

The *Stony Brook*

1979-2004

PRESS

25th Anniversary

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Vol. XXV, Issue 15 "I need a borscht belt to hold up my schnitzengrüben slacks" June 25, 2004



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Stony Brook University vs. Gyrodyne: Who really wins?

By Sam Goldman

Right now, 246 acres of land sit relatively unused to the west of Stony Brook University. Bounded by Stony Brook Road, University Heights Drive, and the tracks of the LIRR train, the site, named Flowerfield, is ripe for development, but who will be the lucky ones to develop it? This question is at the heart of Stony Brook University's - and Brookhaven's - future.

The land is currently owned by the Gyrodyne Company of America. Originally a manufacturer of helicopters for the US Navy, Gyrodyne used the land at first as a space to perform flight testing, as well as to house employees. Once the 'copter business tanked, the company focused instead on building its real estate portfolio. Currently, Gyrodyne leases land to a small number of tenants, but the majority of Flowerfield remains unused. However, they have a Master Plan.

This Master Plan involves the construction of an "upscale residential community" (read: rich folks homes) complete with a championship 18-hole gold course. A video on their website spells it out: the golf course would be environmentally friendly, would not cause a serious disruption in the community, and would increase property values of the surrounding community, while still being an immensely profitable venture.

Shirley Strum Kenny has another plan.

In a public forum held at the Wang Center on June 21st, SBU outlines its plan for a series of research centers on the land, starting with a center for wireless technology. The university states definitively that the construction of these new research centers is essential to maintain both SBU's physical growth, as the campus population grows exponentially, but also its growth in stature, having recently been inducted into the Association of American Universities. More information on the campus, including maps and a summary of an Environmental draft Statement, were available on the University's web site, but have seemingly disappeared immediately after the forum.

Stony Brook wants to negotiate with Gyrodyne, but seeing as Gyrodyne has no interest in selling the land, SUNY has begun steps to take the land via eminent domain proceedings. Under eminent domain, a government can take ownership of the land, and a civil judge will determine the value of the land, which the government must then pay whoever owned the land. This has led to a vicious, public spat between the two parties. Highlights include a "Gyrodyne Gazette" sent to homes in the area, attempting to mobilize local opposition to the SUNY plan. The expansion of Stony Brook, according to Gyrodyne, would increase traffic, noise, and human sewage; would cost residents more in a myriad of ways, from lower property values to increasing school district funds because of the influx of children of SBU employees; and would create, well, ugly buildings. The University counters that their plan would increase the jobs available in the area, and bring an influx of money into the town and community, and that the alternatives - to build these centers on land the University already owns, or to do nothing -

would adversely affect the campus and the surrounding community.

An extra wrinkle to the situation was recently added. Kings Park, about 10 miles away from campus, was supposed to be the site of "new urban growth" - a carefully constructed Mecca of affordable housing (something Long Island - and Suffolk County especially - sorely lacks) on the site of an abandoned mental hospital. Just a week ago, community groups squashed that idea, and the land is currently unused and without a plan. While SBU maintains that the site doesn't interest them, they may be persuaded to look at the site as an alternative (who would be willing to do that is a good question unto itself, as politicians seem to be mum about the whole thing).

So who's right? As usual, nobody.



A CARTOON FROM GYRODYNE'S NEWSLETTER, Courtesy of the Gyrodyne Gazette Vol I, No. 2

Gyrodyne's Master Plan, and their defense of their plan, has nothing to do with being a community player, and everything to do with money. Their plans to build a golf course conveniently forgets the fact that there are four golf courses within a six mile radius of the campus, including St. George's Country Club, which is only one mile away, or that their upscale housing may actually lower the property values of their neighbors' homes. In addition, their promises about the course being environmentally friendly is far from a promise, as the environmental aspects of golf courses in general - particularly concerning water irrigation practices and the resulting water sewage - is still being debated. Gyrodyne's web video attempts to scare the public into thinking another Smith Haven Mall is going to be built on the Flowerfield land, trying to attract the "not in my backyard" crowd, but the golf course is not that much better.

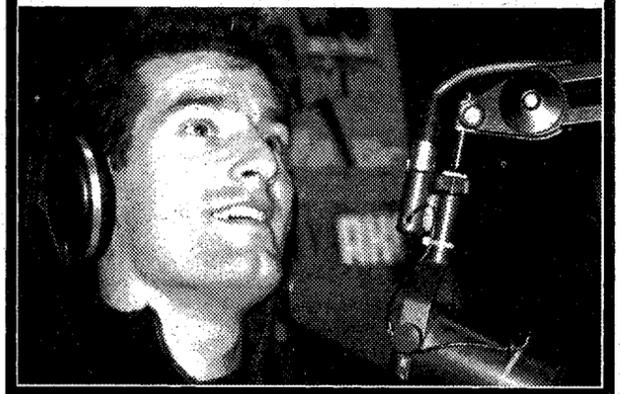
Stony Brook University's Master Plan, while somewhat better for the University, conveniently sidesteps the fact that several of the buildings already on campus are decrepit and old. The Stony Brook Union has walls that get eaten away whenever water touches them, vents that shoot out black soot (our vent is lovingly nicknamed "The Evil"), and black mold growing from the ceiling. Roosevelt Quad is often com-

pared to a prison. New undergrad housing would be a bigger boon to the campus than any research center. Even more so, graduate housing, which the GSO has been clamoring for for quite some time now, would be by FAR the best use of any new development. The University continues to think about grandiose plans for things like hotels and convention centers instead of looking after the basic needs of students. On top of this, the additions to the campus would increase the need for sewage plants and emergency services (rumor has it the Stony Brook Fire Department is already asking for another ladder truck).

But here's the worst part: neither idea represents the best use of the Flowerfield land. Suffolk County has been looking for affordable housing for years. Politicians and businesses continually complain about the fact that college graduates routinely run away from Long Island, due to the high costs of living here. But anytime an opportunity arises to do something about it, everyone exclaims, as one woman did at the forum, "Not in my backyard." This is ridiculous. If residents continue to fear any sort of development that encourages the middle class and college grads to come to the Island to work, businesses - and eventually the area - will suffer greatly. The Flowerfield space is a perfect spot to attract college graduates, seeing as it is directly adjacent to a major university, within short distance of both the L.I.E, the Northern State Parkway, and the Long Island Rail Road. It is the public's fear of development - a fear Gyrodyne preys on - that has led the Country into the financial morass that it finds itself into. Sooner or later, the residents of Suffolk County will have to realize that if they want their area to prosper, some smart urban growth is going to have to be created somewhere, and someone is going to have to have the balls to give up their backyard.

Until then, Brookhaven's choices remain between a useless golf course and a bunch of garish research buildings. Good luck.

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



A Good, Long Look at Ronnie

By Sam Goldman

Ronald Reagan's administration will forever be remembered as the one that brought the end of the Cold War. Under his watch, the Soviet Union underwent a drastic transformation that eventually led to its dissolution, and other Soviet satellite states, most notably East Germany and Poland, followed suit. While many people can make different assumptions – that the Soviet system was doomed to fail, or that the circumstances surrounding the end of the Cold War were not really Reagan's doing – the fact remains that Reagan will go down in history as The Man Who Won The Cold War, and rightly so. The massive increase in arms spending under his administration at the very least contributed greatly to the USSR's political and economic collapse under the weight of the arms race.

No one should take that moniker away from Reagan, or use it in a derogatory term. In my humble opinion, the collapse of the Soviet Union was not a bad thing, regardless of the conditions that currently exist. Eventually, in my opinion, Russia will straighten itself out somehow. But a country that insisted on taking over other countries to force an economic system, a country whose government encouraged its citizens to act as spies, and a country that insisted on keeping nukes aimed at another country, is not a country whose dissolution I will lose sleep over.

But, as the grand eulogies flow from all over the world about "The Great Communicator," it seems as if everyone simply forgot everything besides his Soviet policy. Let's recap the rest of Ronald Reagan's presidency.

The first appearance of the AIDS virus was in 1981. Ronald Reagan never mentioned it until 1985. When the Department of Health and Human Services asked Reagan for AIDS funding, they were largely ignored. When Surgeon General C. Everett Koop advocated the wide-

spread distribution of condoms and a comprehensive AIDS education strategy, he was largely ignored. When his administration put together the Watkins Commission to create a report on AIDS, THEY were largely ignored. See a pattern? According to the Wikipedia (where a good deal of info for this article comes from), "many in the gay and lesbian communities and many people with AIDS and those directly affected by the



REAGAN'S FOREIGN POLICY: THE ARM WRESTLE
Courtesy of www.thedeadcommunicator.com

destruction of AIDS, such as health care providers and family members, saw his policies as anything from politically motivated willful blindness to outright contempt for groups affected by the disease." While it is arguable that hindsight is 20/20, it is safe to assume that a great many people who lacked knowledge of the disease may have been saved had Reagan been more willing to adopt some sort of national AIDS policy.

Ronald Reagan also is credited with the

reestablishment of the War on Drugs. Under Jimmy Carter, drug laws had become somewhat relaxed, but under Reagan, the position of drug czar was established, the imprisonment of drug users was emphasized, and addiction treatment was deemphasized. It can be said that the current opinions on drug use and drug policy held by many lawmakers, Democratic and Republican alike, were shaped by the Reagan administration. And while drug use did decline significantly during his presidency, the War on Drugs also led to an explosion in the prison population, as well as the current boneheaded stance on marijuana decriminalization. On another note, as hokey and stupid as Nancy Reagan's "Just Say No!" campaign was, it seemed to work well.

Even Reagan's foreign policy was not pristine. The universally condemned invasion of Grenada. The presidency-tarnishing Iran-Contra scandal. And the laughable, unbelievably expensive and near-sighted initiative known simply as Star Wars.

And, lastly, there is Reaganomics. The supply-side economics of his administration did lead to a relatively prosperous presidency, sure, but at what price? The gap between the rich and the poor increased, and the Reagan administration borrowed money so extensively that by the time Bush I took office, the US government was spending 15 percent of its budget on interest payments,

and the US ran up a huge trade deficit. These are all things that affect the US – and us – to this day. Unfortunately, the relative short-term prosperity of the system led George W. Bush, among others, to believe in its viability.

I'm not going to go into his neoconservative legacy, and that's not really the point I'm making here. The point I am making is that, while Reagan deserves his place in history, we should be wary of granting him an esteemed place among the greats of America.

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EDITORIAL: Construction Junction, What's Your Function?

Everyone knows that Administration wants to make the campus as attractive as possible for both the outgoing graduates and the incoming students alike but are those their only motives?

Firstly, the university wants to impress potential students so that they enroll here. Why? Because high enrollment makes SBU more money. Secondly, they want to impress the students that are graduating. Why? Because graduates become alumni and alumni get jobs and jobs get them money. Impressed alumni will share their money with the university. Does the university beautify ANYTHING on campus during the school year? Of course not. You're already enrolled and they already have your money and no one's graduating for an entire year so there's no rush. But when the end of the year approaches, impress they must! This university will spend countless thousands of dollars to make slightly more countless thousands of dollars and they're not ashamed of it in the least. In fact, they usually put up little expensive signs and colorful schematics at the construction sites to grab the attention of a few fat wallets.

For example, the "School of Thought Walkway" is to be built outside the Union. There is an expensive little sign in front of the building with words like "culture" and "beauty" on it and it's firmly planted in a small dirt mound for everyone to see. In the back of the Union, there is a very large, colorful schematic of the planned walkway placed in plain view. This is how it's usually done. But for some reason, the construction that is being done at the Staller Plaza has no expensive signs and no colorful schematics.



