

The *Stony Brook*

1979-2004

PRESS

25th Anniversary

The Community News & Features Paper

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"If you're too fat to Cosplay, don't Cosplay."

August 30, 2004

STOP! INCOMING FRESHMEN!

Don't Go Anywhere Until You Read *THE STONY BROOK PRESS'*

***COMPREHENSIVE
GUIDE TO
EVERYTHING!***

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Outfoxed

By Mike Billings

As the presidential election draws near, one of the primary concerns of the candidates is that their campaign message gets out to the people. While this can be accomplished by touring the country and giving live speeches, the most effective way to disseminate information in a country of roughly 293 million people is via the media.

Through radio, television, print, and the Internet, the voting population can obtain all of the necessary facts to make a reasonable electoral decision come November. What happens, however, when a major media outlet becomes a biased mouthpiece for one side of the political spectrum? This is the question explored by Robert Greenwald's *Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism*.

As one can infer from the title, the documentary's primary target is the Fox News Channel, a 24-hour cable news network owned by conservative magnate Rupert Murdoch. In the film, Greenwald levies a number of charges on Fox News; the main accusation being that, despite their trademark slogan of "Fair and Balanced," Fox is little more than a propaganda machine for the Republican National Committee. Anyone who has watched Fox News for any significant amount of time should not be at all surprised by this claim. The network is defined by its parade of unadulterated conservative hosts; the most boisterous and recognizable of which are Sean Hannity and Bill O'Reilly.

Co-hosting the show *Hannity and Colmes* with liberal commentator Alan Colmes, Sean Hannity is the acknowledged bastion of the right. The program is billed as a fair and balanced debate show, but upon closer inspection,

clean-cut, all American man, while Colmes is described as squirrely and odd-looking. While this is a decent point, the deeper angle here is that Colmes is simply there to invoke the illusion of fairness while actually serving as a punching bag for his Republican counterpart. During the course of the show, Hannity has few qualms with shouting over guests and making loud and outlandish attacks on the left while Colmes sits back and interjects facts into the debate until deferring back to Hannity. In essence, instead of providing a balanced look at two ideologies, the smug Hannity makes the conservative side of the debate look more appealing than it actually is by shouting over opposing viewpoints.

Even more dangerous than Sean Hannity is Fox News's flagship personality, Bill O'Reilly. *Outfoxed* pays special attention to O'Reilly and the shabby treatment received by his guests. At one point during the film, a clip is shown of O'Reilly contending that in his six years on the air, he only told a guest to "shut up" once; a comment that is immediately followed by a sizable montage of the dozens of times O'Reilly has either suggested that someone shut up or directly told one his guests to shut up. What this demonstrates is that O'Reilly is an irascible, unreasonable man who will simply verbally overpower guests who don't agree with him or challenge his conservative statements.

What's frustrating about this is that O'Reilly's statements are often misleading or completely false. In an April 27th episode of *The O'Reilly Factor*, O'Reilly threatened to boycott Canada if they did not hand over two military deserters. When his guest, Canadian columnist Heather Mallick, suggested that such a boycott wouldn't hurt Canada, O'Reilly reminded the viewers and his guest of an earlier boycott he decided to administer against France. Citing statistics from "The Paris Business Review", O'Reilly noted that France had lost billions of dollars since the boycott. As it turns out, "The Paris Business Review" does not exist, or, at the very least, there is no accessible information from any such publication. In fact, according to the U.S. Census Bureau, United States imports from France increased while O'Reilly's "boycott" was supposedly in effect.

The most despicable thing about O'Reilly's practices, however, is his outright refusal to admit his own conservative leanings in order to protect the illusory "Fair and Balanced" credo of Fox News. This is something that the documentary mentions, but does not portray in detail. When confronted with the assertion that he is a conservative, O'Reilly insists that he is a registered Independent and treats both parties equally. While it is certainly true that he is not as far to the right as Sean Hannity, O'Reilly has called the American Civil Liberties Union one of the most dangerous groups in America, boycotted Pepsi for signing rapper

Ludacris to an endorsement deal, and compared the liberal media watchdog group Media Matters for America to the Ku Klux Klan. By posing as an objective journalist, O'Reilly enables himself

to lure in unsuspecting viewers and feed them false or distorted information and opinion while the aforementioned viewer believes they are hearing the truth.



ALTHOUGH HE LOOKS DECEPTIVELY PLEASANT, BILL O'REILLY IS THE EPITOME OF EVERYTHING THAT IS WRONG WITH THE MEDIA.
Courtesy of www.wvly.com

Aside from specific on-air personalities, *Outfoxed* manages to explore and uncover some damaging facts about the channel. An interesting thread throughout the documentary is the recurrence of internal memos from Fox News Channel Senior Vice President John Moody. According to copies of these memos and testimony from several former Fox News contributors and producers, Moody would frequently distribute orders regarding what stories the on-air personnel should be focusing on and how to approach and spin specific issues to portray conservatives in a better light. If that wasn't enough to discredit the journalistic integrity of the channel, the film also looks at disturbing polls that find regular viewers of Fox News to be misinformed about the issues of the day; one poll citing that about a third of Fox News viewers believe that the U.S. has found Weapons of Mass Destruction in Iraq.

Overall, *Outfoxed* does a credible job in proving its main point that the Fox News Channel is not "Fair and Balanced," but is rather little more than televised propaganda for the Republican party. Every allegation made by Greenwald through this movie is backed up with evidence and expert analysis. Anyone who watches cable news, whether they are conservative or liberal, needs to see this documentary. At a time when the media is so influential on society, it needs to be understood that the Fox News Channel is misleading the American public and damaging the democratic process by presenting viewers with lies and biased spin. Until Fox News acknowledges its obvious conservative leanings and stops attempting to assert that it is objective journalism, this is an issue that needs to be exposed and discussed so that viewers can learn the truth.



THIS FICTIONAL FOX NEWS CORRESPONDANT IS SCREAMING. THAT'S SOMETHING THEY DO A LOT.
Courtesy of The Disinformation Company

it becomes obvious that the time slot is simply a vehicle for Hannity to freely espouse his extreme conservative viewpoint. One thing the film points out is that Hannity appears to be a

McGreevy: Two Sides to Every Story

By Melanie Donovan

When hearing about New Jersey Governor James McGreevey resigning from office on Thursday, and his reasons why, I could not help but wonder what the exact reasons for his resignation were. McGreevey publicly announced that he is gay and that he had an extramarital affair with another man. One might wonder if he is leaving his position because of the fact that he is a homosexual. Are we still at the point where a gay political leader would be shunned for his sexual preferences? Well it seems McGreevey is not taking any chances anyway. Is he taking the safe route and just stepping back from the political light altogether, or is he truly a hero for coming out of the closet?

There are rumors that McGreevey had been pressured by corruption from his past that was lurking at his side. In an article in <<ITAL>>The New York Times<</ITAL>>, Mr. McGreevey's spokesman, Micah Rasmussen, said, "that the governor himself had been the target of innuendos uttered by opponents who were seeking to drive him from office early by falsely accusing him of engaging in affairs with other staff members." At the press conference in Trenton, he spoke about the extramarital affair he had: "I accept total and full responsibility for my actions. However, I am required to do now, to do what is right, to correct the consequences of my actions and to be truthful to my loved ones, my friends and my family, and also, to myself." On top of all this, a man named Golan Cipel, a former security aide to McGreevey, was preparing a sexual-harassment

lawsuit against the governor, according to CNN. Well after all this, I guess that is a reason to resign. But was revealing his homosexuality to everyone just a sympathy act?

Now let's look at the other side of McGreevey's story. There are people who are looking at McGreevey as a role model for coming out of the closet. I understand that in a country



NEW JERSEY GOVERNOR JIM MCGREEVEY,
Courtesy of Google

where there were people debating and voting against gay marriage throughout this year, it takes a lot for a political leader to come out and say he is gay. With all that he has contributed to New Jersey, McGreevey did serve his two

years well and helped NJ's economy. Our own former president, Bill Clinton, could not tell the truth when he was faced with the accusations of having an affair. But, Clinton did do his job as president and helped keep America economically stable.

I guess the lives of politicians are far too complicated for us "normal folk" to understand. You can support McGreevey for being brave or reject him for cowering away from the accusations he might have faced. The fact is he cheated on his wife, and there may have been more incriminating information yet to be revealed if he stayed in office. So is it because he tagged on the little fact about him coming out of the closet that makes everything ok? If he really did sexually harass Golan Cipel, is everyone going to forget about it?

So now everyone has to realize he is not resigning because he is gay, he is resigning because he screwed up. Politicians' private lives are laid out in front of the public, just as a celebrity's life is. So why take this position if you cannot handle the attention? It is not just McGreevey I am speaking of, but just the politicians in general. After the resignation of Connecticut's Governor, and now New Jersey's, don't you want to see a sincere person standing before you in these roles? But that is not possible with the mold that politicians have made for themselves. They shape themselves to talk, think, and act all the same, Democrats and Republicans alike. Some will say it took courage for McGreevey to do what he did; I would say he is taking care of his dirty laundry just as

Outsourcing Creeping Up Behind Us

By Melanie Donovan

"So if I am elected president, I will use my power to create new jobs all over this beautiful country." Sounds like your average presidential speech promise right? Well how can new jobs be created when we are losing them to countries overseas? Outsourcing is exactly that, the loss of jobs in the U.S. to countries overseas. This is a practice that has been going on for many years now, but it was not until recently that it started affecting middle and upper middle class. So why would a company agree to firing thousands of workers just to rehire thousands more somewhere else? I'll tell you why.

The jobs we are talking about are in the information technology field. These are the people on the other end of your telephone trying to help you with your computer problems. So on average, someone employed there would be making 30,000 dollars a year. This is a job that requires few skills and, most likely, no college diploma. In countries like India, the number of educated, English speaking, college graduates is increasing. These people are very capable and qualified for working these jobs in the information technology field. The catch here is that people from India will know more about what they are doing, and do the job for only around 6,000 dollars a year. Now you can see why many countries are turning to outsourcing to save money in the long run.

But what about the people back in America? These are people who have found well-paying jobs that they are capable of doing and that can put food on the table for their fam-

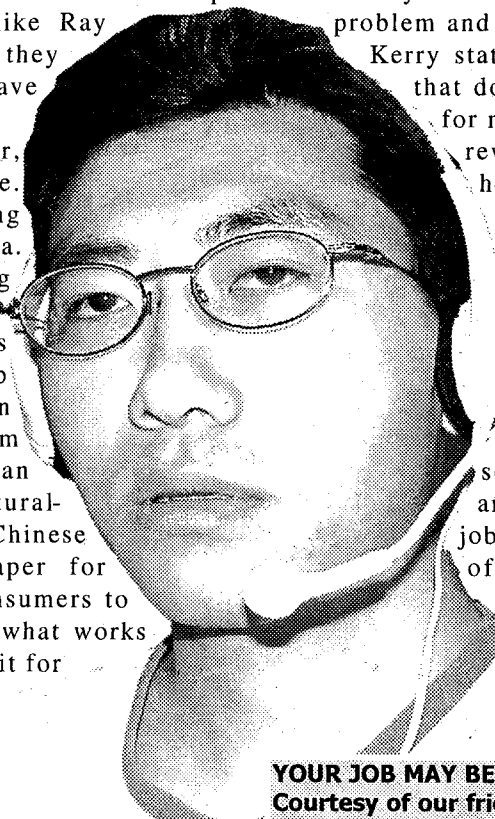
ily. They are the ones getting laid off. They believed they had a future with a company that stuck the knife in their backs. In a special documentary done by MTV's "Choose or Lose," 22-year-old Ray from Sacramento, CA spoke about losing his job at a major American Internet Service Provider, "It [his job] gave me something that I didn't necessarily think I could do with out going to college, it gave me a means to support my family." People like Ray have not only lost their jobs, they have lost the lives they have come to know very well.

As I mentioned earlier, outsourcing is not a new issue. For fifteen years outsourcing has been going on in China. America has been exporting toys, shoes and other items at cheaper costs. China is also doing its part to keep these jobs in their hands, an article from www.cnn.com states, "by keeping the yuan (their currency) at an 'unnaturally' low rate to the dollar, Chinese goods are that much cheaper for American companies and consumers to buy." China knows exactly what works for them, and has been doing it for years. This is all a form of trading, but is it fair to either country when someone

is always getting hurt sooner or later?

So now it comes down to what we have to do to change this. Outsourcing is definitely a matter that is being considered in the 2004 presidential elections. Republicans believe that outsourcing is good for the country, in that it saves money for companies and gives them a chance to expand their business. Democrat John Kerry believes that this is definitely a problem and it should not be overlooked.

Kerry states, "We now have a tax code that does more to reward companies for moving overseas than it does to reward them for creating jobs here in America. So if I am elected president, I will fight for the most sweeping international tax law reform in 40 years — a plan to replace tax incentives to take jobs offshore with new incentives for job creation on our own shores." The solutions start with change, and for the sake of American jobs, change should be on the top of every presidential candidate's list."



YOUR JOB MAY BE GOING TO THIS MAN,
Courtesy of our friend, the Internet

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EDITORIAL: America's Climate of Homophobia

Is there still a stigma attached to being a homosexual? It's very easy to say no. After all, there are TV shows like *Queer Eye For the Straight Guy*, and even a new channel for gays, the Logo Network. Places across the country are giving out marriage licenses to loving same-sex couples (or attempting to, anyway). But events over this summer show a different story.

Melanie Donovan's article in this issue does a fine job addressing the Jim McGreevey situation, but there is a deeper aspect to it. In his surreal speech to the nation, he says, "because of my resolve, and also thinking that I was doing the right thing, I forced what I thought was an acceptable reality onto myself, a reality which is layered and layered with all the, quote, 'good things,' and all the, quote, 'right things' of typical adolescent and adult behavior." McGreevey, in other words, felt he had to pretend to be a straight, all-American man in order to be accepted in his community and to succeed as a politician. Is this the kind of country we still live in? Is this an America where people still can't be accepted as good people because they sleep with members of the same sex? It saddens us that people, in this era we consider so enlightened, still have to hide themselves from society simply

because of who they are attracted to.

In an equally revolting development, Missouri, last month, voted in a constitutional amendment banning gay marriage in the state. And it passed with stunning ease - with 72% of voters casting their ballot for the amendment. On September 18th, Louisiana voters will have the opportunity to do the same thing. Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Montana, Oklahoma, Oregon, and Utah are to vote on the issue November 2nd, and there is support for an amendment in Michigan, North Dakota, and Ohio. What the Missouri voters have done by passing the amendment is nothing less than chisel bigotry into their state charter. By telling homosexuals they cannot marry, they are sending a stark moral message: You can love whomever you want, but the state will officially not approve of it.

As a final note, if Senator John Kerry were to win the Presidency, the frontrunner for his Senate seat would be Representative Barney Frank, the same man once accidentally called "Barney Fag" by Rep. Dick Armey. He would be in the running to be the first openly gay Senator.

EDITORIAL: Flexing Federal Muscles to Silence Protesters

In the 60's and 70's, the F.B.I., seeking to stem the growing tide of political dissent, devoted considerable resources to infiltrating, investigating, and monitoring political protesting activities. Now, in a time of growing dissatisfaction with the current administration and its policies, they are at it again.

According to two articles in *The New York Times*, the F.B.I. has begun questioning and subpoenaing political demonstrators in an effort to forestall a possible violent turn of events during the Republican National Convention. Or so they claim. These tactics, however, seem more in line with an attempt to harass protestors into keeping silent and being absent from protesting activities related to the Republican National Convention.

This latest set of abuses by the F.B.I. comes on the heels of harsh criticism by members of the House Judiciary Committee. Representative John Conyers (D, Mich.), joined by Reps. Robert C. Scott (D, Va.) and Jerrold Nadler (D, N.Y.), called the F.B.I.'s tactics a "systematic political harassment and intimidation of legitimate anti-war protestors."

Not only is the F.B.I. using its investigative powers to silence dissenting opinion, it is also using its subpoena power to keep protestors from attending protests. By issuing federal grand jury subpoenas, the F.B.I. has acted to disrupt the travel plans of

protestors; failure to answer such a subpoena would result in criminal charges and subpoenaed protestors have been forced to miss protests in order to testify.

The F.B.I., part of the Bush-controlled Department of Justice, has also investigated campus organizations that have protested or spoken out against the war in Iraq. In a nation of free speech and assembly, the Bush administration's undeclared and unconstitutional war on dissenting opinion has been kicked into high gear.

The message the F.B.I. and the Bush administration have been sending through the subtext of their actions is simple: protest and expect the F.B.I. at your door. The solution to this assault on civil liberties, however, is not to cave in to the administration's hopes that we become docile, unquestioning semi-morons but instead to protest louder, longer, more vehemently and, as a final coup de'grace to their assault on the First Amendment, entirely peacefully. By keeping all dissent peaceful and civil, the message of the protests rings all the louder, all the clearer, and it denies the administration the opportunity to dismiss the message as that of lawless, violent thugs. Keep the protests civil and their unconstitutional and immoral activities look all the worse by comparison.

Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

(hint: It Rhymes With "Stained-Glasshole")

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or website-it-up big time at

www.thepress.info



LETTER: A Much Longer Look at Ronnie

To the Press:

Was "A Good, Long Look at Ronnie" by Sam Goldman (June 25) intended as satire? "...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."

Anyone who's been paying attention knows that the above is a perfect description of the good old U.S. of A. Shall we infer that the disintegration of our little nation would cause Mr. Goldman no lack of slumber? I'd love to say that it would provide me with a hearty chuckle, but when Evil Empires shit the bed, it's usually us common folk who suffer – just ask the vast majority of the citizens of the former Soviet Union how much prosperity they've experienced recently. Or for that matter, how much political freedom, as capitalist dictators have replaced their communist predecessors.

Another laugh-out-loud-on-the-LIRR moment was provided by this masterful understatement: "Even Reagan's foreign policy was not pristine." Dude, the guy waged secret wars and funded terrorists! He even likened the CONTRAS in Nicaragua to the Founding Fathers and referred to the Al Qaeda types in Afghanistan as "freedom fighters." He jacked up the arms race and took us from being the world's #1 creditor nation to being the world's #1 debtor nation. One of his advisors recently admitted that the intent was to drive the country so far into debt that we'd never again be able to fund social programs. One rarely saw homeless people before Reagan came along to demonize the poor and wage war on the working class. Ever hear of PATCO?

Drug use did NOT decline significantly during the Reagan era. As one who had the dubious pleasure of living through it (although it seems positively idyllic compared to the lunacy that reigns today), I can tell you that while drug use became less open and lots more people went

to jail for weed, the use of cocaine and crack soared mightily. The Reaganite philosophy of taking the country back to 1950 is also to thank for your not being able to drink a legal beer until you're halfway to middle age and for transforming your RA from someone who got you toilet paper and planned parties into someone whose job it is to bust you for having any fun. No, things weren't perfect before, but they really started to suck after dear old prune-faced Ronnie (or whoever pulled his puppet strings) got through. Now you see the dried-up, has-been (but still murderous) joke that we as a nation have devolved into. It's all thanks to the "Reagan Revolution."

