

The Stony Brook

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"Your mother has a bed... in which she and I oft fornicate."

Sept 28, 2004



What Does It Take To Be a 'Certified' Leader? A Little Vegas-brand Common Sense

By Amberly J. Timperio

There is a time in life when you buckle down, put your nose to the grindstone, and endeavor through hardship to accomplish your goal. This was *not* one of those times. It was remarkably easy, in fact, to decide to go to Las Vegas for the National Conference on Student Leadership, Sept. 17-19. I mean, they really didn't need to twist my arm a whole hell of a lot.

As you may know if you dig this fine publication, nearly \$7,000 was spent to send 10 members of Stony USG to Sin City for this conference. You may ask yourself why money was spent flying 9 students and an administrator (what turned out to be the largest showing from a single school), to a conference on leadership. What did they hope to gain? And you may further ask yourself why *The Press* doled out money (about \$900) for me to go to the conference in Vegas. All good questions that will be addressed in the following article.

First of all, I'd like to say that I'm going to endeavor to be incredibly fair and honest in this article, and although *The Press* and USG have often been infamous opponents, I must admit that the council-members represented Stony Brook well, and were active and attentive during the convention, which at times dragged on and on and on. As far as I saw, they did not use the trip to Vegas as an excuse for immoral or lascivious behavior, or even extensive partying. (Leave that to me). The trip was legit, and they treated it as such. In fact, I think it would have been far better for the group to cut loose a bit – some of them could surely use it.

That having been said, I feel I must also admit that I don't believe in government, and I certainly don't care much for leadership; they are bureaucratic stumbling blocks that result in hierarchies and other irrationalities of power, which lull you into promoting the false sense of security that is the status quo. However, I also know the benefit of good, old-fashioned common sense, and some of the information, if not previously known, would certainly be helpful to the listener. (For instance, understanding the concepts of privilege and discrimination.)

When I first checked into the conference and received my press credentials, they handed me a packet complete with my 'Certified' Student Leader Weekend Retreat materials; a program schedule for the weekend, photo-copied cheat sheets for the test I'll discuss later, a handy-dandy notepad, and because we can never forget about Capitalism – some leaflets meant to peddle common-sense information for exorbitant rates.

The program schedule boasts that you will "explore strategies, discuss new ideas, and acquire techniques for implementing quality campus initiatives." That sounds well and good, but what's the practical application?

Well, let's dive head-first into the fray, shall we?

Friday, the first night, was probably my favorite night of program; it was short and sweet, and we were basically just meeting each other at that point, cozying up to the people we would be embedded with all weekend.

We also took a practice test to be a "certified" student leader. (The real test would be taken on Saturday.) They say in the brochures that once you become "certified," you have essentially acquired all the necessary skillz (sic) to be a bona fide leader.

The practice test contained 100 achingly-easy multiple choice and true/false questions concerning everything from parliamentary procedure, to concepts of discrimination, conflict resolution, and avenues of publicity and promotion.

A sample question:

What would be considered an obstacle to effective time management?

- A. setting goals
- B. procrastination
- C. writing down a list of objectives
- D. none of the above.

So, yes, the answer is most obviously B. Like I said, common sense.

We filled out the Scantron sheets, making patterns with all the penciled-in bubbles, and the students at my table just about fell over when they read a particular true/false question: #90: 'We know all there is to know.' What dim-bulb yes-man would answer 'true'?

Ah, but the test tried to throw you for a loop at times. For instance, do you know what "quorum" is? I just learned this last month, but it is the number of members you need present at your meeting, in order to conduct business legally.

Friday night we also played a game where we grabbed a partner, and either led them around blind-folded or threw a yellow happy-face ball back and forth. Not sure what the purpose of this exercise was, but I had fun defacing the happy-face ball with a large Anarchy sign, and at least the little games broke up the monotony of listening to a truly crazy motivational speaker (Michael DeRosa – more on him later).

On to Saturday, where most of the students sat through roughly 12 hours of information meant to make you a more effective leader ... if you possess the attention span.

Bear with me, as I hash this out.

The first program, on diversity issues, was actually quite good. Entitled "Intentional and Inclusive Community Building: From Awareness to Collaboration," – which is just a long way to say 'sensitivity training,' the goal of this program was to "engage, examine and explore the dynamics of diversity and identity, and how they impact the teaching and learning experience."

The presenter, a large amicable black man by the name of Dr. Jaime Washington, was certainly an interesting and dynamic speaker. Too bad we didn't have him all day.

During his lecture, he stressed some key points: oppression is pervasive and impacts us all – it may not be our fault, but we must accept responsibility for how we sustain the Cycle of Oppression, which no doubt results in denial, hostility, and a culture of stereotypes. He also stated passionately that there are "no quick fixes", but individuals do grow and change. "There is HOPE!" he kept reminding us.

Next up Dr. Washington gave us a program on "Communication and Conflict Resolution: Listen, Learn, and Speak." During this program we delved into various leadership styles, verbal and non-verbal communication patterns, and how communication is influenced by gender and culture.

I'll try to boil this all down for you. In

order to listen, we must have a positive, engaged attitude. (Clear your mind of all distractions, and focus). Acknowledge any emotional state you may have. (Maybe you have a wicked hangover, or a severe case of cramps.) Set aside your prejudices, ask questions, and make eye contact.

Apparently, we listen at approximately 25% of our potential – ignoring, forgetting, distorting or otherwise misunderstanding 75% of what we hear. (Or was that 40-60, I can't quite remember.)

We also focused on contributing factors to conflict, such as assumptions, poor communication, and putting personal agendas ahead of the team. Are you a turtle? Are you a shark? Maybe a fox, teddy bear or owl? No, I'm not talking about your sexual proclivities, each one is a conflict management style – the turtle hides from conflict, the shark forces others to accept their way, the teddy bear would rather be liked, so avoids conflict, the fox seeks compromise, and the owl bites the tootsie roll pop after three licks. No, no, just seeing if you were paying attention. The owl is the wise conflict resolver, who values both goals and relationships.

After lunch, we headed back in for "Organizational Management: Time, Space and The Effective Meeting," handled by Michael DeRosa. Did you ever meet someone who has been giving the same lecture for so long, that they sound wooden and rehearsed, and laugh at their own jokes because they live in a world of their own? Well, this guy kind of scared me. He was manic, not in a good way, and he kept constantly telling us not to worry about the 'certified' leader test – as if we were worried to begin with.

During his program, we were supposed to learn strategies for effective time, space, meeting and personal stress management. How can we reduce stress? Well, besides not listening to this manic speaker, we can manage our time effectively, manage our space effectively, and manage our meetings effectively. Hmm, seems like more common sense.

After several audience members described their ideal living and working environment, DeRosa went over the key to effective organization – prioritizing. Determine what is most urgent and important, and accomplish those things first. And he added his own 'deep thought' – "Don't let perfection be the enemy of good." Priceless.

In order to introduce parliamentary procedure, DeRosa had a few students, including some from Stony Brook, give their best Looney Tunes impression. And then he busted out the costumes, and everyone from Elmer Fudd to Marvin the Martian, the Tasmanian Devil and Tweety Bird were represented. They conducted a fake meeting, made motions in character, and voted on things like getting more carrots for Bugs Bunny. A strange way to teach procedure, but it broke up the hum-drug and people were hit with flying objects, which is always entertaining.

The final program on Saturday, right before the test, was: "Publicity and Promotion - Shared Vision and Best Practices," and we were again stuck with DeRosa, who was by this time getting horse and raspy, jumping up and down in his Nikes. Quite tiresome.

The program critiqued 'solid' principles



VP of CLUBS AND ORGS VIRGINIA MORGAN
REALLY MEANS BUSINESS!
Courtesy of Amberly Timperio

What Does It Take To Be a 'Certified' Leader? Continued...

By Amberly J. Timperio

of publicity and delved into what motivates and attracts individuals to consider participation with an event, campaign, or program. For instance, the two basic rules of publicity and promotion are: 1) Reflection – who are you, and what do you do?, and 2) Projection – What are your goals, and your mission as an organization?

DeRosa said with spastic glee that at least 10% of monies available for your event should be funneled into marketing, the importance of word-of-mouth, and that the aim of publicity is to gain attention, arouse interest, arouse a desire, and get your constituencies to act. All delightful mish-mash that is, possibly again, common sense.

At this point, the program was adjourned for a little while before the test, and I had an interesting conversation with Sonia Guttman, USG Interim Administrative Director. She want-

ed to know my purpose in attending the conference. Well, obviously to report on it – our own Press brand of checks and balances.

Sonia is a straight-shooter, that much is clear, and her aim in going was to be a more effective leader, but also to help the Stony Brook USG to be the best student government they can be. A respectable endeavor. She truly believes in the students, and I have no doubt in my mind that they gleaned all they possibly could from the conference. Hopefully, we'll see some real-life applications of this at Stony Brook in the future.

She also apologized for any real or perceived "cold-shoulder" that I may have gotten from a few USG members, but I told her that the lack of love was completely understandable, and that it's nearly impossible to offend me anyway. "It's all good," I said. "But what about the fiscal

crisis that USG is facing?"

She explained to me that there is no fiscal crisis, saying that money was allocated some semesters ago, and now there is indeed a surplus. (Look for an article in an next issue, which addresses this so-called 'fiscal crisis', and the misunderstandings inherent within.)

Well, I took the 'certified' leadership test – and it was EXACTLY the same test as the practice exam, no change in order or anything. However, mine wasn't graded because, being a press affiliate, I didn't pay the \$225 registration fee. So, I'm technically not a 'certified' leader, but I never wanted to be followed anyway. March to the beat of your own drum, and don't worry about the spastic motivational speakers who claim to possess all the answers.

Sometimes, a little common sense works wonders.

The Recent Beheadings and Abuse In Iraq

By Joan Leong

We are now one year and 169 days into the "war on terror." There have been countless horror stories since this war started. The recent beheading of American Eugene Armstrong is another one to pile on to the list. On Monday, an Islamist website released a video of the beheading. Armstrong is shown on the ground in an orange jumpsuit with five masked insurgents behind him. The five masked men read a statement listing their reasoning behind this act of violence, how much longer the other two hostages have to live and what their demands are. The five insurgents' order was that their Muslim women be released from the prisons Umm Qasr and Abu Ghraib. The US repeatedly denies they have any female detainees in those prisons except two women who were former members of Saddam Hussein's regime who are in hidden locations. However, the group Jihad and Unification stands firm in their demands despite the US denials. "Since you did not release our sisters, here's the first infidel. We will apply God's law on them," said one of the masked men. He then proceeded to behead Eugene Armstrong.

The two other hostages American Jack Hensley and Briton Ken Bigsley were also threatened with death if the insurgents demands were not met. On Tuesday, the day after the beheading of Armstrong, the masked militants demands were not met. Jack Hensley would have celebrated his 49th birthday on Wednesday. Now the final hostage Kenneth Bigsley remains. His heart-wrenching plea for his life to Prime Minister Tony Blair was broadcast on an Arabic website. Bigley stated that he is nothing to Tony Blair, that he is only just one of the millions of citizens of the United Kingdom, but he doesn't want to die. He plead for his life, for the lives of the Iraqi women in the prisons and the Iraqi

children. Having been in Iraq for quite some time, he has first-hand experience of the misery and despair faced by the Iraqi citizens since the war has began. He pled for all the violence against both sides to stop. His words were chilling and an all too real reminder of the slaughter and mayhem that is occurring.

The argument for this war was to ensure and promote human dignity as I've heard from our government officials over and over again. However, how do you expect for the public to believe that when we are hypocrites? If we call them barbaric, what should we call ourselves? Information collected by a UN team, a Washington-based War Crimes Project and the office of Afghan Armed Forces revealed that last year US forces in a forward operating base beat and tortured eight Afghan soldiers for 17 days until an 18-year-old Jamal Naseer died. According to the surviving victims testimony, they were "pummeled, kicked, karate-chopped, hung upside down and struck repeatedly with sticks, rubber hoses, etc." They were also immersed in water and others were electrically shocked. They received no medical treatment of any kind and weren't given any changes of clothes. These soldiers were working on a security and suspicious checkpoint when they were seized by US Special Forces. The seven soldiers were placed in the authority of local Afghan police before being transferred over to a prison in Kabul. They were released after authorities found no evidence that they had committed any crimes or had any ties to anti-government groups. The Pentagon is now going to investigate this case fully after the *LA Times* printed the story.

This case, along with the horrifying exposé on the abuse in the Abu Ghraib prison

keeps us aware that we are not the immaculate heroes we make ourselves out to be. They torture people and we torture people. At the end of the day, people are still people regardless of national background. My heart hurt for Ken Bigsley as I watched his distressful plea for his life. As he broke down, I broke down with him. Whatever happened to human compassion? We all witness the pain and suffering of our fellow man but it never seems to stop us from committing atrocious acts. I don't care for the damn lies the government is spewing at us about the progress in Iraq. I don't fucking care which fucking liar becomes our next president anymore. I just don't know how much more horror I can take. My heart aches for this world.



THE HOSTAGES,
Courtesy of CNN

Swords

Technology

Sorcery

LESBIANS!

CRASHWORLD

- A NOVEL -

www.andrewpernick.com/Crashworld/CrashworldMain.html

I'm Afraid of Americans

Apprehension and Fear Over the 2004 Election

By Ian Rice

This is a very scary time we're living in as Americans. I'm not referring to the usual jittery climate that a national election's approach normally brings. No, this is far worse. The frightening scenario I'm talking about is the outright terror of an upcoming national election that seems as if it will most certainly go horribly, horribly wrong.

I'm talking, of course, about the 2004 presidential election, an event that has a distinct air of impending doom over it the likes of which we've never felt. Why? Well, because at this moment in time, George W. Bush still has a good chance of winning. I'll repeat that, as it warrants repeating: George W. Bush still has a good chance of winning.

America...is anybody home?

In the most current national polls regarding the presidential race, George W. Bush has taken the lead time and time again. The latest Gallup Poll (conducted September 3-5, 2004) shows Bush ahead of Democratic nominee John Kerry with both likely and registered voters (52% to 45% and .49% to 48%, respectively). Other recently conducted polls (including polls administered by *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *American Research Group*) all show Bush with some kind of a lead. Granted, in several cases Bush is only ahead of Kerry by one or two percent of the vote. But that's still ahead.

This is where my fear of my fellow countrymen and countrywomen comes from. The majority of Americans have no idea what they're about to do to themselves. Their lack of thought and simple political education is going to be the end of the comfortable bubble of freedom and individuality they've lived in all their lives. An exaggeration? I think not. Take a good look at ClearChannel Media if you think I'm off base on this issue.

Over the last few years, ClearChannel has created a near monopoly of the media industry, with over 1200 radio stations, numerous television outlets and countless other mediums under its bloated corporate belt. "So what?" you say. Well, with ClearChannel dominating the radio and television markets, we as a nation are rapidly succumbing to this corporate giant's will as to what we can and cannot see, hear and express in those mediums. Ever wonder why on New York radio you can hear the entire Led Zeppelin catalog in one afternoon of listening? It's because of ClearChannel and its standardization of its stations' playlists.

But how can this be? After all, there are government restrictions in place to prevent any group or corporation from creating a monopolistic situation for themselves. Yet somehow ClearChannel can sidestep these restrictions. But how? Well, it's because ClearChannel is securely in George W. Bush's pocket. It was widely reported (and even more widely ignored) earlier this year that ClearChannel financed a large portion of Bush's campaign effort for the 2000 election and has followed suit for the current presidential race.

Can you really blame Bush for helping out ClearChannel after they lined his pockets? It's not his fault favoritism and preferential treatment are in his presidential vocabulary. He grew up with those terms helping him along his whole life. For example, Bush was able to avoid serving his country properly in the Vietnam War because his father pulled strings and sent him off on a cushy option. That's right, the man that recently sent thousands of United States troops to possible death in Iraq was too much of a chickenshit to lead by example in the early 1970's.

According to information compiled on www.realchange.org, Bush did everything possible to not see any action in Vietnam. And he even pissed all over the opportunities given to him while he was at it. First, his father jumped a year-and-a-half waiting list to get his son enlisted in the Air National Guard. 100,000 anxiously-waiting American men where leapfrogged so a congressman's son could shirk his patriotic responsibility.

Once in the Air National Guard, Bush was made an officer (2nd Lieutenant to be precise) without any of the pesky effort of completing the required training in the Officer Candidate School. This elevation to 2nd Lieutenant allowed Bush to get into flight school, where he scored a stellar 25% on the pilot's aptitude test (the lowest possible score, I might add) and a 50% on the navigator aptitude exam. So to simplify, a kid playing "Afterburner" in the local arcade has the same (if not greater) abilities as a pilot that George W. Bush had as a member of the Air National Guard. And it was all due to his good friend preferential treatment.

If that isn't enough to make your head spin, just wait. I've got more. After cheating his way to the top of the Air National Guard, Bush then proceeded to JUST NOT SHOW UP FOR A YEAR! And what's more, he received zero penalty for doing so. The Air National Guard records clearly show that Bush never reported for drills or performed any type of duty-related service from May 1972 through May 1973. Yet no punishment was handed down to him. For anyone else, the kind of behavior Bush demonstrated would warrant their being reported to the Selective Service Board, which would most likely be followed by a quick draft into the United States Army. But the congressman's baby boy got away scot-free.

There is enough information on Bush's shady military service to fill a book, but I don't have the time, space or cardiovascular health to discuss them any further. The bottom line is that Bush used his family connections to get out of active service during the Vietnam War...and then, as President of the United States, sent troops to die fighting a war waged under false pretenses. The only weapon of mass destruction found in our most recent trip to the Middle East was the bullshit Bush fed the public as to why we were there in the first place. He took advantage of a nation that was weary from terrorist attacks and used their frustration and anger to move along his own agenda.

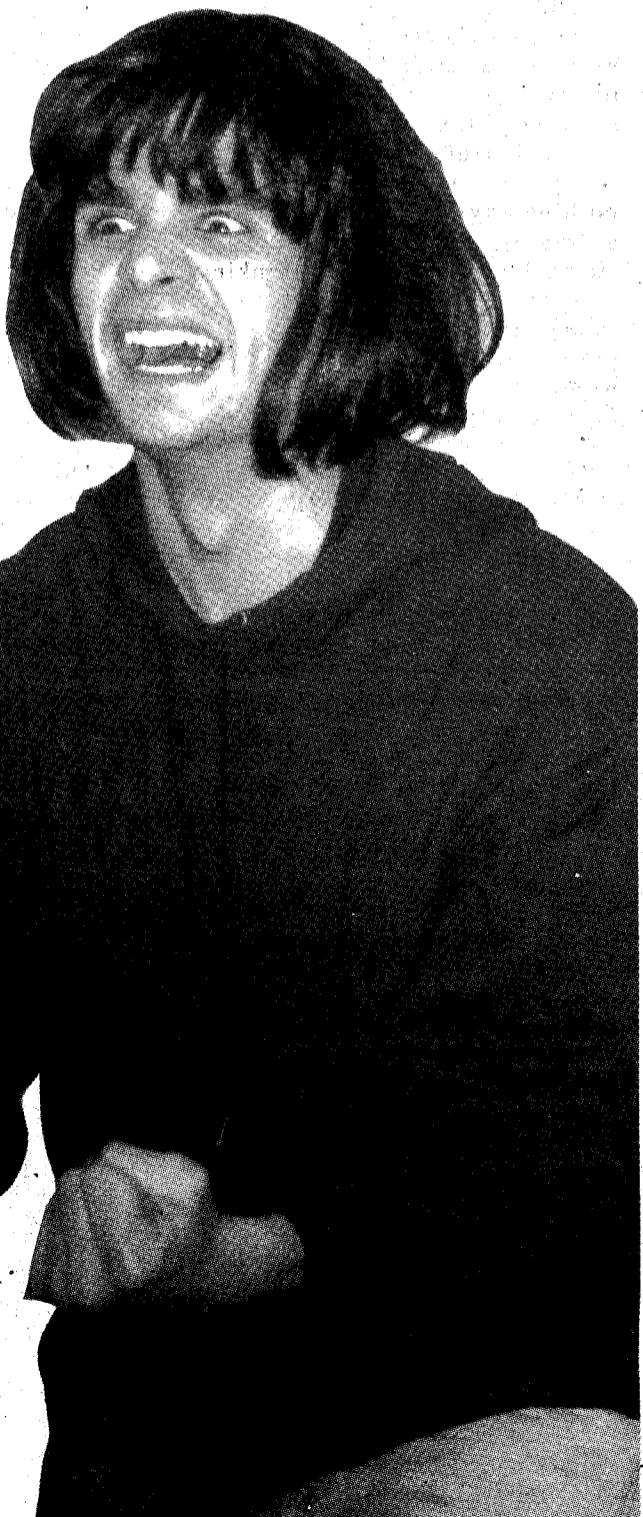
If you still don't believe we're doomed as a nation if George W. Bush wins the 2004 presidential election, consider his newfound decision-making aid, religion. In a nation that has clear laws securing the separation of church and state, Bush is bringing his Christian values and beliefs into the major policy decisions of the United States. Well, George...I've got news for you, my friend: Since it's inception, the United States has been a melting pot of races, cultures and ideologies. Your God is not everybody's God. Yes, a good majority of Americans are of the Christian faith. But a strong number instead choose to practice Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, Daoism and many other non-Christian belief structures. And, as much as you might not like to hear this, some people don't believe in anything at all. So when

you make decisions regarding United States policy and cite your Christian values as your sole reason for doing so, try to remember that not all citizens of this country follow your faith.

Look, if I sound bitter it's because I am. After all the negative information that has been released to the public and subsequently proven true regarding Bush's checkered past (and even his sketchy present), I can't believe he even managed to get himself 5% of the vote in any election poll. I guess there are more elite wealthy swine and naïve ignoramus in this country than I thought. And the sad reality is not a word I or any other journalist, reporter, or person with a functioning brain says to these people will make a difference.

So, as I said earlier, I'm afraid of Americans. But more importantly, I'm afraid for them.

I AM FEAR.
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo



Support Our Troops... Send Them Brownies!

By Marcel Votlucka

"Oh, I'm so totally against this war...but I support the troops!"

"I don't agree with the policies that this administration is advocating...but face it, we have to support our troops in the Middle East!"

"I hate Bush and Cheney and their oil war...but no matter what, you've gotta support the troops!"

"SUPPORT R TROOPS YEAH USA IS #1 DIE OSAMA LIBERALS SUCK BUSH RULZ!"

Yeah, bullshit. You're just afraid the CIA's gonna knock down your door, blindfold you, drag you to a secluded cell in Gitmo and proceed to gang-rape you until the sun comes up. "Support the troops?" What the hell does that even mean?! Watching FOX News 24/7? Attending Kid Rock concerts and burning Susan Sarandon in effigy?

Here's an idea for you: why don't you go write a tear-stained letter to Bush and ask him to bring the troops home? Why not ask him to stop slashing veteran's benefits? That, my friend, is truly looking out for them.

Or you could send them brownies. Yeah, nothing says "I'm behind you 100%" quite like a tray of freshly baked brownies. Mmm...my stomach's rumbling just thinking of it! Sending care packages filled to the brim with sumptuous fudge brownies is a really nice - and very tangible - way of supporting our brave men and women fighting terrorists abroad. It's a very nice gesture that would mean a lot to an American soldier stuck in a sandy foxhole in Tikrit or Kandahar. It's also a good way to get some use out of that Easy Bake Oven™ you've kept up in the attic since you were ten.

Face it, my friends... hanging flags from your SUVs and mailing letter bombs to Michael Moore's house ain't gonna cut it; that's just another example of Political Correctness™ in a time of war. If you really want to "support our troops," then send them brownies. Lots and lots of brownies. I intend to do this because I'm a patriot. Also, for the past two weeks there's been a mysterious black van parked in front of my house. I think it's the Secret Service.

But why stop with mounds of fudge brownies? Why not send our troops other stuff too? Like croissants; everybody loves croissants! Or maybe canned bratwurst? And I have it from a reputable source that the Dixie Chicks' latest album is pretty good. Or you could include a copy of *Bowling for Columbine* to provide another little piece of home. Or even better, send them body armor! Hey, it's gotta come from somewhere... Or even better: send them home. Now! But I digress.

Sending care packages filled with brownies is a great way of giving back to our troops who sacrifice so much. It's easy and fun for the whole family, and you'll be doing your part to save civilization as we know it!



THE BLONDIE;
BROWNIE'S
TWISTED
HALF-KIN,
Courtesy of
Joe Filippazzo

Imitation Is the Sincerest Form of Idiocy

By Sam Goldman

It was two years ago, and I remember it like yesterday. I was just elected Managing Editor of *The Press*. It wasn't because I wanted the position; I had turned down the nomination twice. But Joe Hughes was unable to continue his education, and someone had to step in, and no one else wanted the job, and Dustin Herlich was begging for someone, anyone, to help him, and I finally relented. I was sitting in our office with Mike Prazak, and he said he wanted *The Press* to come back to investigative journalism and news. While it is true that under Dan Hofer we did do some good news stories, mostly on the campus meal plan, *The Press* was still known mostly for comedy. At the editorial board meeting that Saturday, I asked people what direction they wanted the paper to go into, and they all agreed. They wanted *The Press* to be more than a comedic rag.

On the other side of the hall stood the venerable *Stony Brook Statesman*. *The Statesman* had a reputation for solid, dry journalism, one that had been well-deserved over the years. In 1994, the then-editors of *The Statesman* actually set the precedent that allowed *The Press* to use the Freedom of Information Act on USG last year. They won *Newsday* awards every year (so did we). And although their then-head editor was a complete asshole, they were untouchable.

Fast forward to the present.

The Stony Brook Press, under the leadership of Dustin Herlich and now Joe Filippazzo, has reclaimed its throne as THE paper on campus. Our pages-per-issue has increased dramatically. In addition to our well-known funny stuff, we also cover things on campus that are of real importance to students, like USG, the new campus meal plan, and the new SOLAR system. Students, faculty, and (a few) administrative personnel alike compliment us on how our paper has improved and how they love to read us. Even our advertising has picked up, as on-and off-campus organizations alike have clamored to have their ads featured in *The Press*.

As for *The Statesman*? They routinely put out 12 page issues, of which half contain ads (mostly from the University and USG). Their original material, while good, remains just a small portion of what their paper consists of. Instead of writing about national events, they pay for articles from other newspapers. Their stature among the people of this campus has gone so low that an advertiser that used to advertise in *The Statesman* told *The Press* that so many patrons came into their store asking them why they advertise in *The Statesman* and not *The Press*. In what I would imagine would have many an ex-*Statesman* editor rolling in their proverbial graves, they, over the summer, got the University Office of Public Relations to write two articles for them.

Now, those of you who read the last issue know most of this was touched on by Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings. But what they did not really touch on was that *The Statesman*, being stared in the face by their own inability to compete with *The Press*, have decided that, instead of putting their time, efforts, money and University connections (the latter two of which

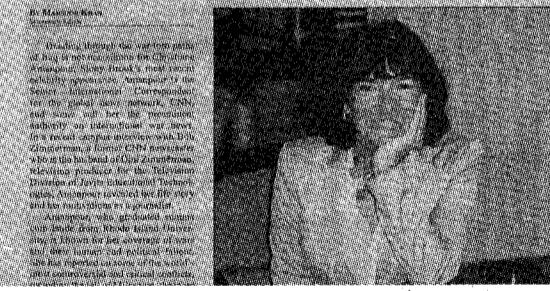
we run second to the Statesman) into making a really good hard newspaper, the kind of which past Statesman editors would be proud of, they have decided to go the easy route. They have sadly decided to imitate *The Press*.

The September 16th issue of *The Statesman* had an insert entitled "Statesman Lite." The first page of "Statesman Lite" was a full-page picture. Gee, who else does full-page pictures? However in surprising *Statesman* fashion, their full-page picture was of...a statesman staffer. Very original. Their second page contains...uhh...something. Seems like a back and forth conversation between Editor-in-Chief Mansoor Khan and Managing Editor James Bouklas over the use of the word "defence." Points for originality, taken away for lack of funny. Page three contains two fake "Onion-esque" articles, one on *Statesman* staffer Eugene Kozlovsky stealing iPods, and another on the legalization of cults on campus. While you can chalk this up to lack of imagination or a pressing need to fill space, I believe it's a tribute to our own Vincent Festa, who enjoys writing (much funnier) fake articles. That's not to say we have a patent on these things, but it smells very fishy.

I know those of you are looking for a point here besides "let's flame *The Statesman*." I have such a point. Here it is: *The Stony Brook Statesman* has resources that are not available to *The Press*. They, on a yearly basis, get significantly more money than we do. They have connections throughout University Administration that we will never have, because we burned our bridges long ago. They don't have to worry about funding — when their budget was frozen last year, they had enough money stowed away to buy



Breaking News:
Newspaper Fails Miserably At Trying to Be Funny



THE STONY BROOK... uh... I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYMORE.
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

themselves a new Mac anyway. For their staff to do so little with so much is absolutely unconscionable. For their staff to resort to imitation instead of attempting to do what their newspaper is supposed to do is almost criminal.

I understand that it's more difficult to write a paper twice a week instead of every two weeks. I don't expect them to do 36-page issues. I don't expect them to drop their advertising. But what I expect them to do is, if they're going to publish a 12-page issue, to have that issue be what *The Statesman* should be — quality hard news journalism that people can actually use.

To *The Statesman* editorial staff: Don't take this as a put-down. Take this as a plea. This University needs a newspaper that does what *The Statesman* is supposed to do. Stop imitating us and start imitating *The Statesman* circa 1994.

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The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(631) 632-6451 Voice
(631) 632-4137 Fax
e-mail: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
www.thepress.info

Convocation Is a Funny Word

"The state does not support us." This was, far and away, the definitive statement of Shirley Strum Kenny's Convocation last week.

A good portion of her speech was the usual back-slapping, and it was well-deserved. At this, the end of Stony Brook University's 5-Year Plan, it is clear to see that what SSK promised, she has largely delivered. She promised Division I sports, and she delivered. She promised that SBU would be AAU-accredited, and it was. She promised that the university would get through the MiddleStates accreditation with flying colors, and it did.

But, far and away, the big message Shirley presented was the lack of state support. Adjusted for inflation, the University gets less money per year from the state. SUNY handcuffs the University when it comes to such things as building construction. In response, most of the money the University uses comes from tuition, royalties off patents, and other ancillary sources.

In fact, the rebuke of the State of New York was so loud and so stinging that, when Shirley says that Stony Brook University can no longer rely on the state for its needs, one can draw the obvious line from point

A to point B.

The idea of taking Stony Brook University private has been a persistent rumor; one that, no matter the evidence, ceases to go away. We no longer call ourselves "the State University of New York at Stony Brook" but Stony Brook University. Our website and email system reflect a similar change (it is now email@stonybrook.edu), and merchandise sold on campus does as well. The grand plans that Shirley unveiled for the next five years, including a capital campaign to raise \$500 million over the next five years, massive infrastructure improvements to campus buildings such as Physics, and an investment in the SBU graduate program, will be, at the very least, only slightly helped by a handcuffed, underfunded SUNY system.

Of course, taking the university private will have its drawbacks to students; specifically, you can almost expect student tuition to increase, and a 100% increase is not out of reach. For now, current students can hold their breath; it doesn't look like the University will take the leap anytime soon. But it will be interesting how the friction between Shirley Strum Kenny and the State of New York will play out in the future.

A Perfect Example of Stony Brook Planning and Foresight

The University of Stony Brook, or Stony Brook University, or SBU or USB, or whatever we're calling ourselves these days, is obviously an infallible institution that can do no wrong. As perfect testament to this, let us present to you the case of the newest construction happening in the area formally known as the Bamboo Forest on campus.

This area is up against the railroad tracks behind Kelly Quad. The goal of this construction is supposedly to build more undergraduate housing. The current progress in this matter has simply been to create giant overflowing ponds on campus. These "drainage ditches" or, as we'd like to call them, "mistake holes" are poised in a dangerous position, and were poorly planned and constructed.

Let's back track a little, and give some history of that little part of campus. For starters, a remnant of the original road George Washington (yes, as in the first president George Washington) used to travel across Long Island was located in those woods. The university, in its grand tradition didn't care at all, and bulldozed it over without a word. I guess that means the university just hates America. Yeah, that's it; they hate America.

So this anti-American campus has had some small drainage ponds in that area for a very long time. The reason for this is all geo-logical style and complicated. The easy-to-understand version of it is that the land around here drains water basically straight down the train tracks/25A right at the northwest side of campus, where it all collects in lowlands down the hill. To compound matters, most of this area is on top of a giant, thick layer of clay that water can't get through. Mix all that together with really hard rain, and you get what we had about 10 years ago. The existing ponds overflowed and the force of it was so powerful that cars were over-

turned, the train station and tracks were wiped out. A concerned citizen phoned this in and saved an entire trainload of people.

Now, fast forward to modern amazing Stony Brook. The drainage ponds are now many times the size they once were. We've been having lots of rain; put two and two together. The University currently is petrified of this, and has had crews out bulldozing and trying to make the levy higher and higher. Now that we're a safe 6 inches from overflowing and having a tidal wave come down 25A, the university has constructed a pipeline and has started to pump water from those ditches, damn near across campus to the wooded area that is between campus and Nichols road. That's as brilliant as trying to put out a fire with Bacardi 151. Since that area is made of clay as well, that's just going to pool, kill all the trees, and overflow much in the same manner as the other pools. Simply brilliant.

All of this construction was done without the guidance of proper environmental impact reports, and without consulting geologists. Most of the experts for this area are sitting in their offices in ESS, and are angry. It's those concerned professors who have written letters to the right parties, and have had the construction stopped for now. The plan is for proper planning and impact reports to be drawn up, and the project is to be re-designed using proper information about the drainage in the area and the best way to develop this land.