TIRE TRACKS WHERE THE MEMORIAL USED TO BE,
 Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

But doesn't the university want as many people to know about the pretty things they're building as possible? Don't tell me it's a surprise because SBU would NEVER surprise us with a new Staller Plaza. Surprises don't make them money. So the question then is, why would Stony Brook University wait until the day after graduation - after all the alumni have left and before the open houses start - to tear up the plaza? It may be because this is a high traffic area, but there were never any signs or even mailings about what was going to be built. The fences and bulldozers just showed up with no forewarning. So the motive is definitely not money. Then what could it be?

Well, unfortunately for the university, bad publicity scares away investors faster than good publicity attracts them. So, instead of telling everyone that they plan on building a new Staller Plaza because a student committed suicide there, they think that a more logical plan of action is to erase everyone's memory of anything that can be considered "bad press" on campus. The Staller Plaza was sadly the site of Stony Brook student David Alm's suicide last year. When it happened, the university barely said anything in an apparent attempt to keep everyone's attention away, but some of us noticed. What happened to the memorial placed by friends of David Alm? Why won't they tell us what their plans are? Why is this university so afraid of transparency? Now, while no one is looking, they have completely gutted the area. Is the plaza being remodeled to prevent further tragedy or to make us forget what took place there? We hope it is the former because forgetting is out of the question.

EDITORIAL: Criticism of "Fahrenheit 9/11" Falls Woefully Short

Opening in just 868 theatres nationwide on June 25, Michael Moore's "Fahrenheit 9/11" earned an impressive \$29.8 million, a number previously unheard of by a documentary. One may wonder how a documentary ends up being the number one film in the country in the middle of the summer blockbuster season, but the answer becomes apparent when taking into account the maelstrom of criticism the film has received from Bush supporters. Since the initial controversy over the film's release, "Fahrenheit 9/11" has garnered more media attention than any other movie in recent memory; much of it being a critique of the documentary's content from right-wing groups and individuals.

Most of the of the disparagement focused on Moore's film, however, is totally unfounded. When examining the vast majority of Republican critiques, the most common phrase one finds is "I haven't actually seen this film, but..." A prime example of this comes from White House Communications Director Dan Bartlett who spoke both for himself and on behalf of the President when he stated, "This is a film that doesn't require us to actually view it to know it's filled with factual inaccuracies." This contention is completely ludicrous. Since when is it acceptable to judge something without seeing it? How can Bartlett even know what facts are in it if he did not see the movie? The answer is; he can't.

Another popular complaint about "Fahrenheit 9/11" is that that the film is basically biased propa-

ganda from a filmmaker looking to further a personal agenda. There are several holes in this idea, the first of which is the false assumption that documentaries are supposed to be unbiased. The fact is, it is virtually impossible for a film not to have a point of view, and having one does not disqualify a work from being labeled a documentary. Directors choose the topic to explore in a documentary, they decide what is going to be filmed and for how long, they decide who to talk to and what questions to ask, and they decide what the final product is going to look like and how it will be pieced together. Through this process, a documentary will always have a point of view, making the previous criticism moot.

Further, Moore never contends that the film is objective; and he has actually been quite open about the clear political stance of the movie. This has caused some critics to label the film a piece of propaganda. Despite the word's negative connotations, Webster's defines propaganda as "the spreading of ideas or information to further or damage a cause." Moore has remained intentionally transparent regarding his goal of ousting Bush in the next election, and the film does contain a great deal of information pertaining to why this should be done, so the label of "propaganda" is a fitting one. In fact, every single critical review of the film would be called propaganda when the same line of reasoning is followed.

Looking closely, however, this may not be true since most of the criticisms of "Fahrenheit 9/11" do



not bother to actually dispute any of the information in the film. While many Republicans are quick to point out that the documentary is full of lies, few are good enough to give specifics. The only factual disparity that has been mentioned involves the idea that Bush allowed several Saudi royals and members of the Bin Laden family to flee the country right after September 11th. While the order was actually signed by former Counterterrorism Chief Richard Clarke, Bush chose to allow this action to happen, so some of the blame does indeed fall on him. Moore's main problem with this, though, is the fact that only a small minority of these people, some of whom were directly related to Osama Bin Laden, were questioned by the FBI before being allowed to leave the country, an idea that most critics fail to address.

Overall, the criticism of "Fahrenheit 9/11" falls short. Every contention put forth by Moore is backed up with documentation and/or credible testimony from experts, authors, and politicians. His detractors, on the other hand, use generalities and misinformation to impotently attack the film. For example, conservative Fox News personality Bill O'Reilly calls the film "Slick propaganda that indicts President Bush for a variety of things, using cut-and-paste video interspersed with the opinions of far-left people such as Representatives Jim McDermott and John Conyers." In other words, Moore has put together a film that uses information from credible sources to espouse a particular view point. Congratulations Mr. O'Reilly, you've just unwittingly stumbled on the definition of a documentary.

The following is an actual letter sent by Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings to comic book legend Stan Lee. The crudely drawn blueprints were also included in the letter. This is no joke. In fact, this is just about as serious as it gets.

Stan Lee, Please Move In With Us

Dear Stan,

How have you been doing? My name is Joe Filippazzo and I am writing this letter with my good friend and housemate Mike Billings. We are college students at Stony Brook University in Long Island, New York. I am a Physics major and Mike is a Psychology major and we are both 21. Right now we are living in a nice house with four other people. It's cozy and there are two bathrooms but we think the dryer is broken. Once we give our landlord John the rent though, he will fix it.

Anyway, we are writing you because one of the people we live with, a girl named Jackie, just graduated and is moving to Philadelphia. This means that there is now a vacancy in our East Setauket abode. Before we ask our other friends, however, we figured we should give you a shot at it. Although we have never met you in real life, we have seen a lot of your television and movie appearances and we have read a lot of your comics; and you seem like a genuinely nice guy.

We realize you probably already have a house, but our house is pretty nice. Here's a verbal tour: We live in a small suburban neighborhood in East Setauket, New York. There are five bedrooms, two bathrooms (one full), washer and (soon-to-be fixed) dryer, fully equipped kitchen, a relatively spacious living room, and two small closets. In terms of the exterior, we

have a pretty huge backyard, regulation-size basketball hoop, and a veritable parking lot out on the front lawn. See map for detailed schematics. On a side note, the rent would be about \$355 a month, but our landlord John is pretty lenient on timing, so don't worry about it too much.

If you move in, you would be living with five other people. Now, you already know Mike and me, but we wanted to mention the other three people. Dustin lives downstairs and is a nice guy but sometimes he doesn't clean the George Foreman. He is in Spain for the summer working on a boat though so the Foreman's been pretty clean. Mike Prazak, a Philosophy major, also lives in the house with us. You might think that having two Mike's in the house would get confusing and you'd be right. We have easily remedied the situation though by referring to them as "Billings" and "Prazak". This is a common practice and can be applied to other names as well. If someone else named Stan Thomas, for example, moved in we would probably call you "Lee" and "Thomas" or maybe he would still be Stan and we could call you "The Man". Since you moved in first, though, you'd have dibs. Finally we come to Jess. She's also a really nice person but she is moving out in January so there will be another vacancy. Since you came in on your own, we figured it would only be fair to let you pick the other person. It can be anybody you want, like, say, John Romita or Artie

Simek (Penmanship is always a plus).

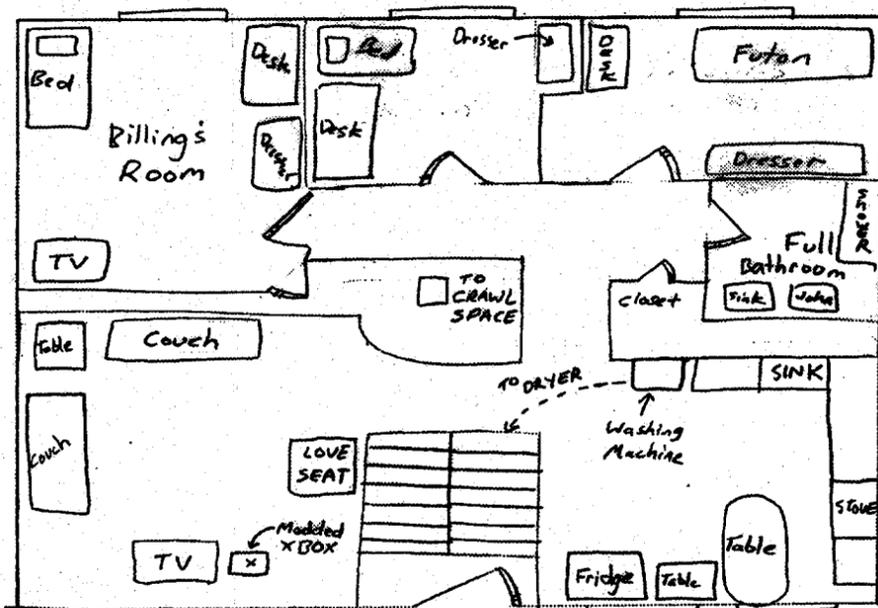
The reason we all live together is that we are friends from working at a newspaper on campus called The Stony Brook Press. I am the Executive Editor and Mike Billings is the Managing Editor. We are not the "official" campus newspaper but we are the best publication at Stony Brook University. By the way, we have really good news for you. If you were to move in with us, we are prepared to offer you a spot on our editorial board as the editor of the comics section. We have seen the work that you have done in the comic book industry in the past and frankly... we were very impressed. Just make sure you keep your Wednesdays at 1 pm free for our staff meetings.

In closing, we just wanted to ask you first before we asked our friend Sam Goldman to move in. We are all very easy-going and we really want you to consider our offer but take your time. We know it can be a tough decision. If you have any other questions, please feel free to write to us or call either of our cellular phones. Mine is 1-██████████ and Mike's is 1-██████████. Or you can call our newspaper office at 1-631-632-6451. We are there a lot. Thank you for your time and consideration.

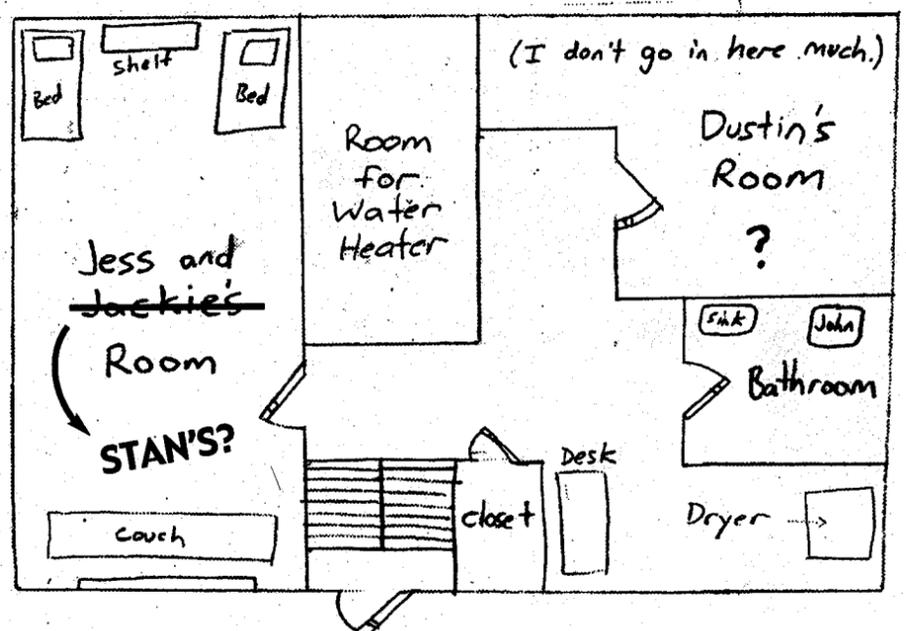
Sincerely,

Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings

UPSTAIRS



DOWNSTAIRS



Stony Brook Press Basketball Team Reaches New Lows

By Mike Billings

This season was supposed to be remembered as the one that changed everything. Although *The Press* had been dominating the Stony Brook Intramural Basketball League for almost half a decade, the expectations before this past season were absurd. Every record on the books was going to be shattered. The additions of Mike Billings and Bev Bryan to the already frightening tandem of Joe Filippazzo and Melanie Donovan were going to make *The Press* the most uncompromising force the league had ever seen. There was even talk of *The Press* going undefeated, a feat which no team has come close to accomplishing since the inception of the SBIBL. This team was poised to be the best, but at this point, spectators are simply wondering what could have possibly gone wrong.