I'm pleased to report that I was busy soaking up larger and communing with seals in the Hebrides during the media's shameful orgy of apotheosis for Bonzo. I viewed mercifully brief (thanks to the BBC) snippets of the canonization through a pleasant alcoholic haze on tiny bar televisions that had the sound turned all the way down, thanking whatever powers that be that I was spared the latest public idiocy of my homeland (or is it "Homeland," now?). The locals, preoccupied with "football" and the price of herring, didn't even give it a second glance.

Sincerely,

Chris Sorochin

Chris,

Softness/hugability is Sam's M.O. Back in the day, Sam held and consistently reinforced his title of "Mismanaging Softy" by having a big heart and soft, kissable lips. He means well.

Sincerely,
 Joe Filippazzo

LETTER: My Mother and Stan Lee

By Maury Hirschcorn

When I visit my mother, Adrienne Hirschcorn, upstate, I bring her copies of newspapers: Newsday, The Long Island Press, The Stony Brook Statesman and The Stony Brook Press. There isn't much to do in Westchester, and my mother enjoys reading. The last time I visited her, I showed her the editorials in a June 25, 2004 copy of The Stony Brook Press. In that section was a copy of a letter sent from Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings (the "top" editors of the Press) to Stan Lee (the famous comic book artist).

Joe's and Mike's letter said they live in a house in East Setauket, near campus, and a house mate was leaving soon. They asked Stan Lee if he would move in with them and be cartoon editor of the Press.

My mother then said to me, "I met Stan Lee and his wife Joan a few times," I asked her to tell me about it, and she did.

In the 1960s and 1970s, my mother shopped at Poor Pearl's boutique in Cedarhurst, a wealthy town on Long Island. While there, she became friends with Pearl Cherry, the store's owner. One time, while in the store, Pearl introduced her to a woman named Joan Lee, who my mother described as "stunning" with a "perky British accent." They spoke.

"Did you meet my husband?" Joan Lee asked my mother.

"Who is he?" my mother responded.

"He is Stan Lee, the cartoonist."

"Oh. I've heard about him."

Almost everybody heard about Stan Lee (born Stanley Martin Lieber in December 1922). Lee lived in New York City, and at the age of 17 became assistant editor of Timely Comics. He was soon promoted to editor. Timely Comics changed its name to Atlas and then to Marvel Comics. In the 1960s, Lee, artist Jack Kirby, artist Steve Ditko introduced multidimensional characters and intelligent story lines to Marvel Comics, such as The Fantastic Four, The Mighty Thor, The Incredible Hulk and The Amazing Spiderman. This caused the sales of Marvel Comics to soar. In the 1970s, Lee became Marvel Comics' publisher, editorial director and a wealthy man.

According to his autobiography, "Excelsior! The Amazing Life of Stan Lee" by Stan Lee and George Mair, Lee served in the US army in England in the Signal Corps during World War II. He wrote manuals, training films, slogans, cartooning and illustrated VD posters. Stan met Joan after the war when he became a civilian. He went to a modeling agency

to meet beautiful women, and Joan, a model, came out the door.

However, my mother remembers Joan and Pearl giving a different story of how Stan and Joan met. "Stan was Jewish, but Joan wasn't," she said. "They met in England while he was serving in the army there. They met on the street. She was beautiful, and he was drawn to her looks. Joan worked as a maid. They left England together and later got married."

Later, my parents had a dinner party and invited Pearl Cherry and her husband Morty. Pearl and Morty brought Stan Lee and Joan to the party, and my mother was surprised to see them.

"I was in awe of him," she said. "I felt shy and uncomfortable around him and didn't speak much to him. But Stan Lee didn't act like a big shot. He acted like a normal, easygoing person."

My mother's husband (my father), Ralph Hirschcorn, wasn't uncomfortable around Lee, and they spoke a lot with each other. "Your father didn't feel uncomfortable with anyone," she said. "If Jesus Christ came to our dinner party, he would put his arm around him and say, 'How are ya doing?'"

My mother only met Stan Lee once or twice after that because he was constantly moving. "He was a traveling person," she said. "He kept traveling between New York and California." Eventually, Lee and Joan sold their house on Long Island and moved to California in 1981. There, Lee helped bring his comic characters to television and the movies.

Currently, Stan Lee is Chairman Emeritus of Marvel Enterprises, Inc. and makes appearances at comic book conventions around the country. He and Joan live in Los Angeles, California.

I think that Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings can forget about Stan Lee moving in with them or being their cartoon editor. I hope they'll find someone else.

Maury,

Wait, you've been in the presence of "The Man?" Verily, you are the truest of believers! Even by proxy, this is a privilege known only to few! You are the envy of every mighty marvelite on our humble staff! 'Nuff said!

Sincerely,
 Mike Billings

Siren Music Foistival Review

By Tom Senkus

We left early in the morning of July 17th from the Ronkonkoma railroad station. When I say we, I mean the posse, consisting of SBU Superstar Tara Lynne Groth as T-Money, RPI Somewhatstar Dan C. as MC Dig-Nitty, and myself. We were all lubed up with SPF 40 and ready to be released on Coney Island, the site of the Siren Music Festival, sponsored by the *Village Voice*.

Nathan's was our first destination. According to the signs, this was the first Nathan's ever, and the site of the gurgitation competitions. Just think: This is where Japanese eating phenom Takeru Kobayashi stood!

The place was packed with people, looking sweaty. The counter girl took our order, and after a bit, I noticed an accent. "Which country are you from?"

"Croatia. It's in Europe", she said

"I know," smiling back at her. Even Croatians think Americans are morons.

T-Money and I bought fried frog legs, a barely filling, cute novelty food. "I'm eating Kermit," I thought, "and he's delicious!"

After getting some greasy grub, the posse moseyed on down to an antique/thrift store on Surf Avenue. The store was littered with dust and old goods. The proprietor looked just as ancient and crusty. T-Money said, "This reminds me of skeevy Tijuana, and I don't like Tijuana."

T-Money was right on the money. Combined with the oppressive July heat, it seemed further South of the border every time a shop owner bilingually beckoned the posse to check out his wares. "No one demands the posse's attention!," I hypothetically shouted over my hypothetical shoulder. "We'll spend our income tax rebates elsewhere!"

By noon, the bands were about still setting up, but the sun had become oppressive. There was no shade anywhere on Coney Island. You could not escape the sun unless you went to the Port-a-crapper or drank at a bar, which would just make us more dehydrated and more broke. Being no match for the heat, the pasty, dressed-in-black Goth kids fled under the few oddly placed trees. There could have been at least a few pup-tents for shade. Or better yet,

reading stations for the *Village Voice*. Hot damn! I should work at the *Village Voice*! At least I'd get paid for writing pretentious articles, right next to advertisements for She-males! (Mmmm, delicious she-males). The aquarium seemed like a plausible idea, but admission was a ridonkuluos \$12 for a dose of A/C.

In addition to the heat were the bodies loitering the sidewalks. The amount of people in attendance was staggering. It was hard to get from one part of Coney Island to another. The main road, Surf Avenue, resembled some ancient carnival that can no longer tour. In fact, there was an impromptu freak-show where some girl with face-tattoos hammered a nail up her nostril.

Wandering around, one could hear an entire musical collage. Reggae pulsed from the flea market, screams crescendo'd and diminuendo'd from the thrilling rides, clinks dinked from the batting cages, bands sound-checked intermittently, not to mention the frustration narration coming from the posse.

What a misnomer to call the rides attractions! They were as attractive as the old men on the Coney Island boardwalk, with their beer bellies and man boobs a-jigglin' like the Fourth of July. Coney Island took a more vivid landscape of "The Place that Time Forgot" when you'd hear early 90's classics blasting from the DJ booth on the Tilt-a-Whirl. Ace of Base, we hardly knew ye.

The only redeeming ride was The Cyclone. If you have never feared for your life as you commit some legal recreational act, then I advise you to get on this behemoth. \$5 dollars for a ride seemed prostitute-like, considering being pimped a ticket by an otherwise seedy old man.

The line was fairly steady, but the Nyquil stink of the lead paint led me into a timeless daze, looking overhead at the rusty clatter of the old-fashioned wooden planks, the youth anticipating the coming jostle by age-tested pleasure machines. The machine had a rickety sound as we ascended it's peaks. For each dive, was another quick buildup, only to drive down again. If you would raise your arms, they would become property of the

Cyclone. According to a sign, they were not responsible. The more I describe the Cyclone, the more it really does personify an old hooker.

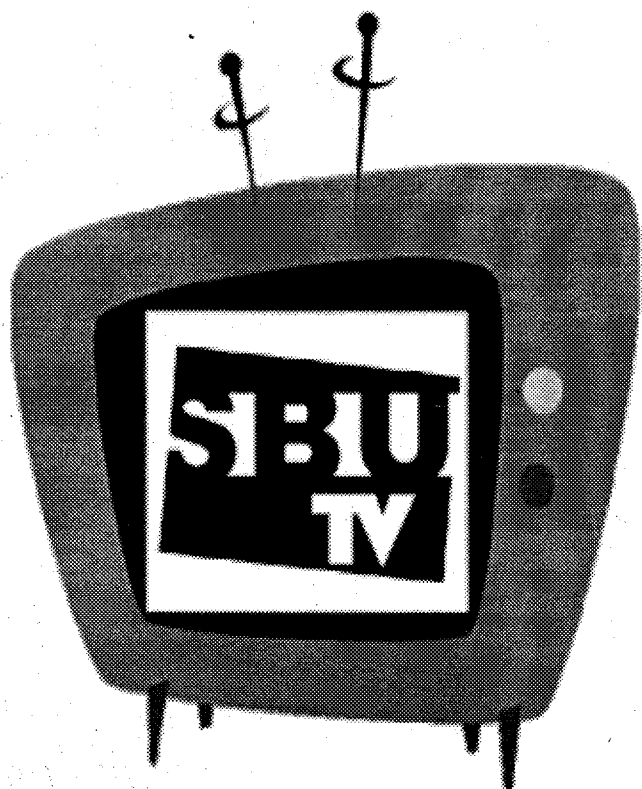
Outside the Cyclone, the only presence of the *Village Voice* was seen. The *Village Voice's* presence was relegated to one small booth, mixed with a Bjork listening station and political groups looking for gullible youth to put down their address to be inundated with shit-mail.

The one booth the *Village Voice* had made it seem as if those in charge wanted to make their sponsorship of this event as ambiguous as their music reviews (ZING!!). Seriously, I can't even make out what some of their writers are trying to prove by using a large vocabulary, with words that don't even exist in our vernacular (watch it, Tom.). The only moment I even remember the *Village Voice* being mentioned, besides of course, the obligatory on-stage "thanks to the *Village Voice*", was when this *Village Voice* proponent girl overenthusiastically asked me to punch a caricature of Bush and Kerry.

"I'm a pacifist", I said, then she punched it for me. What a charming gesture. And now that I think about, quite a good metaphor for the Iraq war (?) that seemed better in my mind than on the written page. Go figure.

If you are wondering why there isn't more written about music by now, especially for a article with Music Festival in the title, the posse agreed there wasn't a much music as you'd think there would be. To cure boredom, me and SBU Superstar Tara had a game called "Spot the Flirt Skirt". Bands played a set, and then there was an enormous downtime for setting up the audio and amplifiers.

I've never been so angry at spending my leisure time just waiting for terrible band after terrible band to get off the stage. I emphasize, it was hard enough to like a derivative-garage-rock band with decent sound on CD, but the music itself sounded horrid live. The problem can be pinpointed to CRANKING the bass player. That is not a literary exaggeration. I, myself, play bass, and while I catch a lot of flak for playing louder than normal, this was



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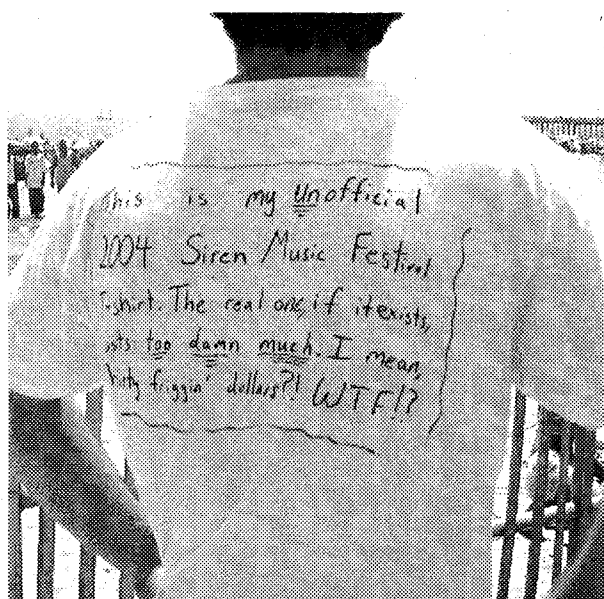
absurd. It was as if the soundman had no live mixing experience, nor did he seem to use common discretion. I do believe he was out to give us all heart murmurs. T-Money's stomach was turning after 100Hz frequencies blasted her into submission. Sure, TV on the Radio's band members were seen easily enough, but their sound was completely obscured. I can only imagine what some of the better bands may have sounded like. It was a disgraceful soundman bukakke!

Going to the stages seemed impossible. The security guards yelled at us as we jumped the police guardrails. Obviously they were not aware of our posse notoriety, and told us to go back over the gate.

According to WUSB's *The Workhorse*, the only way to have heard the sound well enough was right up front, but a large majority of shirtless-morons and human bovine were in our way, too many to even think that possible. There was no getting up front, unless you like other people's sweat stain your clothing.

As for the bands, most of the early ones fit into the mold of garage-rock with a dance band ethic. The bands did not have much experience playing a festival of this size, leaving the posse frequently bored, and I can imagine the bands dismay when the singer shouts "Come on!" and the entire audience has its arms crossed. The hype of bands such as the Fiery Furnaces ("They don't need drugs to have fun.

They need drugs to LIVE!") and the Ponys left me with the impression that the bands spent more time on their press releases than trying something original.



TOM "CHEAP BASTARD" SENKUS,
Courtesy of Tom Senkus

Despite the bad sound, Electric Six had a standout performance. Having heard their first record, *Fire*, it was not uncommon to see have the posse's conversations glide into the lyrics, "urgent message message from HQ:

Dance Commander, we love you." Electric Six had the right idea by using nonsensical cock-rock for a *Village Voice*-reading, irony-guzzling audience. It just makes sense to give dumb to the dumb, smart to the smart. Although they were without their usual dictator-uniforms (remember the heat), they still managed to put on a decent show. Singer Dick Valentine rallied the crowd, moronically getting the audience to clap with him in an exaggerated way, and spouting such phrases as, "This next song is going to blow your cock off!," bearing a resemblance to Jack Black.

The day waned on, temperatures cooling off but our tempers had not. I tried desperately to rally the posse, but even I had my doubts dashed. Carpe diem was not possible. The posse was pissed.

Dig-Nitty, otherwise known as Dan, had a poignant remark:

"What would you expect from a free concert?"

"I'm not entirely sure when I think of it. Just not this..." says I.

By 6:30, we headed out to Penn Station, burnt. While we really would've liked to see Death Cab for Cutie, it was just too hot to stay and hear good music filtered through bad sound. 'Tis a shame. I wanted to hear "Coney Island" on Coney Island.

It's Just a Movie!!!!

By Sam Goldman

Every single member of my family, from immediate to extended, from parents to third cousins, is a conservative Republican hawk. Every single one. You'd think this is an exaggeration, but it is not. I have actually sat here and gone through every member of my family, and they all share the same political viewpoint. Except me. I happen to be a moderate-but-left-leaning Democrat who, while he isn't against the removal of Saddam Hussein, a man who was definitely evil, is unhappy with what he feels the war has become, which is a total botch job, and who believes that George W. Bush stole the Presidency.

These conditions made possible the following scene: After my family attended a funeral, my cousin asked me a seemingly innocuous question:

"Are you going to see *Fahrenheit 9/11*?"

"Actually," I reply, "I've already seen it."

"That treasonous piece of shit...."

At which point my cousin proceeds to go off on a 5-minute rant on how we were right in going to war, how Michael Moore is exploiting 9/11 for personal gain, calling Moore treasonous, and saying I was an idiot for forking over money to see it. He calls my relatives into the conversation, as if I should be punished by my daddy for having the audacity to go see the movie. And, with the exceptions of my parents, who (God bless them) allow me to have my own opinions on things, my relatives fall in line behind my cousin - "He's in league with the French", "he hates America", "how dare he use war footage." And so on, until the only thing stopping me from cursing out everyone was the fact that we have just come back from a funeral!

But did anyone see the movie? NO!

My friend called me up recently. She, too, asked me if I saw it, and what I thought of it. I thought that, while I was ecstatic upon leaving the movie theatre, after a couple of days I had tempered my initial enthusiasm of *Fahrenheit 9/11*, simply because the film

seemed to promise something Earth-shattering, and, quite frankly, didn't. I asked her why she wanted to know. "Oh, I refuse to see it, but I just wanted to know what you thought." WHAT THE FUCK? WHY ARE YOU FUCKING CALLING ME FOR A REVIEW IF YOU DON'T PLAN TO GO SEE THE FUCKING MOVIE?!?!?!?

What the hell is going on in America?

Why has a movie, a movie that is so unabashedly anti-Dubya propaganda, a movie that even its defenders will admit has some truth-stretching, causing this nation to go insane? Why has this President, and this war, polarized us so much?

You never hear the term "moderate" anymore. "Moderate." Think about that word. The word basically MEANS "not too far in either direction. Now, suddenly the political term doesn't exist. Everyone is either an extreme liberal or an extreme conservative. Everyone is either rabidly pro-Bush or anti-Bush, either pro-war or anti-war. All of a sudden, there is no middle ground. All of a sudden, there is no rationally examining the pros and cons of an issue to find out its positives and negatives. I consider myself a moderate. Doesn't that mean that, in the current political climate, I shouldn't even exist? Does any side care about my vote?

If you're pro-war, it means you're a bloodthirsty cretin, or rich (notice how that's suddenly become such a negative epithet, yet if we won the lottery, we wouldn't complain?), or stupid to be following such an idiot of a President. If you're anti-war, it means you're soft, anti-American, anti-Israeli (I'm not even going to open up THAT can of worms), and don't care about the safety of your country. Even the media has followed suit, hiring blowhards for radio and television to ram their opinions down your throat, and shows like CNN's "Crossfire" seem to actually promote the vitriolic spewing of opinions as if someone's keeping score.

Nowhere is that more apparent than

when talking about *Fahrenheit 9/11*. Either you're a dumbass for not going to see it, or a dumbass for spending money to go see it.

Where has the civility gone in America? Why can't we talk about these issues like real, rational people? Why can't people's opinions, no matter how far out of left field, be accepted and talked about? Why, instead, do we so readily dismiss them, as if the only opinions that matter are those that coincide with our own? Why is someone who is a pro-war Republican so wary to even go see *Fahrenheit 9/11*? Why is someone who is an anti-war liberal Democrat so scared of people like Bill O'Reilly and Rush Limbaugh? Why are people, regardless of political affiliation, forgetting that *Fahrenheit 9/11* is nothing more or less than a movie, designed, above all, to be entertaining? Why, when any political topic comes up, do we act as if it's the 3rd-grade schoolyard instead of the real world?

