.

Farther down the road according to Dr. Mann are plans for another set of student apartments, a SAC "Part 3," a renovation for the Union, and of course, the Campus Recreation center. The proposed apartments would be similar to the ones on campus now, but they may be a mix of undergrad and grad housing. Another proposed addition to Stony Brook's SAC would house the dining facilities of the Union, and the Union would be renovated to accommodate more offices or classrooms. Finally the Campus Recreation center requires a state legislative detail known as "bonding authority." Once the allocation has been made, work will begin.

All of this future planning reminds me of SimCity. We the students come and go so fast, while the administration sticks around forever. They are like the mayors of SimCity, who oversee the development of the land for hundreds of years at a time.

What about the famous restaurant, the End of the Bridge? "We aren't going to change the name now, but we may do so in the future," says Lisa Ospitate, Marketing Manager for Campus Dining Services. Maybe the story of the Bridge will be carried on in the EOB. For nowhere else will future students hear mention of the legendary Bridge to Nowhere.

S.A.C. Part II: The Revenge

By Bill Gioconda

On Wednesday, September 4th, the new addition to the Student Activities Center (SAC) was unveiled. The ribbon-cutting ceremony was filled with the standard hoopla that goes along with any gathering that involves speeches and people patting each other on the back. Dozens of administrators wearing suits and ties stood side-by-side with college students wearing t-shirts and jeans. Proud students and faculty described how elated they were to be involved with SAC, Phase II. The ceremony was enough to warm even the bitterest student's heart. At some points, it appeared as though Stony Brook was finally turning into a real university. That lasted all the way to the ribbon cutting itself. Shortly after the flash bulbs went off and the ribbon was cut, both administrators and students ate their free sandwiches and left the building promptly. Even the students that attended the ribbon cutting went about their day as though there was nothing new in one of the most popular and crowded buildings on campus. One student who spoke at the ceremony was correct. A building without people is merely empty space. People make it more than just bricks, oddly colored pieces of carpet, and bizarre architecture. They give it a life of its own. Without students to appreciate it, the Student Activity Center is just another building.

Sadly, most students either do not know

or do not care about the new rooms that have been added to their activity center. In case you are unaware, there are many new features to the SAC. Some of them are actually quite appealing and enhance both the building and the university as a whole. Among these new rooms is the newly designed wellness center. Located on the third floor, the wellness center is a 2,904 square foot gym that includes weight machines, treadmills, rowing machines, and both male and female locker rooms with showers. In addition to the wellness center, there are two new multipurpose rooms for events, an art gallery, and a fully landscaped courtyard. The centerpiece of the addition is the student lounge. There are comfortable couches, chess and checker game tables, and chairs all atop gold and brown plush carpet. Unfortunately, food and drinks are not allowed in the new lounge. This is strange because they have tables that are meant to be eaten off of and the chairs have cup holders built into them. Regardless, the room serves its purpose as a quiet, comfortable room to study and relax.

For possibly the first time, the administration built something useful for students. Now it is time for us to spend time in the new rooms and give them a purpose. The new student lounge usually has less people in it than the commuter lounge even though the new

lounge is larger. Unlike the commuter lounge however, the student lounge has couches that are clean, much more desk space, and it does not have a pool table and television room downstairs to distract you with loud crashes and screams. If you are restless and just have no drive to study, you

can go upstairs and work out. Working out is not your thing? Then take a walk to the art gallery and look around. There is something for everyone in the Student Activity Center. All you really need to do is motivate yourself to find something to do. The administration can build an endless amount of buildings and additions, but it is up to the students to use them. Show the administration that you are motivated and want a better campus. You might even enjoy yourself in the process.



Editorial: George Bush Jr. SUCKS!

George Bush jr. is a madman. Throughout his career as commander-in-chief he has thoroughly given the people sufficient reason to doubt his role as leader of our nation. The worst of these situation manifesting in his recent aggressive posturing directed towards Iraq. The people(as well as the entire U.N council) are given two reasons for this sudden unilateral stand on a "great evil" in our world. One, that Saddam Hussein is stockpiling weapons of mass destruction, or is at least trying to obtain them. Secondly, we are told that Iraq is part of an axis of evil that systematically needs to be taken apart. The problem is not the veracity of these claims. It is the timing in which they are being made.

Saddam Hussein is seeking weapons of mass destruction, is that really new knowledge? This information has been known since big daddy Bush was rockin' the Oval office. So why act now? Could it perhaps be the fact that elections are impending. Good lord, could it be possible that partisan politics are plunging our nation to the brink of war? Well, it wouldn't be the first time and it won't be the last, so get damn well used to it.

Bush has taken it upon himself to launch a unilateral offensive in spite of the advice of military experts, ally nations and the U.N. council itself. He needs to realize that this would alienate the US in a very tenuous time. He should realize that he needs not only the support of the Ally nations, but the American people as well. Be that as it may, you can expect him to play out his agenda to it's fullest.

In light of this new information we at The Press support the re-election of George W. Bush(if he hasn't declared himself emperor by that point). Being the nihilists we are, we believe he is the right man for the job of turning our country into a war zone. So if you like breathing radioactive air, and your hair coming out in clumps vote Bush in 2004. All we ask in return for our unwavering allegiance, is a small island in the Caribbean.

RETRACTION:

In Issue 13 of volume XXIII, an author was giving misinformation, leading to the incorrect identification of a police officer as Det. Todd C. Strumpf. We appologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

Editorial: Post 9-11, Are We Really Better off?

It's now been a year since September 11th, and if you're the type of person who allows the media and government to do your thinking for you, then you probably believe that this country has become "stronger than ever" since 9-11. You probably hang an American flag from every single place you can possibly hang one, and even attempt to hang one in some places you can't. Hell, you probably even think Giuliani was an amazing mayor, and are completely willing to ignore the fact that before 9-11, Giuliani was headed out of office carrying the reputation of a racist and adulterer. But if you were willing to take a step back for just a moment and think for yourself (which would make you grossly un-American) you'd see that this country hasn't improved one bit in the last year.

In the weeks and months following the World Trade Center attacks, there have been acts of ignorance committed in this country that are well beyond disgusting. Muslim families have been asked to leave restaurants because the other customers felt uncomfortable eating in the same place as them. Muslim students have been afraid to attend their classes because of the treatment they received in their schools soon after the terrorist attacks. On this very campus last fall, a student proudly stated in one of his classes that he was "ready to go to war with anyone who had a dot on their forehead," which is ignorant on levels that should embarrass both he and anyone in his family.

On the evening of this past Sept. 11th, the Muslim Student Association held an evening program titled "9-11 and Islam." The program was an attempt on the part of the MSA members to educate people on Muslim culture, and how the Islamic community in this country has been affected over the past year. In a perfect example of how this country has "come together" this past year, in a crowd of over 50 people, about five students attended who weren't Muslim. Way to come together America.

The stupidity that has been on exhibition from many of the citizens of this country the past year is the ultimate testimony to the disturbing hypocrisy that is such a huge aspect of our culture. How many people felt uneasy eating in the same restaurant as a white family after Timothy McVeigh was accused in the Oklahoma City bombing? Anyone who believes this country is now stronger than ever is probably incapable of having an independent thought, and in all likelihood is ready to go to war with anyone who has a dot on their forehead.

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Letter: EPA FIFRA Scientific Advisory Panel

Hi Everybody,
This is the letter that Laurette wrote to the EPA panel addressing the issues of the health dangers from cca wood last month. She also submitted a research submission as well. Hats off to Laurette and Joe Prager for working to protect others. Take care please and keep safe.

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Public Information and Records Integrity Branch (PIRIB),
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August 25, 2002

To Whom it may concern:

Like every responsible parent, a major goal for our children is to keep them safe while they are growing up. I was glad to have a play area for my daughter on our deck. Protected from wondering off, cars and kidnapers, a safe place to play - or so I thought.

Roughly one out of every 500 children born has Trisomy 21, better known as Down's Syndrome. My daughter was born with Down's Syndrome. With Down's syndrome, the oral fixation stage extends well beyond that which is seen in typical children. They experience their world through their mouths. It is almost as though their tongue is an extra hand. [emphasis added]

It was common to see [her] put her tongue directly on our wooden deck, or see her chewing on the railing. While I would discourage such behaviors when I observed them, I was not overly concerned. After all, how bad could chewing on wood be? I was about to find out.

As our home aged over the past 18 years, the unsealed CCA deck became gray and weathered. To make the wood look better, my husband decided to clean and seal our deck. When my husband went to the paint store to purchase the sealant, the sales clerk advised him to first wash the deck with Clorox to bleach out the gray, before applying the sealant, then rough up the wood with a belt sander to allow the sealant to adhere better. No mention was made that pressure treated wood contained arsenic, and this was not common knowledge to either me or my husband. No mention was made to take any precautions with regard to the sawdust generated from the sanding. [emphasis added]

In October 2001, my husband began our home improvement. My daughter and I were on the deck to cheer daddy on as he sanded. I was careful not to let our daughter get in daddy's way as he worked, but she sure enjoyed being out there watching him. It took several days to complete the sanding. The sealer was applied several weeks later.

The deck continued to be her play area, both during the cleaning and sanding process, as well as during the weeks before the sealer was applied. Because I believed this giant playpen area to be safe, my daughter spent some amount of unsupervised time playing there while I would attend to household chores. It would be impossible to know how many times she put her mouth directly on the freshly-sanded arsenic-laced wood- but that she did, I am certain. Family members observed her doing so.

As if the direct mouth contact was not enough, anyone who knows [my daughter] can attest to the fact that she uses her hands to play with her tongue, and at the age of 7 still sucks her thumb. Looking back, I shudder to think about what was transpiring during such contacts.

Shortly after the deck sanding, [my daughter] began to experience sleep problems with frequent night awakenings and irritability during the day. Because [she] is unable to verbally express her feelings, I could not ascertain exactly what was bothering her. One day, I noticed that she had abnormally colored urine. Fearing that [she] was relapsing from a previous bout with leukemia, she was seen in the emergency room that evening. While in the ER, I noticed [my daughter] had developed a rather peculiar hand posturing:

I brought this to the attention of the doctor. I mentioned her irritability, sleeping problem, and poor appetite. A CBC was done to look at blood counts. The only abnormal blood finding was an elevated MCV. The urine sample was negative for blood. [She] was discharged with no diagnosis. The next day [she] had diarrhea and vomiting. The abnormal hand posturing persisted and still persists to this day. With problems persisting, a second urine sample was taken a few days later. I was horrified when the results came back, showing an astounding 192.2 ug/g creatinine of arsenic. A urine sample taken with a DMSA challenge went up to 280 ug/g creatinine. Chelation therapy was initiated.