We here at *The Press* sincerely hope that, this time, no one gets a kick back, and the right plans are drawn up and actually followed. This is a story that concerns not just us campus denizens, but the plebeians that live off campus as well. Stay tuned to our next few issues for a grand exposé, *Press* style, on this matter.

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

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Press Mom Comes To Editors' Defense

Dear Press,

I just received your August 30th copy of *The Press*. I hope that you can give me at least ALMOST equal "space" for this missive as you gave Maury Hirshcorn for his, for he has erred.

Whereas I am (somewhat) happy for Maury and his mommy, I do not know what his personal ramblings-on about Stan Lee had to do with your outstanding invitation for Stan to move in with you, the editors. And, whereas this little account of his mommy's acquaintanceship with his Royal Comic Highness may stir a bit of interest and/or envy in those who adore Him (Capital "H" intentional), who else cares? Yup, I understand that Maury's intention was to show that you people at *The Press* are not "worthy" of such a laudable creature residing with you, but he should have done research before making his oh-so-snide final declaration!

I happen to be an alumna of Stony Brook and I, too, read *Statesman* and *The Press*. How

do I receive them? Well, MY son happens to be Uberbusman of this fine rag, and HE likes to give SA MERE every copy that comes out! AND, MY son happens to be the occupant of the room that Joe claims he "does not go into much". That is probably because Dustin's room is like, well... a harmless den of iniquity. HOWEVER, this is JUST the kind of place that Mr. Lieber would ADORE residing in. He introduced Spider man to the world? Well, only Spiderman could move around in Dustin's room, because there is no way to get around on the floor. The Hulk? He could be helpful in shoving around some piles of "whatever" in that cubicle. The Fantastic Four? Just another name for four of the people who happen to live at the same address! What's more, he could help split the rent and not have to worry about losing all the "wealth" he has acquired! (By the way, you used the word "wealthy" twice in your letter... given the intent of your letter, were you driving at something rather subliminal about the occupants of that house in East Setauket?)

Well, Mr. H. I hope you feel enlightened. But, I would like to ask you a few questions before I go. What was Joan doing walking the streets? And, why did you mention that Stan was Jewish and Joan not? Go back and read that... it came and went out of nowhere, being tied into nothing. And, last but not least, why was your mom uncomfortable around Stan? Did she have telepathic messages that suggested that one day Stan may be living in a house in East Setauket, and schmoozing with the Fantastic 4 or 5, in a room like Dustin's...??? HHHHHHHMM-MMMMM...

I think the room is still vacant. Why not ask if you can move in!

Sincerely,

Carole J. Traster-Wilk

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Stony Brook Statesman Defector No. 184075

Hi,

My name is Amy Wisnoski. I just started attending Stony Brook University this fall, but alas, I am not a freshman. I am a junior (this is my fourth and if all goes according to plan, final school). I am currently studying Political Science, and am minoring in English. I am extremely interested in having a regular column in *The Stony Brook Press*. I think if you give me a chance, you'll find my writing style to be uniquely intelligent, witty and accessible. The inciting incident that caused this e-mail is your most recent issue in which you have a feature explaining why *The Press* is far superior to the *Statesman*. I concur. At the very beginning of this semester, I e-mailed Mansoor Khan asking exactly what I now am asking you. He answered me speedily at first, but with a one sentence reply, "What kind of column did you have in mind?". I then proceeded to detail to Mr. Khan exactly what kind of column I had in mind (social commentary), and asked him to contact me as soon as possible to further discuss any opportunities he had available. He never responded. I called the *Statesman* a minimum of twice a day for the several days, to no avail. When I did speak with someone who seemed to know something, he told me to attend one of the bi-weekly meetings. Thoroughly annoyed at Mr. Khan's complete lack of response I decided to forego the

meeting and instead badger Mr. Khan into responding to me personally. When he finally did several days later he was at best unpleasant and unenthusiastic. He flatly told me to attend the meeting or to just e-mail my samples. To date, I have done neither. This morning, I found copies of both *The Stony Brook Press* and the *Statesman* and read them both back to back. Even if Mansoor Khan wasn't as icy as he was to me, I would still much rather write for *The Stony Brook Press* the quality of which is plainly and simply far better than that of the *Statesman*. Which brings me to my current agenda. I would like very much the opportunity to write a column for *The Stony Brook Press*. I have a sincere love for writing and a lot of free time. I am looking for a newspaper that is willing to take a chance, *The Stony Brook Press* seems like that newspaper. I've included two samples of my writing -- both of which are what I consider to be perfect material for the column I'm proposing. Please contact me as soon as possible with your response. Thank you for taking the time to read this and please forgive me for the fortuitous length of this e-mail.

Sincerely,

Amy C. Wisnoski

Hi Amy,

Thanks for the kind words, everyone at the paper appreciates them. Besides appreciation, we're also in total agreement with everything you've written. If you're looking to take a risk or voice an opinion of any sort, *The Press* is certainly the place to go. If you read into the issue, you'll be able to see an elaboration of what *The Statesman* thinks of student opinion, so there's no reason to comment further on that here. We'd be more than happy to have you or anyone else interested in expressing a viewpoint working at the paper.

Sincerely,

Mike Billings,
Managing Editor

**Special thanks to Tom Clark for revolutionizing production.

NY Times Can Do It, So Can You!

By Dustin Herlich

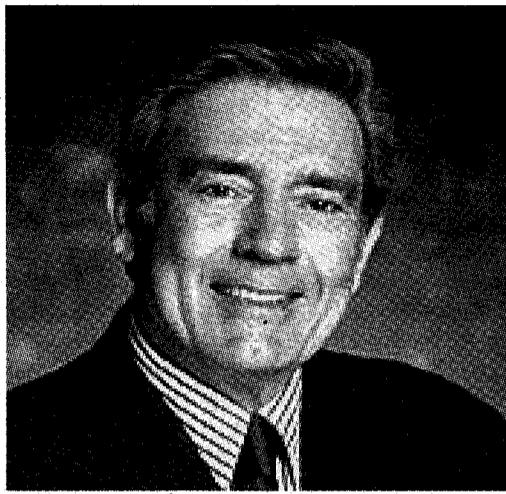
The New York Times recently had their woes with a writer blatantly making up stories, then going on to write books about how easy it was to dupe his editors. The Times before this was seen as a paragon of journalistic excellence by many. When this story broke, some said The Times would never recover. Well, it seems to still be in business. They apologized, the said it would never happen again, and put safeguards in place supposedly to stop this from happening again.

CBS can do the same darn thing, and their job is a whole lot easier. It doesn't seem that CBS forged the documents, only they were not careful enough about where they came from. Yes, everyone involved loses face. Yes, some people's careers may be over. The network itself will go on. People may momentarily forget a long history of being credible, and unless it can be shown that the oversight was purposeful, and that CBS wanted to dupe the American public, the fences will mend.

This piece isn't intended to make a value judgment on how "bad" CBS is, or comment at all on the story itself. This piece is mainly concerned with the fate of the network as a news organization, and a little bit with Dan Rather's career. People around the country have been listening to and watching Dan Rather for at least as long as I've been alive. His track record is impeccable aside from this incident. He wouldn't have the job he now has if this wasn't true.

Recovery comes in two forms I this case. Step one is profuse and non-stop apology. Step two is waiting for the public to come around. Attention span alone dictates that by our next issue, if not sooner we'll all but have forgotten about this mess. As a perfect example, when I

was telling people in the office that I wanted to write this piece and compare CBS to The Times and their scandal many in the office had no memory of The New York Times event in which Jayson Blair was found to have been making up



DAN RATHER,
Courtesy of USA Today

stories and parts of stories. The articles he wrote weren't just about flower show that never occurred, he was fabricating information about huge stories like the Washington area sniper case. Back in May of 2003 when this was all going down, The Times took a proactive stance, and made this their cover story. Not only that, but The Times also had a 7,000 word spread on the incident. That's about four pages of their paper devoted to one incident.

While Rather and friends did end up apologizing, they tried to stick to their guns at first, and were then reluctant to apologize even

still. That didn't sit well with lots of people, but at the same time, a detail like that can easily be forgotten over time. No one really mentions The Times any more and the problems they had with Blair, and soon there will be something more important to write about than CBS making a mistake.

The mistake was a big one, and in the modern day with the types of informational media we have today, errors like this get compounded and get out of control. If a little weekly magazine in Middleofnowhere, USA printed the same story with the same bad leads, no one would have cared. The people who read that article to this day may still be thinking that what they read is true. Because though journalists now themselves have become celebrities, we hold them in a different light. When we see someone on TV, that instantly changes our perception of them, often without rhyme or reason.

CBS and Mr. Rather will need to make up for this now in some way, and simple apology may not do it. They'll need to come out, and do a show on what they've done wrong, and show the whole process, like The Times did, or they need to find stories to run that so captivate the American people, we'll all forget about this whole mess.

They do need to re-prove themselves, and this is the critical time for that. If The Times can do it, so can CBS, and so can Dan. While there is talk of making someone the "fall guy" and maybe even giving Dan Rather himself the ax, more reasonable measures are available. Apologize, get on with your lives, and get back to good journalism. Some will never forget what you did, but most of America probably doesn't care any more anyhow.

Head of the Jihad

By Michael Prazak

Western media has recently been inundated with a wave of horrific videos depicting the beheading of several individuals by radical Muslim insurgents. If anyone either has been living under a rock or is morbidly curious simply type "beheadings" into Google and prepare for the influx of news articles on the subject. If you are remarkably insane, the videos themselves can also be viewed via that same route; however, having seen them, I'd recommend against it- you'll simply get a queasy stomach and learn nothing new.

The beheadings aren't the focus of this piece anyway; well they are, but purely in a symbolic sense. I'm looking at them in this manner because they've typically been referred to as barbaric acts of savagery perpetrated by extremists and terrorists. I can empathize with that assessment; I mean having seen them first hand I was immediately overwhelmed by feelings of disgust and anger. You can't help but empathize with these people, as they are represented as such regular people, caught in the line of a war they were simply trying to exist in.

However, it should be noted that there is really nothing new to the concept of beheadings; it's actually a longstanding tradition occurring quite frequently in Western History. From the precursory middling of the ancient Mesopotamians to the wave of revolution that surged through Europe, beheadings have always played a part. It's a symbolic separation of the individual from the physical, a capturing of the identity and ending of one's existence. Therefore it affects us on a gut and psychological level, but is there anymore to this tradition that causes it to occur so frequently in our genealogy.

The news stations have remarked that not

only are these acts disturbing, but furthermore, they are un-Islamic in nature. However, that is certainly not the case, as Muslims, Christians as well as Jews have all had the act of beheading condoned in their holy texts. It's just a wild wacky Abrahamic rooted decapitation jamboree if you really look into it. The Christians were huge fans of beheading during the Crusades and have partly been credited with bringing the symbolic aspects of it to the Muslims. The Jews have their earliest hero and king, David, slaying the deviant Goliath and removing his head as a sign to incite fear in the nation of Israel's enemies. Islam, as well, has several references to the acts of beheading being made in the name of justice:

So, obviously, religions certainly have not been mutually exclusive to the acts of beheading. Actually, it seems to be a recurring theme. What each of these news reports fails to notice is that beheadings aren't necessarily un-anything. Rather, they simply aren't considered doctrine by any of the main religions considered. Specifically, there is no call for decapitation as a response to any specific crime, it's only mentioned in an incidental manner. I.e. these religions developed over the centuries, and beheadings just happened to frequently occur along with them.

If anything, it should

be considered that beheading one's perceived enemy is more an act of humanity (read: act that humans perform, not an act of humanism) than of any specific religious order. The meaning of beheading is primal in origin and rooted deep in our being. The negative and blood-thirsty part of us that simply can't be content with the defeat of our enemy, but needs to utterly decimate their identity. So we strike out at the human focus of identity, how we know each other, how we largely express ourselves and how others recognize us. We smite from the human their soul and rob them of their past, and savor the disgusting victory it entails.



GIVE US A KISS! TUPENCE, GUV'NA!
Courtesy of The Crusades

I am by no means condoning the beheadings that have occurred recently; on the contrary, I am against beheadings in general. It is a brutal and unnecessary act that is typical reduced to a scare tactic by a desperate population. However, it needs to be understood that these beheadings are no different than the ones in our own past, and to regard them as barbaric is at least to acknowledge the barbarism in our own selves. Only by understanding the cause and reasoning behind these decapitations can we ever possibly hope to understand why they are enacted against us, and precisely how to stop them from occurring anymore.

A Comprehensive Guide to Liberal Bashing

By Marcel Votlucka

Hey, this is your buddy Marcel, here to educate you about the latest 'extreme sport' sweeping the nation, called "Liberal Bashing!" This sport requires no athletic ability or special equipment; no kneepads, no helmets, no mouth guards, no shin guards, no nets, no bats, no ice skates, no skateboards, no surfboards, no boogie boards-in fact, no boards of any kind save a keyboard. And it certainly doesn't require a jock strap or "cup," since those who partake in this sport have no balls to speak of. It can be played alone, but like high quality three-way sex, it is always better to team up with others. And the players of this sport frequently do.

The object of the game is as follows: to make a big ass of yourself bashing liberals. It's really quite simple and requires little effort on the part of the player. Of course, be sure not to confuse this game with honest debate; the two are completely different. However, there are those who, under the pretense of "debate," rant about liberals and liberalism with poorly constructed arguments, and they end up looking a lot like Howard Dean during his speech following the Iowa Caucus.

The basic rules of this sport are as follows:

Rule #1: Redefine the word "liberal" to mean "bleeding heart, socialist, elitist, left-wing, whining pussy!"

This is an essential element of the sport. 'Liberty,' 'freedom,' 'responsibility,' 'generous,' and 'open-minded' all fall under the true definition of 'liberal,' according to Mr. Dictionary, but in this sport, this definition doesn't apply. Take that, Merriam Webster!

Rule #2: Blame liberals for everything!

Liberal is BAD. Every social ill, from poverty to racism to government corruption to moral degradation to earthquakes to terminal foot fungus to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, must be blamed on liberals under the rules of this sport. Or if you prefer, blame liberals for trying to fix things up and change the status quo. Either way, it's important to ignore the real reasons behind social ills; ignorance, stupidity, laziness, greed, hatred, an unjust and evil God, and Dick Cheney.

Rule #3: Hollywood is an easy target!

When you first start picking targets, make it easy on yourself and pick on obvious dumbasses like Barbara Streisand, Al Franken, Martin Sheen, Susan Sarandon, and George Clooney. Never mind that they're nothing more than Democratic Party floozies, you must assume that they are 100% representative of all liberals in all countries everywhere. Also, going after Party publications like *The New York Times* is a good strategy. Don't be too worried if you incur somebody's wrath; those libel and slander statutes are beautifully lax. Just be sure to conveniently forget that 'liberal' in reality refers to libertarians and not the DNC, so that you maintain a (false) sense that you've said something intelligent.

Rule #4: Conspiracy theories are cool!

When bashing liberals, you absolutely must make mention of how the feminists, the homosexuals, the Mexicans, welfare recipients, labor unions and Howard Dean and his motley band of "left-wing jihadists" are respectively using their 'liberal agendas' to bring down Christendom. There is an art to this. For instance, instead of just saying "feminist," say "militant femi-Nazis." Instead of saying "homosexual," say "hordes of immoral faggots." Replace the word 'Mexican' with "job-stealing

gnome," 'labor union' with "apparatus of treason," and 'welfare recipients' with "army of unwashed, half-wild thieves and degenerates." And don't forget to put in a good word for the Jews! Be creative; make up wild stories about how they are all conspiring behind our backs to seize our nation from under our feet when we least expect it. Notice the militant orientation behind these terms; this is important for the next rule...

Rule #5: Defend The Order at all costs!"

Put everything in terms of homeland security: "Our nation is in danger of being overrun by these pinko liberals!" or "We must defend our nation from being gobbled up by them!" or "Liberals are poisoning this great nation!" or "Our country is being invaded from within by these liberals!" Statements like these grant flair to your bashing; the more hyperbole you put in the better. Call on all loyal citizens to "defend themselves against these Soviet sympathizers!" Or, to be more 'hip,' "these Saddam loyalists!" Call in the National Guard if necessary. Build a bunker to rival Hitler's. Tell everyone you know to amass enough arms to overtake a small country. Fear and paranoia are your best tools.

Rule #6: Be very angry...and very LOUD!

When you play a game of Liberal Bashing, a common strategy is to act as belligerently as you can without being committed to a mental asylum. By being loud and angry, you will get others fired up, too, no matter what you say. This is because high emotion tends to drown out rational thinking, and that's exactly what you're going for. Nobody will be able to debunk you...except those pesky liberals, and by then you'll have amassed an army of supporters who will make short work of those tree-huggers.

Rule #7: Facts are not your best friend!

Relax. Take a deep breath. Now repeat after me: *facts are not my best friend. Facts are not my best friend. Facts are not my best friend!* Facts and logic will not help you in this sport, so forget about 'em. Liberal Bashing requires that you make the most outrageous statements possible about liberals and drive them down your audience's collective gullet until you have them screaming bloody murder. Never mind that most welfare recipients are children, that global warming is real, that the corporate fascists control our government, that our country's creed emphasizes equal rights for all, that liberalism is opposed to socialism and big government, et cetera. Remember Rule #1. In this sport, facts will only get in your way, and thinking is hard. Misquoting statistics, re-writing history, and using vague but appealing generalizations will serve your ends far better than logic will.

Rule #8: Frame everything in terms of absolutes!

In these dangerous and complex times, things are not always black and white; rather, most things fit within certain shades of grey. But not in the wonderful world of Liberal Bashing! In this awesome sport, things are made wonderfully clear through usage of absolutes. Either you're right, or you're wrong. You are either on our side, or you are with the terrorists. It's simple, uncomplicated, and easy. Define liberals as EVIL and define your positions as good, righteous, infallible, moral, patriotic, et cetera.

This makes your bashing much easier. Turning to the Bible is permissible in most states, except Massachusetts and Hawaii. Diversity is a liberal virtue...scrap it! Liberal Bashing is a great sport for the immature and weak-minded; you get to assume that you are always correct and infallible, and consequently you are NEVER wrong! There's no room for doubt here, soldier.

Rule #9: You and you alone are a patriot!

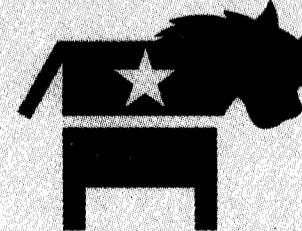
Another rule common to the sport of Liberal Bashing is to deem all liberals, regardless of their beliefs or where they fit on the political spectrum, as unpatriotic. This is a good way to dismiss your critics quickly and efficiently. When you come across a pack of smarmy liberals, just call 'em 'unpatriotic' and watch the fireworks fly as they desperately defend their positions in an attempt to avoid a lynching. You can hide behind Old Glory and blast liberals all day long; it never gets old! Except, of course, when you come across a liberal hippie who rationalizes that the USA is supposed to represent liberal values of freedom, responsibility, diversity, equality, and social justice. In those cases, stuff your ears with cotton and run away.

Rule #10: OxyContin is your best friend!

Like any sport, Liberal Bashing can be quite strenuous and demanding. Many pro athletes rely on steroids to keep that competitive edge, but all you need is a batch of OxyContin to keep you in the game. OxyContin...breakfast of champions!

So, that's pretty much it, folks. I hope you've enjoyed this comprehensive guide to Liberal Bashing. It's a fun sport that you and your family can enjoy together. Feel free to share this guide with all your friends and neighbors so that they too can join in the action...just as long as they're not tax-hiking, sushi-eating, latte-drinking, New York Times-reading, butt-fucking, left-wing pond scum! With any luck, Liberal bashing will replace baseball as our national pastime. Good night, and may God bless America!

The SBU College Democrats



All Patriot. No Act.

**Meetings Tuesdays
September 28 October 5, 12
6:00 pm SAC 304**

**Grassroots campaigning,
Internship opportunities...
Your chance to make a difference.**

**Can't make the meeting?
Let us know you want to help:
Email us at collegedems@gmail.com**

The Statesman – My Story

By Mike Nevradakis

Two years. That's how long I was part of *The Stony Brook Statesman* as a writer and editor, since my very first days as a student here at our lovely university. Not knowing anybody or anything about this place when I first arrived, I searched for things to do with my time. Having a love of writing, I figured it would be a good idea to join a campus newspaper. Just by chance, one of the very first people that I got to know was one of the then-editors of *The Statesman*, who invited me to join his publication. And so I did.

Two years later, I can say that I learned a lot by being a part of *The Statesman*, but not just journalistically, but also about how a paper that can be so promising, and that can play a very positive role on campus, can be so utterly mismanaged and manipulated for the interests of a select few people. This became increasingly apparent to me over the course of the past year, when I assumed a larger role in the paper and thus had a greater understanding of who was involved and how they did things.

Ask most students around campus about *The Statesman*, and you won't hear very many positive comments about that publication. Some feel that it is a mouthpiece for the administration; others dislike the excessively high ad content, while many just don't find the paper interesting or worthwhile to read. All of the above are more or less valid assertions.

The Statesman, as a separate non-profit corporation, relies on advertising revenue to complement the funding they receive from the student activity fee. What the paper does with the money is another matter. Last year, when *The Statesman*'s account with USG was frozen, the paper continued printing uninterrupted, thanks to its large ad revenue. In addition, two full time staff (who, I should mention, are great people who have nothing to do with the paper's troubles) are on the payroll, and all editors who are associate-level and above, receive stipends per issue.

However, where else does that money go? Obviously, printing costs also take a large chunk of the money away, but with a budget of at least \$200,000, there is always something left over. It has come to light that some of that money might have been used to fund private activities, such as parties, food for the editors, etc., with the parties being held after-hours in the Stony Brook Union, where *The Statesman* offices are. If this is true, there are blatant rule violations and *The Statesman* would be subject to penalties from USG.

What about all those gleaming, positive articles about the administration and the university? For those who were closest to some of the "top" editors of *The Statesman*, it was no secret that many of those editors were involved with the paper for the explicit reason of getting good recommendation letters from certain administrators, and what better way to get those recommendation letters than by constantly featuring positive news stories

about what those administrators happen to be doing. Unfortunately, this undermines the fair and objective journalism that one would hope to see from a student publication.

The Statesman's problems run much deeper than this, however, and ultimately it was these problems that led me to resign, along with another editor and several staff writers. According to the constitution of *The Statesman*, elections are to be held in May and December of each year, with all editorial positions open. In the two years that I was a part of the paper, elections were never held and, quite honestly, I had never even seen the constitution, until a staff writer brought it to my attention a few months ago. Indeed, it seems that no staffers or editors have been shown this important document, and it had to be obtained from USG for us to finally get to see it.

Instead of elections, the "top" editor appointed editorial positions, which for the past year and some months, has been Mansoor Khan. Often these decisions were made with little or no discussion with other members of the editorial staff, and often these decisions more closely represented friendships and alliances that existed among the staff rather than necessarily the best or fairest choices for the position.

This is just part of a larger issue of miscommunication and secrecy in *The Statesman*. Staff meetings were very infrequent, and very few non-editors ever spent substantial amounts of time in the *Statesman* office, largely due to the cold, unwelcoming, and elitist climate that had been created by many of the current and recent editors. Parties were held, which most staff members were not invited to, which may have been funded by money from the newspaper's budget, as mentioned earlier, and which have led to much-discussed incidents in the Union basement, involving intoxicated *Statesman* editors and their friends. Many of the

editors rarely or never were in touch with their staff, which has resulted in many promising writers losing interest and leaving.

Over the summer, while I was still an editor, many staffers came to me and expressed their concerns over everything that was going on, concerns which were valid and which we decided to talk to the rest of the editors about. When we went to the other editors to discuss these important issues, however, we were met with outright hostility and stubbornness. Many of the current editors hurled insults towards me and other staffers who were with me, made unfounded accusations, claimed never to have ever even read the constitution (which, somehow, they still seemed to know enough about to claim that it was "archaic" and that it had been "loosely followed" for the past year and a half), and did not seem open to the idea of elections. Faced with that reality, I had no choice but to immediately resign, a decision which some other staffers also made.

This past Wednesday, *The Statesman* finally held "elections;" elections which are completely unconstitutional and in which people were told that only editors were allowed to vote (though apparently, non-editors ended up voting, but only if they still showed up anyway...a case of clear deception). More than one editor was allowed to "win" a position, which is unconstitutional, and the elections were held with less than ten days notice, also unconstitutional. None of the current editors presented a constitutionally-mandated report on their job performance as editors, and indeed, the top dog of them all, Mansoor Khan, was not even at the election. Names were on the ballot from people who did not request to be nominees, but the most important fact to note is that, since none of the current editors were ever elected into their positions, legally they cannot be considered editors. By only giving themselves the right to vote and by not informing the rest of the staff

"...and what better way to get those recommendation letters than by constantly featuring positive news stories about what those administrators happen to be doing."

properly about these elections, they almost ensured that they would keep their old positions, under a pseudo-legal guise. It also disappoints me to learn that Emy Kuriakose, an editor who until recently I held in high esteem, took part in these illegal elections, running for the position of "Editor in Chief," weeks after apparently having resigned from the paper for reasons unrelated to the above, and claiming that she needed to "win" the election in order to resign. Unprecedented!

Recently, Mansoor Khan came and spoke to me, and after a seemingly sincere handshake, commented to me that the paper is better off without me and Dana Gomi (former Sports Editor), because they were seeking to improve the paper, and now that Dana and I have resigned, those changes to "improve" the paper can be put into motion. However, if "Statesman Lite" and 300-word "news" "articles" about inkjet printers are their idea of "improvement," they can keep it to themselves. True quality shows, and it shows up at *The Stony Brook Press*.



I Call Your Rant, and Raise You a Rant

The Statesman's Response to The Press' Accusations

By Mansoor Kahn

Everyone has a breaking point. Regardless of how well mannered and self-controlled an individual is, there is always something you can do to him or her that will produce a sufficiently vindictive reaction. My point has been reached.

"To be completely honest, I don't even know if this is actually a title or just a heading for the tactless rant written underneath it."

The Sept. 14 issue of *The Stony Brook Press* contains an article entitled "More Conclusive Data Affirming that *The Press* is a Much Better Newspaper than the *Statesman*." To be completely honest, I don't even know if this is actually a title or just a heading for the tactless rant written underneath it.

Their article basically offers a short history of antagonism between our papers, a biased self-reverent tirade on how great of a newspaper they have, an unabashed criticism of *The Statesman*, and then a closing assertion of their newfound arrogance: "from this point forward, *The Stony Brook Press* is the official newspaper of Stony Brook University."

Newspaper? Newspapers are made to report news—objective, unbiased facts. Isn't objectivity the golden rule of journalism, after all? *The Press* prides themselves on their role as the campus' soapbox, a forum for students to have their opinions heard, and that's perfectly all right with me. But newspaper? When does this opinion booklet actually report news?

One of the main complaints that *Press* editors have about the *Statesman* is that we avoid controversy. As Joe Filippazzo and Mike Billings so articulately put it in their article, "the only thing the *Statesman* is useful for at this point is to act as a literary paintbrush that the administration can use to create a picture perfect version of the university."

The *Statesman* is irrevocably and unarguably a newspaper. We have a news section, a features section, a commentary section and a sports section. Our opinions are confined to the commentary and features section, and the rest of the paper reports objective, verifiable fact. Regarding the merits of Solar System, the university's online scheduling and administrative tool for students, one *Press* editor had this to say in his article: "Stony Brook paid Peoplesoft a retarded amount of \$ for a piece of crap software system that I'm fairly certain is completely insecure... Think I'm wrong? Prove me wrong, I dare you! HA! I bet you really can't can you!!"

I feel as if I can end my article here, because *The Press* has dug itself into a deep enough hole, but I still yet have many more points to make. The *Opinion Booklet*, as I like to call it, consistently accuses us of neglecting the juicy and terrible news on campus. Like what? When a student committed suicide in the Staller

Center Plaza, we printed a front-page article despite being urged by Deputy Chief of Police Doug Little to refrain, because "we don't want to bring too much attention to it." When university police tackled a student in a USG senate meeting, we printed an article two days later, on April 29, despite being urged by administrators to avoid the bad publicity. Just to point out a bit of fact, *The Press* did not report on the incident until the May 8th issue, which, mind you, was not even printed until graduation, much later in May (almost a month later). What kind of newspaper is this? The students already know what's going on, because of the *Statesman*, not because of the opinion booklet that is *The Press*.

When a multitude of students and organizations complained ceaselessly about USG, we offered them the chance to write commentaries, of which we published several. We did not publish the baseless insults on Sandy Curtis, because they were just that...baseless. We refuse to print trash—and I don't care if a hundred different students wrote that piece of trash—that says "I hate Shirley Strum Kenny and I hate Sandy Curtis and they should all f****ing die just because they are stupid." It's tactless, unintelligent, and diminishes the credibility of any paper that prints it. That isn't a direct quote by the way; it's a sarcastic phrase that represents pretty much everything that gets printed in the *Press*. For the record, the *Statesman* received no funding from USG in the Fall 2003 semester. We weren't even cut a check until March of 2004. Did we endlessly complain about it, arguing baselessly about how much USG sucks? No, because the *Statesman* is not a soapbox that we can stand on and vent. *The Press* had financial problems of their own to deal with.

This brings me to my main point—the *Statesman*, as I just said, is NOT a soapbox. *The Press* prints everything sent to them. The *Statesman* does not. *The Press* does not edit its articles, and thus ends up printing a collection of journalistically and grammatically pitiful articles that, when made into a whole, turn out to be significantly less than the sum of their parts. The *Statesman* does edit its articles, the way the *New York Times*, *Newsday*, *Wall street Journal*, *L.A. Times*, *Washington Post* and every other reputable newspaper in existence do. This is why we routinely win up to five *Newsday* Journalism awards each year, and *The Press* wins one. We know how to write journalistically, and even though members of the *Press* also may know as well, the campus community as a whole does not. This is why you cannot print every article sent in without editing and still call yourself a newspaper. Hence, I use the term *Opinion Booklet*.

The Press also accuses us of reprinting articles, what they refer to as "shoddy journalism." Let's compare: reprinting quality journalistic articles with a specific intended purpose in mind vs. printing poorly written rants. I would choose the former. We reprint articles because we can; because they serve a purpose; because some students have never seen them before. Having a *flashback* issue is not a "dis-

grace of a publication," as the *Press* article insists, but an excellent way for new students to find out what they have to look forward to on campus. Compare that to *The Press'* first issue: a collection of opinions about the larger world that freshman have already heard about on TV and through newspapers, intermixed with a small insert filled with witticisms and criticisms about the university. I think it's plain to see which paper would actually be more beneficial to new students.

"From this point forward, *The Stony Brook Press* is the official newspaper of Stony Brook University."

Alright, let's take a look at the meat of *The Press'* argument: their statistical analysis of the *Statesman*. First and foremost, this analysis is based on our summer issues, one of which was a semester in review, and our first two Fall issues, one of which was the flashback issue for freshmen. Every scientist and mathematician knows that statistical analyses must be based on a valid sample, and this clearly is not one. You cannot make the claim that the *Statesman* routinely prints unoriginal content and yet neglect two semesters (Fall 2003 and Spring 2004) full of completely original and new material. This is a clear case of "fuzzy numbers," as Mr. Bush likes to call it.

Then *The Press* attacks us for printing too many advertisements. During the semester, we make an effort to run our paper at roughly 50 percent news/50 percent ads. This is the way it's done, folks. Open up a *New York Times* and scrutinize until your little heart desires. They print a lot of ads. We receive roughly \$28 thousand dollars of funding per year from USG, and our operating costs run about \$180 thousand per year. We print twice a week, have color front, back, and center pages, print 6500 issues per run, have two full time staff and pay our own media insurance (USG pays for the *Press'* media insurance, which can cost up to four thousand dollars a year). The *Statesman* cannot do all of this on \$28 thousand a year. In fact, we ran at a huge deficit last year because we decided to keep up our quality and standards (actually increasing costs to try and give students a better paper) despite the declining American economy. I think we are justified in running advertisements.

"We reprint articles because we can..."

Next up: amount of pages. It's quality, not quantity that matters. The latest issue of *The Press*, the 60-page "Terror Issue," is chock full of garbage. Free advertisements for SBU-TV; immense spacing between words in articles (this is a layout option: we don't space out our articles the way they do); pages and pages full of irrelevant, uninteresting, and often poorly drawn comics; pixelized pictures that take up half of the page; a two page spread of anime pictures that are utterly irrelevant to Stony Brook University and to 99 percent of students; a full-

I Call Your Rant, and Raise You a Rant

Continued from Page 11

By Mansoor Khan

page ad for a beer party; and, guess what, a bunch of advertisements for Rock Candy, Planned Parenthood and many others. *The Press* runs once every two weeks. *The Statesman* runs twice a week. We run four times as often, with issues usually being 12 or 16 pages. That's 48 and 64 if you multiply by four. The math is not difficult. In their statistical analyses, *The Press* used our summer issues, which run at 8 pages—fair sample? I don't think so.

"We [the *Statesman*] know how to write journalistically... the campus community as a whole does not."

The Press call us the "tooth-less" voice-box for the administration. Why? Because we actually write about *Stony Brook University* and not about George Bush constantly? I would love to see them have a single 60-page issue devoted to news articles about the school. They would quickly find it to be extremely difficult, especially when 99 percent of students would not make the effort to go out and do some investigative journalism. They would rather write their own rants about how much they hate George Bush, which is why *The Press* is capable of printing such a large volume of opinions. In fact, in their latest 60-page issue, I counted seven articles that actually had to do with *Stony Brook University*—seven articles in two weeks. We print about four or five *Stony Brook* related articles per issue, amounting to 16 to 20 articles relating to *Stony Brook University* in two weeks.