We are acting as if opinions are absolute; you're on either one side or the other, and that's it. But life is not absolute. The stands that we take, the choices that we make, the opinions that define us as human beings, are not absolute. They contain an infinite amount of nooks, crannies, and cracks; they are always changing, modifying themselves, being molded from forces both internal and external. They are fluid, as alive as ourselves. We don't necessarily have to agree with differing viewpoints; but we must be willing to at least allow them to enter the conversation. We don't necessarily have to straddle the fence on issues; but the fence must at least be there. We don't necessarily have to like someone else's point of view, but we must remember that their differing point of view does not make them any less intelligent, or freedom-loving, or America-loving, than ourselves.

For God's sake, we're better than this. We have to be. Let's start acting like it.

Hospital-ity

By Tom Senkus

If my memory serves me right, it may have been May.

If you would have asked me, then, what my favorite month was, it would not have been May.

On the fifth day, my bed was soaked in sweat. Indoors, the heat was overbearing. My chest resembled a bottle of Coke that you leave out in the sun for a few hours. My body was caked in urea and spilled food that I didn't really care to clean up. Moss sprouted from my face.

Speaking of hair, after two days, you give up on looking good for the nurses. Sure, you may have a charming belle for a girlfriend, but you still have a desire to look good for a forty-something who smells like an ashtray and most likely spent her best years with her legs on the dashboard of a '75 Camaro, making the biggest mistake of her life when she decided that sex feels "so much better" when you don't use a condom and that it was such a groovy thing to not believe in abortion. Who can blame her when the small part of a seatbelt is being jammed in your ass while listening to "Dancing Queen?" But yes, initially, I feel guilty for not dousing myself in cologne and looking genteel.

A hospital gown is quite the opposite. I feel like Mrs. Doubtfire trying to go to the bathroom, lifting my skirt up and, Oh Lord, the splashback.

Frustration is something I don't deal well with at all. It first manifests itself in the form of denial, possibly the opiate of the trapped. "I'm really fine, don't worry about me," "This is a stupid nightmare," or the perennial favorite, "What the hell did I smoke?"

Then the anger.

I am not an angry person. Normally, I take people's icy criticism with a cold shoulder. I will never get into a fistfight, though I have the power to hold my own. Confidence, I think it's called.

But then I'm stripped of even that. I am no better than the cripple that cries when he does not get fed, the cripple that wrenches the hearts of all that is feminine and elderly. I am now reduced to that poor bastard. Only difference is that I don't deserve it, and NOTHING bothers me more.

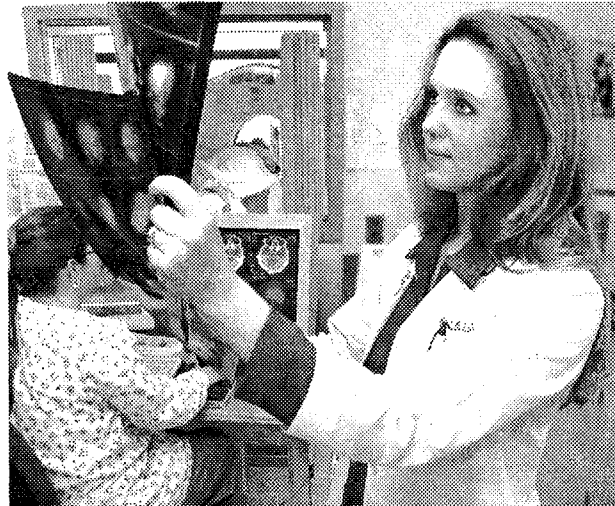
Only later do you realize that this is necessary. It puts a different perspective on your comfortable life. Hell, it even helps you write a worthless article at 4:30 in the morning that you think might make you some money and lift you from the doldrums of suburban suicide....

Like I said, it's been five days. It's actually felt more like five weeks than anything else. Ugh, there's that word again: Week (well, actually "weak," but who gives a shit?). I might as well stop beating around the bush: I'm

in a hospital for some respiratory disease. That's simple enough, but my susceptibility to something of this kind has baffled the medical staff.

The doctors have ruled out pneumonia, the common cold, measles, mumps, rubella, chicken pox, shingles, broken leg, etc.

An IV is in my left arm, making it impossible for me to sleep. In fact, when something is in your arm that long, it starts to itch your bones. The feeling of ripping out your own flesh doesn't seem like a bad idea when you've been reading Henry Miller by day, and watching PBS at night. PBS is the only thing



MAYBE IT'S LUPUS...
Courtesy of Google

keeping me sane, and the only reason for that is because at night, they get a bit risqué. Women get to show their lovelies for the sake of art. God Bless art.

The next morning, I was awoken by footsteps and a suspicion that there might be someone else in the room, thinking, "This is the ugliest, most pitiful thing I've seen in a while". But it's not.

A swarm of Pre-meds!

I counted five. On my right was the queen bee. His name was Doctor Stallone. All I could think of was that at any moment, he might toss off his lab coat, grab a red head band, load his M-16, and go off in rabid search of forgotten POW's in the dense, damp jungles of Vietnam.

Rambo begins by asking me the rudimentary questions. Every time I go to a hospital, I feel like a movie star being interviewed. I used to think Harrison Ford was being a pretentious fuck, but now I can see why he always seems bitter and annoyed. A hospital patient repeatedly answers similar questions until they become Indiana Jones/Hans Solo/the guy from <<ITAL>>Blade Runner<</ITAL>>.

Anyways, as if that wasn't painful enough, premed's get their shot to diagnose what I have. They name a bunch of inflamma-

tions (anything ending in -itus), and even I laugh when one foolish says herpes. Rocky was not amused.

Then came a serious look on his face. The man didn't physically frighten me. Actually, he seemed really thin and dainty. It was the look that was frightening.

His eyebrows hid behind his thick glasses, eyes and teeth clenched, and, in a burst, he said, "We want to give you an HIV test."

At that point, it reminded me of my first girlfriend. Our relationship lasted barely a month, but when I told her I didn't want to date her anymore, restrained tears glazed her eyes, looking like two green marbles on a brown canvas. She curled up in the chair she was sitting in, while I stood, a few feet away, leaning on a dilapidated piano. Immediately, I didn't feel anything. It was very businesslike; "We can no longer work together," that sort of thing. However, I had the audacity to stand over the piano and play a chord that changed my world. I looked at the keyboard, found middle C and then proceeded to find an E, a G and a B. The moment the hammers of the piano struck the strings inside, I felt an immense hurt. Similar to being punched in the stomach, except for the fact that I could move instead of gasping for air. In actuality, her crying made her in better shape than I was.

Of course I didn't have AIDS/HIV. Hell, I didn't even know what OPP stood for, and still don't. I didn't mess around with girls too often, and even if I had, I'm a smart, considerate male.

Some more questions asked whether I experimented with drugs. If only I had the money! I don't even know many people who experimented with booze; That does make an exception for the guys on my football team I overheard talking about injecting steroids into each others asses. What are friends for anyways?

Throughout my over-thinking, the pre-meds didn't make eye contact with me. Denial isn't just a river, it's my favorite emotion.

I called up my girlfriend at the time, explaining what happened at 4 in the morning. She cried a bit, but didn't seem the least concerned about her own well-being. Isn't teenage love swell?

Retrospectively, that makes me think of a Smith's song, "There is a Light that Never Goes Out":

And if a double-decker bus
crashes into us,
To die by your side
is such a heavenly way to die

After an hour, I hung up after a beautiful conversation I needed so completely. To die by her side is such a heavenly way to die.

☒ Swords

☒ Sorcery

☒ Technology

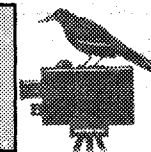
☒ LESBIANS!

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THE STONY BROOK FILM FESTIVAL



SHORTS!

I Am Stamos

I'd be remiss if I didn't mention the short that came on before *Easy*, one of the funniest damn things I've seen in a long time.

I Am Stamos tells the story of Andy Shrub (Robert Peters), an actor forever consigned by his slightly overweight, Everyman look to be the crazy sidekick in TV sitcoms. You know the kind; the guys who wear fur hats on the beach. But he's ever-so-tired of his typecasting by nature, and wants to make the jump to leading man. Desperate for the good looks that would make him a star, he makes a wish on his birthday to look like John Stamos. And behold, the next day, when he steps in front of the camera, he is photographed as John Stamos. His success finds his way to the ears of the real John Stamos (played by himself; no one else has the acting chops to play John Stamos), with hilarious results.

Can a short be a masterpiece? I don't know, but this one sure comes close.

-Sam Goldman

Zeke

Zeke has just been neutered by his owner, Joe. And now, all *Zeke* wants is revenge. In this short film by Dana Buning, a cat named *Zeke* is attempting to get even with his owner by taking from Joe, what Joe took from *Zeke*; his manhood. *Zeke* is an older cat and has been with his...um...package for a long time now and rightfully has reason to be angry with his owner. If you were put into the same situation, *Zeke's* situation that is, wouldn't you want revenge on the person who has done this to you? I thought that from a male's point of view, this would be a just cause, but it turns out that the whole idea just rubs them the wrong way. I guess some would say that a female could not really make the call on this issue but, on the other hand, neither could a cat. But a cat did; *Zeke* did. *Zeke* brutally hurt Joe in this film and in the end, *Zeke* caused Joe's downfall. The act that *Zeke* committed was bloody, brutal and cruel, but then again, so was the act of Joe taking his balls.

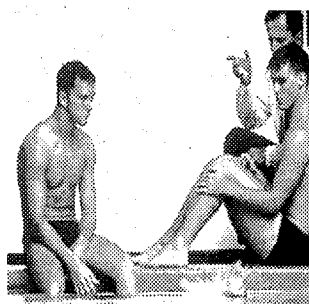
-Melanie Donovan



LOOKING SURPRISED BY SAM'S REVIEW. OH WAIT, IT'S A GOOD REVIEW. I THINK, BUT I CAN'T READ. HOW DID I WRITE IT THEN, YOU ASK? UH...UH...UH.. (JUMPS OUT THE WINDOW)
Courtesy of FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES

FEATURES!

Swimming Upstream



However, *Swimming Upstream*, despite having lots of swimming scenes in it, mirrors Fingleton's life in that swimming is really secondary.

Australian soap star Jesse Spencer plays Fingleton, a young man looking for the attention of his hard drinking, emotionally closed off father Harold (played by Geoffrey Rush in a performance deemed Oscar-worthy by just about everyone I talked to). Harold treats his son almost as if he were diseased; he can never accept Tony as one of his own, and even when Harold catches a glimpse of Tony's swimming potential, Harold can't help but favor his older brother John (Tim Draxl). The swimming scenes are very good, using the much-hated split-screen effect and actually putting it to good use. But they pale in comparison to the dramatic points in the film. As stated earlier, Rush is amazing, and Spencer more than holds his own. As Tony and John's swimming careers begin to take off, the interplay between them and their father slowly builds up to a conclusion that is beautifully done while avoiding any romantic fluff.

In writing *Swimming Upstream* with his mother, Tony Fingleton has done a remarkable job making his life movie-like without the grandeur and flourishes that an amateur screenwriter would be tempted to add into an autobiographical sketch. In addition to this, a great performance by Judy Davis as Tony's mother Dora cements the film as one of the highlights of the Festival.

-Sam Goldman

(Picture courtesy of MGM)

Garden State

Garden State was easily The Movie-of-the-Stony-Brook-Film-Festival. Would-be patrons stretched in lines that snaked throughout the Staller Center's first floor. The theatre was packed.

Garden State did not disappoint.

Written, directed, and starring Zach Braff, the star of NBC's *Scrubs*, *Garden State* is a thoroughly enjoyable hour and a half through the psyche of a young man who comes home and ends up finding himself.

Andrew Largeman, as a young man, contributed to his mother's paralysis, and has been living an emotionless existence ever since, thanks to the overly generous supply of lithium prescribed by his father (Sir Ian

Holm). Now a struggling actor living in L.A., he comes back home for his mother's funeral, and ends up hooking up with old friends like Mark (Peter Skarsgaard) and a new friend, cheerful, breezy Sam (Natalie Portman). Away from his meds, the clouds around his life begin to clear up, and Andrew begins to see his life and his family with unforeseen clarity.

Yeah, so, in that sense, it's kinda predictable. It's also kinda pretentious. But you won't give a damn. *Garden State* is a beautiful, pleasant film. Portman and Braff have obvious chemistry. The script is funny and smart. The soundtrack fits the movie perfectly, and some songs will stay in your head, like they did in mine.

If *Spider-Man 2* was the perfect summer blockbuster, *Garden State* is the perfect summer unblockbuster.

-Sam Goldman

Easy

When Marguerite Moreau says at the end of *Wet Hot American Summer* that she is "entirely about sex," she wasn't kidding.

Easy is a story about modern relationships that distinguishes itself from most movies in its realistic portrayal of modern twenty-something singles, and in its graphic sex scenes. Three of those scenes involve Moreau, who is great even when she keeps her shirt on, as Jamie, a young woman whose job basically involves giving odd inventions brand names. Although naming odd things is easy for her, defining herself is harder - let's just say she's who the title refers to.

Bryan F. O'Byrne and Maveen Andrews play Jamie's competing love interests - O'Byrne as Mick, who would seem workmanlike if he weren't hosting a cable show about weird fetishes and sex toys, and Andrews as John, a soft-spoken poet and author who still can't get over the last woman who left him. John is a bit of a curveball - you're supposed to be thinking of him as someone deep and thoughtful, but he actually comes off as neither. Both relationships are believable and realistic; when Mick catches Jamie cheating on him, the reaction is quick, and understandable.

What I have to take issue with is some of the sex scenes. There is one scene in particular, about halfway through the movie (you'll know it when you see it) when you'll ask yourself, "Is this really necessary?" Writer/director Jane Winstock could probably have done without some of it, as all it does it make you a bit uncomfortable, and the rest of the movie isn't weighty enough to make it seem like that's the intended idea. In the end, no matter how gorgeous Moreau is, it seems almost exploitative.

If it weren't for that, *Easy* would also be one of the Film Festival's better movies.

-Sam Goldman

Continued on page 10

Laugh Out Loud Instead of LOL

By Tara Lynne Groth

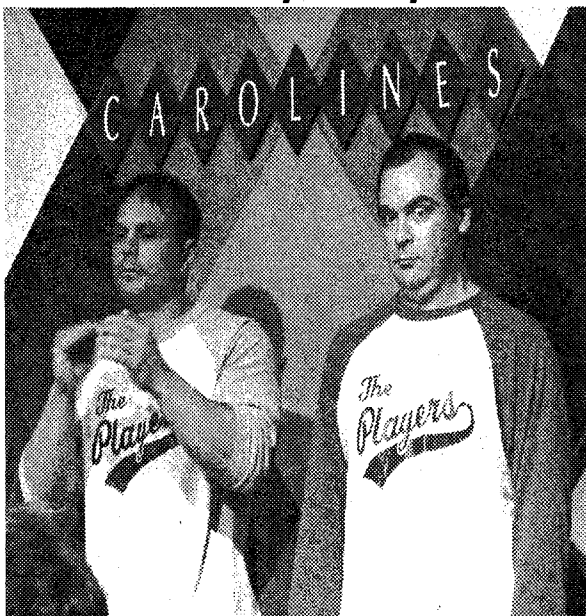
My previous *Press* article reviewing Theatre Three's Friday Night Improv show foreshadowed the future of the Players troupe. I expected the comedians to make it to Broadway *someday* and on August 17th, that day had arrived.

Caroline's Comedy Club on Broadway housed the local comedy act, which charged only \$3 and a two drink minimum for anyone who made reservations. Not too unreasonable for a world famous comedy club. The all-male group successfully maintained their comedic quality, even to the extent of marketing their night: "Yes, it's Friday Night Face-Off on a Tuesday."

The Friday night show in Port Jefferson of the weekend prior to their Broadway debut suffocated any doubts about their performance in New York City. The Olympic theme was due to it being the opening night of the games in Greece. The evening opened with a movie by the comedians documenting the traveling of the torch through various cities that all conveniently resembled downtown Port Jeff. It was damn creative and the "LIVE" flashing at the bottom of the screen as one of the Players entered the Second Stage with the un-lit torch (fire codes) introduced an evening of impressive comedy—yet again!

Having seen a couple dozen Friday Night Face Off's, I can decently gauge the tension in their performances. Watching them trying to enjoy their opening comedians, all of who failed to rise to the caliber of the Players, was amusing as well. Realizing that that they had opening acts instead of *being* the opening act impressed me further, not to mention the ability to see their intimidation of this professional opportunity was priceless. They intelligently chose the most popular skits to showcase their best talent, and this made it all the more obvious that these little fish knew exactly how to make it big.

Jeffrey Sanel, an actor/producer/director/jack-of-all trades genius man, has become the host of the Friday Night Face Off show during the past year. His jokes in between skits add to the witty experience each show delivers. At Caroline's, Jeffrey Sanel's "Joke of the Week" was some-



TWO GUYS IN CAROLINE
Courtesy of Tara Lynne Groth

thing along the lines of, "A chicken and egg are sitting in bed smoking cigarettes. The egg turns to the chicken and says, 'Well, I guess that answers that question.'"

The different audience interactions of every show make each show just that — always different. Even the three really bad shows out of the approximately fifty that I've been to were funny in their own unfunny way. From the audience during the Caroline's show, the Players were able to take a college girl's day at orientation, who was majoring in Library Science, and make it *funny*. Library Science = funny? The Improv can make it that way.

As previously mentioned, Friday Night Face Off is every Friday. Instead of staring blankly at your computer screen feverishly typing an L-O-L into an Instant Message, try going out and laughing for real (where do those Instant Messages go when they're closed anyways?). Starting the first weekend in September all the way through to October 29th, they will be there. Check out their website, www.fridaynightfaceoff.com, for any information about theme nights and whatnot and you'll see you should be there. It's not every week you can spend \$10 and laugh for nearly two hours—oh wait—it *is* every week.

August 9th

By Tom Senkus

This is an actual journal entry that I wrote, excluding some things that wouldn't make sense out of context

Aug 9th
Time: 3:17PM
Location: S-59 bus

Horsepucky

I am going to SBU to apply for a job. Already, I'm four hours late. Why you ask? I was shit-tired. Why? I smoked weed. Why? I'm an idiot. "Thank you." I figured that it would solve some stress-related issue--

--Someone on the bus is an idiot. A Newport-brand sock wearin' fool tried to cheat the bus and took 3 minutes out of our time

Some lady 3 seats over is getting hostile, yelling "Come on!" and other unintelligibles. Let's not forget the guffawing. -Oh, the guffawing....

"I don't know karate,
but i do know ka-razy"
James Brown, R.I.P.

Back to my story: In need to solve some stress and disappointment. I didn't plan on it, but just did. We watched a movie, *Mulholland Drive*, which was horrible, despite it's arty attempts and numerous lesbian scenes.

Back to the bus: Some old guy is complaining about being let off 100 feet away from his normal spot. So it goes, on the bus. The guy yelled at the bus driver, of Hispanic origin, to "go back where (he) came from". Right.... Funny thing was that the bus driver didn't open the door right away, further infuriating the old moron. Something tells me the earth would be a brighter place without that guy. Right as I'm leaving, I'll tell the bus driver, "That guy was an asshole" (Author's note: I did.)

THE STONY BROOK FILM FESTIVAL (CONT.)