I needed to determine the source of the exposure. Our well water tested negative for arsenic. [My daughter] had not eaten fish in months, so that was ruled out. When I learned about the pressure treated wood containing

arsenic, it all made sense to me. An elevated [arsenic level in her] hair sample showed [that my daughter] has had long term chronic exposure. Our deck was analyzed. I was stunned when the results showed 1680 ppm of arsenic. Now that a source had been identified, I could avoid continued exposure - or so I thought.

This July, we took a summer vacation in XXXXX, NY located on the shores of Lake Erie. Walking along the shoreline, I became aware of how much CCA driftwood washes ashore. Debris from people's beach stairs, docks, bridges, and decks were all stacked up in large piles waiting to be burned, thereby releasing their toxic gases during the 4th of July celebration. The highly concentrated ashes would soon mingle with the sand where the children will play for the rest of the summer.

It was through my ignorance that my daughter had become a victim; therefore, I could easily identify with the ignorance of the people who built the fires. If they only knew the dangers that lurked within, they would be unwilling to jeopardize the environment and their health. In an attempt to inform the people, I made a series of phone calls pleading for help. My request was simple, "Would you please use the media to remind people not to burn CCA wood?" I spoke with the town fire chief, the county health dept, the New York state DEC, the EPA, the American Wood Preservers Institute (AWPI), and local media.

I heard a few interesting comments from these various groups: "It's not the worst thing in the world," said a representative of the New York DEC. "The only ill effects we are aware of from burning CCA lumber is from cows eating the ashes" and "its not a big deal if the CCA wood is less than 5% of the total wood volume," said the representative from AWPI. Local media did not find the story newsworthy enough. The local fire chief recommended that I take my child away from the beach when the fires are lit, but took no action to inform others. The EPA let me know that while the consumer safety information sheet [for CCA] states there are regulations against burning the lumber, there is no law that makes it illegal.

Returning from our vacation, my daughter started summer school in a school for special needs children. I soon found out the children were walking down the road to an elementary school to play on a CCA playground. Oh no! My child was once again being given the opportunity to gnaw away on poison. I submitted a note to the school nurse banning my child from any future outings to this playground. Despite my informing the teacher about the special vulnerabilities of this subset of children, she continued to take the others to the playground over the summer.

While my story of a child poisoned by arsenic may sound like an isolated incident, I assure you it is NOT! If our family was unaware of our backyard danger, there must be other families unknowingly putting their children at risk. To help others avoid the travesty

that we encountered, I posted my story on multiple Internet sites. I asked if others had seen children with elevated arsenic levels. Responses came back and I began a file of very disturbing e-mails.

My school district told me that 10% of the school population in the district are children with what I call "abbreviation disorders": ADD, ADHD, PDD, LD, ASD etc. One has to wonder how this epidemic could be occurring. The answer to that question is undoubtedly complex. I heard from a number of families with children who have one or more of the above mentioned "abbreviation disorders". Some of these families had already had their children tested for heavy metals, some were in the process of doing so. Elevated arsenic was frequently found among the children tested. This was alarming for me to learn, but was not a surprise.

Before closing, I would like to share brief details from 3 of the families I personally know. My neighbor XXXX has 2 special needs children. XXXX's husband is a builder. Their backyard is enclosed with a CCA fence. The pool is surrounded by a CCA deck. Their sliding glass door opens to a large CCA yard deck with custom-made CCA benches and a CCA picnic table. I explained why I thought it may be prudent to have a doctor screen her children for arsenic. This was done and BOTH her children have elevated arsenic. A friend of mine has twin boys. One twin has Down's Syndrome while his brother has one of the "abbreviation disorders". The mother tells of her children licking water from puddles on their CCA deck. Testing reveals 2 more children with elevated arsenic.

Lastly, another friend of mine had her special needs child tested for multiple metals, and he showed elevated levels of copper, chromium and arsenic. These findings leave little to the imagination as to the source of the exposure. On behalf of the many families who have shared their findings with me, we wish to thank you for taking this issue so seriously. We look forward to very closely following your progress as your study continues.

Thank you.
Sincerely,
Laurette Janak

-Deborah Elaine Barrie

One Panel, Many Topics

By Andrew Pernick

On Wednesday, September 11th, 2002, the one year anniversary of the attacks that permanently changed the modern world, WUSB Radio (90.1 FM) and SBU-TV (Channel 3) hosted a joint, simulcast panel discussion entitled "Reaction: Personal and Political Perspectives on 9/11." The panel was comprised of Chris Sorochin, Beverly Bryan, Bill McNulty, Chad Kautzer, Arif Rafiq, David Seader, and moderated by Matt Mankiewich. Carl Limbacher, a reporter with the news magazine and website NewsMax.com, joined the conference as a special guest via telephone.

The evening began with an opening question posed by Mr. Mankiewich: where the panelists were and what were they doing when they first learned of the attacks. After the individual panelists gave their accounts, a common thread was apparent. All of the panelists, with the exception of Mr. Limbacher, turned to network television news for coverage. Once Mr. McNulty, a radio host on WUSB, posed the question of whether television is itself political, all personal aspects of the attacks and its aftermath seemingly vanished from the discussion; the event became a political debate reminiscent of our last presidential election.

Chad Kautzer, president of the Social Justice Alliance and a graduate student in philosophy, pointed out that within minutes of the impact of the first plane, every network covering the attacks had framed their footage with variations of "America Under Attack," saying the broadcast "wasn't just a pure image." Mr. Rafiq, an undergraduate political science major and reporter for The Statesman, weighed in by reminding the panel that the motive of the terrorists made 9/11 a political act. He replied to the moderator's reference to World War 2 hero Admiral Halsey's view on kamikaze attacks that individuals who engage in suicide missions are looking for the most efficient strategic method to achieve their goals; if the Al Qaeda terrorists had the option of destroying the World Trade Center without losing their lives, they would have done so.

It was at this point that Mr. Limbacher joined the panel. He had learned of the attacks from WABC radio while at work. Calling this the "most documented event in human history", he reminded the audience that we need to "keep this memory front and center...we need to remember and we need to act." When asked by the moderator "who screwed up, where, why, and how", he quickly accused the CIA of dropping the ball, citing the Torricelli Principle (a 1995 order by then-President Clinton that prevented the CIA from hiring spies or operatives with possible criminal connections) as the reason that the intelligence agency did not have a single operative in Afghanistan on 9/11. The NSA was also to blame, Mr. Limbacher claimed, since they failed to translate a September 10th radio communiqué which said "The match begins." This message, one of 100,000 the NSA had in its queue, was translated one day after the attacks.

Regarding the failure to apprehend the suspected 20th hijacker, Zacarias Moussaoui, Mr. Limbacher accused the FBI of being "gun-shy" due

to the refusal of the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court to grant requests made when Janet Reno was Attorney General, a fact Mr. Limbacher accuses the "main-stream press" of ignoring.

As to the remote and proximate causes of the terror, Mr. Limbacher said that nothing justified the attacks. Instead, Mr. Limbacher insisted that the next step for the United States is to deal with Saddam Hussein, calling for President Bush to "release the full dossier." He justified war with Iraq by claiming that a terrorist hijacking school exists 40 miles south of Baghdad, where "Saddam's Bodyguards" train to overtake planes, using only small knives and their bare hands. When asked what should be done with the World Trade Center site, he emphasized that the towers should be rebuilt "bigger and better." He then hung up and left the panel to debate his positions in absentia.

Chris Sorochin, a veteran of the Stony Brook Press and WUSB and an instructor at St. John's University, informed the panel that Congress had not declared war. Mr. Mankiewich reminded the panel that the War Powers Act of 1973, designed to return control of the military to the Congress in response to the Vietnam war, was in effect mute and that it no longer matters whether a war is declared or undeclared.

Mr. Kautzer professed to have found a flaw in Mr. Limbacher's philosophy due to the latter's insistence on maintaining the status quo rather than articulating the causes of the attack for the sake of prevention. He added that the US needs to hunt down the al Qaeda terrorists, avoid war with Iraq, and be wary since reactionary fundamentalism (by both the Palestinians and certain nations around the globe) is "coming back to haunt us."

Audience member Adam Zimmerman, a history major and political science minor, returned the focus of the panel to proximate and remote causes and, while stressing the roles of preemption and deterrence, cited a New York Times editorial that claimed Pentagon simulations of a United States invasion of Iraq would be catastrophic. He concluded his statement to the panel by asking whether the United States should strike Saddam Hussein first or wait for some form of attack from Iraq.

Answering Mr. Zimmerman's questions, Mr. McNulty accused the United States of starting the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait claiming that the United States told Saddam Hussein that an invasion would be seen as an internal conflict; it was this "lie" that allowed the U.S. to engage Iraq. Furthering his point, he mentioned President Bush's speech to the graduating class of the West Point Military Academy, which said that the United States has entered the era of preemptive strikes. As for Vice-President Cheney's list of more than 50 countries that we could attack in future, Mr. McNulty said that it would amount to "war against the world for the rest of our lives."

