

The Stony Brook

# PRESS

*The Community News and Features Paper*

Vol. XXVIII, Issue 1

“Bunnies or gremlins?... You decide”

September 21, 2006



**Israeli Ambassador Benjamin Krasna Comes to Stony Brook to Speak About the War**

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# Reflections and Consequences: Israel and Lebanon

By Michael Felder

On the evening of Wednesday September 13th Stony Brook faculty and students, along with members of the community, welcomed the Israeli Deputy Consul General, Ambassador Benjamin Krasna, to the Union Auditorium. His presentation comes at a time when the Israeli government is facing international criticism for the extent of its actions against Lebanon this summer. On July 12th, Hezbollah forces from Southern Lebanon crossed into Israeli territory, killing eight soldiers and kidnapping two others. The Israeli response was swift and far-reaching. It began with a naval blockade of ports and



Jowy Romano

Ambassador Benjamin Krasna

aerial bombardment of vital infrastructures potentially utilized by the enemy, eventually expanding into a limited ground war. All this was aimed at freeing the two captured soldiers while disarming and dismantling the Hezbollah organization.

September 13th marks the thirteenth anniversary of the famous Oslo accords, an agreement between Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and PLO leader Yasser Arafat that was lauded in 1993 as a huge step toward finally ending the decades long animosity and warfare between the Palestinian people and the Israeli State. The Ambassador set the tone of his talk, Israel after Lebanon: Challenges and Opportunities, by alluding to the hope of those days thirteen years ago while attempting to convey just how far the situation, and certainly the enthusiasm, has deteriorated since then.

The Israelis have been met with a new wave of anti-Semitism in the Mideast, have contended with a violent uprising by the Palestinians over the last six

years, and have had countries such as Syria and Iran fan the flames by actively supporting terrorist organizations like Hezbollah by making contentious statements such as calling for Israel to be "wiped off the map." In the face of all this antagonistic behavior, and the events surrounding the kidnapping, Krasna emphasized that, "The war that started July 12th really, in Israeli minds, was a war of no choice," and that "we have no doubt...it was a just war." That position is being tested with over 1100 civilian deaths in the month long conflict, an enemy claiming victory, and international condemnation.

Throughout his presentation, Ambassador Krasna attempted to emphasize the contrasts between the Israeli State and the Hezbollah organization. Since the end of the war, the Israeli political landscape has suffered aftershocks that can be expected from such a controversial course of action. With the relatively new Prime Minister Ehud Olmert facing direct criticism, the leading General of the expedition turning in his resignation, and with surely more accountability yet to be handed out. The Ambassador argued that Israel was undergoing "a legitimate process of reflection and investigation," and characterized his country as a "democracy, learning lessons." He didn't fail to remind the audience that no such process would take place within Hezbollah.

Ambassador Krasna devoted the end of his time to prospects for the future. In his opinion, the fact that much of Hezbollah's missile arsenal has been destroyed, a stable cease-fire has been effective thus far, and the reality of a sizeable U.N. force deployed alongside Lebanese military units mark some of the positive aspects of the outcome of the war. Over 100 Israeli soldiers died, along with over 500 Hezbollah fighters, by Israeli estimates. Whether the peace that this sacrifice created, or the goals set down by the international community can be successful or endure remains to be seen. The Ambassador warned that the government would recognize failure should the kidnapped soldiers never be returned, and if Hezbollah can reconstitute and, more importantly rearm itself through Syria and Iran despite the international buffer force. However, if negotiations can achieve these ends, and open the path to a decisive conclusion of the peace process between the Israelis and the greater Arab majority, this war and its sacrifices will certainly not be in vain.

# Plan B Now Available Over the Counter

By Alex Walsh

As of August 24, 2006, the emergency contraceptive pill Plan B has been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for over-the-counter sale. The drug, often referred to as the "morning after pill," has been available by prescription since 1999. According to the FDA web site, the active ingredient in Plan B is Levonorgestrel, a synthetic hormone that prevents eggs being released from the ovaries, and can also diminish the chance of egg and sperm uniting or implanting on the wall of the uterus.

Levonorgestrel has been used in contraceptive pills for 35 years, but is not an ingredient in abortion pills. If an egg has already become attached to the uterus, Plan B will have no effect on it. However, if used within 72 hours of unprotected sex, the pill reduces risk of pregnancy up to 89 percent.

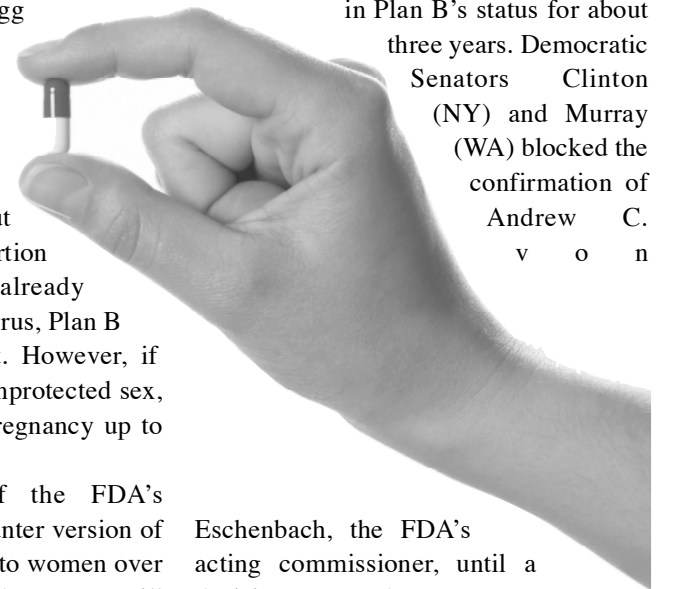
Under the terms of the FDA's approval, the over-the-counter version of the drug will only be sold to women over 18. Young women 17 and younger will still need a prescription. Plan B will only be sold at pharmacies, not convenience stores or gas stations, in order to enforce this provision. Barr Pharmaceuticals will also have to provide secret shoppers to ensure that pharmacists are checking ages. Barr intends to conduct studies with younger women in an attempt to

have the age restriction lifted.

The approval of Plan B for over-the-counter sale has been a very controversial issue for the FDA. Many conservatives decry the drug as an abortion pill, highlighting the disagreement over when life actually begins, and say its availability will encourage promiscuity. Supporters of the decision say it may help reduce the hundreds of thousands of abortions performed annually in the United States and lower the frequency of unplanned pregnancy. Amid this controversy, the FDA debated the change

in Plan B's status for about three years. Democratic Senators Clinton (NY) and Murray (WA) blocked the confirmation of Andrew C.

v o n



Eschenbach, the FDA's acting commissioner, until a decision was made.

Planned Parenthood estimates that about 41 countries allow the sale of emergency contraceptives such as Plan B without a prescription. The drug has been available over the counter in the UK since 2001. Sales are expected to begin in the United States before the end of the year.

# Biofuel Plant Opens in Bohemia

By Madeline Scheckter

August 29th marked the opening of the Northeast's first biofuel plant. The plant, located in Bohemia, will convert restaurant grease into biofuel; a clean and renewable fuel familiar to Stony Brook students – it's what our buses run on. The plant is expected to produce 4,000 gallons a day by December. The company, called North American Biofuel, was founded only last year – a testament to the swiftness of progress.

In 2002, the Suffolk County sewage treatment plant stopped accepting restaurant grease because it backed up their system. Nassau County accepts grease, but only

grease from Nassau. Suffolk restaurants have had to ship their grease to New Jersey, or dispose of it illegally.

The recycling plant is considerably cheaper than other methods of making biodiesel. The plant will cost approximately \$7 million, which is considerably less costly than plants which process, for example, soy, which can cost up to \$30 million. The fuel would then be over a dollar cheaper per gallon than soy fuel, which is currently more expensive than gasoline. Because it is so cost efficient to build, North American Biofuels is not eligible for tax incentives available to other manufacturers of renewable energy.

Lawmakers and residents are optimistic about the new biofuel plant, as it seems to be a step towards ending oil dependency.

# Irwin Fans Kill Stingrays...Crikey!



Some Mate From Australia

Bob the Stingray: Victim of Batshit Crazy Circumstance

By Amy Adlerstein

As we all know, on September 4, 2006, the world lost passionate environmentalist Steve Irwin due to the barb of a stingray right to the heart. People knew him as the best "croc hunter" in the world, who would do anything to preserve the life of any animal. Recently, it appears that fans are seeking revenge against the generally easy-going animals that had nothing to do with the accidental barb that killed him.

Fox News rumors that at least ten stingrays have been found mutilated and murdered throughout the Australian coast. As for their tails being cut off: it is reported by CNN news that it happens from time to time due to peoples' fear of being stung, or people just being hateful, but that is usually rare. These docile animals are feared because people are aware of their stingers and just how venomous the poison actually is. It has been said that fishermen sometimes do kill them while fishing but most of the time allow them to pass on by. During an interview with Dan Stockdale, who is an exotic animal trainer and a friend of Irwin, he stated that Irwin would be extremely disappointed due to the fact that he had spent his life conserving all animals, not killing them. He also believes that Irwin felt it was wrong to punish an animal for its natural behaviors.

We should all know that wild animals are not quite like our dogs or cats or even goldfish that we have at home that are kept in little fishbowls or crates. We do not have any control over wildlife nor

should we try. Irwin spent his time challenging these wild animals and experiencing things that none of us could. He understood that if an animal bit, scratched, or attacked, it was because it was unaware of what was going on and that it is just how wildlife behaves. Irwin understood that when in their territory you play by their rules. He knew that it was not right to kill an animal out of anger or to get retribution. To take revenge against these animals is worthless. It was a freak accident with one stingray, not an entire clan. Stockdale reports that stingrays are not predators; they do not attack or feed on humans. People should not fear these animals because there have only been approximately seventeen human deaths caused by stingrays around the entire world. Doesn't that say something? Doesn't that say that these animals don't just look for something to kill? If these fans are proud of what they are doing, then they should be ashamed. Irwin would be ashamed. Irwin's producer John Stanton stated, "Any revenge on any animal—no matter whether it's a croc that's taken somebody or a shark that might have taken somebody.... He always said violence is not the way to deal with the animals in the ocean." Irwin died doing what he loved the most, being with animals and wildlife. Stanton also stated that the fact that a stingray killed Irwin was absolutely his own fault. Maybe these dear fans should think twice and realize Irwin's true wishes: to not ever harm an animal. Revenge is not what he would want at all.

# 9/11 Rescue Workers Treated Poorly at Stony Brook Hospital

By Madeline Scheckter

Recently, there have been dozens of reports that rescue workers who responded on 9/11 have been getting sick and that those illnesses have been persistent. Doctors found that 9/11 respondents had pulmonary abnormalities at twice the rate that is expected in the general population. Mental health was also affected, as one would imagine. Most recently released was a report on the respiratory health of these workers: not surprisingly, it has suffered. Over half of the workers studied had some sort of respiratory symptoms. Luckily, programs are in place to treat and monitor these workers. One such program exists at Stony Brook University. This should not, however, be a source of pride for students, but rather give us reason to question our administration.

On September 11, local labor leaders held a protest on Stony Brook campus, during which they claimed that they need more space and staff for the Long Island World Trade Center Monitoring and Treatment Program. Indeed, the University Hospital spokeswoman says

that they have just signed off to hire another doctor, which will bring the total number of full-time doctors up to two. Robert Dibario, chairman of the board which oversees the program, says he was only aware of one doctor. Either way, a staff of only two doctors is surely inadequate. The program has already served some 2,000 responders and, as time goes by, more and more 9/11 responders fall ill.

Prior to the protest, labor leaders met with President Strum Kenny for quite a while, yet they still remain in a deadlock.

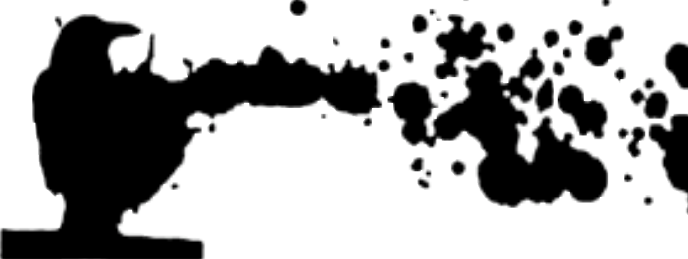
Stony Brook held memorials, and it seems that on the five-year anniversary emotions are still quite raw. Why, then, are they incapable of offering this program the space and staff it needs? Stony Brook receives about \$2.2 million a year for treating ill first responders. Surely that is enough money to allow the space needed for the program, which has moved four times in the past six months.

We hear frequently about the heroes of 9/11. We honor them, hold memorials, and build monuments. Yet when their health is ailing and a way to honor them concretely, through treating them well, presents itself the issue becomes business.



The Bergen County Record

We will never forget our heroes!



## POEMS

The Stony Brook Press would like to begin a regular poetry section!

This means you.  
Yeah you...with the poems.

sbpress@gmail.com



# University Taking Progressive New Measures to Create Gender-Neutral Housing

By Joanna Goodman

In a progressive move towards equal rights for the transgender and intersex community, a committee has formed to discuss the possibility of gender-neutral housing at Stony Brook University.

The committee was not created or staffed by Campus Residences, although its members include Director of Housing Al Devries. It is comprised of students, faculty, and professors concerned with the issue.

Surprisingly enough, the move was proactive on the part of the University, which had not yet been approached, although the campus LGBTQA (Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender Alliance) was planning to confront the administration about the subject this semester. The University "is aware that there is a growing population of self-identified transgendered individuals on campus," said Housing Director Al Devries, and "[the growing community] is becoming an issue on college campuses."

Because the committee has only met once so far, it has not yet mediated the details of how and where the gender-

neutral housing option would be executed, when and if it were to successfully advance past the hypothetical stages. It did conclude, however, that a gender-neutral housing option was a growing necessity that must be addressed by the University. Enrollment in gender-neutral housing would be purely voluntary.

LGBTQA is also making a push for the availability of gender-neutral bathrooms in academic buildings. When asked about the possibility, Devries said that they would have to see how discussions on gender-neutral housing went before they could take it any further.

Gender-neutral housing is already in place in seven universities across the nation.

In lieu of gender-neutral housing, ten other universities have GLBT-ori-

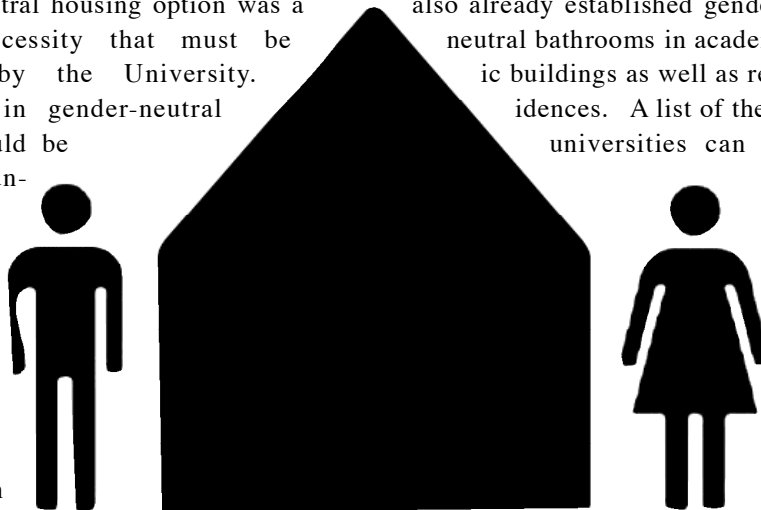
ented programs or floors which include gender-neutral bathrooms and, in some cases, gender-neutral rooms.

A number of universities have also already established gender-neutral bathrooms in academic buildings as well as residences. A list of these universities can be

SUNY school to date has included any allusion to gender in their non-discrimination policies, although the entire CUNY system already explicitly prohibits discrimination on the basis of "gender identity", as do seven other New York universities and over seventy universities nation-wide. A list of these universities can also be found at the Transgender Law and Policy Institute.

The current non-discrimination policy protects against discrimination based on "race, color, sex, age, ethnicity, religion, national origin, sexual orientation, disability, marital status, or status as a disabled or Vietnam-era veteran," but not gender identity or expression, although the Sexual Harassment Policy, revised in 1994, specifically states that "harassment on the basis of gender is a form of sexual discrimination, and violates Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972."

Suffolk County, in which Stony Brook University resides, already bans discrimination based on gender identity.



found at the Transgender Law and Policy Institute (<http://www.transgenderlaw.org/>).

Progress is also being made in less visible areas of campus life. The Office of Diversity and Affirmative Action is currently working on amending the University's Non-Discrimination Policy to include gender identity and expression. No

# America Learns to "Hope, Not Hate"...Maybe

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

How many times in the last week have you heard the words "war" and "terrorism"? Now count how many times you've heard the word "Arab" somewhere in that conversation. The Muslim world has become synonymous with the War on Terror through the misinformed and propagandists. Last Thursday, the nationally acclaimed group Americans for Informed Democracy, or AID, presented the forum Hope, Not Hate to address this growing trend. Each September, AID organizes a series of lectures that seek to inform the common American about the nature of current US-Muslim relations. The series seeks to promote the power of an informed community and provide an open forum for which common misconceptions or concerns can be addressed.

The panel consisted of Rabbi Joseph Topek, the Director and University Chaplain for Hillel, Ghazi Khankan, the Executive Director for the Council on American-Islamic Relations' New York chapter, and Markus Dressler, an assistant professor of Philosophy at Hofstra University, who specializes in religion and modern Turkey. They were each

given three questions to discuss that concerned foreign policy, the 9/11 Commission, and the improvement of foreign relations.

While all of the panelists specialize in and promote some form of religion, all dismissed the notion that today's violence and terrorism can be easily written off as the next Holy War. Markus Dressler stated that talking about religion "obscures the debate" concerning U.S. foreign policy and terrorism.

"What are the issues that people actually fight for?" stated Dressler. "They fight for land, material resources, water and oil... they fight for political power [and] democracy."

All of them also recognized that while word of mouth is a helpful way of squashing misconceptions about the War on Terror and Muslim relations, the only way to successfully vanquish them is through government cooperation. Dressler stressed the importance of accountability, stating that Americans have "too much tolerance for political failure." Ghazi Khankan discussed the portrayals of Muslims in his college textbooks as being full of "deserts and camels."

"The present situation [of misinformation] is based on the ignorance of the

past," Khankan went on to say.

Rabbi Topek also stressed the importance of recognizing that bridging the gap between both worlds must go both ways. "[It is important to address] how Americans view the Muslim world and how Muslims view Americans. It's a mistake to view all Americans as supporting all aspects of U.S. foreign policy. Clearly,

*"What are the issues that people actually fight for? They fight for land, material resources, water and oil... they fight for political power and democracy"*

**Markus Dressler**  
Professor of Philosophy

they don't."

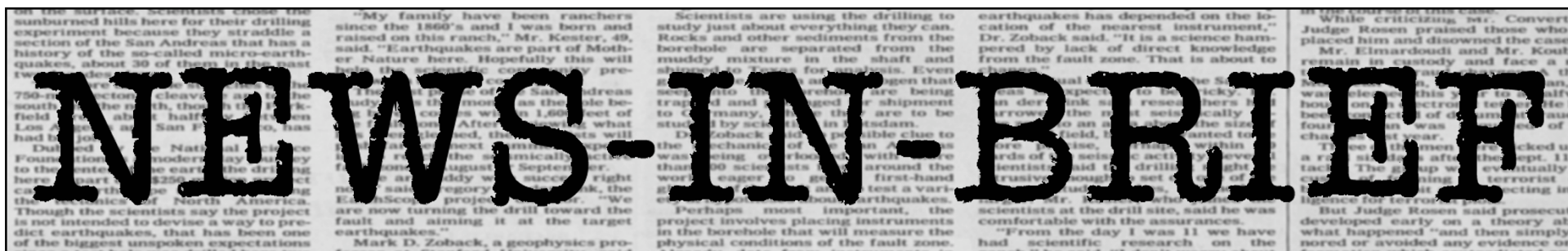
Ghazi Kahnkan, who is also a member of the Board of Directors for the American Muslim Alliance, was able to clear up basic common misconceptions about many Americans' views of the Muslim world. He explained that Islam is only defined in the words that are pre-

sented in the Quran and that the words "Holy War" are never mentioned. He also mentioned that the word "jihad" refers to one's struggle against inner tumult and that it has nothing to do with insurgency or terrorism.