We are constantly accused of doing

favors for the administration in the form of good publicity in exchange for getting recommendations. For the record, I have never received any scholarships or recommendations because of my position at the *Statesman*. My staff and I achieve everything we have because of our own accomplishments, and the editors at *The Press* are welcome to come down to the *Statesman* office and have me prove that to them. *The Press'* accusation, "Dr.'s and Prof.'s will write a sparkling recommendation for the approval-hungry editorial board members," is purely hearsay, based on fallacious assumptions that fail to have any facts behind them. As a matter of fact, I choose to say

this: *The editors of The Press have a personal vendetta against the administration and Stony Brook University as a whole because of previous experiences, such as denial of funding and poor personal treatment, and therefore consistently print disparaging articles that diminish the credibility of the university.* I cannot back this up with fact, and I admit it. This is the impression that I have of *The Stony Brook Press*, and it insists, in much the same way that *The Press* does about the *Statesman*, that their newspaper is a vehicle for personal gain.

In the Sept. 14 issue of *The Press*, Leo Borovskiy wrote an article entitled "Get Your Facts Straight." He accuses the *Statesman* of poor journalism because some of the facts printed in one of our articles, "War and Journalism: Christiane Amanpour Interviews at SBU," had errors in it. You're right, Leo, we did make some errors the first time we printed the article. We reprinted

it in the semester-in-review issue, because we felt apologetic for making said mistakes. We're not out here to intentionally give a disreputable image to media. But apply Leo's standards of poor journalism to *The Stony Brook Press*. They pull images off of the internet without giving proper attribution. Even if we may have done this in the past, we have since amended our ways, and are now working to ensure that our own photographers take all photos in our issues. I was unable to find out where the image on the front page of the Sept. 14 *Press* issue was from. For all I know, it is a Googled image that has been unethically Photoshopped

and placed on the cover of the opinion booklet. Does that sound like good journalism? Hardly. So after my lengthy tirade, it's not difficult to see why we are considered the official newspaper of the campus. Compare our journalistic and objective articles with the curse-filled, outdated refuse that is printed in *The Press*. Compare our vivid and often professional-quality photos with the Googled and grainy images of *The Press*. Compare our clean, consistent layout design with the haphazard and unaesthetic assemblage of words in *The Press*. Compare our coverage of university news, events and sports with the political rants that fill almost every page of *The Press*. Compare the two papers, and you'll see why so many people consider us the official student newspaper of *Stony Brook University*.

Mansoor Khan is the Editor-In-Chief of The *Stony Brook Statesman*.

"We are constantly... doing favors for the administration in the form of good publicity in exchange for getting recommendations."

"I cannot back this up with fact, and I admit it."

The *Statesman* Holds an "Election"

By Maury Hirschkorn

On Sept. 22, *The Stony Brook Statesman* held an election. Despite *The Statesman's* Constitution stating that elections should take place at the end of each semester, elections haven't occurred there in years. This election was only possible because some editors complained that the constitution wasn't being followed.

This is my account of those elections: I sat down in the newsroom, and a ballot was placed in front of me and other people. I was surprised because I was told that only editors could vote, and I wasn't an editor. I noticed the names on the ballot were the same people who were already appointed to those positions, with the exception of Amanda Rubenstein, a staff writer.

The names on the ballot were:

Editor-In-Chief: Mansoor Khan, Emy Kuriakose
Managing Editor: James Bouklas, Peter Sunwoo
Layout Editor: James Caston, Rohit Das
Features Editor: Amanda Rubenstein
Copy Editor: Eugene Kozlovsky
Assistant Copy Editor: Widaad Zaman
Photo Editor: Chris Lonardo

After each name were boxes with a "Yes." or "No."

I asked if the editorial candidates wrote about their qualifications. I was told that only Amanda Rubenstein wrote something, and it was put in front of me.

On request, most of the candidates verbal-

ized their qualifications; they impressed me, but I had concerns. Eugene Kozlovsky and Chris Lonardo just joined the newspaper this summer. Peter Sunwoo and James Bouklas had little news writing experience. Widaad Zaman was surprised to see her name on the ballot. She blurted out, "I didn't say I was going to run."

I asked Emy Kuriakose if she got more votes than Mansoor Khan, would she win the election? Someone explained to me that a person won the election if he or she got over 50 percent of the vote, and if both Khan and Kuriakose got over 50 percent of the vote, they would both be editor-in-chiefs. I asked why Kuriakose was running when I heard she didn't have enough time to be editor-in-chief. She said she wanted to resign, but that was only possible after she was elected to be editor-in-chief. "I can't resign until I'm elected," she said. However, I couldn't find a specific constitution by-law that Kuriakose was referring to.

Editor-In-Chief Mansoor Khan wasn't at the election, which was unfortunate because I had questions for him about his qualifications. I had problems with Khan beginning a year ago. Then, I sent him two e-mails saying I wanted to write about the university's convocation ceremony. Khan didn't respond to me, and I went to

the convocation anyway. There, I saw Mansoor who was writing an article about the convocation. When I began to question him as to why he didn't respond to my e-mails, he said, "I can't talk to you now Maury," and walked away. After that, I had similar bad, frustrating experiences with Khan.

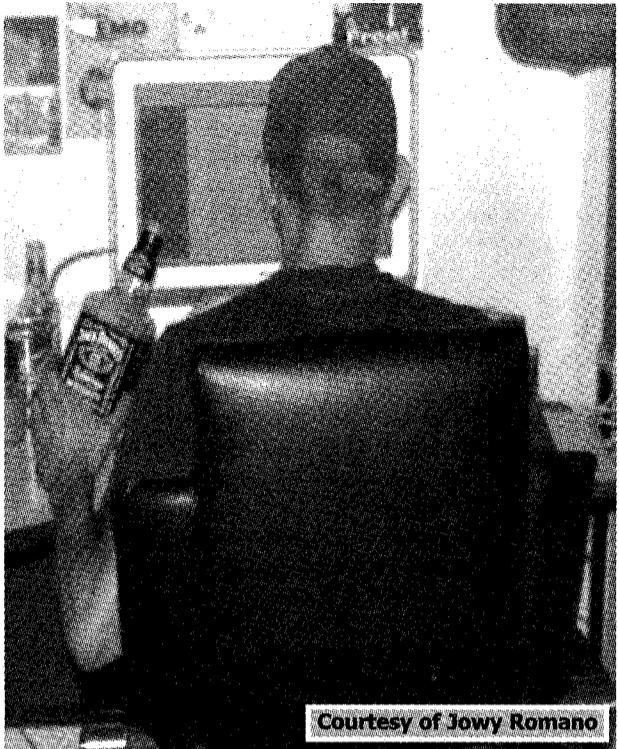
"Editor-In-Chief Mansoor Khan wasn't at the election, which was unfortunate because I had questions for him about his qualifications."

Former News Editor Michael Nevradakis and former Sports Editor Dana Gomi weren't at the election either. Because of an argument a week earlier with Khan and other editors, they quit the newspaper. The *Statesman* lost two

valuable people. It was great the *Statesman* finally had elections. But those elections were invalid because they violated some constitution by-laws. Two of those were: "All members of the Editorial Board must submit a report of the preceding semester to be read before elections take place." and "All nominations for offices must be submitted three hours before the election by a written nomination to the Editorial Board signed by two members of the Association." I didn't hear any report of the proceeding semester, and only Amanda Rubenstein submitted a written nomination. Also, the editors were invalid because they were appointed and not edited. Therefore, their votes were invalid.

To Our Generation

From the Desk of Joseph Filippazzo



Courtesy of Jowy Romano

If you are the type of person who can't really figure out what you want in life, it's ok. This doesn't mean that you are useless or lazy so buck up, champ (unless you *are* lazy). Not unlike myself, it may be the case that you just haven't figured it out yet – the operative word being "yet." You may still be passionate about things (such as physics, a newspaper, or Jackie) but you haven't really planned more than a week in advance in your entire life. But don't fret because you'll figure it out eventually. For the time being, you can even apply a fun little colloquialism to people like us and say that we just

"fly by the seat of our pants!" Now doesn't that sound fun? Although we aren't doomed, it would probably be a little simpler if life had a little more direction. You can navigate the desert by looking at the sun, but it would be a hell of a lot easier to use a compass. We do not have compasses. Forlorn.

Others, however, have a bit more luck. It is a very good thing to have a specific set of goals in life. The sooner you know what you want, the sooner you may start working toward those objectives. It seems that everyone has that friend that knows exactly what she wants. In fact, words one could use to describe such an individual would be "well prepared" or "goal oriented" or maybe even "self-certain" if you wanted to get fancy. She'll decide in high school that she wants to be, say, a doctor. She'll work her best and apply to a college with a good pre-med program and then graduate school and by God, she'll become a doctor! Well kudos to her and good luck. Sure she's worked hard to get where she is and maybe she's pulled a few strings here and there. But when you know what you want and it seems so attainable, you do what you must. After all, wasn't it Machiavelli who said: "The ends justify the means," and he's famous, right?

No. Machiavelli was a fucking idiot and probably a scumbag. It matters a hell of a lot how you get to where you're going. Unfortunately, though, this mentality of "whatever it takes" seems to be a trend of our generation's higher achievers, and it seems more than prevalent among our peers here at Stony Brook University. You may have good grades but you have to give your transcript a little extra kick to beat out the next guy. I don't know which orientation they went to but a great many students

believe that it is not only acceptable, but also downright admirable just to get your name associated with as many good causes as possible. Whether you actually participate or not is beside the point. The graduate schools are only going to see a list of activities you participated in and good-ol' lists won't rat you out, right? Great. Now you can volunteer at a soup kitchen on Mondays (but don't touch the homeless!), be an ineffective Senator on Tuesdays, publicly hate cancer every Wednesday, tutor autistic kids on Thursdays (but don't laugh!), and be an editor of a semi-reputable newspaper on Fridays!

As a member of Stony Brook's "Honors College," I can tell you that this completely undeserved yet shameless pretentiousness is practically the ideology of some of these honors students. To me it is a bit difficult to find the honor anywhere in such a mindset. Advisors tell you, "Get involved!" You think, "This will look good!" Admissions at graduate schools say, "Now that's impressive!" So what's the problem? The problem is that I fucking hate you.

How you achieve your goals is *everything*. In fact, who cares what the goal is? No matter what it is, you should do something because you are genuinely interested in it. I'm not talking about a "stepping stone" job where you pump gas to make enough money to go to college. That's just an economic formality. I'm talking about stepping over people and making a game of the things that other people actually care about so that MIT will notice you. What kind of way to live is that? You're surfing through life on nothing but false pretenses and half-lies to do what? Get a job that pays six figures? Is that why you're pre-med? Remind me not to get sick in ten years.

A Poolside, Summer Day

By Meri Wayne

It's 86 degrees outside – and it feels like it. I'm at home, or well, my mom's fiancé's house. Luckily, he has a pool in the backyard. Unluckily, it's really dirty and the vacuum is broken. I put on my bathing suit, grab a book, a towel, some sunscreen, my boyfriend and my sunglasses and head outside. I'll read while the pool filters and swim when I think it's clean enough.

I spread my towel out upon the lounger and adjust it for comfort. The heat feels good on my skin, warming it from the air-conditioning. I should put on sunscreen, but I want to get some color first. My mom's getting married in three days and school starts in a week, and I want to look hot.

I start reading *-A Slipping Down Life* by Anne Taylor. My second Taylor book for the summer and I can't, for the life of me, remember the name of the first. I like it, it's a good story, even if it is a bit predictable.

After 30 pages or so I lower the lounger to its flat position. I pull my arms out through my straps and lay down upon my stomach. My back will get even color; I don't want any tan-lines. My boyfriend turns over too, smiling and winking at me. Another 20 pages read and he gets up; it's too hot out and he's thirsty. I am too. I hear him climb the steps and open the squeaky screen door. I continue reading and two minutes later with the slamming of the door he returns – one red plastic party cup in his hand.

I know these cups – cheap and sold by the hundred. I think it funny my family uses them for juice

and milk when I'm used to finding stale, flat beer inside. Not this time. The cup holds summer's ambrosia – delicious iced tea with lemon. He hands me the cup and I sip its tangy goodness. As I place it on the concrete between our loungers, I blow my boyfriend a kiss before returning to my book.

Touching my skin, my boyfriend feels its heat – I can feel it beginning to burn. Taking the initiative, he begins rubbing SPF 30 onto my shoulders. The lotion is cold at first but quickly warms under his touch. He puts more lotion on my back and rubs it in, his hands making their way around the sides of my body. They brush against my breasts sending a chill through my body. I keep reading. His hands move down to my legs – beginning with my calves, slowly making their circular way up to my thighs.

When he's finished, I smile and say, in a deep sultry voice, "Thank you," lowering my sunglasses and winking. We both fall back into our books. I'm nearly half finished. Time passes and I decide to turn over again. Maybe he'll rub the lotion onto the other half of my body for me. I sit up on my knees, holding the towel to my chest as I pull the straps back over my arms. I reach over and pick up the iced tea, spilling some on my towel and lounger. Oops! I giggle. I raise the cup to my mouth, take a sip and –

"OOOWWWWW!" I spit out the tea and something black hits the ground with it. The something that crunched in my mouth. The

something that stung me. The bee lies there, dead, its stinger stuck in my quickly engorging tongue.

My boyfriend, the med student, jumps up and looks at my tongue – the stinger is sticking out, waiting to be plucked from it. We run into the house. I'm overtaken by the pain. I find my mom in her bedroom and I say, "My thun goh sthung by a bee! My thun goh sthung! Ih hurths aloth."

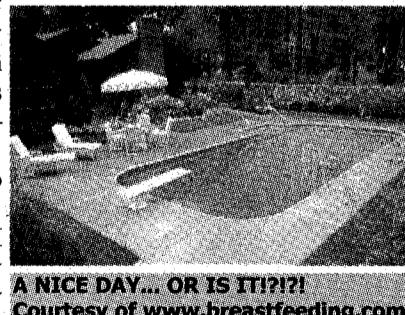
Speaking hurts. Everyone in the house is on a frantic search for tweezers to remove the stinger while I cry softly in the kitchen. Just as

my mother is bringing cuticle scissors near my tongue, my boyfriend finds my tweezers. My mom removes the stinger and immediately puts iodine onto the sting. It's putrid tasting.

I'm told to suck on ice cubes to reduce the swelling while a desperate search for Benadryl begins. I've melted five cubes before the search is called off unsuccessfully. My mother must run to the store to buy some.

My tongue is sore. I've sucked nearly two whole ice trays before her return. There's a cup of saliva in front of me, catching all that can't stay in my mouth with my expanding tongue and ice cubes melting. The Benadryl swallowed, I'm sent to the pool to take my mind off of my tongue. It's futile, the pain is too much. My tongue pulsates.

This experience has caused me to develop an unjustified fear of drinking outside.



Batman Is the Terror of My Underpants

By Michael Prazak

So, I'm really scared of Batman. I'm not being facetious, nor am I engaging in self-parody. I really am quite terrified of the character of Batman, and personally, I feel I'm quite justified in this apprehension. Of course I can understand your skepticism upon reading this article. How can one be frightened of a fictional character, one, who by very definition, has

absolutely no physical reprieve in our plane of existence? I grant you that, but urge you to consider the fact that I am much more personally involved with the character of Batman. We've been involved for a great many years, and have been through a lot together. I first gained access to him through the campy representation known to us all through the 1960's live-action series. Harmless, humorous and ultimately an impotent representation at best, I next came into contact when I started to fiendishly collect comics at around the age of 10. I continued this activity on and off until the present and have changed my perspective on

the character of Batman, from a fluffy hero practicing in the absurd, to a patently insane revenge obsessed psychopath, who has an eerily close relationship with the emotion of fear.

It all started when my interests in comic deepened from mere collector, to a more literary connection. I had discovered the brilliant works of writers such as Alan Moore (*V for Vendetta*, *Miracle Man*, *Swamp Thing*), Grant Morrison (*The Invisibles*, *Animal Man*, *New X-Men*), and Garth Ennis (*Preacher*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Punisher*), and discovered that comics could actually achieve a depth and pathos typically understood to only exist in "legitimate" works of literature. But one writer stood out amongst the rest, not only for his particular gritty brilliance but also for his seemingly organic connection to the character of Batman. Written with both noirish realism and an almost manic degree of obsessiveness to character, Frank Miller can be credited with first making Batman a frightening character to me. It has developed from there, with each of the aforementioned authors adding their own horrifying twist to the myth, be it through the actual Batman comics, or the sister books of *Justice League of America*, or *Justice Society of America*. Regardless, they have all added to my increasing phobia of the character of Batman.

Pure and simple his character is supposed to represent the urge for revenge in all of us, and the obsessive nature it can take on if left unchecked. He is both a cautionary character as well as a medium of inspiration. He is an example of the physical potential in mankind contrasted with the core and rudimentary traps of revenge and hatred we can fall prey to. But I'm getting a little side-tracked; this article isn't about the literary and symbolic characteristics of the character of the Batman. No, I intended to tell you why the Batman scares the utter living shit out of me.

It's his complete lack of sanity, and how much overall effort he puts into scaring the living shit out of people. For example, arguably his best friend in existence, Superman, lives in

mortal fear of Batman, for of all the people on earth, he is the one most capable of destroying him. When earth was invaded and plotted for destruction by a race of super powered beings and the Justice League was decimated, only Batman remained, and the thought actually comforted the Man of Steel. Now, how is it that Batman was able to inspire fear and desperation in a group of beings nearly as powerful as Superman? Well, it's simple - by knocking one of them unconscious and hanging him from the rafters by his neck and attaching a note to him that said "I know your secret." He didn't have to do that; no, really. They would have gotten the message if he had left him on the floor unconscious. But no, Batman saw fit to lug him to the ceiling, attach a cord around his neck, write a note (which means he planned this and thus brought along writing utensils and paper) and drop him from the rafters. That's just crazy, but not just normal out-there crazy. No, this is a more focused sociopath-type crazy. And for that reason, I fear him a great deal. Because, in reality, anyone of us could become Batman at any time, and well the line between the Joker and Batman is frighteningly thin.

If you're interested in taking the journey of fear of Batman that I myself have traveled, I can suggest some supplemental reading material that may interest you. I'd start with any of the Frank Miller works, such as *The Dark Knight Returns*, or *Batman: Year One*. From there consider delving into either Alan Moore's Batman opus, *The Killing Joke*, or perhaps either of the Joseph Loeb and Tim Sale works, *The Long Halloween*, and *Dark Victory*. You'll be privy to some of the most eerily psychotic behavior ever displayed in the comic medium. From Batman savoring the beating and crippling of a young Gotham teenager, to him sharing a laugh with the Joker after he'd shot Commissioner Gordon's daughter through the spine, paralyzing her for life, you'll be privy to the sheer insanity of this crazy son of a bitch. To sum it up, Batman makes me mess myself, in a poopy kind of way.



Uh...
Courtesy of DC Comics

Fatal Attraction (The Lesbian Remix)

By Sarah Cassone

After recently seeing the new movie *Wicker Park*, what struck me most (aside from its god awfulness) was the implied sexuality of the "psycho chick" in the film. In fear of giving away details from this confusing plot (but really, do you actually care?) I'll be vague and just say that there's a girl and she's obsessive and stalkerish over Josh Hartnett (which isn't much of a surprise). However, the implied-but-never-spoken-of force driving her actions is her obsession with her female friend, Lisa (Diane Kruger). This obsession was presented to audiences in a "safe way", allowing viewers to believe she was simply jealous of Lisa and would go to great lengths to be her and to have her boyfriend.

Wicker Park is just one of many instances in which a psychotic and/or murdering character also happens to be gay or at least have homosexual/bi-sexual desires. The character in this film sleeps with men and we're given the impression she is heterosexual. Yet the real object of her desire is her best friend. She sleeps with said best friend's boyfriend to be closer to her. It's very complex in terms of psychology and misdi-

rected desire, but all that will all go over the audience's heads. Viewers are meant to see her as crazy and attribute this craziness to her "deviant sexuality."

A similar example is *Single White Female* (1992), in which a woman begins to claim her roommate's identity due to an extreme fixation with her. Many of the same things occur, including the seduction of her friend's boyfriend. Eventually this all leads to attempted murder and the film can be viewed as anti-lesbian, as if sexual repression will lead to murder and anyone with those desires is pure evil.

On the WB show *Smallville* (where weekly you'll find psychotic murderers), there have been many occasions in which girls become obsessed with Lana Lang, a main character played by Kristen Kreuk. In one episode, a shape-shifting girl, Tina, came up behind her and touched her shoulders. Lana looked confused and disgusted. The writers never really tried to hide Tina's sexuality and characters on the show used words like 'sick' and 'disturbed' to describe her and her obsessive actions. Each character who



Jennifer Jason Leigh & Bridget Fonda in *Single White Female*, Courtesy of Columbia Pictures

stalks Lana has been heavily implied to be a lesbian. What kind of message is this sending to viewers? That homosexuality and mental instability go hand in hand?

There are other examples, such as *Love and Human Remains*, an independent film from the early 90s and last year's *Monster*, but these films fall under different categories. The former is a gay-themed film that contains a lesbian helplessly in love with a woman who decided to 'experiment' with her. She reads too much into their brief affair and becomes obsessed with her. It's never shown as violent or even creepy, just the sad reality of unrequited love. The latter contains a serial killer who happened to be in a lesbian relationship. Her sexuality never has anything to do with her sociopathic behavior and we're never once meant to associate the two things.

Why then, do feature films like *Wicker Park* and television shows like *Smallville* feel it's necessary to equate homosexuality with obsessive psychotic behavior? Are they intentionally projecting ignorance and homophobia through their scripts, or are they completely oblivious to the negative messages they are sending out? Whatever it is, the evidence is there. And if you were to look at the male side of things, you'd find similar instances ten times more frequently.

An Open Letter To University Administration

By Sam Goldman

Dear Valued Faculty,

Risk.

It's what separates the great from the merely good. What separates the wildly successful from the moderately well-off. The championship teams from the playoff teams. Those who are able to put their fears aside and reach for the stars, those who fall but get up again, are those who win the game of life.

Over the past ten years, Shirley Strum Kenny and Stony Brook University have undergone great risk to meet their goals. She rashly promised that SBU would be an AAU-accredited university, and she succeeded. She took the risk that a Division I athletics team would benefit the university, and it has. She took the risk of taking over Brookhaven National Laboratory, and that, too, has panned out beyond their wildest hopes.

In many ways, although neither would like to admit it, the University and *The Stony Brook Press*, despite seemingly being enemies locked in mortal combat, have much in common. *The Stony Brook Press* is also an organization that takes risks. They take risks that they can speak their mind about University administration. They are unafraid of making controversial statements and taking controversial positions. And if they are knocked down, they, too, pick themselves back up and take the risks over and over again.

There is one area, however, where Stony Brook University refuses to take risks. This is the area of student life. Everything in student life seems geared to limit liability. Events on campus are "safe," events that, while harmless, are hardly the types of events that interest the college student, most of whom are too old for things like "Wax Hands." There are few "major" campus events, and when an organization proposes them, they are burdened with mountains of paperwork, the restriction of hiring the closest possible things to cavemen in uniforms to masquerade as security, and a Student Activities office that seems to inform students about why an event cannot happen instead of finding ways to make sure they can. And for all the Student Affairs office complains about how the Press gives students a skewed view of campus life, the video showed at the Convocation said it all – students were encouraged to go to Manhattan for events, instead of staying on campus.

If you are wondering how I have the audacity to speak from such a position of authority, let me explain. I have been a member of *The Stony Brook Press* for over two years, and was managing editor last year. I also was one of the driving forces (along with Joe Filippazzo and Jackie Hayes) responsible for bringing a major-label act, The Get Up Kids, to play in the Union Ballroom two years ago. The show sold out the ballroom (750 attended), and embarrassed the Student Activities office and the student government so much that organizations are now strongly discouraged from repeating our feat, in favor of having such events be the sole responsibility of USG. So believe me when I tell you, I speak from experience.

But, most egregious of all, the administration of this University, when it comes down to picking an organization to represent them to alumni and incoming and prospective freshmen, time and time again, pick one organization only.

The Stony Brook Statesman.

Statesman editors have been Homecoming King finalists for three years in a row – Mansoor Khan, Michael Zanettis, and Jeff Javidfar, who won. On the video unveiled at the University Convocation, former Statesman editor Kelly Brown was featured. In the September

issue of *Happenings*, the welcome letter distributed during opening week, the Spring 2004 *Advocate* newsletter created by the office of Student Activities, and the fall issue of *The Brook*, a magazine for alumni, Mansoor Khan was featured. The convocation also unveiled a new marketing campaign for freshmen, in which Khan is prominently featured. No other organization was featured in *The Brook* or the *Advocate* (note that I'm not railing against Khan personally – I know him; he's a nice guy).

The reasons are fairly transparent. *The Statesman* represents the "safe choice," a student newspaper that, in my time here, has never written one opinion piece critical in any way to any of you. The organization makes no waves of any kind, does nothing to upset anyone, is not interested in fostering any student life whatsoever, and is virtually ignored by anyone and everyone. To propagate the *Statesman* as the best representative of student life is to take no risk whatsoever.

If you are wondering if I am saying what you think I am saying, I am saying it, so let me state it plainly. **It is my belief that Stony Brook University has been and is engaged in a campaign to push *The Stony Brook Statesman* at the expense of not just *The Stony Brook Press*, not even just other campus media, but every single other club and organization on the undergraduate campus.** I understand the seriousness of this charge, but it is obvious to me that it is warranted. Not just from the face time given to *The Statesman* editors over the years, but also the fact that the University administration and related business, such as the campus bookstore, has spent \$6,000 a year advertising with *The Statesman*, and a grand total of \$0 with anyone else. Or that the University Office of Public Relations, actually WROTE TWO ARTICLES for them last summer. I could go on and on and on.

The Student Activity Fee funds over 150 clubs and organizations. It funds cultural societies like the Chinese Association at Stony Brook, which puts on an awesome China Night gala every year. It funds academically inclined clubs, like the Math Club. It funds student media like *The Stony Brook Press*, far and away a superior paper in terms of its size as well as content. It funds NYPIRG, an organization that has spent the last month tirelessly working to get students to register to vote for the November presidential election. It funds WUSB-FM, a radio station which reaches the community and brings them illuminating content that's not found anywhere else on the radio dial. It funds the Science Fiction Forum, a group that once brought celebrated authors like Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke to this campus, and which is responsible for I-CON, the northeast's largest science fiction convention. To continue to champion one club, a club that has actually resorted to imitating us for content (there's a separate article in this issue about that), over the expense of other organizations that do so much good for this campus, is a travesty of the highest order, one that has not gone unheeded, and one that will not go unpunished.

It is time for you, the Administration of this University, to do what you have done for this campus academically and do it when it comes to campus life. I beg of this University to begin to take risks when it comes to campus life. Allow – hell, encourage – clubs to band together to bring large events to the campus. Start to actually ask students what they want to see on this campus. Have Student Activities take a "can-do", not a "can't do" approach. Start treating I-CON like what it is – a major campus tradition that's 24 years old, that's larger than the Roth Regatta and Wolfstock combined.

It's time for you to begin to showcase the rest of the clubs on this campus, for Stony Brook University to show high school seniors and alumni a balanced, truly representative picture of this campus. Why can't campus promotional materials show Juliet Difrenza of NYPIRG? Why can't campus materials show the face of Jessica Worthington of SBU TV? Or Mike Nevradakis of WUSB-FM? Or Stephen Yeung of the Asian American E-Zine? Or Louisa McMurray of the Lesbian and Gay Bisexual Transgender Alliance? Or Mike Billings of *The Stony Brook Press*? Or Billy Acker of Stony Brook Ice Hockey? Or Jeff Kruzenya of College Republicans? Jeff Licitra of College Democrats? Kathy Lee of the Asian Students Alliance? Lee Plenn of Hillel? Kaled Saeed of the Muslim Students Association?

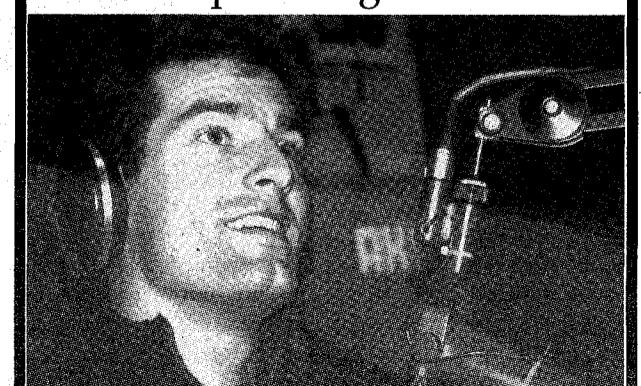
I am begging and pleading with you, the decision-makers on this campus, to take a look at this, and to jump into this with both feet. I am begging you to take this risk. I can promise you that the reward you will receive for showing a true picture of this campus will be immeasurable in the long run. A campus that is more diverse, not so much culturally or ethnically, but more diverse in thoughts, interests, and hobbies. A campus where you could encourage students to stay on campus for the weekend instead of suggesting they go to Manhattan. A campus where the clubs and organizations on campus feel like they are partners, and not enemies, with the Administration.

I know many of you are looking through this now, and many of you will dismiss it as another rant from a member of the one organization that, as Fred Preston stated last year, "always complains." I would just like to remind you of this fact: despite what you think about *The Stony Brook Press*, we are, by default, more in touch with the student body than any other organization on this campus. We are far from the only people that recognize that *The Statesman* refuses to be critical of administration, or that the university seems to repay the favor by their continued support. Underestimating the intelligence of the student body, ladies and gentlemen, is the most foolish risk you will ever take.

Sincerely,

Sam Goldman

"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."



Is Robert J. Romano Okay?

A Response to a Statesman Editor's Political Malarkey and Gross Misrepresentation

By Ian Rice

As I leafed through the September 9th issue of *The Statesman*, I was halted by one article that seemed to be resting innocently enough among the advertisements. It was a commentary piece titled, "Is Kerry America's Enemy?" The "Kerry," of course, is democratic presidential candidate Senator John Kerry. As a supporter of John Kerry in the 2004 presidential race (which should not be read as "As a democrat" by any means), I thought I'd give Robert J. Romano's commentary a fair read. After all, as a free-thinking individual I like to approach any and all topics with an open mind, even if they are contradictory to my own opinions. I may have a strong distaste for the Republican Party, but I do respect their right to maintain and voice their opinions and policy with the same freedoms I expect for myself. And with a title like Romano's, this was obviously going to be a piece steeped in Republican ideologies. Still, if handled in a non-partisan manner, a Republican-themed piece could still be informative and intelligent.

Well, that objectivity I hoped to maintain lasted about five, maybe six seconds. It took that long for Romano to reveal himself as another mindless Republican shill, droning on in support of George W. Bush simply because he is of the party. Romano opens his piece with this fair and balanced line: "Senator Kerry's campaign for Presidency of the United States is unconscionable, and frankly, he should know better." A strong term: unconscionable. Yet Romano fires it out like it was nothing. He then goes on to give his recap of an August 25th press release in which Senator Kerry called for the resignation of Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. Apparently Senator Kerry was appalled at the recently exposed torture that occurred at an Abu Ghraib prison, or as it has become more commonly known war crimes. These crimes were committed against prisoners of war by a small faction of United States soldiers. Romano refers to Kerry's request for Rumsfeld's resignation as one which has "impugned the honor and integrity" of Rumsfeld.

Somebody explain this to me. I tried to come up with a rational explanation as to how anyone could make that statement with a straight face and after several hours, blood shot out of my nose and I decided it was best to end my deliberation before my brain exploded. "Honor and integrity?" How can a man, who is at the helm of the entire United States defense system, turn a blind eye on some of the most humiliating and degrading war crimes ever committed and still possess either of those two qualities?

Romano then goes on to mention that former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger went on record with the statement, "Rumsfeld's resignation would be a boon to all of America's enemies and, consequently, I think that would be a misfortune if it were to take place." So one Republican backed up another Republican with a statement embodying all opinion and no factual support. Read Schlesinger's statement again and tell me where he supports his opinion with fact. How can Romano possibly use the statement from Schlesinger (who, by the way, was one of Richard Nixon's administration) to form his argument?

Romano brings up the statement from

Schlesinger again later in his piece, saying that Senator Kerry, despite being warned about the error of his resignation request, "thinks (the resignation) should happen anyway. Apparently, he has no problem with encouraging actions that would help the enemy win the 'War on Terror.'" Who said what to who? How does Kerry calling for an irresponsible Defense Secretary's resignation translate into Kerry encouraging enemy terrorist acts? Where is the relationship there? It simply doesn't exist.

Romano's big point in his commentary seems to be that John Kerry is "politicizing" war crimes. Well, let's examine the word "politicizing" for a moment. In any dictionary nationwide, you'll find that the word is defined as "to make political in tone, character, etc." Well, war crimes are committed during war or combat situations, which are carried out by the United States military. The United States military is part of the nation's defense system, which falls under the federal government. Government, by nature and throughout its existence, is a political entity. Rumsfeld was appointed Secretary of Defense by an official that was voted into office by the American public in a political election. So tell me...how can a discussion of war crimes be anything but a political one, given the logical course I just laid out?