Before it all started, the world already knew about the stars of *The Press*. Center Joe Filippazzo had finally reached and surpassed his potential, becoming the single most dominating player in the league. After a string of mediocre hip-hop albums and several embarrassing forays into the world of movies, Flip came into his own when he decided to focus his energies on the game. Shooting guard Melanie Donovan seemed to be improving exponentially every year while maintaining an immaculate media image that garnered her several lucrative endorsement deals. Add to this the fact that she was drafted right out of high school, it is easy to understand how she got to be so popular. To go along with this duo, the strong supporting cast of Mike "Bublz" Fabbri, Sam Goldman, and Amberly Timperio, helped *The Press* become the team to beat in the SBIBL.

Despite *The Press's* recent success, however, the team's prospects appeared to be grim by the commencement of training camp. Flip, listed to be a menacing 5'7" and 120 lbs., came into training camp clearly looking to be on the friendly side of 400 lbs. Although he was still a player to be reckoned with, Flip was visibly hindered by the results of his purported thrice-daily Mallomar binges. Not helping the situation was Flip's narcissistic attitude. On top of the fact that he constantly referred to himself as "pretty" and issued several self-

comparisons to various super heroes despite his continuing weight problem, after games Flip would blame the refs and his other teammates whenever they incurred a loss.



HEY, HEY! C'MON, EYES OFF THE MERCHANDISE, STUD!
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

The team also had to adjust to the hasty additions of aging superstars Mike Billings and Bev Bryan. While both are far past their primes, management felt that having another pair of future hall of famers would ensure a title and stimulate ticket sales. Unfortunately, this turned out to be a mixed blessing. It was obvious that both joined *The Press* to cap off their illustrious careers with championship titles, and each took a significant pay-cut to do so. While fans were excited about the new personnel, the two new starters were oft criticized as mercenaries who abandoned their previous teams for selfish reasons.

The worst distraction of them all, however, would come from embattled shooting guard Melanie Donovan. Throughout the season, much of her accomplishments would be overshadowed by her impending rape case in Connecticut. Although now seemingly imbedded in Stony Brook's consciousness, the news of the arrest was initially shocking, to say the least. No one expected to see a role model such as Melanie dragged out of her Floral Park mansion after allegedly forcing her perverted sexual machinations on an innocent groupie from

Connecticut who has remained anonymous due to judicial law. Although she still managed to produce impressive numbers, Melanie's precarious situation had a disastrous affect on team morale, a concept that became a harsh reality at the end of the season.

In a fitting end to a mediocre year, *The Press* put on an embarrassing display in the Pritchard Gym. Unable to find an opponent that was willing to play them, the team became completely unraveled. Melanie Donovan could not even attend the game due to her court proceedings in Connecticut. Bublz was called up to start for her, but in a statement of protest against the way the season went, refused to wear his "Death to Fascists" T-shirt, the standard uniform of *The Press*. Flip attempted to challenge several passersby, but to no avail; it appeared as if other players had shunned *The Press* just as the public had.

At this point, the team is being completely dismantled. Melanie has opted out of her contract and is looking at free agency; assuming she doesn't land in jail by the start of next season. Bev sustained serious knee injuries and is contemplating retirement. Most surprising of all, however, is the fact that Flip is demanding to be traded. Brought in several years ago as the foundation of the team, the idea of trading Flip was supposed to be ludicrous; but the concept has become a reality. The problem that remains is the fact that Flip's contract is so bloated that it would be impossible to make a trade where *The Press* gets equal value. *The Statesman* has offered to give up James Bouklas, Peter Sunwoo, James Caston, and Mansoor Khan in exchange for Flip, but *Press* management has repeatedly stated that they would need to obtain quality players if they were to let their star go.

No one can be certain how this soap opera is going to end. Though Mike Billings has agreed to stay with the team for another year, that will pale in comparison to the possible exodus of superstars *The Press* is facing. The only thing that is certain right now is that this has been a year that everyone on the team will be quick to forget.

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Are Kids the Selfish Ones?

By Tara Lynne Groth

I accompanied my mom shopping at a Macy's in the Hamptons on a recent June morning, a task that usually leaves me feeling aggravated. For the first time, this was avoided, but now I realize a slight conflict has been rolling around my head, and it was due to parts of the conversations that were had.

This conflict that I speak of revolves around kids, little people I've been surrounded by this past week through a multitude of babysitting gigs, which may place them in good favor, or perhaps not. My mom means well, and she was pitifully coercing me into emailing this guy who is the son of one of the ladies she works with. Supposedly he's an extremely shy one - which makes me less interested in him - and he happens to live in a neighboring town - making it all the more appealing to her for me. The conversation, when controlled by my mom, mainly outlined the course of one's life (mine, specifically). I don't mean for any of this to sound clichéd...however that may be further understood at the closing of this piece.

So this outline, if you will, is pretty clichéd in itself. Meet someone through mutual friend, tolerate each other, show off a flashy engagement ring, do the marriage thang, honeymoon your asses off in Maui, buy the home, pay the mortgage (*Trainspotting*, anyone?), HAVE KIDS. Notice the sentence ends there, because so does your life. That's the first point. I feel that children will not be a part of my future. To me, there are too many places I dream to go and things that I want to do that I need to be in a position where I can accomplish them without the challenge of giving life, maintaining it, sacrificing for it and whatnot. My mom's response, of course, as this proceeding phrase is almost always directed at me, is: "That's selfish." Of

course, this is followed by the: "Who's going to take care of you when you can't take care of yourself anymore?"

Puh-leez correct me if I infer having kids for the purpose of them taking care of you in your elderly years a selfish act. To have those future plans for the people you have decided to bring into the world seems to be the ultimate in selfishness, in my humble ("ignorant," in mom's words) opinion.

Kids are future adults, as scary as that may seem. Even scarier is that today's adults directly influence tomorrow's. I was in Macy's today, as mentioned above, and a woman (honestly white-trashy looking, decked out in 80's leggings and poofed hair) hurries by me with her two little girls as I check out some clearance goodies. She says to her kids (also 80s poster children): "Do you know what we're going to do when we get home? We're going to fly. Do you know what that is?" And she didn't say this in the mocking child tone, but in the serious adult-to-adult tone. I suppose she meant that they were running short on time and had to rush to wherever. As the children responded in their typical interrogative ways, I realized that

these girls look up to that white-trash mother. They look to her for advice. She may one day try to set them up with somebody based on her judgment. I wonder to myself: did she have those two kids with one of the main purposes being to take care of her when she is old and unwell?

In this light, having kids is the selfish act.

Carousels are not my favorite carnival ride. Even the ones where you can grab the brass ring, there's too much predictability involved. Ferris wheels may fall under the same category to some people but, during the right weather, the view is usually worth the monotony of going round and round, and you know it. As I was shuffling past a carousel not too long ago, I hear a little girl on one of the horses yell, "Grandpa, grandpa, come quick and look at me!" I then spy the grandpa walking over with a big, grandpa-ish smile, waving at his offspring's offspring. This made me think that if someone could have the idea of having their own kids take care of them, then maybe they would want to ensure that grandchildren could be around for back-up. Perhaps having the grandchildren make you feel more valued.

If you have kids, they know you, and they know what you tell them. They love you (I don't want to speak for everyone). They're learning everything from walking, talking, manners, how and where to take a shit, what's good/bad, to not to talk to strangers; there's a lot of stuff they have to keep in line. The point being, the parent has purpose. The parent is human so, as a human, they have created their own purpose. They have given meaning to their lives vicariously through the gift of life.

Yes the counter-argument may include how kids really show you who you are, they complete you, they're the greatest thing since sliced, low-carb bread. In truth, this may hold water.

It still remains that those who choose to have children may have that latent notion of selfish interest. A just-in-case-I-can't-wipe-my-own-ass plan is simple: give life, make many sacrifices for it, love it, and expect it to do the dirty work in your gray days. Paint your pickets white to cover up this hidden agenda. Get them cotton candy when they're done with the carousel. Teach them the best way to wipe their own ass before senility sets in. Try to convince them to have kids to assure yourself that it was the right thing to do all along. Reprimand any selfish notions they may have for not wanting to pass on their own genes (that's the potential Back-Up Plan: Grandchildren!). This is a version of selfishness, no?

So my day wasn't devoid of maternal conflicts, I suppose.



SUGAR AND SPICE AND FUCKING ANNOYING.
Courtesy of Halloween

Mary-Kate Olsen Finally Realizes She's a Tub-tub

Anorexia Logical Solution for Obese Teen

The Only "Full House" Now is Mary-Kate's Ding-Dong-Clogged Arteries

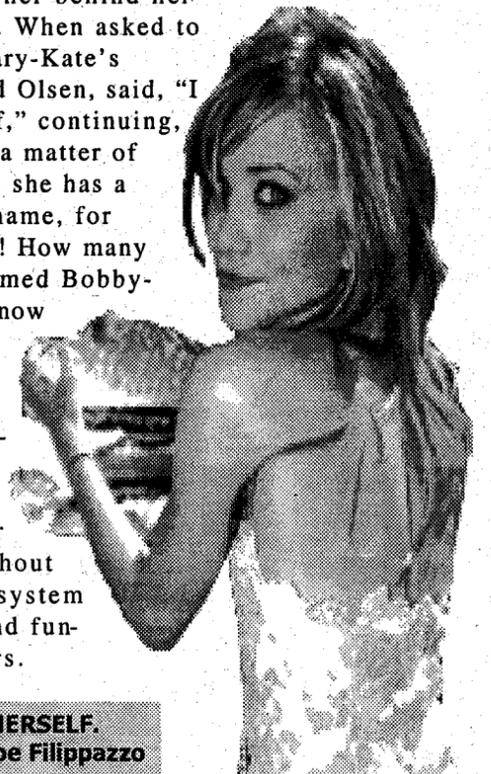
Now "It Takes Two" Fistfuls of Bear-Claws to Sate This Olsen Planetoid

America Quickly Loses Interest in Un-cute Twins; Insists Plumpers Porn is Only Way to Make Reparations to Society

By Joe Filippazzo

Mary-Kate Olsen has been a little weighed down lately after publicly admitting to a recent bout with anorexia. This larger-than-life Olsen decided that it was time to seek help after eating her own weight (which is a lot) in dirty-water franks in just under a "New York Minute" and by "New York Minute" I don't mean the movie; I mean like 60 seconds. Ashley Olsen is now distinctly dissimilar from her fatter, less talented, unpopular, and now hospitalized sister, Mary-Kate, or "Many-Cakes" as this reporter likes to call her behind her

chubby back. When asked to comment, Mary-Kate's manager, Dad Olsen, said, "I blame myself," continuing, "It was only a matter of time. I mean, she has a hyphenated name, for Christ's sake! How many slim girls named Bobby-Sue do you know of?" Mary-Kate Olsen plans to stay institutionalized until she can once again see her genitalia without an intricate system of pulleys and fun-house mirrors.