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld was unable to "convince even the staunchest Republicans" to vote for war, claimed panelist David Seader of

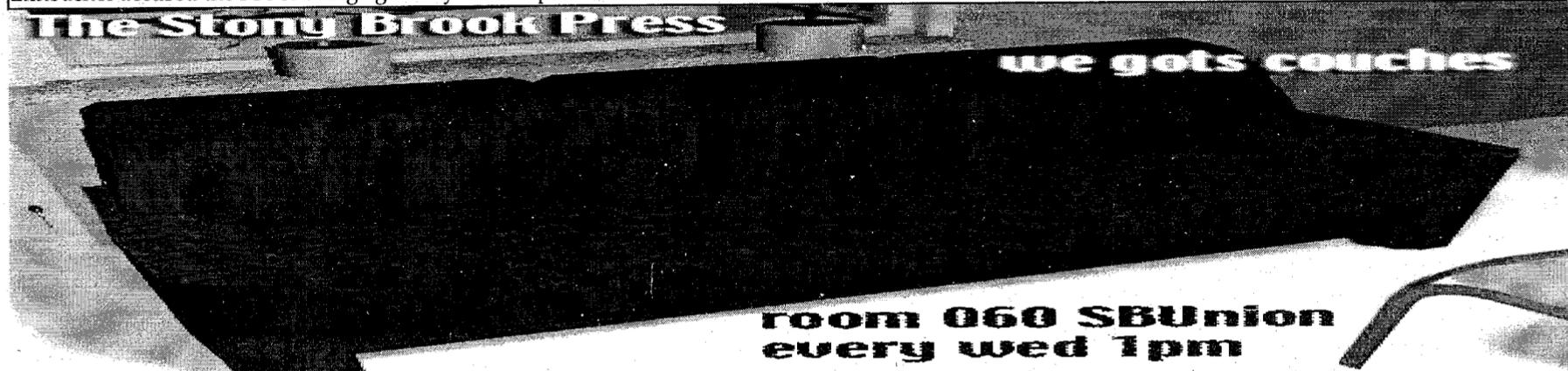
SBU-TV, to which Mr. McNulty asked "Who called Mr. Rumsfeld 'the most vicious man I've ever met'?" The answer, which came in the closing minutes of the event, is Henry Kissinger.

Mr. Mankiewich then changed topics again, asking why oil-producing nations have not diversified, sparking a debate on the standard of living in this country versus western Europe. Mr. Kautzer posited a claim that there are opportunities for a free PhD in Europe while the average personal debt of an undergraduate student in the United States is around \$16,400. Ms. Bryan, an undergraduate European history major and staff writer for the Stony Brook Press, seized the opportunity to add that Canada, and certain European nations, have free health care as well.

Mr. Mankiewich, shocked to learn that there are students at Stony Brook who receive no financial aid, quickly parried by stating his belief that no direct relationship exists between big business and terrorism. In response to questions regarding worldwide terror posed by André Levy, a graduate student studying ecology and evolution as well as a member of the Social Justice Alliance, the moderator said that the United States should look to Israel and England for lessons in combating worldwide terror. This did not sit well with Mr. Kautzer, who stated that Northern Ireland is a good example of overtaking an occupying force, which should be compared to Cyprus and Chechnya. Mr. Kautzer also pointed out that by focusing on Iraq, the United States is not dealing with the terrorist network that actually struck us.

Ben Robinson, an audience member, said that the "dialectic from the Bush administration is Orwellian in its vagueness...[that the administration] can continue the war mechanism indefinitely." Responding to Vice-President Cheney's statement that the United States does not know who its next enemy will be, Mr. Robinson accused the Bush administration of creating a warlike atmosphere and shifting espionage from the CIA to the military in order to help the defense industry profit from the administration's warmongering. "Vague war helps profit," he said. Ms. Bryan voiced her agreement, adding that she found the concept of a Patriot Day or the Patriot Act (which allows, among other things, the "the federal government to detain non-U.S. citizens suspected of terrorism for up to seven days without specific charges. (CNN)") appalling. Mr. McNulty called the Bush administration's tactics an attempt to destroy Posse Comitatus, a federal law that bans the use of the military as a domestic police force.

The panel discussion concluded with the panelists stating what they hoped would be done with the World Trade Center site. Responses ranged from Mr. Kautzer's request for the site to be used as the permanent seat of the International Criminal Court to calls for a memorial to a worldwide center for the free exchange of thoughts and ideas. Mr. Mankiewich and Mr. Limbacher both want the site to be a new World Trade Center.



TOP TEN

Places to Pointlessly
Give Out Miniature
American Flags

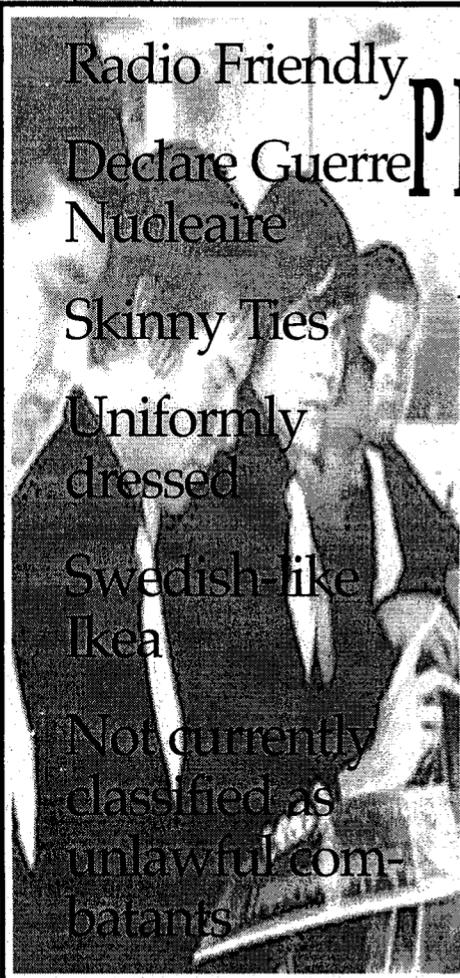
- 10 Seawolves Stadium Opening Game
- 9 Terrorist Meeting
- 8 Dan's Hospital Room
- 7 Chinese Food Restaurant
- 6 Dick Cheney's Colon
- 5 Nintendo Fun Club
- 4 Chabad house
- 3 England
- 2 Sci Fi Forum Orgy
- 1 Miniture American Flag Factory

Battle of the Century

The Hives

VS

Saddam
Husseim



Radio Friendly
Declare Guerre
Nucleaire

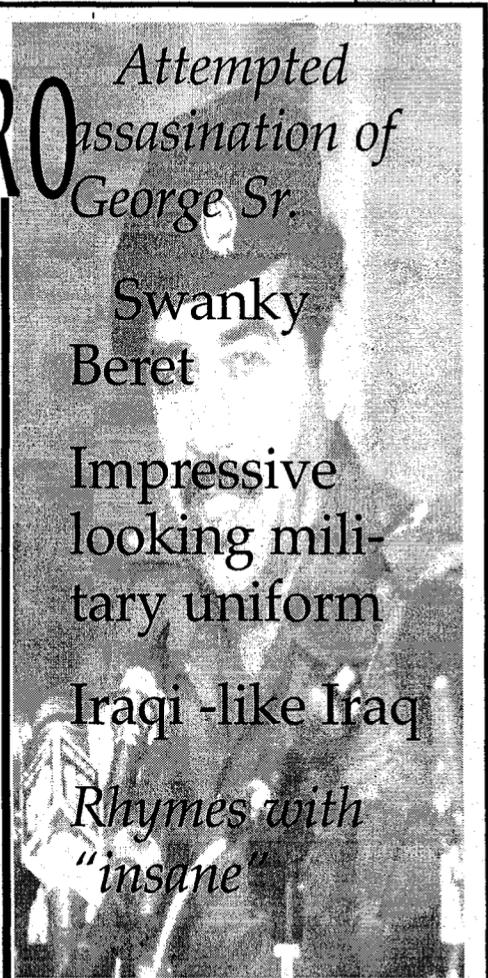
Skinny Ties

Uniformly
dressed

Swedish-like
Ikea

Not currently
classified as
unlawful com-
batants

PRO



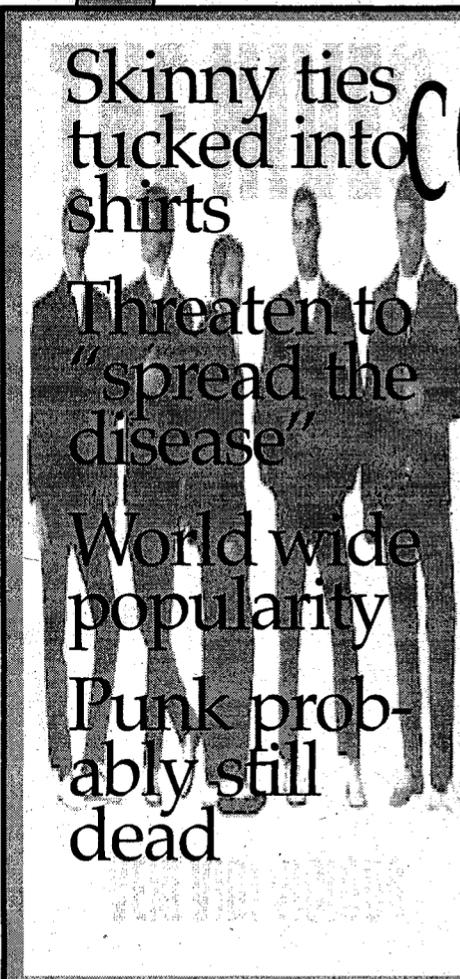
Attempted
assasination of
George Sr.

Swanky
Beret

Impressive
looking mili-
tary uniform

Iraqi -like Iraq

Rhymes with
"insane"

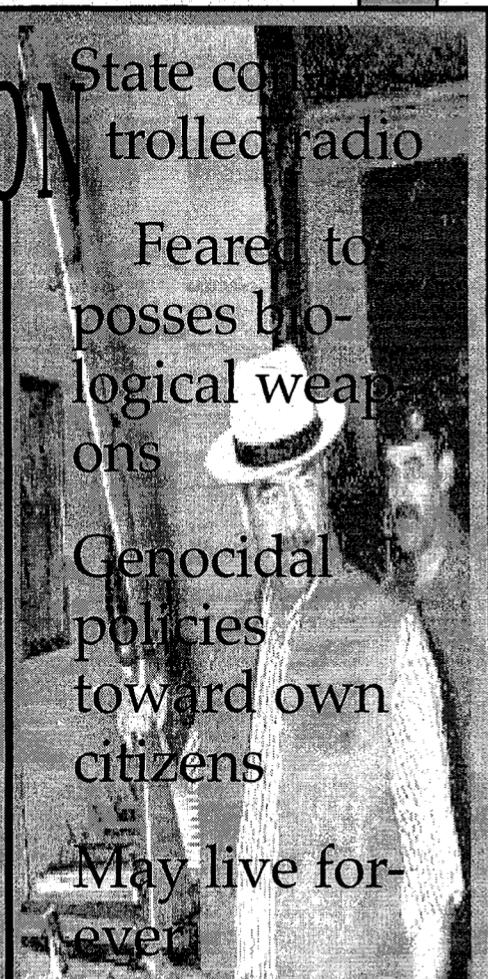


Skinny ties
tucked into
shirts

Threaten to
"spread the
disease"