What Romano seems to be trying to say, essentially, is that Kerry is using the issue of war crimes to guarantee his success in the 2004 election. Why wouldn't a candidate address a major political issue as part of his campaign rhetoric? Given his war record and his emotions regarding his experiences while serving in the Vietnam War, it is quite obvious that the issue of the aforementioned war crimes is one of great importance to Senator Kerry.

The occurrence of the war crimes and the subsequent poor handling of them is certainly an issue that needs to be addressed. It raises a lot of questions about the practices of the military and who's policing what actions are being carried out. These questions need to be answered and at this point in time the Bush Administration is not being very forthcoming with said answers.

Romano seems to be suggesting that Senator Kerry's opposition to the actions of Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld reads as his being against the men and women that serve this country as a part of the United States Military, challenging their integrity and honor. Well, Romano clearly isn't thinking and is confused. Just because Kerry is against Rumsfeld doesn't mean that he is against the brave troops of the United States Military. Rumsfeld, in his position, is essentially in charge of said troops, having the capacity to give orders and devise combat strategy and procedure with little to no questions asked. Rumsfeld's treatment of the information regarding the prison war crimes indicates that he is abusing the authority his position affords him. So, if Senator Kerry is against Rumsfeld and his actions, wouldn't that be saying that he wants a Secretary of Defense that will better lead our troops in times of war a crisis? If Rumsfeld is misusing his credentials, isn't he really the one that is compromising the honor and integrity of our troops?

There were two portions of Romano's piece that were particular standouts for me; ones that made me laugh at his blatant (an

apparently unrealized) hypocrisy. First up is this little gem: "Despite his honorable service in the military, (Kerry's) record since then is not worthy of the presidency, and his press release...is just a small example of that." Sure, but a man charged with drunk driving and drug possession, a man known and documented as avoiding active service during the Vietnam War and a man that is a proven and repeated liar is worthy of the presidency? Bush's sordid history makes any minor blemish on Senator Kerry's record seem that much more trivial.

The second piece of Romano magic came in this little statement: "Just as (Kerry) has the right to make such statements, we have a right to question his judgment." Robert...wake up! By making the statement he did, Kerry is questioning Rumsfeld's judgment! Do you proofread these pieces before handing them in to be published? Or at least run them by a chimp for a quick consistency check?

Toward the end of his piece, Romano is kind enough to treat his readers to a smug little question and answer session, which ultimately reads like some unsuccessful attempt to make his points more sound. After his string of queries, Romano confidently states, "You be the judge." All right, my friend. I will.

QUESTION #1: "Is (Kerry) excusing war crimes on America?"

ANSWER: No, he isn't. Rather, Senator Kerry is illustrating that war crimes committed by either side in a conflict situation are unacceptable.

QUESTION #2: "Is (Kerry) impugning the honor of 99.9% of those who are serving that have not committed war crimes?"

ANSWER: No, Kerry is not impugning (c'mon, find a synonym already) anyone's honor. As I said previously, Senator Kerry is showing our country's servicemen and servicewomen the utmost respect by pointing out the dishonor of their higher-up (Rumsfeld), a man who should be leading by example.

QUESTION #3: "Is (Kerry) politicizing war crimes yet again?"

ANSWER: Again, as I said earlier, war crimes fall under the responsibility umbrella of the United States government, which by nature and definition is a political body. It is common sense that something political would be politicized. It's as simple as the concept of if something is colorful, it would be colorized.

Romano's brand of biased political spouting simply cannot stand. I may not be a Republican nor agree one iota with their views and policies, but I would certainly not manipulate one of their press releases to make the party I support come off a little better in the eyes of the public. Romano's piece is indicative of the current Republican attitude: Fear. In election polls, Bush and Kerry are running nearly even in terms of percentages. And that scares the hell out of the Republicans. They know that without the spin doctoring of writers like Robert J. Romano, their hopes for Bush's reelection might go unfulfilled come this November.

On a personal note, the September 9th issue of *The Statesman* was my last issue with that favoritism-driven, right wing rag.

THE PRESS at 25

by Sam Goldman

HOW IT'S DONE

Welcome folks to this, the first of what hopefully will be a biweekly column as we near the date of *The Stony Brook Press'* 25th Anniversary. The first topic I'd like to tackle is the answer to a question that pretty much everyone asks us, especially when they read something controversial in the paper. That, of course, is: How do you guys run this damn thing? Consider this column an explanation on how *The Press*, in its current incarnation, is run.

Let's get this out of the way. In case you haven't yet figured it out, *The Press'* editorial policy is as follows. Unless your article is libelous, we will print it. We only edit articles for copy editing purposes (spelling and grammar). We don't edit articles for content. We don't edit articles to fit into space. That's the reason why you see articles about an alien planet that's responsible for every natural disaster of the past 50 years (actually published last year) or a 3 page article about the Long Island Peace Walk (last issue) or ramblings from a former teacher who is also a paranoid schizophrenic who sent his last several articles from a mental ward (where have ye gone, Tim Connors?). If it's ultra-liberal, we'll print it. If it's ultra-conservative, we'll print it. If it's a full-page article on how bad the Press sucks and how you think we should get defunded and reprimanded publicly, we'll (happily) print it.

A half-page in the issue is about 750 words, a full page 1500, and so on. The deadline for submissions is Friday at midnight, but if you are 100% sure you're submitting something, and can get in contact with us, allowances can (and oftentimes will) be made. Comics are welcome too. That's it. Simple, huh? While our editorial policy (and its historical roots) is something that can be further discussed in the next column, for now, let's take you through the making of an issue.

WEDNESDAY MEETINGS

The Wednesday meetings are *The Press* staff's first chance to envision what the upcoming issue is going to look like. In between the usual administrative and financial stuff, the News Editors (currently David Ginn and Brittany Brockner), Features Editor (currently Melanie Donovan) and Arts Editor (currently Meri Wayne) disseminate various items of interest to the rest of the staff. No topics are assigned; it's up to the staff to determine who will write about what. Usually a staff member will raise his hand and say, "I'm writing about that." This sometimes prevents duplication, but sometimes, if more than one person feels strongly about a certain topic, or wants to tackle it from a different viewpoint, we'll have two articles pertaining to the same topic. For example, after the arrest of Bill Schwalback last spring, both Mike Billings and I wrote articles about the incident, but they were two different articles completely - one was a dry news account, while the other was an opinion piece.

Oftentimes, on Wednesdays before production, the editors will do something I dubbed the "point and ask." The Executive Editor (Joe Filippazzo) will point to every staff member and ask them what they are writing about, and how long their article will be. This was done partially to prevent duplication, partially to get a feel for the size of the paper, and partially to have them on record as writing something. Also, oftentimes the Executive Editor will announce that this particular issue has a theme (such as

this one) and will encourage the staff to write in material that's relevant to the theme.

START OF PRODUCTION

Different *Press* editors started Production on different days; normally it starts Thursday or Friday night. The main players during production are the Production Manager (now Rob Pearsall), whose responsibility it is to lay out the issue on QuarkXPress; the Photo Editor (Jowy Romano) whose job it is to find photos off the web or in our archives to fit the articles; the Copy Editor (Andrew Pernick), who copy edits the articles for spelling and grammar, and the Managing Editor (Mike Billings), whose job is to ensure that all parts of production run smoothly.

While they are the main players, they, by no means, do this monumental task themselves. The E-Board and staff come down whenever possible to help out. Articles need to be copy edited before they go into Andrew's hands. Jowy can always use a hand with finding pictures or with ideas for them. And when Rob is tired of looking at a computer screen for God-knows-how-long, there are plenty of people who can pick up the slack. *Press* staffers are encouraged to familiarize themselves with QuarkXPress and Photoshop; knowledge of these programs can be very nice things to add to your resume, and they also help people pick up the slack if, say, Jowy is sick, or has a crucial exam to study for.

Which brings us up to another good point: *The Press* realizes that school and/or one's job comes first. Staffers will never get penalized if they have to work late, or have tests to study for, or papers to write. This is only common sense. It's also another reason why *Press* staffers are encouraged to know each other's jobs, and be able to pitch in when its needed.

As the articles are emailed in, they are copy edited three times - once by a staffer, once by Steph Hayes, the assistant copy editor, and once by Andrew. As Andrew enters the copy edits into MS Word, and Jowy EPSes the pictures in Photoshop, Rob begins to layout our issue, and it begins to take shape. Besides this, ads need to be placed, and comics need to be scanned in. But even then, the issue's not nearly done.

SATURDAY NIGHT E-BOARD MEETING

Yes, folks, *The Press* staff gives up every other Saturday night just for you. While this meeting is technically just for the E-Board, we never close our doors; anyone, staff or not, is invited to attend. What we usually discuss at the meetings are topics for our editorials. While one staff member writes the editorial, members of the E-Board usually tweak it, since it is supposed to represent the opinions of the entire group. It's also our editorial policy not to divulge the name of the primary author for an editorial, since, again, it represents the opinions not of one man, but of *The Press*. Also, we decide what our front and back covers will be, as well as our masthead, which requires an explanation of its own. The masthead usually is a funny quote said by an office member during the time in between issues. Letters to the Editor (and responses to them) are taken care of. For the record, letters are never copy edited so if you are going to write to us, make sure they represent you in a good light. If you're going to write hate mail (which we LOVE to get) and have terrible spelling and grammar, your cause is

defeated before it has begun.

Since the whole gang is together, this is usually the time where the Battle of the Century and Top Ten List take shape. Anyone can contribute to these. Depending on how inspired we are, this can sometimes take an hour, or sometimes not be finished until Sunday. Any other stunts (Classifieds, Vox Populi, etc.) usually take shape here as well.

WRAPPING UP

Sunday night is crunch time. *The Press* attempts to have its issues done by this time, because we understand that Monday people are in class, and this is where time begins to stretch rapidly. Once an issue is done, it is looked over by the staff, errors are corrected whenever possible, and then finalized in QuarkXPress. As of right now, the issue is then sent via FTP to our current printers, who spit out the issue in a couple of days.

Now there's just one small matter to take care of...

DISTRIBUTION

If you see a tall man with a yellow mohawk and lip ring lugging stacks and stacks of our issues around campus in between drags of a Camel Light, say hello to Jamie Mignone, our unsung hero. Or better yet, help him carry something. Jamie is our distribution manager; he's responsible for placing our issue where students can pick it up. Joe Filippazzo handles our off-campus distribution; among the places you can find the Press are Subway, RockCandy, the Velvet Lounge, 7-11, Green Cactus, and the Cinema Arts Center in Huntington.

The Press issues usually hit the stands on Wednesdays.

AFTERMATH

After the issue is published, the staff looks over it again on the next Wednesday. The issue - and the process of making it - is critiqued six ways from Sunday. What could we have done better? What new thing did we try that worked? Is the Top Ten really that funny? Did production run as smoothly as we would have liked? Why? Why not? The staff and E-Board of *The Press* are constantly looking for ways not just to improve the paper, but also to improve the organization, for to improve the organization is to improve the product. We discuss feedback we've received from many of our friends outside the office (from SBU TV, NYPIRG, and Norm Prussin, to name a few) as well as people who have come up to us to congratulate or to complain. Either way, the attitude is not to dwell on the past, but to change the future for the better. Once the issue's out, the damage is done, one way or another.

And the cycle continues over and over again, sixteen times a year. While you may draw your own conclusions about how easy or hard it is to put together an issue, know that either way, it's a labor of love for everyone involved with the Press. No one is forced to come to production, or meetings, or anything. People spend long hours at the Press making the issue because we love what we do; we love walking around the campus and seeing people reading it. We love seeing things on campus change as a result of what we write. We put every ounce of ourselves into the paper, and we hope that it shows.

TOP TEN

New Health Care Programs

10

1-Up

9

The Ice-T plan: "I wanna cure you so bad, my dick's hard."

8

The Arnold Schwarzenegger Plan: "I will use my obstetric girly men to terminate your pregnancies."

7

The Frat Plan: Kegs and roofies. Repeat. Pull down pants.

6

The Goth Plan: AM? Downers. PM? Uppers. Mope as needed.

5

Bat-man-based health care: you get your own doctor who doubles as a butler.

4

The Lil' John plan: "Skeet, skeet, skeet, etc."

3

Double cast Curaga, ether, repeat.

2

George W. Bush's program: kills viruses of mass destruction before there are any symptoms.

1

Nyquil and 'Tussin.

Battle

of the

Century

SPAM

VS

80's Pop Sensation Wham

-Meat in a can

-Microwavable

-Atkins friendly

-Monty Python did a song about Spam

-Vegetarian friendly (I assure you, it's not meat)

-Reminds me of when I was in jail...

-Cuts with a knife

-George Michael's meat in his hand (on the can)

-CDs look cool when put in microwave

-This one time I had to go-go, but I had fallen asleep

-Limp Bizkit does a cover of "I Want Your Sex"

-Strictly meat eater

-Reminds me of when I was in jail...

-Motto "choose life"

CON

-Not suitable as a substitute for live virgins in demonic rituals

-Grows hair with time

-Feeds soldiers thereby fueling war machine

-Gelatinous until cooked

-Eating too much give you diarrhea

-Ingredient: monosodium glutamate

-Reminds me of when I was in jail...

-Only know half of what's in it.

-Not suitable as a substitute for real music

-Loses hair with time

-Bleeding anus

-Cause of wars

-Catchy hooks

-Listening too much gives you diarrhea

-Ingredient: George Michael

-Reminds me of when I was in jail...

-Only know half of what's in it.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS PRESENTS...

A Finger Stickin' Good Contest!!!

- 1) Pick up these Press middle-finger stickers at the Involvement Fair on September 29th, or at the Press office (Union 060).
- 2) Stick the little bastards around campus, in the most amazing places you possibly can!
- 3) Take a picture and email / give it to us, with contact info.



The person who puts the Press sticker in the best location wins themselves a "Death to Fascists" Press T-shirt!!

CONTEST ENDS 10/10/2004!!!

All submissions become property of the Stony Brook Press. The Stony Brook Press reserves the right to invalidate submissions as they see fit. Don't drink and drive.

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

Haiku d' etat

By Tom Clark

Desolate campus
None shall walk with me tonight
My sighs visible

Familiar timbre
Guiding light through coldest night
Bittersweet memories

I cannot swallow
Overcome with emotion
My words fail me now

With CD Player
I start my lonely journey
The world is sleeping

Ethereal sounds
Eyelashes embrace moisture
I feel infinite

One day I'll find her
I need to know she exists
Then the world's alright

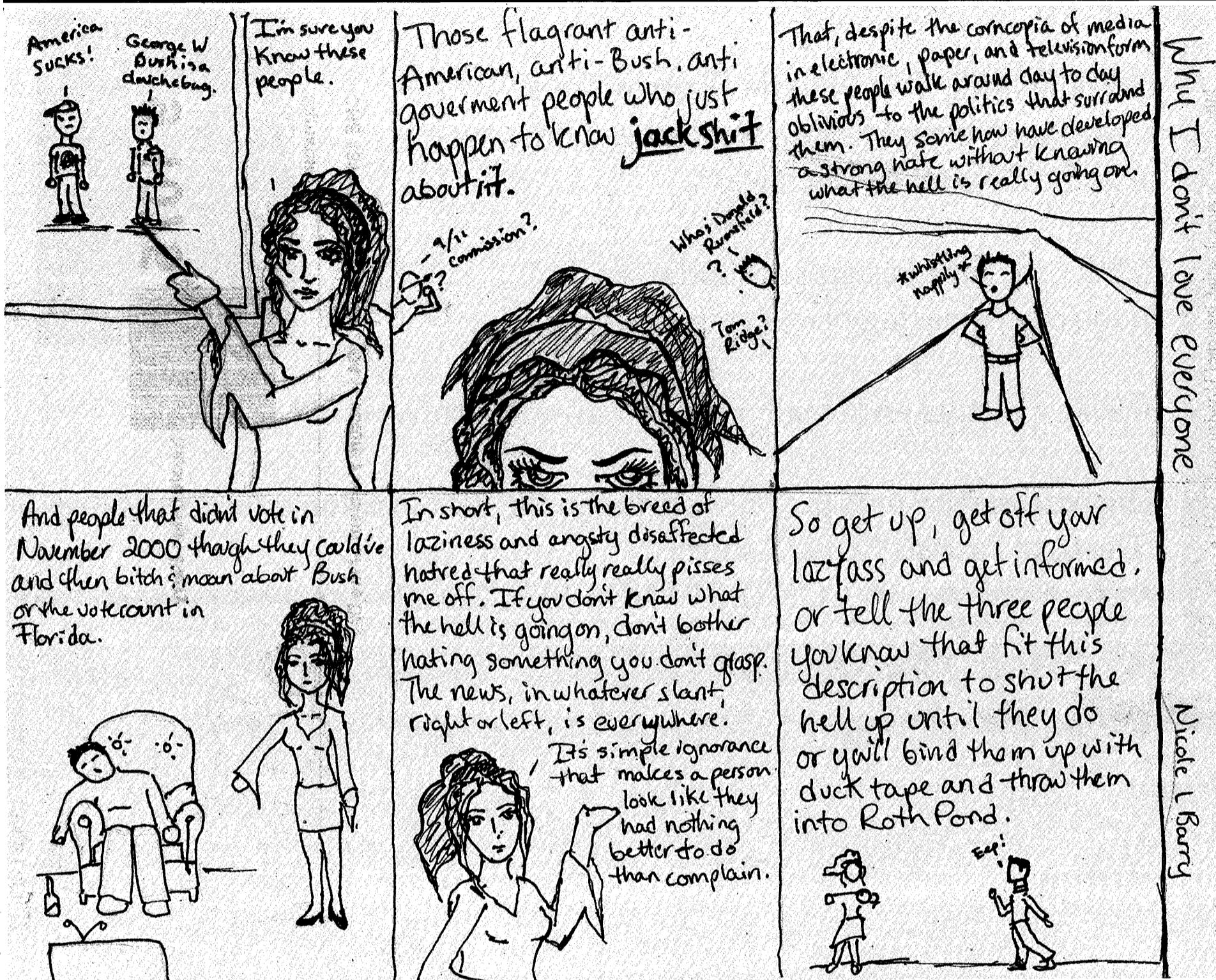
Haunting piano
Akin to new fallen snow
Delicate cascade

Weightlessly floating
Adrift in idyllic song
Flotsam and jetsam

Desolate campus
Crunch, crunch; I walk in silence
Till the sad sun shines

In reference to "The Winter Song" by Eisley. Listen to the song at <http://www.maybethisxmas.com/>
Visit Eisley at <http://www.eisley.com/>

The Comics Section



And people that didn't vote in November 2000 though they could've and then bitch & moan about Bush or the voter count in Florida.

In short, this is the breed of laziness and angry disaffected hatred that really really pisses me off. If you don't know what the hell is going on, don't bother hating something you don't grasp. The news, in whatever slant, right or left, is everywhere.

It's simple ignorance that makes a person look like they had nothing better to do than complain.

So get up, get off your lazy ass and get informed, or tell the three people you know that fit this description to shut the hell up until they do or you'll bind them up with duct tape and throw them into Roth Pond.

Nicole L. Barry

Paintings

Video

gALLery

Ceramics

Spoken Word

Sculpture

Photography

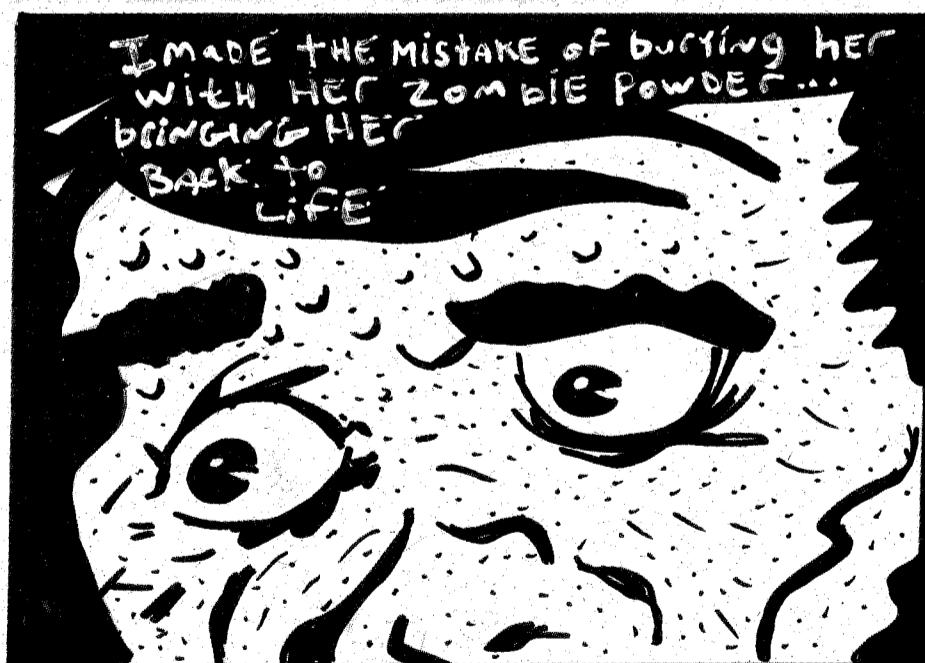
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The Comics Section



By James Blonde

The Comics Section

The Comics Section

ORANGE ALERT!



Democratic National Committee Chairman Terry McTuliffe today raised the national alert to Orange, citing specific current information about the presidential candidacy of George Walker Bush.

"Alert citizens are encouraged to take the following steps to preserve our homeland:

- 1) Prayerfully support our cancellation of contested, competitive democratic elections
- 2) Buy duct tape and apply it liberally to Ralph Nader and his advocates
- 3) Tremble."



Senator John Kerry says,
"Remember, children, you're either with us or you're with the evil-doers."

By Matt Willemain

Tom Senkus On Fashion

By Whothehell Doyouthink

Good morning, afternoon, and evening everyone. I have decided to write a short-lived column, concentrating on all the fashion victims and atrocities across campus. Frankly, I blame it on the Smithaven Mall's proximity to Stony Brook University. If you ever go people-watching between classes, it's startling to see the different permutations of clothing. I guess people just don't like to wear something out of the ordinary. To me, they look as if I were to dress up a SB-arbie of my own!

Flirt Skirts

First item of the agenda: the Flirt Skirt. A flirt skirt is a mini-skirt with an added frilling or material at the edge. Cute? Not really. Do not confuse it with the tu-tu version, which, in my mind, looks great on a succulent tookus. The dimensions of the skirt to your butt crack make a lovely crosshair for your nether regions. What would be the next phase of the flirt skirt, because I don't think you could use any less material to go prick-chasing if you wanted to?

There was a girl on campus walking up the ledge from the street towards the Union, when a gust of wind took her skirt upwards, exposing her buttocks. I was impressed that not only her skirt matched her attire, but her buns had matched her complexion. No unevenness here! I'm probably 100% sure that that flirt was not intentional, but so goes the ways of the flirt skirt. It's got a freakin' mind of its own!

Truckers' Hats

Truckers' hats look like a killer whale beached on your head. Here we are trying to save the mammals from extinction and BAM!, there you go, a-wearing it all around town. Truckers' hats are about as dumb as getting a CDL and actually piloting one of these vehicles. What are you trying to prove? That you drive cross-country and babble on CB radio?

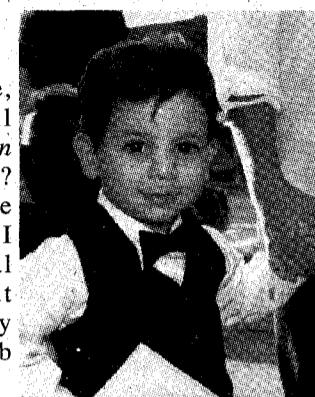
Shouldn't you be driving produce to Super Stop and Shop? Tilt it sideways. Go ahead. Now the hat's sun-blocking benefits are negated, you look stupid, and you probably listen to shitty music. Then again, on those long drives to Washington State, you need to listen to crap while urinating in a Pepsi (Long Island's own!) bottle.

Long Nails

Press on nails? Why? To me, they're reminiscent of the evil Chinese emperor in *Big Trouble in Little China*. What are the benefits? I mean, not only can't the lady in the freakin' SBU food churner-outer (I can't put in the real thing for legal reasons) give me change without unnecessary delay, but I can only imagine that the inevitable handjob will be bloody and scarring.

Now, if I had press on nails, what could I do with them that would be, oh I don't know, PRODUCTIVE? Well, you could go the Ani DiFranco route and kick-ass on neo-folk guitar. Better yet, go totally Cyrus the Virus and escape from some prison airplane, Aretha Franklin-style.

There was one time, back in elementary school, when the aides called us back in from recess, but we, the young whippersnappers, wanted more time to play soccer. I abhorred soccer, but loved to slide-tackle everything. I remember getting in a fight with this kid Gus (real name was something like Kostantinos, but anyone named Gus is just pulling an Ellis Island) because I kicked that much at slide-tackling. Really, what I imagine myself to be was Vega (Balrog?) from *Street Fighter*, but I wasn't very athletic, and frankly, I don't have money for a wooden claw, which would negate my whole point about the uselessness of past-



A DAPPER JOE FLIP,
Courtesy of Joe's Mom

Holy shit, the point. Oh yea, okay, anyway, this recess aid got angry that we were horsing around, so she, already inside, opened the window. Then she let out a howl. She had broken a natural nail.

"You fucking kids made me break a nail. Now get inside or I'm calling the principal."

Attractive, she was not.

"It took me years to grow these," she whimpered, losing all similarity to the white trash coldness we knew so well. At that moment, I was happy she lost it.

What guy finds these attractive anyways?

He-Man Tank tops

I can only imagine the discomfort wearing something so asymmetrical. Upon first seeing it, I was amazed; how could anyone sell these things? It sure as hell doesn't look comfortable, and what happens if you spontaneously combust? Then you have freaking shoulder envy, saying to the camera, "Take a picture of my good side." The only person who should have ever worn the design was Andre the Giant. Then again, that segues nicely to my next point...

Fat

The latest fashion accessory is fat. How did my favorite adjective *voluptuous* (meaning: pleasing to the senses) bring to mind an oversized fatty? Catherine Manheim is not attractive, no matter how much press she may get. If I were prosecutor, I'd say, "Objection, Your Honor. Defense counsel hurts my eyes."

Big and beautiful and diabetic. If you are comfortable in your skin, then your level of comfort must reside in the region of cutting off your eyelids and burning your eyes out with a cigar, Injun-style. I'm sure taking a breather when you have to climb stairs seems natural, what with having to drag enough lard to help feed Ethiopia in your gut. Here's a better accessory: The road. Get running.

White Pants

White pants? Are you trying for legal nudity? I can see your ass, and judging by your level of sluttiness, so have many others. Only medical personnel should even think of wearing it for purposes of detecting body fluids. The last time I checked, the only fluid you need to be concerned about is probably on your face and can be detected by a black light.

Lame T-Shirts

Lame band t-shirts. Incubus? Come on. Fifty-Cent? Your shirt probably cost that. Metallica? That'd be cool if it were 1985, and 5 albums less. There's one kid on campus who wears a Manowar shirt, and to you, Manowarrior, I applaud your bravery.

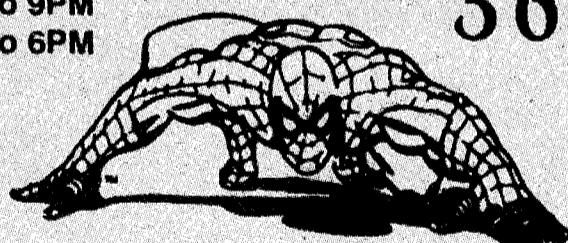
Damn those t-shirts, that Capital One gave away in the Union. Curious George passed out from ether? Doesn't that go against the school's drug free policy? Homer Simpson with a mullet? Why, that's against my religion. I actually got a free shirt and I can't stop getting mail, despite my address by 121 Blowme Street. Actually, I wasn't that cool and put my real address. Oh geewillickers....

Alrighty, the almighty fashion elite has spoken. Go buy some clothing.

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C'mon... Be a Sport

Holy Crap It's a Sports Column

By Sam Goldman

The past several weeks have been a kind of Rorschach inkblot of our world of sports.

In the first incident, NASCAR driver Robby Gordon, angered by an earlier incident involving fellow driver Greg Biffle at the Sylvania 300 in New Hampshire, decided he would pull a Tom Cruise in *Days of Thunder* and retaliate. The resulting wreck, involving Biffle and championship contenders Jeremy Mayfield and Tony Stewart, needlessly put drivers in harm's way and put both Stewart and Mayfield out of the running for the Nextel Cup championship. Gordon has been suspended for his stupidity, and may lose his job at the end of the season.

The second incident took place in Oakland, during a baseball game between the Athletics and the visiting Texas Rangers. When fans began to taunt Texas pitchers (Texas manager Buck Showalter said they "went over the line"), relievers Doug Brocail and Frank Francisco came out to argue with them. Benches cleared. Francisco then threw a folding chair into the crowd at one of the offending fans. The chair bounced off of the offender and hit a woman in the face, breaking her nose. Brocail, Francisco and Carlos Almanzar were suspended for the incident, Francisco for the rest of the regular season.

The human race has a way of making what is supposed to be friendly competition turn into life or death. Oakland Raiders fans wear black makeup and look and act more like WWE wrestlers than normal people. Bostonians

obsess about the Red Sox and the Yankees to absurd levels. Hooliganism at soccer stadiums in Europe is so prevalent that England now will not let people who were arrested for disorderly conduct at soccer games leave the country during worldwide soccer tournaments. Even the athletes themselves are not immune. Sports coaches, players, and fans often use military terminology - this game is a "war," or a "battle"; certain players are "warriors" for playing with injuries. Hockey still has a system where players can retaliate for a solid fore-check with a big, illegal hit, or even, yes, a fight.

It's a shame that no one remembers the spirit of friendly competition that gets us to play sports in general, or that real life is more important. Maybe that just happens in the movies?

Maybe not. Two equally interesting incidents have taken place that illustrate that sometimes athletes get it.

With the Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants mired in the thick of a pennant race, the two teams and rivals began a pivotal series Friday. But star slugger Shawn Green was not in the lineup. Green, who makes \$17 million a year, sat out one game of one of his team's most important series this year. Why? Green is Jewish and Yom Kippur, the religion's holiest of holidays, started Friday night. He made the decision that his religion was more important to him. Some may disagree with his decision. Some will say that he's being paid too much to sit at home; some will be athe-

ists; some will say he doesn't care about his teammates. But whatever your opinion is, at the very least, he put sports in their proper perspective.

Last week in Arizona, Pat Tillman's #40 was retired by the Arizona Cardinals at half-time of their game against the New England Patriots. Tillman didn't put up Hall of Fame stats, and the team didn't win a Super Bowl. Pat Tillman's feat was far, far greater. Pat Tillman, as you probably know by now, turned down a lucrative contract to go enlist in the elite Army Rangers unit and fight in Afghanistan, where he was killed by friendly fire. He was 27 years old. His ceremony was understated, but poignant. Whether you agree with the war, or his decision to go fight, you've got to admit that he, too, understood that the NFL isn't as important when wars are being waged.

A final note: After his death, a columnist at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst's *Daily Collegian* wrote a column explaining that he felt Pat Tillman was not a hero, but a fool who decided to indulge his macho Rambo fantasies. Whether that's the actual case is a matter of perspective. *The Stony Brook Press* is a liberal newspaper that obviously thinks little of George Bush's military policy. But Pat Tillman threw away millions of dollars and the fame that would go along with it because he decided that the cause was worth fighting for. At the very least, you can't help but admire that.

sbu sports standings

accurate as of 12:30 AM 9/28/04

MEN'S SOCCER

LAST SBU GAME: SBU 2 at Hartford 2, September 24

NEXT SBU GAME: vs. Adelphi, 7:00 PM, September 29

Team	Record	Conf. Rec	Points	Last 5
Albany	6-1-1	1-0-0	3	4-1-1
Boston Univ	2-4-0	1-0-0	3	2-3-2
Northeastern	2-5-0	1-0-0	3	2-3-0
Stony Brook	5-1-1	0-0-1	1	3-1-1
Maine	2-2-2	0-0-1	1	2-1-2
New Hampsh.	1-2-4	0-0-1	1	1-1-3
Hartford	2-4-2	0-0-1	1	0-3-2
Binghamton	6-1-3	0-1-0	0	3-1-1
UMBC	4-1-1	0-1-0	0	3-1-1
Vermont	4-3-1	0-1-0	0	3-2-0

LAST SBU GAME: SBU 27 at Monmouth 0, on September 25

WOMEN'S SOCCER

LAST SBU GAME: Fairfield 0 at SBU 3, September 26

NEXT SBU GAME: vs. Fordham, 7 PM, September 28

Team	Record	Conf. Rec	Points	Last 5
Boston Univ	7-1-1	0-0-0	0	3-1-1
Binghamton	6-1-0	0-0-0	0	4-0-1
Maine	6-2-0	0-0-0	0	2-2-1
Northeastern	6-3-1	0-0-0	0	2-2-1
Vermont	5-3-1	0-0-0	0	3-2-0
New Hampsh.	4-4-2	0-0-0	0	3-2-0
UMBC	4-4-0	0-0-0	0	2-2-1
Stony Brook	3-4-2	0-0-0	0	2-2-1
Hartford	1-6-1	0-0-0	0	1-4-0
Albany	2-9-0	0-0-0	0	0-5-0

FOOTBALL

NEXT SBU GAME: vs. Robert Morris, 2 PM, October 2

Team	Won	Loss	Conf. Won	Conf. Loss	Points For	Points Against	Streak
Central Conn.	3	1	2	0	92	81	Won 2
Albany	1	3	1	0	30	100	Won 1
Monmouth	3	1	1	1	107	72	Lost 1
Robert Morris	3	1	1	1	136	63	Won 1
Wagner	3	1	1	1	105	82	Lost 1
St. Francis PA	2	2	1	1	69	105	Lost 1
Stony Brook	1	2	1	1	42	46	Won 1
Sacred Heart	1	3	0	3	88	92	Lost 1

C'mon... Be a Sport

Seawolves Salvage Draw Against the Storm

By Antony Lin

On a chilly Sunday afternoon, a crowd of approximately 90 watched the Stony Brook Seawolves women's soccer team battle the St. John's Red Storm to a 1-1 draw at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium.