While many of the questions that were given to the panelists before the lecture were answered, tension ensued when the topic of Jerusalem was brought forth. Ghazi Khankan and Rabbi Topek both disclosed their stances on Israel after a question was posed concerning its role in current foreign policy and their opinions clashed while discussing it. This conflict led to spirited discussion about Israel's conception and its future. After the lecture, patrons in the Student Activities Center were also treated to a conflict between Israel and Palestine supporters as a group of students who had attended the lecture argued in the hallway.

Although the night ended on a hostile note outside of the auditorium, the message of Hope, Not Hate was not lost. All parties expressed hope, not only for peace between the United States and Muslim worlds, but between all world religions. Towards the end of the night, Ghazi Kahnkan shared a poem that he had composed which referred to Christians, Jews and Muslims as "cousins of humanity".





Compiled By Rebecca Kleinhaut and Madeline Scheckter

**Darfur Death Toll Higher Than Expected**

A recent study has concluded that there have been between 170,000 – 255,000 deaths in Sudan. The study was conducted by John Hagan of Northwestern and Alberto Palloni from the University of Wisconsin and was carried out through Doctors Without Borders. It included a survey of refugee camps and attempted to take into account any bodies that were not found. Kofi Annan has labeled the conflict, which began in 2003, as “genocide,” and the Sudanese government has been identified as the party that is responsible. Recently, the UN Security Council passed resolution 1706 that seeks to deploy troops to Darfur.

**A New Lease for Nazis**

A town in Germany has banded together in protest against a possible Neo-Nazi invasion. The residents of Delmenhorst, a town of approximately 80,000, are trying to block the sale of an old hotel to far-right lawyer Jurgen Rieger. The abandoned hotel recently went to auction, and Rieger has offered to pay \$4.4 million for it in order to house the company Wilhelm Tietjen Foundation for Fertilization Ltd. Rieger was fined in 2003 for denying the Holocaust during the trial of a client, and he has recently purchased many properties around the country in order to host meetings for “racially pure” Germans. Residents of the town are concerned about how the purchase of the building will affect their businesses, and they have protested outside of the building since the results of the auction surfaced.

**E.Coli Outbreak**

College students, rejoice! You always knew that one day you would find a concrete reason to never eat your spinach. Nineteen states are pulling their supplies after Salinas Valley in California was identified as the source of an outbreak of E. Coli. Over one hundred people have fallen ill, and one death has been reported. It is recommended that consumers stay away from spinach for a little while, since E.Coli cannot be killed by simply washing it off.

**Bush’s Death Caught on Film**

Usually when Hillary Clinton uses the words “President” and “despicable” in

the same sentence, it’s in reference to something Bush has done. However, this time it was in reference to the film “Death of a President”, a British mockumentary that chronicles the assassination of President Bush and the ensuing investigation in the year 2007. The film was awarded the Prize of International Critics at the Toronto Film Festival “for the audacity with which it distorts reality to reveal a larger truth.” Director Gabriel Range spliced real footage of President Bush with staged scenes to create the assassination. The film will air in England next month, before it is released in wider distribution. Range, who is thrilled by this news, stated that praise for the film “[is] proof that people can see beyond the premise and see that it’s a film about this post-9/11 world that we live in.”

**Democratic Primaries Results for New York**

Last Tuesday the Democratic primaries were held in New York and eight other states. Attorney General Eliot Spitzer defeated Thomas Suozzi to become the Democrat’s candidate for Governor. Andrew Cuomo defeated Mark Green to become the Democratic candidate for Attorney General. Hilary Clinton won the Senate candidacy by overwhelming majority in spite of her unpopular voting record.

**Lieberman’s Independent Bid**

Since Joe Lieberman lost the August 8th Democratic Primaries in Connecticut to Ned Lamont, he has revealed his plans to run as an independent candidate. Lieberman has declared himself an “Independent Democratic” and plans to run on November 7th, but some want him ousted from the Democratic Party and others want him to be kept off the ballot.

**Campus Shootings**

On September 17th, five basketball players were wounded as they returned from an on-campus party. The five students, who play for Duquesne University in Pittsburgh were shot by a man who had been disruptive at the party. Police say that the man is not a Duquesne student. On the 13th, four people were killed and 16 were injured in the cafeteria of Dawson College in Montreal. The college has about 10,000 students, aged 16 to 19. One of the gunmen allegedly took his own life, while another is said to have been shot and killed by police.

# Hey Pagans! Wear Your Purple With Pride!

By Andrew Pernick

The autumnal equinox is almost upon us. The days are growing shorter, the nights longer, and temperatures are dropping. Soon, the leaves will turn to fiery reds and oranges, and the fall will arrive. For most people, the fall is when they start spending more and more time indoors.

New opportunities for socializing with new people ebb with the last days of summer. But it need not be this way. The Pagan Pride Project ([www.paganpride.org](http://www.paganpride.org)) seeks to unite Pagans, Wiccans, Heathens, and all who follow similar paths in the interest of fostering open communication between the Pagan community and the rest of the world, so that religious discrimination against the Pagan community can be put to an end. To this end, they have created the notion of an annual Pagan Pride Day. While the PPP does not pick a particular day for this, leaving the scheduling issue to the

regional chapters of the PPP, such as the New York City Pagan Pride chapter, they have narrowed the window for possible Pagan Pride Days to August 16 to October 30. In New York, Pagan Pride Day falls on September 30.

In addition to the PPP’s Pagan Pride Day, the Fellowship of the Earth (FOTE) has established a similar, worldwide, method of expressing one’s Paganness – the Purple Ribbon Campaign. From sundown on Thursday, September 21 to sundown Friday, September 22, FOTE is asking all Pagans, and all who support religious freedom and tolerance, to wear a purple ribbon. Their motto for this endeavor is “Fight the Fear”.

Most Pagans live with their religion hidden from the public eye or, as some Pagans say, “they live in the broom closet.” Wearing a pentagram or other symbol related to Paganism in a manner that is clearly visible to the public can lead to disastrous consequences in some circumstances, and thus many Pagans live in fear. The ribbon is subtle and innocent –

there are ribbons for virtually every cause and virtually every cause, making the act of wearing one perfectly safe.

But it is this fear, felt by virtually every Pagan in some way or another, that keeps us isolated from one another. It keeps us from forming a true community. The PPP’s Pagan Pride Day and the Purple Ribbon Campaign, when used in conjunction, can be the answer to both the isolation that sets in as summer turns to fall and to the isolation felt by Pagans due to their fears.

This year, the New York City Pagan Pride Day’s event is between 11 am and 5 pm in Battery Park, Manhattan. Admission is free, although cash donations are accepted and one is required to bring canned or dry food as part of a food drive to benefit City Harvest. Also, there will be a blood drive by NY Blood Center. The event will feature workshops, vendors, and a ritual circle. All are welcome to attend.

Pagans, Heathens, Wiccans and those who walk a similar path, fight the insu-

lating effects of the shortening of the days and the coming of the dark. Join your ilk. Come to the event in Battery Park (directions and more information can be found on the following address: [www.witchvox.com/vn/vn\\_detail/dt\\_ev.html?a=usny@id=42598](http://www.witchvox.com/vn/vn_detail/dt_ev.html?a=usny@id=42598)). Come and connect with your fellows, if only subtly, by wearing a ribbon for one day and by coming to a safe, public place. Fight the Fear, as FOTE says, and fight the isolation that comes with the death of the summer. Wear purple with pride!

**EDITOR’S NOTE**

Hey! Do you know what the Press staff’s favorite space filler is? The Editor’s note!

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 James Messina: 12  
 Jesse Schoepte: 6  
 Jowy Romano: 5  
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**SUNY to Propose Smoking Ban**

As we become aware of the new proposal for a campus-wide ban on smoking, we are confused as to why SUNY would take on such an unenforceable feat. Current laws already exist in New York to stop smokers from lighting up near public buildings, yet students are never confronted about their proximity while smoking.

We strongly feel that the rights of all students, smokers and non-smokers alike should be respected. To take away the students' right to smoke in a place that thousands of them call home is wrong. Students are already not allowed to smoke in their dorms if their roommates disapprove. This is a fair policy that doesn't need to be expanded on.

Students who smoke shouldn't be made to feel like criminals, shoved into small, designated areas because they have an addiction. These areas could potentially be over-crowded and out of the way for students constantly on the move from class to class. On such a large campus, any smoking areas that could be created would almost certainly be inconveniently located for a good portion of the population.

As for the problem of litter from cigarettes, if the cigarette dis-

posal units were actually 15 feet away from the buildings where people are supposed to be smoking, rather than right at the doorway, more people would use them instead of leaving their finished cigarette butts on the ground. People might be more inclined to abide by the laws already in place if these units were conveniently – and logically – placed the correct distance from the buildings.

Many of us here at the Press are non-smokers and don't appreciate having to breathe in this deadly smoke while walking to class, but this wouldn't be a problem if the 15 foot law was enforced. SUNY shouldn't attempt to take Goliath out if they weren't able to even knock down a midget. The administration should help the students by ensuring smoking isn't happening close to academic buildings or in residence halls, so we can walk out of our rooms and classes and breathe deep. But don't take away the students' right to smoke in places that aren't bothering anyone. Smokers, in return, should show the university that they can be courteous and keep the smoke away from those who don't like it, that way we all can live in peace and harmony without being controlled.

**Books: They're the New Television**

Since the invention of movable type by Gutenberg in 1430, the printed page has tried to dominate the world. But the invention of the cathode ray projector, the key component of television, by Philo Farnsworth replaced the world of books as a key source of at-home entertainment for the masses. Then the Internet, with YouTube, MySpace, blogs, and all sorts of technological innovations placed books as a distant third in the world of solitary enjoyment. Nowadays, it seems that the population only reads if they have to, and reluctantly at that.

Stony Brook has a world-class library that is woefully underutilized by the student body. It seems students only read for class because their grades would suffer severely if they didn't. In decades past, universities would be abuzz with high-minded discussions of the finer points of literature. Impassioned debates about metaphors and symbolism, conversations about the deepest meanings and philosophical backbones of books, especially those that were not explicitly assigned as part of a curriculum. Students, and the general public, read for pleasure, and thus authors were primarily concerned with exploring the human experience, the depths of the soul, and clever turns of phrase.

In other words, people are reading less and less as the years go by. Books are like close friends, as they are all different and one has to search for the one that is best for them. By and large,

people have stopped looking for these printed-page friends. The publishing world has been lowering its standards as time goes by, as people lower their expectations and read less and less, to the point where most books have deteriorated into mindless drivel, with a few rare exceptions. A lot of modern writers are primarily concerned with getting paid, the depth and philosophical aspects of their work become a distant second to their profits.

In the interests of fostering new debate, in hopes that we might inspire you to return to the world of reading, we, The Stony Brook Press, have created a special feature on the books that our staff and editors consider their closest friends on the printed page. Our feature, we hope, will light in your hearts the desire to turn off the "boob tube", to take a break from the Internet and its addictive services, games and distractions, and come back to the universes that can be found within the covers of books. Our selections are highly personal and reflect our own individual tastes, but we hope that our recommendations might rekindle your passion for reading. Leave the cathode ray projector and the LCD behind and come back home to books, if only so that they can serve as a brief distraction from your online endeavors, your television vices, and your classes. Happy reading!

Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your  
Opinions?

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

sbpress@gmail.com

or website-it-up big time at

www.thestonybrookpress.com





## LETTERS

ayo, i iz be thinking you got classified, wtf.  
—Zheng Zhong Yu

Glad to see you've been paying attention. Yes, we do actually have a classified ads section premiering in this issue. Place an ad with us, and all of your wildest dreams may be fulfilled. Looking for a study partner? Interested in selling a llama? Just can't find that tall, athletic Indonesian Jew with a handlebar mustache? This is the place to look. WTF, indeed.

Goodday friend,

I am Mariam Hajia Abacha the wife of the late Nigeria head of state, General Sani Abacha.

Following the sudden death of my husband General Sani Abacha the late former head of state of Nigeria in June (1998), I have been thrown into a state of utter confusion, frustration and hopelessness by the present civilian administration, I have been subjected to physical and psychological torture by the security agents in the country.

My son was under detention arraigned before the federal high court of Nigeria for an offence he did not commit. As a widow that is so traumatized, I have lost confidence with anybody within the country. You must have heard over the media reports and the internet on the recovery of various huge sums of money deposited by my husband in different security firms abroad, some companies willingly give up their secrets and disclosed our money confidently lodged there or many outright blackmail.

In fact the total sum discovered by the Government so far is in the tune of (\$700) Million dollars. And they are not relenting to make me poor for life. I got your contacts through my personal research, and out of desperation decided to reach you through this medium. I will give you more information as to this regard as soon as you reply. I repose great confidence in you hence my approach to you due to security network placed on my day to day affairs I cannot afford to visit the embassy so that is why I decided to contact you and I hope you will not betray my confidence in you. I have deposited the sum of (\$15)million dollars with a security firm abroad whose name is withheld for now until we open communication.

I shall be grateful if you could receive this fund into your account for safe keeping. This arrangement is known to you and my son Mustapha alone, so my son will deal directly with you as security is up my whole being. I am seriously considering to settle down abroad in a friendly atmosphere like yours as soon as this fund get into your account so that I can start all over again if only you wish, but if it is impossible, just help me in diverting this fund into your account which will accrue you (30%) of this fund. Please honesty is the watch word in this transaction.

I will require your telephone and fax numbers so that we can commence communication immediately and I will give you a more detailed picture of things. In case you don't accept please do not let me out to the security as I am giving you this information in total trust and confidence. I will greatly appreciate if you accept my proposal in good faith. Please expedite action. May your heart desire be granted as you are willing to help me and my family, Amen.

Best Regards  
Mariam Hajia Abacha.

Mrs. Abacha,

You made a good choice. If there's anyone you can trust with your money, it's us humble, honest Pressfolk. Truth be told, your late husband General Sani Abacha is something of a hero around our office. At the opening of every Beerfest we raise our glasses in tribute to the many wonderful acts of his government. The hanging of Ogoni activist Ken Saro-Wiwa is a personal favorite of mine.

In short, we would be more than happy to receive your husband's plundered money. (Take that Obasanjo!) Helping you will be our new mission, and I'm sure the students of Stony Brook will be thrilled when our 30% share allows us to publish in full, beautiful, occasionally unnecessary color.

Here's the info: our phone number is 631-632-6415, and the fax is 631-632-6143. Send it over!



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# Sympathy For the Devil: Jesse Friedman

By Emma Koblakis

“Just as every cop is a criminal, and all the sinners saints.”

Do we see things as they are, or do we see them as we are (Anais Nin)? There are several ways to see the Friedman home in Great Neck, New York. Before 1987, it appeared a simple, ranch-style house set behind a rectangle of grass and a smattering of flowers, a house with identical siblings up and down the block. The interior screamed of the eighties, complete with wood paneling and tacky carpeting. It housed Arnold Friedman, his wife Elaine, and their three sons, Seth, David, and Jesse. They were a family fond of home movies and dinner parties. All in all, a sweet picture. But when Elaine Friedman returned home from Thanksgiving shopping to find her husband in cuffs and police crawling around, it all turned sour.

In November of 1987, police in the Nassau County area were alerted to the activities of Arnold Friedman. They had intercepted correspondence between him and a contact in Norway. The police discovered Friedman had been sending and receiving child pornography through the mail, in direct violation of federal law. At first, it seemed like a simple offense. It was a matter of smoking him out, getting him to admit what he'd gotten his hands on. But when a list surfaced of young boys enrolled in a computer class in Arnold's basement, the situation became exponentially more complex.

The children were questioned, the Friedman house was searched. Arnold and Jesse were pointed out as the abusers. Child pornography was found hidden behind a piano and deep in drawers. Arnold was taken into custody with the bail set at one million dollars. At trial, Arnold pled guilty to literally hundreds of counts of sexual abuse and sodomy and was locked up for the rest of his life. His wife divorced him while he was inside. He committed suicide. At Jesse's trial, Jesse pleaded guilty to 198 additional counts of molestation and sodomy. Tears rolled down his face as he claimed that he himself was a victim of his father's own twisted advances, that he realized how wrong all of it was, as he begged for forgiveness. Judge Abbey Boklan stared down from the bench and sentenced Jesse to eighteen years in prison. He was nineteen.

This account is what is largely accepted and remembered by the Great Neck community and the world. The media followed the story for a year. There was never any doubt in anyone's mind about the heinous guilt of the father-son team. That is, except among the Friedmans themselves. In the documentary *Capturing the Friedmans*, director Andrew Jarecki presents an overwhelming amount of evidence in favor of

Arnold and Jesse. Lawyers, detectives, and Elaine and Jesse are interviewed. Children (now young adults) who claim they were molested and others who insist nothing happened share their side of the story. Even Arnold's brother contributes. Many who have viewed the documentary maintain that it is biased on the side of the Friedmans. It certainly puts them in a positive light; Jarecki splices the drama with footage of home movies, including one where Arnold flaps his arms and cries, “I'm a Jewish pterodactyl! Schmuck! Schmuck!” The sense of humor shared by the family and the bond between father and sons is illustrated by the inclusion of these personal bits. In fact, the men of the family share a love of filming themselves, a narcissistic quality that began with Arnold's father. When the family fell apart over the case, son David would film their arguments. However, to say that Jarecki is biased completely would be an error. The documentary included statements by Debbie Nathan, the first mass media reporter to work with the case. She revealed that Arnold wrote extensively to her of his pedophilia in a document titled “My Story.” He admitted to having relationships with young boys when he himself was young. He attributed it to the sexual exploration that comes with adolescence. Yet instead of “growing out” of this stage, he claimed to have “fallen in love”

*If Jesse's case does get over - turned, he will be a free man. If he is indeed guilty, he may well “strike again.”*

with these boys. As he grew older, he feared he was still attracted to young men. His fears extended to his own boys. Could he trust himself? He sought therapy and was assured he had everything under control. He loved his wife, he wrote. But that didn't mean he was attracted to her.

As a result, the documentary makes no bones about it: Arnold was a pedophile. His (ex-) wife Elaine said, “He would just look at these pictures. And maybe meditate. But he wouldn't act on them.” We will never know if he did. There will always be a gray area associated with Arnold Friedman. Thoughts, desires, and actions too often occupy the same space. Was it right, though, to have him accused of 295 separate counts of molestation and sodomy? What about his 19-year-old son, Jesse?

According to the film, the initial reaction to the charges was complete shock and disbelief on the part of the entire family, save Elaine. Elaine, who said she simply “didn't know” if she believed Arnold, was pushed aside by the boys. They wanted her to believe their father. She just couldn't.



This is obviously the Friedman Family

Some poor photographer. Little did he know...

The home movies became more and more heated. Elaine would scream for sympathy, the sons would scream for support. Arnold remained silent. The morning that Arnold was to enter his plea, the family met for the last time in a jury room. For the first time, Arnold lost his cool. He screamed, threw a chair, bellowed that he wouldn't plead guilty because he was innocent. In the end, he did plead guilty. He believed he would be saving Jesse. If an anchor is attached to a sinking ship, the cord must be cut to give the ship a chance. In fact, Arnold committed suicide in prison (by overdosing on doxepin, an antidepressant), so that his life insurance policy would pay out a quarter million dollars to Jesse, the sole beneficiary. He gave Jesse a chance.

Jesse's initial intention was to plead innocent. However, he soon learned that if he went to trial, the counts against him were so numerous that conviction on even a few would not only take obscene amounts of time, but would get him consecutive life sentences. As he says, he “ran out of options”. For the first time in nearly two hours, we see Jesse in tears as he pleads guilty to the crimes in court, claiming his own father abused him, and he was also a victim. Judge Abbey Boklan ordered the maximum sentence of eighteen years. Jesse made it out in thirteen, on account of good behavior.

On January 8th, 2004, Jesse Friedman filed a motion to overturn his conviction under the New York Criminal Procedure Law (aka Article 440). It is similar to the appeals filed for dozens of mass sex abuse cases of the late '80s. Many of these cases have been overturned. The reason for this motion, Jesse maintains, is the discovery of “massive amounts of exonerating material” found by the filmmakers of *Capturing the Friedmans*. This information was kept from him by the prosecution, who had a legal obligation to share it. He states that if he had known about this information, he would have been able to prove his innocence. Now, he plans to clear his name.