World wide
popularity
Punk prob-
ably still
dead

CON

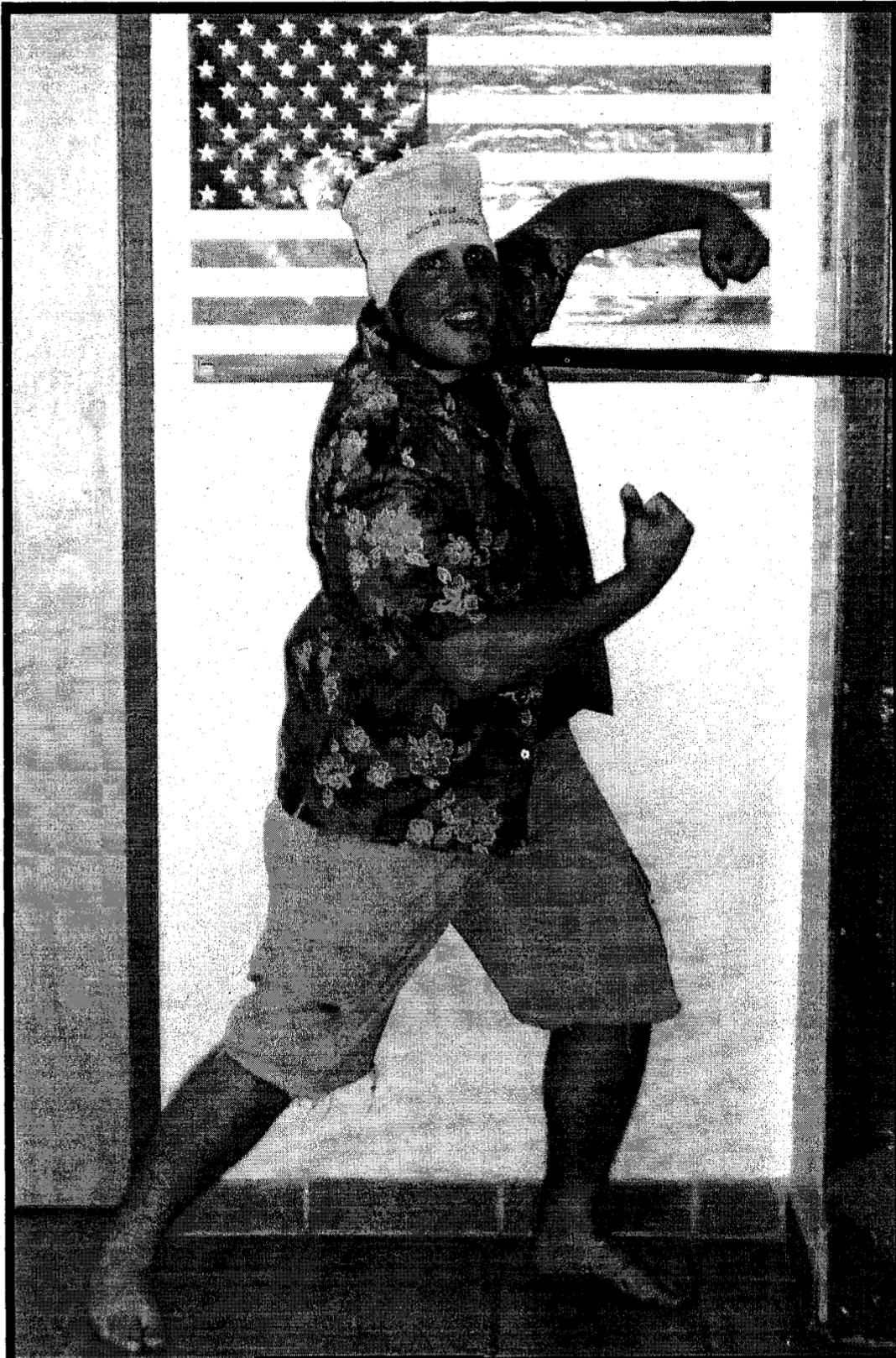


State con-
trolled radio

Feared to
posses bio-
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ons

Genocidal
policies
toward own
citizens

May live for-
ever



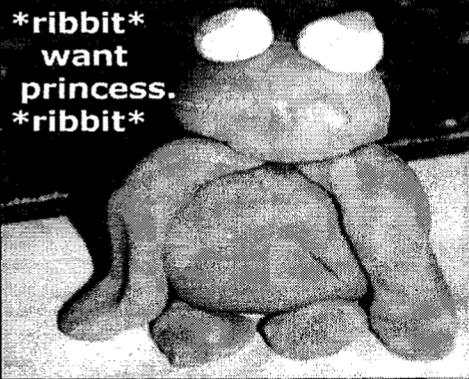
OUR NEW FASHION EDITOR

OPEN DOOR

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the
FROG

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Princess

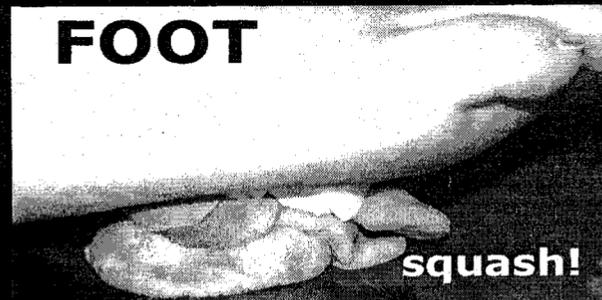
where,
oh, where
is my
perfect
prince?



the
KISS



FOOT



squash!

in

THE FROG PRINCE

Love is cruel. Love will squash you. Love will kick you in the face. Love sucks.



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an assassin last seme-
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allow him to be
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B-Kill the motherfucker

C-I hate Bob sooo much
that I can't help reading

JamieMignone@hotmail.com or
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Movie Review: The Good Girl

By Ceci Norman

Ohhh, the emptiness! The tragedy of self-made drama to escape a horrible life of uneventfulness! *The Good Girl* (2002), directed by Miguel Arteta, made me never ever want to ever fall in love with a drug addict and work at a discount store in a small town. It annoyed me that it seemed to accurately portray the ennui that goes along with a life like that. It definitely wasn't a great movie, but the overpowering sense of being unable to escape a mundane life was slightly unnerving and definitely obnoxious.

The Good Girl is about Justine Last (Jennifer Aniston) and how she attempts escape from a dead-end job, and a marriage to an underachieving pothead (John C. Reilly) by getting involved with a young writer named Holden (Jake Gyllenhaal). Justine spends the entire movie hating her position in life, and half the movie whining about the situations she gets into in order to escape it. It did have redeeming factors, such as a woman getting poisoned by dirty blackberries, potheads giving their opinions on what color houses should be painted, an angst-y girl with sharp cynicism and a puppy—actually a huge German Shepard—stealing a man's sheet after he blackmails Justine into having sex with him in order to "save" him and to keep him from telling her husband about her affair.

Jennifer Aniston showed she could act in something other than her role on *Friends*, which I'm not going to further comment on because I've only seen *Friends* once. Unfortunately her attempt at a non-type cast role left her a rather one-dimensional confused woman with a horrible accent. I'm still

trying to figure out if I got this impression of her because she just can't act, or because her character is supposed to be void of anything except ennui, or void of the ability to stay away from self-created drama caused by a lack of enough intelligence to get out of depressing relationships. She's just the ultimate stereotype of a person with too much time who has the inability to handle what she gets herself into.

Then there's Jake Gyllenhaal. He's just the most amazing example of an actor who can play people with mental problems. It would have been even better if the part didn't confine him to being obsessive over the *Catcher In The Rye*, and made him more original in how he acted and what he wrote. I mean, sure there's the suppressed young writer stereotype, but why add to the severe boredom of the movie by confining him to it? It's not like he's known for one-dimensional uncreative characters (I'm forgetting he was Bubble-boy), and couldn't handle adding originality to a psychologically disturbed writer in a twisted love affair.

The rest of the characters were even greater stereotypes that created a town that had nothing better to do than paint houses, work at discount stores, or bitch and moan about their lives. Again, if *The Good Girl* took a more eccentric approach, or found a prolific way to express their gossip then it might have saved itself. Instead, it took the route of having a bible-pimp, a heath nut, and the fore-mentioned husband with his salacious sidekick. Along with them there's an ensemble of faces-without-names that mildly aid their sad attempt at finding out the truth behind their



pathetic town's secrets. Other than having paper-thin existences—and even that isn't necessarily important—their only function is to comment on the affair between Justine and Holden. If they had any depth at all, they'd have their own dramas to focus on. But no, that would mean there is depth present in the movie.

So if the movie's goal is to annoy the audience by making them sit back and watch someone put their boring marriage on the rocks for an intense fling with a disturbed young writer, then it succeeded greatly. If it was making an attempt to find a profound meaning to the boredom of small town life, then it failed horribly. Maybe I just expected too much from it before seeing the movie, but I think it's more of an issue that the movie remained on a stereotypical surface in an issue that may or may not have had more depth. So if you want a superficial glimpse into the boring empty gossip of small town life, then this is a perfect movie to see. But, if you want a happy depth filled film—this isn't it.

Movie and TV Extras and Models

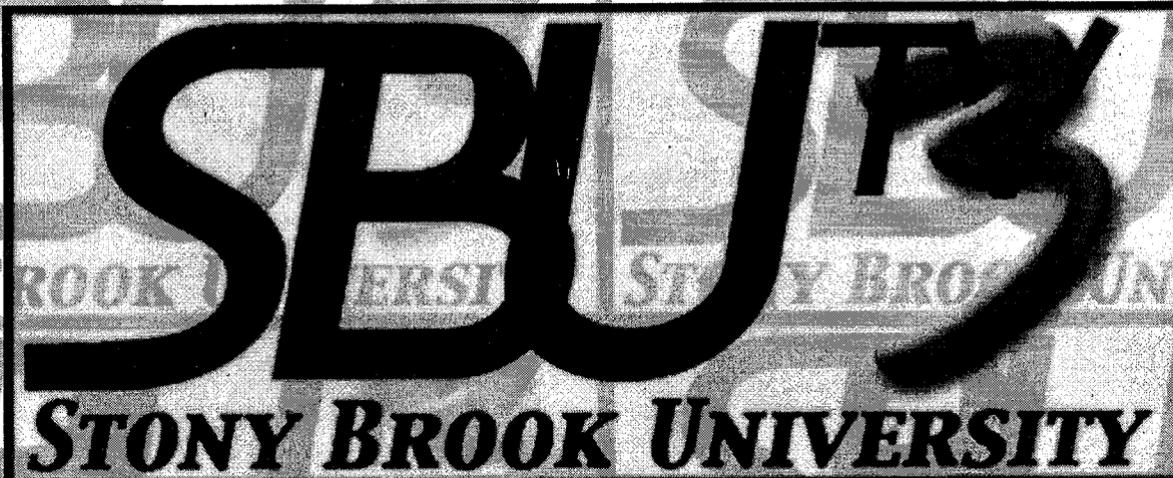
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Destroying Bullseye

By Adam Schlagman

Are you ready for some more Kevin Smith Daredevil? Couldn't get enough from his 8 issue run "Guardian Devil", with him killing off Mysterio and Karen Page? Well just in time for the highly anticipated "Daredevil" movie, Smith will be writing a 4 issue miniseries entitled "Daredevil/Bullseye: Target", in which Daredevil will face off with Bullseye for the first time since he murdered Daredevil's girlfriend Karen Page. "Preacher" cover artist Glenn Fabry draws the mini series, which begins November 13th.