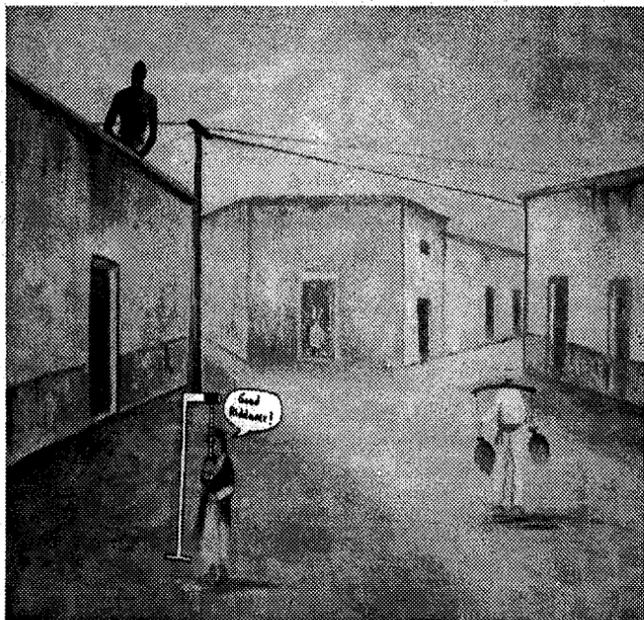
YOKOZUNA, HERSELF.
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

Painting Review

By Melanie Donovan

It was a sweltering hot day on the streets of the Naveda Painting. The Naveda Painting hangs in an East Setauket house occupied by a majority of the Stony Brook Press staff (who happen to be looking for a new roommate, hopefully named Stan, last name Lee). The scene is set in a pueblo village. Pueblo? Yes, pueblo. Anyway, we are in a small village where it seems each inhabitant has been stricken with despair and sorrow. The sky may be blue, streaked with white clouds, but that does not represent what is going on below it in this miserable little place.

In this poor town, jugs of water are carried for miles just so the children can have something to drink. The streets are bare except for some lonely individuals looking for something more to life. One man in a sombrero is lugging two jugs of water to his lonely wife who stands at the doorway, anticipating his arrival. She waits at the door everyday, wishing she could lead a better life. She wants to break out of this poverty-stricken town, she wants to see the world, like a Wal-Mart or something. But wait, there is some sort of electrical wire and pole off to the side. Does that mean these people are not poor at all? Or do those wires hang there to remind them of what they do not have. No, they are probably poor.



THOSE PECKS ARE LIKE A DREAM,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

These hard times have caused one woman to hang her baby. Could she not bear to watch the poor thing suffer from starvation? Her last words to her young child at this moment of anguish and hopelessness are, "Good Riddance!" You can almost hear her words as they slip from her mouth as she slips the rope around her child's neck.

The dust on the streets has settled as the day winds down in this sad, sad, picture. There are only tormented souls in this town, all except the very sleek, muscular Horace. Horace is extremely pleased with himself knowing that he is Mr. March of 2004. He watches over the people of the Naveda Painting, hoping that, one day, he can make a difference in this place. Maybe by using his rock hard abs or his winning smile. That Horace, what a guy.

Riddick Review

By Rob Pearsall

Pitch Black was a damn good movie. In fact, *Pitch Black* was a damn good movie. *Chronicles of Riddick* sucked. *Chronicles of Riddick* let me down in ways I never thought possible. When it was all said and done I had to ask if it was written by the same people that wrote the first one; I guess money really does change people. The bigger budget in *Riddick* must have been spent entirely on the horrible CG. The story was the worst sci-fi story ever written. It starts out with a narration telling you that the Necromongers, who are unified by religion, go around converting worlds. Then when they leave those worlds they kill whomever they didn't convert. First thought in my head was, "Christians in Space: The Spanish Inquisition Part 2." That wasn't far from the truth except I forgot to mention that Riddick was in the movie. It seemed as though the writers also threw Riddick in at the last minute.

The characters were given less thought than the storyline. Imam was the only one who carried over from *Pitch Black*. Thankfully he was killed before his character could turn to shit. The tomboy girl from *Pitch Black*, Jack, was supposed to be here. I don't know if you remember her, but she was awkward and looked like a boy. It fooled me in the first film, little boy wanting to be like the outlaw Riddick. So she's a girl at the end of *Pitch Black* who was a little jaded with the image of Riddick after he almost left the planet without her and Imam. In *Chronicles of Riddick*, her character did an about-face and landed herself in jail. She was also fucking hot.

In the time period between when the movies took place, Jack grew from "boyish ugly duckling" to Kyra, "real people don't come this hot." If real people grew up the way that Jack/Kyra did, I would be a fucking supermodel going by the name Sasha. Riddick

went back to save her from prison even though *Pitch Black* left us with the feeling that he didn't care about her and Imam too much. Vin's character in *Pitch Black* was an outlaw, a murderous villain who wouldn't think twice about killing an orphanage full of babies, and he had attitude. Now he's just a shitty anti-hero. The attitude was still there but now he was fighting to save his dear friends Imam and Kyra from the evil Necromongers who were converting/killing everyone from Helion to Crematoria.



RIDDICK STAR VIN DIESEL,
Courtesy of
www.thrillheartdiesel.com

I thought everyone was human. *Pitch Black* certainly didn't say they weren't. Apparently Riddick is a Furion; he was told this by an Elemental (a pacifist race that can turn into farts on the wind or something - we only saw one of them). He is prophe-sized to kill the Necromonger leader. All of this was very weighty in the theater. It took itself so seriously on its over-used ideas and badly named characters, planets, and systems, that I couldn't help but laugh. The computer generated movie, er... sequences, like a knife that

twirled itself around in Riddick's hand or the half Furion, half Necromonger that poignantly told Riddick to save the girl then walked blazingly into the sun, had me rolling in the fucking aisles.

The originality of the movie had me astounded: a planet, whose sun rose the surface temperature to a cake-baking 650 degrees, called Crematoria; making Riddick's race the Furions, because he's just so... so, furious; the Elementals who turn to air and used up much of the budget by doing so; Helion, the sunny happy world where the Necromongers are coming; and the Necromongers, who believe that you keep what you kill and one pain gives rise to peace, or another pain, I don't really remember too well. It's not that I wasn't enthralled by the movie, I was just busy thinking about how much I wanted to see *Aliens vs. Predator* this August.



Yeah Yeah Yeahs Review

By Melanie Donovan

Bands with loud, yelping female lead singers always catch the music listeners' ears. The Yeah Yeah Yeahs punk/garage band sound can be placed among such bands as the Strokes and The White Stripes. But what is the big hype all about? I heard far more about how good they were before I even heard their music. The lack of female lead singers in bands must have had some effect on so many people jumping on the Yeah Yeah Yeahs bandwagon. Although they have the punky CBGB image going for them, they also have the sound to follow. A lot of bands today play dress up in their spiked belts and fishnet stockings, but have nothing to back up that persona. The YYYs are not the best I have heard in the last few years, but they definitely stand out from the others.

The first song I heard from the YYYs, which is the one everyone probably heard first, was "Maps." This song, with its simple lyrics and buzzing guitar is a piece of art itself. Yes, if you actually break the song down, the lyrics

are very repetitive and the music is pretty simple, but the emotion of the song brings it all together. The simple line, "Wait, they don't love you like I love you," said by anyone other than the person who wrote it, would be meaningless. Karen O, the lead singer of the YYYs, definitely puts everything she's got into this song.

Moving on to the rest of the album, none of the other songs sound like "Maps." Instead we have the sound I explained earlier, yelping included. Most of the songs in the beginning of the album are light, fun and catchy. For example, in the song "Cold Light," the lyrics include "We could do it to

each other / We're like a sister and a brother," and that's just plain fun right there. The YYYs live up to their title of being one of the few New York City based rock bands, which includes being intoxicated while recording most of your first album. But hey, they have

been together for two years, which is much longer than most lazy-ass NYC bands. Another song I found pretty amusing was "Black Tongue," with lyrics such as, "Boy, you just a stupid bitch / And girl, you just a no good dick." And in between verses, Karen O just makes noises and gives some little whimpers and sighs.

The last few songs on the album lean a bit toward the "Maps" sound. The song "Y Control" has a likable beat, and lyrics that stand their ground, including "I wish I could buy back / The woman you stole." As with this song, most of the songs on this album have that "why did you fuck with me" theme, which Karen seems to know about very well. The last

track, "Modern Romance," is slow-paced and represents a sort of hopeless future; "There is no, / This is no modern romance," but it's been proven - heartbreak does sell.

The one thing the YYYs have going for them is their unique sound and appeal which might keep them in the public for a bit longer than any other new punk pop band. Karen O's vocals will definitely be compared to the extraordinary vocal sounds of Gwen Stefani and Shirley Manson. This trio's first full-length release is hopefully just a glimpse of what is yet to come from the YYYs.



WHY WHY WHY WOULD YOU CALL YOURSELF THE YEAH YEAH YEAHS??? ISN'T ONE YEAH ENOUGH? DO I WALK AROUND CALLING MYSELF MELANIE MELANIE MELANIE? NO. WHY WHY WHY??? BECAUSE I'M NOT A SELF-INDULGENT JERK. HA! YOU THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO SAY "JERK" THREE TIMES, DIDN'T YOU? I HATE YOU! YOU YOU YOU! OH SHIT. I THINK I JUST SAID "YOU" FOUR TIMES. I'VE BECOME EVERYTHING I HATE. HATE. HATE. HATE.

Courtesy of the spiritless Melanie Donovan

Forget the Cicadas.... Beware the Locust!

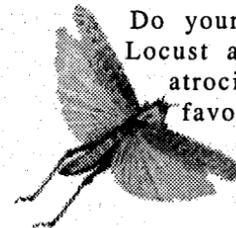
By Tom Senkus

SoCal nuevo-hardcore act The Locust ravaged the Knitting Factory on Tuesday night. Their trademark chirps, ferocious racket and precision left the numerous indie kids to question purchasing *Room on Fire* over The Locust's new LP, *Plague Soundscapes* (Anti).

After a fairly tepid set by Massachusetts noise rockers Read Yellow and an abhorrent electronic act that shall remain nameless, The Locust's apocalyptic message was never welcomed better. It's nice to see a band that actually personifies its name. Although they catch flak for wearing pseudo-insect tights, the band defied the rooms packed-house heat. To those who think otherwise, the band's uniform sure beats the standard trucker hat/ironic tee get-up.

The band moves in short, fast motions for the duration of their madness and then all together, stay completely still, waiting for the ubiquitous four-count to demolish the dance floor. Speaking of dancing, the band's inner ABBA emerged for a brief "pea-soup" hi-hat moment, erupting the audience into frenzied convulsions, more akin to a Rapture show than hardcore. Instrumentally, the band gets major props for adding a Moog to the hardcore palate. Normally, when a band doesn't interact with the crowd, get worried for two reasons: The band is being arty and pretentious, or they don't know how to. The Locust didn't do either. In fact, it was frighteningly eerie to only hear lead screecher and bassist Justin Pearson hiss into the microphone at hecklers. Finally, there has to be a drumming magazine out that needs to give drummer Gabe Serbian a trophy for sheer endurance.