The “new” information (new to Jesse, not viewers of the documentary) includes facts such as:

-The majority of the interviewed students had no recollection of abuse, despite being questioned many times.

-The students who DO remember only remember being abused after being exposed to five different kinds of manipulative questioning. For example, one child finally ‘admitted’ to being abused after feeling pressured to say something, anything to the officers. This half-hearted admission led to sixteen counts of sodomy.

-Detectives admitted to resorting to improper means to build a case with these children. They went so far as to say that one child would grow up to be gay if he didn't admit something.

Peter Panaro, Jesse's attorney, even has taped recordings of police interviews made surreptitiously by concerned parents. If Jesse's case does get overturned, he will be a free man. If he is indeed guilty, he may well “strike again.” If he is not guilty, then nothing will happen.

It is true that the Friedmans were a highly dysfunctional family. It is true that Arnold Friedman was a pedophile and never really was interested in women. It is true that he was in possession of some child pornography at the time his house was searched. It is even true that his son David is New York City's #1 party clown. However, it is also true that no physical evidence of bruises or fluids were ever found on the children. No child ever made mention of abuse until they were interrogated. In addition, parents would get together in meetings and try to top one another with abuse stories; “Mine was sodomized five times!” “Well, mine was twelve times!”

All of this happened in Great Neck, no more than two hours from Stony Brook. Many students here come from Queens, and some must be from the same area. Perhaps they were children when this story broke. Maybe they know someone, or have experienced this kind of abuse. Whether or not Jesse is guilty, he may soon be free. Whether or not he is guilty, child abuse and molestation does happen in New York, does happen on Long Island, and may be happening now in Great Neck.





## Seawolves Draw with Providence Friars

By Antony Lin

The Stony Brook Seawolves earned a 0-0 draw with the Providence Friars in the second game of a doubleheader on the final day of the Holiday Inn Express Tournament. Due to a goal differential, the Seawolves were awarded runners-up of the tournament. "We fought hard, that is our theme this year," said Seawolves forward Ariel Tanzi. "We fight until the end no matter what."

*We have taken care of a lot of big things, now it is the little things we need to take care of.*

The first half saw limited offense in a sluggish affair. In the 20th minute, Nicole Benko collided with Seawolves goalkeeper Marisa Viola. As the ball squirted loose towards the goal, Marisa Nucci cleared the ball out of harm's way. As Providence continued to attack, the home side was able to withhold the pressure. Stony Brook's first chance in the second half came in the 48th minute. Tanzi eluded one defender on the right wing. After cutting back, her pointblank shot from a tough angle was parried away by Friars goalkeeper Laura Elfers. Four minutes later, Kristin Mishrell's drive from 17 yards out to the far post was saved once again by Elfers, denying the home side.

The Seawolves continued to create opportunities. Tiffany Fasullo's shot from 20 yards away in the 47th minute forced a diving save to the far post. Providence earned a pair of golden opportunities in the 75th minute. Off a breakaway, Katelin Blaine's shot was stopped by Viola. Viola would end up denying Providence once again in the 84th minute. Coming out a bit too far, Viola recovered in time to get a hand

on Nicole Benko's shot; a shot from 22 yards out that went off the crossbar and out.

A series of chances would come in the final minute for the home side. Fasullo's first corner kick found Mishrell. Her header would be cleared off the line as it appeared to be heading into the upper right corner. The ensuing corner kick by Fasullo led to a scramble in front. Tanzi was able to get a foot on it, only to have it hit the post and go out of play. The first overtime saw one clear opportunity, coming from the Friars. Off a breakaway, Viola came out well to cut off the angle on Jill Campburn's shot keeping the score leveled. The final chance for Stony Brook in the second overtime came from Brooke Barbuto. Her shot towards the left post was stopped by Elfers, leaving the final score at 0-0. Jackie Timmes, Krista Shilts, and

Kristin Mishrell were named to the All-Tournament team.

"We have to put effort and execution together," stated Seawolves head coach Sue Ryan. "We didn't come out as strong as we could have in first half. We have taken care of a lot of big things, now it is the little things we need to take care of." Stony Brook is now unbeaten in their last three games, improving to 4-1-1, while the Friars are at 2-0-3. "It is a good sign that the team wants to do better and better," mentioned Ryan. "They continued to work hard."

## Seawolves Men's Soccer Victorious in Home Opener

By Antony Lin

Although the constant drizzle perhaps weakened the returning reception for the defending America East champions in the home opener, the Stony Brook Seawolves picked up where they left off and defeated the Iona Blue Devils 2-0.

A few adjustments were made in the lineup for Stony Brook. "We shifted our system around a little bit," said head coach Cesar Markovic. "We gave our-

The visitors nearly took the lead in the 10th minute off of a defensive error.

Recovering the ball, Nicholas Smaldone's left-footed blast from 17 yards out was brilliantly tapped over the bar by Seawolves goalkeeper E.J. Xikis.

Three minutes later, Stony Brook came back with another golden opportunity courtesy of Simpara. Palacio's outswinging corner kick took an awkward bounce, which Simpara then got a head on. His header was denied by Blake.

The Seawolves got what would be the game-winning goal in the 28th minute off a misclearance. Palacio ended up capitalizing by volleying home a rocket into the lower right corner from 17 yards out.

With a bit of a slow start to the second half, the home side nearly added an insurance goal in the 59th minute after Adam Ciklic's goal was disallowed despite appearing inside.

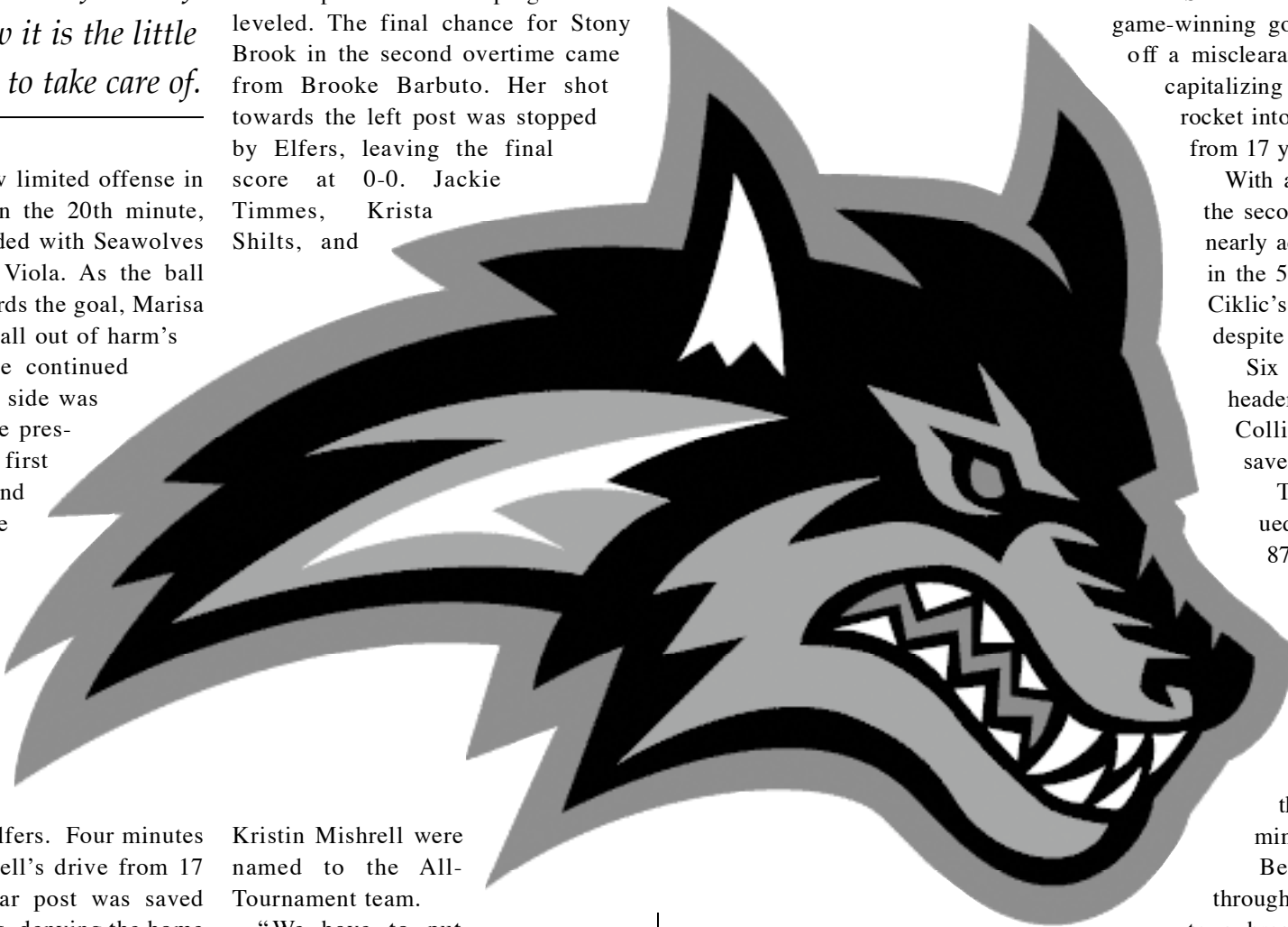
Six minutes later, Ciklic's header off a throw-in from Collin Geoghegan was saved by a diving Blake.

The Seawolves continued the pressure. In the 87th minute, Palacio was able to split two defenders. His shot from 22 yards out was parried away by Blake.

Stony Brook got the insurance goal two minutes later. Alexander Betancourt slipped a through ball that led Simpara to a breakaway. Simpara comfortably chipped the ball over Blake

to make it 2-0. "That goal relieved everyone," stated Simpara. "I am so happy for that goal and for the win, especially getting our first win." The Seawolves improved to 1-3-0, while Iona dropped to 1-2-1.

"Tonight we had a good defensive effort," mentioned Markovic. "We found the rhythm late in second half. I think we found something tonight and hopefully it carries for the rest of the season."



seawolves a different look and played with heart." "Everyone played well," said Mahamadou Simpara. "We gave everything and it was a team effort. So we got the result."

The Seawolves nearly took the early lead seconds into the match. Just inside the box, Tamer Mohamed laid the ball off perfectly to Michael Palacio.

Palacio's one-time effort forced a diving stop by Blue Devils goalkeeper Robert Blake.





## OP-ED: Guide to Becoming a Medical School Applicant

Personal Perspective, Both Witty and Wise  
By Esam Al-Shareffi

First off, let me just say how great it is to be writing my first column for the Asian American E-Zine. I was first told coming from an Iraqi heritage that I was not “Asian” enough, but then I promptly unzipped my pants, pulled down my boxers, and revealed the contents therein, which being microscopic fit the Asian definition pretty well.



Seriously though, I'd like to talk about becoming a medical school applicant, both to share my experiences and to give some guidance to those who are thinking about taking the plunge, so that they have some idea what they are coming up against.

First, before applying to anything, you have to decide if becoming a physician is what you really want to do. Like many others, I had a great deal of pressure from my parents, who “suggested” it was a good career but ostensibly left it up to me, and I know of others who faced more overt coercion. Please remember here that this is your decision and yours alone to make, with decades worth of repercussions, so do not take it lightly or merely to please someone. That said, to me there is no better job in the world. Well, unless I was paid to play video games all day, but this would be a close second.

Seriously though, where can you get a job that is stimulating enough to give you a new experience every day, that lets you interact with real human beings who need your help, where you apply your time and effort to make others feel better and cure them of their illnesses and treat their injuries? I know of no better feeling than that of making others happy through your efforts, and to have that as a job would be brilliant. You are also not going to starve doing this, and while there are a few other professions where you might make more money, the prestige and feel-good factor are all priceless.

These are great advantages to me though, but might not be to others. If you like consistency in your job, if you dread the sight of ill people, and if you do not think you are capable of overcoming the immense obstacles (which I shall shortly describe) then there is no shame, none at all, in picking something better that makes you happy. Numerous other careers let you help people, each in their own way. For instance, to a prisoner no one in the world is more precious than a defense attorney, or you might have a real passion for becoming an accountant.

The key is to believe in your potential to succeed and you can help your self best by finding something that you will enjoy doing for the next few decades of your life. If all else fails, seek the wisdom of this

poster:

That taken care of, if you are truly interested in becoming a physician (feel free to change your mind at any time,) then you have to take care of a few basics.

First, you must ensure that you take the right

classes. Namely, you must take a year of general chemistry (CHE 131 and 132, or if you are feeling smart, 141 + 142,) as well as the corresponding labs; a year of organic chemistry and the required lab(s); a year of physics and the labs; a year of math including at least one semester of calculus; a year of biology including the labs (essentially this will be BIO 202+203); and finally a year of English, typically this means will be your required writing class and a semester of some other English class, commonly a class that will also fulfill a DEC requirement. By combining a DEC and a req you can knock out two birds with one stone, as the ancient saying goes, or as this staged photo suggests:



(The adults moved slightly to the sides after taking the picture, causing much hilarity)

Depending on where you are in your undergraduate career when you make this decision, the requirements can be a manageable addition to your schedule or turn your life into a mess. For instance, I decided later on that I wanted to pursue medical school, so I was forced to take Biology, Physics, and Organic Chemistry at the same time. It was not easy, but certainly not impossible, especially if you have the willpower to follow through.

Before I continue, it is useful to hover on this point for a moment. There is nothing in life that cannot be done when there is an iron will and die-hard determination. As any reader of the Count of Monte Cristo can readily attest, a man may transform from being an uneducated, forgotten, and condemned inmate on an island prison fortress, escape, and then perform awesome deeds. There will be many occasions in the process in which you will question the wisdom of



for your junior year. This is important primarily so that you will have been instructed in the major areas covered by the MCAT exam before taking that test. More on the MCAT soon, but before I continue, there are a few other considerations that you must take care of.

First, you must pick a major. It really does not matter what you major in, so long as you find it interesting, and most importantly, you can get good grades in it. I for one am a Chemistry major, a decision I once dreaded, but in reality has taught me so much about the universe that I have come to appreciate my choice. So whether it is Chemistry, Art History, English, or Math, or whatever, pick something that you like and will do well in.

There are a few other considerations, however, that a pre-med advisor might not address to you in making this decision. First, while it is true that some majors (mostly biology and chemistry) include some of the required courses, it is absolutely not worth it to take those majors on that sole basis. Second, some students like to “hedge” their bets, covering themselves in any eventuality. If you do not get into medical school or later decide that it is not right for you, you will still be left with your major, so you may wish to pick something that in addition to being enjoyable to you is a useful tool on the job market, and here some majors, such as Mechanical Engineering, are worth more than Basket Weaving.



(An SBU student's mother intervenes to help her son pass Basket Weaving 101)

Furthermore, you should try to get some “medical experience” under your belt as soon as possible. On Stony Brook there are some opportunities for this, with SBVAC (Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps) being ideal, though only if you have the time. Besides being taught some basic skills, such as taking someone's pulse and blood pressure, as a “probie” you

your decision, and many will simply give up, but if you are truly destined to be a healer, then you will overcome each obstacle and become the stronger for it.

At any rate, you should aim to take the required courses above by the end of the fall semester

are forced to attend a few hours of class on a weekend and are of course obligated to learn a great deal on your feet, everything from signs of shock on a patient to the location of equipment on an ambulance. The only downsides are of course that this is a major commitment, in time and effort, and that you cannot merely join on a whim, as there is an interview process and fees that you must pay as well.

If SBVAC is not your spot of tea, as the Brits put it, you can try volunteering at our famous (or rather infamous, government-probed) hospital, but the competition is rather heavy and you will not benefit from a job as a cashier at the hospital gift store. The key thing to look for is patient contact, and part of what I did was to volunteer at a local hospital when I got home during the summer. Most hospitals have some requirements for volunteering, and will want you to fill out an application and perhaps even show up for an interview, but on the most part they are all too happy to give you a shot, just be sure to insist that you have some patient contact, as this will not only benefit you (in testing your resolve to be a doctor) but also will be more valuable when you put it in your application and when you discuss it in interviews.

You will also likely be trained in doing CPR, which I found out was different for babies for than for adults:

Yes, this is infant CPR, I am not even kidding.



There are other ways to get this experience as well, as you can either join or start a club with a medical or humanitarian theme to it, or you can also find opportunities for research, which may or may not involve medicine. Keep on the lookout for such opportunities, as doing some research is helpful to your medical school application, particularly if it involves something like anti-cancer drugs (of which there are several groups on campus.)

Another matter that you should have your mind on (heh, now you are beginning to see how difficult all this is,) is to get in touch with the pre-med people, if only so that they can answer some lingering questions you have, put you on the mailing list for the various seminars and presentations intended for pre-med students, and tell you where to send paper work to (like letters of recommendation.) Speaking of letters of recommendation, you are required to get at least three by the time you apply, and are better off with more.

Getting letters of recommendation was perhaps the most painful experience that I had, for many reasons, but it need not be that way. For one, I felt awkward doing it, but in reality, professors get these requests all the time and while they are not thrilled with extra paperwork, they will be happy to do them as a professional courtesy to you.

**Wanted! Writers, photographers, and all students interested in media.**

**Weekly meetings Fridays 5:30PM at our office in Student Union 071.**



## OP-ED: Guide to Becoming a Medical School Applicant continued...

When asking professors for letters of recommendation, try to build up a relationship with them beforehand. Do this in a smart manner. For instance, do not make it a point to stay after class every lecture to ask an asinine question that is already obvious to you. The professor will not be impressed that you are wasting his/her time and will likely secretly loathe you. Instead, ask intelligent questions, occasionally, on topics that you do not fully understand or on some aspect that was not directly dealt with in class. You will benefit by the expanded explanation and the professor will enjoy the intellectual stimulation.

You can also visit professors at their office hours, though again in moderation and with a purpose. A foolish student does this by trying to be "buddies" with the professor and visiting at every available office hour while the professor is trying to read the paper or check their e-mail. The better way to handle this is to go with a defined purpose, for instance, if you require some further explanation or did not understand a new concept and needed more than a few seconds at the end of class to discuss it.

Also, if you ever miss a class (which is bound to happen,) use that as an opportunity to e-mail the professor, apologize for not being there, and request a few moments from their time to get any handouts or go over some material. They will be happy with your diligence. Eventually, as the professor sees you a few times, either you can ask a friendly personal question (Your son/daughter looks cute in that picture on the desk, how old is he/she?) or more likely the professor will take the initiative and ask you a little about yourself. Take this as an opportunity to be congenial, not too serious, and to express yourself a little. Before long, you will have some excellent recommendations by professors who actually know you.

Feel free also to get recommendation letters from your supervisors at work or from extracurricular activities that you have



done, but be sure to have at least two of your letters come from Professors, and at least one of those to be from a science class. (The Broccoli upset Professor Stewie by asking stupid questions at the end of class, incurring his wrath.)

By now, you should have all of your required courses taken, some recommendations completed, some medical experience and hopefully also some research, while at the same time taking care of the course requirements in your major, keeping on top of your DECs, participating in some extracurricular activities, and generally not pulling your hair out. If that is the case, you are getting closer to the end game.

You should now think about taking the Medical College Acceptance Test (infamously known as the MCAT). Before, a great deal was made about when you should take the test, because it was only offered twice a year, once in April and another in August. With some 22-test dates this year, that great debate is laid to rest, but you should keep in mind a few considerations when picking a test date.

First of all, you should be completing or have completed the required courses or at least be very confident that you can study what you have not yet taken expeditiously. Second, you will want to watch for medical school deadlines. Previously, the MCAT would take some sixty days between test taking and getting the results, but with the new format, I am not so sure. So your best bet will be to go over this question with the pre-med advising people, in order to pick the best time for you.

Above all, you must study, study, and then study some more for this test. You do not need to take an incredibly expensive Kaplan (or other company) course, though some benefit by such programs, as all you need is that iron will we spoke of earlier, a review book (either by Kaplan or the other companies,) which could be borrowed from your local library or purchased from any bookstore or online, and a great deal of time and effort. There is no set time as to how long you will need to study for the exam, as this depends on how fresh the material is in your mind and how well you did taking those courses the first time around. At a bare minimum though, you should allocate some six weeks of study, and preferably twelve weeks.

Once you register for the MCATs, you will be given a link to a website which will give you a full practice exam, which you can take and then assess the results, or you can just follow this link: [www.e-mcat.com](http://www.e-mcat.com) and register right now. You get one free practice test and can get some rather detailed solutions, allowing you to then spend more time on the areas that you may be weaker in.