Fresh off his amazing 15 issue run on "Green Arrow" that completely revived the character, Smith has signed an exclusive deal with Marvel Comics. He is currently writing a Spiderman/Black Cat miniseries and soon will be writing "Amazing Spiderman".

Before he begins his run on Amazing, Smith will write the Daredevil/Bullseye miniseries. Now you'd think this would be a great thing. At least I did when I first heard that Kevin Smith was writing "Daredevil" again and featuring Bullseye, one of the greatest villains in the Marvel Universe. What could be wrong with this? You've got Smith, the famed director of "Clerks", "Chasing Amy",

THEN



"Mallrats", "Dogma", "Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back", and soon to be "Jersey Girl", and you got Daredevil, the character he brought back from the shit-hole with the best Daredevil story since the God-like Frank Miller was writing. Just about the only thing that looks bad about the "Daredevil" movie, that's coming out on February 14th, well besides Ben Affleck. Bullseye's costume; where is it?

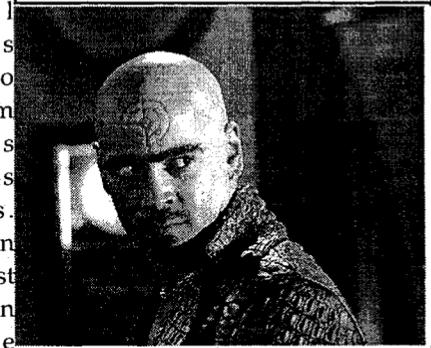
In the "Daredevil" movie, being released by 20th Century FOX, Colin Farrel plays Bullseye, Affleck is Daredevil, Jennifer Garner is Elektra, and Michael Clarke Duncan is playing Kingpin. The movie is being directed by Mark Steven Johnson and looks amazing so far and is sure to be another huge blockbuster superhero movie. The problem though lies in Bullseye. Well not in him exactly or Farrel for that matter, who I'm sure will portray him very well, but in his costume. Bullseye's blue and white costume is truly a work of art and is a key element to the character, yet it will not be in the movie! In the movie, Bullseye's trademark bulls-eye that is usually on his mask will instead be a scar on his forehead. This is a horrible mockery of the character and greatly upsets me. They ruined one of my favorite villains by not including his costume. It's bad enough the Green Goblin was like a fuckin robot in "Spiderman", but now they're going to ruin Bullseye. Now that pisses me off, no one should mess with how Bullseye looks, no one!

I eventually came to the conclusion that it's not too bad, it's only a movie; at least the costume will be okay in the comics. Hah, boy was I wrong. Smith has decided to update Bullseye into the "modern age" and have him lose the costume and make it more like the movie. Now that is

pure bullshit! There is no need to make the comic book just like the movie. That's what I call selling out. Where's Miller? We need him back to keep Bullseye the way he belongs with his awesome costume. Oh wait; he just sold out writing The Dark Knight Returns 2.

I was a huge Kevin Smith fan and the miniseries might be written very well, but if Bullseye has a new costume I'm just not sure if I'll be able to get into the comic. This is similar to "Deadpool" becoming "Agent X" because Rob Liefeld is a dick and Marvel Comics refused to pay him royalties for his characters. But again you can't just get rid of an awesome costume.

NOW



Deadpool's costume was great and was a huge part of the character and his popularity. "Agent X" might be a good, funny comic, but it's just not the same anymore without the costume.

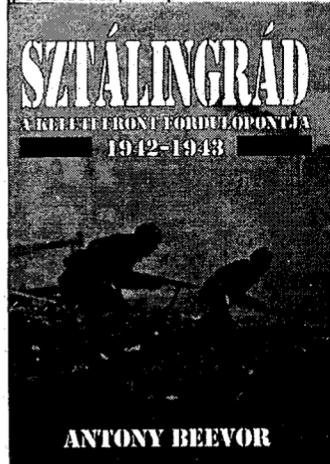
So because I am an idiot and a huge Bullseye fan and yes I still like Smith, I will still be purchasing the "Daredevil/Bullseye: Target" miniseries. Hopefully Smith will change his mind and not change the character's costume or the change will only be temporary. Well here's hoping for Bullseye, one of the greatest characters ever.

Book Reviews

By Gregory Knopp

Antony Beevor- Stalingrad

This is a greatly written, detailed account of one of the most decisive battles in WW2, namely the battle of Stalingrad in Russia. A part of this battle is captured in the movie "Enemy at the Gates." Beevor's work reads fast and easy, but is at the same time extremely engaging and informative. Not only does he give a great historical account of the event, with amazing level of detail and knowledge, but he also manages to portray the experience of the soldiers, all without losing the reader's interest or attention. I've read many history books, and the level of information provided combined with the quality of the text is practically unparalleled. Certain facts discussed will



strike one as unbelievable, particularly the numbers of Russians killed by their own superiors, and the policy of killing off anybody returning from behind the enemy lines and labeling them as traitors. I would definitely recommend this book to anyone with an

interest in WW2, history, or those just looking for a good novel to pick up.

Jared Dimond- Guns Germs and Steel & David Landes- Wealth and Poverty of Nations

Both of these books attempt an inquiry into the question of the disparity between the nations around the globe. Why did some nations progress, and some not, and how did the current division of wealth come about? Both of the books are rather objective, not passing judgment as much as explaining the occurrences. But the two authors take on distinct approaches. Dimond approaches his inquiry in scientific terms, writing a well set up, thorough, comprehensive essay, looking back into early history, drawing upon evidence from early agriculture, disease, and other environmental factors. He puts forth a strong argument, and doing so, constantly engages the reader. Landes does not spend so much time on early history, breezing quickly up to the middle ages, presenting theories for the prior development that are a bit sketchy and not that convincing. He spends most of his time accounting for the development of events of the last millennium. The account jumps back and forth some, but is very informative and well researched. Landes obviously knows a lot about his topic, providing the reader with tons of theoretical structure as well as anecdotal

accounts. Both of these books are worth a look, but Dimond's reads better, is more comprehensive, and better accomplishes what it set out to do.

John Pilger - The New Rulers of the World

This is a book written by an investigative reporter, with a number of sections each dealing with a certain issue. These included the genocide in Indonesia, the US's involvement in Iraq, and racism in Australia. First thing I want to say about this book, is that after reading the initial few pages I found it way too liberal for my taste. Its general attitude is one of blame and guilt. Pilger spends a great deal of time laying out sad personal stories, as well as those of triumph in the face of harsh conditions. But this is not what I was looking for in this book. I was hoping for a more objective and fact-based account. Nonetheless, there is more to this book than the equivalent of watching Sally Strothers on at 3am in the morning after you had enough of Chuck Norris and the Total Gym. Pilger brings up many intriguing points and accounts, particularly America's involvement in Indonesia and pre-Gulf War Iraq. I would recommend reading this book, as long as your willing to work through some passages that give you the same effect as watching a made-for-TV movie on the Lifetime Network for Women.

Introducing The Stony Brook Press' newest feature, the Pixiedust column. Send in letters about life, love, happiness, or lack thereof and have them answered by our very own Pixidust.

Send your letters to Pixidust1369@hotmail.com

Dear Pixidust,

It's been a joy moving into Stony Brook dorms, and meeting all kinds of interesting people, but I have a small issue with my roommate. My roommate is a nice person, but she's a total slob. Every time she showers or does anything in the suite bathroom, she leaves all her toiletries on the sinks in the suite, and her soap in the shower. She also leaves her dirty laundry lying around, and sometimes even flinging it around the room, where it lands on my stuff. Just recently she started eating in the room, and leaving the remains all over the desks and dressers, where it is starting to attract bugs. I really like her as a person, so its hard for me to approach her about this. Any ideas?

Thanks,
Pigged out in Roth

Dear pigged out,

I feel your pain. I too once had a roommate like that. Here are a few tips and tricks that I learned along the way. A few might help you secure that long coveted single... Does your room mate use one of those electric toothbrushes? Yeah? Good, then you should learn to love the vibrations they give off. Next time you see her brush her teeth, try not to smile and laugh too much. Another good way to tell her how you feel is turning the dresser draws upside-down. If she wants to throw her stuff around, fine, you're just giving her a hand at getting it done. Your roommate likes to eat in the room. That's ok. Just make sure that you do too. My favorite is having Barbeque spare ribs.... on her bed. Sheets and pillows make the best napkins.