The visitors, applying a 4-4-2 formation, pressured the Seawolves early on. Stony Brook shifted between a 4-3-3 and 4-4-2 throughout the first half. It took the Red Storm just 5 minutes to create their first opportunity. The attack started on the left, forcing Seawolves goalkeeper, Cindy Bennett to make a point blank save from 7 yards out. She would be called upon several times for the rest of the afternoon having to collect through balls and numerous crosses in the heavy wind. Bennett earned high honors back in February when she was called to the U.S. U-21 training camp in Carson, California. "All experiences benefit. You can always learn from everything," says Bennett.

The unfortunate happened in the 10th minute as the visiting side took an early 1-0 lead. Holly Rider sent a short cross from the left to an unmarked Kaitlyn Schmidt for the go-ahead goal off a header. "You can't really say one thing went wrong on the play. They did well in lofting balls into the box. They got a bit lucky on that goal," stated Bennett on St. John's go-ahead goal.

Stony Brook's first golden opportunity came in the 12th minute when playmaker, Victoria Feliciano, perhaps taking advantage of the wind on her side, cleverly chipped one from 18 yards which troubled St. John's keeper, Jaime Beran.

Another opportunity would come sec-

onds later for the home side, as the keeper turned Feliciano's free kick from 23 yards out away. Seconds later, defender, Krista Shilts' corner kick led to a scramble in the box. Right-winger, Danielle Lewis, was able to get a shot off from 5 yards out during the scramble only to have it saved once again.

Red Storm would threaten again in the 20th minute, as Bennett would make another brilliant point-blank stop to prevent St. John's from extending the lead.

The second half saw fewer chances created by the two sides. The first opportunity came in the 50th minute when the Red Storm sent a ball through, which Bennett came out well to collect. Things got a bit physical in the 52nd minute when Bennett came out to collect the ball, only to be clipped by a Red Storm player. No yellow card was issued, in what looked to be a bookable offense.

After going scoreless the last two matches, the moment finally came in the 59th minute for the Seawolves. Shilts, served a brilliant ball into the box from 48 yards out to Lewis to head home the well-deserved equalizer right into the upper middle. "I just got to the ball first after Krista served the ball. We put forth our full effort from the start of the second half," said Danielle Lewis.

"Finishing is something we have to work on. We have to take more risks and take better chances," said head coach Susan Ryan.

The Seawolves continued to battle hard looking for the game-winner. Feliciano was brought down numerous times putting forth a splendid effort winning 50-50's, winning headers, and pestering the Red Storm midfield-

ers.

The next great chance for the home side came in the 77th minute off a through ball to striker, Jackie Anthony. Anthony appeared to have been in an onside position, which would have led to one-on-one with the keeper, only to be ruled off-sides by the linesman.

The visitors had a goal disallowed in the 83rd minute on a blatant hand ball. Three minutes later the, the Red Storm nearly had the game-winner in regulation off a counterattack. Bennett came up big once again, being well positioned in stopping the 12 yard shot.

The first overtime saw few chances for both sides. The Red Storm applied constant pressure. The only chance came in the 2nd minute of overtime. The visitors had earned a free kick from 25 yards out. The Seawolves' wall was able to do its job.

The second overtime also saw few opportunities. The only threat came in the 4th minute off a free kick, which Bennett had no trouble punching out. As the final whistle blew, the 1-1 draw stood. "It was a battle out there. It was definitely a positive to come from behind. We have to get past the concept of getting a moral victory. It's always a tough Long Island rival between St. Johns and us. They're well coached. It's always a fight," said coach Ryan.

The draw ended the Stony Brook Seawolves' three-game losing streak, which improves them to 1-4-2 on the season. The Seawolves are back home at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium on September 24th, as they battle Howard at 7PM in the Holtsville Residence Inn by Marriot Invitational.

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Ask Ambery Jane

A.J. Does Vegas

The decision to flee came suddenly. My elfin editor, a lip-ringed male of puckish demeanor, informed me that a plane was leaving for Las Vegas in less than 36 hours – and I needed to be on it. All expenses paid, and my duty was simply to poke around at a Student Leadership Conference, and of course, revel in the sweet release of Gonzo journalism.

After filling out the appropriate paperwork and harnessing my ducks in a row, and thanks to some last-minute accounting decisions, and a spastic, near-fatal drive to the airport by Daredevil Rob, I was sitting on a plane, with \$300 raw cash in my pocket, about to be let loose on Las Vegas – schoolwork and relatives be damned.

Our plane set down in Sin City mid-morning, the bouncy, blonde stewardess giggling as she announced the temperature outside – 100 degrees. I had a hike ahead of me, to a youth hostel downtown – downtown is where all the “seedy people are, drug dealers, prostitutes and the like,” so said my bus driver as we headed there. I almost told him that those were my kind of people, but I thought it best to keep focused on the mission at hand. And the heat wasn’t bad, zero humidity makes quite a difference on the dusty, desert plains.

There was a snafu with the hostel,

which meant a change in accommodations, but that worked out better in retrospect ... I met the quintessential Vegas bum, a down-on-his-luck street peddler, who lost his fortune on the strip 20 years ago, and has been stuck in Vegas ever since. “I’m broke and miserable,” he said, addressing the entire bus with his misery. “Thanks to that fucking pig... eye-patch-wearing... son-of-a-puta bookie...” peppering his sentence with some ripe Spanish expletives.

Something is distinctly corrupt about Vegas, something that whispers “Beware, all ye who enter here.” There is always risk in the air – the chance to win a fortune, or leave a loser with the roll of a die or turn of a card.

I arrived at the convention, located in the ‘gambling-free’ Atrium Suites Hotel, to see several guests staggering around, waiting in line to yell at the concierge for unexplained extra charges. Two of these disgruntled guests were students from Idaho, there for the Leadership Conference as well.

It’s amazing how like-minded people manage to find each other amidst a sea of squares. I spent most of my weekend with these Idaho cats, and some other great students from Pennsylvania. And although they were all affiliated with the student government’s at their respective

universities, they were still great people, who truly wanted to help their fellow students.

Through most of the weekend we wandered the streets of Vegas, past the families of smut peddlers, billboards for the Australian male strip show “Thunder from Down Under,” and \$47 prostitutes – guaranteed to come (to your house) in 20 minutes or less. We got into several misadventures, consumed verboten substances, lost a little money, and nearly got sliced up and/or beat up on two separate occasions.

But I’m jumping ahead of myself.

Perhaps I should start with what might go down in history as the greatest prank I’ve ever pulled. The Oscar De La Hoya vs. Bernard Hopkins fight.

For this legendary bout, dubbed “A Quest for History,” throngs of fine-looking boxing devotees descended on the MGM Grand, and despite a top ticket price of \$1,800, the fight sold out minutes before the first round bell.

While I was planning my scheme, I saw Chris Webber dodging some paparazzi, and bumped into Lil’ Kim, who has the most hard, compact little body I’ve ever beheld.

After two failed attempts, once through a series of unlocked doors that led nowhere, and once behind the gaze of a security guard who pulled me back, I became dejected and thought that I might never sneak into the fight. Was I in fool’s paradise? No sir!

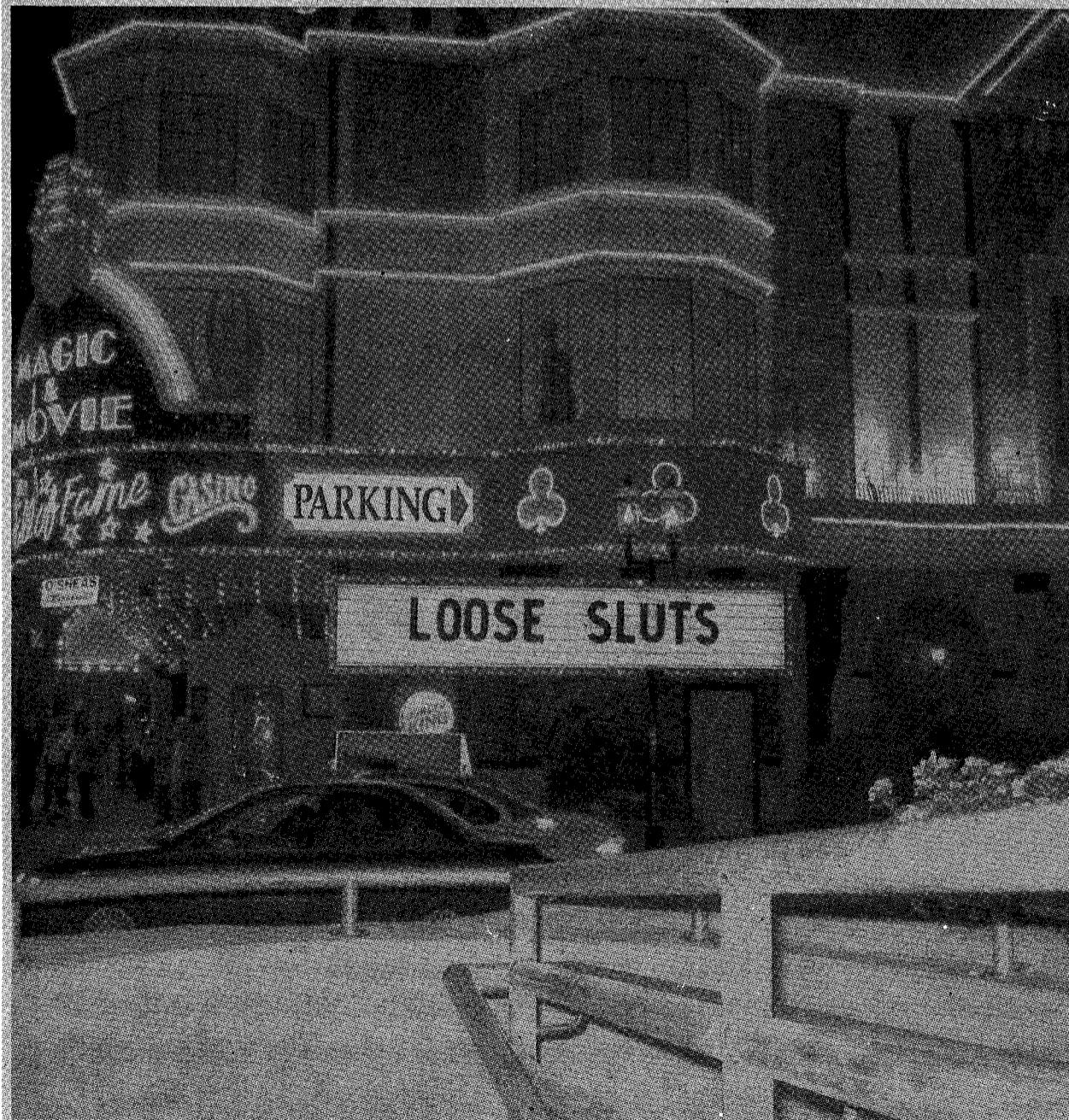
I had a little bit of hope, and a lot of moxie on my side. And some hooch in my system. I went back in and started charming this young security man who I had been talking to previously. He had these great blue eyes, and I used my best lines on him. It was well into the 8th round, and I was getting antsy, so I finally pleaded, “I just want to smell the air in there. Just escort me in, and escort me right back out.”

To his credit, he smiled, looked around, and complied.

I thought for sure it was a trick, but the unmistakable shrieks and reverberating roar filled my ears as he opened the scrolled double-doors. And as I looked down at the fighters in their ring, floating and stinging, I saw Hopkins, dubbed “The Executioner,” pound De La Hoya with a liver shot that “The Golden Boy” never saw coming. He crumpled like an accordion in the 9th round – I had just seen the knock-out punch! As angry fans foamed at the mouth, and screamed at De La Hoya to “Get Up!” the security agent with the crystalline eyes turned to me and said it was time to go.

I left in a daze, still amazed at the clutch timing, the whoops of winners and wails of losers still cracking and echoing in my skull. Through the exiting crowd, several angry people all around me barked into their cell phones and I overheard one despondent bald man say he lost \$80,000 on the fight (Hopkins was roughly a 2-to-1 favorite).

As for baby-faced De La Hoya, his



Ask Amberly Jane@hotmai.com

boxing career may be over — it's a cruel world out there, boys, and not many fighters can handle it. But he has a television show to keep him busy — a FOX reality show in which the Golden Boy grooms tomorrow's champions. (NBC is currently suing De La Hoya for the show's potentially stolen idea).

Though that was certainly the high point, the night did not calm down after that.

While our crew was casing the strip, I was ever so innocently snapping photos of random, unsuspecting passersby. So when I saw a slick pimp, donned with a red felt hat, and sporting gold and diamond-encrusted teeth — I could not help but take his picture. (See photo.)

Apparently, he didn't like this, and yelled after me, "Hey you! Come back here!" My NYC state of mind told me to keep walking, but the pimp caught up to me. "You know, I would be perfectly justified in taking that camera from you right now," he sneered, an inch away from my face. I wanted to eyeball his shimmering teeth, but I knew better, instead looking into his eyes and saying I was sorry, but he cut me off and kept talking. "You know I have enough problems with the cops taking my pictures all the time."

He was on edge, that was easy to tell, but who knew what he was capable of.

"Oh, I hate the fucking cops," I said. He stared at me for a moment, and then smiled wide.

relaxing his demeanor. "Alright then, have a nice trip," and he was on his way. Funny where a little common ground gets you.

Later that night, my friends and I were sitting outside of the Venetian, thinking that some sort of calm had finally descended, when a leather-faced stranger swaggered up to us like a loon and proceeded to shout that De La Hoya shouldn't have lost.

"It wasn't supposed to happen!" he kept panicking, pacing back and forth. "It wasn't supposed to happen!"

We watched him drunkenly, like we were watching a movie. But when he pulled out a 6-inch hunting knife, and began waving it around wildly, we decided it was probably time to go.

I also met a midget.

Oscar, from Baltimore, was a student at the convention as well, and had quite a good sense of humor, despite his height. After we had been talking awhile, I told him that the luckiest people in the world are friends of freaks, because they get to stare at them as much as they want. To his credit, he liked the joke, and said he would use it back home.

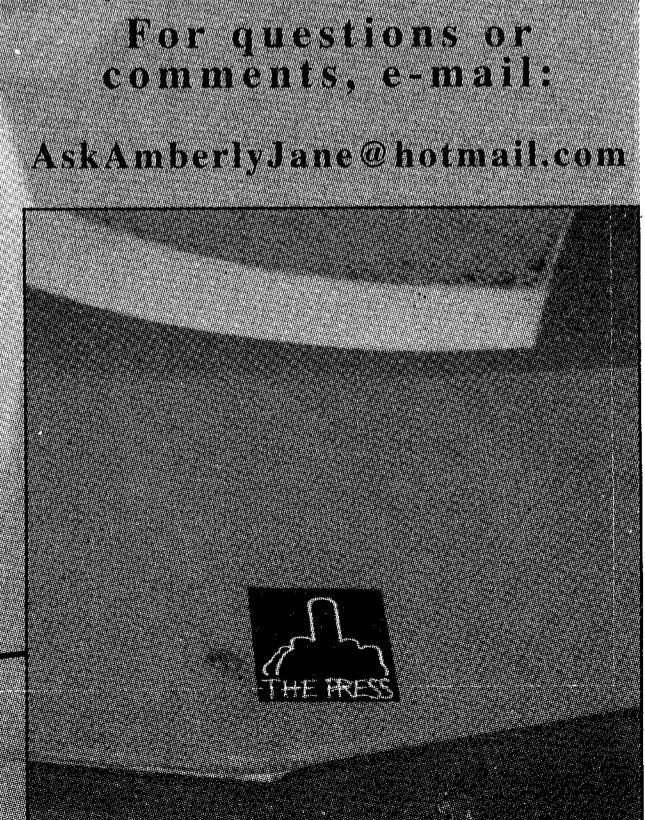
Ah, and I will always remember the women of Vegas. These amazing statuesque creatures wearing nothing more than a tissue, in heels so high I'm amazed they can even walk. Sure, some of them were probably hookers, but damned if they weren't a sight to behold.

I recommend the strip club Crazy Horse II, in the 1950's section of Sin City, near Stardust and Circus Circus.

Speaking of the circus-themed casino, right before I hopped on my flight home, I left a little something for Vegas to remember me by. A Press sticker, right smack-dab on the clown's neon foot. (See photo.)

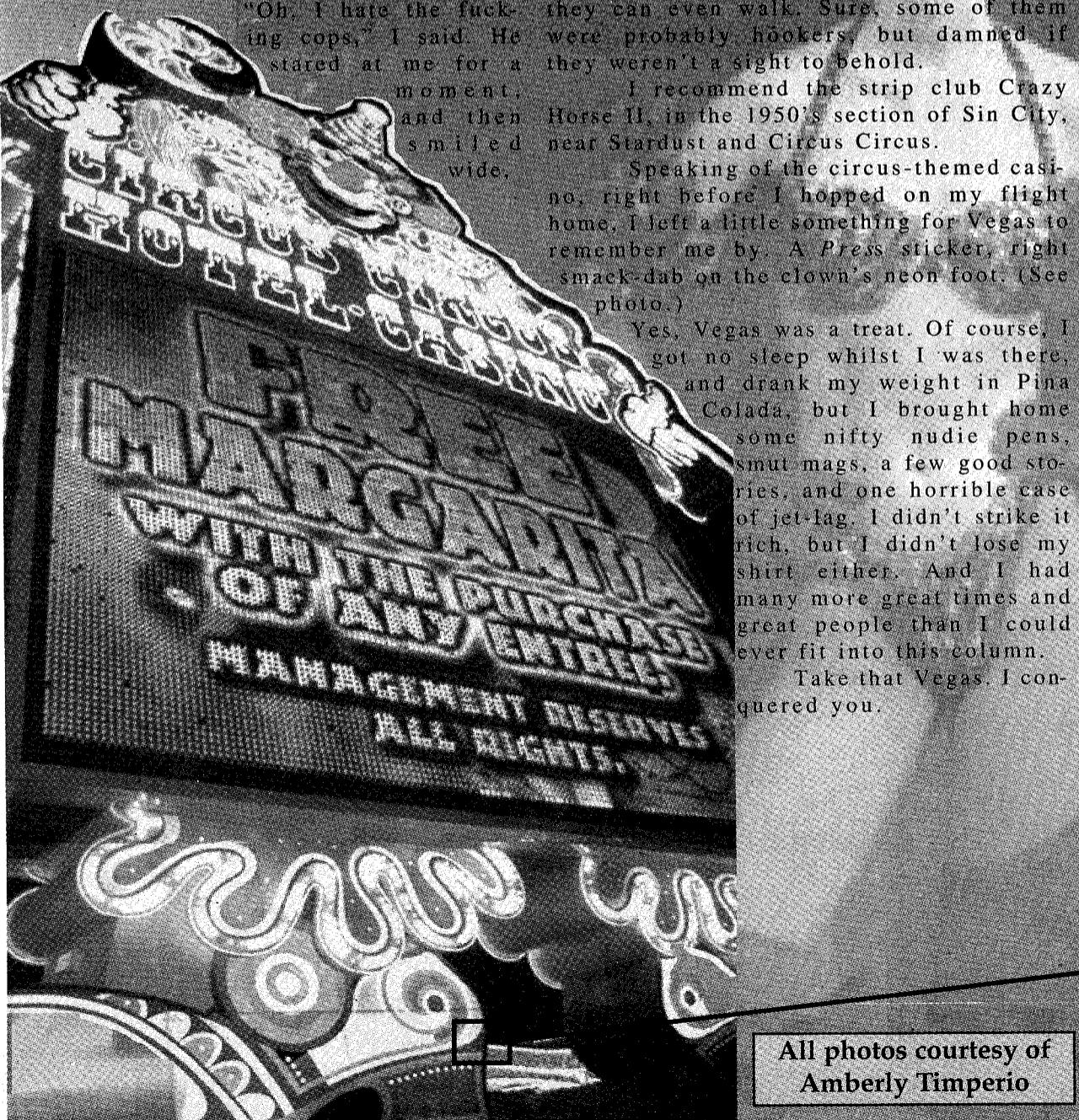
Yes, Vegas was a treat. Of course, I got no sleep whilst I was there, and drank my weight in Pina Colada, but I brought home some nifty nudie pens, smut mags, a few good stories, and one horrible case of jet-lag. I didn't strike it rich, but I didn't lose my shirt either. And I had many more great times and great people than I could ever fit into this column.

Take that Vegas. I conquered you.



For questions or comments, e-mail:

AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com

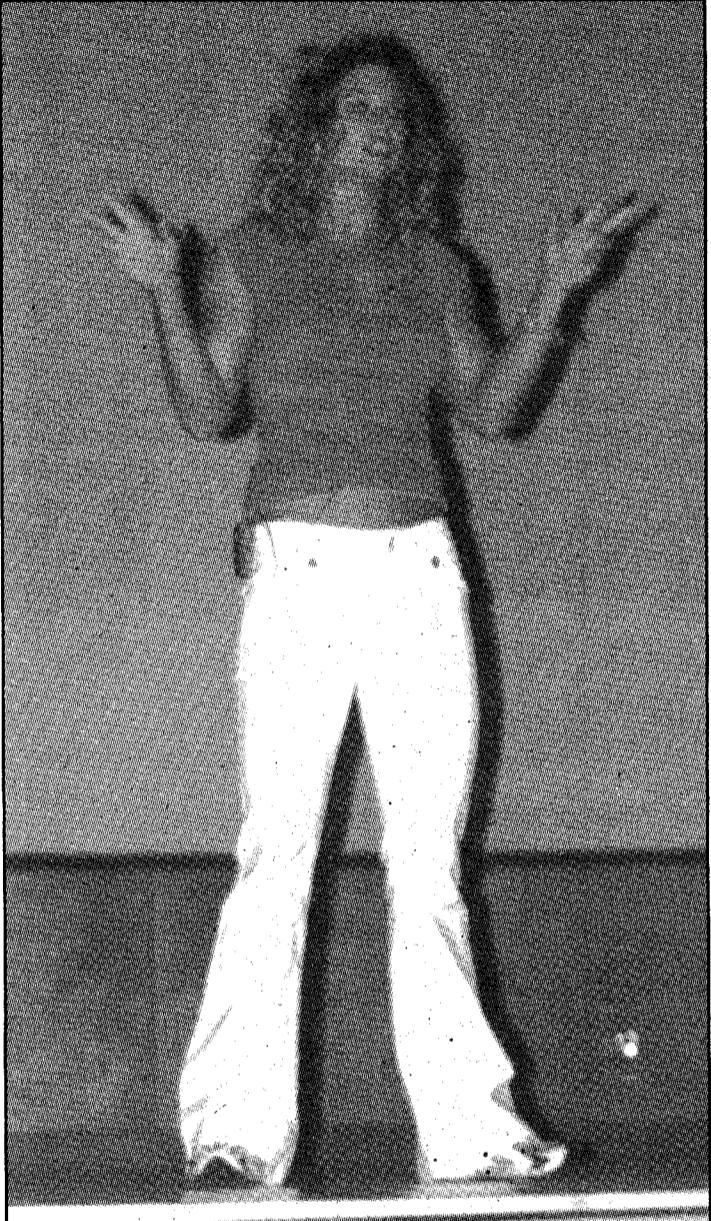


All photos courtesy of
Amberly Timperio

The Pharoah of Phocus Reports

Ancient spirits of photojournalism!
Transform this decrepid student body
with my Cam-Ra! The Ever... SNAPPING!!

All photos by The Omnipotent Jowy
Romano



**Playboy Playmate Rebekka Armstrong
Lectures about AIDS in the SAC
Auditorium, Thurs. Sept 23**



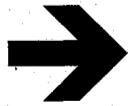
**Korean Christian Fellowship Holds Open House
Welcome For Freshmen, Thurs. Sept 23**



**School of Thought Walkway Construction Continues -
Sept. 25... Still Not Done.**



Before



After

The Zebra Path Gets a Much Needed Face Lift - Fri. Sept 24

31337 Column

By Willy Cibinskis

With the release of *Unreal Tournament 2004* earlier this year, and with the up and coming *Halo 2* and *Half Life 2*, both scheduled for release in November, and last month, when *Doom 3* was finally released upon the Earth, it is definitely starting to look like 2004 is the year of first-perspective shooter games.

To be completely honest, I was quite skeptical about *Doom 3* when I had first heard about it. I figured that Id Software wanted to show that they can take a classic and slap on some highly detailed computer generated models that anyone who has less than a 512MB graphics card would not be able to run. I had decided to download the game's demo and see for myself and then I realized that I was really in the wrong!

The game's graphics were so detailed, smooth and realistic that I told myself that they were making these shooter games way too good. Although the system requirements say that the lowest graphics card you can have is a 64MB model, the cinematics were lagging with my laptop's nVidia GeForce 5600 FX 128MB graphics card. I found that in the actual game I had no problem with any resolution setting, but it did lag a lot when I set the graphics detail at "High Quality." Even on "Lowest Quality," the details are really good; not to mention you're in the dark most of the time.

The game play is most impressive. It is much more involving than the previous *Doom* titles as it is similar to *Half Life*'s minor puzzles. There are a couple of new concepts and ideas that are not usually found in first-person shooters. In *Doom 3*, you have a PDA that allows you to store weapon and item information, informational videos, e-mails and security clearances; it is quite similar to *Xenosaga*'s "Connection Gear." Since a lot of the levels lack proper lighting, you have been given a flashlight that never runs out of power and you can hit stuff with the butt of the light; sound's "cool," right? Oh wait, I forgot to tell you that you can't

use the flashlight simultaneously with a weapon. That's right! Learn to fight in the dark and like it! Also another cool thing is that multiple enemies can practically come at you from anywhere, literally, and, depending on their size, they can knock you back and around, which will tend to disorient a player in the dark.

The areas in a level are seamless and you will only need to load data when you change levels. Each type of enemy you face is very unique in its own way, and different tactics will be needed based on the type of enemy you are fighting and your surroundings, very rarely will you be in large hallways or wide openings. *Doom 3* is definitely worth buying if your system can handle it; I can see this game winning plenty of awards. *Doom 3* is one of those games that are as good as they sound.

Doom 3 System Requirements (courtesy of Id Software):

- * 3D Hardware Accelerator Card Required - 100% DirectX® 9.0b compatible 64MB Hardware Accelerated video card and the latest drivers*.
 - * English version of Microsoft® Windows® 2000/XP
 - * Pentium® IV 1.5 GHz or Athlon® XP 1500+ processor or higher
 - * 384MB RAM
 - * 8x Speed CD-ROM drive (1200KB/sec sustained transfer rate) and latest drivers
 - * 2.2GB of uncompressed free hard disk space (plus 400MB for Windows® swap file)
 - * 100% DirectX® 9.0b compatible 16-bit sound card and latest drivers
 - * 100% Windows® 2000/XP compatible mouse, keyboard and latest drivers
 - * DirectX® 9.0b (included)
- * MULTIPLAYER REQUIREMENTS: Internet (TCP/IP) and LAN (TCP/IP) play supported

* Internet play requires broadband connection and latest drivers

* LAN play requires network interface card and latest drivers

Important Note: *Some 3D accelerator cards with the chipset listed here may not be compatible with the 3D accelerator features utilized by *Doom 3*. Please refer to your hardware manufacturer for 100% DirectX 9.0b compatibility. This product does not support Microsoft® Windows® 95/98/ME or NT.

* SUPPORTED CHIPSETS: ATI® Radeon(tm) 8500

* ATI® Radeon(tm) 9000

* ATI® Radeon(tm) 9200

* ATI® Radeon(tm) 9500

* ATI® Radeon(tm) 9600

* ATI® Radeon(tm) 9700

* ATI® Radeon(tm) 9800

* All nVidia® GeForce(tm) 3/Ti series

* All nVidia® GeForce(tm) 4MX series

* All nVidia® GeForce(tm) 4/Ti series

* All nVidia® GeForce(tm) FX series

* nVidia® GeForce(tm) 6800

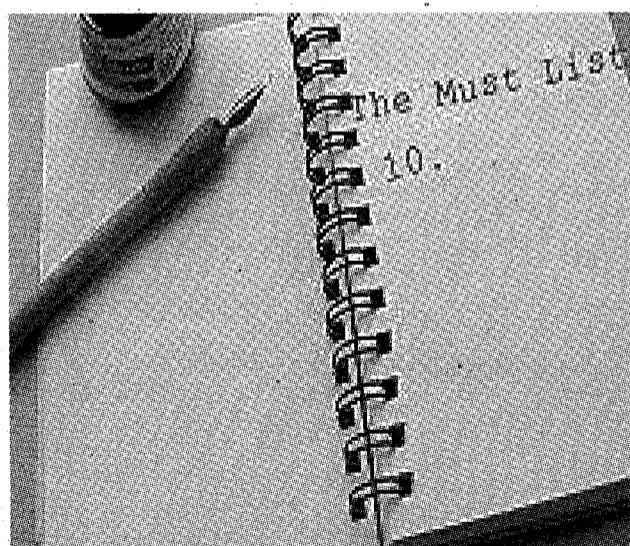


HOLY FUCKING SHIT. I JUST SHAT MYSELF.
Courtesy of Id Software

Bi-Weekly Must List

By Sarah Cassone

In the tradition of *Entertainment Weekly*, here are 10 pop culture essentials for you to check out.



Courtesy of Sarah Cassone

10. Wicker Park Soundtrack – Hey, just because the movie sucked doesn't mean the music does. From The Postal Service's haunting remake of "Against All Odds" to Mazzy Star's breathtaking classic "Flowers in December", this soundtrack almost makes the movie forgiv-

able. Almost.

9. YouSendIt.com – A quick and easy way to send large files via e-mail. Just put in the recipients e-mail address and start sending your music, videos, anything!

8. Popular Season One – So, my friend has been raving about this DVD box set for months. I've yet to see the show, but I trust his judgment. If you don't run out to buy it, at least rent it.

7. SR-71 at The Downtown (Oct 10th) – This band, currently in the midst of a name change and musical overhaul, is really good. They've been teetering on the edge of complexity for a while now and seem to be moving in the right direction. Come and see them at The Downtown on the 10th. And buy me a birthday drink while you're at it! Tickets are \$15. Co-headlining with Nine Days.

6. Mean Girls Widescreen DVD – Like, oh my god, this DVD is so fetch! It's like totally packed with wicked features and comes with a Burn Book memo pad! So, like, get to the store and buy it, loser. Love ya!

5. Angels in America – The messenger has arrived on DVD. There's a reason this won a ton of Emmys. A fabulous play with a spectacular cast transferred flawlessly to the screen. See

it now.

4. Pearl Jam: Rearviewmirror (Greatest Hits 1991-2003) – Break out the flannel. So, I just heard about this, like, yesterday. And I'm recommending this two disc CD set without knowing the track listing or the exact release date (sometime in October/November, is the word) because Pearl Jam rules, man.

3. Vote For Change Tour – Six separate tours in one. Sponsored by MoveOn.org to support Presidential nominee John Kerry, these shows promise to be incredible, with Bruce Springsteen/R.E.M./Bright Eyes all on one bill while Pearl Jam and Death Cab for Cutie headline another. Dates begin in late Sept/Early Oct in the Swing States.

2. Lost – This sure as hell ain't Gilligan's Island. The series premiere of this new drama premiered on ABC Sept. 22nd and promises to deliver an exciting, heart-pounding season. Very well written and acted. Check it out Wednesdays at 8pm.

1. Ed Wood (Special Edition) – Finally! After being delayed about a trillion times, Tim Burton's cult classic comes to DVD October 19th. Special features include commentary and behind-the-scenes footage, hosted by Johnny Depp.

So You Want to Have Hot Sex...

Hi boys and girls! I understand that some of you don't know how to have great sex. That's sad; very, very sad. So, to clue you in, I've written a guide to mind-blowing sex.

Now, the key to having an amazing sex session is, drum roll please, making the woman orgasm! *Gasp!* I know you may be saying, "Women can't orgasm!" or "My girl comes every time!" or "Wouldn't that be great? I wish my guy made me come!" Well, I promise you that: 1). Women do, indeed have orgasms; 2). No, your girl does not come every time, probably not even one in four times; and 3). Yes, it is great, and yes, your guy can make you orgasm when you have sex!

So now that we understand that a woman needs to come in order to have amazing sex, you're probably wondering how you can make this miracle happen. Well, the answer, my friend, lies in the funny word: cunnilingus. Muff-diving. Eating at the pink taco stand. Whistlin' in the weeds; in short, oral sex.

Because of the touchy subject matter, this guide has to have a section for men as well as women. It's strange, I've never met a man who felt uncomfortable getting a blowjob, but there are many numbers of women who can't enjoy being licked because they're worried how they look. Let's begin with the ladies and then we'll work our way into the boys' (or girls', if you go that way) instructions.

For Women:

There are a few things to remember while a boy is going down on you.

-If you have never had an orgasm, you should learn to give yourself one. Masturbation is not gross or sick or anything of the sort. It is pure love of yourself, and can be very rewarding. Figure out what feels good and what doesn't. Knowing how to please yourself will help you teach a lover how he can please you.