Do yourself a favor and buy the new Locust album. Better yet, witness the atrocity live. And do the world a favor; email the KF and insist, no, demand that the between-set dirt bike movies must be stopped immediately!



Review Review

By Joe Filippazzo

It seems to me like there is an exorbitant amount of reviews on these two pages. I feel like we should be able to decide for ourselves what we like and what we do not like without some "newspaper" telling us what to like! I mean, really! Is this a democracy or what, folks? Isn't this the United States of America, land of the free, home of the brave and inventor of the bifocal lenses?

You know what these two pages of reviews remind me of? That George Orwell number I hear

so much about. It's called 1984 and it's about not being able to think about what you want. I bet they have reviews up the wazoo in 1984-seckatchewan. I mean, I never read the book but my dad saw the movie and HE thought that kind of world where he can't decide things sucks. And my dad's really masculine so I don't think he would make stuff up like this. In fact, he is such a ladies man like Patrick Duffy that he HAS to be right. He would probably write an awesome all-American review



1984 INDEED, GEORGE... 1984 INDEED. Courtesy of the BBC

about banging cocktail waitresses two at a time.

Here's my review of these two pages: Melanie Donovan sure does have a lot to say about stuff. I bet she LIVES in 1984. I bet she still wears legwarmers and "scrunchies" whatever those are! Go listen to some Van Halen or Men Without Hats. Rob Pearsall liked *Pitch Black* and that's all I have to say about that! And who's this "Tom Senkus" character, anyway? I bet his nickname is "Cheeseblast" or something.

Making Friday Night Plans in the "Sperm of the Moment"?

By Tara Lynne Groth

An improvisational comedy show is performed every Friday night during June, and on select Fridays throughout the remainder of the summer, at Theatre Three in Port Jefferson. *Friday Night Face Off*, or its interchangeable title, *Friday Night Improv*, is performed on the Second Stage at Griswold's Café. Friday Night Improv consists of skits reminiscent of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* and audience-chosen topics. Each show consistently maintains its integrity of being unique from the last.

Prior to the show's opening you can expect to hear Cartman's (*South Park*—duh!) rendition of "Sail Away" while members of the *Improv* team migrate from table to table, clipboards in hand, collecting professions, adjectives, locations and actions—all topics familiar to those who may have suffered from an unhealthy addiction to Mad-Libs as a youngster. With that aside, this time is prime for impressing your date with your vast vocabulary or lingering pubescent tendencies of spitting out "gynecologist" when asked to state a profession. It's been done.

As it is easy to garner a laugh from smart parodies of modern media trends and classic film and television scenarios, it can be expected that "The Players" (the group of quick-witted improvisers) will know exactly how to crack a smile or two, or three. Being that *Friday Night Improv* is in its second year, some rare talent has come and gone, but many of "The Players" remain the same and have mastered chemistry on stage that is uncommon out here in "the 'burbs." Showcasing comedy like this will likely be discovered and move on to the bigger and better of the one and only: The City.

"That's bull shit-eth!" It's fun to hear a

random "-eth" on the end of words in parodies of Shakespeare ("The Merchant of Port Jefferson"). Song and dance numbers in reggae or rock are always smoothly quipped with Bob Marley and Guns 'n Roses in mind. "Slide Show" is a skit involving the lights being turned off and then on while one of "The Players" narrates his pictures that consist of the other "Players" in suggestive and what appear to be anatomically uncomfortable poses. "String Bean" explains, "This is me after I lost my circus job, whoring myself on the streets." You form the visual.

In another skit featuring "Dr. Dre," "The Professional" and "Disco Joe," in a courtroom-esque setting, a disagreement arises. "Dr. Dre" argues, "Objection! The prostitution doesn't know what he's talking about!" This play on words generates a laugh, but sometimes detracts from the impressiveness of the rest of the show.

This transitions into the admission that not all skits are great. You are reminded that comedy is one of the most challenging veins of performance to succeed in during "Half Life." Even though science is not a forte of mine, it can be assured that the only decay occurring is in my respect for the show. The concept in this case remains in a skit performed in one minute, then the same thing in thirty seconds, then fifteen, then seven, all the way down (down, down) to a still lacking 1.75 seconds. Sex in the seedy Stony Brook University stairwells would probably be more satisfying. Or the intense alliteration in the previous sentence. "Half Life" is almost as trite as "Fast Forward, Reverse." This other skit commands the pace and direction of "The

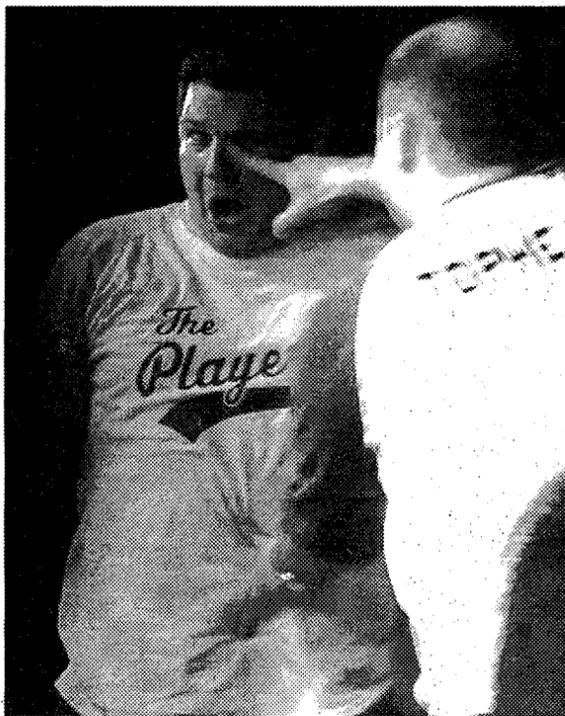
Players," but is overdone before you even press "play." Please, spare me. I can get more pleasure out of a tampon.

On the flipside, there's always a grand finale. In the closing act, entitled "World's Worst," the band of comedians form a line, are given a topic chosen by the audience, and individually run to center stage where they impressively deliver a fine-timed joke. When given the topic "World's Worst Thing to Hear in a Movie Theater," one of the longer running "Players," Vinny Russo (or you may know him by his stage name, "My Cousin Vinny") steps up front and announces in his best overly dramatic deadpan: "Coming soon to a theater near you . . . Gigli 2."

During a skit with "My Cousin Vinny" and "String Bean" playing farmers, "Vinny" realizes he's milking a he-cow after taking a swig of cow-juice. As this may seem all too familiar to some—*Kingpin*? "Vinny" quickly poses the excuse of his thirst quenching due to it being "a sperm of the moment thing."

"The Players" are constantly improving and trying new avenues of humor. A date is not yet announced, but a long one-act play is in the works. It's true, at times a "Player" just doesn't deliver the performance they have the potential for. At these times you boo with the crowd and internally grant them the same sympathy you would extend to the hefty man toting donuts and a hammer parked in his Geo Metro alongside Ford F-150's and Dodge Rams at a construction site.

Shows start at 11:00 PM but it's wise to purchase tickets at the box office between 10:15 and 10:30, as tickets do sell quicker in the summer season and the show's popularity has been increasing. Said tickets are \$10.00 per person—money well spent on a show that ends in the realm of 12:30-1:00 AM. The bar is always open (rarely ID). You will always laugh. It's every Friday night, hence their intelligently-titled *Friday Night Improv*. Just in case you want tickets, call (631) 928-9100 or visit www.theatrethree.org. Perhaps on your next spur of the moment decision, it will be in favor of this impressive comedic enterprise.



FRIDAY NIGHT IMPROV IN ACTION, Courtesy of Tara Lynne Groth

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

FOCUS

8PM Weds WATCH it on SBU-TV Ch.30 LISTEN to it on WUSB 90.1FM

Screaming Headless Torsos at Tap Bar

By Tom Senkus

Thursday (5/25), the Tap Bar in Tribeca hosted the Screaming Headless Torsos, an eclectic combo, led by guitarist and Berklee faculty member David "Fuze" Fuiczynski.

Before I do any reviewin', let it be known there is a silent killer among any type of interesting live performance: Hendrix-Appreciation Syndrome. Those with HAS have been known to make unneeded faces while playing, ignore pleas for shorter solos over a static vamp, and play The Man's music incessantly between their sets. Enough is enough. I've had it.

Opening up beforehand was the apparently larger-drawing, nubile jam enthusiasts The Dave Pittenger Band. Their music followed the basic template: backbeat, overfunked bass, two chords, and lyrics about "walkin' and thinkin' 'bout girls." The girls in the house applauded Pittenger merely for meek stage presence and Jeff Buckleyisms. Dave's choice to "jazz it up" with a 'Rhodes was commendable, but his lack of intensity killed the remainder of the set. Besides the occasional grimace, DPB was immune to HAS.

As implied before, the audience was mostly there for DPB, as well as a few indie-snoobs lurking behind drinks and expressionless faces. This did not fare well for the Torsos. Those present to see the band were of a heady, Blue-Note crowd, politely clapping after a solo and marveling at the music equipment.

However, the audience cannot be solely blamed for a bad show in a newly renovated venue.

As mentioned before, the band is led by Fuiczynski, who has been diagnosed with chronic HAS by Dr. Me. His influence is stifling. Guitar solos peppered every song, running over lifeless funk vamps and needlessly overwhelming singer Dean Bowman, even out-

Berklee affiliation. That's not to say that Fuze is not an incredible player, but Bowman himself seemed annoyed by this.

While I'm not familiar with the SHT's stage presence, there was none to speak of (let alone write about). To further set the record straight, just who runs the show? Fuiczynski sheepishly addressed the crowd while Bowman uttered nothing but yodels and lyrics. He did not seem to be having fun.

During the intermission, Hendrix was blasted on the PA and surprisingly, the band was nowhere to be found in a club hosting at most, 40 people. This is change from the band's excellent live LP, where the band seems robust and enthused, full of crowd interaction and fun.

SHT classics such as "Vinnie" and "Smile in a Wave", were expended early in the first set, only showing how the newer material was not as interesting nor compelling enough to make me want to dance like no white boy should. Furthermore, the band itself seemed content not to ride out a good thing and drifted into Fuze's Klezmer-fusion, which seems more fitting to Satalla than the Knitting Factory's sibling.

I could go on and but if you remember one thing, remember this: The SHT's were their name plus the inclusion of an "i". Remember kiddies, classic rock radio enthusiasts, and guitar aficionados: Stay away from MOR radio and don't be a HAS-been.



A SHOUTING DECAPITATED MID-SECTION,
Courtesy of the entire b-movie genre

ing him from the stage to play the aptly titled Headless Torsos material. The other members flaunted their musical skills in a fairly academic fashion, perhaps prompted by Fuze's

inclusion of an "i". Remember kiddies, classic rock radio enthusiasts, and guitar aficionados: Stay away from MOR radio and don't be a HAS-been.

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HOLY CRAP IT'S A SPORTS COLUMN

BY SAM GOLDMAN

Larry Bird Should Be Quiet, Even if He's Not 100% Wrong

By now, most sports fans have heard Larry Bird, one of the NBA's 50 Greatest Players, say in an ESPN interview that the NBA needs more white athletes, that the greatest players in the world today are African-American, and that when a white person guarded him during his playing days, it was a sign of disrespect.