Hope this helps,
-Pixidust

Yo Pixiedust,

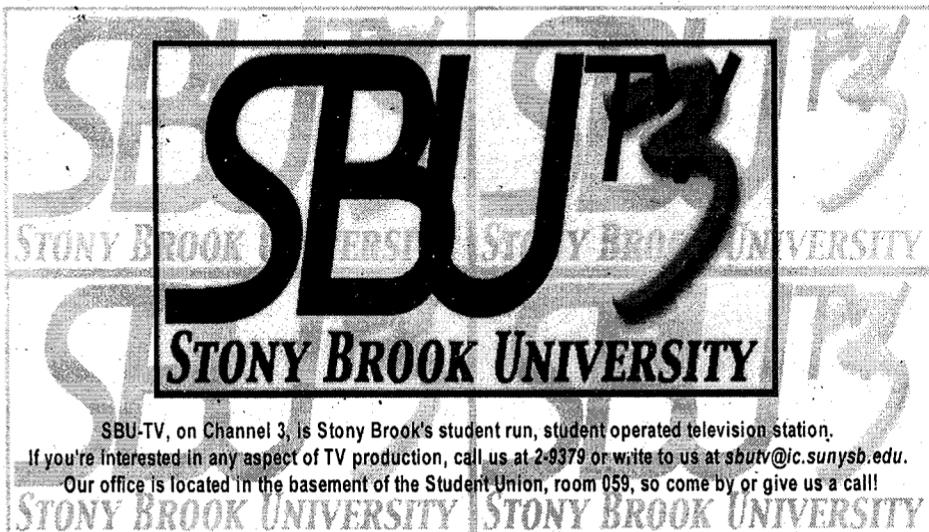
My roomie always stealin' my weed from my Gerbil's cage! Every time I go to smoke a bowl, I end up smokin' cedar chips. Since it's happened my Gerbil's been all freaked out and shit too. Everytime I'm playin' with him he bites me. The last time it happened I almost had to go to the hospital and shit. Man, that would have been embarrassing. How do I get my weed back? And keep my Gerbil chill?

Help me!
-Gerbil Boy

Dear Gerbil Boy,

Wow. You've got mad issues, boy. First off, your roommate is doing you a favor by stealing your weed. It keeps you off of it, and it seems to be breaking you of another odd habit. Not that I'm making assumptions about where you "play" with your gerbil or anything. But, if you really want to get your weed back, and have a mellow gerbil you need to talk to your roommate about it. Find out why he is taking your weed to begin with, and not getting his own. There's always the option of sharing too—y'know that thing they taught you to do in Kindergarten. One of you can pay for it one day/week, and the other can pay for it the next time. While your add it you should share your gerbil. Either your roommate will enjoy this, and you'll get your weed back because he wants a non-violent gerbil too, or he'll be traumatized and will promptly move out leaving you to do whatever fucked up things you want to do.

Love and kisses,
-Pixiedust



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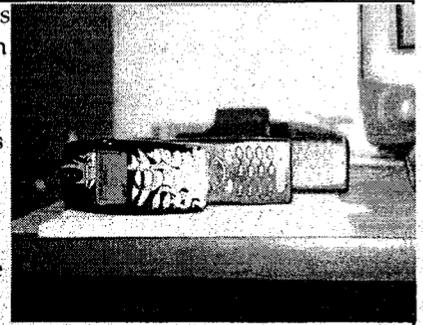
By Gregory Knopp

OK, the telecommunication companies have done it again. It started a few years ago, when I was on the bus and realized that all the conversations going on around me were not a sign that the last smoke cloud we passed was an ounce of weed smoldering on the ground, and everyone all the sudden became best friends, but rather a sign that cell phones became affordable and accessible and everyone was talking on one, and pissing me off. I know we just passed the fucking Dunkin Donuts, and I really don't want to hear you telling it to your friend. But one grows accustomed to things, and learns to ignore these conversations, dismissing them as part of regular life, after a while. So, I relaxed, got used to it, and let it go. Then, one day (this probably happened gradually, but I'm generally pretty oblivious too things like that) all of the sudden, all these crazy people appeared on the street, talking to themselves. Many-a-time I answered back, wondering what they had just asked me, only to be ignored and looked upon like I was the one who was fucked up. These people weren't talking to me, they were just talking. "What the fuck?", your

thinking. So was I, until I've noticed that all of these people who I dubbed either mental hospital escapees, or Vietnam War veterans, were all wearing a little wire off their face. Was this some government experiment where they were tracking the lunatics out in public life? It turned out not. It turned out they were talking to a little microphone hanging down their neck, via yet another new invention, making the cell phone yet again a public nuisance. I think these either phased out, or maybe my powers to ignore and repress are greater than I've imagined. So, life went on like before.

So I'm walking down the zebra path, going to that special bathroom, (the identity of which I will not reveal for obvious reasons) with a clean seat, plenty of toilet paper, and privacy, where I can take a shit during the day, when I hear a walky-talky, and instinctively turn away from it, shielding a would-be 40oz from the 5-0. But I see no cops, or other less-outfitted authority figures, and decide I've got no time to investigate this dilemma and got to take a shit before my 5:30 class. But the story does not

end there. This happens again a few times, till I spot a girl, who does not look like an RA, or a cop, talking down to some object. I look closer, my eyes focus, and BAM! it's a cell phone. It's also answering back to her in a distorted walky-talky voice. "Maybe its broken" I think (and hope). But no. I see this everywhere, always startled first, still wanting to hide that imaginary 40z. What the fuck is going on!?! Why? Why? I ask. This shit is too much. Not only is this annoying and unnecessary, but its also diluting my highly refined instincts. So I'm going to ask you nicely. Please talk on your phone like normal people. I know they cause cancer, but cancer takes years to kill you. I on the other hand can probably manage it in just under a minute using your own cell phone.



Bloodline Music

By Doug Williams

And the beat goes on...yeah, the beat goes on. Drums keep pounding rhythm to my brain and this world still can make one insane. Don't let the bad guys get us down. Try not to wear a frown. Keep our spirits high and never let our freedom die. This is our life, here and now. Let's move forward and never forget.

Let's make it better without regret. Okay...there's my freeform wordsmithery and inspirational paragraph to open this issue's column. Furthermore, I'd like to add the following quote that I published on the Bloodline Music website in the days following September 11th, 2001. "Though our freedom allows us time for play, it is nonetheless very serious business. So many have fought and died so that our country can provide such a way of life, unparalleled across the world. Especially in this time of crisis, we are to be reminded of such liberties and the sacrifices made to sustain our freedom. With a greatened sense of awareness of how fortunate we are, I am proclaiming to you, my friends, and brothers and sisters of America, that I am not only steadfast at work in protecting the rights of our great land, but also following my dreams without hesitation or regret. It is a salute to the flag of the United States of America that we respect what it stands for, and if there is a dream inside us, to persevere onward to its reality. I know you are with me. God Bless You!" On Tuesday evening, September 10th, 2002, I witnessed one of the best live performances I've had the pleasure of experiencing, and by chance, might I add. After

ten years apart, Snake/Barnacus secretly reunited for a secluded performance at The Snake Mansion in Central Islip. I was visiting the mansion to visit with Snake and see how his heavy metal band was doing when I was greeted at the door by a hostess who asked me if I was alone or was expecting guests. Something told me there was something special about to happen and I responded quickly by saying I was expecting my buddy, Eastside, a smoking guitarist himself. The lovely hostess showed me to a table for two and I promptly called Eastside on my cell phone and told him to get down to the mansion as soon as possible.

Eastside arrived at 7pm and we chatted for a while and anticipated what kind of surprise the master of the mansion had scheduled. About 8pm the lights in the room went dim and the stage curtains began to open. Almost like a flashback to 1992, we saw Snake and Barnacus on stage in full performance gear with the stage set up very similar to the '92 Farewell Tour. We couldn't believe our eyes! As the curtains continued to open, behind the two men a huge American flag was hung as a backdrop. There was a mix of applause and cheering in excitement and the two men remained perfectly still and silent. About three or four minutes into the silence on stage, all in the audience joined in the solemn silence as it was apparent the performers were paying tribute to all the victims and heroes of 9-11. I may be wrong, but it seemed that the moment of silence started by Snake/Barnacus lasted nine minutes and eleven seconds, after which they stood in

unison, turned 180 degrees, and saluted the flag.

After the somewhat emotional beginning to the show, S&B kicked into a lively performance of some new material mixed with some great oldies. Songs like 'My Little Pain', 'She's All Gone', and 'Into The Night' brought us right back to younger years. When I heard the introduction to 'Eternity', I had to get up and give a standing ovation to these great figures of rock and roll. Snake's spoken word to the S&B poem, 'Gem', was truly a gem of a performance. All through the 90 minute set, S&B had the crowd moving, both physically and emotionally. 'One God' is a new composition that shed a few tears and perhaps shed some hope as well. To close the set they performed, for the first time live, a song entitled 'Some Kind of Dream' which is from the forthcoming soundtrack to the KC Williams Movie. KC Williams is a friend of mine!

From the west coast, John St. Martin sent in this report of the current Robert Plant tour. "I Saw Robert Plant with Strange Sensation last night. Extraordinary man and music! His deeply soulful voice is still powerful, stirring and as amazing as it has always been. He blew away his tour in '89 last night with an amazing band (Cure, Portishead, Massive Attack members) having its own modern refreshing style but not compromising Zep's classic rock sound."

See you all next issue!!! If you get bored, send me an email or check out the website. music@bloodlinemusic.com www.bloodlinemusic.com

The Stony Brook Press, harboring fugitives for 23 years.

Define the truth with us.

- Is shaving your head and beard punishment enough for treason?
- Why did the Taliban buy up 30% of the world's pretzel stocks on January 1st?
- How did Pat Buchanan's book *Death of the West* end up amongst the flyers dropped on Afganistan?
- Which one of the girls in Hanson did I have sex with?
- The Shirley Strun Kenny-Enron connection (c'mon, you know there has to be one).
- Where do we go? where do we go now, Sweet Child, Sweet Child, Sweet Chieeleild of mine?



John Walker Lindh, Staff Writer. Come join him in our cold and wet basement room. Follow the stench of the corpses to room 060, basement of the Union. Submissions-letters-complaints: stonypress@hotmail.com



By Mallory McGuinness-Hickey

Life is full of important lessons. One lesson I have learned through the years is that life itself is full of lots of funny things to keep us amused. In general, a good rule of thumb is that if your life seems boring, there are plenty of things you can do to spice it up. With this idea in mind, I have decided to write an article featuring myself screwing around with other people on a small scale to see how they react, something in between a documentary on the human reaction, and a mini "Jackass" where I can't get hurt. To kick off the commentary, I will provide you with a short story about the last night of my summer.

It was around 8:30 on one of those awful nights where you are caught in some web of boredom and dumpster smell. It was unusually cold and foggy out, the gas tank in my car was near to empty, and unfortunately, my friend Lenny and I were stuck in our friend's religious houseware store, waiting for him to close up shop.