-Relax. Don't contort yourself so that your stomach looks flatter or your legs look smaller. If you're in the position of receiving oral sex it means that whoever's giving it to you likes what they see. So lie back, take a few deep breaths and think about how it feels to be touched.

-Don't be afraid to vocalize your likes and dislikes. If he's pounding down upon your clitoris and it's hurting you, SAY SOMETHING! If something feels good, either tell him so or make some sound to let him know. Mmm's usually work well:

-Oh, and don't be afraid to lend a hand. Separate your lips for his tongue with your fingers. Or massage your North if he's taking care of your South. Plus, the more involved you are, the hotter it will be for him to be going down on you, and the more often he'll do it.

-Lastly, don't rush yourself. If by minute sixteen you're just starting to feel something tingly, don't force yourself to feel it more or to try and come quicker. Pleasure is supposed to be a leisurely affair. Remember, a watched pot doesn't boil and a watched woman doesn't orgasm.

For the Giver:

A few things to keep in mind, before you so much as look at her love button, include:

-Know her anatomy. The outside is the labia majora, and just inside of that, the labia minora, or the lips. The clitoris, pea sized and hooded, is at the top, under the fold of the labia minora. The clitoris is your friend. Know the clitoris, love the clitoris. Below it is the urethra – stay out of that hole. And underneath the urethra is the vagina. If you know what you're looking at, you'll be much better maneuvering around it.

-Don't rush. It's rude. She takes her time to please you. She lets you come in her mouth. She puts up with your nasty taste. The least you can do is to take your time to pleasure her and not make her feel like it's taking forever. Make sure she's wet before you touch her down stairs. If she isn't, it will hurt. A lot.

-Get comfortable, it might actually take a while. Try having her recline on a bed with her legs off the side, you kneeling on the floor in front. Or maybe have her lay on a bed with you crouching on the bed in front. Another position she might feel comfortable in is squatting over your face – it's kind of a power thing.

Now that that's taken care of, let's get down to business. You should be with your girl, in a comfortable room with lots of time on your hands and room to maneuver. You should also both be naked. At least for this first time, so that you can get an idea of what needs to be touched and when.

-Start off kissing. Lots of kissing.

Pretend like you're in high school, making out in the living room watching *Can't Hardly Wait* while your parents are in the next room. Kiss her mouth. Kiss her ears; nibble them. Kiss her neck. Kiss her shoulders and her chest. Kiss her stomach and her legs; the backs of her knees and her ankles. Kiss her EVERYWHERE.

-Run your hands up and down her sides. Trail your fingers along her stomach and up to her breasts. Massage the breasts. Don't just suck on her nipples, pay attention to the whole booby.

-Pay attention to her moans and groans. Generally speaking, if she likes what you're doing, she will move her body towards you; if she doesn't like what you're doing, she'll pull away.

-Go back and kiss her again. It's very reassuring.

-Keep rubbing her body and licking small areas at a time. You can even try lightly biting sensitive places (i.e.: nipples, neck, backs of knees, inner thigh, butt, etc.). Key word being lightly. You don't want to hurt her.

-After 10 minutes of above, lower your head between her legs and see if she's wet yet. If she isn't, continue touching, kissing, licking and biting her. If she is, it's time to move on.

-Don't head straight for the clitoris when you go south. Start with long licks with the flat of your tongue up her whole vulva. Slowly. And don't push too hard, you want to be very gentle in that area. Repeat this a few times, moving from side to side.

-Some women enjoy circles around their love button, others like a simple up and down or side to side. Give all of these a chance and see which works best. I've even heard that spelling out the alphabet with your tongue over her clit is a sure-fire orgasm starter.

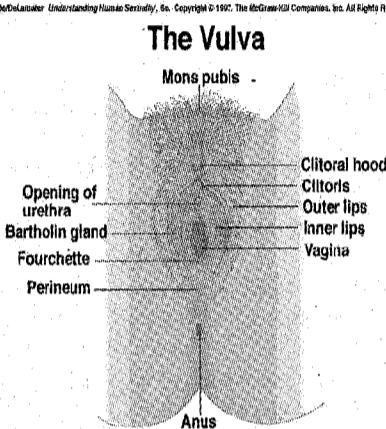
-Take your time and don't rush things. It might take a while for your efforts to begin to feel good – but if it appears to hurt her it will not feel good, ever.

-When you've got a rhythm going, and she appears to enjoy it, for the love of all that is holy don't change what you're doing!

-She may want you to finger her. You can test the waters on this one by gently tapping around the outside of her bawlingo. If she seems to like it, wet your finger with your saliva and slowly glide it inside of her. Don't push too hard and don't scrape your nail into her – that really hurts. Angle your finger up, or try curling it in, rubbing the upper wall of her X-Box (you want to be hitting the inside, about 5 or 6 inches below her belly button). Try to find her G-spot; it's a soft, textured spot full of nerve endings on the upper wall, about the size of a pea. If you find it, be gentle, don't dig your nails into it and don't press too hard.

I guarantee, if these steps are followed correctly, orgasm is indubitable. If she moves her body, or her hips thrust forward, keep going. Don't stop until she's panting and says that you should. Just make sure that she keeps breathing; remind her to, if you must. When she's gotten her cookies, it's time for you to get yours. Slowly slip your finger out of her. If she says it's ok, get ready for an amazing sex session in which you will probably both get your cookies.

By Meri Wayne



**THERE'S A MOM JOKE IN THERE
SOMEWHERE... LITERALLY.**

Courtesy of McGraw Hill

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I Got 99 Problems...

But a Bitch Ain't One? We'll See About That.

By Vincent Michael Festa

As you may know, the election is coming up soon and it's causing some people to vex and start burning things. Not me. Because of the Press' Stress Relief and Anger Management Program™. I was advised by my editors to chill out and take this simple approach to just relax and recycle my energy towards...nah, fuck it. Here it is, 99 Problems. And big up to Jay-Z. What's good?!

- 1) **Pop-Up ads on the computer.** No, I am not your 8,546,772nd visitor, and no, I don't want no hard-on pills, either.
- 2) **People who can't seem to turn the TV or radio off** when they can't stand to see or hear something offensive yet fight to the death to make it clean and wholesome.
- 3) **How KISS is a Gene Simmons marketing ploy** and not a rock band anymore. Anyone of those women on his new album cover could be your mom, by the way...
- 4) **Artists who call themselves Courtney Love, Fred Durst, or P. Diddy.**
- 5) **The Terror Alert.** Do we really need to be constantly scared every 5 minutes? No wonder why they call this thing the Terror Alert.
- 6) **Hounddogs with their one-man counterfeit CD crime rings** waiting outside for you at the check-cashing place.
- 7) **The police patrolling down your block** who take away your 4th of July fireworks only to go home and give them to their little wiener kids to enjoy.
- 8) **How some people can spend \$20,000 on a brand new pick-up truck** yet can't spend another \$20 to replace that faded, worn-out Metallica shirt they've been wearing since *The Black Album*.
- 9) **How I almost cut my hands** trying to open this fucking bottle of Fanta.
- 10) **Fedoras.** So American Idol.
- 11) **Corporate rule.** So dot-fucking-com.
- 12) **REM's "Shiny Happy People", Bon Jovi's "Living On A Prayer", and Chicago's "Glory Of Love".** So gay.
- 13) **No Yankees versus Astros game**, so that we Yankee fans can't boo the hell out of Pettite and Clemens.
- 14) **The RIAA.**
- 15) **Clear Channel.**
- 16) **Oh, yeah...and the FCC too.**
- 17) **Ticket snipers** who hunt you down and waste 10 minutes of your life insisting you buy tickets to a 5th rate comedy club...
- 18) **...and when you say 'no', they give you a dirty look.**
- 19) **Hip-hop "artists" who only believe in the four "C's": cash, crack, cars, and cootchie.**
- 20) **Administration who can't save their students** for free speech and expression yet never mind throwing away student money on pretty little walkways and talking elevators. Way to go!
- 21) **The Statesman.** Then again, Sesame Street also has puppets.
- 22) **How I'm still waiting** for the Guns 'N Roses' Chinese Democracy album.
- 23) **Rock bands that purposely misspell their names or song titles** just to be cool with the kids. Because "Vinsint Mykill Festrrr and Da Press 4 U" just didn't look right...
- 24) **...or how other people still misspell my last name.** Look, it's Festa. F-E-S-T-A. not F-E-S-T-E-R.. I don't walk around with a bald head and a lit bulb in my mouth smiling.
- 25) **TV Talkshows.** "43 shows, 16 kids, 65

- 26) **Women wearing sunglasses with a cigarette in one hand and cell phone in the other while driving their SUV's.** Queens of the highway need to be pulled over just for pulling this false self-important secret service attitude off.
- 27) **Saying the word "latte."** People will think that you indeed are a snobby little diva from the Hamptons.
- 28) **Saying the word "coupon."** It just makes you look and sound stupid, and it tends to fit in with fat, ugly, boring Bingo housewives from Arkansas that nobody wants to have anything to do with.
- 29) **Saying the word "borscht".** The only word I know that pretty much makes you look 40 years older. Hey, don't you feel like having goiters while you're at it?
- 30) **The racist "white" media** that try to make criminals, terrorists, immigrants and vegetarian radical yahoos out of everyone. Fight the real enemy!
- 31) **Commercial radio that seems to play the same 10 songs 25 times a day for 2 months at a time.** So Public Enemy, DJ Premier, and KRS-One can't get one fucking minute?
- 32) **People who say they love rock music... which is only one song.** "Yeah, I love rock music! I like that one Aerosmith song...what was it, again?"
- 33) **People who think Kid 606 is a mathematician and not a music artist.** They need to be clocked in the head with a laptop.
- 34) **"Lawn-Guyland" accents.** Oh...my...gawd; because, like...nobawdy likes a gawsipping queen.
- 35) **Girls with small tank tops, short shorts, and big bellies.** Save that dough for Pizza Hut.
- 36) **McBathroom's no longer "super-sizing it".** Proof that people can't take responsibility for their own actions. Then again, we do need less girls with small tank tops, short shorts, and big bellies.
- 37) **People who are so damn important** to not keep their cell phones off for just two minutes when they're being checked out at a retail store.
- 38) **Self-centered shirts that says "Princess," "Heiress," or "Rich Girl."** No matter what the word that describes you, you're still a "bitch."
- 39) **Lack of industrial music coverage** in more magazines. Because angry, pissed-off German guys in big black boots are people too.
- 40) **Cover bands.** If you can actually play real instruments and real notes, then why can't you actually be a real band?
- 41) **How science-fiction promised us those flying cars** fifty years ago and we still haven't gotten them yet.
- 42) **How people call it the "rap game."** It's not really a game. I mean...sure, you do see dice rolls and money thrown at you, but do you also see spinners, get-out-of-jail-free cards, and little plastic gingerbread men advancing to King Of The Streets?
- 43) **Religious missionaries still insisting on giving starving people bibles instead of food.** Don't they realize that people can't eat books?
- 44) **Billboard music charts.** Two million N.E.R.D. CD's sold in just one month, so it must be that good, right?
- 45) **People who have to repeat themselves to get their point across.**
- 46) **People who have to repeat themselves to get their point across.**
- 47) **How Run DMC is not around in the rap world anymore** but Puff Daddy still is.
- 48) **Anna Kournikova.** Hey, who cares if Maria Sharapova won a tennis tournament, Anna's got a centerfold spread in Maxim!
- 49) **Wal-Mart.** Always low wages, always a glass ceiling, always tearing down the mom-and-pop store. Always!
- 50) **Meathead Americans** who wave the flag mindlessly, get turned on when they see bombs go off on TV, and tell people to shut up when they hear something they don't agree with. Hey, wait a minute...one of them sounds familiar...
- 51) **Lack of cockfighting coverage on TV.** If ESPN can cover Blackjack tournaments and dog and pony shows, why not fighting chickens? And you could say that it's your uncle, too.
- 52) **Michael Prazak.** He still owes me that 5 bucks that he lost over a game of Street Fighter 2 back in 1991!
- 53) **Short notices.** Because there's no way in hell I can give Stony Brook University a thousand dollars in...ten days??!
- 54) **Music magazines proclaiming and dictating certain bands saving rock music.** Remember, rock music was never dead. It just sucked, and will still suck, for a long time.
- 55) **50 Cent: nine bullets. Courtney Love: none.**
- 56) **Full House reruns.** Networks, you can stop now. The Olsen Twins finally turned 18...
- 57) **The new pedophilia...and just when the Olsen Twins turned 18, here comes Jo-Jo.** Great. Once again 40-year-old comic-book-collecting basement-crashing mama's-boys are back on the scene.
- 58) **That Hanukkah should be spelled without the "C" at the beginning**, so that people should stop sounding like their choking to death just trying to say the word.
- 59) **Hemorrhoid commercials** during dinnertime.
- 60) **This "metrosexual" thing**, because I really can't see myself feeling and being all sexy in a train station.
- 61) **How we've been cheated out of our votes** on an administration we never voted for...
- 62) **...and the four long, hard, miserable years** it has left us.
- 63) **Too few Jibjab political cartoons.** Seeing Bush and Kerry talking and acting like hand puppets is a riot.
- 64) **The new Catwoman movie.** "Look, look...titties! Now go see our movie."
- 65) **No more new Jackass episodes on MTV.** 'Nuff said.
- 66) **Spinning blades on hubcap wheels.** Look, you're driving a car in New York City, not a horse-driven chariot in Rome. Please stop.
- 67) **Bill O'Reilly.** After watching this cry-baby, I feel very ashamed that he's from Long Island.
- 68) **Lazy rich-kid princesses who work 8 hours a week** that pretend to act tired and sit and do nothing at work asking other co-workers slaving their butts off what time it is until closing.
- 69) **...wait, is this #69?** I don't seem to have a problem with the number '69' at all, really. Do you?
- 70) **How Roy Rogers' restaurants are hard to find.** A shame to see a great American institution diminish into thin air.

I Got 99 Problems... (continued)

- 71) The feeling you'll get in a Greyhound bus bathroom when the bus makes a sudden stop.
- 72) The Simpsons. Because it's all about *The Family Guy*, and that's not overrated Newsday pop fodder.
- 73) How young girls are raised by television, movies, magazines, and Top 40 radio to fit in out of fear, yet look down at vampire chicks or rock grrrls for not "getting with the program" and being different than the rest of them.
- 74) How DJ Kool Herc, the godfather of hip-hop, is in the shadows still DJ'ing to survive while commercial "thugballers" get the millions just by shouting two words in a rap video. WHAT??!
- 75) People at high-school reunions who still want to fuck with you ten years later.
- 76) People at high-school reunions who still haven't paid you back the \$2.50 ten years ago.
- 77) Lazy homies who pull up in front of your house in their cars and call you on their cell phones to see if you're home instead of walking to the door and actually knocking on it.
- 78) People who ask me "do you work here?". No, I just like dressing up to hang-out at work for the hell of it.
- 79) Priorities. Let's see...studying for a 100-question make-or-break bio-engineering test, or playing Playstation Final Fantasy and getting my munchkin hobbit thingy up to level 99?
- 80) So many great Playstation games coming out, and so little time to play them.
- 81) Tower Record employees who think that they have a right to a snobby attitude and pretend to be hip know-it-all music nazis because they own a Strokes or Jet CD.
- 82) How no one will mention Mates Of State, Dillinger Escape Plan, Merzbow, Alec Empire, Sleater-Kinney, Cex, MF Doom, Guided By Voices, Billy Bragg, Throbbing Gristle, The Clash, The Smiths, Lou Reed, Ladytron, Killing Joke, Christoph De Babalon, Einsturzende Neubauten, Can, and Most Precious Blood...but me. Now where's my right to a snobby attitude?
- 83) Musicians who think they're so great and say that "all bands suck" because they're not themselves. If you are one of them, please shut the fuck up.
- 84) No more Port Jefferson Music Den and None Of The Above.
- 85) Celine Dion at high volumes, lots of treble, and no bass. After a hard day from wherever I don't need another headache.
- 86) Justin Timberlake. How that industry mary runs away like a little bitch only to save his sore ass while others take the blame. So Justin, where exactly is the love?
- 87) No tips after service. Support the Long Island bar scene!
- 88) People counting carbs or calories. Still paranoid that one extra tenth of a gram will make a difference? Then don't eat. Just starve and then you'll really see the results!
- 89) Sorority/Fraternity banners in the Stony Brook Union. Hey, I heard this campus has no working heat?
- 90) That 70's Show. It's more like a bad half-an-hour Old Navy commercial. Throw in a '74 Ford Mustang, some leather, rollergirls, and Dolomite and you got a real 70's show.
- 91) The price of oil. Hey, it's still only two dollars a gallon!
- 92) Hotels that advertise cable TV, yet only have 13 channels and not one of them are Playboy or the Game Show Channel...
- 93) ...and on that note, that Let's Make A Deal was taken off the air, but more "reality" programs will spawn like aliens...
- 94) ...like The Apprentice, American Idol, Average Joe, The Bachelor(ette),
- 95) That Morgan Spurlock, Michael Moore, and Napolean Dynamite haven't reached biblical status yet...and neither has Bill Hicks, Dane Cook, or Richard Pryor, either.
- 96) How superstore supervisors aren't there to supervise at all, but to be the "star of the store" like Hollywood and walk around like they own you and the place. I'd like to see one of them return to their trailer parks after work.
- 97) Mall-punk garage-band teenyboppers who jump up and get excited when they hear Blink 182, New Found Glory, and Jimmy Eat World, yet look at you dirty when you mention The Fall, Nihilistics, or Public Image Ltd.
- 98) Girls who say they're "sweet and innocent". Yeah, right. Give them a Budweiser at a party and you'll hear how sweet and innocent she really is when she tells you about her and the entire fraternity last weekend.
- 99) Babies still having babies. As if not getting the hint the first time was enough.
- 100) How people really take these lists to heart. If you did I feel bad for you, son.

Sorry I had a hundred problems. Laters.

Life's Shitty Twists

By Jason Ng

It's my third year here at Stony Brook and I'm one of the few that can admit that I really do like it here. I'm dorming, so I had to learn to get to know random strangers who I was to live with for at least a semester. My first semester wasn't exactly my best. I got to know my roommate and we immediately became friends. As for the other two guys in my suite, however, we rarely talked. "Hey, how's it goin" was literally pretty much the extent of which we all spoke to each other. This happened for two semesters straight and the year after, my roommate and I never saw the other guys again. I mean, they weren't exactly the roommates from hell or anything, something just never clicked between our two rooms and I guess our suite wasn't meant to last.

Sophomore year was much better. I had the same roommate and we immediately got to know the guys across the common room. Something did click this time and we were all pretty cool with each other. We'd talk at times, go out together, drink together. Our room was actually fun. Problem was, the other guys decided to move out at the end of the year to off-campus housing and my roommate and I went to UGA. Some of my best times at school were in that room and with those people.

Now my junior year, my roommate and I had to get to know four new strangers, which we decided we'd try not to have happen like our freshman year. These were random guys we

picked to room at the last second during the UGA selection. As it turns out, they were all pretty good guys. One particular guy I thought I was really starting to get to know. We don't hang out as much as we did in the last room we lived in, but things seemed to start heading in that direction. Little did I know, we'd lose one of the people in our room to a car accident.

"I never would have expected this to happen. I keep thinking, 'I didn't really know him, but it still bothers me. It's just sad that I'll never get to know this one person that I would have gotten along with well.'"

I still remember it so clearly, the week before the Rosh Hashanah long weekend, I was in the kitchen cooking up some food, and David came in and we started talking about random crap like how we hate leaving dirty dishes and pots in the sink. He even washed someone else's that had been left in there for at least a week. He was telling me about his girlfriend visiting

all that weekend, too. I thought in the back of my head as he was talking to me, "this kid's alright" and that it would be a great semester ahead of us. We came back to from break and my roommate got a call from David's uncle; pretty weird since we barely knew him enough for his family to be calling us. As it turned out, David had gotten into a car crash that weekend and ended up in a coma in the hospital. A few days later, he passed away. It's still getting to me how we were just talking to each other the week before. We barely knew each other and I really felt like we were all going to be good friends. I never would have expected this to happen. I keep thinking, "I didn't really know him, but it still bothers me. It's just sad that I'll never get to know this one person that I would have gotten along with well." It really sucks.

It's not bothering me a lot, but it's bothering me a good amount. To be honest, I'm one of the lucky few to never have seen really close family pass on. But this was someone I saw pretty much everyday for a whole month - just gone. Just like that. David was a good, decent guy for the short time that I knew him. I barely knew him, but I don't plan on forgetting him.

Hey, Who Ordered the Reviews?

Silver City... uh... Closes Thursday

By Matt Willemain

In the opening scene of auteur John Sayles' smart, sprawling new movie *Silver City*, we are introduced to Chris Cooper (*Adaptation*, *Seabiscuit*) as a candidate for governor of Colorado conspicuously similar to President Bush. The candidate, the grown up frat boy son of a United States Senator, spent most of his younger years intoxicated and doesn't much care for readin'. He presents himself as a down-on-the-ranch Colorado good old boy, but stumbles into verbal buffoonery when he strays from his careful prepared script. Richard Dreyfus (*Jaws*) plays a combination of Dick Cheney and Karl Rove, directing both the would-be governor's public relations and policy considerations. Later we meet cowboy executive Kris Kristofferson (*Blade*, *Alice Doesn't Live Hear Anymore*), head of an octopus like corporation and close friend of the candidate's family who finances Cooper's campaign indirectly by bankrolling his business failures. When Cooper accidentally reels in a corpse during the filming of a campaign spot, Dreyfus quickly calls in compliant sheriff James Gammon (*Cold Mountain*, *Major League*) to handle the situation quietly, and the movie's lead, investigator Danny Huston (*25 Grams*, *Timecode*) to pursue people on an enemies list who Dreyfus suspects may have staged the incident.

Huston combs the list, and power players' old enemies provide an opportunity to show what kind of jackasses they are (hint: the worst). Miguel Ferrer (*The Manchurian Candidate*, *Traffic*) plays a right wing talk radio host who holds a grudge from when Dreyfus stole his national presidency of a campus conservative group with extra parliamentary shenanigans and back room politicking. Ralph Waite (*Cliffhanger*, *The Waltons*) is a former mine engineer and regulator whose career was ruined when he pursued environmental abuses by Kristofferson. Daryl Hannah (*Kill Bill*, *Blade Runner*) plays Cooper's eccentric trust-fund sister whose potentially Olympic figure skating career was derailed when she was forced to carry an unplanned pregnancy to term because of her family's association with the Christian Right. Huston begins here, but doesn't stop with his unofficial mission of intimidating the political enemies. Dreyfus got more than he bargained for when he unknowingly hired a washed-up former muckraking journalist who can't seem to let go of his ideals. Huston dives head first into the mystery of who the dead man is and how he got into the lake from which he was pulled.

Stuffed with (mostly) talented actors and filled with beautiful cinematography shot on location in Colorado, the film wanders from legislation and land deals to abandoned mines and dive bars, newsrooms big and small to the exploitation of undocumented foreign laborers. Sayles has become a specialist at creating large ensemble films with social relevance. These are movies that don't get preachy, and remain ultimately about interesting characters in dramatic situations. Some fine examples are *Matewan*, about a West Virginia company mining town and the violent repression of early unionism there, *City of Hope*, about corrupt urban politics in the Northeast, and *Lone Star*, in which a small town Texas sheriff investigates a long forgotten murder and his own sheriff father, also co-starring Cooper and Kristofferson.

Silver City's main drawback is the trag-



TODAY WE CELEBRATE... OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY!
Courtesy of Newmarket Film Group

cally wooden acting of lead Danny Huston. Huston looks like Al Gore on sedatives. He makes David Duchovny look like Chris Tucker. If you stumbled upon him in the wilderness you could hollow him out to make a fine canoe. APA-The Engineered Wood Association offers a handy ten-point protection plan detailing how to keep him free from mold at www.freedomfrommold.org. According to the book of Proverbs 26:20-21, "For lack of actor Danny Huston the fire goes out, and where there is no whisperer, quarreling ceases. As charcoal is to hot embers and actor Danny Huston to fire, so is a quarrelsome person for kindling strife." This is particularly troublesome because his character is clearly written as an exceptionally passionate person who becomes very excited when he believes in a cause. Huston's only moment of energy in the movie comes when he angrily throws a sugar bowl upon discovering his girlfriend took the microwave when she moved out. In one disappointing scene Huston wakes from a nightmare to scribble notes on his wall, trying to puzzle out the mystery. This would have been a fine time for some frantic energy, but Houston

might as well be writing a grocery list.

The rest of cast is excellent. A few stand out despite receiving very little screen time in the crowded field of players. Mario Bello (*The Cooler*, *Coyote Ugly*) plays Huston's love interest. A professional journalist who used to work with Huston at a small hell-raising newspaper, she dumped him despite considering him the love of her life. Bello's half of the couple shines with unrequited chemistry, if that's possible. Billy Zane (*Zoolander*, *Titanic*) is great as Bello's mercenary fiancé. He is Huston's opposite, a successful public relations hack and lobbyist for various parties big on money and low on ethics, from tobacco companies to anti-environmentalist land developers. Zane is close with the future Governor and his handler, and justifies televised testimony that cigarettes don't cause cancer by casting the tobacco industry as underdogs in the court in the public opinion, no doubt due to their moral bankruptcy, as deserving of an advocate as anyone else. Also turning in a fine job is Sal Lopez, a perennial bit player (he's credited in *Paparazzi* as "Mexican Man" and *The Banger Sisters* as "Pump Attendant") as a charismatic Mexican American caterer. Huston hires to help him navigate the world of the undocumented workers.

Silver City is a great movie about the perception of winning and losing in life, and the price we all pay when some people take selfish short cuts. Set against the backdrop of Cooper's candidacy it is also political and timely. Despite the major drag of the lead acting, I wouldn't hesitate to recommend the movie, which is playing at the Cinema Arts Centre in nearby Huntington through this Thursday, the thirtieth, after which the Centre begins their October schedule. Anyone not familiar with oeuvre of writer/director/editor Sayles should also check out his older stuff. Good places to start might be the baseball movie *Eight Men Out* or the Irish folk tale *The Search of Roan Inish*.

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Hey, Who Ordered the Reviews?

Otep - House of Secrets

By Mike Fabbri

Ok, the first question you must ask yourself before reading this: am I man enough to listen to an aggressive death metal band fronted by a female? I know what you're all going to say, what does a girl know about rocking my gonads? Well, a lot as it turns out. Pure unadulterated adrenaline is a phrase that comes to mind when listening to Otep.

Poetic metal is another one of those phrases. I think that the poetic metal was the true intent of the album. On many tracks, you listen and are drawn in by Otep's sweet voice, and then gradually you realize that the pinnacle of the song is approaching and suddenly everything gets very violent. You never question why the brutality began. You never need to ask why. All you know is that a minute ago you were humming, and now you're whipping your head back and forth looking for something to break, and then you start to see red...ok, maybe a bit of an exaggeration, but in all seriousness, *House of Secrets* is a force to be reckoned with, an album that I am proud to put in my CD collection.

The band boasts Otep as the vocalist, Lee Rios is the guitarist, Doug Pellerin on the drums, and bassist eVIL j. This combination

seems to work very well together with no need for silly non-hard electronic noises; just pure raw and dirty riffs.

Their CD liner was also quite a pleasure to explore. The case came with two different colored transparent faces. You can then place the CD liner under one of the faces to find hidden "secrets." Kind of silly, but definitely unique and creative, which is something Otep seems to strive for.

Also on the CD is the "extra" content. You know, the multimedia stuff that you can get access to by placing it into a computer. One of the features on it is a link to the website where you can register to vote. Which is kind of another neat idea that I have never seen before.

Overall, if you're looking for some new metal, or rock metal, or nümetal, or whatever the hell you want to call it these days, I would certainly recommend Otep; especially if you already like anything along the lines of Vision of Disorder, Hatebreed, Mudvayne, or possibly even early Marilyn Manson. The best comparison is probably Mudvayne, with the style of rawness from soft to hard to soft to hard. Something like an 80-year-old man popping pills of Viagra. So go, buy the CD, rock out, let

the music seep into your soul, rant and rave, and enjoy your natural rage.



SHE'S KINDA HOT, IN A REALLY FREAKY WAY
Courtesy of CDNow.com

The Punks Do Opera

By Jason Peragallo

While the Kerry campaign seems to be in need of a savior right now, most likely that savior won't be Green Day. But Billy Joe would like it to be. Their new album, *American Idiot*, is a leap ahead for the band, with a completely different format than previous albums including nearly ten minute long songs. How often does a punk band have ten minute long songs??? Green Day has come forth with a highly charged, political album, which not only makes you want to jump around and mosh, but also tells a story in rock opera fashion. The band we grew up with is growing up with us..

I had the good fortune of seeing Green Day at Irving Plaza on September 20th for their glorified "CD release party/concert" with a friend. After the doors opened, we waited almost an hour and a half before the concert started. The lights dimmed, the screen playing *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* went up, and the stage lights turned on. And then there was a familiar trumpet note. Followed by more trumpet, and tympani. Billy Joe, Tre Cool, and Mike Dirnt come running onto the stage during the climax of "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" from *2001: A Space Odyssey*, with Billy Joe soaking up the crowds roars of excitement. I don't think I've been to a concert before where the crowd was actually LOUDER than the bands speakers.

The band began their play-through of their album, starting with their first single, "American Idiot." It was kind of surprising how many people knew the lyrics for most of the songs already, since the album didn't come out until the next day. Thanks Internet! "Well maybe I'm the faggot America. I'm not a part of a redneck agenda. Now everybody do the propaganda. And sing along in the age of paranoia." The song is a clear accusation directed at the media for being manipulative, the government for being irresponsible, and a call for action for us Americans who are too complacent with our



MMMPHM MMMGLPH MMMP!,
Courtesy of Tom Clark

asses glued to the couch.

The story then unfolds in thirteen tracks on this nearly one hour-long album. Following the title track we are introduced to the Jesus of Suburbia in the song of the same name. In a five part, nine minute long song we hear of his discontent with life in the 'burbs, until he finally runs away. In "Holiday," a punk anthem-like song about the war in Iraq, Green Day strikes a chord with those who oppose it with such words as "Zeig Heil to the president gasman," and "kill all the fags who don't agree" coming from a putative representative from California (where the band hails from). The story unfolds in the following songs, with the Jesus of Suburbia meeting up with St. Jimmi, who will lead the people in defiance of the establishment. Jesus of Suburbia meets

Whatsername along the way, his partner in crime, defiance, and love. Eventually, he leaves the anti-establishment movement in which he joined. In "Wake Me Up When September Ends," perhaps not so coincidentally track no. 11, the protagonist and Billy Joe ask us to remember what we've lost as time goes on. Finally, in "Homecoming" the movement St. Jimmi began returns home but St. Jimmi commits suicide, and Jesus of Suburbia now has a desk job, wondering what ever happened to Whatsername.

In all, it's a compelling story with even more compelling rhythms and melodies behind it. What's amazing is that Green Day actually was able to pull this off — the audience loved it, and following the concert, people were ecstatic about the vibe the group and the album put out. What should we call them? The Who's Green Day? Queen Day? After all, following the playthrough, the band returned for five encore songs, including their own hit singles "Longview," "Brain Stew," "Jaded," and "Minority," followed by Queen's "We Are the Champions." (Wow!!!) The Queen song made it seem as if Green Day should be playing arena rock, and the crowd's attitude made it feel likely that Green Day could actually pull off playing a rock opera in such a venue. Maybe it'll happen? Maybe we'll see Green Day on Broadway some day... nah, too weird.

The album certainly struck a chord with most concertgoers' sentiments about the current state of affairs, but I could only think, while listening to it, that Green Day is preaching to the already converted. However, a couple guys near me were talking about voting and, when asked whom they were going to vote for one of them said, "I don't know yet." That gives me some hope.

Younger Robinson Shines With Solo Debut

Rich Robinson – Paper (Keyhole Records, 2004)

By Ian Rice

If Rich Robinson had walked away from his stint as guitarist and co-songwriter of the Black Crowes and simply rested on his laurels, he would certainly be sitting pretty to say the least. After all, his body of work with the Crowes (which filled six studio albums, one collaboration with Jimmy Page and a wealth of b-sides and unreleased material) is one to be admired and certainly more than any musician could accomplish in a lifetime of playing. But lucky for us, resting on his laurels isn't something that's in Robinson's vocabulary. After trying to assemble a band (Hookah Brown) and having it fold after a brief period of touring, Rich Robinson has elected to do it all on his own with the release of his studio album *Paper*.

His second release this year (following right on the heels of the Internet-only live masterpiece *Live at the Knitting Factory*), *Paper* shows a side of Robinson that some might not have realized existed. Not only is the man a gifted purveyor of guitar riffs, his lyrics aren't too shabby either. Couple them with his unique vocal style (which is miles away from brother Chris) and you've got yourself quite a unique package. Add the fact that Robinson handled everything on the album himself, save for some assorted instrumentation, and you've got the makings of a rock music force to be reckoned with.

The album opens with the rocker, "Yesterday I Saw You," which has a guitar riff so powerful you'd swear it'd fallen off of a Black Crowes record somewhere in the mid-90s. Robinson doesn't rest after this song's burst of energy, flying right into another piece of high-velocity rock with "Enemy." In fact, the album doesn't slow down the rock pace until it hits "Forgiven Song," a beautiful piece of acoustic-based magic that recalls Robinson's Georgia roots. Complete with a fiddle solo and pedal steel flourishes, "Forgiven Song" is one of the album's most beautiful moments.