It figures that in these ultra-politically correct times, wave after wave of sportswriter has come out of the woodwork to blast Larry Legend for his comments, calling them near-sighted, old-fashioned, whatever. And they are right. However, I have not seen one column really analyze these comments the way they should, so I'm going to take matters into my own hands.

First off, its not necessarily wrong to say the NBA wants more white athletes, and especially more white superstars. The closest thing to a white superstar is Dirk Nowitzki, or maybe Peja Stoyakovic (don't you DARE say Luke Walton - too many people have jumped to conclusions after what, two games?). But the NBA also wants more Asian superstars (besides Yao Ming), more Hispanic superstars, more Native American superstars, and more Jewish superstars (raise your hand if you know who Dolph Schayes was). A racially, ethnically, and geographically diverse game is a better, more marketable game, no matter which way you slice it.

It's not a bad thing to want that, however, saying you NEED more of a certain demographic in the game implies that African-Americans cannot continue to keep the league

viable and thriving, and that is crap. No one seemed to be bringing this up when Jordan was winning six titles and ratings were astronomical. Meanwhile, I believe the best white boy in the league was John Stockton, and he wasn't in too many commercials, was he?



FULL CONTACT SOCCER,
Courtesy of Football!

And it's also a fact to say that most of the world's greatest ballers are blacks; however, that fact is just that, a fact. It's not something that should incite derision or even concern within or beyond the sport. Does anyone mention the fact that hockey is a predominantly white sport, even more monoracial than basketball? Or that Jarome Iginla is hockey's first black superstar - ever? No one seems to be paying any attention to THAT.

Speaking of Hockey...

...the Tampa Bay Lightning won the Stanley Cup, beating the Calgary Flames in an awesome Game 7.

The country's response? Well, there really wasn't any. Ratings for the Game 7 was the second-lowest prime-time show EVER. Now the NHL is looking at a long summer, with a lockout imminent that will most likely forever cripple the sport and doom it to an existence alongside Arena Football, Major League Soccer, and the pseudo-sport known as figure skating. In only ten years, following the New York Rangers' 7-game Stanley Cup win, the National Hockey League has went from its highest national stature to, well, this. What the hell happened?

What happened was a perfect storm of small-market teams becoming powerhouses (New Jersey? Tampa Bay? Ottawa? Vancouver?), lack of any major marketable superstar (Alexei Yashin? Joe Sakic? A crippled Mario Lemeux playing for a terrible team?), and a TV contract where ESPN got the NBA and promptly shuttled the NHL to ESPN2. But most importantly was the NHL's rapid expansion into places, especially in the South, where teams simply couldn't be sustained. With the marked exception of Dallas, most of the teams created or moved into sunnier climates have proven to be busts. Arenas in Florida, Tampa Bay, Anaheim, Atlanta, San Jose, and Nashville are rarely sold out.

The NHL made a spectacular gamble that they could sustain viable franchises in these markets; their gamble is now a spectacular failure, one that will now cost the sport dearly.

CALLING ALL PRESS ALUMNI!

The Stony Brook Press is gearing up for its 25th Anniversary celebration, on Saturday, October 23rd, 2004.

If you're a Press alumnus,
drop us a note at sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
and let us know you're alive and well.

Don't forget to give us your current address; we'll use it to mail you your official invitation to the festivities.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS 25th Anniversary

Celebrating the funniest, most hard-hitting, outspoken, controversial, asskicking paper on Earth.

October 23rd, 2004

Bus Life

By Tom Senkus

I previously wrote an article for the Press about an S-60 bus driver. The consensus seemed to be a large yawn. Well, screw you Papa Dave, as well as anyone (except for Sam Goldman) who thought it sucked. Here's an opportunity to not only redeem myself, but also explain my point better. That point being: Taking the bus sucks!

As each passenger steps off the bus at the Smithaven Mall, the pose for the mentally-downtrodden is all the same: Walk near the entrance, about face, lean against the wall or sit down near the bushes, and start smoking or bum a cigarette from one of the same. The gazes switch to stares when a fairly good looking girl enters the mall. I can only guess what some of the men, who probably haven't touched a female outside of sexual harassment, are thinking. What's worse is when I see these girls park in their parent's expensive cars while I HAVE to take the bus to get almost anywhere on Long Island.

I wave a "how are you buddy, but stay the fuck away from me" type gesture to an old factory stocker I used to work with who STILL takes the bus, and now I realize why he'd come to work already downtrodden. The recent bleak, depressing weather enhances the despair of riding, as the already drab colors become more lifeless. The dirty colors, blue, black and chrome, have become synonymous with lowest common denominator mass transportation.

At parties, I'd mention that I take the bus and get a laugh. I'm not sure why it's a funny thing to be poor, but apparently to complacent, hedonistic suburban leeches, I am a joke. They are assholes.

Speaking of assholes, the people who mockingly rev their engines and turn-up their bass louder to show how opulent they are in front of the Student Union are not cool. If you were cool, you'd offer me a ride, and then I'd politely decline, but NO! you just want to show the world how small your penis is and how the only valid form of music you like is the shitty kind.

Anyways, the reader should keep reading to take a further glimpse into the subversive world of taking the bus.

Bus life is also considered Bizarro World. Poor people, dressed in rags, answering their cell phones. Now, if I'm not mistaken, how does that work? Obviously this is not just a one-time anomaly. I mean, they must be calling their other homeless friends. Normally, if I were homeless, I'd be saving my unemployment checks for new clothes or a shower at the local YMCA. Hell, I don't even have a cell phone!

On my route, I'd notice the regulars: The lady with unnatural red hair, the lady with a wheelie suitcase that doesn't stop talking for the entirety of the bus ride, the fat guy who continues to visit McDonald's in one color

sweat suit, et cetera.

Every now and then, a druggie might venture onto the bus, constantly rubbing their nose in hopes of getting every bit of sugar-boogers into their bloodstream. I've had my fair share of conversations with schizophrenics. That's been happening more often as I've just found out there's a psychiatric center, the Clubhouse of Suffolk County, only a few blocks from my house. Go figure.

One guy, Frank, believed that playing Frank Sinatra's version of "Dream Away" on Stony Brook's non-commercial radio, WUSB 90.1 FM, would make him \$1,000,000. He was also a racist. Then, of course, we have the vast assortment of rehab outpatients asking me for money to help buy them a bus transfer. I am sure that the \$2 I gave to two guys went straight to the Long Island drug trade.

Apparently, the concept of eloquence is tossed out the window as soon as people become riders. One guy kept rubbing his nose and inconspicuously dropping Wendy's napkins on the floor. Another woman has beard hair growing out of one side of her face. Let me repeat that: woman...beard...her face...!!!

One particular social mannerism lost is that of covering body odor. Politely hold your breath as people pass, careful not to breathe in what sickness or hygiene deficiency they might possess. As riders talk, their halitosis becomes beyond bearable. When it hits my



A FAMILIAR FACE,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

sensory organs, I am transported to WWII, where throngs of dead soldiers lay, limbs gangrene, decaying in the sun.

Men with a hint of fashion sense usually come on the bus with an overwhelming stench of cologne comparable to the Kevin Shield's guitar sound in My Bloody Valentine, where there's so much cologne that you begin to notice the intricacies of it's ingredients, including a not-so-hidden body odor. Yeah, it's that bad.

Funny incident: While taking the S-57 to the Smithaven Mall in sweltering heat, someone (the suspect has remained at large) let out the most methane-enhanced flatulence that has ever graced the planet. P-U. After the fart moseyed on up to the front of the bus, the bus

driver, without so much as flinching, opened up the front door and diluted the air with something fresher. Fat guy from the Waterfalls retirement home or a girl from Brentwood as prime suspects, I'm watching you!

That brings us to the bus drivers. I don't know the bus drivers by name, but solely from mannerisms. What's common to all is their erratic driving and dumbed-down conversations with guys who reek of vomit and cigars. One driver is from Haiti (or other tropical country) and always has a hands-free cellular phone, yakkin' to his friends incessantly, refusing to answer any questions or announce any stops (against the law). My favorite is a bus driver who bears an uncanny resemblance to a Hispanic version of my Uncle Larry (Tio Lorenzo?).

The commute from my house to the Student Union is normally a 15 minute car ride, but on bus time, that figures out to be an hour and half, factoring transfer time. While I could go on and on about why this sucks, I believe that increasing a ride time to six times it's original length speaks for itself.

Pretty girls are unable to ride in peace, if you can call it that. Darting eyes all fix upon her, and I can only imagine that her world feels claustrophobic. I'm not going to say I'm an irresistibly attractive guy, but that I always look up from a book that I'm reading to find the eyes of a spandex-type sweatpants girl looking away really quickly. Ah me.

Speaking of reading on the bus, it is impossible. When I tell people that I always ride the bus, they say, "Well at least you could read a book while you drive." Negavito, Pancho. Considering the lack of tests a bus driver really has to go through to be able to pilot a vehicle of it's mass, reading anything not written in huge letters is unreadable, due to the vibrations and being tossed in the seat from reckless driving.

The bus is not a place to make friends. When I first started riding the bus, I tried to chat up anyone who seemed lonely to repay my debt to the world, but alas, once you get a non-social person talking, they don't stop.

One homeless guy kept talking *at* me for the length of an entire bus route. It really is a game of Russian Roulette trying to strike up a question someone may ask you. I learned my lesson.

There was a sign of hope one time. I was reading Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" when a blue-haired girl said, "I loved that book. It really reminded me of being in Paris." Now, the book is about raucous sex and surviving the streets of Paris in the 20's. Not exactly girl material, and here, of all places, was a cute girl telling me that she really enjoyed this obscure book! Too bad I've never seen her again.

I'd like to finish this article and add more cool, things but I have to catch the bus!

TOP TEN

Achievements of Ronald Reagan

- 10 Getting Dressed... all by himself!
- 9 Avoiding AIDS policy for as long as possible, so those damn immoral fags can die a slow, painful death.
- 8 Trading millions of dollars of military hardware for 3 Michael Jordan baseball cards.
- 7 Feigning complete ignorance during the Iran-Contra Affair. Holloywood is a politician gold mine!
- 6 Having one-too-many Long Island Iced Teas with Margaret Thatcher and then winning several for the Gipper, if you get what I mean.
- 5 Marrying a hottie like Nancy and then dying. I bet she's rebounding REAL hard because her husband is now dead.
- 4 Rob got Friday off with pay!
- 3 Ketchup became a vegetable; later on, so did he.
- 2 Pant-pissing verifies trickle-down theory.
- 1 Dying

Battle of the Century

Riding a Bicycle in the Nude

Ray Charles

VS

- No pants!

- It's like the 70's all over again but this time Reagan's dead!

- "Phallic-Bike seat up my ass!"

- Greasy, shaven ass cheeks double as reflectors

- Blood from decimated genitalia won't stain your favorite pair of pants!

- You'll wish you were dead after a leather banana seat sears your member on a hot day.

- Hail! Oh, God, HAIL!

- Disqualifies you from filing rape charges. "I mean, c'mon, you were asking for it you little bike-riding slut!"

PRO

- Could perform circles around Stevie Wonder with his eyes clo- ...uh, nevermind.

- Proved that a formal education is a complete waste of time.

- "American the beautiful... or so I'm told, I mean, it seems pretty nice as far as I can gather, what with my other four working senses."

- Sired 12 children by 7 women and battled 17 year heroin addiction...
BLIND!