A Peck on the Cheek

After learning she was adopted, a young girl searches for her real mother in a world filled with war and hatred in *A Peck on the Cheek* (Kannathil Muthamittal). Nine year old Amudha shows us the internal struggle of dealing with the awful truth that the family she has come to know and love is really not her own blood. This warm Indian film takes place in Sri Lanka where we first learn of Amudha and her charismatic personality. We see the love and the happiness that is present in her life, and how she fits right in with her surroundings. The young actress, P.S. Keerthana, portrays strong emotions for just a little girl. She is set on the path to finding her birth mother and understanding herself on the way.

The movie plays out with a series of flashbacks explaining Amudha's birth parents' story and anguish. Amudha's parents were in love but yet

trapped in the Srilankan battles that surrounded them. In order to find her mother, Amudha had to bear witness to these same hardships that she had never seen from the comforts of her own home. As in Bollywood tradition, the movie was broken up with a series of musical numbers depicting the emotions of the characters at certain moments. After attempts by Amudha to run away, two songs are used to show the love that Amudha's adoptive parents have for her, even though she is not their own child. They agree to search for Amudha's real mother, despite what dangers they have to face.

As they travel through the country, the external war around them is paralleled by the internal war that Amudha is suffering. She feels that her adoptive parents, her brothers, her surroundings, and even her life are not her own after finding out about this past. Throughout the movie there is a lot of hope for the battles to end and for there to be peace. Amudha's birth mother tells her, "I'll come back to you

when the fight ends." In another scene, a town that was being evacuated shows an old man still going back to the temple to ring the bell as if nothing has changed. Though his home falls to pieces around him, he still stands strong. Young Amudha had the biggest surprise of her life when finding out she was adopted, but her family is still her family and they stood strong by her side.

A Peck on the Cheek stood out from the other films at the festival. Its sincerity and genuineness made it a movie that tells a story of the conflicts that reside between people and the conflict in our own minds. The writer and director, Mani Ratnam, did an excellent job unfolding this dramatic tale. The beautiful images and sounds presented in this film are defiantly a treat to your eyes and ears. I recommend this film and hope to see it come to the attention of the American movie culture soon.

-Melanie Donovan

Sunrise Falls to Sunset

By Tara Lynne Groth

There are films directed by men, and there are films directed by "the man." He is Richard Linklater. For those who missed the captivating tale in Vienna ten years ago, complete with witty conversations between Jesse (Ethan Hawke) and Celine (Julie Delpy), another opportunity awaits across the pond in Paris that will not disappoint in the least.

Before Sunrise (1994) is a film that captures the unexpected moment of boy meets girl. This pair being Jesse and Celine, who are fortunate enough to meet on a train to Vienna and enjoy one night together, never exchanging any means of communication, and promising to return six months post-magic moments.

What lends itself to be the basis of *Before Sunset* (2004) is one of them (Celine) doesn't hold up her end of the promise. Figures, the fickleness of us women. But no, there were unprecedented circumstances that caused their reunion to be postponed. In present day Paris, the instance of boy-meets-girl is visited yet again. Jesse and Celine meet at his book signing in Paris at what, coincidentally, is Celine's favorite bookstore. Jesse's book just so happens to be a written account of their only passionate night together. Objectively these characteristics have commercial Hollywood connotations; however, the realistic conversations and under-acknowledged acting create a film that does what films are meant to represent: life.

With *Before Sunset*, Linklater forms another piece of film that cohesively maintains the directorial quality employed in the first. The most prominent characteristic that I can distinguish between the two films is in the

opening of *Sunset* and the closing of *Sunrise*. Linklater poetically introduces *Sunset* with a similar directing pattern. He boasts the ability



ETHAN HAWKE AND JULIE DELPY,
Courtesy of Warner Brothers

to present what are common establishing shots with latent facets (describing the details would rob potential viewers of their enjoyment).

What is most impressive about *Sunset* (and *Sunrise* as well) is the dialogue. The conversations emanate such a natural and realistic tone and pace that it matches the fluidity of the directing, creating what should be recognized as one of the most poignant films written and

directed about the fate of love. It is not enough to provide examples of the characters' banter because it would not deliver an adequate portrayal; both films need to be seen in their entirety.

I felt cheated at the end of *Sunset* — at first. Not to destroy the ending (because in this movie's case I would file that under the Mortal Sin category), but it is just as indefinite if not more vague and open than *Sunset's* closing. But after the film is absorbed, the ending fits; making Linklater even more of a master at his art, especially when considering the film is in real time. Knowing that Jesse is to leave in an hour and twenty minutes for his plane is truly the time you are watching unfold. This only adds to the realistic representation of life.

In most reviews of the film I have read as of late, many refer to the films as "chick flicks." Before I had seen either I expected that as well. From what I have seen I feel it would be wrong to label *Sunrise* and *Sunset* "chick flicks." Both films are mature accounts of relationships that I should hope most would relate to, and these films deserve an audience. Currently, *Before Sunset* is on limited release and is most easily found in New York City theaters. The characters have dealt with a lot of waiting, and now the film is waiting to be seen. Linklater has created characters who know not when they will see each other again. Having seen both films in their entire length only once, I'm left with the same uncertainty: when will I see them again? It can't be too soon.

The Art of Deception

By Sarah C.

In my History of Popular Culture class, there was discussion over whether Elvis Presley stole or "borrowed" music and what, if any, is the difference. When is the fine line of plagiarism crossed? Moreover, what circumstances blur that line?

Elvis's first single was "That's Alright, Mama," a song originally written and performed by Arthur Crudup. Elvis transformed the song into rock 'n' roll with a distinct blues sound and soon had a hit. Crudup was never paid for the royalties.

Based on these facts, it can be suggested Elvis plagiarized Crudup. However, many people (especially artists) look at this as a normal part of the artistic field: the influence of other sources, drawing inspiration from previously existing material and making it your own. That's all well and fine from an artistic perspective, but lawyers would certainly disagree.

Take, for example, Bob Dylan being accused of plagiarizing his *own songs* a few years back. Sounds preposterous, doesn't it? Or take novelist Anne Rice suing fan fiction writers for using her characters as the basis for their stories.

Fan fiction has long been debated over its legitimacy. Yes, copyrighted characters are being used but no profit is being made off the stories. Is the absence of pay enough? Or is it still wrong to be inspired by someone else's work and make it your own — much like that of

Elvis? It becomes somewhat of a tribute, rather than an offense, to be inspired by something so much. *Buffy* and *Angel* creator Joss Whedon is thrilled that his fans love his characters enough to write about them — Anne Rice, however, is another story.

Perhaps the best post-modern example that questions the issue of plagiarism vs. inspiration/influence is writer/director Quentin Tarantino. Tarantino's affinity for taking from French New Wave, Hong Kong and other cinematic genres has raised questions over the originality of his works.

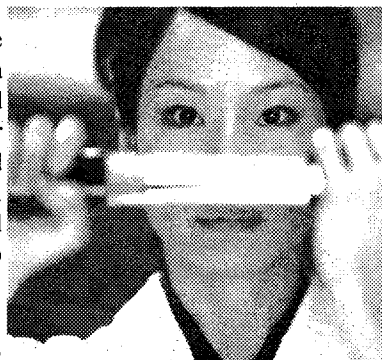
In *Reservoir Dogs*, his first feature film, Tarantino lifted the plot from the 1987 Hong Kong film *City on Fire*, which was directed by Ringo Lam. A breakdown of the two films shows how Tarantino copied the storyline, plot elements and even (completely verbatim) certain scenes. While Tarantino brings a unique flair of dialogue and directorial achievement to all of his films, it's still disheartening to learn his concepts are not completely original.

Yet again, we must ask, is anything *ever* completely original? We all draw on experiences, things we admire, have passion for. Tarantino's passion lies in Hong Kong cinema and the works of French director Jean-Luc Godard. And while his

final products are completely masterful, he refuses to give credit to those he has taken from, yet always manages to acknowledge those that have influenced.

A perfect example of this is *Kill Bill*. Tarantino refuses to admit that he has based the character The Bride on a the title character of French director Francois Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black*. The similarities are unmistakable, yet Tarantino denies he's ever seen the film and goes as far to stress that he and actress Uma Thurman created the character. On the other hand, he has no problem acknowledging the yellow tracksuit that the Bride wears is the same Bruce Lee wore in his last film, *Game of Death*, and was put as a deliberate reference. Wiggling his way out of questions as much as possible, Tarantino obviously knows the difference between these two things, so shouldn't we? It's easy to turn a blind eye when the final product is so much better than the source material.

This question of right vs. wrong, stealing vs. borrowing, will never end. All we can do is think about it morally, while continuing to enjoy the (not so original) art that is being produced.



STOLEN GOODS?
Courtesy of Miramax

Sites of interest:

Guide to the Pop Culture "References" in Kill Bill:

<http://tarantino.webds.de/tarantino/movie/killbill/articles/references-guide.htm>

Influence vs. Plagiarism: Fans discuss Tarantino:

<http://www.godamongdirectors.com/tarantino/faq/influ.html>

The Anti-Tarantino Page: <http://www.impossiblefunky.com/qt/main.htm>

Facts about Fan Fiction: http://www.sequentialart.com/archive/dec01/cv_1201_3.shtml

TOP TEN

Worst Places to Have a Spastic Colon

10 In Space

9 In a Prune Juice Factory

8 In the Pope-mobile (now that we think of it, in any sort of mobile, really – Batmobile, Oscar Meyer Weiner Mobile, et cetera, et cetera.)

7 During Labor

6 In the far away land of Metamucilonia where spastic colons are punishable by death

5 In Utero

4 The Leapfrog Championships

3 The Iron Lung

2 During a seizure, but I guess that kind of comes with the territory

1 In the Butt

Battle of the Century

Piñatas

VS

Colonel Sanders

- Hit it with a bat and lots of little candies come out.

- Malleable paper mache allows for a wide variety of things to destroy with a bat, such as donkeys and stars and stuff.

- Associated with blindfolded children.

PRO

- Hit him with a bat and lots of old man noises come out.

- Playdough mold ass attachments allow for a wide variety of fun, soft serve shapes such as donkeys and stars and stuff.

- Personally kills every single chicken by placing the victims neck between his dentures and grinding until the spinal cord is severed.

- As soon as you open it up, the fun ends... kind of like my mom! Huzzah!

- Original idea for Piñata abandoned after little Suzi Johnson's 7th birthday party was cut short on account of the three pounds of broken glass she ingested.

- Personally misleads every child by teaching them that brutalizing animals with a stick will bring you joy and circus peanuts.

CON

- Too much grissel on his meat... or so my mom claims! Huzzah!

- Associated with blindfolded children.

- Was actually a cook for the Navy, NOT a colonel in the Army, but no one would buy chicken from a guy who spent 12 years serving seamen.

The Stony Brook Press'

COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO EVERYTHING

Stony Brook University can be a very frightening place at first glance, especially for incoming freshmen. I mean, c'mon! Look at all those goddamn trees! Who the frig puts that many goddamn trees in one place? It's unruly! It's preposterous! But it's going to be okay. Why? Because you're in good hands, my friend. There's a whole lot to see at Stony Brook University and only 4 years to see it! Well, 8 if you're an idiot. But you don't have that kind of time to waste, do you? No sir, you do not. That's why the editors of The Stony Brook Press have spent countless hours weeding through files, searching buildings, talking to administrators and skipping rope so you don't have to! Just read through our handy dandy guide below for everything you will ever need to know about Stony Brook.



Everything is rated on a scale of 0 - 5 middle fingers;

0 being "Holy shit. Why does this exist?"

5 being "Blessed Be! This is wonderful!"

EATERIES

Kelly Grocery



This is the small, overpriced, not-so-super supermarket in the Kelly Dining Hall. It receives three middle fingers in totality. The first is due to the fact that they have Klondike Bars in the freezers and, since said ice cream treats are just about the shape and girth of a wallet, you can slip it into your back pocket and walk. They'll be none the wiser! The second and third fingers are awarded to Kelly Grocery for being the only dining hall open until 3am. This is beneficial since drunks can now stagger somewhere for an overpriced meal instead of engaging in lots of unprotected sex.

Benedict Dining



Walk in here at around 8pm and you will have to patiently wait on line till 9pm for your chicken marcel or smoked salmon that is stored in industrial size metal pans somewhere in the back of the kitchen. If you do not enjoy that fine dining, go over to the grill and enjoy a mediocre Philly Cheese Steak made by the guy in your AST 101 class.

Taco Bell

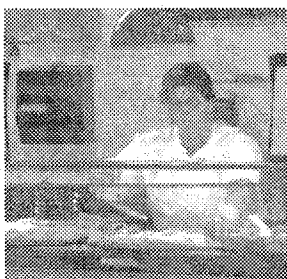


Well, if you like the real Taco Bell you'll...have to get used to this. It starts tasting better after your 3rd week of eating it, which is when your system becomes immune to the stuff that makes you spend your nights on the crapper deciding what you will try on the menu tomorrow.

SAC Food Court



This really depends on which little food station you decide on. The grill here is very bearable; french fries, chicken fingers and phillies are all wise choices. "Wrapables" is actually very tasty. The Pizza is also a must, although try to stay away from their "special" pizzas, because no matter what, bleu cheese is not a good idea for a pizza topping. Another



choice, Harvest Moon, which looks and feels good on the way down, but after that last bite, you are going to have to say hi to that porcelain friend of yours.

Papa Joe's



One of the best places to get pizza on campus, but you will have to eat at least 1.5 of these expensive little personal pizzas to fill you up. Heroes and calzones are also quite good, especially the chicken parmesan.

Bleacher Club



Out of the many options they put on the menu here every day there are 3, and ONLY 3 good choices. And they are: macaroni and cheese, the salad bar (freshest around) and any type of grilled sandwiches (including the tuna melt or the grilled cheese.)

Seawolf Marketplace



No reason to really buy food from here, because they do not accept food points. Most people go for coffee, Nyquil, aspirin or tampons. Because you always need tampons. Especially Mike Billings. He needs A LOT OF THEM.

Student Union Deli



Overpriced as most on campus locations are, but if you need a place to waste your food points at the end of the year, this is the one. Sandwiches are decent and they will make just about any kind you ask. It's always packed, especially around the bagel toaster and the coffee. Bagels are pretty good, but pocketing the cream cheese is your best bet or else you are paying 50 cents extra. Oh and don't ever put croissants in the bagel toaster. NEVER.

Pizza Hut (Roth Dining Hall)



This is absolutely NOT a real Pizza Hut. They never have any breadsticks (a staple of the Hut), and they always run out of pizza in an hour or two. Simply terrible.

Dunkin Donuts (by train station) It's your standard Dunkin Donuts, but

they seem to run out of bagels a lot. Also, if you're a white, dark-haired male, don't go after 8 pm. You'll get free stuff, but you'll feel dirty. Or fulfilled, depending on your perspective. God, I'm lonely.

Burger King (Roth Dining Hall)



Compared to the other faux chain food stands, the Burger King actually stacks up pretty nicely. A large portion of the actual menu is represented, but I think they got rid of the double cheeseburger meal last year, so it loses points for that. They also used to have mozzarella sticks. The lines are also relatively short unless you're going at 8 or 9 pm. In 2001-2002, BK would be pulling in 4, maybe even 4 and a half middle fingers; but those days are long gone.

Deng Lee's

(0)

Home of the incredible General Tso's Food Poisoning, the scrumptious E. Coli in Brown Sauce, and the world-famous Salmonella Dumplings. This is the favorite eatery of the Bulimia Club and also the official training facility of the USB Projectile Vomiting-for-Distance Team! Health Inspectors - enjoy the specialty: Cash-Filled Envelopes with Cashews.

End of the Bridge (EOB)



Take two people out, and spend \$100. Well, maybe not \$100, but this restaurant-like place located in the Student Union is a way to use up extra meal points. The grub is the same fare you can get from the food courts, except it is served to you by your local frat boy. I hear the milkshakes are good too, but Jackie could be lying.



Cosmo's



The waitress wants my souvlaki.... Just look at the way she says, "No sauce on the gyro?" That's right, baby, talk dirty to me. The gyro's kick it, but a little pricy.

Strawberry Field's



On certain summer nights, day workers hang out, blasting this never-ending polka song out of their Honda in the parking

lot. I forgot how it goes, but it's something like, "DOO doo doo DOO doo doo DOO DOO!" Oleéééé, or something like that.

Subway

Conveniently located on 25A, this is pretty much your average Subway. But what makes it special is that they will deliver to your dorm, and when pizza hut delivery just isn't good enough anymore, Subway will sure hit the spot. Oh and *certain* people like to steal the stickers for the free subs when the guy isn't looking.

Harriman Hall Coffee Shop

Thousands in renovations and the coffee is still horrible. Ditto on the Z-100.

Downtown Pizza

Hold this number close to your heart: 631-751-0330. This place is located on Rt. 347 just past Nicolls Road but luckily they are one of the few local eateries that deliver to campus. Also they have a wonderful invention called Two-for-Tuesdays where (on Tuesday) you can get two large pies of pretty tasty pizza for \$13.50. The only thing keeping the fifth and ever so elusive middle finger away is the fact that when you call to order the food, you will have no goddamn clue as to what the person on the line is saying. Just keep yelling, "PIZZA! PIZZA! STUDENT UNION! PIZZA!" until they hang up. Delivery is pretty quick, too, so be sure to tip the guy.

Green Cactus

Oh boy. Ohhhhhh boy. Oh boy-o-boy-o-boy! Oh God, this is good food. This place is across from the train station at 1099 Rt. 25A. If the angels made burritos in their Mexican food restaurant on high, they would probably be tasty, you know, for angels, I guess, but they would probably skimp out on the cheese or use wilted lettuce or something. I assure you that this does not happen at Green Cactus and, if you want to receive a flavor torpedo to the mouth, you should eat here.



Curry Club

Located just off-campus, the Curry Club features delicious, mouthwatering Indian food. While dinner is a bit pricey, they have an affordable lunch buffet from noon to 4. Make sure you get a mango lassi – yeah, they're \$3.50. But it's worth it. Trust me.

PEOPLE

Alexandra C. Duggan

As the Director of Student Activities, she has single handedly diminished student expression on campus. She is the thorn in every student activist's side and has become infamous for quotes like, "Delete those pictures!" and, "This would look really bad for the University." Anxieties include congregations of students in groups of more than two, flyers posted in visible locations, tables with books or handouts on them, and the color red. She gets one goddamned middle finger for her remarkable hairdo, the only original thing about her.

Doug Little, Deputy Chief Police,

An affable guy, Doug Little has done a decent job keeping the Press informed of new events. But it doesn't excuse the fact that USB police do their job erratically at best, and terribly at worst. Easiest way to see how University Police do their jobs: When the weather's warm, they will ticket EVERY car that parks illegally in the Union parking lot. When it gets cold, they don't come out of their cars.

Shirley Strum Kenny, President,

She is credited with bringing more money to a school campus than any single person in US history. What the University ends up doing with all that money is another matter entirely. Under her leadership, students have seen their rights systematically get chipped away, ugly building were erected, and the university sold itself out to private companies like Computer Associates and Barnes & Noble. But when all is said and done, the death of Stony Brook's student activism, rampant 20 years ago and struggling at best today, will be her legacy.