You can't keep Robinson down for long, as he shotguns right back into the dirty boogie with "Veil." Like a handful of other tracks on the album, "Veil" began as a Hookah Brown tune under a different title. But Robinson's version is the definitive one, the guitar dripping with a sleazy distortion that originated with Keith Richards but that Robinson undeniably owns now.

Things slow down again to reveal one of Robinson's most intimate compositions to date, the heartfelt "When You Will." The track is like a Sunday afternoon back porch ditty you'd hear somewhere on the bayou and is nothing short of a delight. Almost in severe contrast, Robinson launches into the thunderous "Places," which can only be described as a Black Sabbath riff to

the hundredth power. The entire song is a repetition of a single riff and is a testament to Robinson's talent that you don't get bored by it or even notice it for a second.

The album culminates in the near-dizzying "Answers," which is a majestic piece of dynamics that could very well be the pinnacle of Robinson's songwriting. It's almost if the track is daring you not to get infected by its groove as it rocks along. It wouldn't surprise me if the track was never a hit on the radio, but that certainly would annoy me to no end. "Answers" is a track that should be right up there with all the other rock classics put forth by the likes of the Stones, the Allman Brothers and artists of a similar ilk.

Closing out the album is the fun and aptly titled "It's Over," which, if nothing else, provides the listener with a bit of a breather after the power of its predecessors. It's the perfect ending to what I consider a perfect album, one that every fan of music should have in their collection. Not that he had to, given his startlingly brilliant work with the Black Crowes, but Rich Robinson has proven himself as a rock music icon with *Paper*.

Check out Rich Robinson on tour this month! For a full list of dates and other information, visit www.richrobinson.net.

Down the Rabbit Hole and Back Again

By Kieth C. Smith

Henry Townsend has been trapped in his small, one bedroom apartment for 5 days. The door is sealed with chains, his food has run out, and nobody seems to be able to hear his screams for help. To make matters worse, he has a reoccurring nightmare about ghosts bleeding through his walls and consuming him. No wonder, when he finds a hole in his bathroom filled only with echoing screams of long dead and tortured souls, he still climbs through in search of salvation.

The hole transports Henry to various locations in and around Silent Hill filled with deadly apparitions and deformed monstrosities. But Henry is not the only person in this hell hole. He meets a variety of people, most of which plead for his help to escape, all of which end up dead, and all of which have numbers mysteriously carved into their bodies. As Henry goes deeper into the hole and the plot, he uncovers the story of a serial killer whose life work was not finished in his lifetime.

Silent Hill 4: The Room is a new spin on the tried and true formula of it's predecessors. This installment plays like a streamlined version of previous *Silent Hill* games. All the horror and psychological games *Silent Hill* is known for are here, just with less down time. You travel between your apartment and other areas via the hole, instead of having to trek across an entire town searching for an address scribbled on some soggy note. The locations the hole takes you to are similar to the abandoned hospitals and eerie forests you explored in the other games, just smaller. Which means you won't spend enough time at any one to get bored with the setting. It also means plot developments progress much faster as you clear areas

in about an hour each. The new breed of specters and demon dogs you must fight are rather easy to deal with but still frightening to behold. And there are more scenes where flight is the preferred strategy than fight. The puzzles are easy as well. Granted, you won't get stuck for hours on some riddle involving a poem about crows, doves and a piano, but highly clever puzzles that you were proud to solve were one of my favorite characteristics of these games.

In all of the areas you visit, you can find holes that return you to your apartment. Returning there puts you in first person view. It also allows you to store items, save progress and heal yourself without using items. You can also spy out your window and a number of peepholes to see how the events are unfolding in the real world. This creates a number of memorable and highly tense scenes as you watch people inches away speculate about your situation. Exploring your domicile also gives you insight into the plot. You will often find insightful notes slipped under your door, or your radio will inexplicably feed you police reports from the area. Players of previous *SHs* will be rewarded with hints that only they can pick up (try looking for the name Walter Sullivan in your notes from *SH2*).

Half way through the game things become more difficult. At that point, you take another character under your wing and must protect her as you wade through the hordes of monsters. Instead of standing back and waiting for the right moment to strike, you are forced to charge in and tactically choose which enemies to slay first in order to keep your entourage safe.

Let me make this clear...I hate escort missions. But this is one instance where I think it's pulled off well. Firstly, you don't have to pro-

tect her. If she takes too much damage, she dies and your ending changes, but it's not game over. Sure, you might want that better ending, but at least you have the choice to say "screw it". More than likely you won't, because the game does a decent job of making you want to protect her. Like the other characters in this game, she is well developed and you get a real sense of her as an actual person.

The controls have been improved somewhat. The standard controls that resemble piloting a tank more than a person have been replaced. Now, when you hit left on the analog stick, you move left. This allows you to be much more maneuverable and makes fighting groups of enemies more feasible in the open. No longer do you have to rely on narrow spaces to force the enemy to attack you from one direction. Items can be used and weapons can be switched on screen rather than breaking the action with a menu screen that has to load.

With all the usual psychological horror that *SH* gives us, plus the new innovations, I can see no reason not to give *The Room* a perfect score. I suggest any fan of survival horror games should try this one out, and if your new to genre this is the perfect one to try as your first.

Just remember one thing: The plot is yours to decipher and follow. Rarely will elements be explained outright, and never is the nature of Silent Hill revealed. Finally, play the game alone, after dark. You will be rewarded with nightmares that will haunt you during the day and assure you that concentration during philosophy class will be an unattainable goal.

Currently, a *Silent Hill* movie is in the works and the graphic novel *Silent Hill: Dying Inside* is also available.

Breaking News on Vending Machine Condoms

By "The Count"

It only costs a dollar. There are two in a package. Each individually costs the consumer 50 cents. So what are you paying for, piece of mind? No. A piece of latex. The answer is vending machine condoms. Yes, I was astonished to learn they existed when I first ventured onto this campus last semester and my fascination with them just won't leave me. There they were, in Sloth food center, and in Kelly too. They stand on the highest tier of vending machine racks just waiting for the average college student to stumble up drunkenly and in haste mash the correct combination of two buttons to retrieve the product. A plain white box with big bold black print displaying the daring word "Condoms" is dispensed. The combination of the grease in the air, the dollar in my hand and the fact that I had never seen vending machine condoms before was a lethal concoction. So, like the giggling buffoon I was brought up to be, I engaged myself in investigating these rubbers.

It was a less than fateful day when I bought them, looking over my shoulder to see some snickering Burger King food patrons eyeing my selection. I turned away from the machine with a sly look of self-satisfaction which condoms aren't usually associated with, at least not until used. Already I decided the dollar was well spent...

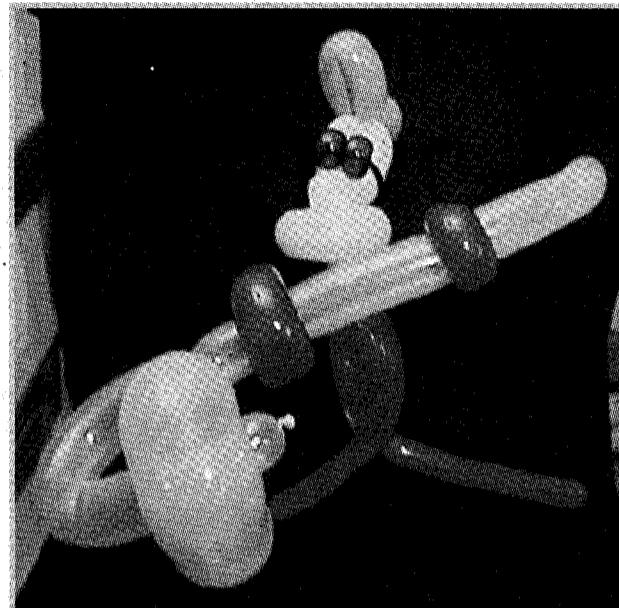
My first step in investigating these condoms was to examine the box itself. Merch-A-Vend was the company responsible for supplying us with these anonymously-packaged contraceptives. I knew immediately a Googling was in order. The company, based out of Orlando, Florida, specializes in selling assorted pre-packaged products in vending-machine-dispensable packages. They sell everything from pantyhose to playing cards. But you can't judge a book by its cover or a condom by its box.

I was actually relieved to find that, no, Merch-a-vend does not have their own Merch-A-Vend brand condoms. Instead I was greeted by the purple wrapper of Mr. Happy's Hat brand. The logo presented is yellow smiley face (Mr. Happy, I presume), wearing a cap and sticking his tongue out. And to my surprise, the condom company went the extra mile to supply me with a red condom and a light blue one as well. I'm still having trouble deciding which color would be more flattering. Did I miss something on the significance of color? I hope not. So now, armed with a new brand name, I decided to pay this Mr. Happy a visit...Google style.

I found my pleasant yellow friend at his very own company website; everything has a website these days. It seems like Mr. Happy really knows his stuff. The proper use section of the site has the directions for use, in a middle school sex-ed style display. Props. The Mr. Happy's Hat company also offers a variety of condom choices. Colors and scents and flavors, oh my! But what is a condom without some stopping power? For this I insisted on checking out the quality section of the website. Mr. Happy is proud to say that he is under the ever-watchful eye of the FDA and assures his customers that he uses only the highest quality latex rubber in making his condoms.

Consulting the FDA website on condom information was a much easier task than expected. By this point in the article I know I am taking this investigation way too seriously, but I continue in the spirit of making a couple of good penis jokes. According to the Food and Drug Administration, "Manufacturers spot check their condoms using a water-leak test. FDA inspectors do a similar (sic.) test on sample condoms they take from warehouses. The condoms are filled with water and checked for leaks. An average of 996 of 1000 condoms must pass this test." The ill spelling of similar in the previous

sentence is purely the FDA's fault. But I trust them with the future of my un-children. I assume that the scientific sounding "water-leak test" is the same used by every kid who is strapped for water balloons on a hot summer day. The percent of failure for the water-leak test condoms is on average .4%. Any batch that fails 5 condoms out of 1000 test the FDA dictates as unfit to sell. I assume the FDA would really give it really hard to a company that failed to produce reliable condoms. And the company would have no choice but to take it, and take it good. What is good enough for the FDA sales is good enough for me, which is why I chain smoke cigarettes. Please observe inherent irony.



THAT'S SORT OF AN ANIMAL, I GUESS.
Courtesy of Dustin Herlich

Needless to say the FDA has probably poisoned me a million times over in ways I don't even know about yet. This thought has inspired me to do my very own condom tests. No animals will be harmed. The condoms in my experiment will be the Mr. Happy's Hat brand condoms, which are supplied by the Sloth Dining hall vending machine. The methods of testing that I will use are the water-leak test and the tensile test (i.e. stretch test), followed by the balloon animal test. For the water test, I filled the condom with 10 ounces of water, the same amount that the FDA uses. The condom would have

sprung a leak if a hole was present. A separate condom was subjected to the stretch test, in which I, well, stretched the condom, and then blew it up and twisted it into the shape of a small doggie. The cutest contraceptive you will ever see. And if none of that breaks the condoms...I'll just put them on someone's windshield and take a picture. Here goes.

The first condom, big red I'll call it, smelled of a dentist's glove and was lightly lubricated. With the help of a squirt-capped Poland Spring bottle, I forced 10 ounces of water into big red. After tying off the end and playing joyfully for longer than I care to mention here, I gave up on the idea that the condom might have a hole. Big red was quite the trooper and I only wish we could have met under better circumstances. One test down, one to go. No-baby-blue is the condom I chose for my stretch and blow test. It too smelled of a dentist and felt just greasy enough for a good time. With the condom fully unraveled, I proceeded to stretch it in every direction possible; when I was satisfied that nothing short of a horse could have done a better job than myself, I allowed it to be inflated. No-baby-blue was about the size of a watermelon when I decided enough is enough. Strong all along.

That was all fine and dandy I decided. But the question soon arose...just what did it all prove? It proved that a water bottle and a ram-bunctious attempt at making a balloon animal wouldn't destroy a condom. So, further testing is required before a definitive answer on the true integrity of these vending machine condoms can be arrived at. Now, this would have to be an exhaustive study. The best adjective to describe it would be rigorous. I am proposing human testing, of course. Subjects would need to be in good physical shape, and have prior experience in matters of condom use. Separate tests would need to be done over many long, sleepless nights. Participants would be paid under the table, which is, in reality, on top of the dresser. I will also take testimonials for a proposed follow-up article. Just keep in mind the utmost scientific integrity will be expected for this study. Anyone interested in participating in this study should send an email to IamdownfortheCount@hotmail.com. You will be surprised at how swift my reply will be. In the mean time, wrap it before you tap it.



A-OK at the DMV

By Tom Senkus

I know the plight of writing an article in the first person can amount to a boring article. "First we went there. Kind of lame. Then we left." Ugh, I'll try not to do anything like that.

I want to drive a taxi. I just dropped out of SBU, and money becomes available to me. No need to schedule crap around my classes when they don't exist. Anywho, I called up a taxi service in Ronkonkoma. The cranky old woman dispatcher said that all I need is a Class-E license to start. "Sweet," I said.

Destination: DMV. I've listened to harrowing stories and that one Primus song to know that the DMV is usually known as Hell. I was expecting the worst when my mom dropped me off there. She was following me out the car.

"What, do you want to hold my hand?" I said.

Clearly, she was angry when I told her she didn't have to go, but should instead wait in her cushy car while I had to lurch into Satan's death pit.

Through a bit of intuition and watching where all the crazy's were going, I followed down the hall. Fluorescent lights everywhere. "Damn," I thought, I hate fluorescent lights. There really is something sterile and hospital-like about them. I used to have the "fluorescent tan" about my complexion, so I have no desire to even start working on a new one.

I step up to the main booth, where an ugly guy was going to receive and even uglier photo ID.

Impishly, I squeaked out, "Hi, I need to get a class-E license."

The woman, a Hispanic in her mid-thirties, was indifferent to emotion and gave me a slip of paper.

"That's your number to be called," she condescended.

In a violent motion, DMV lady whipped out a form paper like a disgruntled school teacher, made vicious red marks across it,

Maybe it was my imagination or the euphoric effects of a lack of food, but that wasn't so bad. I walked to an area designated "Waiting Area" behind me and sat down on one of the benches.

A red LED screen listed the numbers. Above it was a streaming banner that announced DMV fun facts. "Did you the Great Alaskan King Crab can....." Somehow, knowledge of trivia doesn't seem like the best way to put people at ease.

The benches themselves looked worn and stolen from some county park. They were finely polished, but food stains and key marks littered the outside. How many people have sat down here, disturbed by the notion that they

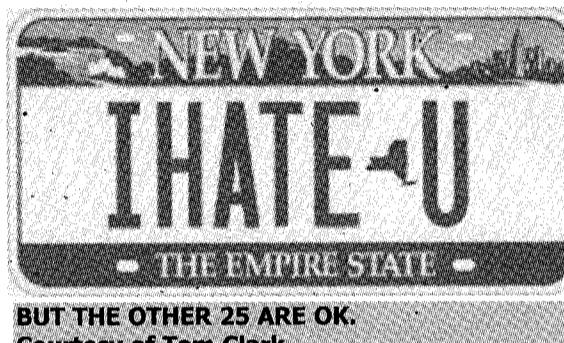
had to be inconvenienced throughout their day to wait for a while. I, however, wasn't disturbed at all. In my own observational manner, I decided to make realistically fictional storylines to the people I saw.

I spotted a very pretty twenty-something staring out ahead. She must be here to just renew her license. She came here in -

BING! (B255)

between going to the tanning salon and work. Her boyfriend must be the jealous, burly-type and all her girlfriends are paunchier and envious in comparison. The girl would look better if she didn't have the tan, but that's just me.

A tired, worn Mexican character sat down in the bench, two seats away. His gaze became fixed on the girl. She was nothing like the girls in his country. To look at her was to look at the epitome of wealth and happiness. He was thinking all the things he could do to her, all the girls he had had before and all the things she'd satisfy in his life. Working as a busboy for a diner that mistrusted him more than the other workers, didn't seem like hard work when a girl like that would complete his life.



Back to reality, the girl had picked up her cell phone since. She cocked her head sideways to the ear-

BING! (B256)

-piece. The conversation was too low to really hear, meaning it must be some significant other. She cooed the conversation to a hang up. As soon as the first one was over, pretty girl picked up her cell phone and started an inane conversation. I had to tune out. I've never heard a cell phone conversation go, "You know, I really understand Jung's philosophy of patriarchal archetypes in a post-modern society."

As the cute girl spilled her-

BING! (B257)

conversation about the place, a chubby woman tipped over her coffee, leaving it about the place. The best in observing her came in her decision to leave it (!), then call up her friend and start a conversation en Espanol, about her spilled coffee. Lovely. Thanks to high school

Spanish, I can understand a large deal of Spanish, but my vocabulary consists of "Chupo my culo" (Suck my ass!) and "trabajo" (work). Despite her conversation, I did not see her try to clean up the mess. Where's Yoda when you need-

BING! (B258)

That's me! I ran-walked over to booth #14, under the assumption that if I didn't get there with haste, I'd have to waste more time watching the coffee woman not clean her mess.

A light-skinned black woman with cornrows that bunched up behind greeted me. Her skin was like wax, almost immaculate.

"Hi," handing her the filled out slip of paper, "I guess you need this."

"Yes," she replied and filled out a few criteria on the form. "ID, too," she requested, and I handed it to her. "Class E, huh? What, are you going to drive a taxi?"

"Yup," I replied, trying to seem older than I really was, but seemed more juvenile the more I spoke. On second thought, she'd know from the license how old I am.

"You know this is a Junior license," pointing to my old ID, "and you could be ticketed for using this."

"Oh, that's the only one I got," cowering and wishing I could have said "have" instead of got. It was outright lie; I had lost my license one night while sitting down on my old junior high's bleachers. Lost amidst used condoms, beer cans, football paraphernalia; things of debauchery.

"Well, it's okay now, but remember, when you have to renew this license, it'll cost eighty-five bucks. Big money," the lady laughed to herself. It was then that I noticed that her eyes were way too close together.

"Okay, that'll be \$17.50" she said, and then turned her attention to some moronic office drama that two middle-aged women made seem as though it were the greatest comedic act on Earth.

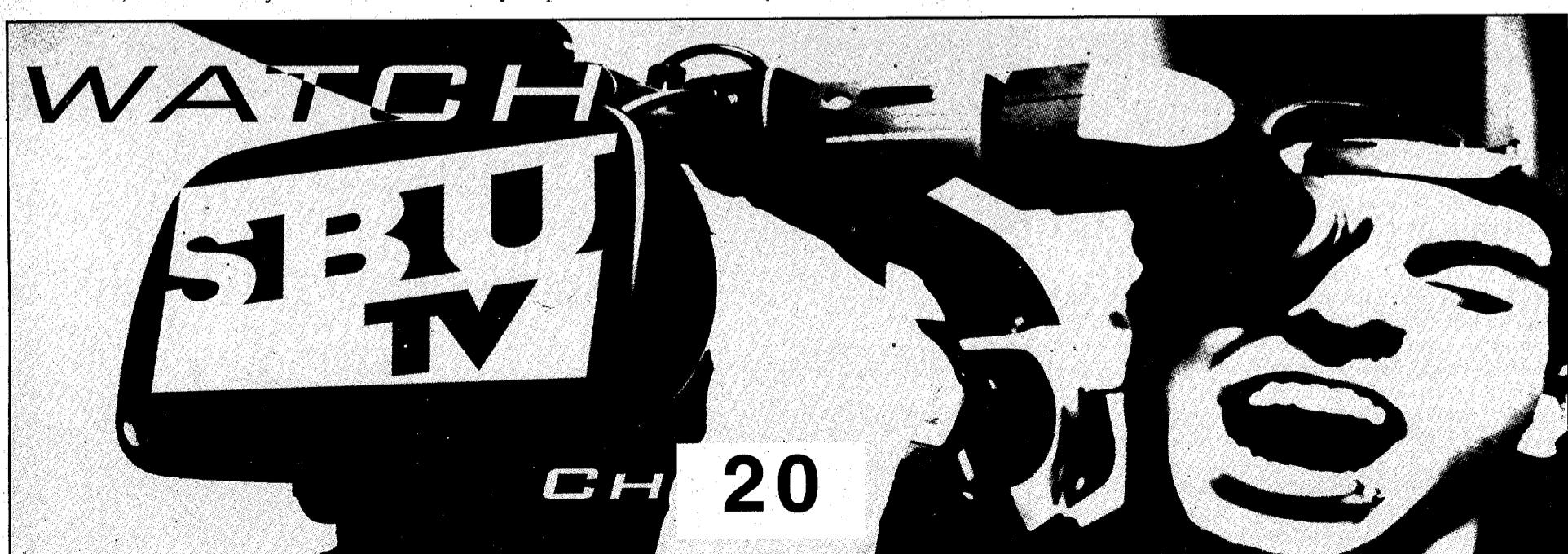
"Thanks", I said and hurried off to the car.

All in all, there was nothing really wrong or upsetting. I was expecting security guards to be leading convicts out the door and all depressed faces. With Fun Facts, however, the DMV seemed like going to a barbershop.

I made my way back to the car. My mom was reading Chuck Palahniuk's *Lullaby*, a book I love. "How was it," still stewing in her anger.

"It was easy"

In reality, it was a pleasant experience. I was shocked and amazed. Shocked and amazed.



Tetris Horoscopes

By Nicole L. Barry and David K. Ginn



(The Straight Piece): You'll find that people are becoming increasingly dependent on you to pull them through rough times. You may feel like people are taking advantage of you. Don't let people just stick you where they think you belong.



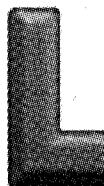
(The Z): Your soul belongs to the devil. No, just kidding. But if it did that would be pretty hardcore, right? Well, anyway, you create too many holes and people always have to adjust their plans to accommodate you. In short, you won't be invited to many parties this week.



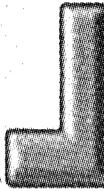
(The Backwards Z): Recently, you many have felt that you were an unwelcome presence with your square and straight piece friends. They've been talking behind your back, and it's only because they're jealous. This week, try a new and quirky outfit that you thought only cute Asian girls like Stephanie could pull off.



(The Middle Finger/ The T): Refrain from sudden impulses and desires. It'll seem like people want to do everything with you, so keep in mind that it's important to relax and make up your own mind. Being versatile does not mean you should let yourself be used. Oh, and remember, dear T, cannibalism isn't the answer.



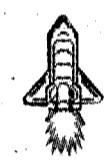
(The L): Resist the temptation to put your back to the corner and simply watch all your friends get together. Dig in, try some new positions, and don't go for the same old same old. Every position is a new one if you approach it with fresh optimism and lubrication.



(The Backwards L): Put away the *Supertramp* records for a while. Your friends just... don't understand. Accept it. Don't settle for thinking that you're a simple person with a simple purpose. You can accomplish more than others. When thrust quickly into deep shit, you are quick to save the situation.



(The Square): A little of you is okay for most people, but when the going gets tough, you're not the one people have on speed dial. Quit crying over your lack of useful functions and the fact that no matter how much you diet you still look the same. Find a hobby.



(The Rocket Ship): You're all about the ego. No one wants to date you anymore because you always finish first. This week, try a new porno rag. You're going to be alone for a long, long time.

(Sam): People like you, but if you do the Russian dance from the end of the B Game you'll find yourself immersed in a world of popularity. Keep practicing; you'll get it right.

Sky Captain's "World" Is Breathtaking

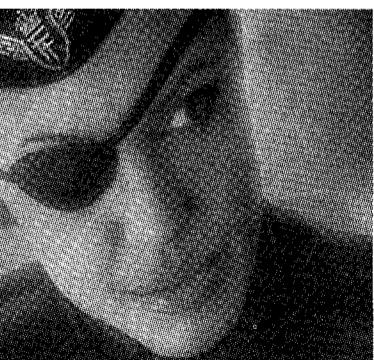
By Sarah Cassone

From its stylistic comic book like font on the opening title card to the first scene, in which a zeppelin docks on the Empire State Building, *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* draws you into its world and holds you there for the next 107 minutes.

Normally I dislike films that contain too much CGI, and *Sky Captain* is a film that consists only of that (the actors were in front of a blue screen for every scene), yet the world that's been created is so breathtaking and realistic it's impossible not to be captivated. The film takes place in some sort of futuristic 1930s.

New York City has the visual style of something out of a comic book or pulp novel, shot in sepia tones reminiscent of that "aged newspaper" effect you'd find in Paint Shop Pro.

Explaining the plot is somewhat pointless. This film creates a whole different world full of colorful characters and visual eye candy that the plot ends up taking a back seat to how great it looks. Nevertheless, the story revolves



MEIN FEURER OF LOVE!
Courtesy of Paramount

around Polly Perkins (Gwyneth Paltrow) a reporter who learns of a threat to the world and must enlist Army Pilot (and former lover) Joe "Sky Captain" Sullivan to help her find the mysterious Totenkoff who is killing scientists and planning, with his machines, world domination.

The film seems to borrow from many sources. The "Mysterious Woman" is reminiscent of characters from *The Matrix*, with her black leather and sunglasses; when her climactic fight scene occurs and she whorls around a long, thin sword-like weapon, one can't help but compare it to the Sith fight from *The Phantom Menace*.

We are rapidly bounced from genre to genre; inside a temple similar to something out of the *Indiana Jones* Trilogy, complete with a fat, hairy sidekick and Polly going back for her camera a la Indiana and his hat. Then, we're in futuristic *Star Wars* like world, with underwater planes and a tough fighter pilot named Frankie (played by Angelina Jolie, wearing an eye patch, the reason for which is never

explained.) From *Star Wars* we journey, it seems, to *Jurassic Park* as our heroes end up on an island filled with large prehistoric creatures. It's a wild ride and somehow manages to work seamlessly.

However, *Sky Captain* is not without its share of flaws. The dialogue is often weak and clumsy, with the characters spelling out everything that's happening in a scene or uttering the word 'dynamite' aloud as if the audience can't read the wall of cartons displaying that exact word. Gwyneth Paltrow is incredibly annoying and I'm still unsure if it's her character or her delivery of lines. The film is rated PG, perhaps in hopes to gain a larger audience, but is mostly serious with limited bouts of humor and not enough action to keep the kiddies interested. Despite these flaws, *Sky Captain and The World of Tomorrow* is a breathtaking piece of cinema. Jude Law pulls off the film's hero with confidence, dry wit, and charisma. Angelina Jolie also shines in her (all too brief) role and has more chemistry with Law in her fifteen or so minutes of screen time than Paltrow has in the entire film.

Colorism: When Will The War End?

By Tionna Tee Smalls

There is a war that is going on. No, this is not another article about the War on Iraq but instead about the war that has been going on between black people now for centuries. It's the light skinned versus dark skinned war that has had a major impact on my life for years.

Some of you reading this who are of darker skin will understand the dilemma of this controversial topic. It's a problem that has been going on for years, unnoticed or unspoken of. My brown sisters, have you ever been told that you're pretty for a dark skinned girl, or witnessed someone compliment someone else just because they were light skinned? Well, if you have, then you are a victim of colorism as well. Colorism is the act of being discriminated against because of your skin color. It's a popular word among the black community. Growing up with 4 light skinned women, I gained appreciation for the recognition of this growing epidemic.

Colorism is getting very popular as years go on and some of the reasons why this is happening are because of the media. I don't know why the media have so much affect on Americans but they do. If they didn't, dark skinned women would have more respect and more liking from their fellow men. It all starts from the music videos, and not just those on MTV, but those on BET and VH1 as well. Do you see any videos on television where the leading video girl is dark skinned? The only popular video that's out now that has a brown sugar in the video is Lil' Flip's "Sunshine," and even for that video, I hear people saying that she is ugly and that he should have picked another girl. You take a look at the average hip-hop video and all you see is "beautiful," long haired, erotic women. What they all have in common? Survey says: they are all light skinned. Ok, you may see a dark skinned girl's hand or foot once in a while, or you may see a quick cameo just to make sure all audiences are happy, but you never see a great proportion of my fellow sisters. Attention men, women, boys, and girls, videos do not emulate real life. You will not find a girl that looks like the girl from Nelly's "My Place" video because she don't even look like that. Videos are a form of art from the artist's imagination. Those same light skinned, cellulite-free chicks you see in the videos are fake. Everything is artificial, from the complexion of their skin to the hair that you see on their heads. They have light skinned girls in the videos looking all pretty because these are the same chicks that, back in the day, when the artists were broke, they could not get. Men of color and especially men that have money do not look at dark skinned women with the same attraction that they do towards light skinned women. They know when they put "lighty" in the video that the men are going to go crazy because that's what has been registered in your heads for years. Light skinned, light skinned, light skinned.

The media is not the only catalyst to this problem; your ancestors are too. Have you ever seen *Roots*? I know you all have. It's a movie about slaves that they play in junior high schools every year. Well, in that movie, you learn that colorism has always existed. The lighter slaves were able to stay in the house and clean, cook little Billy his breakfast, and get all sexed up by "Massa," while the dark skinned negro had to stay outside the house in the fields

picking cotton or corn for dinner. If that's not discrimination, I don't know what is. See, "Massa" was smart. He knew that if you divided Negroes, they will begin to hate one another. He wanted blacks to have something that set them apart so they wouldn't unite and rebel against him. In slavery times, all the slaves got raped but when the darker slave had a baby by the slave owner, if it resembled blackness, it was killed or enslaved as well whereas if the lighter slave had a baby, it could go in the house; and if it resembled white, it could probably go off in the land and make it as a humble human being. Where else do you think light skinned people came from? Hatred begins to brew and that's why even now, after slavery days, the divide still exists.

Hate has always divided black people; that's why, back in the day, dark skinned women were called names like "jiggaboo" and "tar baby." These derogatory names began to shape America's view on the dark skinned female. In return, dark skinned women developed a hate towards light skinned girls by pulling their long hair and beating them up. Director Spike Lee even made light of this issue in his 1988 movie, *Skool Daze*. *Skool Daze*, written, produced, directed, and starring Spike Lee, was a movie based on a black college that explored issues like Greek life, sex, and relationships, but the movie's whole center revolved around the war on color amongst blacks. They even had a scene where the light skinned girls and dark skinned girls went against each other in a singing match called "Good or Bad hair," where the two segregated black teams talked about how nappy or fake each other's hair was. Although this was the age of the amazing straightening comb, it still appeared to be a difference in the way lighter African American girls hair looked than the darker skinned female. In the movie, also starring Tisha Campbell, of *Martin* fame, the whole crew had light hair down to their back while the darker skinned girls wore their hair natural and short. The white man's ideology sure paved its way in the characters minds, and the sad thing is people in the 21st century aren't any better.

The Brown Paper Bag Theory: If you don't know, you better ask someone that's around 50, 60 or so what it is. Well, I will tell you anyway. The brown paper bag theory is what mothers in the 60s used to use when their sons brought home a girl. If the girl was darker than the paper bag, she was not accepted in the family. This same ignorance forced black men to date lighter skinned women to please their mothers, whom themselves probably was dark skinned. Over the years, darker skinned women began to hate themselves because they weren't accepted themselves. Sorry but I think that's a cop out. I grew up with all light skinned women and I have never felt under or ugly standing next to them. Sure, people tried to beat down my confidence when they told me that my little sister, whose features are unmistakably familiar to mine,

looked better than I. I knew why they said that, but I didn't go run out and buy some bleaching cream. I stood up and knew that I was a cutie no matter what. And that's my advice for each and every woman, light or dark: beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise. And men: I haven't forgotten about you.

You are sitting here, reading this article thinking, hey its just my preference, and hey, maybe it is, but a lot of you guys break your neck to get these light skinned girls because they were the girls that never gave you the time of day back when your name was Curtis Jackson; but now that you are 50 Cent, they are giving you all the play in the world. You don't want that dark skinned girl that liked you when you only had 50 cents to your name. You want that light crème, supreme dream and I am not mad at you but remember, the way you treat someone can effect their lives forever. Life is too short to be choosy; and light skinned girls, stop sleeping on the dark skinned girls.

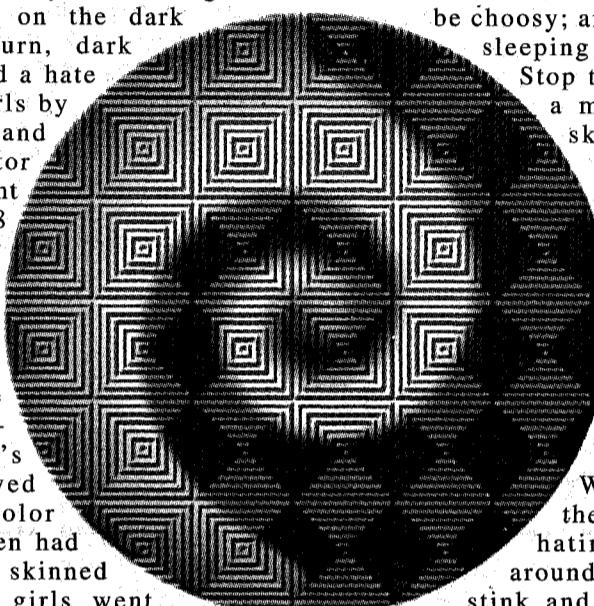
Stop thinking that you can keep a man because you are light skinned.

Sometimes I think that light skinned girls are cursed because how many of them do you know who can keep a man? Come to think about it, I know very few, with the exception of my mother who still has my father locked down. Think about it.