CON

- Blind

- Dead

- Post-mortem Pepsi endorsement fell through since he no longer has the right one, baby, uh-huh.

- Often rode his bicycle in the nude and then crashed into trees nude (he's blind, remember?)

The Comics Section

Verbatim

XOXO

By

Bev



Hey, did you hear about The Press?

The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.

Well?

I heard that they only like people with
raccoons on their backs.

Really?!?

Word yo. Raccoons.

Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

THE STONY BROOK PRESS
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MEETINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 1PM

East Setauket Birthday Party Attains Legendary Status

By Joe Filippazzo

There have only been a handful of events that could be considered "history in the making" since the dawn of man. One was the first time man set foot on the Moon. Another was the day two Japanese cities were decimated with atomic weapons. And yet another was the day *Amazing Fantasy #15* hit the stands. The gravity of these events, however, pale in comparison to the latest page of history, which was penned right here in our own backyard. In fact, Karen Doyle's seventh birthday party has not only put East Setauket, New York on the map, but it has changed the lives of countless scores of suburbanians for generations to come.

I was lucky enough to get the scoop on what people are calling the "birthday to end all birthdays" as it was taking place this past Wednesday, June 23. Although I didn't receive one of the birthday cake-shaped invitations that the other kids got, I realized that mine must have been lost in the mail, what with America's ridiculously unreliable, embarrassing excuse of a postal service and all. I quickly went to KB Toys and got Karen a \$30 gift certificate. I figured it was something a seven year old could really use, you know? I wasn't going to be one of those lame kids that got the birthday girl those dumb jelly bracelets from Delia's. I put the certificate in an awesome Super Mario birthday card that read, "Have a super birthday!" and I put it in a light blue envelope. The glue tasted like cotton candy but I had to get to the party.

At first, I was a little upset that the party wasn't at Chuck E. Cheeze or even D-Z (the Discovery Zone), but the old-fashioned backyard party spoke for itself. Another plus was the fact that I only had to cross the street and hop a fence to get there. Once I got into the backyard, my jaw dropped. Her dad put up these multi-colored streamers and this really big "Happy 7th Birthday Karen" sign. It was really nice. Although I'm pretty sure her dad made it himself, it looked really professional. I liked that Karen's parents went all out for her party but were still smart about it. When I first got there, Karen's mom kind of looked at me funny and asked how I found out about the party. I told her that we have lived across the street from each other for over one year now and I felt that we were at that point in our relationship where her daughter and I could hang out

with no formal plans. I handed her the card to give to Karen. I'm glad that I put MY name on the card and not Karen's name. Everyone put Karen's name on their gifts but that didn't make sense to me since it was Karen's party and we all knew whom the gifts were for. I feel that my strategy eliminated a lot of confusion. By the way, I saw Nancy Gallo's gift and it was shaped an awfully lot like jelly bracelets!

Although I was the only 21 year old there and everyone else was either six or seven, the other kids seemed really accepting of our age difference. It was like, "I'm here to have a lot of fun and you're here to do the same, so why should our ages ruin that?" I was really glad that we all agreed that this was Karen's day. I



YOU REALLY SHOULD'VE COME,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

played on the swings for a while and then Karen's mom brought out some coloring books and I did that for a while.

What was amazing was that just when I got tired of coloring, Karen's dad brought all the food they barbequed to the table. It was perfect timing! But the best part was that we didn't have to eat at the table if we didn't want to! They put a big blanket out on the grass and we had like a picnic! It was a My Little Pony blanket and that was kind of corny but I didn't really care because no one else really did. We were all about the barbeque right then. I had a hot-dog and a hamburger; both just with ketchup. After we finished eating, Karen opened the presents. When she got to mine, she smiled

when she saw the Super Mario card I gave her. I hope she realized that if she liked the Super Mario card, she could use the gift certificate to KB Toys to buy a Super Mario related product. I felt really good when she opened Nancy Gallo's present. She tore off the boring, striped wrapping paper and saw the jelly bracelets from Delia's. Karen just tossed the bracelets aside, probably realizing that it was the year 2004 and not the year 2001. Ha ha ha! Karen seemed more interested in the stupid wrapping paper than Nancy's lame present! Ha ha! The other presents ran the entire spectrum of gift giving. Dan Reilly kept up the lower end by getting her a keychain from the mall. His present made everyone else feel really good about their own presents. Alexis Sullivan, though, got Karen ballet slippers. I think this present was a little better than mine but it's different because Karen and Alexis are practically best friends. All the other presents in between were too mediocre to be remembered.

As soon as Karen was finished opening the gifts, her mom brought out the birthday cake. Again, this one with the good timing! The cake, though, was incredible. It was an ice cream cake, but not one of those garbage ice cream cakes. It was the kind with the chocolate on the bottom, the vanilla on the top, and those little, crunchy, black, cookie-things in between the ice creams. On the top of the cake was a picture of the Powerpuff Girls but Blossom's face was Karen's face! It was the coolest thing I had ever seen! Also, the cake was big enough that we all got to have two pieces! As Karen blew out the eight candles (one for good luck), I wished too. I wished that this party would never end.

Unfortunately, though, the party had to end. Although it would be great, we couldn't just play and eat ice cream cake forever. I said goodbye to Karen and I said I hoped that she had a "super birthday" like it said in my card. She seemed kind of uncomfortable when I hugged her goodbye but I was leaving anyway. As everyone's moms came to pick them up, I hopped over the fence again, crossed the street and went into my house. I knew that was going to be a great birthday even before I got there and I feel really lucky that I was at the best birthday party in history. Karen should feel really special and have the same party or better next year.



The Incredible Mix Tape II

A musical odyssey by Tom Senkus

"All Mixed Up" - Red House Painters

"Pro-test" - Skinny Puppy

"Back In '79" - Toy Dolls

"Dark Angel" - VNV Nation

"Unsquare Dance" - Dave Brubek Quartet

"Now" - Nomeanso

"Then Comes Dudley" - Jesus Lizard

"At Home He's a Tourist" - Gang of Four

"Carey" - Joni Mitchell

"Dial Up!" - Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

"Asleep" - The Smiths

"The Girls of Porn" - Mr. Bungle

"Crown of Storms" - Lightning Bolt

"Styrofoam Plates" - Death Cab for Cutie

"Animal Farm" - The Kinks

"War on War" - Wilco

"Dead" - They Might Be Giants

"Night of the Living Dead" - Misfits

"Such Sweet Thunder" - Duke Ellington

All eyes are opened,
And students become aware.
Come, friends, and join the...

Haiku d'etat

Oh, Dodge Caravan.
Every time I take you out,
you make a new noise.

Say "Vroom Vroom, baby"
And bitches will suck you off.
So says the Statesman.

His plates say "TO BAD"
Ass hole SBU hot shot.
That is student cash.

SUV's are great.
Perfect for carting kids though
Their future is doom'd.

The Volkswagon's gone,
So Jess must buy a new car.
Lasers are manly.

It's inspection time.
There is no way you will pass.
Fuck you, laws and stuff.

My auto Ralphie
Is the true Shaggin' Wagon.
You better not front.

The Audi is small,
But has plenty of trunk space
Prostitutes beware!

Ran over a squirrel.
There's a screech in the engine.
Sound is soul of squirrel.

When something goes wrong,
Kick car to release anger.
Make one problem two.

While he is driving,
Sean does not pay attention
To the wall of cars.

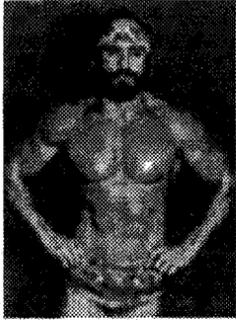
Vans have sliding doors.
If you open them too fast,
They fly off the car.

catch the shock wave...

www.thepress.info



The Main Event



A new fixture to *The Press* this month is the addition of the Tag Team article. As in wrestling, the rules remain the same: When the writer becomes bored, tired, or desires to masturbate, he/she can then 'TAG' their teammate in their respective corner. As for the challenger, the topic, well, I haven't put that much thought into it yet!

So in this corner, weighing in at a collective 270 lbs, hailing from Long Island, we have Tara "The Stink" Groth and Tom "Cheeseblast" Senkus.

And in this corner, weighing at an intangible nothing, we have "The Reason Why to Go to College".

LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!!!!!! (cue applause and faux-heavy metal music)

Cheeseblast cockily struts in the ring with College, only to be stunned with a surprise Tuition Punch. After the initial contact, the two contenders grapple.....

If you are reading this, you are more than likely to be a college student. That means that you are paying money to a teaching institution in exchange for an education, culminating in a degree of some sort. After passing through the institution, you are prepared for the world's challenges.

Yeah, right.

(TAG!) *The Stink steps into the ring...*

College is one of the most arbitrary gauges of a person's intelligence.

It's popular belief in many circles that a college education is the key to securing the career one desires. Aside from the stereotypes of college: orgies, 24/7 beer pong tournaments, and other factors associated with what may be labeled as four year bachelor party, college is seen as a smart step toward the future. Agreeably, a college education acquires a significantly higher paying job after graduation than a high school diploma can rake in.

Not attending college right after high school tends to be looked down upon in this society. Even if one were to have the experience of attending and choosing to drop out isn't seen in the most positive respects. Why is this? How is it possible to place such a large weight on what is traditionally four years of learning?

The only reason receiving a degree from a university is so highly regarded is because of the credibility it grants the individual who has earned it. A college educated person is granted the benefit of the doubt that they have a unique knowledge to advance from that which isn't possible without the resources and support that college tuition can purchase. (TAG!) Also, with the high amounts of ignorant people in our society, it is a segregating tool to establish a false hierarchy, based on an assumed type of intimidation on those with equal skill, but less time spent in numbing

classes; those with less education are pariahs. (TAG!)

At the same time that it is possible for individuals to pay tuition, attend classes, receive credit, and eventually fulfill a set of requirements (structured by those who have attended colleges to further contribute a sense of authority) it is possible for those same people and others to attend classes for the same amount of time, garner the same knowledge, and not pay tuition. This is done through the process of auditing, which isn't done in best interest due to the fact that no credits are given because no money has been paid. If it's knowledge a college education is truly about, then where is the rationality behind earning the same education, but not being provided a degree to verify it because of tuition?

The reality exists, as it may be a common example, that doctors are regarded as highly intelligent people who have completed a century's worth more college than the average Jane. What's questioned at times is: What was your doctor's graduating rank in class? The same people we address as doctors oh-so-respectfully as the studious, bookish brains we perceive them to be are the slackers who barely slipped by and received their Ph.D. just the same.

Where is there distinction? How big does a puddle have to be in order to be called a pond, and a pond, a lake? How many trees do you need in order to have a forest?

The audience roars in relish to see that Stony Brook University Wrestling Federation superstar, as well as author of "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," comes into the ring by parachute, giving College an aerial Scissorkick

"I Don't Let My Schooling Get In The Way of My Education, Bitch!," bellows Twain.