One important tip is to not ignore the verbal part of the exam as it is easy to get a few questions wrong and your verbal score will dip. Historically, this is where Stony Brook students perform the worst, and for good reason as the questions are tough. An average score that you wish to shoot for is a "10" on each part of the exam and a mediocre writing grade, though certainly the higher you get, the better. If you score below a 24 overall you are probably better off not applying, at least until you retake the test.

You will also want to apply for medical school using the AAAAMCAS website (extra A's added for emphasis,) which you can easily do by googling "Medical School Application" and feeling lucky. Here, you will be asked to fill out your life story, including where and when you were born, how old your siblings are, and also to transcribe your transcript (but also to send one along so they can verify that you did this correctly.)

After you get through the busy work, you will have to decide on some very important questions. First, to which schools will you apply? Personally, I applied to every NYS "public school", as well as to some half a dozen other schools in the Northeast and surrounding areas. Of course, you can theoretically apply to only one or two schools, but unless your application is stellar, there is a good chance that you will not get into medical school. Similarly, you can apply to every school in the book, but beyond the exorbitant application fee upfront, you must consider that you will have to fill out secondary applications to most of those schools (requiring considerable time and money) as well as actually going to some of those schools for interviews if you progress that part, requiring taking time off from school and more money. You are best served with applying to ten schools, or perhaps fifteen at the most, with the general rule that you apply to more the less confident you are with your application.

Finally, you must also write a personal statement (three if you are applying for M.D./Ph.D. programs, but that is another story entirely) and here your writing skills must shine. I would even say that your essay here is worth more than your MCAT writing score, because here you have a very special mission. You must tell the reader about yourself, find some story or some

means of distinguishing your essay from the hundreds of others that the reader has had to go through, and be convincing and genuine in your desire to go to medical school and become a physician.

The kicker here is that you must do all of this with a set character limit. For people who love to bloviate, like myself, this is a distinct challenge, but there is a certain perverse pleasure that you get from chopping down your 10,000-character essay to half its size while still retaining the essence of what you are trying to say. Don't worry... you'll get to try doing it before long.

Wow... well this is where I am right now with my application. Now I just need to go through with a Stony Brook interview, in which the Pre-Med advisor asks questions to put in their letter of recommendation.

Then before long you (and I) will receive secondary applications, with their own special essays, sections, and fees, and finally (hopefully) some interviews and some acceptances.

I do not know if this long story which you have endured will turn out to have a happy ending, both for you and for me, but I hope you have an idea with what you are facing and that if you are willing to meet this challenge that you will succeed in the end. Sadly, statistically speaking, only about half of those who go through this process ever do. Good luck though!

## OP-ED: Weird People on Campus

By James Han

### Some Guy On A Unicycle

It was the first day of classes, everything was going great, and then my heart sunk into my funny bone. I saw some dude on a unicycle riding down the Zebra Path. I stared at his ridiculousness, I pictured the guy in a clown suit, and was in awe how no one else seemed to think this was an aberration on what would be an otherwise normal day. Why is a person riding a unicycle so ridiculous you ask? Well, it just seems like a stupid way to get around. There must be plenty of ways to get knocked over and fall on your face, including, but not limited to:

- Riding over a pebble
- Bumping into Nicole Richie
- Hitting a puddle
- Catching a stiff breeze
- Getting a hard on, backwards
- Napping
- Telekinetic powers of Shirley Strum Kenny
- Braking
- It is indeed a transportation device so inherently flawed, only the incredibly brave or incredibly foolish ever dare ride. And the last brave person I've ever seen was on Braveheart.

**Nerd Wearing A Yugi-Oh Shirt**



Yugi-Oh might be a fun card game, a popular anime series, and one of the most successful money-making schemes aimed at children today. So it might not be surprising when slightly older people pick up these habits. And you know what, as long as no one knows about it, you can have all the weird habits you want. I mean, you don't see me wearing a shirt in public saying "I like watching bukkake." But to the 25 year old fat dude wearing a Yugi-Oh T-shirt in public, I must regretfully inform you that you will never, ever get laid in your lifetime. I usually don't like to use the getting laid argument, considering how fat, ugly girls will sleep with anything. But when fat, ugly girls somehow find "standards" when it comes to sleeping with you, you have plunged into uncharted depravity.

Speaking of fat, amoral females, this is a group of ladies that are as lost as those people on Lost. As far as I'm concerned, people should have integrity when using their bodies as advertising vessels. If you're a girl that is significantly obese, the last adjective in the world I would use to describe you would be athletic (first if I'm trying to be sarcastic). Therefore, seeing a humungoid female sporting a "Champion Athletic Tank Top" is false advertising and sheer folly...

There's more... visit our webpage to find it.



# Shelter From the Storm

By Caroline Ann D'Agati

Zero, zero, zero, one. Staring at the paint on the houses, it was finally becoming real to me. Zero, zero, one, zero, five. I put my face in my hands and I cried. I had only been in the city a few hours. Amazing what a few hours could mean to someone, how radically it could change them. A few hours could make a wealthy man poor. A few hours stood between companionship and loneliness. In just a few hours, a body pulsating with the blood of life could become nothing but a cadaver, the dismal vestiges of what it once was, a meaningless number spray-painted on a window. As I drove down the lifeless streets of what once was New Orleans, I lamented the devastating effect a few hours can have.

Our missionary crew consisted of middle-aged businessmen, high schoolers, a few twenty-somethings and a college kid, all fresh off a twenty-four hour bus ride. The few of us who slept on the trip were rudely interrupted by a two-hour breakdown. This was courtesy of the hell more popularly referred to as Alabama. We were tired and we were hot, but we approached the house with the eagerness of compassion and gratitude. The compassion was a desire to serve and love as Christ did. The gratitude was that, by sheer dumb luck, we were the remedy and not the victim.

Demolition began on Monday, June 26th, at 6050 Pratt Drive. I remember most those first two days. We walked into the lonely shell of a house, looked around, and took to finishing the job nature began. Our task was to throw this family's life into wheelbarrows and pile it on the sidewalk. All day I shoveled dirt and birthday photographs off the floor. I pulled a wedding dress and clothing out of the closets. I threw away blocks of children's books melded together by water and mold. The little boy had enjoyed trains and airplanes. I cried behind the itchy heat of my surgical mask as I ripped his paper airplanes off the wall. His name was Hunter.

As we got deeper into the bedroom closets we found bottles of alcohol, hidden

behind boxes. One of these poor people was desperate to hide a problem, and now it was unwittingly being exposed to a crowd of strangers.

The next day, I cleared the office next to the garage. It was in this room that my guilty and mournful hands discarded the bricks that once were someone's entire being. Record by record, I threw away original LPs from Aerosmith, Pink Floyd, The Beatles, The Stones, Led Zeppelin and The Who. My wheelbarrow carried away Bob Dylan's entire catalogue. As I stared down at *Blood on the Tracks*, the first Dylan record I ever bought, I murmured the lyrics to my favorite song:

*"...nothing really matters much, it's  
doom alone that counts  
and the one-eyed undertaker, he blows  
a futile horn.  
'Come in,' she said,  
'I'll give you shelter from the storm.'"*

After discarding the sea of albums I reached the bookshelf, where the funeral continued. I had stared at the volumes all morning, unable to reach them amidst the multitude of trash on the floor. I had hoped that when I looked through, some could be saved. One, in particular: a collection of short stories published by *Esquire Magazine*. As I stood in front of the shelf, I knew my hope was foolish. Encyclopedia sets, books of poetry, Hemingway, travel books, Poe; all were soaked beyond use. I picked up a beat-up copy of *The Grapes of Wrath*. They must have read it with pity in their hearts for the farmers left hopeless by the Great Dust Bowl. Never did they imagine that the wrath of God would make them nomadic pilgrims like the Okies -- displaced and disillusioned. Everything that once was theirs was lost, and all that made them who they were was dead.

When we left the house on the third day, not a nail remained. Not a wall still stood. We threw everything they owned into a massive heap that flooded out onto the street. But there are three things that never made it to that heap. I admit that I stole something from these people. In the piles of rubbish around the house, I found three



A house in New Orleans where an entire family was killed by Katrina

things that I kept: a Bush/Reagan campaign button, a small plastic peace symbol and a star of David that little Hunter must have made in arts and crafts. If you ask me why I took them, I couldn't tell you. Maybe it was my sense of humor. Maybe some part of me thought it was important for them not to be lost.

We spent the last days cutting insulation for a house a few blocks away. We met the people who lived there. They were very kind to us and very grateful. Their names were Wilfred and Ketty. Though we accomplished a lot and were a great encouragement to them, I can't help but feel more attached to the house on Pratt Drive. We cleared their tools, their keepsakes, their toys and their medicine cabinets. We learned their names, their religion, and their habits. We knew some of the worst things about them, but all we could feel was sympathy and warmth. It meant more to me because I saw myself in that house. I saw my own possessions, my

own passions and my own iniquities. For who among us could stand proudly once our mattresses were lifted and our closets were exposed?

Our whole group went out for pizza before our bus officially left New Orleans. While in line, many people noticed our New Jersey brogues. The citizens of New Orleans had become accustomed to visitors whose mission was to rebuild the Big Easy. One older lady spoke to me, and what she said will always stay with me. She told me that she, and many she knew, lost everything. But she praised God because she was still alive and everything else could be replaced. She told me she worked at a hospital taking care of Katrina's victims and that she still thought life was beautiful. She thanked me for what my group did and asked me how I liked New Orleans. I told her that it was really lovely. She said that she wished I had seen it before all this had happened. I told her that I wished that, too.



Caroline and her siblings looking sexier than ever

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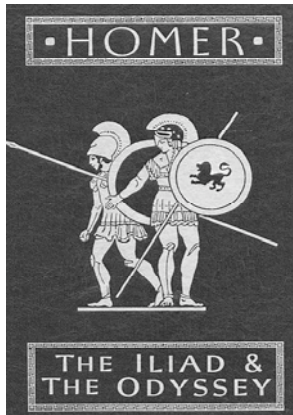
Books  
You  
Should  
Read





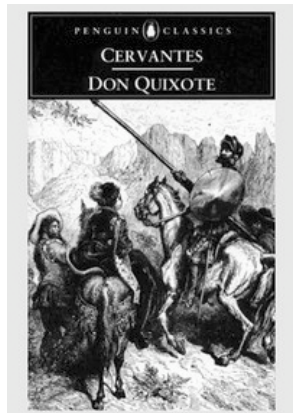
# Books You Should Read

Thomas Mets



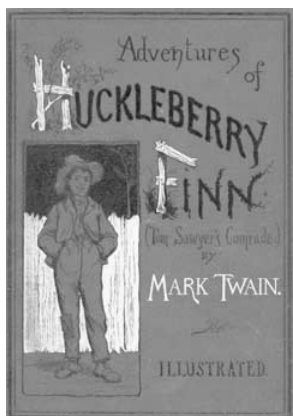
*The Odyssey* – Homer

This story has lasted for thousands of years because it's just damn fun. It begins with a young man searching for his missing believed-dead father Odysseus. It ends with a lot of bloodshed when the war hero gets home to discover it has been overtaken by scoundrels who want to score with his wife and rob her of her money. Along the way are all sorts of crazy adventures, including trips to the underworld, a battle with a giant son of Poseidon, being the sex-slave of a nymph, and lots of casualties. The book includes many of the best scenes in all of literature, so reading it makes you smarter. An excellent adaptation of this is the best action movie never made.



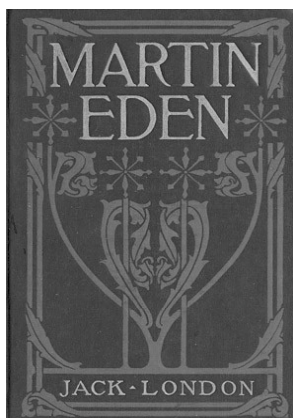
*Don Quixote* – Don Miguel del Cervantes

The Norwegian Nobel Institute compiled a list of the 100 Greatest Fictional works by asking one hundred respected writers from 54 countries to list their ten favorite books, and Don Quixote won by a wide margin. But what a lot of people don't know about the book is that it is also hilarious. It concerns the rambling adventures of a crazy Spaniard who thinks he's a medieval knight, who applies the simplistic solutions of a knight to the problems he encounters, earning himself many enemies and a few friends. And, of course, his various delusions and hallucinations keep making things more interesting and earning him many beatings. Sancho Panza is one of the great sidekicks in literature, the perfect foil to his boss's insanity, and the scene where he's forced to whip himself is one of the funniest I've ever read.



*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* – Mark Twain

Influenced heavily by the above two books, this is the great American novel, and probably the best example of a superior sequel. The adventures of a boy and a runaway slave fleeing his abusive father bring out the best in probably the greatest American writer as they travel through his favorite place in the world: the Mississippi River. Along the way they encounter two families out to kill one another, a drunkard who claims to be the lost son of Louis XVI, incompetent Shakespeare performers/con men (no less evil than the villagers they con), and a lot of crazy people, risking their lives many times over. Huck's relationship with Jim grows, in the book's greatest scene Finn is forced to choose between his friend and heaven. The book is the perfect example of Twain's sense of humor, great characters, social conscience, mastery of colloquial speech, and grim renditions of the hypocrisy of ordinary people. And you can always trust Tom Sawyer to make things difficult for the hero and entertaining for the reader.



*Martin Eden* – Jack London

Jack London's slightly autobiographical tale of a sailor who tries to become a successful writer to win over an upper-class girl remains one of my favorites. It's fascinating to read about the character's transformation as he reads better books, becomes a better writer, and realizes no one knows what he's accomplishing. His drive and obsession are perfectly conveyed, along with the mind-numbing drudgery of the work he must do to support himself. When he becomes successful beyond his wildest dreams, realizes the hypocrisy of the class he aspired to, and is betrayed one last time, he realizes that success hasn't improved his life; and there's no way in hell I'm going to ruin the ending. Despite the novel's relative obscurity, the entire tale is available free on the Project Gutenberg website.



*Freakonomics* – Steven D. Levitt and Stephen J. Dubner

Sumo wrestling is sometimes fixed. The influence of the Ku Klux Klan in the mid-40s dwindled thanks to an intrepid undercover reporter who made sure KKK secrets (including passwords and details about the hierarchy) were used on the Superman radio show. Real estate agents are a lot more careful trying to sell their own homes than the homes of their customers. It's more dangerous to be a crack dealer than it is to be on death row. Roe v Wade has contributed to a drop in crime, but if each aborted fetus is worth a hundredth of a person saved, it still wouldn't be worth it. Speaking of kids, reading to them every night has no impact on how smart they become. Freakonomics is an excellent hodgepodge of random statistics and explanations of their significance as observed by a brilliant economist. It may help you see the world a little bit differently and proves the worthlessness of much conventional wisdom.



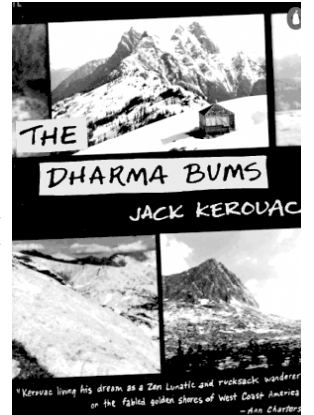


# Books You Should Read

Alex Walsh

## *The Dharma Bums* – Jack Kerouac

This is just about my favorite book ever. I always tell people not to read *On the Road* first, but no one ever listens. I read it every year, and I'm always in a noticeably better mood during these annual perusals. Anyway, much like most of Kerouac's stuff, it's pretty much an autobiographical work. It's written in a pretty traditional prose style, sort of like *OtR*, but he's starting to get less constrained by rules. It is easier to understand than some of the later stuff (I challenge you to find more than one period on any page in *Big Sur*), but still crazy enough to fuck with any copy editor. I also find Japhy Ryder, based on the poet Gary Snyder, a much more interesting character than Dean Moriarty. So read *The Dharma Bums*. It's interesting as fuck. There's some stuff about Buddhism. There's drinking, partying, and meditating on mountaintops. You'll like it, I promise.



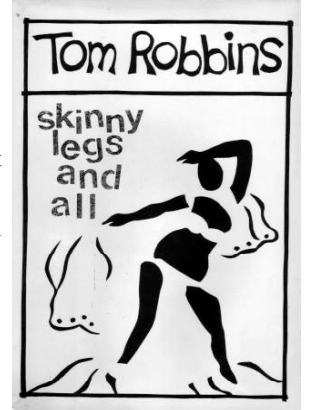
## *Sirens of Titan* – Kurt Vonnegut

I think we can all agree that Kurt Vonnegut is awesome, so we can just skip over that part. I'm all about this book, but I haven't read it in a while, so it's getting a bit fuzzy. Perhaps I'll reread it soon. But, um... do you like sci-fi? There's a Martian invasion in here. The Martians are originally from Earth, but it's close enough. There's also a lot about religion and free will in *Sirens*. Religion drives people to do some crazy things and really fuck with Our Hero. As always with Vonnegut, it's insightful and hilarious. Man, you'd think that guy would come up with some other stuff by now. Seriously, Kurt: enough with the insight and the hilarity.



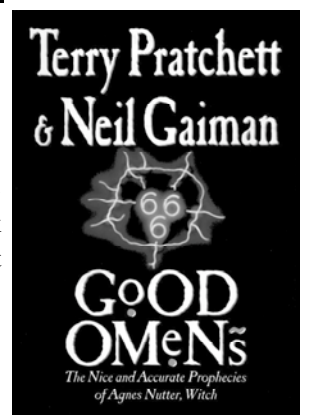
## *Skinny Legs and All* – Tom Robbins

This is another one that deals with religion a lot. Come to think of it, all of my books do in one way or another. The setup for this is a southern artist working at a restaurant across the street from the United Nations owned by a Jew and an Arab, while a collection of inanimate objects journey cross-country on the way to Jerusalem. I shit you not. Robbins is another author who can really bust out the funny while being almost startlingly brilliant. I'd also recommend *Fierce Invalids Home From Hot Climates*. A pedophilic, pacifist CIA agent falls in love with a renegade nun forty years older than him. Tom is the master of the odd situation.



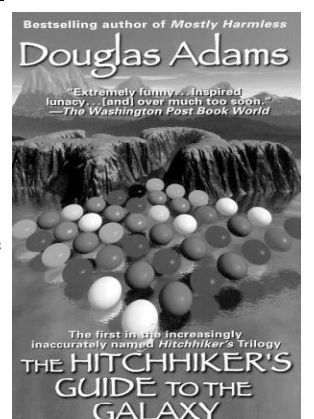
## *Good Omens* – Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman

I was kind of at a disadvantage when I read this, because I hadn't seen *The Omen*. It was still really good though and, when I saw the eminently shit-tastic remake last year, I was able to spot the similarities in the storylines. I was also struck by how much better a movie Gaiman and Pratchett's book would have made. The premise is the same as *The Omen* for the first page or so, but the old switcheroo in the hospital gets fucked up so the Antichrist winds up being raised by a normal family and a thoroughly average child is the focus of the agents of Heaven and Hell. Hilarity ensues.



## *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* – Douglas Adams

Probably being the most well known book on the list, *Hitchhiker's Guide* is a true classic. It's all about zany misadventures in space and clever turns of phrase. There's nothing I like more than cleverness. I'm getting lazy, so I'll just leave you with one of my favorite quotations from the book: "Time is an illusion, lunchtime doubly so."

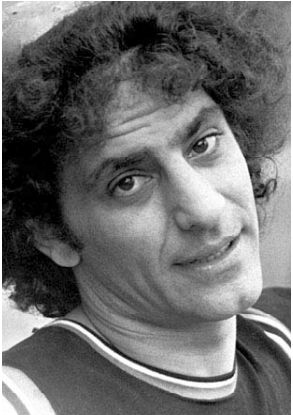






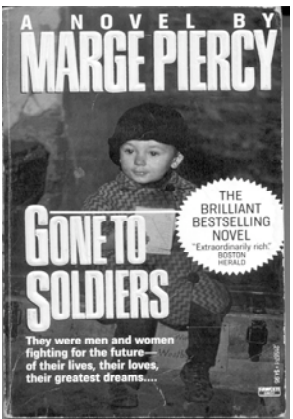
# Books You Should Read

Rob Gilheany



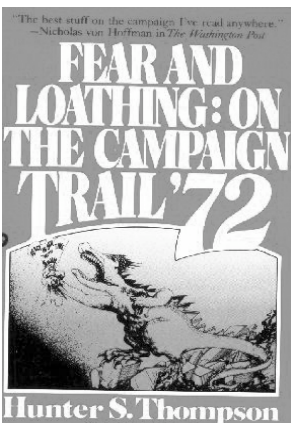
## *Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture* – Abbie Hoffman

This is a great memoir of the 1960s from the point of view of one of its most controversial activists, Abbie Hoffman. Hoffman brings a lot of his creativity and trademark wicked humor to this portrayal of his life. The book spans time from the Civil Rights Movement to the anti-Vietnam war movement, chronicling the Free Store in the Lower East Side, Hoffman's involvement in the Civil Rights Movement, the Berkely Free Speech Movement, The Chicago Seven trial, and his views on his contemporaries — Tom Hayden, Stokely Carmichael, William Kunstler, Jane Fonda, Jerry Rubin and others. Be sure to check out this historically significant book.