Things seemed to take a turn for the worst when I discovered that they had sold out the stock of the metal decorative crucifixes that I had been planning to steal. Our friend informed us that closing up would be at least another half hour. On top of this, Lenny had disappeared to "Perfumania", the ridiculously overpriced perfume store next door. I knew I shouldn't go in there, because the nasty girls that worked there hated me for some mysterious reason. Yes, the man definitely had me down that night. Lower than I had been in a long time. I wandered to the back of the store feeling desolate and lost.

I think what happened next was an act of god. It must have been, because I was near a display of stuffed animals dressed up as angels. Act of god or not, it was a miracle. A gleam of hope shot into my eye, my hands clenched into fists, a surge of energy rushed into my quivering body.

I stormed up to the counter and grabbed my decorative egg on a stick. "I'm going to Perfumania!" I told my friend and walked out the door. I approached the perfume store and looked

in through the glass door. Lenny was inside, re-arranging the colored brochures in protest. Now was the time. I busted through. "HEY EVERYONE! (there were just Lenny and the clerk in the store) I'VE GOT PERFUMANIA!" I shouted as I strolled through the door. The girl working there rolled her eyes. I had used this line more than once. "I'm not going to buy anything" I informed the girl. "I just came in to test out your free shit. I'm not leaving until I stink."

I was walking through the store, spraying everything they had on myself when a second girl walked out from the back. "Like my egg on a stick?" I asked her. "Yeah, what does it do?" she asked. "Oh, it's a magic wand. You tap it on someone and it makes them less bitchy. Watch."

I walked over to the first girl and tapped her on the head. "What the hell are you doing?" she screamed. "Looks like it didn't work." I said with a mischievous yet charming grin. We were told if we did not leave the store, security would be called. My work was done. Feeling high on life, me and Lenny flew across the parking lot to the Nike outlet. I approached the clerk who was folding clothes in the front. "Hello. I'm a little confused. Can you point me out to the clothes that were made in a sweat shop?!" I asked with my usual gleam of charisma. To my surprise, the girl just laughed. In response, Lenny walked to the shoe display and started ripping the sneakers off of the wires that attached them there. I started to knock down the boxed sneakers off of the shelves, and the two of us met somewhere in the middle to begin pulling shirts and pants off of the hangers and throwing them on the floor. We looked from left to right. The store workers seemed to be ignoring us. We knocked over some more merchandise. Still no response. I had to kick it up a notch, Emeril style. I stuck some Nike wrist bands in my pocket. "I'm just going to stick these here" I announced loudly. We looked around the store one last time, then walked out. To be quite honest, I was a little disappointed, but more pleasantly surprised to see that the Nike workers did not

value their job at all.

To conclude the evening, we all drove to the diner. Before leaving, the two of the girls that were there and I decided to use the rest rooms. When we stepped into the lavatory we noticed that two girls were in one stall, making weird noises. The other stall was filthy.

"Great" I said to my colleagues. "Now we have to wait twice as long." To urge these two floozies to leave the bathroom, my friends and I started talking about crotch rot and anything else that we could think of. Finally, after about a year, the two girls came out of the stall. One left rather quickly without washing her hands. The other one stayed to wash up. I noted that she used a paper towel to shut off the faucet and I found it odd. "You're pretty clean there. Outside the stall I mean" I said to her. She just made some kind of grunting noise. Apparently, I was blocking her from discarding her paper towel, and it seemed to me that she was just too good to talk to me.

After giving her a hard time for a minute or two I stepped out of the way. She laughed as she walked out the door. "Why didn't she talk? And why the hell were there two of them in one stall?" my friend asked. "Oh my God." I said. "I think I know why. Because something is seriously wrong with her. Jesus that was really mean."

I felt awful for it for the five minutes it took us to finish up and step outside. As we were getting ready to get into our cars, someone honked. It was the two girls, talking to each other in sign language. Apparently they were deaf. "Mal, look. I think someone wants your attention" Lenny said as I turned around and faced them. They were giving me the finger. How cute.

I guess that night I learned a valuable lesson. Whenever you start to feel guilty for being a bastard, life gives you a reason why you should be. And that is yet another important lesson that life has taught me. Well, whatever. Lesson or no lesson I slept well that night. Real well.

A Small Biography of A Great Man

By Vadim Gedzberg

I was born at the age of 45, in Leningrad in 1984. In 1985, having not visited Kosovo for the first time, I continued with my struggle for racial equality in the USSR, with my copyrighted slogan "the white man has kept me with one arm for long enough". Due to fears of pogroms (and inflated panic by speculates) I moved to Israel, in 1981 to the port city of Haifa. In 1992, I have not visited Kosovo once again. In 1993 I have invented Europe and the color television. I moved to Jerusalem in 1994 upon the Israeli prime minister's personal request to have their national hero reside in the capital of the nation. In 1995 yet again I have not visited Kosovo, making it the third time that I had absolutely nothing to do with the city. In 1995.654789, I invented the Vadim Flying Machine (later to be renamed to airplane). In 1996 due to reasons beyond my control I was forced to leave the nation of Israel and move to The United States of America, (where the streets have been rumored to be paved with gold). Upon my arrival in the USA, I became disillusioned upon discovering that tier most vicious criminals are forced to reside in conditions which only provide a 56k modem. In 1997, I have invited the color television again making it the second time I have invented the color television (meanwhile not having anything to do with the city of Kosovo). Upon my understanding of how minorities are treated i organized a

meeting with Gandhi, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr. and of course, FUCKING SPIDER-MAN. Together we organized The Million Man March. To my surprise 1995 came again after 97 that year (Congress should stop fucking with the calendar). Upon the advice of spider man I decided to break the color barrier in major league baseball in 1998xp, following the tradition of other men who have managed to break the color barrier(such as vanilla Ice for rap and Tiger Woods for the LGBTA). After that I proceeded to break the color barrier at least three times. In 1997b I freed Canada from Fidel Castro's evil regime and his nazi ninja squads, but see I had the upper hand see a secret weapon it was a mac10 hidden in my jacket the ninjas suspected nothing. In 1999 Just when i thought everything was getting better World War 2.95 broke out, i understood my duties to the civilized world and voluntarily joined The Army to fight Hitler's and Sadam Hussein. After having defeated the Nazi professional women's kickboxing squad of Hitler's evil army I challenged Hitler and Sadam to a Tae Kwan Do

sparing match. Upon having defeated both of them single-handedly, I realized a horrible thing had ben going on during the war, mental patients were placed in special camp where they were trained for the Nazi army use, they called it the very special forces. In the year 2000x-16=5 i freed the slaves in The united States as well as ended Palestinian terror in Israel. I began attending Stony Brook University in fall 2001, after which I have climbed the Everest and continued to pursue a carrier in assisting rape victims, helping under privileged kids save their community centers from beeing torn down for the purpose of building a shopping mall, and of course rescuing babies from burning buildings...In Recent Development i have just found out that I still have



not visited Kosovo.

Authors note: After reading this article you may feel uneasy, you may even feel as if history was a little murdered here, well in order to verify the historical accuracy of any statement made here please visit <http://www.geocities.com/vadimgedzberg> and remember, your mind is my cockwipe.

How to be a Rap Star Without Knowing Dr. Dre or the Neptunes

By Allan F. Katz

Six words: Running out of shit to remix. That sums up the state of things at Bad Boy Records. Amidst mounting uncertainty regarding the ownership, finances, and distribution of the label now that Arista Records has washed its hands of Biggie Smalls' only legal source of income, Puff Daddy (I'm not about to start calling him P.Diddy, and I don't care how many rappers he's got to take the rap for capping my 1/2 Colombian ass) is making his idea of an attempt to keep it real. Yes, my dilated peoples, Puffy's goin' back to doin' what he does best: Finding someone truly talented and then piggybacking 'em like Tiger Woods' daddy. Once he's on that tip again, he'll just settle for signing MC's willing to be his bitches, e.g. Mase, Shyne, etc. Maybe this time around they won't enter the clergy or get incarcerated as a result. But we're getting ahead of ourselves, here. Puffy first needs to find some talent. Utilizing [in]valid journalistic sources, I can ascertain that since Russell Simmons must have stopped giving him advice 3 years ago, Puffy called another human being that ruled a small portion of the universe. Lady Cleo answered on the first ring on her private line the prosecutors said did not exist. What Puff got from her was the reading of a lifetime...

"Yes, ah yah mon... Yah, nuff respect... Now we shall probe the depths of your destiny... I see J.Lo suing you for lost earnings when your relationship stopped being profitable... Oh, you just wan' know how to get Bad Boy back on top, mon? Ahh, I see... Lady Cleo gwan tell ya what to do... It is your destiny... Have you ever seen "Star Search," mon?"

The commercials running on MTV last week confirmed it: P. Diddy is doing for television what Tiger Woods did for golf: Replace a white guy. Puffy is becoming the black Ed McMahon. And you thought he was out of fresh ideas... Is Eminem in need of a sit-down with Dr. Phil? Is Lil' Kim the Chinese Buffet of sexually transmitted disease? Does R. Kelly piss on little girls? Bitch please.

If you hadn't seen the commercials, P. Diddy made an appeal to anyone who sings, raps, plays an instrument, or spins to come on down and show him what they've got. The 30 second spot claimed that for forty-eight hours that coming weekend, September 7th and 8th, anyone between the ages of 18 and 24 could be the next Bad Boy superstars via reality TV. Personally, I'm a realist, and am not prone to trust people. That's the only reason I'm not the anal grab-bag at some godforsaken rock upstate. No, I was referring to prison, not Albany. I certainly don't trust anyone who, if worst came to worse, could afford to have Otis Redding cloned by scientists in some godless foreign country where those kinds of this are allowed. Aside from such drug-induced paranoia, would everyone who showed actually get to audition? I was mildly intrigued. Two Mojos later, I stopped caring. Little did I know I'd be getting far deeper into this than I had ever considered.

I have a friend who's an aspiring media whore. He does stand-up, raps, acts, etc. Yeah, like Chris Rock, except he's done dramatic acting and his teeth aren't nearly as perfect. Right now he's tired of living in his mom's garage and serving drinks to most of his home town. Therefore, he never misses an opportunity like this one. Yeah, he's tried out for every Real World cast since 1998. He's so desperate to be on MTV, you may have seen him on TRL. So far he's made six appearances. Yeah, he was the white kid with I Love Jennifer Lopez written on his stomach. Yeah, definitely not joking. No, I wasn't the one who wrote it. Anyway, being the kind of friend that I am, I agreed to go with him to the audition as long as he didn't write anything on his stomach that would get us shot. I didn't want to die without ever attending a Seawolves game.