What is in the brains of these light young ladies? Not hating, but they do walk around like their doo-doo don't stink and they also try to emulate what they see on television. If I see one more light skinned girl with honey blonde hair like the old

Beyonce, I am going to scream. We have four light skinned women on television that all look alike: Ciara, Christina Milian, Ashanti, and Beyonce. Do you have to be light and blonde to make it in the music business? Why is it that the singers I mention above, with the exception of Beyonce, who I have heard sing in real life, are making money while Syleena Johnson of Jive Records is not getting the recognition she deserves; all three of them can't hold a candle to her voice. The answer is colorism. Actress Angela Bassett, better known as playing Tina Turner in *What's Love Got to Do with It*, said she turned down Halle Berry's role in *Monster Ball*. Ms. Berry, a beautiful, light beauty who also can't keep a man, won an Oscar for the role. Halle got down and dirty in a sex scene too explicit for most movie goers with Billy Bob Thornton. Now, what if Angela took that role, with all the discrimination that I have mentioned in this article? Would she have won an Oscar? You sit and think about that until next month's column.

If you feel I am wrong, call me on it but come hard or not at all, you can email me at tsmalls@ic.sunysb.edu. All emails will be read in confidence by Tionna Smalls. Email me also if you were a victim of colorism and happy someone finally spoken up about it.



DESIGNED BY MILTON
FUCKING GLASER

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

DJ Blonde: "You get a broom and I'll get a broom.
We'll be broommates and we'll sweep together."

Libel of the Dead

By Johnny Backlash

According to the 6th trade edition of the Associated Press Stylebook and Libel Manual, "In general, there can be no defamation of the dead. No one can sue on behalf of a deceased individual on the basis of false and defamatory statements made about that individual." We at The Press are thrilled!

Tito Puente, the Mambo King:

You could play drums like that, too, if you were always on crank.

Children's Television Icon Fred Rogers:

Fred Rogers, who won our hearts gently singing to children encouraging songs of patience learned to "like to take his time" as a sniper in Korea. That patience would be tested when he was held and tortured by the North Koreans. Eventually his will was broken, and Rogers was carefully hypnotized, and programmed to infiltrate American society and broadcasting as a clandestine agent of international communism. Rogers' first test of loyalty was arranging for a

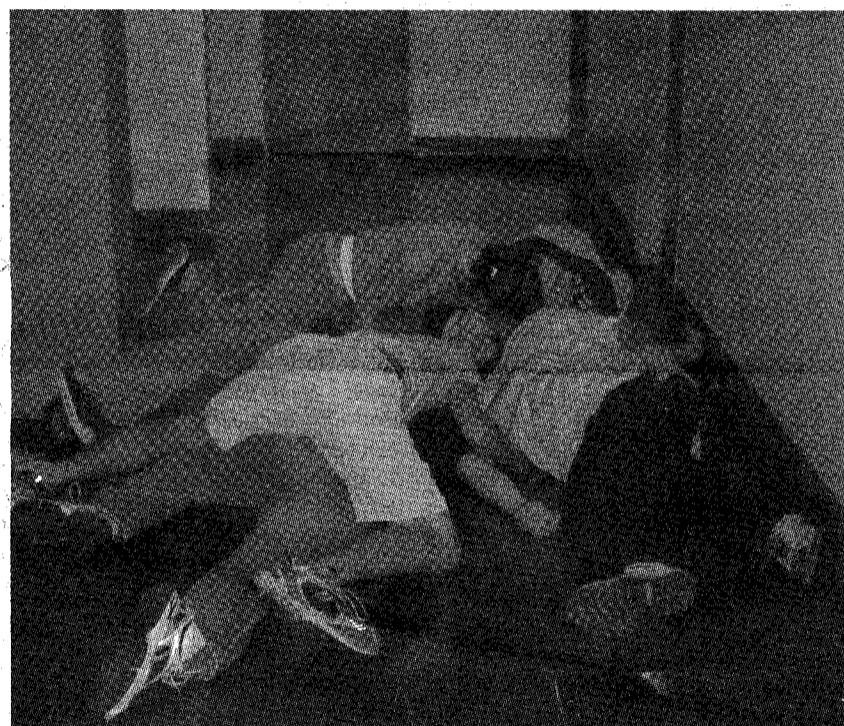
poisonous tryst with an indigent tempter that gave anticommunist Senator Joe McCarthy's right hand man, lawyer Roy Cohn, AIDS. Rogers produced the Neighborhood show straight, to establish credibility and to collect funds to bankroll a number of organizations of Red agitator lawyers, first among them the National Lawyer's Guild, and most recently the Electronic Frontier Foundation. Rogers testified before the Supreme Court in the case of *Sony vs. Betamax* that legalized the VCR. Along with his "activist" philanthropic efforts, here Rogers is sowing the seeds of an assault on American copyright law that would begin a century long campaign of subversion of the capitalist order. Amazingly, Roger's Korean hypnotists foresaw the development of the information age, and how the necessary tightening of intellectual property laws would chafe against the American sense of liberty, creating a wedge between the public opinion and property rights. Before he died, Rogers, having taught himself software engineering with the patience of a decorated sniper, developed, under various pseudonyms, popular software such as the original Napster music sharing application and the DVD descrambling DeCSS, to foment public rebellion against copyright law. And he was a dick to that guy who played Bob Troll.

Good Will Ambassadorial Panda Bear Hsing-Hsing:

Hsing Hsing supplemented her diet of shoots and leaves with human babies. Mmm...babyflesh.

Ugandan Dictator Idi Amin:

Amin was well known to be a brutal despot; far less known was the fact that he personally ordered over a dozen assassinations to keep secret his world largest collection of Care Bears memorabilia. He celebrated the entire Care Bears catalog.



THE ANGRY DEAD ARE ANGRY AGAIN.
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Pitchwoman Bea Marcus:

Despite protestation to the contrary, Marcus had not, in fact, fallen. Additionally, she easily retained the faculties necessary to get up.

Baseball Legend Ted "Teddy Ballgame" Williams, & son, John Henry Williams:

The scandalous tales of the acrimonious interfamily battle over the last wishes of legendary Boston Red Sox Ted Williams, and the fees unpaid by his parasitic son John Henry (who had always lived crassly off of his father, who appeared to degenerate into dementia) which led Alcor Life Extension Foundation to apparently threaten his cryogenically preserved remains, obscure the truth behind Williams' "final rest," and the shrewdly calculating mind he retained until the end. The last man to bat over .400 played left field in Fenway Park for nineteen years, but only had the opportunity to compete in the World Series once, when the Red Sox lost to the Saint Louis Cardinals. Painfully aware of his talent, and that of his stellar teammates Bobby Doer, Johnny Pesky and Dominic DiMagio, Williams grew increasingly resentful that they were never given another shot at the Series by the perennial American League Champions, the New York Yankees. Williams arranged to be preserved in a sterile and icy tomb in an elaborate plot to return from beyond the grave, with his son at his right hand, leading a small army of headless, cryogenic zombies in an assault on Yankee Stadium. Scheduled to strike during an upcoming interleague game between the Yankees and the Cardinals, Williams and company would first tear the fans limb from limb, and then disassemble the "House that Ruth Built" with preternatural strength and good old zombie chutzpah. Lacking any heads, the zombies would be impossible to identify, and would easily evade justice. If necessary, they could plead in a court of law that "we were out of town when that shit happened."

Cher:

When you die, sweetheart, it's *on!*

The Incredible Mix Tape

A musical odyssey by Tom Senkus

Violent Femmes "Waiting for the Bus"

King Crimson "Fracture"

Nameansno "Dad"

Nick Drake "Ride"

Ted Leo/Pharmacists "Tell Balgeary, Balgyry is Dead"

Melvins/Lustmord "The Bloated Pope"

Duke Ellington "Such Sweet Thunder"

Swans "Failure"

Duck Tales Theme

Simon and Garfunkel "I am a Rock"

John Coltrane "Syeeda's Songflute"

Minutemen "West Germany"

Frank Zappa "Dog Breath Variations"

Malcolm X "A Common Enemy"

Neutral Milk Hotel "Two Headed Boy"

Bjork "Jota"

Bill Hicks "Pornography"

Anything off of the *Waking Life* Soundtrack

Tears for Fears "Mother's Talk"

Buzzcocks "Ever Fallen in Love"

Kenny to IFSC: "Viva La IFSC!"

By Vincent Michael Festa

Kenny turns as she releases frats and sororities from death grip.

As the crowd of hungry, bloodthirsty Stony Brook students chanted for the death of fraternity brothers and sorority sisters in the first ever Stony Brook Rollerball Tournament and Caged Heat Battle Royale, university president Shirley Strum-Kenny walked into the very center of the Stony Brook Sports Complex and made an announcement that ushered in one of the most unexpected moments in the university's history.

"Due to the recent last-minute back-room deals made by the IFSC (Inter Fraternity Sorority Council) and me, I am happy to say that the rollerskating tournament and that wrestling thingy have been called off. Instead, you will all be treated to your disappointment and misery while these honored and privileged students walk. See you at the Greek Games!", concluded Kenny with her raising the arms of smiling rushes and pledges, which signaled the release of all 31 fraternities and sororities from Kenny's proposed death grip last Spring.

At that very moment hundreds of students waiting to see the double main-event were indeed disappointed, angered, and let down. Stony Brook Police and Sergeants-of-Arms were on hand to force and redirect people back into classes and dorms and to thumb their noses into students' businesses as usual.

"OOOOH...MY...GOD!", screamed Annette Babycakes, a ??? sorority sister and Class A backstabber as she was notified about the news while getting it on at the house. "Wait...what was the news again?"

Instead of what was to be a Rollerball tournament and a cage match to the death, Kenny has proposed a Stony Brook "Greek Games" akin to the 2004 Summer Olympics. For the next semester, fraternities and sororities are given free passes and immunity from all accusations to participate in the games.

"Hey, it's called the Greek Games because we have the Greek alphabet on our houses, fuckface," said A.C. Belushi, ZBT brother and polo horseman.

It was rumored that before the event, a secret meeting was held at the ??? sorority house. The meeting was set-up for the IFSC to make a deal with the university president and to turn over a proposed mandate of blood sports after Kenny was snubbed at an IFSC Chocolate fair last semester in which a fraternity member forgot to give Kenny the right amount of chocolate. The meeting took approximately an hour, an exchange of \$50, and a lot of brown noses and ass-kissing.

At the end of talks, Kenny decided that it would be great for both fraternities and sororities to pull off the dirtiest trick in the book because "they know it bothers them so much that they can't win one over us". As a result, the entire IFSC was pardoned and instead were treated to their own Olympics after a teeny-weeny bribe gave Kenny a change of heart.

"I realized that these fraternities and sororities are more special than anyone else on this campus", declared Kenny. "They are truly special with all those nice houses and shiny jewelry and chiseled bodies. They deserve everything handed to them, and a whole lot more because they are the chosen ones."

While the meeting was taking place, a huge drunken orgy and free-for-all shared together by a mix of five fraternities and sororities took place on the second floor of that house.

Opening ceremonies will include a parade of rushees, some laughing and dancing in

students' faces, some yelling and acting beligerent, and others looking straight up in the sky looking their best to not notice.

The fraternity competition will include events such as the ass-paddle, food-fight, Mitsubishi race to Tanger Outlets, penis-weightlifting, beer pong, beer funnel, Jell-O shots, haze, windshield bash, dick-heading, Old-H Lot drunken demolition derby, one-upmanship, and the most-anticipated men's event, the "virgin" deer hunt.

Hot-dog eating, saloning, shallowness, dirty laundry toss, hair pull tug-o'-war, bedroom gymnastics, ass-up/face-down pyramid, parking-lot vandalism, backstabbing, catfighting, dance-clubbing, carb-counting, gossiping, white lies, name-calling, headboard karate, naked trampoline jumping, and the *Sex And The City* quiz bowl will be the events for the sororities.

In the tradition of the Greek Olympics, some events will be performed naked, which will include naked inter-gender wrestling and bareback riding.

"These are events that we don't even have to train for, because we were born to do them", quoted Sin D. Crawford, ??? sorority pledge and reality TV fan. "No preliminaries, no qualifiers".

Other events planned were diving, shotput, discus, javelin, hurdles, and even ping-pong. But due to the sororities complaints of potentially breaking their nails and ruining their hair, those events were ultimately cancelled.

"Hey, I just got my nails done. \$300 if you want to know. I'm not going to break a nail over a game of ping-pong, OK?", said ??? sister Dallas Dallason in a rude way towards this reporter.

Instead of medals, sisters will be given Prada, Fendi, and Burberry wallets. However, they do have the option of receiving gold medals only during the special gold-digging competition. Fraternity brothers may elect to take home a campus virgin of their choice, if there happens to be any left on campus. And as a rule exclusive to the games, no kneepads.

Judging will not be based on how well pledges and rushes perform, but on how "hot" they look. And it is also not limited to the athletes, as students will also be judged for apparently no reason. Said Dana Convolutzzi of the ???:

"Me and my friends, like, OK...we were just hanging out and talking and having a good time and then, oh, my god...we saw this troll walk out of the Javits building. Like, she was wearing one of those animal shirts and green denim pants. You know that show Roseanne? OK, anyway...she was minding her own business studying so we decided to come up to her and say something. Next thing you know we were laughing at her while she was sitting there just taking it. We never had so much fun, I mean...we are getting ready to be judges!"

So far the response has been good from many of the fraternity and sorority members: "I'm trying desperately to join a fraternity, so they recruited me for the virgin deer hunt", says Jeffery Warkinbash, TKE brother and dancing queen. "I don't want to be a pussy in front of these guys! And the feeling I get for putting a notch on my wall for using and wasting a precious resource like nothing makes them proud."

"I need a new wallet, so hurting someone's feelings and ruining their life to win a \$500 Prada wallet for me sounds great!", quotes Tiffany Joel, ??? sister and Hamptonite.

"Penis-weightlifting could actually make me bigger in size and ego! Thanks Strum-Kenny!", exclaimed Jeremy Jaws, MALIK brother and wee man.

"Like, I don't even need to work out because I already look hot unlike these 'other girls.' So like, they have me doing this carb-counting thing," said Theresa Fashionista, Q?? pledge and clothes nazi.

However, the games do not come without their detractors. Many students have been furiously protesting the games not because of a cancellation or there is a lack of anyone getting killed, but due to the allegations of "doping" during competition.

"The students have such nerve to accuse these fine kids of doping to win the games," bashes Strum-Kenny. "They're smart enough to know that doping impairs their ability to compete. For chrissakes, these kids have astronomical grade point averages! ...hey! It's another hundred if you want to keep this lovefest going!", threatened Kenny to some of the IFSC. "Thank you...they're really nice kids, they don't do a thing to anybody."

"Yeah, what she said, we're nice fucking people," quoted Chris Meateater, AXP member and scam artist.

More complaints were filed.

"They promised us dorm renovations and they took that away from us. They promised responsible spending and instead took *more* money away from us. Now they promised us a bloody death to all the rich kids and they took that away from us. If I really wanted to be railed, I'd do man-on-man porn," said Biology major and pudgebucket Tony Doober.

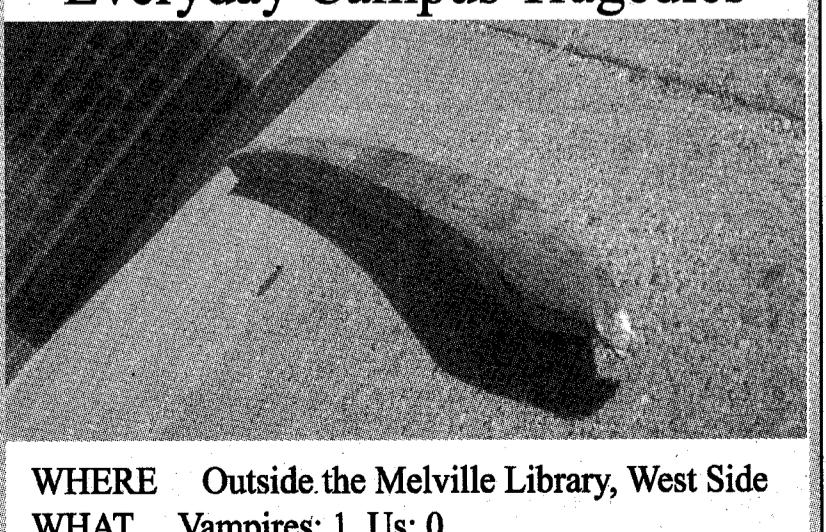
"I was harassed the other day by these people," stated Sol Rosenberg, a Jerky Boys' fan favorite. "They tarred and feathered me all over my body and nipples and ass-neck. They kicked my hiney and all the girls started to call me names and laugh at me silly. My eyes were going crazy! I couldn't see for a week, goddamnit! They deserve to be beaten up, they really, really do. This is tearing the ass out of me!"

"Hello! They're just jealous because they weren't born rich like us," laughs ??? sister and poleslider Peach Hilton. "Gawd! Those bitches. They should just drop dead. Whatever!"

When asked about other Stony Brook sports coverage for the Fall 2004 semester, Kenny replied "Division what in basketball?"

All events will take place in the Stony Brook Stadium and various other buildings on campus all throughout the current Fall 2004 semester. Admission is free.

Everyday Campus Tragedies



WHERE Outside the Melville Library, West Side
WHAT Vampires: 1, Us: 0

Video Game Controller of The Press Dead

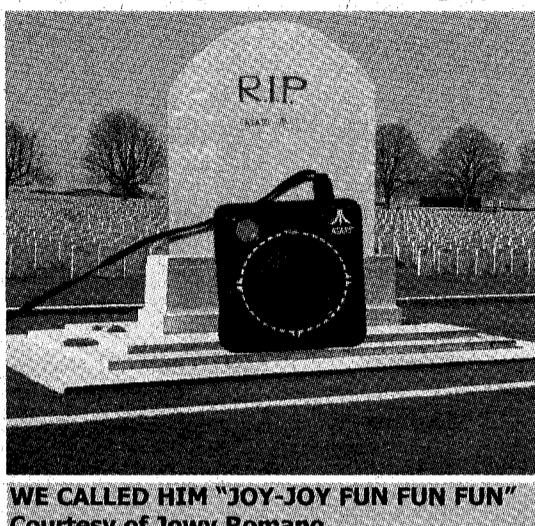
By Vincent Michael Festa

The Atari 10-in-1 Video Game Joystick gave out unexpectedly and burst into flames this past week when it was played with very intensely during a potential record-breaking game of *Circus Atari*.

Vincent Michael Festa, *Press* writer and wack rapper, was playing the classic Atari game and was about to break the high-score when, mysteriously, the controller's inside metal shorted out and finally set itself on fire, shutting off the game and preventing Festa from breaking the all-time *Press* record of 4141 set by *Press* editor David Ginn.

"BOO-YAH, MOTHER-FUCKER!" jumped up and exclaimed *Press* editor David Ginn in Festa's face, who was on hand to witness his streak being broken. Other staff witnessing this were in the office laughing, letting out sighs of relief and giving high-fives while Festa ran out of the office screaming like a bitch, waving his hands in pain.

The Atari 10-in-1 Video Game Joystick was a product of the Atari 2600, which was and still is the epitome icon of hipster and retro cool. The controller, which came out a couple of years ago, contained in itself most of the classic home games from the Atari-era without having to hook-up the console and looked like the shiny black controllers that came with the 2600.



WE CALLED HIM "JOY-JOY FUN FUN FUN"
Courtesy of Jowy Romano

Business Manager and *Street Fighter 2* Grand Master Michael Prazak found it and gave it a home at the *Press* office where it was given special tender loving care by many who spent their days playing video games.

One day, classic video-game King Festa decided to play *Circus Atari* from the joystick because he couldn't wait for the computer to upload the latest hacker version of *King Of Fighters*. From there, he was on his way to breaking Ginn's record when the graphics changed to colored bars on the screen. It was then that the controller went up in flames.

"He was heartbroken!" giggled Executive Editor Joe Filippazzo, who was jokingly fondled by a wiffleball bat wielded by *Press* Communista Tom Clark. "You should've seen the reaction on his face. It was priceless. I have never seen a goofier come-face in my life. But anyway...he was only 10 points away from breaking the record. He was crying like a little schoolgirl dumped on prom night when the game shorted out on him."

"But then we realized that the controller wasn't working for real. It literally exploded. I looked at David and I was like 'oh shit!'" said Prazak, now with 10% more fruit juice. "We GTA'd it to the Computer Club but they were 'too busy' to fix the controller. What? You can't put

your Everquest marathon on pause for just two minutes?"

"So we looked at the controller ourselves and found that someone else really messed with it. I suspect foul play," said Sam "The Golden Child" Goldman, *Press* Alumni. "Yeah, we blame it on our sex columnist Amberly Jane (Timperio). I'm not going to tell you exactly what she did with it, but boy, it's funny when you think about it!" tickled the alumni.

Amberly Jane was last seen with a midget and a Harlem pimp before she was spotted by *The Press*. She denies having spent any time playing with the controller before its death last week.

"Though I do admit to fondling it and tickling it a bit," added Amberly-Jane.

Festa was taken to Stony Brook Hospital's Burn Victims Unit and will be on *The Press* disabled list for two weeks. So far he has not received any balloons, flowers, "get-well" cards, or giant stuffed teddy bears.

Right after the passing of the joystick, *The Press* was given some compensation and a peace offering by the Gamers' Guild by way of a new Playstation 2.

"When I heard about what happened I felt very sorry for these guys," said Guild club leader Julian. "But the spirit of the controller will live on for sure."

The Atari 10-in-1 Video Game Joystick will be buried alongside an undisclosed amount of student fees and *The Statesman*. Services will be held in the Gamers Guild this Thursday 7 PM to 8:30 PM in the SBU Club Alley.

A Call to Action

By Andrew Pernick

Students of Stony Brook, hear my words. As things stand now, as you sit idly by in your apathy, a set of facts, as intricate as they are insidious, are making life on campus worse by the minute. The chips are down, the odds are against us, and the situation is grim. If the ways Administration attempts to stifle student life, pilfer hard-earned money from our pockets, and keep us in an apathetic stupor were feathers, the sheer collective weight would collapse the ground beneath us all.

But do you, the students, raise your voices in anger? No. Do you attempt to change the system? No. Do you do anything at all to indicate your displeasure with the way things are at Stony Brook? NO! To be blunt, this university's administration are the demons who are sucking your very souls dry, yet you stay silent as if you have accepted your fate to be the sacrificial lambs to the university's evils.

Let us start with a few basic facts. Fact: Shirley Strum Kenny sits on the board of Computer Associates, a company whose former C.E.O. was just indicted for conspiracy to commit fraud. Fact: A former C.E.O. of Computer Associates not only donated large sums of money to SUNY at Stony Brook, but he also has a building named after him. Fact: Shirley Strum Kenny sits on the board of Barnes and Noble. Fact: The price of a textbook at our campus bookstore, which is run by Barnes and Noble, is significantly higher than that of the same book at Barnes and Noble's online and offline stores. While I am not alleging that University President Kenny has committed any crime, and while I am not alleging that she is in collusion with either of these companies, the facts themselves deserve a deeper analysis.

But possible corporate malfeasance is

but one area of concern here at Stony Brook. The Administration's policies toward the environment are reminiscent of a hyperactive, spoiled child with a new toy: who cares if we break it so long as we get our way? The Bamboo Forest is under a continued, and constant, threat of destruction because it lies in the way of the Administration's unquenchable thirst for new construction, regardless of its impact on student life, let alone the environment. The Ashley Schiff Forever Wild Preserve, which is home to the ONLY remaining old growth forest on Long Island, just narrowly avoided being turned into a parking lot. And the water being drained in order to continue constructing the Undergraduate Apartments threatens to overflow and flood the railroad tracks and Route 25A.

But for the almost-heroic efforts of the College Democrats, NYPIRG, the SJA, and the College Republicans, political activism on this campus is on life support, barely clinging to life. In case you haven't noticed or, more likely, haven't cared, this is an election year. That's right – this year, the voters will go to the polls on November 2nd to elect the next President of the United States. Aside from the laudable efforts made by the groups I listed above, little is done on this campus regarding this monumental event; students have little to no opportunity to hear the candidates' respective messages, join in or volunteer for the campaigns, or otherwise take part in the political system, save for actually voting, an activity college students, as a whole, tend to neglect.

But there is more to being politically active than political campaigns. As you are no doubt aware, the United States is engaged in the aftermath of a misguided, criminal war in Iraq.

There are other things to consider as a student. Many things conspire to eat up what few hours there are in a day – classes, exams, papers, labs, homework, clubs, sleep...etc. The Administration is gambling on the premise that, if they keep us busy enough, and distracted enough, we won't question their actions. They have, however, made one vital mistake: in gambling, the house (in this case the students) always wins. I have asked many questions in this article, but I have offered no answers. Why?

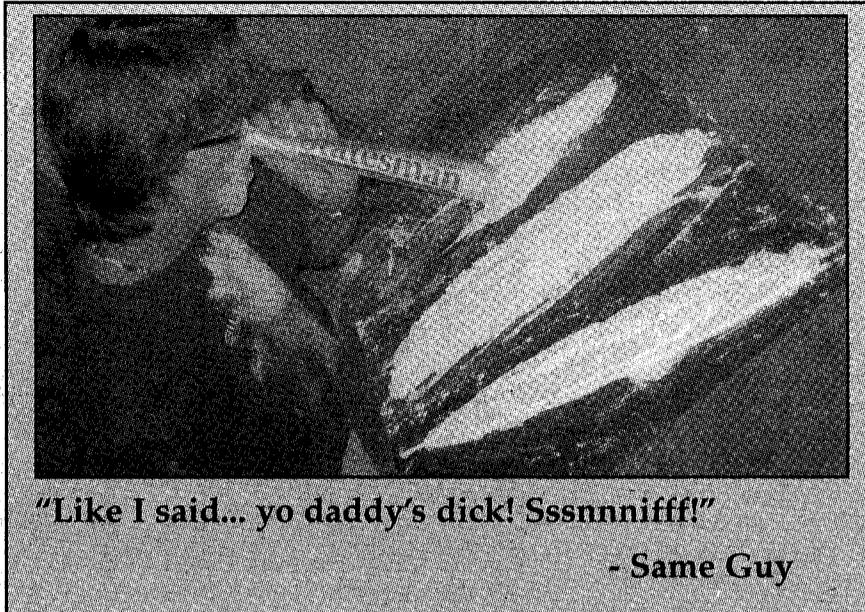
What this university needs the most is not a new building or more lecture space or cheaper books and food or more on-campus housing and parking. What this campus needs most is for you, the students, to start asking questions. Never forget that the search for answers is your lifeboat in the sea of wrongs in which the Administration is trying to drown you. Ask questions, demand answers. I ask you, no, I dare you to press the Administration to answer for its actions in all things financial, political, environmental, and administrative. It's put up or shut up time: either question Administration's actions, or forfeit the right to bitch about how they have wronged you. It's all up to you.

Testimonials: The Statesman Is Useful



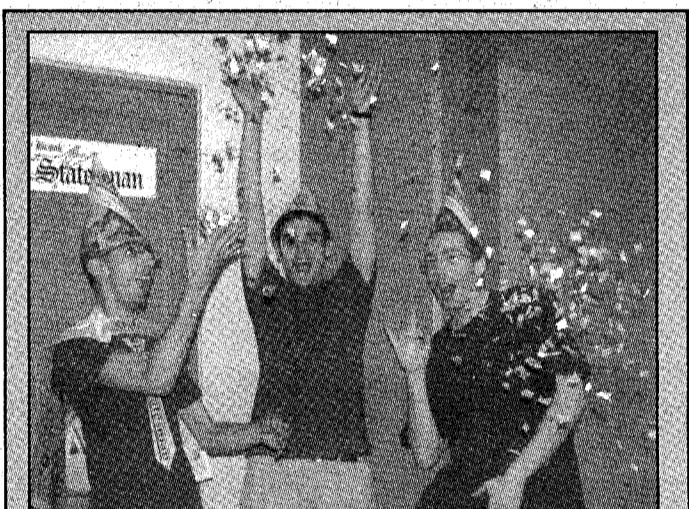
"Have you ever tried to cut a pound of pure with a credit card? It can't be done! Thanks to the Statesman's razor thin issues, my blow granules are only atoms thick like yo daddy's dick for maximum absorption!"

- The Kla, yo.



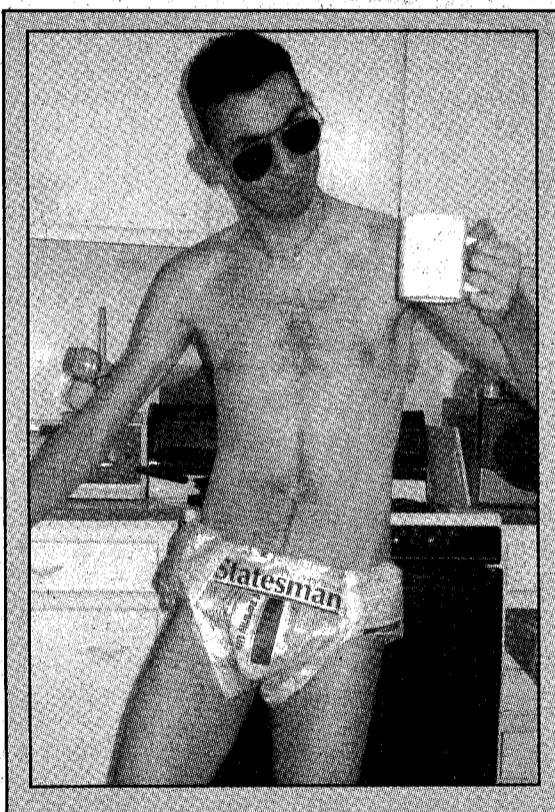
"Like I said... yo daddy's dick! Sssnnniff!"

- Same Guy



"We use the Statesman to throw the most splendid of the box socials! These keen hats don't make themselves, you know! The Statesman turns confetti into FUN-fetti! We've ties and capes galore!"

- The Press Staff



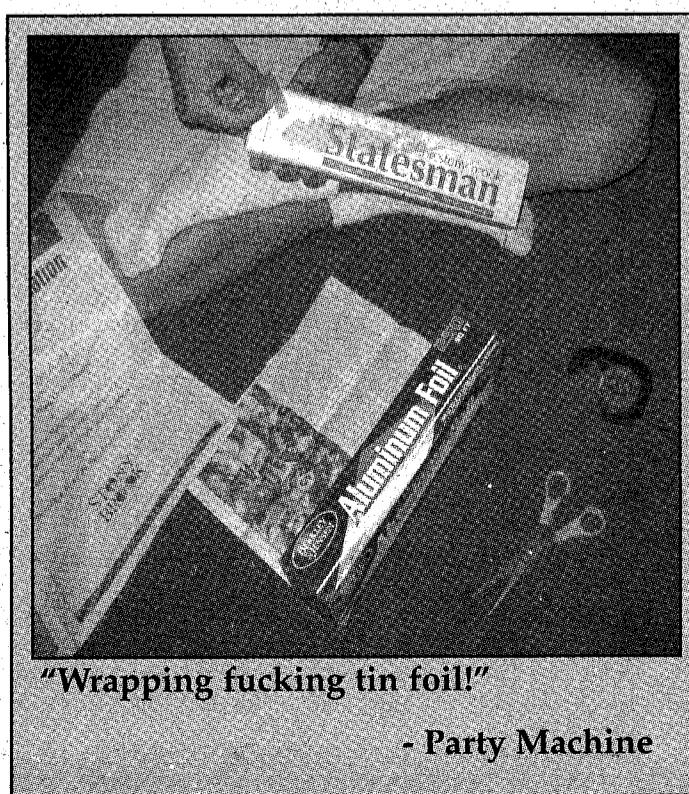
"Diapers... to catch my urine!"

- Joe



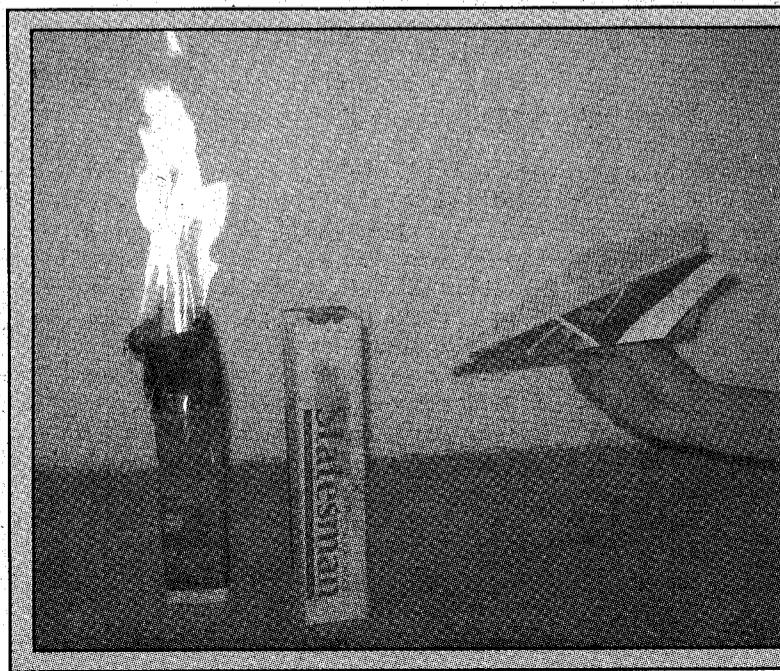
"The Statesman is great! It puts me right to sleep... and keeps me there! In fact, I have an amusing little anecdote from just such an occurrence! Join me, if you will, dear friend. Gather 'round the hearth and procure yourself a fine Port or Chiante to feed the soul and settle the bones. So, this one time, I fell asleep."

- Mike



"Wrapping fucking tin foil!"

- Party Machine



"I'm all about papier mache these days. You know what else I'm all about? Re-enactments of national tragedies! Yay! Pearl Harbor's next!"

- The Coalition of Those Who Think it's Ok to Laugh Now