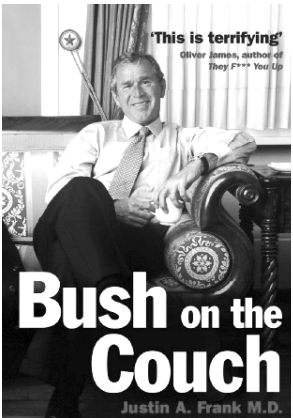
## *Gone to Soldiers* – Marge Piercy

Marge Piercy is a fantastic author and poet whose writings touch on feminism, science fiction, labels, gender and a wide cross-section of social issues. *Gone to Soldiers* is a fictional work centering on World War II. It portrays a Jewish family from Detroit and their experiences during the war. It covers the war from both an international and inter-generational point of view. Piercy covers the war from Rosie the Riveter to the French Marquis. She also deals with the concentration camps and even Anti-Semites in the US Army. This book is truly epic in scope.



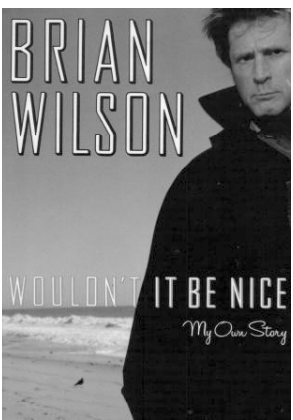
## *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72* – Hunter S. Thompson.

This book is the best historical chronicling the 1972 Presidential Campaign. Hunter Thompson takes us on the road with Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, Edmund Muskie, as well as the press volunteers and flunkies. The book is extremely harsh; Thompson tells his story as a McGovern Supporter. He hated Nixon and Humphrey equally. In this book Hunter also describes run-ins with the Secret Service and the Nixon's press officials.



## *Bush on the Couch* – Dr. Justin Kaplan

In this book the current President gets psychoanalyzed. Dr. Kaplan looks into the President's family, his background, his speeches, his policies, and even his stupid smirk. Dr. Kaplan makes a strong case; the President's modus operandi is that he is sadistic.



## *Wouldn't It Be Nice* – Brian Wilson

In this work, the genius behind the music of the Beach Boys tells his story. Brian Wilson, who made some of the happiest sounding music ever recorded, was surprisingly almost never happy in his personal life. The only time he seemed happy was when he was writing or performing music. He tells of the suffering he and his brothers took from his abusive and sadistic father, who eventually became the band's manager. Wilson goes over his battle with mental illness, drugs, and obesity. He tells of his inspirations for his songs and his better rivalry with band-mate and lead singer Mike Love. I have read many musical biographies, but this one is my favorite.



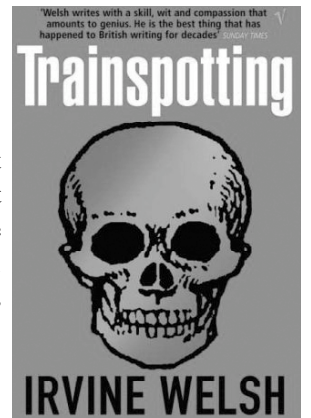


# Books You Should Read

Stephanie Hayes

## *Trainspotting* – Irvine Welsh

If you haven't read this, you've likely seen the film... or at least a poster for it in some hipster's bedroom. No matter. Everything Irvine Welsh has ever written is absolutely brilliant. I wanted to be cool and list the very recent *Bedroom Secrets of the Master Chefs* but opted instead for his debut novel because it embodies everything quintessentially Welsh. The book is broken up into seven sections, mostly to lend a couple of characters that aren't Renton, more narration time. This is something sorely missing in the movie (didja know Sick Boy goes into freaky diatribes and Spud thinks of people as cats? Hell yeah!). At first, the phonemic Edinburgh spelling drove me nutters but halfway through I hardly noticed because the book's just too badass. As for the characters, they are horrifically amoral. In fact, they're pretty much everything I'm not, which makes them super endearing. *Trainspotting* is funny and filthy and terribly sad. In the words of one very wise reviewer, "It deserves to sell more copies than the Bible."



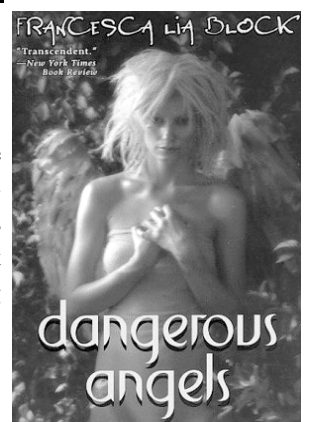
## *Fever Pitch* – Nick Hornby

The defining characteristic in most Hornby protagonists is their tendency to be obsessed with something the average person cannot understand. If you find yourself feeling genuine anger and indignation at a friend because they don't understand the merits of your favorite album/book/movie, you know what it's all about. This sort of nerdy obsession is a great great thing. Anyway, *Fever Pitch* is Hornby's memoir. Hornby understands that you can invest yourself a little too much into something, in this case the FA premier league, and feel personally let down by a celebrity athlete that has no real connection to you. As a narrator, Hornby comes across as a self-aware nutjob, someone who will be disappointed if his children end up pledging loyalty to Liverpool or Manchester United. It's fun to follow the clear parallels between Hornby's good years and Arsenal's better seasons. You don't even have to appreciate soccer/football to appreciate what Hornby's saying. He's talking about the people that embrace fanaticism, and I'm all about that.



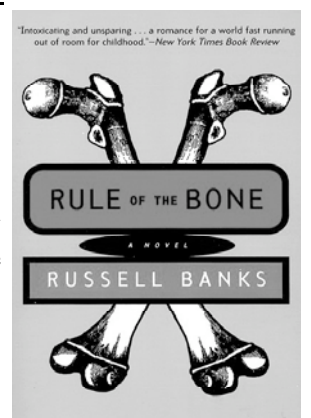
## *Dangerous Angels* – Francesca Lia Block

There was a time when I accepted the situations in the Weetzie Bat books as flat fact. Surely, Los Angeles was a magical place where you could literally fall in love with someone named Secret Agent Lover Man or be abducted by some psychopath after drinking his drugged milkshakes. I read these books and aspired to become a roller waitress with taffeta dresses and have a motley crew of children in my perfect pastel house. I was shocked - shocked! - to discover that these were fantasy stories. Somewhere, mid-high school, I forgot all about Weetzie, Dirk and Witch Baby. Then a few years ago, I bought *Dangerous Angels* and was delighted to find that, unlike the other books I read pre-middle school, they were still faaaantastic (except *Cherokee Bat* and the *Goat Guys*; that one kinda blows). Even now, these stories make me smile, and when no one's around, I'll daydream about being told something adorable along the lines of, "You are my martini..."



## *Rule of the Bone* – Russell Banks

This book has a lot of sentimental value for me, as I'm sure it does for anyone who has ever known and loved someone exactly like its protagonist. The first half follows Chappie around in the states. He's a dropout with unsavory and lazy acquaintances. His family is... unsupportive at best. Somehow, he ends up renaming himself Bone and traveling to Jamaica to find his birth father. It's an easy read, but most importantly, you wonder how Banks could have been so spot-on with his portrayal of people you know yourself. I can see why critics write it off as the poor man's *Catcher in the Rye*, but I like to think of it as *Catcher* with a more accessible narrator and, frankly, a more satisfying one.



## *Bluebeard* – Kurt Vonnegut

I pretty much adore everything I've read by Vonnegut, but *Bluebeard* stands apart because it's the one I felt compelled to finish in one sitting. The book is the hoax autobiography of Rabo Karabekian, a semi-recluse abstract painter and war veteran. Rabo's quiet life and undisturbed potato barn are invaded by a woman named Circe; absurdity ensues. I can't decide what I like best about this book. It could be the tragically comical portrayal of WWII... or the fact that Vonnegut is cool enough to sidestep rules of the English language... or maybe the fact that the surprise in the potato barn was totally worth the suspense. Heh, *Bluebeard* is so rad, I feel it'd be silly to type another word about it.

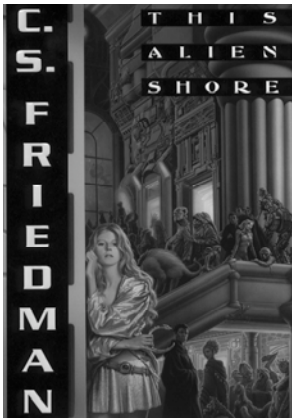






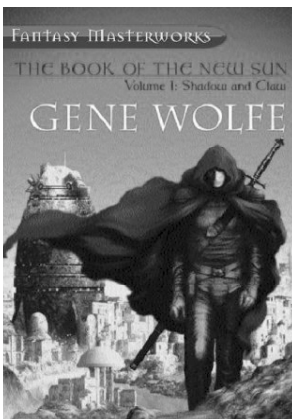
# Books You Should Read

James Messina



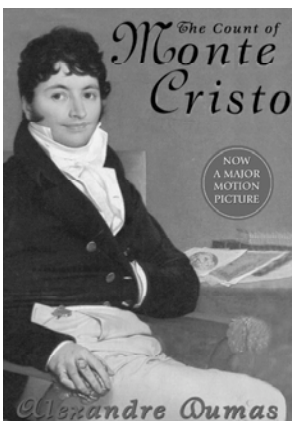
*This Alien Shore* – C.S. Friedman

This is a sci-fi book set in a future wherein a guild controls all interstellar travel. Initial attempts at interstellar travel produced myriad races of fertile mutants, and eventually it is discovered that Guild members were the only ones capable of safely traversing the blacks of space without catalyzing more mutations. A software virus begins attacking Guild members and upsetting the balance of commerce. The book's focus is two-fold, centering on a girl named Jamisia and the plight of the Guild as it's crushed by the virus. Eventually, the two plots intertwine. Friedman's description of computer hacking is pretty bad, but the book as a whole more than makes up for it. I don't know if this work is a literary masterpiece, but it's pretty fucking good. So there.



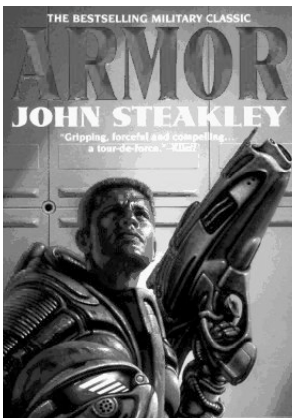
*The Book of the New Sun* – Gene Wolfe

Gene Wolfe has been called one of the greatest American authors, regardless of genre. Nonetheless, it should come as no surprise to anyone who knows me that he's a sci-fi/ fantasy author. The Book of the New Sun is actually a tetralogy, so it's sort of four books. Four rockin' books. Yeah, that's right. This series is so good that I included it on a list of single books. It's a book about a torturer named Severian on a world warmed by a dying sun. After that, I can tell you nothing. People a hell of a lot smarter than me have dashed their metaphorical waves against his cliffs to no avail, because, believe you me, this is a dense read, but worth it more than I think I'm able to express in this blurb. I plan on re-reading this book sometime in the near-future, then re-reading it again and again. Wolfe has a mastery of language, plot, character, nuance, etc. etc. He has a mastery of everything. He has a mastery of your mom. Read this book, or I'll shit down your throat and skull-fuck you.



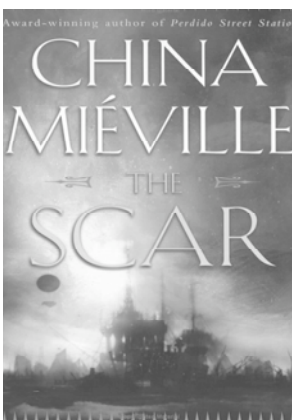
*The Count of Monte Cristo* – Alexandre Dumas/ and *The Stars My Destination* – Alfred Beste

Both these books kick ass. They're stories about revenge, and redemption. And revenge. Bester's novel is a take on the classic by Dumas, placed in a sci-fi setting with a few tweaks. It kicks ass. Dumas' tale also kicks ass. They kick ass together. Between these books are included eyes that see in every spectrum, Maori-style tattoos, hashish, sword duels, and chicks. Yeah. You're curious. Well, buy the fucking books or use a library. Do it. Ok, a little more detail. In Dumas' Monte Cristo, Edmond Dantes is convicted of a crime he didn't commit and left to rot in prison. Being a badass, he breaks out, re-creates himself, and wreaks havoc on the dick-holes who conspired against him in the first place. In *The Stars My Destination*, a man named Gulliver Foyle is left to rot in space – he's passed by a starship that doesn't aid him. He gets mad pissed, decides to track down the ship, and finds out some other shit besides. You're still not satisfied? Well, piss off. Read 'em.



*Armor* – John Steakley

Armor is like Starship Troopers, if Heinlein had ditched the patriotic social commentary and focused on kicking some bug ass. The book has two foci: a beat-up old research colony owned by an enigmatic man named Lewis, and an ass-kicking dude named Felix who kills bugs. The book states that killing bugs is dangerous work, and that most soldiers end up dying within a few missions. Felix makes nineteen, more than anyone else alive. 'Cuz he's that badass. The two plots eventually intersect. I gotta say, Steakley drops the ball in the second half of the book, and it doesn't rock as hard as it has the potential to. But it's still good. Just... it's a twist ending. Not going to give it away, but I will say this: if you didn't see the twist coming, you're a dumbass. Steakley could've written that a mite better.



*The Scar* – China Miéville

If you like jizzing in your pants, read this. It's that good. It's a book about a woman escaping from a city seeking her arrest. It's a book about a floating city. This book has dirigibles, gigantic-ass monster whalebeasts, anophelii, cactus-people, vampires, and so much other weird shit that I almost felt like a normal member of society reading it. It's a book that will dazzle the senses, as I've made clear, but "What the fuck else?," you ask. Well, it's got excellent characterization, an interesting political study, a gripping plot... and freakin' cactus-people. How wasn't that the deciding factor?! Read this. And for God's sake, have a towel ready. For the jizz.





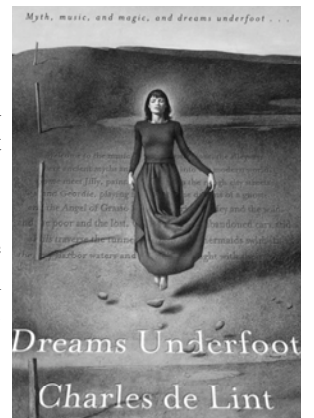
# Books You Should Read

Andrew Pernick

## *Dreams Underfoot* – Charles De Lint

The world we live in is not the world as it really is. Magic is real. All the creatures of our dreams (fairies, pixies, gemmin, mermaids, gnomes, and all the creatures of legend and lore) are real. We don't see them, however, because we rationalize what we do see, relying on what our parents taught us – that magic and these creatures are only make-believe.

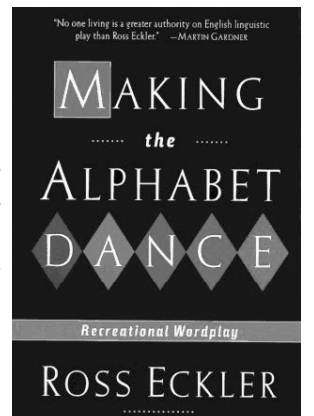
But in De Lint's world, starting with the stories contained in *Dreams Underfoot*, all set in the fictional town of Newford, they are as real as you are. His work is pure escapism, of the modern low urban fantasy genre, but it is extremely addictive. One loses oneself in his world and is filled with hope and a sense of wonder. Each story has its own theme, and some are dark and disturbing while others are very uplifting fluff; and, as far as escapism goes, no one does it better. This is a book for all occasions, but the best time to read it is when you need to leave your own troubles behind and rekindle your childhood sense of wonder and awe.



## *Making the Alphabet Dance* – Ross Eckler

Words have power, as we all know well. But they can have powers beyond our wildest imaginations if we look at them from the right angle. Eckler analyzes words, the alphabet, and wordplay in a manner that is accessible to all. The book is chock full of puzzles and word games, and while some of them can be quite challenging, they all serve to inspire the reader to see the true power of words and phrases, of letters, and of languages.

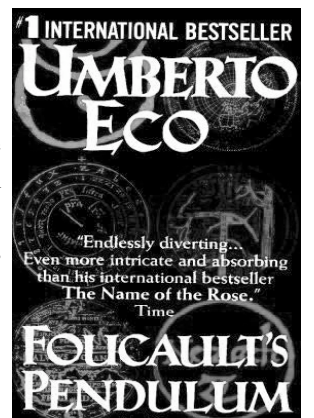
This is, as hard as it seems from looking at the concept of wordplay and alphabet games, an easy read. It is entertaining, especially to those who are extremely inquisitive and love a good challenge. This is not a book for casual reading, however, as it is too full of wisdom and inspiration. This is a book for moderately close study. It inspires one to take up wordplay as a hobby, and it will most definitely improve one's vocabulary. Finally, it's available via Amazon for as little as \$1.02, plus shipping. Pick it up.



## *Foucault's Pendulum* – Umberto Eco

FP, as this book is known, does what *The Da Vinci Code* wished it could do. A conspiracy story about the Knights Templar set in Italy, with three bored but extremely literate book editors as protagonists, it is equal parts thriller and history lesson. It has several literary jokes, one of which is an absolute belly-aching groaner, and the ending is a complete shock.

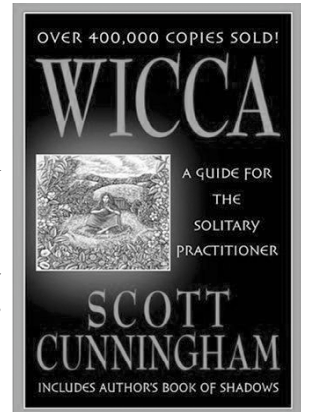
This book is not recommended for those who bore easily, as it is a challenging read, but for those who wish to read a serious, expertly-crafted thriller, this is your book. Eco is a brilliant writer, and the English edition (as the book was originally published in Italian) is expertly translated. Every history buff, and every conspiracy buff, must read this book. This is pure brilliance, hand-crafted to inspire and leave one questioning everything one has ever learned.



## *Wicca, A Guide for the Solitary Practitioner* – Scott Cunningham

This book is only for Wiccans and Pagan, in theory, even though it is accessible to all. It is a standard text in the Wiccan community, but it is also an excellent resource for those who wish to understand the religion of those who walk with the Goddess. One need not agree with Wicca to read this book. That said, it is expertly crafted to function as the ultimate "Wicca 101" text.

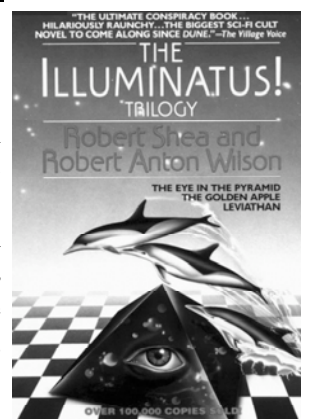
Cunningham's book is a perfect resource for those who don't have access to a teacher, or those who do not wish to join a coven, yes, but it is also a great source of inspiration for those already in a coven or for teachers of Wicca. This book is not recommended for those who have hatred in their hearts, but for the rest of the world, this book will serve as an excellent insight into "The Path."



## *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* – Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea

While FP is a history-based conspiracy thriller, *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* is a theater of the absurd conspiracy joke disguised as an attack on modern conspiracy theories. Wilson later wrote *Everything is Under Control*, an encyclopedia of conspiracy theory, but this book (it is all contained in one volume and can be found at any chain bookstore) is his finest work.