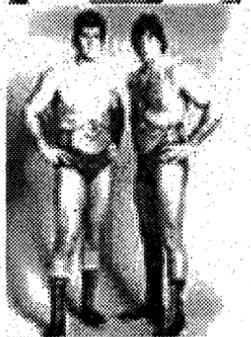
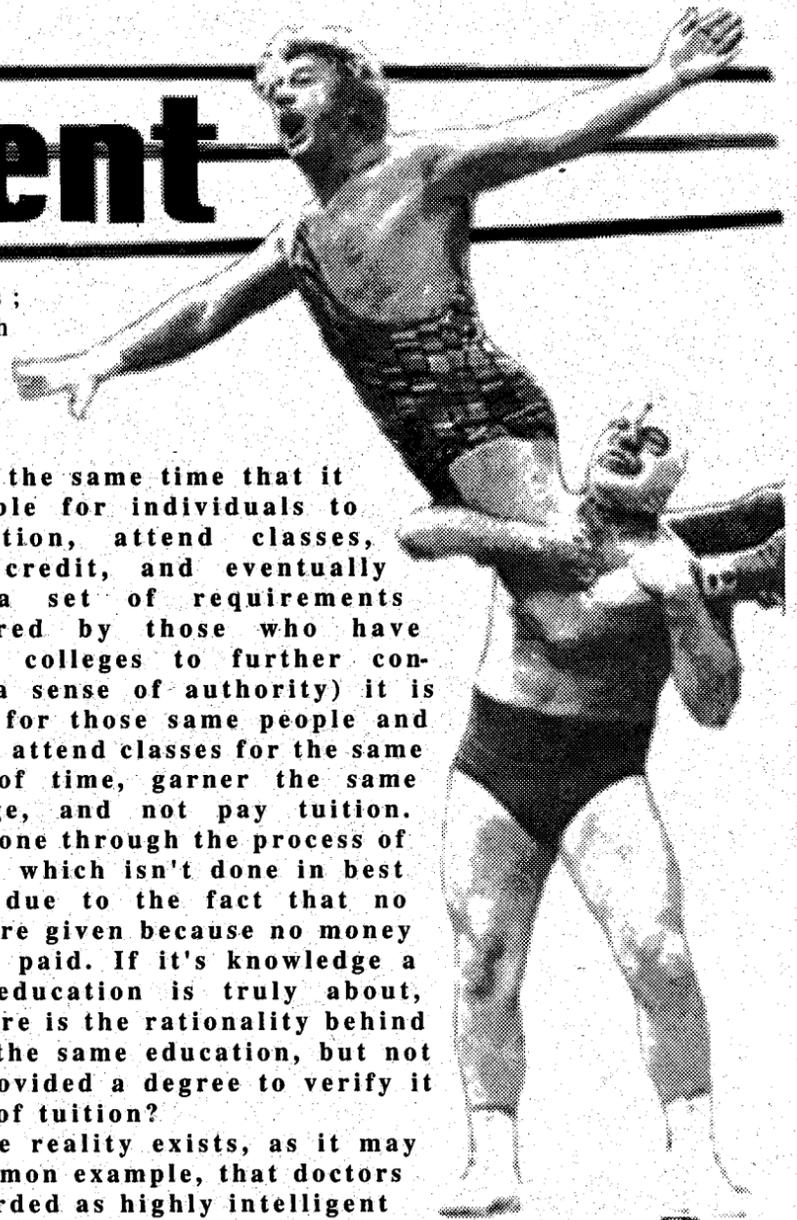
Removing his parachute, Twain runs towards the locker room to recoup, only to have Yokozuna block his path and proceed to sit on the 20th Century literary talent. The ignorant college-educated audience moronically chants U-S-A, thinking Yokozuna more closely resembles the sweaty obesity of themselves gathered at the Arena tonight!

(TAG!)

Seizing an opening of WHATHEFU??, Cheeseblast dropkicks College out of the ring and into the rabid audience. Sweat disperses like a canine shake-drying itself upon it's impact on the concrete, only to hear the referee slowly count.....1....2....3....4....

What frustrates me the most is that this next batch of losers is going to be surrounding me in the "real world" (Ha!) with such phrases as "I wasn't trained how to do that" and "let me ask my supervisor".

I'm sure the seniors here at SBU are thinking the same thing as they look around the classroom: THESE are the people who are going to diagnose my illness, file my tax audit, research cancer?!?!?! (TAG!)



The Main Event Continues...



These old questions contain the same concept that needs to be applied to the graduates of today. This is how an evolution has spawned a new role for higher education: universities are the preservers of the Peter Principle.

For those other than myself who are not familiar with the Peter Principle, it is as follows: incompetence rises to the highest levels of authority. This is due to two factors.



<http://www.findmehere.com/search/dictionary/pink.htm> comes out from under the mat and grabs College's leg, tripping him up, leaving The Stink an opportunity to give him The Ol' Joan Collins Special!!

One: an incompetent worker grows intolerable to work with and is not able to be fired, so to get rid of them they are promoted instead.

Two: the true brains can't stand working in a tedious atmosphere, so they leave, leaving the incompetents behind.



Peter-Out Principle: successor to the famous Peter Principle, it holds that people will move up the ranks of an organization until they stop having fun. When the fun peters out, the talented people walk out - usually to become free agents.

New Economy 7-Eleven: what many free agents become, because they are never fully 'off' work. Like the convenience store, their work life occasionally may be empty, but it's never closed.



"And now a word from our sponsor!"

Considering Macho Man Randy Savage is out of town making another hip-hop record, as well as starring in an episode of *College University*, The Kool-Aid guy steps in to record the voice-over

("Oh, Yeah!") for a Grade D meat product that you apparently "snap into." Kool-Aid guy almost cinches the deal from Savage, but is deemed not tough enough for having a face only put on by atmospheric condensation and someone's finger. What discrimination!!!

"Back to the University of Stony Brook's Main Event: Cheeseblast/The Stink vs. College!!!"

With the doctors, lawyers and other professions requiring certification due to practice and insurance purposes aside, a college education is irrelevant. Perhaps irrelevant is too strong a word, it's more of a miscalculation of a person's knowledge. A college education is a disillusionment clouded by highly marketed lifestyle of upper middle classiness with the potential of yuppydom. It's the life desired by all of the Peters throwing their caps in the air and clutching the starched, calligraphy-inscribed documents that we should confiscate and use as alternative toilet paper.

(TAG!)

Back in the day, when I was working at Michael's Arts and Crafts, a POS retail store, I happened to overhear a conversation between some fellow employees because God knows they never would talk to someone who had been working there a month or two! Anywho, what I overheard was that one of my managers, making a cool \$13/hr, had a Master's Degree in Philosophy. Funny, I don't remember her working this job for research. The only thing philosophical about her was how she could be working in a place that promotes squeezing the last dime out of "homemakers" with nothing better to do than make a pillow (Aisle 17) with an incorrect representation of a rabbit on it (Aisle 18), replete with tulle (Aisle 4, right shelf) trimming. Nietzsche would be proud.

As for my college-going fellow employees, they seemed to be majoring in something ambiguous, like graphic design predictably at Suffolk Community College. For the record, Suffolk doesn't count. I'm sorry, the "13th grade" is not even classifiable as resembling formal education.

(TAG!)

We pass a road test—we get a license, we take the SATs—we are given a number, we read a book—we have read a book, we go fishing—you catch or release, we complete the standards for a bachelor's degree, some to the lowest of standards and some above and beyond—and we are all given that degree. In what way are we truly distinguished?

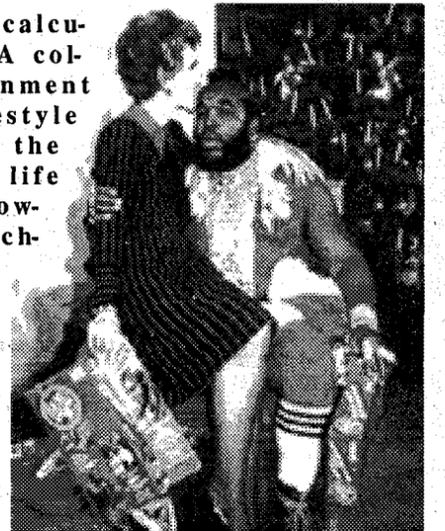
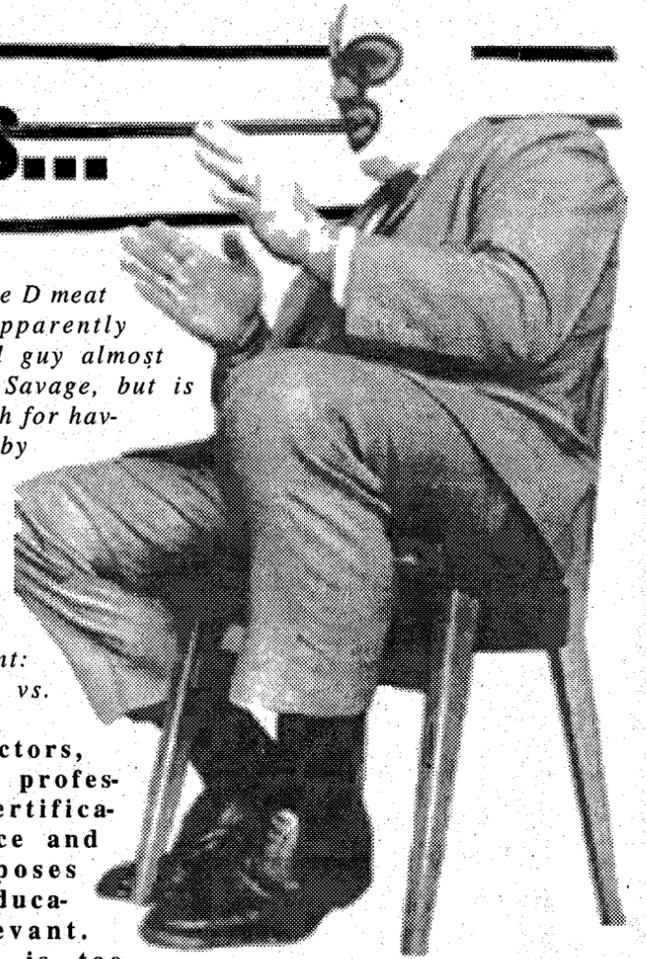
(TAG!)

Some of the most distinguished figures in history have been those of college drop outs (and even high school), such as Bill Gates, Bob Dylan, Frank Zappa, Jack London, Albert Einstein, Walt Disney, Thomas Edison; the list goes on.

In a moment, College's lifeless body is sprawled out, buns-up style, only to be turned over and cradled in Cheeseblast's quasi-homosexual grasp for the referee to begin the count....1...2...

You can call me an asshole, an outspoken hypocrite, whatever, but don't you dare call me a College Student.

....3.



WELCOME TO THE DEATH EGG ZONE WORD SEARCH!!

Y	T	G	H	O	I	N	K	O	F	F	A
N	R	L	N	L	B	T	H	E	T	A	M
M	I	E	M	I	E	L	N	Y	O	L	A
U	U	K	G	I	R	L	O	L	E	S	N
L	D	Y	O	R	U	U	I	Q	A	I	I
A	D	I	S	T	O	R	T	R	U	T	P
C	E	H	T	H	A	F	R	S	T	Y	U
M	A	U	C	H	A	R	O	C	O	L	L
M	O	S	E	R	R	O	T	T	O	P	A
Y	O	U	C	R	D	N	S	E	A	T	T
I	N	E	X	A	C	T	I	T	U	D	E
H	E	V	I	E	C	E	D	T	O	O	L

Prove your self-worth by finding all of the words listed below in the puzzle on the left!

- calumny
- deceive
- distort
- falsity
- farce
- forgery
- front
- inexactitude
- lie
- manipulate
- obloquy
- posturing
- sham

When you find ALL of the words in the list on the right, you should have 61 left-over letters in the puzzle. Plug the remaining 61 letters into the blanks below to get a very special message!

And the hidden phrase is...

-----, -----!

Check *The Stony Brook Press'* website for the answers and the very special message!

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