Maria R. Terrana-

She is the Assistant Director of Student Activities and sidekick to aforementioned Duggan. Contrary to her deceptive title she doesn't assist or direct anything, especially not student activities. Spotted smiling at event cancellations and scurrying off campus before 5pm, she is the epitome of Stony Brook apathy. If hypnotists or novelty fairs aren't your bag then this little lady can't (and won't) help you out... in fact she'll pull every bureaucratic trick in the book before she lets you plan an original, creative, or thought provoking activity. She also gets one goddamned finger for using terms like 'sugar' and 'cupcake' in a 'fuck-you' sort of manner.

Frederick R. Preston

Housed in the Office of Student Affairs, Mr. Preston spends his time and your money going to campus events only if there is food, raking in a large salary, running the Student Government, underhandedly cutting club budgets, and ruining 'vocal' students' academic careers. Just ask former USG Senator Vince Rasulo. Fred gets one middle finger for still being able to sleep at night.

Pat Calabria, Office of Media Relations (0)

Pat Calabria's title essentially is a glorified way of saying "PR flack." Nicknamed "Rat Calabria" by old Press alumni, his actions during the William Schwalback incident last year have done little to change that opinion among current staff.

Norm Prusslin, Assistant Director, Student Media

Norm, besides being one of the most active, concerned and all-around nicest faculty members on this campus, also happens to be our Lord and savior. *The Stony Brook Press* probably wouldn't exist without him.

Jerry Stein, Dean of Students

Also one of the nicer administrators, Jerry Stein distinguishes himself by his eagerness to help students and student clubs and organizations out with trouble. 4 fingers. Oh wait. This was the same guy that asked a

former Press editor what *she* was doing at the Honors graduation commencement. 1 finger.

Godfrey Palaia, Director, University Café,

Godfrey is the type of guy that becomes everybody's best friend just from a short conversation. Godfrey also has distinguished himself by being an advocate for more concerts and events on the campus, and in helping not just by bringing events to the Café but by working to bring large-scale events to SBU.

Stan Lee

He, uh, created our lives. We are so sad, true believers!

Pigeons in the Union Walkway

Friend to man, the pigeons bob their heads to the sultry sounds of the University Café nightlife. They gently coo, despite the numerous carcasses that line the steps, bird crap everywhere and their fallen comrade jammed into a light fixture. Whitey, the albino pigeon, is the cutest of the "gang". These birds may go somewhere else in the winter, but they'll always have a special place in SBU's heart.

CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

The Stony Brook Press

If you've been reading this paper, you know how good it is. Stultus!

The Stony Brook Statesman

Having a review of *The Girl Next Door* where the reviewer bemoans the lack of full frontal nudity should disqualify this newspaper from getting verbal fellatio in the *Advocate* newsletter published by the Office of Academic Affairs, yet, not surprisingly, fellate away they did. This represents the *Statesman* in a nutshell: a piece of shit paper that can do no wrong in the eyes of the Administration. It saddens us when good reporters like Emy Kuriakose and Mike Nevradakis have to be overshadowed by columns about professional wrestling and opinion pieces that have no opinions.

USG

USG is Stony Brook's Undergraduate Student Government. Those of you who were here last year will recount how many clubs (including us) ended up in a knock-down, drag-out fight with USG, complete with threats of legal action, personal insults, and so on. Well, most of those people are gone now (suckers!), so you can once again have faith. If you have an idea for an event, have a problem you think they can solve, or want to get involved, head up to the second floor of the SAC.



Social Justice Alliance

NYPIRG's politically radical teammate, the Social Justice Alliance sponsors talks, lectures, and other political actions. Without a doubt, the most active group on

campus. Email justice@ic.sunysb.edu.

Asian American E-Zine

One of the most underrated things on this campus, both in terms of its reach throughout campus and in terms of how good it is. Chock full of information not just about the University's thriving Asian-American community, but also for all students. It can be found at <http://www.aa2sbu.org/aezine>.

Blackworld

Has been published somewhat erratically over the past two years but remains to be an important forum for black and minority issues on campus. Typically more features oriented than news, it always has a fair amount of good content. Oh, and one anonymous poet threatened to firebomb *The Press* two years ago in their pages.

SBU-TV

Stony Brook University's official campus TV station. SBU-TV displays campus events during the day (and are soon going to roll out an upgrade for it), and airs student-made, student-produced, student-directed shows during the night, including news (*InFocus*), sports (Seawolves football and ice hockey), and entertainment (*Stony Brook Uncut*, *Late Night with Beverly Bryan*). Although they are good friends *The Press*, these are 5 well-earned middle fingers. It's channel 30 on your campus TV.

Specula

Fifty bucks to have a bunch of students use a Jostens Yearbook-in-a-box kit to make a half-assed remembrance of your college life. If you really need a *Specula* to remember your college life, you probably had no friends. It's cheaper to take pictures instead.

WUSB

On your FM dial, 90.1 FM brings to you Stony Brook's very own radio station. Combining varied, student- and sometimes faculty-run programming that runs the gamut of styles and sounds with quality syndicated shows, WUSB is a campus gem. Unfortunately, receiving radio on campus is difficult in some places, but never fear, WUSB can be heard online at www.wusb.org.

NYPIRG

NYPIRG is a state-wide organization with chapters at every major NY university. It consists of students devoted to activist causes, like registering voters, campaigning against Indian Point nuclear power plant, and doing other things of significant social importance. They're all great people who want to make a difference but they seem to hold back a little sometimes. NYPIRG can be found in the Union basement next to the SINC site.

IFSC

On the one hand, we at *The Press* haven't really had many run-ins with the Inter-Fraternity & Sorority Council. On the other hand, some members of *The Press* also believe that one shouldn't buy one's friends. But that's just us.

En Accion

The University's Latin-American newspaper, *En Accion* returned last May

after a long hiatus. With a brand new staff, they are poised to do more this year. Contact them at enaccion@ic.sunysb.edu.

Stony Brook Ice Hockey

Stony Brook has a pretty good men's ice hockey team and their games are televised, late at night, on SBU TV. Then again, *The Press*' Copy Editor is also the play-by-play announcer, so we're a bit biased.

PLACES

The Stony Brook Press' Office

It's an entertaining place to hang out since you can meet cool people, reconsider your sexuality and occasionally put out a kick ass newspaper. We have state of the art equipment and a top notch production staff which allows for only the highest caliber pee-pee jokes. Located in the Union in room 060, the couches are no longer couches but instead just semen cakes shaped like couches. See "*Press Couches*" for details.

The Stony Brook Statesman Office

Its pretty huge, so it gets points there. It also has its own copy machine. If you ever wanted to use it, however, you would be bombarded by annoying Top 40 pop radio hits like Avril Lavigne, Crazy Town, and Jennifer Lopez. In fact, if you're lucky enough, you can sometimes enjoy these sonic assaults while the staff is holed up in the office while drinking cheap beer, playing Asshole, and awkwardly trying to hit on female staff members of *The Press*. The shittiest paper on campus is produced there, as well.

Stony Books

Unquestionably, this is a preferable alternative to the campus bookstore, but Stony Books is far from perfect. The prices are significantly lower compared to the campus bookstore, but significantly higher than what one should actually be paying for a textbook. This is something you're going to have to get used to, however, unless you buy books online. Also, the older gent there is kind of a jerk (unless you're Melanie Donovan). On a final note, try to go as early as you can, lest you get stuck in a line that goes down the block. Stony Books is on 25A across from the train station.

Campus Bookstore

This place will be the bane of your existence if you are forced to purchase books here. The prices are completely ridiculous, and there's nothing you can do about it. Stories about the staff are mixed; some have had nothing but pleasant interactions, while others leave half-consumed with the desire to kill. It's rated so low because of the blatant price gauging and the fact that you can't wear your bag inside, so you get to carry your books by hand!

The Wang Center

Located between Administration and Staller, it is marked by a huge, metal phallus-pagoda. It's spelled w-a-n-g and pronounced "Wang" not "Wong" and don't let

anyone tell you otherwise. Charles Wang should just embrace the fact that his last name will be the butt of childish genitalia jokes for years to come. Huh huh... Wang. Huh huh huh... butt. Huh hee hee... genitalia. Ha ha ha... come. Anyway, this fairly new, multi-million dollar structure is comely, what with its spiral staircases, stadium seating theatre and stone animal heads that vomit water into reflection pools, but it seems like one could have spent the money a little more wisely on things like, oh I don't know, classrooms! This building was clearly constructed for schmoozing.

Library

This place is huge, and lots of studying and napping happens here. On a side note, if you go to the lower floors of the main stacks, you'll find the perfect place to read quietly, have sex, murder someone, or do all three at your leisure. Explore it for yourself.

Tabler Media Center

I don't really know the whole story, but according to Frank Owoo (class of '04), and as corroborated by Dwight "Dwiggleflex" Campbell, someone was stabbed a few years ago in the Tabler dining hall. For a while after that, they used the building to store mattresses, but now it's a really pretty building devoted to all things media. It's technically open. But it's not really ready for use yet.

Staller Center

Although the exterior is currently being renovated, this is a pretty interesting building. They show cheap movies every week on the largest screen on Long Island, and it's definitely worth checking it out if there's nothing else to do. There's also a convoluted maze in the basement which is fun to explore, and there's usually music live music coming from somewhere down there.

Music Library

A library that is actually silent. Isolating study booths separate you from the skeezy guy who's trying to make eye contact. Obscure music magazines, mixed with *NME* and *Rolling Stone*, give a great resource to check up on latest musical riff-raff. Also, you can listen to CD's on class breaks. Good for those noon-ish Zappa cravings.

The Press House

Since Press editors have no friends save each other, their behavior emulates that of a small pack of frightened squirrels. Constantly confused and easily startled, they loathe human interaction, huddle together into cute, furry masses for warmth and store food in their cheeks. Currently *The Press*' Executive Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Editor Emeritus, and Ombudsman all live in a house about five minutes away from campus. The antics are a-plentiful, as you might imagine. One time everyone in the house was really tired for some reason and we found out later that our gas line to the stove had rusted and cracked open. It kind of explains a lot about our newspaper.

Rock Candy

This place is right next to Green

Cactus across from the train station. It's a small business that's about a year old started by a couple of really cool guys who wanted to sell really cool stuff. They've got tons of band paraphernalia as well as a huge variety of quirky little knick-knacks that you really can't find anywhere else. I am also convinced that it is a physical impossibility to leave the store without buying some, well, rock candy.

SBS Roof

There isn't much up here except a really cool view of the campus from eight floors up. The door to the roof is almost always unlocked. With such a nice view of the stars, one could really get one's mack on, if one were so inclined.

DIVERSIONS

The University Café

This is the #1 reason to stay on campus on the weekends. Located on the side of the Union facing the Sports Complex, the café is open on weekdays from noon to 5pm and they have a full service espresso bar with other assorted tasty little snacks and bric-a-brac. At night, the lounge opens but you need ID. If you're 21, the UC offers a variety of over 60 lagers, ales, and stouts. (I recommend a ginger flavored beverage called Shandy) But wait! It's also a great venue and a really nice place to chill, have a drink and listen to some live music. The lounge hours are Wednesday and Thursday, 5pm - midnight and Friday and Saturday, 5pm - 2am. If you happen to run into the manager, Godfrey, let him know how freaking cool he is for opening the University Café.

Velvet Lounge

The Curry Club's late-night bar. Nice place. Clean, with an outdoor area if you just gotta light up a Parliament. A good variety of beers on tap gives the Velvet Lounge extra points. The removal of the two-player Mrs. Pac Man in the corner constitutionally requires me to take points away.

Beerfest

It's *The Stony Brook Press'* end-of-semester, invitation-only, mucho-exclusivo party/beer tasting event. Want to go? It helps to get on our good side, by either joining *The Press*, becoming friends with a *Press* staffer, or groveling. Groveling works best.



Saints & Sinners

Pretty damn good bar, on Route 347 right before you merge with 111. It's a seedy little joint, and the only thing on tap is Pabst Blue Ribbon, which can be ably compared to moose piss. It is redeemed from suckiness, however, by the great music that permeates its poorly lit halls.

Going Home on Weekends

This highly overrated act sucks you in during freshman year, when all you can think of is, "well I got wasted Thursday night, and no one really goes to that Friday recitation anyway...the train comes at 1:19 pm, better run!" Do not fall into this habit. There are plenty of things to do on campus if you look for them. Join *The Press*, for example; that fills up those endless, wretched, dull hours sitting alone in your dorm with your creepy roommate that won't stop staring at you while you watch *Full House* re-runs... sigh...

Fourth World Comics

They're selection of new issues is great, and they even leave them on the shelves for a few months so you can avoid paying inflated back issue bin prices. Speaking of which, they have a very decent cache of back issues, but they're a little lacking in terms of anything before the modern age. Staff is friendly, too, and students get a 10% discount on everything. It's about a half hour by car from campus at 33 Rt. 111 but so so worth it.

Smith Haven Mall

If you love overpriced music stores, 14-year-old pseudo goth kids, and over-ambitious security guards, this is the place for you! In general, malls are horrific blemishes on the landscape of society, but this one ranks among the worst. There are roughly 17 places to buy video games, and about 7 places to buy anything else. The one positive aspect of the mall is the food court, which has the only Nathan's you're going to find in the area, and a great pretzel stand. There was even a comic store once, but that was recently converted into a video game store. I'm not kidding. Slake your shopping thirst elsewhere.

The Steam Tunnels

Virtually every building on campus is connected through a labyrinthine subterranean network of access tunnels. Patrolled by the ghost of Lobster Boy, a student who perished a long time ago by being steamed to death, this is not an attraction for the faint of heart. Be careful as getting lost may mean finding yourself near the stone axes that guard the Gates of Hell in Clifton, NJ.

Ashley Schiff

The last remaining old growth forest on Long Island. Just south of Roth quad, between Circle Road, Marburger Drive and Nicolls Road, it is beautiful, peaceful and almost always people-free. See it before the administration turns it into a parking lot.

Roth Pond Regatta

A chance to see your classmates show just how big asses they really are by navigating cardboard and duct tape boats across that pit of liquid goose waste, frat boy vomit, stale rainwater, and sewage runoff also known as Roth Pond. Go for the laughs but stay for the once-in-a-lifetime blackmail photo opportunities.

Bamboo Forest

A Stony Brook tradition. Tucked away in a quiet corner of the campus, sandwiched between Tabler and Roosevelt quads, it is the ideal place for impromptu keg parties. The bamboo stalks make perfect firewood. The Bamboo Forest is also in danger of being developed, like Ashley Schiff, so get those keggers done before the Bamboo Forest goes the way of the Dodo.

Canada

They legalized pot! How bad can they be? And listen to how they say the word "about"! Or should I say, "aboot!" HAH! It's nice for a day trip or as a sensible country with a reasonable health care system, eh? Oh yeah. Two words: Not Bush.

Avalon

Directly across from the Grist Mill in the heart of Stony Brook, Avalon is a memorial preserve dedicated to the memory of Paul Simons, a local man who was killed while riding his bicycle. It features a labyrinth as well as 130 acres of trails, gardens, ponds and boulders. A perfect place to meditate, relax, reflect and unwind.

Homecoming

"Floats! Footballs! Date rape! I hope Fraternities are represented! It's high school part two!"

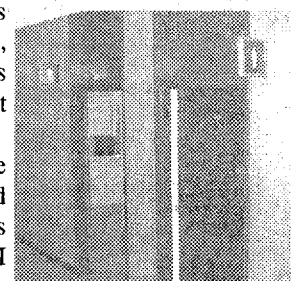
Late Night with Beverly Bryan

This sketch comedy talk show is the greatest 30 minutes of entertainment you will ever experience. Look for the show on SBU-TV channel 30. Nothing else needs to be said. Your life will be changed.

BATHROOMS

Union Deli Men's Bathroom

Look out for the door that's so frickin' hard to open. What are they trying to protect? I think it's the gnats who swarm your genitalia. Besides those little buggers, other <<ITAL>>Raiders of the Lost Ark<</ITAL>> imitations include the scalding hot water and the urinal that has CRAZY splashback. I mean it.



Union Basement by the NYPIRG Office

This is the cream of the crop as far as bathrooms on campus go. The seats are clean, there is a fresh supply of TP, soap and paper towels, and the best part of all is that the door to the bathroom has a padlock. What you have to do is nonchalantly walk in, peek under the stalls (Not in a creepy way, perv. Just to check for feet.) and if you are alone, lock the door and take care of business. No stage fright tonight, friend!

Physics P Level

Bathroom, left of entrance

Very nice bathroom, generally clean, spacious, and surprisingly private for a 1st floor location. There's also a peaceful, fan-like noise in the background that makes the experience that much more enjoyable.

Men's Music Building Bathroom

Worst crapper ever! Dropping deuces is a no-no. The sound resounds through the lobby, and unless your ass makes symphonic bliss, expect someone down the hall to go, "Eeww!" Save it for the practice room pianos...

Harriman Hall's Men's Bathroom 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑
"The Groust Gatsby" was written here.

Basement of the SAC Bathroom 🍑
This potty gets one middle finger for being secluded but loses four middle fingers for never having any paper towels. I guess the janitors can't find it either.

MISCELANEOUS

The Freshman 15 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑
It's like the herp-dog. Yea, that's the ticket. Overeat to compensate for your lack of ability to make friends and adapt to the college scene. Remember, the Zebra Path's incline is not supposed to be exhausting. Stuff that pie down your pie hole, Fatty McChubbs and find it increasingly harder to get laid. That's right, it's fat chicks from here on out!

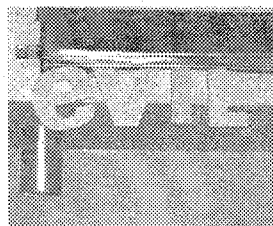
Alexandra Duggan's Hair 🍑 🍑 🍑
It's not pretty, but it's useful; I think it's made from the same material they use to make bowling balls.

Dan's Mom's Libido 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑
Trust me, it's as strong as ever. Her libido is unto a sexual monsoon.

Melanie 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑
Usually available for rent, but prices are a little steep. I guess she's cute and easy to talk to and stuff, but she'll turn right around and fall asleep while you're playing *Chrono Trigger*.

The Universe 🍑 🍑 🍑
Infinitely vast, it makes the least amount of sense on Thursdays. Populated by species whose intelligence runs the gamut from stupid to hideously, amazingly, incredibly, mind-bogglingly daft, it also has a wide variety of alcohols and other chemical substances to make you not care about how stupid everyone is.

I-CON 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑
Pasty, pimply-faced *Star Trek* geeks who haven't ever bathed leave their parents' basements and debate "Spock's Brain" with oversexed Furrries. Need we say more?



The Evil 🍑 🍑
Finally! Something on this campus that vomits out copious amounts of deadly black particulate matter and asbestos

that isn't a speech by Shirley Strum Kenny.

The Stony Brook Press Office Couches 🍑
More disease-ridden than a Sorority Sister Cheerleader on Homecoming, and far less comfortable to sit on.

Campus Vision (0)
You know those TV's in the SAC that display poorly-formatted, typo-ridden, untimely ads in color schemes that would give the blind a migraine? They're updated every ninth full moon of the year now, so they're guaranteed to be even less timely than ever!