Some scenes (the golden apple on the submarine shocker scene, for example) can be quite disturbing, and there is a lot of strange humor contained throughout, but the book, by and large, is one of the finest parodies of conspiracy theory ever written. A helpful resource to have on hand alongside this book is the *Principia Discordia*, the "bible" of the Discordian religion, as Wilson and Shea draw from it heavily. It is a wild ride, but it does require close attention and some serious thought, so this book is not recommended for casual reading. That said, one does learn a lot from it, and it is, at times, incredibly funny, if you are one to enjoy a well-crafted parody.

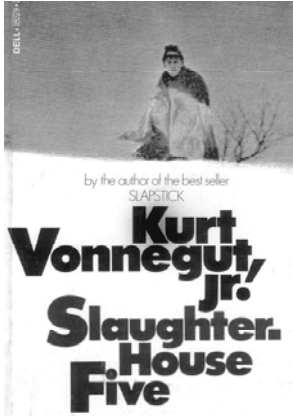






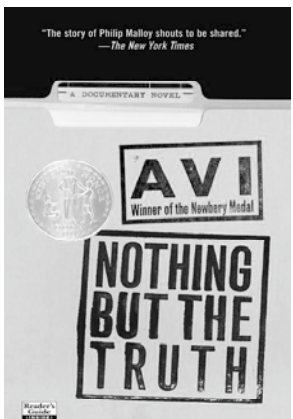
# Books You Should Read

Joanna Goodman



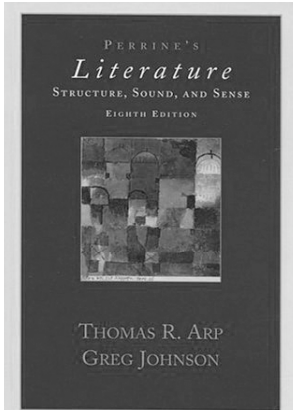
*Slaughterhouse Five* – Kurt Vonnegut

Billy Pilgrim becomes unstuck in time, is abducted by aliens from Tralfamadore, and walks through the moments of his life, though not necessarily in that order, because there is no order. How do you explain this book without giving it all away? Alternatively titled *The Children's Crusade*, the novel is a combination of the tenets of classic literature: war, death, life, the human condition, the point of it all – and just enough science fiction to make it unlike anything you've ever read. Trust me, you'll just have to read it. There's no way to describe this masterpiece except to say that you can't get through it without looking at the nature of time, fate, and the meaning of life from a new perspective. This book didn't just change the way I write (or strive to write) forever; it had a profound, almost spiritual, effect on my life. Vonnegut needs his own religion. Forget Mars – let's hit Tralfamadore next.



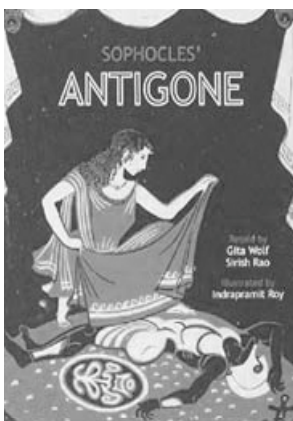
*Nothing But the Truth* – Avi

Ok, so I read it in fifth grade, and it isn't exactly classic literature, but maybe it should be. Its presentation is sophisticated and nothing short of genius – a “documentary novel”, the cover boasts, along with a Newbery Medal. Rather than a single writing style or genre, the book is made up of letters, memos, news clippings, and script-style dialogue, among other things (from what I can remember; I don't own a copy anymore, but my birthday's in October for all you paying attention out there). The story centers on a ninth grader who hums the National Anthem in lieu of standing silently at attention, a school policy, which, rather than getting him transferred out of his homeroom like he intended, causes a national squabble over the failing morals of the school, society, and the country in general. Despite its younger target demographic, it's an honest and pathetically, hilariously believable portrayal of any level of any administration – from high school to the White House (unfortunately). Readers of any age will benefit even if they might come out of it laughing through their anger. I consider the format of the book if nothing else a little revolutionary, and worth taking a look at.



*Perrine's Literature: Structure, Sound and Sense* – Thomas R. Arp, Greg Johnson

I suppose putting a textbook on here makes me a geek, but I can't help myself. The purple, compact, dilapidated hardcover, the basis of my senior year of AP Literature, has an extensive collection of poetry in the back (aside from its short stories and dramas). It's an anthology all of itself, and better than most I've seen so far. It was so popular among the class the teacher told us that, while there weren't enough that we could buy them as promised at the beginning of the year, “They cost ten dollars if yours happens to go mysteriously missing.” Mine went mysteriously missing under my seat a day later, and I just happened to have a ten-dollar-bill in my pocket.



*Antigone, Sophocles / Fagles and Fitzgerald translations*

Considering the time period, this story of a woman who willfully forsakes the king's law to respect the laws of the gods and respectfully bury her brother is bold and daring, and is right up there with Hamlet as an example of what drama should be. No character is left undefined, and new motivations, inflections and interpretations can be discovered with every rereading of the piece. There are infinite possibilities within this, third of Sophocles' Theban Plays. The Fagles and Fitzgerald translations (in that order of preference) are, in my experience, the truest to the form and writing, with minimal “modernization” of the dialogue (if you're looking for easy reading, you're not reading Greek drama) and the most natural, flowing rhythm.



*When I Knew* – Robert Trachtenberg

My mother bought me my first “gay book”. But seriously, aside from the sentimental value, this is an easy-going anthology of stories from celebrities and normal folk alike about coming out to themselves, coming out to others, and coming to terms with “knowing”. The layout is dynamic, with changing fonts, images and styles from page to page. The stories are all told in their own voices, and range in length from a line to a page, in tone from humorous to hesitant. It's a book that can be read in even the shortest moments of the busiest day, and one that never fails to evoke a reaction from the reader (no matter how many times you read the same segment over, and over, and over). This is my pick-me-up book.



# USG UPDATE

By Alex Walsh

The USG Senate resumed its regular meeting schedule on September 12. In sharp contrast to previous years, most of the senators were present at Tuesday's meeting. The first order of business was electing the President Pro Tempore. The President Pro Tem is an officer who would stand in for Executive Vice President Amy Wisnoski were she to miss a meeting. The two candidates for the position were Senators Jonathan Hirst and Robert Romano. Hirst is a member of the SUCCESS Party, while

Romano is affiliated with the Reform Party, although neither candidate mentioned the groups during the proceedings. In the end, Senator Romano was elected with eleven votes out of sixteen.

The next several items on the agenda (the Elections Board Timeline, nominations for Special Services Chair, Audio Visual Chair, and Events Management Chair) were approved with little discussion. Sepideh Roozdar was confirmed for Special Services, Mark Moulton for Audio Visual, and Carlos Morillo for Events Management. Amendments to the Elections Board bylaws were also discussed.



The USG dream team

Jesse Schoepte



Jesse Schoepte

Yo! That kid is totally in my English class!

The last item discussed before open agenda was Senator Romano's proposed financial bylaws. The financial bylaws, if approved, would unify several pieces of existing legislation concerning the creation and allocation of the USG budget into one document. The presentation of the bill ran to the full 15 minutes allowed for discussion, meaning questions from the senators had to be delayed until later in the meeting. Because the Senate's committees are not yet assembled, this bill was not eligible to be voted on at this meeting.

During open agenda, in which the audience is allowed to speak, Elections Board member Sharon Weiss announced her resignation from the Board. Senators Hirst,

Romano, and Shapiro all thanked Weiss for the many hours of work she put into the organization, especially during last year's controversial election. Weiss and EB Chair Max Sequeira suggested that anyone interested in joining the Elections Board would be welcome.

The last item discussed, which had been postponed from earlier in the agenda, was a proposed smoking ban on all SUNY campuses. SUNY Student Assembly member Cheryl Lynch presented the issue and asked the Senate to pass a resolution in opposition to the ban. The Graduate Student Organization has already passed such a resolution. Most members of the Senate seemed to agree with Lynch, but again, a vote could not be taken this week.

## Canned Bread, Bitches



Jowy Romano

Did we mention that we have canned bread?

By Joe Rios

Well, what can I say? This is a poorly done review of canned bread because... well, we're all too afraid to eat it! The story goes like this: a few weeks ago, a can of B&M brand canned bread appeared in the office. After

spending a few minutes trying to wrap our heads around the concept of canned bread, we decided that something this odd had to be in the next issue.

Now, our particular can of bread seems to have appeared out of nowhere, and since it's generally not a good idea to eat anything that you just "find" there will be no "taste test" in this review. Fortunately for us, however, some years ago Flak Magazine did write a review of this odd item. They seemed to say that it was altogether not a bad product, despite how weird it is.

If you want to get your own can of bread for consumption purposes, try a local supermarket, or go online at [www.maineoodies.com](http://www.maineoodies.com). Feel free to write to The Press with your own canned bread experiences or recipes. If you would like to simply marvel at the oddity that is bread in a can, come down to the office of The Stony Brook Press, Union Rm. 060, and say, "I'm here to see that weird-ass canned bread!"



You just spent \$30 on drinks why not \$5 more for a cab?





# Photography Class

Based on Notes Jotted Down on September 11, 2001

By Thomas Mets

Author's Note: This is based on notes I wrote on September 11 2001 on anything I noticed on that day. I was a student at Stuyvesant high school at the time, and had a good view of a burning tower in my first class (kudos to whoever found the photograph included with my article, which perfectly showed the Towers as I saw them.) "Part 1" included my observations from that class, where I also jotted down the reactions of my teacher, and classmates as we started getting some information. All we were told was that a small plane had crashed into the World Trade Center.

## Part 2

When I got to class, Mr. Gordon was watching the news. I heard about the second plane and how it was probably terrorism. As I was looking at the TV, I saw that both towers were burning. Emma, who had been a loudmouth (for lack of a better word) in several of my classes, was talking about how she hoped this wouldn't start a war.

President Bush was on the news addressing the nation. Some kid screamed, "Idiot!" Emma screamed, "They should drop a bomb on him!" Another joined with, "Cheney and Ashcroft, too." I couldn't hear much, only that there was going to be an investigation and that Bush was upset about the victims and their families.

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*We only saw it for less than a second, although in that second I did think, "I may die here."*

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Rochelle, a girl I barely knew, was talking about how she wanted to move to Illinois where she felt it would be safe. She said her mother wanted her to stay home because of a terrorist threat. She said she wanted to call her mom to come pick her up, but there were really long lines in front of all Stuyvesant pay phones.

I began writing about what I observed while also hearing bits and pieces of the news. I heard something about the Washington Mall being on fire and a third plane hitting the Pentagon. There was also information that the first plane had been hijacked and that the FBI had been investigating it before it hit one of the Towers.

There was panic. I heard that New York City would be closed and that the subways were down. Rochelle wanted

to leave, saying, "I don't want to stay here and die." Mr. Gordon said we should bomb all the Arabs, although he was still asking students what they wanted to do for their first assignment, a "How-to" photo essay.

Some guy I didn't know was talking about how he had known something bad would happen; how he had premonitions, a nightmare or something. I thought that was just bullshit. In any situation like this, someone's going to lie and say they knew something was going to happen, just so they'd seem wise and important. Either that, or they think every day something bad will happen. I hadn't even bothered to look at the World Trade Center as I was heading to school.

Someone on the news announced that the FAA had shut down all airports, and that a fourth plane had also been hijacked which had been seen heading towards New York City. I heard how the fire department was focusing all their attention on the World Trade Center, and I wondered what would happen if there were a normal fire somewhere else. I worried about the possibility of staying in Stuyvesant all day long. I worried about Michael again. I heard something about cell phones not working as I thought about how useful one would be and how I should ask my parents to get me one. Despite not being near any windows, I could still hear sirens blaring outside the school.

I've always (at least since first grade) wanted to be a writer, and I've had crazy ideas for stories. This was worse than anything I've come up with, although I'll admit I had one plot where a plane crashed into the World Trade Center, but only one plane, and only one tower. I never had planes crash into the Pentagon in any of those stories.

The news reported that some people had jumped to their deaths rather than burn. This reminded me of the infamous Triangle Shirtwaist fire; masses of people crowded in a burning sweatshop with no way out -- except an open window. I thought of a joke I had once made on how you could survive something like that. Just wait until the others makes a nice pile. It was nasty joke, the type of joke that I didn't think I could ever laugh at again.

People were talking about what they saw. I heard that the White House was evacuated after a terrorist threat, that Stuyvesant might be evacuated, and how Los Angeles was under alert and being evacuated. Meanwhile, I had finally begun writing things as they were happening, rather than ten minutes later. Not that I would forget about any of this of course...

A classmate of mine, Elizabeth, was



Jennifer S. Altman

If only it were just a photo...

crying. Someone she knew (probably a parent) must have worked at the Twin Towers.

At that moment the World Trade Center seemed to collapse on TV. People screamed. I thought the fourth plane had hit it, or something. We only saw it for less than a second, although in that second I did think, "I may die here." The lights then went out for another second, and when the power returned, the TV showed nothing but static. We knew from the 1993 bombing that the TV antenna was on the World Trade Center, so this was a bad sign. Rochelle said, "We're all gonna die." Poor Elizabeth simply fell to the ground and began to cry.

I stopped writing and didn't -- couldn't -- continue until I finally got home.

Some teacher came in. Mr. Gordon was trying to comfort Elizabeth, who was in shock. The teacher said some-

thing about not allowing students to go outside or leave the building. He also said something about staying away from windows. If they shattered the would injure us.

An announcement came on about how no student would be allowed to leave the building, and that lunch would be free. People were debating about what had just happened in the last seconds of television. Rochelle wanted to go outside for a drink of water, but there was some water in the darkroom. Several students went there.

Class ended. I saw Elizabeth walking slowly with her friends, in tears and in shock. I went up a few floors to the cafeteria. It was a bit early, but I felt hungry for some reason. Then I remembered we had homeroom, so I had to endure the long walk to the tenth floor, passing many visibly shaken students along the way.

# Oh My God Kooooool, The Be-In!

By Rob Gilheany

The fifteenth Annual Be-In took place in Yaphank. It was a festival of good music, and good vibes. The event went from 10 am to 10:30 pm, with a full line up of music, some spoken word, and a very progressive political panel.

The Be-In is an inspiration of the Be-Ins/happenings of the 1960's, which were put on by the Yippies and the Diggers. For most of the history of the Be-In, they were held off the beaten path at Wildwood State Park. They were organized around a pre-arranged Saturday afternoon. They had activities such as face paintings, poetry readings, and a set or two of acoustic music. The Be-In, over the years, has steadily gotten bigger and acts have become a more prominent part of the event.

One year an after-party was organized and electric bands were added to the Be-In itinerary. Over the years acoustic acts such as George & Julius, Radical gay folksinger David Brown, and long island guitarist extraordinaire Brandon Burdon have all played at the Be-In. When the after-party was included full bands such as "Mikey & the Merry Pranksters", "Ricanstuction", and "Straddler" have played.

Last year was the Be-In's first year in Yaphank. Be-In crewmember "Big" Dave Moreland is a member of the Yaphank Presbyterian Church, so he had the "Juice" to get the ground. The Be-In crew rented the church grounds.

In the meetings leading up to the Be-In, it was decided that the event would be a benefit. The crew decided to benefit the Mid-Suffolk Food Pantry's charity that is closely connected to the Yaphank Presbyterian Church. It was also a goodwill gesture to the Church from the Be-In crew. A debate developed over the charity. Some wanted to benefit VH1's "Save the Music". Sara Fernow was a big proponent of "Save the Music".

The Discussion of the issue of what charity to benefit was shadowed by the fact that the Be-In crew was dedicating the event to the memory of Mikey Layne. Mikey was the leader of the band "Mikey & the Merry Pranksters", and other bands. Mikey was very socially conscious and in the past few years he was very passionate about protecting and supporting children. The debate was that he was for poor people, children, and was a musician. VH1's Save the Music campaign is aiming to restore music education to schools where there have been cuts. The Food Pantry feeds poor people. The Be-In Crew decided that they would collect \$5 at the gate of the Be-In that would go to the Food Pantry and we would sell bumper stickers that say "15th Be-In" for \$2 each, all those proceeds would go to VH1 "Save the Music".

The day of the Be-In, the organizers and musicians started to come. The vegan and

non-vegan food started to get set up, along with the rest of the site. As is traditional for the Be-In, Sara Fernow led off the music. Sara and her mom Jessica Forman did a nice set. Sara read her poetry and played her cello, while Jessica played her acoustic guitar and sang.

The second act was the Bluegrass group, The Smokey Knoll Top Ramblers; they smoked. They were led by brothers Beaumont & Nigel Tramshin. Nigel was a guitarist and singer Beau was a slick picking acoustic guitarist. The Ramblers had a stand-up bassist, two fiddle players and two Banjo players.

Very beautiful music was played by Andrew Jimenez, Rory Kelly, and Deborah Lombardi. The first section of the Be-In was centered around acoustic acts.

The weather cooperated. It was a warm, and sunny, clear day. It made the Be-In more enjoyable and did not complicate things like bad weather would have.

John Schindler and Robby Quartz took the initiative that vegan food was available. John had mucho trays of vegan food in many varieties. Robby had laid out money for vegan burgers and fake hot-dogs, so there would be vegan meat at the Be-In.

The crowd gathered in three different sections of the grounds. They chatted, hung out, enjoyed the food and drink, and grooved to the awesome music.

The Be-In moved into more electric bands. They had a Grateful Dead-type jam band called "Half Step". Several Be-In-goers were grooving and dancing in front of the stage. The band Purple Operator got the crowd going with their mix of funk, rock and hip-hop. The music was solid.

El Salvador native and classical guitarist Jorge Rendaros played. He sang his songs in Spanish with a beautiful deep voice. He is a peace activist and was a survivor of a massacre in El Salvador.

George Mann did his anti-Bush and pro labor songs. George has been playing at the Be-In for years and for the past eight years he was half of the duo George and Julius. His partner in the duo, Julius Mrgolin, had a scheduling conflict with the Be-In this year.

The Be-In Stage was turned over to a political panel, which talked to the audience. The panel included: famed Long Island peace and justice activist, Susan Blake, former Stony brook alumni, founder of the Red Balloon, and Green Party New York City mayoral candidate Mitchell Cohen, and local Peace Activist, and WUSB 90.1 FM personality Bill McNulty. Music promoter and body piercing expert, William Rafti, rounded it off.

Mitch Cohen Talked about his Stony Brook days and the racist history of the area they were in. He said the Yaphank area was a Klan area and, in the 30s' and 40's, was an area where Nazis were popular. He said that when he was in Stony Brook, back in the 60s, they went to Port



Smokey Knoll Top Ramblers

Rob Gilheany

Jefferson to Protest because Black People were not allowed to live there. He asked for people to think about that. He heavily criticized Israel for its bombing of Lebanon over the Hezbollah situation. He said, "What Israel is doing in my name, as a Jew, is wrong!" Hezbollah's kidnapping of Israeli soldiers precipitated the situation with Israel and Lebanon.

Mitch just got back from Mexico. He was there during the elections. The left-of-center candidate from the Party of Democratic Revolution (PRD), Andres Manuel Lopez Obador, and his supporters are fighting what they see as election fraud. Both the PDR and the conservative Party of National Action (PAN) candidate, Felipe Calderon, split the vote with Calderon ahead. The PRD has charged election fraud and pointed out several irregularities. Mitch Cohen said that the People of Mexico could show Americans how to protest election fraud. Obador and his supporters are camping out in Mexico City and are planning to set up a parallel government. Mitch said those elections were stolen. "That is how you fight back against election theft. Not the way Gore and Kerry did it", he said.

Susan Blake runs Long Island based peace and justice organization "Peacemiths of Long Island." She talked about Peacemiths being non-partisan but spoke of the impotence of following the electoral politics. She spoke of her struggle fighting breast cancer by using alternative and natural therapy. Susan Blake has organized several busses to marches in Washington DC over the decades.

Bill McNulty spoke of his continuing fight against the US Army's School of the Americas. "It is a school of assassins", he said and talked about the rape of nuns in El Salvador, and the school's role in the toppling of democratically elected leader Salvador Aliande in Chili. Bill said "Some of the leaders in Latin America are now refusing to send their soldiers to the school." He created activist priest, Father Roy Bourgeois, for his visits to Latin leaders on the subject.