Being the self-proclaimed Doctor of Journalism that I am, I was on the #7 train outta Sunnyside (shout-outs to all my Irish and Korean gangstas) on Sunday morning at a time when even God should be sleeping it off. I lit that first cigarette in Times Square at 10 o'clock. After purchasing a tape recorder to use once and return (screw you, Radioshack) and buying a new rag that I hoped was a neutral color, I was set to cover the story with complete focus and the purest journalistic integrity. Either that or get F-ed up by one o'clock and get arrested for puking on a cop car by three. With a schedule like that, I ought to have made bail just in time to catch the Anna Nicole Show. Hey, it was a new episode, and she was doing lesbian things in Vegas. I'm only human.

When I finally made it to the very end of 47th street by the water, there was no need to look for the studio. There were about two thousand people surrounding it. To my disappointment, they were just standing in line. I always really

wanted to cover a riot. At first glance, I noticed something odd. The signs on the front doors read, "Making the Band 2: Hosted By P. Diddy Auditions." I was shocked to learn that someone might want to exploit an aspiring artist on a Reality TV Show before they even signed the recording contract that would exploit them everywhere else. Was the bait and switch really all that necessary? The only thing people want more than being on TV or having a hit record is doing both. It's an intoxicating lust. That's why we can't tear ourselves away from vacant television shows based on "real" life or stop listening to absolutely talentless music. Everyone likes to see or hear themselves as the star. It's much easier to do that when the people on the show or in the video have little more artistic ability than the average red-blooded American. And we are the country that brought mediocrity to a whole other level.

As I was trying to figure out just how the whole audition process worked, a horrifying thought entered my mind. I was scared shitless. Did Making the Band II mean the end of O-Town? Do they really murder the last band they made to make room for the new one? Do they at least try to put them up for adoption? They were such a socially conscious group of intelligent young performers. I'm sure a lot of you readers out there agree with me. "Liquid Dreams" is our generation's "When A Man Loves A Woman."

After I stopped hyperventilating, I acknowledged there was still a story to be covered, and went about covering it like an unwanted erection at a pool party. There was a press blackout on the whole event (the hype must be rationed out these days), and putting my life on the line, I did what I had to: Enter the auditions as a contestant. Geraldo ain't got nothin' on me, motherfucker! Here's the real investigative shit, slut! The six hours I spent on line (It didn't take me very long to get trizzashed on Grey Goose & Tonics at Mr. Biggs down the street) allowed for alot of observation. What I saw ranged from amusing to watching-the-twilight-zone-on-meth weird.

Security was tighter than the elastic on J.Lo's panties. That could be expected. The entire security force being white guys with Bay Ridge accents and Hugo Boss suits... That was certainly unexpected. Pee Diddy does lunch with Martha Stewart regularly. Never figured him to be the kind of guy who could appreciate the subtle touches that hiring the mafia adds to any occasion. It was a strange scene, especially since there were at least 60 cops on hand at any given time. It looked like The Sopranos, NYPD Blue, and Soul Train all over-booked the same set one day. Everyone just chilled and had something like a low-key block party, regardless of background or uniform. This was all in spite of it being hot as hell, and that often does awful things to people's temperments. It's hard to believe things have cooled down in NYC that much in my lifetime. My guess is everyone was united by their mutual love for O-Town.

The contestants themselves were not a very varied lot. Most of the applicants I met at the auditions thought that the event was just a new idea of P. Jiffy's that directly coincided with God finally giving them a shot. Although I interviewed kids from Michigan to Georgia, everyone had either that store-bought "I Like Hip Hop" or that specialty store "I AM Hip Hop" look. To quote Dillinger Four, "Doesn't anyone see the irony in cloning sheep?" You couldn't imagine the kind of sideways glances you could get being a punk rocker on that line. I wouldn't know because running around with some girl handing him shit like a clipboard or a tape recorder, were assumed to be working for the DJ gods who would occasionally descend upon the line whisking a select few around the block to the front of the building underneath the National Recording marquee. There's no better respect than the kind you didn't earn. Surprisingly, there weren't (no joke) more than 40 white people on the line. Only about half a dozen of them were male. Where's the "20 other million white rappers emerg[ing]" Slim Shady told me all about? I tried to get an answer from the people with the MTV ID's, considering they created him and now seem to be slave to their creation, but they weren't as friendly as the cops or the mobsters. Those empty V people can be so Nazi-ish. They act as if they single-handedly control the nation's entire youth culture or something.

As soon as my media-whore friend found me on line, we went about filling out our applications and signing away our entire identities to the Bunham/Murray Production Company of Van Nuys California. They're the fine people who brought us the most addictive sedative since Heroin: The Real World. It's never a good idea

to read the fine print if you know you're going to sign either way. It's like asking the nameless person you just woke up with how many people they've slept with, or what they meant when they said they were "kind of clean..." It's just shit you don't need to know. What it said in lay terms, was basically anything or everything about you can be co-opted and used by them for whatever they please. They also reserve the right to distort your appearance in any way they choose. In other words, they could say you're obviously a child molester on the show, and it wouldn't be slander according to the release form. And those original lyrics or music you use in the audition? You forfeit any and all rights to it. Something you wrote could be picked up and sold, recorded, and licensed for millions of dollars, and you wouldn't see a dime, or even credit. I think it's rather funny that such a policy is held at an audition for a producer/performer/label head who seldom ever came up with something original. It's actually fucking hilarious, like a dead baby on your Burger King tray. "Have it your way," my hispanic ass.

Next issue, we'll get right down to the nappy roots of matter. We'll have the exciting conclusion of my undercover drunk-venture, an interview with the potential rap & R&B superstars of tomorrow, an interview with one of the voices of the new #1 Hip-hop & R&B station Power 105, a prediction or two on the future of rap, Ananda Lewis' [potential] crack addiction, and the public's overwhelming belief that Bill Bellamy could whip the black off Sway's ass.

Now I'm going to make the last few minutes seem like less than a total waste. That's right kids, you can put off the killing spree and eventual suicide for at least another week or two. Here's something to live for: A Contest! Since you actually read these excerpts from the lost whiskey depository, I'm going to try and reward your (sick) curiosity by making what you've just read potentially profitable. Answer the following questions related to this article, & e-mail your name, a contact #/email/etc., answers, and best porn to scenecopkillah@aol.com. Since I've blown every last dime on textbooks and blow (the breakfast of champs) the free shit this time around is gonna be ghetto, but once the drug trade picks up I'll sweeten the deal in future issues. Right now I'm so po' I'm thinkin' 'bout asking the Nappy Roots for some change to buy the last two letters in poor. Nonetheless, the winner gets an X-ecutioners poster for their dorm/prison cell/S.R.O./ or squahouse, a cooler full of ghetto-sentials like pineapple soda and King Cobra, and an ill mix CD by yours truly. The winner will be selected at random by whatever drunk girl is on the floor when I wake up, & all submissions have to be in by no later than September 25th. No purchase necessary. Certain restrictions, state and local laws, Screw Flanders, federal policies, and your parole officer do not apply. Here we go:

1. Who is held in most circles to be the inventor of rap?
*Hint! His initials are R.R.M. Most folks don't know this ish. They think it all started with Krush Groove.

2. What is in the highball drink I mentioned earlier in the article?

* It's not the Goose & Tonic, it's the other one.

3. Who would most people prefer as their pimp? Ice-T or Trick Daddy?

4. What is Anna Nicole Smith's dog's name?

* Hint! It's something you can picture in her mouth...

5. True or False. There are bootleg recordings of Biggie freestylin' with Tupac live.

Signing off and hiding my stash, this is DJ DoubleHomicide droppin' some wisdom upon all y'all in closing. Don't take yourself too seriously. That Sunday was the most fun I've had since my girlfriend convinced me that you can drink for free in Atlantic City. Jesus F. Christ, I even saw some cop try to get into a cypher. For one afternoon, things were as they should be in this world. It was in no way like a Spike Lee joint. The only people there that didn't enjoy the fuck outta themselves were the ones desperately reciting some tired old rymes they thought were really going to sound like a freestyle... The girls preening themselves raw in the reflection of every tinted window... The kids that were just way too gangsta to leave the intimidating looks at home and get to know the people they were stuck with for six to nine hours. So don't ever take your foolish-ass self too seriously. Nobody looks stupider than somebody making every effort to look cool. On that tip, I say, "Drink irresponsibly, party with a hat on, friends don't let friends listen to Ja Rule, Trick love the kids, and as always, Fuck y'all."

VOX POPULI

THE STONY BROOK PRESS ONCE AGAIN PROVIDES ITS READERS WITH A HIGHLY ACCURATE AND SCIENTIFIC SURVEY OF FRESHMAN AND TRANSFER STUDENTS FOR THE FALL 2002 SEMESTER.

43% OF PEOPLE LIVING IN CORRIDOR STYLE DORMS ADVOCATE GAY MIDGET S&M BEASTIALITY CHILD PORN SHARING, ON THE SCHOOL NETWORK.

69% OF PEOPLE WHO PREFER TO RECIEVE A CLEVELAND STEAMER (HAVING YOUR CHEST SHIT UPON) OVER A HOT CARL (HAVING YOUR FACE SHIT UPON) PLAN ON JOINING A FRATERNITY OR SORRORITY.

.01% OF JAIL BAIT ON THIS CAMPUS IS MALE. 99% OF JAIL BAIT IS FEMALE, WHILE .99% OF JAIL BAIT IS YET TO DISCOVER THEIR OWN GENDER.

52% OF PEOPLE WHO DO NOT HAVE A MAJOR ALSO DO NOT HAVE THE BRAIN CAPACITY TO FIND THEIR CLASSE.

-5% OF PEOPLE WHO TOOK THIS SURVEY ACTUALLY WANT TO WRITE FOR THE STONY BROOK PRESS

33% OF PEOPLE WHO ENJOY SLEEPING WITH THEIR ROOMMATE HAVE BEEN MOLESTED BY A UNIVERSITY EMPLOYEE. ON A GOOD NOTE, OF THAT GROUP, ONLY 20% HAVE HAD THEIR MINTS STOLEN BY THEIR ROOMMATES, AND 65% HAVE HAD THEIR SALAD TOSSED BY THEIR ROOMMATE.

Death Egg Zone



GOT TOLIET PAPER?