Honors College
Mike Billings 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑 🍑
and Joe Filippazzo think it's Faaaaaantastic. (Can't wait for those sweet, sweet letters of recommendation.)

Written by:

Melanie Donovan	Jackie Hayes
Joe Filippazzo	Sam Goldman
Mike Billings	Andrew Pernick
Tom Senkus	



The Incredible Mix Tape

A musical odyssey by Tom Senkus

Clinic "Distortions"
Harry Chapin "Taxi"
Liam Lynch "United States of Whateva"
Rusted Root "Ecstasy"
Rollins Band "Liar"
Blur "Girls and Boys"
Chemical Brothers "Star Guitar"
Nomeansno "Body Bag"
Howlin' Wolf "Killin' Floor"
Violent Femmes "Add It Up"
Of Montreal "Lysergic Bliss"

Frank Zappa "What's the Ugliest Part of Your Body?"
McLusky "Lightsabre Cocksucking Blues"
Daft Punk "Harder, Faster, Better, Stronger"
Jesus Lizard "Wheelchair Epidemic"
Travis Morrison "Song for the Orca"
Pixies "Caribou"
Bright Eyes "Make War"
Rufus Wainwright "Chocolate Milk and Cigarettes"
Brothers Johnson "Strawberry Letter #23"
MC Chris "DQ Blizzard"
Stiff Little Fingers "Alternative Ulster"



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
rm 060 in the Student Union
www.thepress.info #2-6451
Meetings every Wednesday at 1pm

REAL WORLD PREPARATION

By Tom Senkus

The only true thing you need to know about the real-world is that all its scenarios exist in all their permutations in a retail store. Pick any one store; they are all the same. People's truest emotions and basest actions come to life when set amongst the jungle of aisles and goods. These are based on my own personal experiences, so without any further ado...

Do not get pregnant at an early age. I cannot count how many girls I had seen pushing a baby stroller and thinking, "That's gotta be her sister. That's GOTTA be her sister." "Disturbing" comes to mind when I see fifteen year olds haphazardly pushing a stroller through the aisles. One girl I worked with was this goldfish shaped girl. You know what I'm talking about; when a young girl gains quite a bit of weight and her cheeks puff out, leaving recesses for her eye sockets resembling the household *Carassius auratus*. I'd say how sad that scenario is, but how hard can it be to pay \$3.50 for a box of condoms? You can't seriously tell me that you planned to have this spawn born when your body's most fertile and your intelligence is equivalent to a buttered roll from 7-11.

My favorite moment is when the girl brings her baby in on her off day, just to show off what she slaves for. All the people coo and "aww" the situation to death; now, if I were her, wouldn't I be working on my GED or perhaps garnering additional income?

Goldfish girl always treated me less than women, as if I had become the very guy she slept with: Slack-jawed, hedonistic, and most certainly enjoyed misogyny. I loved the deep evil stare I'd be subject to between her cigarette breaks, when I'd ask her to actually do her job and get the look of "where do you get off telling me what to do, Man-scum?"

Child abuse: Watching a young boy getting five across the eyes only to burst into tears, followed by a "Just wait until your father hears this". Fucking great. That's just what I like see. Punishment upon punishment. Kids soon realize that just a slap on the wrist is not enough that perhaps there's a risk in doing anything risky. Let that be a life lesson to you to only have hopes of doing the mundane. Not to get off topic, but I remember being babysat by this huge woman. Her son bent a piece of metal we found out behind the house in a pile of leaves. When the father found out, slaps and fists were propelled towards nubile flesh. Sure, it may have been a classic car part that's irreplaceable, but think about it; does that really matter in any way, shape or form, years from now? What that entire action translates to is that the parents think that a piece of chrome is worth more than a child's ability to break out of the box. The last time I saw the kid (now 20 something), he still lives at home and gained a lot of weight. Way to break the cycle.

Coworkers represent the two types of people in your life: People who make your life easier, and those who make it harder. Managers exist in the second category. I haven't met a manager who wasn't condescending, cold, and lazy. Doesn't exist. Simply put, they feel that they have paid their "dues," an intangible amount of time busting their ass for a similar situation, so they feel that being relaxed is the same.

My advice to those still in it is to get out now. It's similar to an abusive relationship. Sure things look bad on the outside, but life just wasn't made to be earning \$6.50 an hour.

Actually, that comes out \$156 for a day of mispent youth. Are you worth more?

You tend to see your work place more often than your own house. Your bed becomes a place to enjoy for 5 minutes before you pass out from fatigue of working a shift. And what for? Amazing the lengths some people will go to just to get a 30% discount. I've had people moan that I just couldn't bend the rules for them, and value their miniscule discount over my job. I can understand the flipside, where someone will thank me for giving them something the parent franchise is raping from their wallets. But by all means, be nice that you are getting anything at all. Expect the best and you won't be blessed.



DESPITE LEGS SPREAD, HAND IN CROTCH, AND ARM RAISED IN APPARENT CELEBRATION, STEVE COULD NEVER ACHIEVE HAPPINESS
Courtesy of MasturbatingStormtrooper.net

Drug dealers buying dime bags taught me about being liberal about drugs. One of my superiors, who was only a year older than I, going to Scruffolk and on his way to becoming a manager, said that I shouldn't be nice to them because they were drug dealers. Sure, she looked like one, but so what? I gave her a 50% discount. It was hypocritical, since the kid was a big hip-hop fan, quoting lyrics like, "smokin' trees, gettin' high, gettin' f'd up".

Female Equality: The only feminine equality I felt during the whole experience was that my managers were usually ladies. One time that I think sums up the entire experience was on Aisle 5, wedding goods. There was a box of glass jars that were on the supply shelf, overstock, that a customer wanted to purchase. Girl Employee X is given the job to do this, all the while I'm helping other customers. I hear in a nagging tone,

"Tom, Can you help me?"

"Sure," I replied in my best Hawaiian Punch Guy voice.

"Could you get the box off the top shelf?"

"Why can't you get it? I'm busy with a few customers."

"I don't want to."

"Don't want to? Why not? It weighs five pounds. What about female equality?"

"Come on."

"Fine"

Mind you, this happened on more than a few occasions. It seemed that women were more willing to exploit their explicit physical advantage than put out an effort towards evening the score. In fact, old ladies were more willing to play dumb (hopefully) and less on their own ingenuity to find out which aisle craft glue was located. (Condescending voice on) Could it be in the craft section? (Condescending voice off)

As Bill Cosby said about African Americans squandering the struggle of blacks in the Civil Rights Movement, women are blowing their opportunity made by not only Women's Suffrage, the Sexual Revolution, etc. but by people such as myself, willing to give them a shot.

Another side note: Can't wait to fill out my FAFSA, except for that part where males are required to register for Selective Services, or military draft...

One skill you might learn for the real world is how to make yourself look busy when there's nothing to do? My favorite is running up and down the aisles looking deathly serious, or the bathroom hideout. The late Bill Hicks, iconoclastic comedian extraordinaire, has a great skit on this situation:

Boss: "Hicks, how come you're not working?"

Bill: "'Cause there's nothing to do."

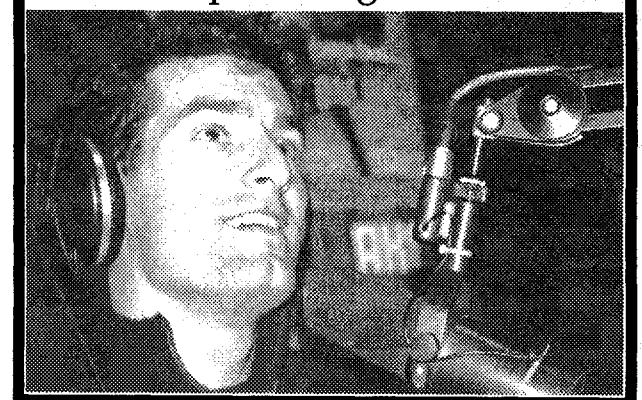
Boss: "Well, you pretend like you're working."

Bill: "Well, why don't you pretend like I'm working? Yea, you get paid more than me. You fantasize."

While I've been fairly misogynistic, let's focus on the toady men. I remember studying the body sculpting of my manager back in the old days, noticing how his chest was one-third the size of his enormous belly. Reeking of cologne and aftershave, not being college educated, I was constantly assigned dangerous lifting jobs and monotonous manual labor to make myself busy. Considering I was a guy, I guess they believed I didn't like to work with people.

Seeing how my new job might turn out, expect the clerical work version of this article to be published soon.

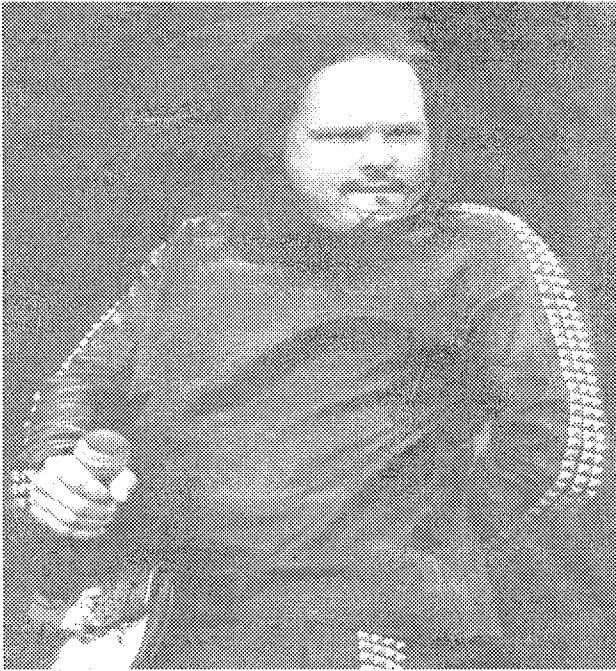
"This just in:
The Stony Brook Press is online at
www.thepress.info
and... wait a second, I'm getting
something else here... It would
seem to be the case that I
have no personality...
Humph. 'Magine that."



Concert Experience

By Vincent Micheal Festa

That day, as my girlfriend Jennifer and I arrived at the Darien Center right behind Buffalo's Six Flags amusement park, we found out that only ten people beat us to the punch at



BLOATED ROCKER JONATHAN DAVIS "ARRIVES AND CONQUERS,"
Courtesy of Random Concertgoer

the front of the line to wait for admission. Only ten. And right behind us, hundreds more waited on line in the afternoon gray, cloudy, breezy '70's weather of Buffalo. Among the people waiting in line on park grounds that we hung out with were the ones that woke up extra early to be guaranteed a spot at the pit, some to even meet Linkin' Park personally. We spoke about cultural differences and similarities to some Canadians from Montreal and Toronto. We scoffed at them for having a 15% sales tax and they scoffed at us because our government wastes our tax dollars, but it was all in good fun. We even happened to meet this guy Sal from Staten Island, who was already making rounds across the Northeastern part of the tour because he had mad love for Linkin' Park: the shirt, style, tattoos, and all. More power to him.

We all waited three hours before security moved us forward to perform a five-point security check complete with magic wands and pat-downs, as if we were really a huge threat. Now, if they were any good at our nation's airports, but that's a different story. After the fact, we waited two more hours just for fans to enter and be seated while they were charged \$3.50 for a single cup of water and \$7.00 for a cup of beer, in which even our Canadian friends couldn't believe it themselves. After being allowed to enter, we all bum-rushed into the pit, fearing we would miss out on good floor space. Compared to other venues, this pit space was very precious as it was very small. We both ended up right up against the barrier, so we couldn't argue about seeing the acts any better than this. Another half-hour jockeying for positions later and it was show time.

Ready to start the show and take the main stage first was Less Than Jake, a popular ska-punk mainstay that delivered a big amount of action-packed energy and their mishmash of funky and upbeat horns, drums, guitars, and lively singing all throughout their set. As being the first on stage, Less Than Jake did what they could to bolster the mood of the crowd for later and did a great job. It was good to see people

skanking to ska-punk like it was 1998 all over again.

Second up were The Used, who went on a roll and relentlessly played through their set wild, relentless, and thunderous. Lead singer Bert McCracken, with his leather glove, had a sweat, madness and viciousness behind the mic and he also did some rock-and-roll cool and shook his ass a little as well. With the entire band's life struggles in the streets of Utah, they have a love for the music and are super-grateful for being where they are and living it. I was very pleased. With two super-charged groups already in the history books things were really looking up for the evening.

Then came Snoop Dogg. I knew that from that point the show would turn into one huge party. Complete with Nate Dogg, Warren G. and his Dogg Pound Dancers, Snoop D-O-double G sipped, smoked, and rocked the house with popular Doggystyle anthems such as "Tha Shiznit," "Gin And Juice," "Snoop Doggy Dogg," and his breakout hits, "Nuthin' But A G-Thang" and "Deep Cover" laced with classic 60's and 70's soul. The Dogg Pound Dancers came out of the big doghouse for Snoop and, as always, (because it wouldn't be a Snoop set without one) got a moment of silence for a small chronic break with 213. Even he got a couple of flashes from girls just for being Snoop, because he is The Doggfather after all. When you're the top Dogg you have to live up to your reputation as being the life of the party. I had fun seeing Snoop and, being a follower since his Deep Cover days, it was well appreciated.

"How valiant I am" -Vince

The show then re-shifted gears towards rock and Korn took over, sick, ravaging, and brutal, indeed. Vocalist Jonathan Davis, donning a black t-shirt, black boots, and leather kilt, brought the entire crowd to their feet solely by bringing out the bagpipes. Other highlights included three covers, which were Metallica's "One," Pink Floyd's "Another Brick In The Wall," and strangely enough Cameo's "Word Up," along with staple hits "A.D.I.D.A.S.," "Blind," "Twist," "Shoots and Ladders," and more. Korn wasn't without their trademark muddy bass-lines, sharp riffs, striking drums, and Davis' soul-burning horrific vocals. Finishing up with "Y'all Wanna Single?," everyone at that show got their money's worth thanks to Korn's arrival and conquer.

As expected, the mosh pit during Korn's set was a madhouse with all the fixings of pushing, crashing, and people being slammed into the barrier from behind. There was always that one big tractor-trailer kid who thought it was funny to plow right through the moshers at high speed. At times I had to stand between the pit and my girlfriend so as to save her from being hurt. How valiant I am.

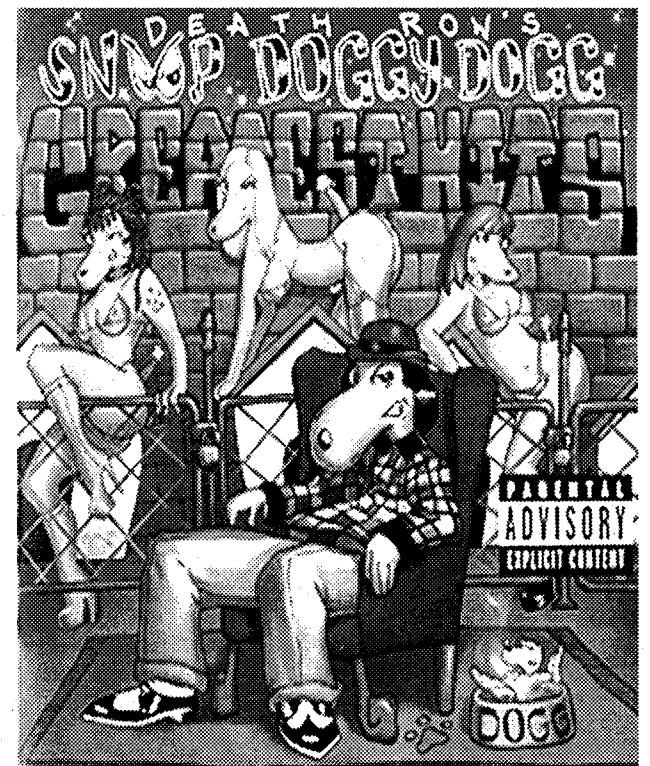
Bridging the gap between Korn and Linkin Park was DJ Z-Trip and Ivan the Urban Action Figure. While Ivan broke out with backflips and acrobatics, Z-Trip was educating the crowd about the fundamentals of record-scratching and beat-mixing. A special walk-on appearance by the Wu-Tang Clan's Ghostface (also known as Pretty Toney, Cherchez La Ghost, or Toney Starks Iron Man) popped a C.R.E.A.M

verse for the crowd before Linkin' Park took the stage.

Finally, headliners Linkin' Park arrived to end the show. Even though the crowd was exhausted from Korn's amazing set, they still had a great deal of energy and love for the headliners. Linkin' Park's mission statement of diversity, artistic direction, and mixing of styles was as always upheld with two mics, bass, guitars, drums, and turntables. They were set up front with vocalists Chester Bennington and Mike Shinoda, as usual, trading turns and verses with each other with Phoenix (bass) and Brad Delson (guitar) also up front with strings support and Rob Bourdon (on drums) and Hahn (on the ones-and-twos) supporting them. Linkin' Park was all about rage, anger, doubt, and self-consciousness as well as technique, aggression, action, and thrill. They covered ground with "Points Of Authority," "Beneath My Skin," "Faint," more hits, and they even delivered a treat in the form of a cover of Nine Inch Nail's "Wish." Unfortunately, unlike their earlier show in Nassau Coliseum, there was really no acoustics, encores, or any fans playing for them. Still, a great set nonetheless, bringing to the stage a lot of energy, diversity, and great use of how to perform.

Beforehand, Jennifer personally went to meet and greet Linkin' Park since she was on of the chosen few to see them. After an hour waiting on line she finally got to meet them one by one. For her and everyone else who were picked to see them, it was true fan appreciation as Linkin' Park lived up to their fan club expectations on positive attitude, smiles, autographs and pictures.

In the end I finally got to see some of my longtime favorites and even jumped back into pit duty after a long absence and Jennifer saw her heroes not once but twice up front. With everyone sweating, rushing to the merchandising booths and to their rides it was all over. The memories of making friends, meeting new people from out of the country, and experiencing a night of sheer noise and sound were the trademark of what was the shining sun of our summer vacation.



SNOOP DOGG IS PURPORTEDLY "ALL ABOUT THE BITHCEZ,"
Courtesy of Google

Kaleidoscopic Rant

By Tom Senkus

What the hell is with all these talented actors making crappy films that are guaranteed to become box-office-poison? Tom Hanks, you starred in *Forrest Gump*, a film so emotionally moving as to not leave a single eye unmoistened. I second that notion for *Apollo Thirteen*, a film about the legendary theater in Harlem's last thirteen days. Even the 'Burbs had it's own merits of a kakameime plot that actually was funny. That isn't the case with any of Hanks' current crap. *The Terminal*? The amount of money spent on this movie is not only absurd but the blatant psychological marketing campaign, using buzzword eateries (soon to replace standard words in the way Frisbee replaced "novelty flying disc"), as well as the movies entire budget riding on a flimsy, see-through plot and TH's incredibly atrocious attempt at negotiating a foreign accent. His southern gentlemen accent in *The Lady Killers* was bad enough to hear, and I only heard the commercials.

Seriously, I consider it a slap in the face that this movie even decided to get produced, when indie (editor's condescending note: independent) films barely get subsidized. Bill Paxton has also jumped ship, apparently). *Thunderbirds*? I also seem to have more respect for such moral-moron-mindfuckers such as Christina Aguilera, who, after having her album titled *Stripped* (by her manager's proxy, of course), posing nude on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, claiming herself a "diva," professed that she believed in women's empowerment. I agree with that wholeheartedly. That is, if when she says empowerment, she means how to be a complete slut (in my opinion, I want to take the negative connotations of that word and relate them to someone who uses sex for power, or in this case, the money from your younger sister's record sales).