William Rafti spoke of the rights of peo-

ple who have body piercing. He spoke against plans by Suffolk County to restrict some forms of body piercing. He said that the numbers and methods they used were totally bogus. In one case they pointed out that 20% of people have navel piercings. He said that they used a sample group of five people; so one person was equal to 20%.

He said that "In a free society, you need to protect the people on the fringes, otherwise we are not free."

We came back to music. Jay Mankita played his music. Jay is a top of the line guitarist and songwriter. His lyrics are witty and biting. His Song "They Lied" about the Bush administration and their run up to the Iraq War has been downloaded over 60,000 times and is on 6 CDs including his own, "Dogs are watching us." Jay did a good set that included a parody of the Bette Midler song "From a Distance" that Jay turned into "From a Dog Stance." Jay is based in Massachusetts and is a working musician who travels to many states.

As the event went on, the music got heavier. The blues scene played there and po rock. They were very good and everyone enjoyed their set.

Illuminati Murdock also played. They did a great heavy jam. Some Drunk got in the way of the musicians and, after the song, the guitarist said "Some drunk Hippy wanted to slam dance me." They played on and were awesome.

The Last band of the night was "1973". They are a three-piece band led by Guitarist Bobby Sexton. Bobby Sexton was the former leader of "Sunburst Jalopy." If you ever saw them you know how awesome they are. 1973 has the same make-up as his former band: Bobby on guitar and vocals, a solid bassist and a great drummer. 1973 Rocked. They played hard and they also played psychedelic. They played original songs and Led Zeppelin covers. Bobby Sexton might be the best electric guitarist on Long Island. 1973 drove it home to end the Be-In.

Tim Resativo, the main organizer of the Be-In, said that the event raised \$300 for the food pantry.



# Ken Fehling Says Stony Brook Rocks (my socks)!

By Joanna Goodman

When we met outside the library, Ken Fehling was nursing an empty coffee cup and a cigarette. The first question was his, not mine – if I had any aspirin. “I stayed up...” He paused as he mentally reviewed his sleep schedule. “Last night was the first night I slept in like, two days.”

“Does the website have anything to do with it?”

“A little bit.”

Fehling, the mastermind behind Stony Brook Rocks!, occasionally stutters in his phrases, looking for the right words. “It’s a... it’s a bad pattern when you... when you make websites. You... tend to sleep very weird hours.”

The website (<http://www.stonybrookrocks.com>), which keeps track of all the happenings at Stony Brook University, requires little moderation – but that doesn’t mean less work. “I’m in charge of um... checking out clubs, making sure they’re uh... they send me their website, their email address, and verify[ing] they’re a club and not just somebody... and I’m constantly trying to fix things on it, because there’s a lot of bugs that I missed. There’s a lot of things you don’t catch until people start using it.”

And people are definitely using it. The site has over seventy registered users; that doesn’t take into account the unregistered posters and visitors using the site to keep track of campus events. The Facebook group, which sends messages to its members with a weekly schedule of

events, has nearly 3,000 members. “[The reaction] was more positive than I expected it to be.

“My biggest fear whenever I create something,” Fehling admits, “is usually that it won’t be as spectacular as I imagined it... but so far, that hasn’t been the case.”

The numbers certainly speak positively of Fehling’s creation, which was all about “bring[ing] the community together.”

“If there’s a way,” says Fehling, “I think... technology would be a good way of trying to do that.”

Stony Brook Rocks! isn’t Fehling’s only tool of digital good citizenship; there’s

City Ranks, a population density map site; Transit Planner, a helper for patrons of Suffolk transit; and a Wiki he set up for the Sierra club.

So what makes Stony Brook Rocks! so important in weaving some of the ties that bind? “There are a lot of commuters... so that makes it a little hard, you know, they go to classes and they just... leave. But I think a lot of them might not be so quick to leave if there were actually things they were interested in doing, if they knew where they were, and they knew that they were welcome.”

It’s also user-friendly: “It’s set up so anyone can post events, so people have started picking up in that sense, because I post most of the events and I’d like that not to always be the case.”

It can’t be the case for much longer; Fehling graduates in May. “I got started a little late, but isn’t that always the case?”

It wasn’t that he hadn’t thought of it

before; “The idea to do a website based on SB events is just something I wanted to do for a little while.” It was, appropriately, a Stony Brook event that spurred him to act. “Right before the summer at... what was it... Earthstock? I was talking to a lot of people there, asking them, because I knew I wanted to do some kind of website, and this had been an idea I hadn’t really been serious about, and a lot of people actually suggested doing something about events.”

“And the name thing, Stony Brook Rocks, I had been thinking about even longer, and I was like, that’s the perfect name for it, I have something to use that name for now!”

He laughed. Ever since the infamous Stony Brook Sucks, “I was like, what if somebody actually made a website called Stony Brook Rocks? I think people would just get a kick out of it... like, ‘Oh wow, that actually exists?’” He laughed again; once he was more comfortable, Fehling’s laughter was viable verbal punctuation.

Luckily, because the site is relatively low-maintenance, Fehling should be able to maintain the site even after he graduates (assuming other people are posting the events).

“It’s self-moderating, in a way, because it’s divided into separate usergroups,” campus clubs, Stony Brook University members, registered non-SBU users, and anonymous parties, “so if it does get suddenly attacked with spam or something, I wouldn’t have to sit there and decide what’s spam and what’s worthy because people can just say, ‘I’m just going to filter out all the anonymous things.’ I think it’s a unique idea, to filter out results that



Facebook...for real

Ken (Sweet Kenny Boy) Fehling

way but... I have a feeling it’ll work.”

“It’s kind of an experiment,” he laughed.

While he can’t give an estimate of how many hours a day he worked on building the website, “I guess I would say I spent three months making it. It wasn’t constantly, but

I was always thinking about it.” He laughed at himself again.

The site, [www.stonybrookrocks.com](http://www.stonybrookrocks.com), was created with AJAX, a platform utilizing

XML and Javascript for interactivity, and “pretty much from scratch... I use my own library, so I don’t use any frameworks.”

Fehling is considering a chatroom and RSS feed in the future, as well as expanding the site to include apartments and personal messages. He has no plans of working in conjunction with the administration on the site, opting instead to maintain both his creative license and, due to the possible connotations of SBU putting out a site whose title praises itself, the credibility of the site.

*Café Bar and Venue*

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# torture

a true story.

Amnesty International  
at Stony Brook presents:

**Frank Lindh**, father of  
“the American Taliban,”  
John Walker Lindh

**Wednesday, October 11<sup>th</sup>**  
**7pm SAC Ballroom A**



[amnestysb@gmail.com](mailto:amnestysb@gmail.com)



# We Are All Purple!

I was a bit tired this afternoon. I did not have much sleep the night before and so, my classes, homework, and other chores taken care of for the day, decided to lie down on my raised pillow, enjoy the warmth and comfort of my bed with my feet neatly tucked under the sheets, and began to continue reading the original Dracula. Although it was required text for one of my classes, the book had by now absorbed me greatly and I was reading for pleasure. I kept the door open to let some air in and spent a few minutes enthralled with Dr. Van Helsing and the gang going about curing the world from the “Un-Dead.”

Just then, a fairly animated conversation in my suite’s common room had started to attract my attention, and with voices being raised ever higher I began to ignore my book and concentrate on the discussion, which went something like this:

Female voice (squeaky and whining): “I hate Bush. It is people like Bush who make this world a shitty place. They let evil people like Cheney do whatever the hell they want as long as he looks good. What does he care? He doesn’t care if the environment goes to shit or about poor people, because he’s not one of them.”

Male voice (high pitched): “No. It’s Cheney. He’s the one with the evil ideas. We have to stop him!”

And on and on it went...

And so I was being treated to an asinine discussion regarding who was worse, VP Cheney or President Bush, with their “evil” plans and all that. To be fair, had I been in the company of others, I could have also had the honor to hear an equally animated discussion about “those fucking liberals” and their plans to do everything from legalizing same-sex marriage to “killing babies.”

Enough already! It is no longer the rare idiot who is fanatically “blue” or “red”, and it seems as if the political parties have found some way of making their foolish followers believe that they are saving democracy by bashing the other parties and exaggerating their agendas. In reality, most people in the world are “purple”, we all have liberal and conservative tendencies, favor moderate courses and do not believe that democracy is best when one group gets its way on every issue while the other is completely ignored. Democracy is not the “tyranny of the majority”

nor should we spend most of our time debating what is minutia, leaving the important questions unresolved and unnoticed.

In life, we care about getting a good education, finding decent jobs, having adequate and affordable medical care, eventually getting a house of our own and perhaps a family to go with it, and to live in relative freedom and security, minding our own business and carrying on with our lives.

*Politics today is merely a horror show of extreme ideologies and the politics of division, fear and paranoia instead of unity, rational debate and understanding.*

Unfortunately, the political situation in this country has gotten to the point where conservatives have been fooled into caring more about unborn fetuses than about the starving poor, and more about teaching religious fundamentals and displaying the “Ten Commandments” rather than living by their example and carrying out a moral and caring life. Liberals for their part have forgotten the essential message of liberalism, which is leaving people to be free and independent in their own affairs, and have instead created a culture of no self-responsibility and have tried at every turn to expand government and its influence on our lives instead of tearing it away as much as possible. They care more about the well being of terror suspects than they do about the security and well being of their country. Politics today is merely a horror show of extreme ideologies and the politics of division, fear, and paranoia, instead of unity, rational debate, and understanding.

Sadly, for as long as people continue to support the

Republican and Democratic parties, this atmosphere will continue and will only become more acrid. Politicians today are so secure of their positions that they now do whatever they wish, without fear of reprimand or oversight by the people whom they allegedly serve, as they draw their own gerrymandered districts, essentially carving out their own electorates and ensuring their positions for decades.

Not only do our two venerable parties pick their own constituencies, but their elites decide amongst themselves on who their candidates are, taking for granted that their party faithful will merely rubber stamp their decision. As a result those who are elected do not truly represent “the people” and their interests, but rather merely the whims and affairs of their own party. With pusillanimous (read: spineless) politicians owing their gilded government seats to corrupt party elite who raise funds for them, draw favorable districts for them to “lead” and campaign on their behalf, is it any wonder that the average voter is relegated to the dustbin. Given this, is it any wonder that our leaders are indebted to special interests, whose intent and policy is completely antagonistic to that of the average voter?

The only check on this monstrous situation is to resort to the power of the people to check their government. I am not asking you to put on a Guy Fawkes mask and rise up, “V for Vendetta” style, but merely to take seriously your duty to vote by researching all of the candidates (an easy task with the power of Google and with candidates all too willing to get your vote by giving you biased information), and most importantly to consider every decision you make, free of fear and coercion from the government and from those whose interests are not your own. Happy voting this November!

P.S. NYPIRG is an excellent resource on this campus to get you to register to vote. They are nonpartisan and are only too willing to help you register. You can find their office in the Union Basement, next to the SINC site. Now go vote and make a freakin’ difference, before I move to Canada.

—Esam Al-Shareffi

## Hello, I’m Frankie D. and I Cordially Invite You to Go Fuck Yourself

Last Thursday I experienced one of the most pleasurable moments of my life, all within the company of almost complete strangers. I was preparing to embark on yet another crazy night in the life of Frankie D with a friend I met last semester. I call him “Timber”; one because he resembles a faux Justin Timberlake, and two because I assume, considering his upstate origin, he will most likely end up a lumber jack despite his pricey S.U.N.Y university education. Because Timber is a nice person, he has many friends, and I have taken the liberty of assimilating myself into his crew. During a very enjoyable pre-game session I engaged in my usual shtick to advertise my writing in The Press. I took a stab in the dark and assumed that some of these idiots were capable of higher-order thinking.

Frankie D: (To nobody in general) “Alright guys, I’m guessing some of you know how to read. So, please check my shit out in The Press. I’ll most likely be in the back of the paper. Just look for Frankie D, it’s my pseudonym.”

To this, one of the random kids drinking with us replied.

Random: “What did you say your name was?”

Frankie D: (Perhaps he didn’t hear me correctly, so I pronounced what I had said very carefully) “ F R R A A A N N K K K I E E E E D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D D E E E E E E ”

Random: “Holy shit you’re Frankie D, hey (don’t remember his name), dude this is Frankie D.”

Random 2: “Dude I read ‘The Condom Catastrophe’, that shit was awesome.”

Random: “Yeah dude, you’re like the only reason I read The Press.”

Wow, I was completely being pretentious and disrespectful, and I was just then rewarded with praise for something I had written. Being an asshole really pays off. It was exactly as I had expected all along. In this moment another side of me was born, something I had never thought was possible: recognition beyond the written word. What followed after this was a night that can only happen in the life of Frankie D: people were ridiculed, derelicts were met, alcohol was binged, and it was all topped off with a ride home from the most unlikely source. Maybe I’ll write the story, maybe I won’t. The point is that I realized the

Continued on next page

# Go Fuck Yourself *continued*

## Continued from previous page

potential power in the things I say, do, and ultimately put down on a piece of paper.

This all brings me to a question I'll ask for you. Why do I write? Well I don't know about you, but I've checked out some of the shit that some so-

called writers have dumped on the newspapers on campus. Holy shit, it's no wonder why people would rather read about Tom Cruise's new child than new developments in our foreign affairs. That's right, the writing fucking sucks. Hey, I just wanted to thank The Statesman for their recent article on the new traffic pattern. I mean it really made me aware of the fact there is a new traffic circle on campus. Congratulations, **YOU'VE STATED THE OBVIOUS.** I'd go on but I actually want this article to get published. I quote myself in saying that I think 99.5% of the shit in the school newspapers sucks. Of course 1% is for me, and the .5% is for anything that is in reference to NYPIRG or any financial issues in this university. Don't get me wrong; I love this college. It is one of the best schools I've been to, but, come on people, are you really loving what you read.

This brings me to something I want to bring to your attention. Ladies and gentlemen, we are in the midst of a movement in literary history. It has originated in a most obvious place, that most have failed to recognize. The World Wide Web is now pushing out some of the most fascinating and truly insightful reflections on human character. This is not to say that the observations of past writers like Hemmingway, Wright, Thoreau, or any other writer of literature is gone and dead. If that were the case my major would be complete bullshit. What I'm saying is that things have changed. The world has changed, and with it, the people move and decide our emotions and actions have evolved into the everyday dumbass we see on the bus or in the supermarket this very day. The entrepreneurs of this movement operate under heavily trafficked websites that earn them a six-figure salary, **JUST BY HAVING THEIR WRITING POSTED.** Yes, boys and girls, blogging can make you money.

For years, internet writers such as Maddox, Tucker Max, and Robert Hamburger have been making their bones doing exactly what every human being should aspire to: talking about the things they love or hate and getting paid for it. These writers influence and downright inspire me. In the things I write you can find traces, and even imitation of their style. This is not to say that I want to be them. They only serve as a stepping-stone with which I will one day find my own voice, and write books that will make me lots and lots of money.

But these writers have a problem. Unfortunately, these writers have been lumped into a genre that undermines their art, and the ability for human beings

to relate themselves to their work. The things they write are not universal, as complete universality is an idea that is as possible as a cow jumping over the moon. The name of the genre that their work sits under has been dubbed "Fratire". The term is misleading. Although these writers find many of their

f a n s

discovered something a very long time ago that has transformed me into a fortress of confidence. All egotism aside, there is only one person in this world that I aim to entertain and that is me. Why? Because in a world where you are the center of your own attention, people can only recognize and attempt to be a part of it. This is not to say that I am a complete egomaniac.

I've met some lovely people who respect and love me for this and, in turn, I acknowledge their own

world and love and respect them for it. In

worst-case scenario, someone attempts to climb on my cloud and I get to throw their ass off, after getting what I want out of them. But that's the just the natural course of events when trying to get to know someone. That's just the way it is. In the event that I cross the line or act in a way that ultimately hurts myself, I alleviate my regret or shame with something I've been telling myself for quite some time now: "At this point of my life, saying 'no' just isn't an option".

So here I am; ready for a semester of deliver you fucking jackals pieces of my life that will make you laugh, or shock you, or help you, or all of the above. But there is a piece missing. I need your help. I can only harp on the past for so long, and all you newcomers you have no idea who the fuck I am. I'll throw you a fucking bone, so you, the Stony Brook University readers, can get the most out of me.

Everything that I have ever written can be found on Myspace. It is

the only vehicle I have to improve and strengthen my writing. A meth-addicted ape could find my writing; it's really that simple.

-Go to [www.myspace.com](http://www.myspace.com).

-Go to search.

-Go to Display Name.

-Type in "Frankiee D".

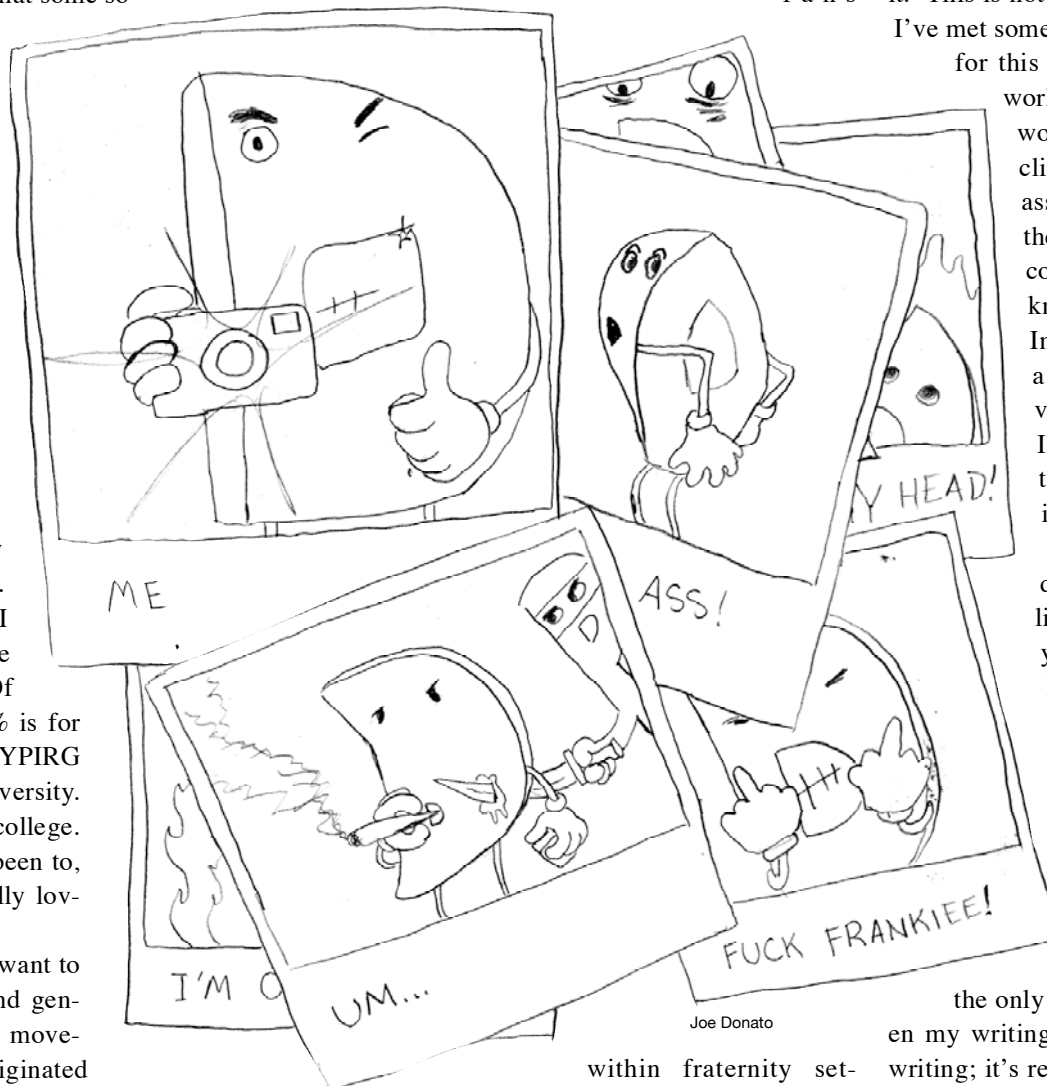
There I am; was that so fucking hard?

Generally I'm looking for marginally attractive females under 90 pounds (just kidding). Guys, please, if you wanna send me your girlfriends I'm cool with that. Without you I can't write more stories, so please join the fun.

Hello, I'm Frankiee D, and I cordially invite you to go fuck yourself:

There is nothing I won't say or do to get what I want. At any time you can be used or abused for my enjoyment. If need be, I will uppercut you for the well being of my own experiences. Your praise is superfluous in nature and only exists for my amusement. If I agree to accompany you on a night out I promise to: make exceedingly impossible claims in regards to my physical strength to complete strangers, look down on everyone from my perch of greatness while they cry in their little hovels of ignorance, and talk as much as possible about all things that pertain to me.

—Frankiee D.



within fraternity settings, none of them have ever been in a fraternity.

So what is "Fratire"? Because it is so new, there is not yet a definition that encompasses the content of what it means. As a follower of this genre, I consider the term to exact its relevance on the adolescent and college scene. What lies beneath the stories and the commentary of each of these writers is simple:

1. Let go of your inhibitions. Life is short and the current status of our very existence shows us that everyday.

2. Respect, and act like no one but yourself (even if you are a piece of shit like me). It's like Twiggy tells me every day: "You were born an original, don't die a copy".

3. And most importantly: **STOP TAKING SHIT SO FUCKING SERIOUSLY.** If you don't like "Fratire" then don't fucking read it. Go and be the Attorney General of the United States or some shit. Hey maybe you'll even get a job working for the FCC.

Enough of that shit. Back to what I like best in this world: talking about myself, of course. Where does this leave Frankiee D? Frankiee D is nothing. He is an excuse for my actions. When Frankiee D sees something in his way, he doesn't calculate a way around it; he literally walks through the fucker. What is Frankiee D here to do? Nothing. I started writing about myself because I like myself, and that's why I'm going to keep writing; for The Press, of course. I



# Brainiac

In the ancient land of Jesus Christos, there was a boy named Edmund St. Claire. Edmund was a kind soul with six fingers on one hand and a scar on his right brow. One day, after several pints, he stumbled outside the local bar and passed out in a dirty puddle.

He was approached by an old man in a white robe who introduced himself as Lone Wiseman. Then he passed out as well and Edmund stole his robe before running away.

On the other side of the town there was a young man named Tomcruise Evans. Tomcruise was the son of Bret and Anita Evans, local shopkeepers and regular contributors to the monthly Bingo/Piefest at the Drop-and-Mop Fair. When Tomcruise was eleven something happened that changed his life forever. We will be discussing this later.

Edmund made his way to the other side of town, where the puddles were slightly less muddy and oatmeal was served with real apricots instead of the synthetic garbage people try to pass off as a quality breakfast topping. While walking in the streets he saw ahead of him the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. She had soft brown hair and bright blue eyes that could pierce through even the toughest fruit leathers. She looked up at him and he ran into the forest.

Once in the forest he witnessed a terrifying and shocking event. Many people, both male and female, young and old, were gathered together near a giant campfire dressed as oversized cats. The smell of cheap liquor and formaldehyde filled the air. All of them, dressed as ferocious felines, were angry and full of energy. To make matters worse, everybody was kung-fu fighting. Edmund marvelled at how the cats were fast as lightning. In fact, he thought as a shiver ran down his spine, it was a little bit frightening. But there was no doubt that it was done with expert timing.

Suddenly they stopped, and there was a long silence. A few people grabbed a steel bar and lowered it by the trees so that no one could pass. That's when Tomcruise Evans rose from his fiery stage before the crowd of silent onlookers.

"My people, I believe this is killing me." said Tomcruise Evans, as a smile ran away from his face. "I'm sure that I could be an archvillain, if I could get out of this place!"

The crowd cheered as he held out a glass jar that shimmered in the eerie moonlight. They stood by the bar, and then they put bread in his jar, and in one loud

voice they shouted, "My lord, what are you doing here?"

Tomcruise Evans smiled and said softly, "I have come to inform you that I am returning to the place that caused my eternal suffering and misery. I am leaving tonight, and this time my agenda is clear: total and complete destruction!"

The crowd cheered again. Then a bright blue light opened up behind Tomcruise Evans and he fled into it, disappearing into the dark abyss of the night. Edmund ran to chase after him, but was interrupted by a change in narration.

Many years ago, when Tomcruise Evans was still a boy of eleven years, he wandered into the dense forest surrounding the second side of town. There, among the trees, foliage and tiny woodland squirrels implementing a system of advanced communism to help a troubled squirrel society quickly losing hope and sharp, pointy acorns, was a bright blue light. Tomcruise walked into the light, and all went black.

When he woke up he was in a world full of cars and people and smelly hot dog stand owners selling smelly hot dogs from smelly water. After spending two days in a hotel with a strange woman named Marcus he came across an issue of Now! magazine. To his horror, he saw a gruesomely terrible man on the cover... a man whose name was Tom Cruise.

Furious that this new world was not meant for him but for an ugly man with a similar name, he vowed to prove himself better. He travelled to Los Angeles and attempted to beat the ever-loving shit out of Tom Cruise. When he was attacked by bodyguards and pitbulls he retreated back into the blue light and lived in shame and humiliation for three years and twenty-seven days. Then he lived in a gradual period of acceptance and recovery for one year and sixteen days. After that he lived in a general state of self-evolution and environmental awareness. After six or seven similar stages, which included practices that resembled veganism, Calvinism, and post-seventies rock-and-roll teenage rebellion, he finally realized his place in life.

He declared himself the Lord of Everything and gathered sixty or seventy naïve or otherwise soulfully-injured people and convinced them to be his disciples. In order to convince them they were working towards a good cause, he had them dress in cat suits.

He chose three disciples to be his Primary Minion-Folk. Their names were Youcant Handlethetruth, Showme Themoney and Goforit. Being pretty much

worthless on their own, by combining their powers they became collectively worthless.

He brought his disciples together in the woods and planned the ultimate evil scheme.

Recovering from the narrative's temporal deviation, Edmund St. Claire entered through the blue light and woke up in the world of cars and dirty vendors.

Meanwhile, Tomcruise Evans renamed himself Tomcruise I, so that everyone would recognize him as the real Tomcruise. His plan was to disarm Tom Cruise so that he might attack him and kill him. Realizing that the bodyguards and pitbulls were in place because of Tom Cruise's celebrity status, he concluded that he must take that status away in order to disarm him.

After doing careful research, Tomcruise I theorized that much of Tom Cruise's recent popularity was due to his devotion to Scientology. Ignoring Tom Cruise's undeniable acting talent and fortunate roles obtained through a successful career, Tomcruise I decided that the only way to destroy Tom Cruise's popularity was to destroy Scientology.

Tomcruise I went back in time to locate and kill L. Ron Hubbard before he could create Scientology. Aiming a magical sniper rifle at L. Ron Hubbard's head from three miles away, he prepared to shoot.

Suddenly his attack was thwarted. The ground shook and exploded from beneath him. Tomcruise I shielded his eyes as L. Ron Hubbard's lesser-known evil twin, Enron Hubbard, emerged from the filthy ground.

"I cannot let you destroy my brother!" shouted the straight-faced evil twin.

"What do you care?" asked Tomcruise I.

Enron Hubbard explained that his good brother's success as a science fiction writer was pre-destined to launch his own business career, which would one day crack and fold under a gruesome scandal.

Tomcruise I liked scandals. They got his juices going. Fuck yeah.

Enron Hubbard further explained his plans to be the secret creator of the company Enron, enlisting the help of several minions to act as figureheads and CEOs.

Tomcruise I liked minions. They definitely got his juices going.

Fuck yeah.

Edmund St. Claire stood behind the bushes nearby, watching and waiting. There was only one person in the world who could stop this madman.

—David K. Ginn



# An Open Letter to America



While it is rather out of character to make such statements about the state of our world, I feel that I have remained silent for far too long. This letter goes out to all the people of all sexes, races, religions and genders; this is a message for the whole nation...

After much reflection, on the inside, and looking out at the world, it seems quite obvious that something has gone horribly wrong in the world, and most people don't even know it. The world has become irreparably divided, and it is going to be the end of us. Take a look around, and you'll see a world full of suffering that could be avoided. Rodney King, the man who was made famous after being brutally beaten by the police said, "Can't we all get along?" It's a promising notion: a world where there is no fighting, no conflict, just people being people. However, it seems as if we are determined

as a people to destroy ourselves.

Flip through The New York Times on any given day, and you will see the stories: North Korea and Iran pushing for nuclear weapons, continued tensions between Israel and the rest of the Middle East, the war in Iraq deviating so far from its original intentions. It seems like the world is already on the brink of destruction and we are simply too ignorant to notice. Some may say, "well those are international issues...none of my concern" etc, but there are just as many problems here at home. Crimes of rape and murder, grand larceny by business tycoons, and a political system that doesn't know if it's coming or going. There is no solace to be found, even at home. There is nowhere to hide from the reality of our world.

For many years, I have remained optimistic about of the state of the world, but it has become abundantly clear that we as a planet are doing something wrong. Nowhere does there seem to be as much of a problem as here in America. There is currently, and in the next generation to follow, a group of people that have no interest in the well being of the world. This is a group that is only interested in their own petty issues, and their material possessions. On more than one occasion, I have heard teenagers cry about not getting new cars for their 16th birthdays. They claim, "but I'll be embarrassed to drive that older car to school. Jimmy's Dad is buying him a new Hummer!" Well Jimmy's dad, FUCK YOU! I hope you enjoy your insurance doubling when your kid slams that new Hummer into a telephone pole, partially because it's more truck than ANYONE needs, and more truck than most people can handle.

In the era of the Vietnam War, there was a part of the population that stood up, and declared in one voice that they wanted peace, not war. Fast forward to today, and

the individuals who now stand against war are just as determined, their mission made harder by hard-headed war mongers, who go so far as to call them "fascists" for their beliefs. Last I checked, this was a free nation, and people are entitled to believing, and saying, whatever they wish. I am grateful for that; because of those rights, you are able to read this, without me fearing the repercussions.

The continuing issues of the nation go beyond the individuals that occupy it. Despite this being the new millennium, there still exists rampant racism, sexism, homophobia, and a general lack of tolerance. If you don't believe me, ask a gay person who lives outside of a major metropolitan area. Ask a black man in a predominantly white neighborhood. Ask a Muslim in an airport. Ask these people if they think they live in a world of total equality. When you're done asking them, turn it inward and ask yourself, "What is my role in all of this?" Odds are that at some point in your life, you have contributed to the discomfort of these individuals.

There's so much wrong with the world around us, more than one writer, one newspaper, or one community can address. We have to cooperate as a whole in order to not only identify our shortcomings, but to do something about them. The time is now for us to stand up with one voice and say that we want there to be a world worth living in for our children, their children, and for many generations to come. I don't have all the answers on how to save the world, but my one suggestion is: Listen. Hear what that other person has to say... it might be very insightful. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. once said, "If we do not learn to live together as friends, we will die apart as fools." There is still time to save ourselves, if we start today... if we start now.

— Joseph Rios

## Review: All That Remains- *The Fall of Ideals*

By David K. Ginn

Okay. Death metal. Not what I was expecting. Some guy shouting incoherently through loose and vibrating phlegm while band members engage in a contest to drown out the sound of each other's instruments. An exercise in pure extremity.

My CD player stopped as I approached a scenic lookout near San Francisco, and to my dismay tried to play the album again. The juxtaposition of sound and image was too overwhelming even for me, so I shut it off and took a deep breath. I promised our Features Editor, one of my closest friends, that I would review this album, even from 3,000 miles away. An elephant's faithful, one hundred percent.

I knew immediately that the hardest part would be explaining the greatest mystery of all: why I liked it.

I sat for a long time, trying to figure out what the hell was so enjoyable about this Massachusetts-based "Metalcore" band. Not being aware of their first two albums, I approached them as if their pens were still dripping and the thought of finding themselves in Best Buy still gave them a woody.

The songs of *The Fall Of Ideals* are melodic and precise. There's a clear distinction of sounds, and the music... well, sounds like music. Altogether, it's done very well. Death metal often focuses on a certain indefinable energy, as if there's a monolithic meter and every band is trying to reach the top score. This album focuses instead on precision, talent and creative goals. The guitar solos are actually solos, and I enjoyed them. I shamefully wished that some of the songs could be available as bonus tracks for *Guitar Hero*. I know, I'm pathetic.

Let's talk about where this album

fails. Some of the singer's vocal extremes are just plain silly. They sound ridiculous. A few songs, notably "Empty Inside," seem to recognize the inherent absurdity and use it to their advantage by creating somewhat awesome caricatures of death metal voices that sound remarkably like Satan and that annoying bat-fuck from *House of the Dead II*.

The album's biggest and most prominent failure, however, is arrangement. There is none. The album itself comes nowhere close to the precision and melody of its tracks. I don't know when bands are going to get it through their heads: the whole is never the sum of the parts. Never. I want a fucking album, not a bunch of songs some band recorded. I don't care how good they are. This album should have been called *A Collection Of Surprisingly Good Songs We Recorded That Share Similar Musical and Lyrical Themes*. If that

were the name of the album, I would not be writing this paragraph. Unfortunately, the album is pretentiously named *The Fall Of Ideals*, which at the very least implies a correspondingly pretentious arrangement. This implication is not carried through, and so I sit here, many hours later, wondering why this album has a name. The first track starts with screaming, and the subsequent tracks don't seem to be in any particular order. I could rearrange all the tracks on this album, and after each combination it would still sound the same. In short, the album itself is good for people who never turn off their shuffle function anyway. For the rest of us, it's a good collection of songs. That means something to me, because I've never liked death metal.

[www.myspace.com/allthatremains](http://www.myspace.com/allthatremains)  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/All\\_That\\_Remains](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/All_That_Remains)



# The Fantastic Adventures of FES!

By: John O'Dell

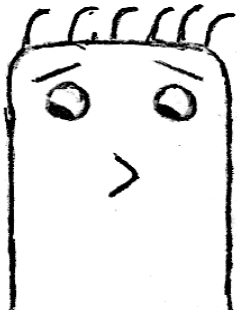
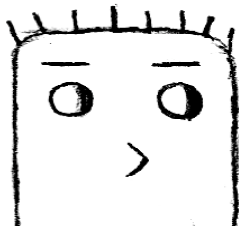
## Caboose's Corner:

"What I did on my summer vacation."

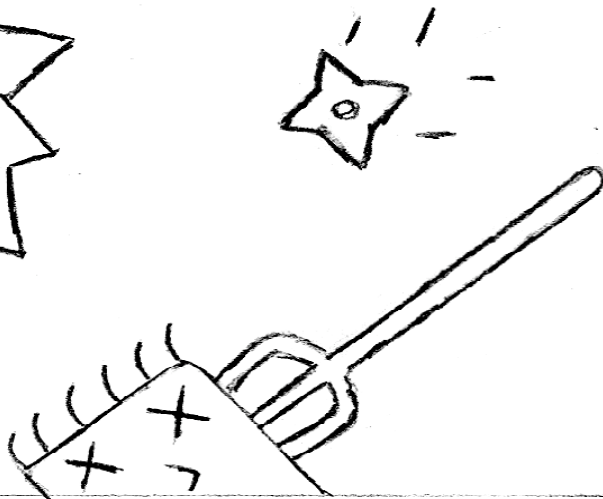
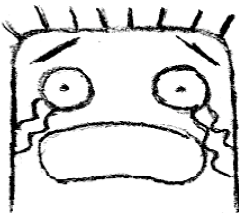
Yo Steve! Welcome back to SBU!

Yep! Another year of crazy College Boyz subtle humor.

Woosh!

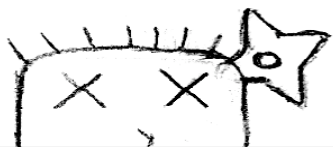


Steve!!! NOOOOOO! What the f....



Ninja Stealth

SHUNK!



So fucking metal! Viva la FES! \*

\* P.S. - This is my strip bitches!

A Mildly Exaggerated Mockery of the Current Situation by Alex Walsh

Meanwhile, at SUNY Headquarters...



# CLASSIFIEDS

CLUBS	PERSONALS	WANTED	WANTED
The Stony Brook Meteorology Club is looking for new members! Contact club president Kate Rojowsky at sbumc@ic.sunysb.edu for more info.	SWM C/D, 19, ISO 30-40 BBW M+F for W/S,B&D, possible CBY. Space Docking preferred. Plz Respond: 2-6000	Wanted. Extremely needy and possessive girlfriend to under appreciate me and always and illogically prosecute often. Experience and bipolar a must. You ruined my fucking life, Karen. I love you.	Looking for enthusiastic MCAT study partner with 3.9+. Email zhyu@ic.sunysb.edu
Hey! Are you an alleged Jesus Freak? Come to INTERVARSITY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP! We meet at 8:30 Thursday nights in SAC 306. We have food, baby!	Some people call me the space cowboy, some people call me the gangster of love. Seeks fellow rocker to shake me all night long. Rolling Stoners and Dead heads welcome.	Nothing- special sort of girl looking for an average, single guy. Preferably 6', brown hair and eyes, former Nirvana drummer, current front man in Foo Fighters, first name Dave, last name Grohl. Contact me today at DateMeAtStonyBrook@gmail.com	Need an Audience to watch pilot episode of new dating game show. To be filmed at the Tabler Arts Center at 8:30pm Monday Sept. 25. Come watch a half hour of entertainment! Want to be a contestant? More info, email: DateMeAtStonyBrook@gmail.com
Need STAFF MEMBERS for SBU-TV. Always complaining that there's nothing on? You can change that! Save SBU-TV!! Join our staff. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY Open House on Sept. 29th from 12:50-2:10 Contact us at sbutv@ic.sunysb.edu.	Sweet respectable girl looking for sweet respectable man who can stand my unique quirks. Preferably 5'8. Dark hair, and funny... looking. First name Alex, last name with a 'W'.(not required) Contact DateMeAtStonyBrook@gmail.com if willing to meet in a dress. (Note; Not Fake)	EVENTS	SERVICES
Interested in theatre? Acting? Directing? Technical theatre? Pocket Theatre is the club for you! Opportunities abound! Meetings are Wednesday 12:50-2:10 in Staller Theatre Three! Come on by. We can't wait to see you!	Two females fed up with other females seek only gay male for: stimulating conversation, fashion advice and heart to hearts. Email: hedwiggy@aol.com	DAVID BROWN will be the featured performer at the first Peacesmith's Coffee House of the season, Friday Oct. 6th at 8:30pm at the Methodist Church Rt 110. Just north of 27A Amityville. WWW.DavidBrownmusic.com	Easy Picken's Guitar Lessons. Great With Beginners. Many styles, Lead, Rythmn, and Bass. Call Beaumont Tamchin at 631-747-0535 or e-mail stoney picks@hotmail.com

## Review: The Killers- "When You Were Young"

By Joseph Rios

The Killers are at it again, turning out another single that will find its way to the top of the charts in no time. Back with a crisper sound, and stronger vocals When You Were Young will get you tapping your feet real quickly.

The first thing that you will notice about this song is that compared to their album Hot Fuss the music has a crisper sound that is just pleasing to the ears. In typical style for The Killers, the song features subtle but effective bass, filling in gaps left by the electric guitar smoothly. The vocals of this song are stronger than anything I have ever heard from singer Brandon

Flowers, save for a few renditions of Somebody Told Me, which was perhaps their greatest song.

This song has a great rhythm that had my toes tapping in a matter of seconds. Fans of The Killers album Hot Fuss will find this song to be a nice addition to their collection. Fair warning to passive Killers fans: this song is NOT another Somebody Told Me. The closest thing that sounds like it is the song Change Your Mind. The only other issue with this song is that, occasionally, the guitar will begin to drown out Flowers' vocals, which is a real shame.

If you'd like to take a listen to When You Were Young, it is presently on the band's website and on their MySpace at <http://myspace.com/thekillers>

## Review: "I'm All Right"



Madeleine waxes pensive

We're not sure

By Lena Tumasyan

A 30s- or 40s-style songstress in a fancy cocktail dress embraces a microphone while leaning back onto a piano and winking at the three-piece orchestra - that is the sensation Madeleine Peyroux's single, "I'm All Right", gives. The relaxing, breezy, alto

tune almost begs for either a cigar-filled room in which to listen to it or a crackling gramophone out of which to hear it. Sans crackling, the CD-single is a great throw-back to an era of older singing, one where the song would just lend itself to you wanting to listen to another one, then another, and another, until everyone has left the bar but you. You and the singer and the piano.





**DEATH EGG ZONE**