What's even worse than the movies are shows and even newspapers such as *Extra*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and the fucking Liz Smith column. Who really cares whether a certain person is having a baby or not. My life will not change if a certain actor likes anal penetration with a gerbil.

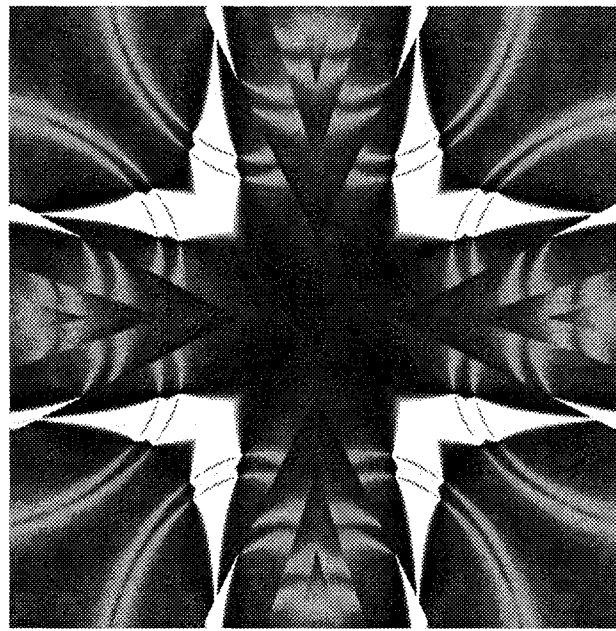
Hell, if Michael Jackson could keep producing badass songs from his pre-creepy era while still molesting children, then go for it. Actually, I take that back. If he moved on to say, lambs and fetuses (feti?), then I wouldn't care. Think about this: What is more likely to change society: A trial broadcast on the television about a man who supposedly murdered his wife and child, or a state-of-the-art laser guided missile destroying soft targets (read: people).

Has the *Simpson's*, once an iconoclastic force, all gone extreme, like the Poochy character the show once lampooned? Why must Homer's personality constantly have to be omnipresent and always focus on the extreme? Why do most jokes have to be: character states phrase, opposite occurs. Why must the family globetrot every episode? Whatever happened to the golden-era episodes where there would actually be a quirkier-than-*Seinfeld* plot, with a moral, or at least leaving me feeling like they had experimented (dig the Captain Beefheart references in some of the earlier seasons)? Why must they rely on music numbers and bad-acting musical groups (The Rolling Stones? The Who? Phish?) to take up significant plot time?

Why do cars have to be upgraded to the

extreme, and feature deafening sound systems? I can understand if you wanted to make your own mini-version of a Jamaican Sound System or promote your band the DIY way, but I don't appreciate it just for listening purposes. I myself have the beginning stages of tinnitus, and if there was a better way to get it, short of seeing what an M-80 sounds like up close, then I'd like to know. Loud car stereos are also known to cause heart murmurs. Think about this the next time you drive through my neighborhood blatin' 'Fiddy Cen'.

I hate people who claim that there is no good new music these days. Puh-leez! That's almost punishable by death. Check out this month's Incredible Mixtape for a decent list of modern bands putting out some of the best. Indie favorites Modest Mouse's *Good News for People Who Love Bad News* is currently on the top of the charts, beating such derivative driv-



THE AFOREMENTIONED KALEIDOSCOPE,
Courtesy of MELANIE

el like Velvet Revolver or Papa Roach. Hell, even the Yeah Yeah Yeah's (reviewed by Melanie of the Press last issue) have quality material, despite what you think of "Maps".

The campus' own radio station, WUSB 90.1 FM, cranks out the best in whatever genre you find enthralling on a fairly consistent basis. It's infuriating to hear someone go, "I didn't even know our campus had a radio station!" I, myself a DJ, constantly play the best in the new and old music of any genre. Other jockeys of the disc, such as Sabastian on Mondays 2:30 to 5:30 PM, use computers to create remixes and new material on the fly. If for no other reason, the station gives away free tickets quite frequently to such hip venues as the Knitting Factory in Tribeca and North Six in Brooklyn.

I'm tired of people claiming that they are depressed. I can see cycle already:

- Claim that your situation is by far the worst.
- Assume that no one understands you.
- Isolate yourself, claiming that it's an evil world and that no one feels your pain.
- Go to a therapist who, in turn, exploits you to the max for complaining about things that aren't anything short of trivial matters. While you are laying on the couch or puking projectile bullshit, she/he reclines in an air-conditioned office space saying, "Patient, you are at a crossroads...", all the while taking your check (better yet, your parent's co-pay) and thinking

about their stock investments (or patients that might actually have a problem).

- Get diagnosed with clinical depression and, if you have any friends by now, tell them that you are in fact depressed. Pause for sympathy "oooh"s

- Start taking medication, cementing your problems in your thoughts.

- Binge drink, take excessive drugs, sleep around, etc., as these are the only things that make you feel "good."

- Optional: Start believing in a religion excessively, kneeling on padded wood and asking something intangible (or make-believe) for a handout.

- Continue to eat bad food and exercise nil, which in fact are the main causes of your bad feelings.

- Your friends either confide in you their own depression or better yet, find someone who actually fits the definition of a friend, not a leech. Who would want to hang around someone who didn't want to do anything new or creative?
- Read this article and grow the fuck up.

I question why some people say "God Bless You" when I sneeze? I can understand, "Would you like a tissue?" or "Are you feeling okay?", but not "GBY." I think the origins came from people trying to top each other in godliness, as a sneeze sometimes sounds like "bless you", just as a burp sounds like burlap. Either that, or acknowledging someone's one tenth of an orgasm.

Littering is incredibly lazy and makes the world harder for everyone else. Claiming that the world won't exist in one hundred years is not an adequate excuse. Food is okay, as the animals that you feed will just shit on you for your insolence (Nature's vengeance). I am sick of seeing wrappers on beaches where a garbage can is present, and usually empty. My across-the-street neighbors not only noise-pollute, but leave beer bottles with no trace of inconspicuity.

I think Singapore has it right: you litter, you get caned. In fact, it would be celebrity caning, raising money to find better environmental solutions or building a home for someone less fortunate.

An eye for an eye is not a good policy; it's a great policy. Sure, there's a quote that says that everyone would be eyeless, but think of the possibilities. Rapists raped in the middle of the night by an animal of some sort, or better yet, a serrated dildo. Oh wait, I got a better one: Colostomy bags for all! All life-sentenced felons, that is.

Drug dealers do not belong in jail; they are hardly the deviant of a rapist. It works in Europe. To paraphrase Jello Biafra's wickedly poignant spoken-word, legally giving addicts prescription drugs that normally would be illegal eliminates the necessity for independent black-market distributors to fight over consumer territory. There'd be no reason for them to shoot up the neighborhood for rival gangs.

Marijuana itself is not a bad drug at all; it's just as effective as alcohol, and better yet, throwing up and long-term bodily effects are down to a minimum. To those who say it's more carcinogenic than a cigarette, I say, "How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?" Again with the Biafra quotes, it's just an easier way for ethnic cleansing.

With all the emphasis on trespassing

Kaleidoscopic Rant Continued...

Still By Tom Senkus

and private versus public property, which isn't really public if you can't use it 24/7, then I believe people need an escape for their minds, if their environment is lacking. How many spots can you hang out at past midnight without police harassing you, instilling a fear of the communist state? How many times have you gotten a flashlight in your eyes at 2 AM just for walking? Isn't there worse crime to fight than walking? You can't even go to a playground past sunset, and what better setting to go for a walk, or ride a swing?

Someone telling you that his or her religion is outstanding, and handing you a slip that says, "come learn the way," is out of line. Out of line! That would be like me handing a person a guide to finding your inner homosexual. What would be your response?

And what's up with abortion clinic protests? Wouldn't it be easier to cut the tree before it sprouts by telling your children that maybe it's okay for them to explore their sexuality, but in moderation?

I am tired of a guy saying to me, "Hey, check out the ass on that girl. I'd love to etc. etc. her." I used to go, "Yea," quite complacently, but from now on, I just am going to make it an awkward situation. This isn't denying the inherently overt sexuality of men, but just a frustrated response to things I don't want to hear.

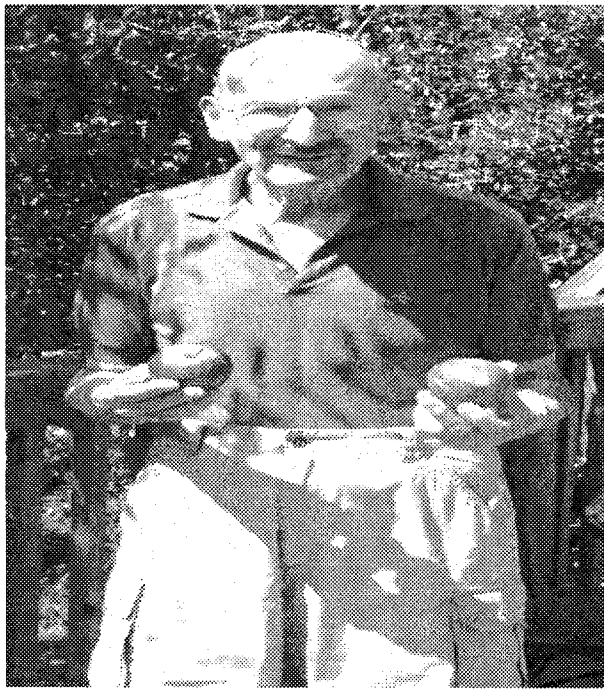
If you want to have a good time, you have to be a good time. Enough said. I am tired of going to get-togethers and seeing one person in the corner pissed off. If someone expects something to amuse them without putting their own effort on the table, then they are children. While we're on this topic, cursing does not corrupt children. There are no bad words, just bad thoughts. The only reason a child curses is to convey an idea, and most of the time, naively. Why should the thought be banned anyways? I would assume that parents don't want their children to vent anger, to become creative with their language. I would think that curses would lose their appeal if they weren't so looked down upon. What does "fuck you" mean, anyway? Fuck is just a synonym for penetration, albeit sexual. Fuck you would mean someone would want to have sex with you? Next time someone curses at you, just say, "thank you." That very phrase subverts their entire game to want to escalate you to discomfort with words. I think Daffy Duck must have said, "If you can't beat 'em, weird 'em out." Something like that.

What's with all the shitty diners on Long Island? Give me a break. T-Money and I went to this diner in Oakdale that served us

lukewarm chicken wings, stale/moldy bread and the waitress kept bothering us; don't ask why T-Money tipped her. It's not her fault entirely: I'm so fricken poor!

I think God, if he exists, should make sex harder. The act itself should require a college degree to figure it out. Too many children are born to incompetent parents who perpetuate racism, sour religion, and other societal ills, all at the expense of "gettin' off." And ladies can sympathize with this: How many times have you got in bed with a total incompetent who goes for gold instantly and doesn't attend to your needs?

Wouldn't that be an awesome thing to put on your résumé? "Mr. Jones, it appears we'll have pass on your application. Other applicants just seem better in the sack than you, and here at Binder Electronics, we just can't have bad fucks. Have a nice day." Sex is a stress reliever, so let's be elitists, shall we? Better yet, a complete manual, like putting together one of those aircraft models. By the



OLD PEOPLE BECOME PIXELATED IN AGE, BUT STILL MANAGE TO GIVE OF 16-BIT ODOR
Courtesy of the Internet

way, who the hell makes model cars? Lame. Totally lame. Are you going to talk about how much torque the 2 in. engine can put out? It feels like Wayne's World, talking about a Stratocaster, or 'Strat to you guitar aficionados. I think my favorite part of making model airplanes is attaching the armament. "This is a replica of an A-10 Thunderbolt/Warhog with a GAU-8 cannon underneath, spitting spent ura-

nium that has the ability to not only pierce tank armor, but bounce around once it's inside." Fucking cool.

Pregnant women and small children should not be in crowded areas. Besides the obvious "They might get hurt!," I'm tired of getting shoved or yelled at by the dad dumb enough to accept the risk that there actually might be unintentional contact.

Take for example these two situations:

First, I was watching the Boston Marathon last year, when I went back to the Prudential Center to avoid the Scientologists and the soon-to-disperse crowd. Out of nowhere, I get a one-armed shove by this large man, using his other arm to protect his third tri-mester seed-carrier, and landing back onto an already angry, 1 MPH moving throng.

Now, I'm not trying to de/unjustify this man's action. What I would like to make painfully obvious, however, is that a huge crowd, like the Boston Marathon can produce, doesn't descend upon a person unless your last name is McCartney, Lennon, Harrison, or Starr, and even then, it's just teenage girls! You should have more common sense to realize that bearing a child does not make you more important than someone who is not. It simply makes you pregnant.

But if you want a cheap abortion, what better place, Ms., than in a large crowd? If that's the case, then your last name had better be Carriage.

On a deserted island, if the survivors of a shipwreck were a doctor, a sailor, a construction worker, a Marine, and pregnant woman, who do you think would be willing to do the most work and consequently be most important? Sure, next generation's onslaught of assholes is just as important, but would the inhabitants really need to deal with a self-important, morning-sickness, eating-for-two, obscure food-craving nag? I rest my case.

Second, the east entrance to Penn Station (near the Gyro place) has a tendency to be jam-packed on Saturday nights. Well, Sesame Street on Ice must have let out the same time that I ascended the stairs; as soon as I tried to cross the street in true NYC fashion, I got smacked across my face. Out of my peripheral vision, I saw the weapon and the perpetrator: Kid on Daddy's neck.

Apparently, her foot pendulum'd straight for my cheek. Expecting an apology, "Hey asshole" instead came out of Daddy. Great kid's material.

Some people call it anger, I call it honesty.



Waiting For Your Name

By Tara Lynne Groth

I don't think I'm alone in despising the dullness of a waiting room. The incessant fluorescent hue akin to retail sets the familiar unpleasant mood. I may have arrived on time, but they'll still manage to take their time, consequently taking more of mine. Precious moments of my youth, nonetheless!

In the midst of this certainty of boredom, which turned into a nap, I began to wonder why this painful system hasn't been altered or improved — ever! Granted I am speaking from only about twenty years of waiting room yawns, but I can't imagine that significant developments have occurred in the years preceding.

Sometimes you get lucky and there's a television. Lest you forget — it's not your

the most peculiar situation—and I was in the middle of it!

Rather infrequently, an individual may come across someone on a train, on a bus, or even a waiting room perhaps who is knitting. There's an archaic quality to the act. A senior to my left was doing just that: knitting. It resembled a doily, and fortunately my name was called so I didn't see the final product. This was unimpressive; she just kept making the lacy circle bigger. Then one of those moments occurred. Yup. That one. The waiting room door opened. A new cellmate.

All eyes look away from their wallpaper analyses and pop magazines to watch the next person enter and begin their wait, thinking the whole time (plus or minus the pompous 'gee'), "Gee, at least my wait isn't as long as *hers*." As the young woman sits to her sentence at my right, she takes out her knitting materials. *Another knitter!* Is Stony Brook reviving some tired trend? Is someone's coffee table too spotty and this is a more humane remedy—make your own coasters? What does it mean to be flanked by two knitters? I was thinking it was a sign that I should move towards a new hobby, but I think I'll stick with guitar instead.

What the significance of these knitters is, I have yet to resolve. This just further illustrates how waiting rooms are only differentiated by the visitors/prisoners who do their time. When the presence of two knitters translates to awe in a waiting room, something needs to be corrected—and I don't mean screening patients.

The system is in need of a massive upgrade—not to feed into the "digitality" of America, but perhaps computers be available for public use in waiting rooms, or a keep a pleasant news channel on instead of Fox, or hire a staff that can effectively execute their duties and maximize the number of patients that can be seen.

Whatever needs to be done, let it be done. I'm waiting.

One of these days a magazine cover will be convincing enough to make me open it. This will mark the birth of my uncouth reputation, when I will drink wine through a straw. Before I unintentionally morph into a knitter and grow concerned for Britney and Nicky Hilton's marital dilemmas, make the process quicker. I can only meekly imagine a future where waiting rooms are the same.

Local Band Blowout!!

By Tom Senkus

At one of my friend's gigs at the Downtown in Farmingdale, I came across a decent band. Very often, live performances come up short and seem like a waste; you don't have to go far to see a shitty band. For one of the first times I can recall, I actually saw a band worth my time, money, and journalism.

The Tom Kafafian Band, led by TK, didn't seem to fit the mold of something I liked, with a seemingly tortured youth slinging a guitar low and hair covering his eyes. Worse, it seemed like a selfish product of some truly daft punk. Been there and done that.

That sentiment changed after their set, completely winning over a lukewarm crowd and warming-up the hipsters for the lame bands that followed (:cough: Tripside :cough:). Song by song, the songs seemed to stretch the limits of what the audience was used to hearing, with the crowd response going from subdued to extroverted.

Tom's songwriting is quirky, reminding me of a subdued Dismemberment Plan meets Nirvana. Backing him up were a tight ensemble of musicians, bringing simple progressions and boy/girl relations to life. The guitarist defied the role of Shreds McWank, snaking out of the way of the lyrics, deftly slithering in each chorus, and mixing textures with Tom to form a harmonic mesh that any indie-minded singer would kill to croon over. Kudos especially to the drummer, who's unorthodox time changes (and resemblance to Moby) separated the band from mere amateurs.

Critically, the band is still needs to work on its songwriting, in order to bring afore more of their eyebrow-raising features. Similarly, the pop-punk posturing may have won over some girls, but wore thin on a critical ear yearning for a bit more eccentricity. Kafafian has a wide potential to mature his voice and the resources to make his music truly outstanding rather than stay in the fallow pastures of quasi-punk bullshit. He could very well be on the way towards expansive territory like Conor Oberst (Bright Eyes). Already opening for Rooney, Tripside and other, expect this band to be noticed. Check www.tomkafafian.com for future dates. *In Through the Outside*, Tom Kafafian's new album, is available August 31st.



THIS IS ONE CREEPY WAITING ROOM...,
Courtesy of Google

home, it's not your remote. You're left at the whims and volume standards of others. I wasn't so fortunate in my midsummer experience. Magazines were piled haphazardly. Strata of pages, documenting previous patients' fingerprints in sticky sweat and who knows what, yearning for you to see Britney's first pictures as a step mom — or, better still, the remnants of the now-antique Bennifer. Modern literature is here, to soothe the pits of pain waiting rooms induce. We are so privileged.

After analyzing the décor, my fellow captives of this prison in waiting, and trying to imagine what it would be like to work there—making me further appreciate my current job—I realize this waiting room isn't like other ones. The forty-five minutes I spent waiting for my appointment to commence sailed me off to sleep, but not before I noticed



Saturday Night. The Night of Rest and Relaxation. A Perfect Evening in Store for all.

My right hand is gripping on a piece of wood, shaped like a javelin, but the tip is poisoned with the sinister indigo dust. A jungle of green felt and metal, weighing nearly a ton, is the center of focus. All eyes stare at those numbers. You would never guess that the number 8 would mock you, but it does.

Eight is not a holy number, nor is it evil. August is the eighth month, but August has no holidays. In New York, it's obscenely hot and damp, but that's anywhere you go. There's a nice deli on 8th Avenue and 8th Street, but again, who cares....?

There is the magic-8 ball, which tells all fools the future. How can you go wrong when "Your Future Looks Bright", only to be told in another shake, "Chance's aren't good"? The number 8 knows that.

Figure Eight, the infinity symbol. Constantly, forever, eternal. That's how much the 8 ruins me.

It's a lie. Lennon and McCartney may have written "8 Days a week", but that doesn't exist. Chalk it up to another lie by 8. Damn the Beatles!

It is the secular religion of the hustler.

For the perverts among us, the number 8 looks like a pair of breasts. So elusive, so vexing. If you want to get even crazier, a woman is made up of a 6 and a 7. Dagger-like words and irreverence for men's emotions are her mind and her body is the 7, the holy grail.

The colors are nervous. Glances exchange between the green and the scene, my feet lean side to side. This is the way the village lets off steam. We stand around, taking turns jabbing at this sinister conglomeration of color. In nature, the brightest colors mean warning. Danger! Keep Away!

It's a crazy competition, this game, synonymous with the quasi-urban, psuedo-rural aqueous pit. That the competition doesn't raise

owner property taxes befuddles me. You'd think citydwellers would be "urbs" and "rurs". They are not.

Back to the game. Kinetic and potential are being shared doobie-style while I stand in disbelief that we are surrounded by Mexicans. They are better than me, you and the damn BMW you accidentally (pun misrepresented) careened



DR. PEPPER WAS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE,
Courtesy of Indiana Jones

into the guard rail, ironically killing the valedictorian. There is no accident driving 120 MPH. "Officer, it was an accident; The car just kept getting faster...."

It tickles me that the valedictorian dies. Graduate UPC # 422 doesn't get into an accident; Hell, he barely gets by.

Gets by what? Poverty. Poverty's a bastard. He smeared his own feces on the wall as a way to protest running extra laps in Gym. He too had a penchant for being tickled by words. Especially in the face of others better than him.

I like being tickled by Words. Words is a nice guy if you get to know him, but from afar he's a bit off-putting. My ex-girlfriend used to say if you really knew him, you'd know him. Hmmm, why did she cheat on me? I forget.

It's funny how fanatical Muslims won't consume pork but roasted more "pigs" in two buildings. Not funny like AOL IM "lol" funny, but curiously odd. That's not to say anyone deserves to die, but take the phrase at ass-value </phrase....sensitivos>

Are you still with me? Why are you still reading? Is there some universal truth paradigm you are stretching for, like a 'digm under the Coke machines. Do you think they really need caffeine in drinks anymore? I think it's a ploy to control your emotions. I tried to quit it a few times. If only Dr. Pepper was caffeine free, I'D BE FREE!

There was a kid in my sixth grade class that believed essay was the acronym, S.A. Substance abuse? Streamlined assets? His dad looked unintentionally like Elvis, fat version. Maybe he should sing in a club to women who can't get it in their heads that the King of Rock and Roll is dead. He's the secular Santa Claus. Maybe Elvis will climb down my chimney and sing, "Why Do Fools Abuse Pills and Die on the Toilet?" Dangit, there's that S.A. again.

But why the hell did I name this essay Kelly, when it's about anything but a girl? Well, there's your answer.

SBU Superstar: I don't get it
SBU Superstar: Should I get it
Me: Is your refrigerator running?
SBU Superstar: Oh man, not this again...
Me: Better go catch it.
SBU Superstar: Sigh.....catch what?
Me: A sense of humor.

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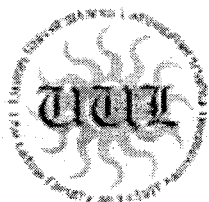


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Summer Regret

By Tara Lynne Groth

Talk about 'the road not taken.' My last afternoon on Long Island before the traditional end of summer family vacation brought the most random proposal of the year. Driving past the Stop & Shop in Miller Place next to the new (it will probably take 3 years for it to be considered a given landmark), undifferentiated commodity of caffeine (Starbucks Coffee), I saw a very attractive guy exiting onto 25A in an old black Honda with a Nirvana bumper sticker. I had just decided against going to Guitar Asylum, and this last-minute decision contributed to what is to be described. Granted, it is less exciting to read about than to have experienced the following, I should hope someone has lived a similar scenario.

After my nanosecond-long acknowledgment of the Honda Hottie, I dismissed it even quicker and continued on my route. The Beatles' "Come Together" was blasting from my little factory speakers and I was in my usual driving trance. This was broken by the next light when I realized he was driving alongside me, and he smiled and waved. Both our windows were open, and I turned down the music as he asked me if I wanted to get coffee. Yes! I don't even like coffee and I wanted to go, this doesn't happen every day. What did I say? "No, I can't." Internally, I was screaming at myself the opposite. There wasn't any reason

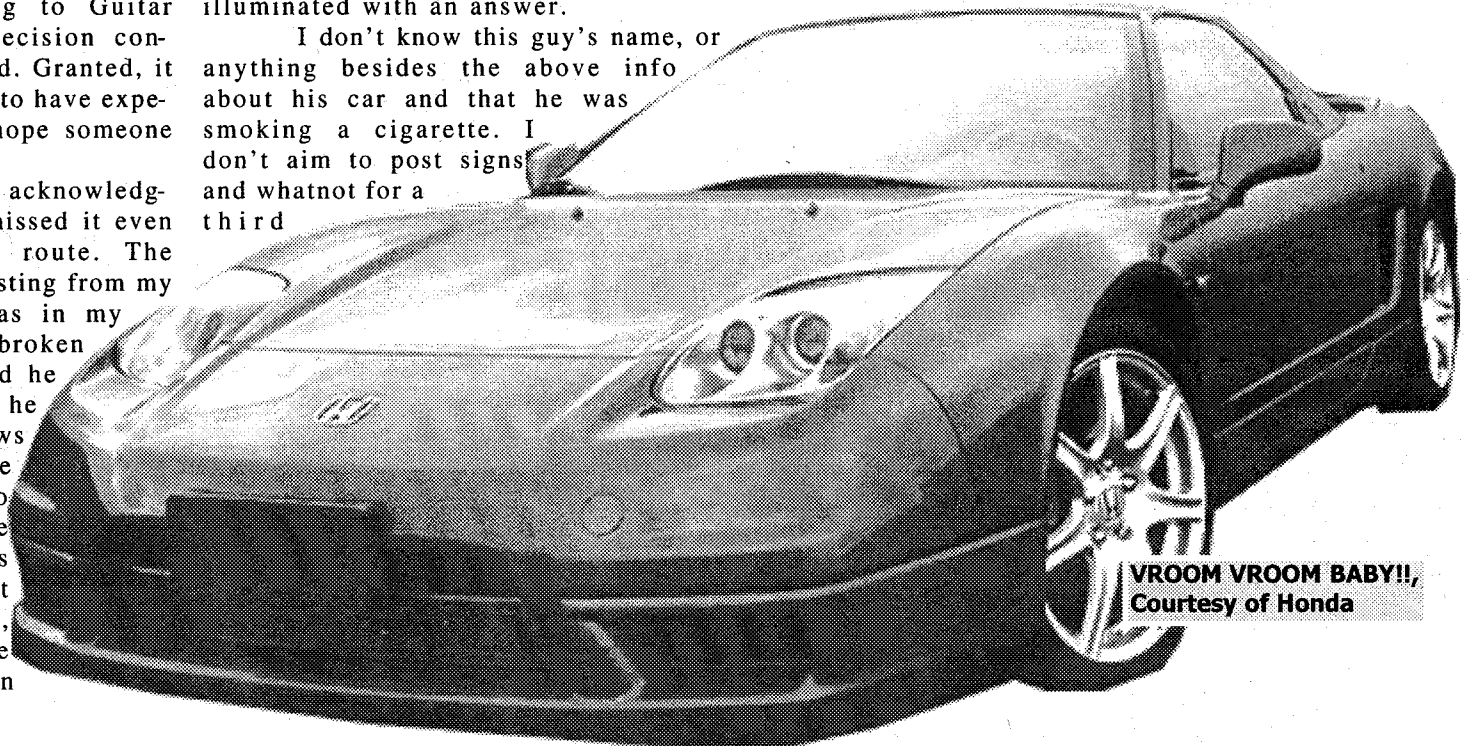
for me to say no, except for this unknown force that prodded me to yield to the negative. We drove on.

The next light found us stopped side by side—again! I was apologetic and he just shrugged in an understanding that I didn't even have for myself then, or even now. I felt the need to say 'yes' even more when we stopped again because it seemed like a second chance to me. Why did I choose to not go? I have yet to be illuminated with an answer.

I don't know this guy's name, or anything besides the above info about his car and that he was smoking a cigarette. I don't aim to post signs and whatnot for a third

encounter that I would probably screw up again anyways. What bothers me the most is that I didn't go. It was 2 in the afternoon on a Thursday, not midnight in some film noir-ish alley.

Not to give the wrong impression, there's no moping taking place. I just know that if I am fortunate to be given another serendipitous moment I will take action so as to not have regret. So, Happy Trails, Mr. Honda.



Eagles of Death Metal: Peace Love Death Metal

By Tom Senkus

Every review you've probably read of a band with a semi-ironical band name usually reads as, "you would think this band sounds like this but, in fact, it's quite the opposite...." Supposed laughter ensues. Sigh...

As horrible as that is, it's worse that a bunch of musicians came up with it in the first place. The Eagles of Death Metal debut, *Peace Love Death Metal* is a collection of songs that fits that aforementioned mold to a T. The best way to sum up *PLDM* is to remember what it was like to be around a clique in high school; Hearing their inside jokes, listening while the others howl at some had-to-be-there event with Mary Jane, but to you, the outsider, it's just stupid with a capital K. Produced by Josh Homme of Queens of the Stone Age (do you notice a trend of ironic band names?), this seems more a one-off type attempt to cash in on the new (?) fad of garage-rock, mixed with rock royalty patronage.

As anyone familiar with the music industry knows, the role of the producer is extremely ambiguous. Some are the hands-off Albini-types, others do everything else except ask you how to spell your name correctly in the liner notes. See if you can guess what type of job Mr. Homme performed.

I could delve into each standout track at

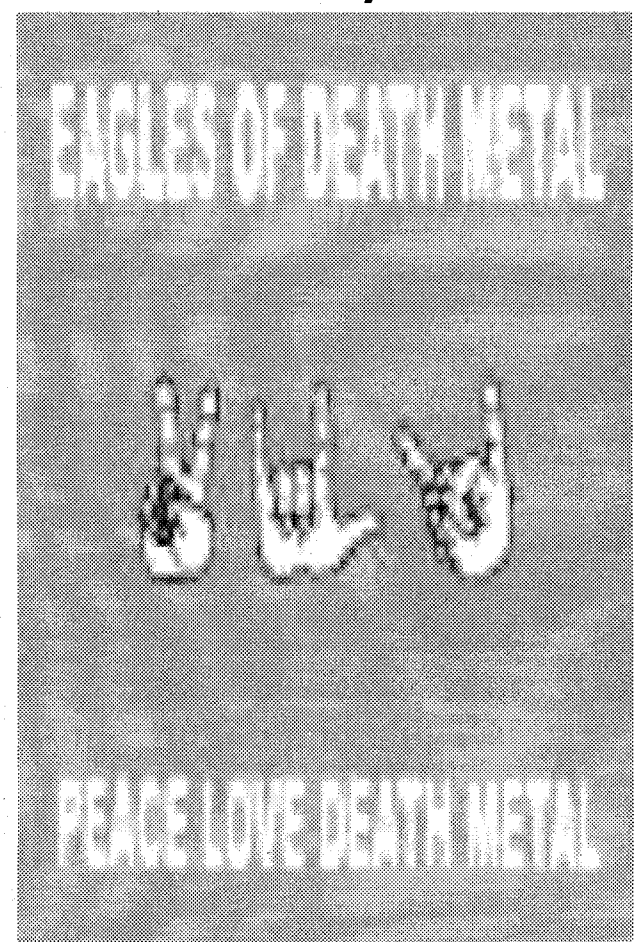
length, knocking each down like a fat bowler at Sayville Lanes, but frankly it's too demanding. The guest spots by Homme's sidekick Nick Oliveri and Distiller girlfriend Brody Dalle do nothing for the album but pick up royalties for the co-writing slots. "Stuck in the Metal", a cover of Steeler's Wheel classic with the annoying ironical twist, changes nothing except loses the bassline and changes the spelling. Without the bass, the only distinguishing element from the rest of this waste pile is the chorus's vocal harmonies. Otherwise, this could have been another filler track on a filler album.

The supposed stand-out track (according to *CMJ*'s notes), "Speaking in Tongues" was performed on *Conan* a few nights ago to weak TV studio applause. Judging by the band's cohesiveness and stage presence, it becomes much

more obvious how the band is just another mediocre outlet for Homme and his cronies. The worst transgression of clichés had to be the superfluous back-up singers, which in fact were un-microphoned men in obvious wigs mimicking go-go dancers. Puhleez.

To further pack my point down your metaphorical bong, Conan's standard, "that was great" was an unusual monotone, ignoring the lead singer, then shaking (guesting drummer) Josh Homme's hand. Coincidence? Hell no!

"...It becomes much more obvious how the band is just another mediocre outlet...."



TWO, THE SHOCKER, BRAIN SUCKER, I THINK THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS IN SIGN LANGUAGE
Courtesy of the Internet

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The Degradation of Being Sandwiched Betwixt Two Ads

By Joe Filippazzo

I'll tell you right off that it doesn't feel good. Where I am right now makes between a rock and a hard place look like the Ritz-Carlton. This is really something, my friend.

You know, this one time I was on a flight from Miami to JFK and a similar thing happened. Only that time I wasn't stuck between two ads. I was stuck between the sloppiest granola-eating senior citizen on the east coast and a 12 year old kid with a huge face and some sort of gastro-intestinal infection.

Un... bu... lievable. But I digress.

There is nothing more degrading than being shoved between two newspaper ads. Let's review the facts:

Above is a Rock Candy ad. It's a nice design... points for creativity... and it's funny. Things are looking a little better. I'm not gonna lie. I've been to the store a couple times and I liked what I saw. Not to mention the fact that they sell rock candy in the store and my sweet tooth is so big, I'm practically a sabre-sweet-tooth tiger! Rrrroooooowww! I'm comin' at'cha!

Moving right along, below is an ad for

Gallery 4222, also a very handsome advertisement. This piece speaks to me. If the art work in the gallery is anything like their ad, I would be able to say that the artwork in Gallery 4222 is very handsome.

Upon further inspection, I have decided that, of all the advertisements in this issue, I have been placed between the two most attractive ones. Since I am extremely shallow (and since what little self-confidence I *do* have is siphoned off from those around me) I am now at peace. Go with yourselves.

Paintings

Video

Ceramics

Sculpture

Spoken Word

Photography

Music

Mixed Media

Gallery 4222

318 Wynn Lane

Port Jefferson, NY 11777

631.473.5422

www.gallery4222.com

email: info@gallery4222.com

gallery



Reality's Reality

By Tara Lynne Groth

Have film and television turned people into unconscious voyeurs? I asked myself this question after reprimanding my sister (on frequent occasions) for impolitely "staring" at people, after I noticed myself more concerned about the person's life in the car next to mine than about the road, after I spied my neighbor spying on me, after I couldn't pry myself from a stranger's cell phone conversation, after the man pumping my gas undressed me with his eyes and didn't think I noticed. Being inundated with these "signs" makes it difficult to not question the degree to which film affects lives involuntarily.

In a television arena where "reality" is watching people who pretend the cameras aren't there, and then during specific segments directly address the camera, an environment is constructed and accepted by masses. One in which we live under the pretense that our actions go unnoticed, but then it's okay to acknowledge later that we knew about being the victim of someone's gaze all along. In reality I find myself and others pretending we're not being watched, but knowing that it is occurring. It's not polite to stare, but it's free uncensored entertainment at times.

Audience interaction in *American Idol* for example, allows us—those not on the show—to submit our opinions that potentially affect the outcome of the show. Recently, strangers have decided to cross this line into *reality* and begin conversations with me while I'm at a stop light [See pg.20 - Ed.] or ordering food, offering their

personal ballot in hopes of securing their own happy ending. Maybe this would occur without the presence of this form of television; however manners appear to be continuously obscured. We all participate in the watching, and this makes it unavoidable to not be watched. What I feel television has done is erase the judgment

hands-free cell phone violators driving), and what is rude (not breaking a gaze for over ten seconds at a couple fighting that you've created your own, more dramatic, internal dialogue for, or becoming so enraptured in a child's crayon antics at an adjacent Friendly's table that you forget to chew).

It has been said in the past that our society sways between life imitating art versus art imitating life. From here on I use the term "art" loosely to encompass television, film, print advertisements, and other familiar constituents of the media realm. As reality television spurs never-ending spinoffs and studios continue to produce formulaic, predictable films, our perceptions become accustomed to these products. We expect television to disappoint us and we can be optimistic enough to hope for the happy endings in our own lives.

In the case of imitation, it's safe to say that the controversy of the big bad "violence in the media" would be a typical course of discussion. However, beyond the violence, a not-as-commonly-debated issue needs to be addressed. This concerns the dynamics of communication in our everyday relationships.

Will people be forever imprinted with this acceptance of "reality" and continue to unknowingly live *reality* that mirrors what is absorbed from television and film? Perhaps if television produced a solution in a form capable of affecting people in the same fashion, this problem would conveniently solve itself.



SADOMASOCHISTIC INTERACIAL MMF 3-WAY,
Courtesy of American Idol

in the minds of its audience that distinguishes what is acceptable social voyeurism (overhearing conversations in restaurants, or seeing the

MAO NOW! UNITE!

By Tom Senkus

All you chuggers of the soda with unknown origins, Mountain Dew, have all been supporting communism. That's right, Josef, you are a commie! "How?" you say?

Well first, look at the colors. Red?! Come on, raise your fist in glory to distorted Marxism. Green? Sure it's a soothing color, but more importantly that's the color of the military.

Still not convinced?

Follow the simple directions below and repeat after me: Mao Now, Unite! It's right there. Of course "unite" is spelled wrong; that's just the "commie code." Beware!

1. Insert coins into overpriced machine
2. Get Mountain dew
3. Turn upside down
4. Focus on the label
5. Don't get arrested by McCarthy

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WARNING!

The Stony Brook Press is in trouble!

The chart to the right clearly indicates that al Qaeda operatives have forced us to lower our "Creativity Alert Scale" to the dangerously mediocre shade of Toasted Marshmallow.

If you are a writer, photographer, editor, etc. we at *The Press* say: Bring it on!

Creativity Alert Scale

Reagan White

Happy White Little Bunny Fur

Gainsboro

Gainsboro 2

Gainsboro 3: Back with a Vengeance

Toasted Marshmallow.

"Gray Spelled with an A" Grey

Commie-Pink (Trust us, it's there... just like those sheisty Reds)

Carrot Top

Statesman Gray (a.k.a

"Shitty Journalism Grey")

Beelze-black

IF YOU DON'T
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Fair & Balanced.