

The Stony Brook

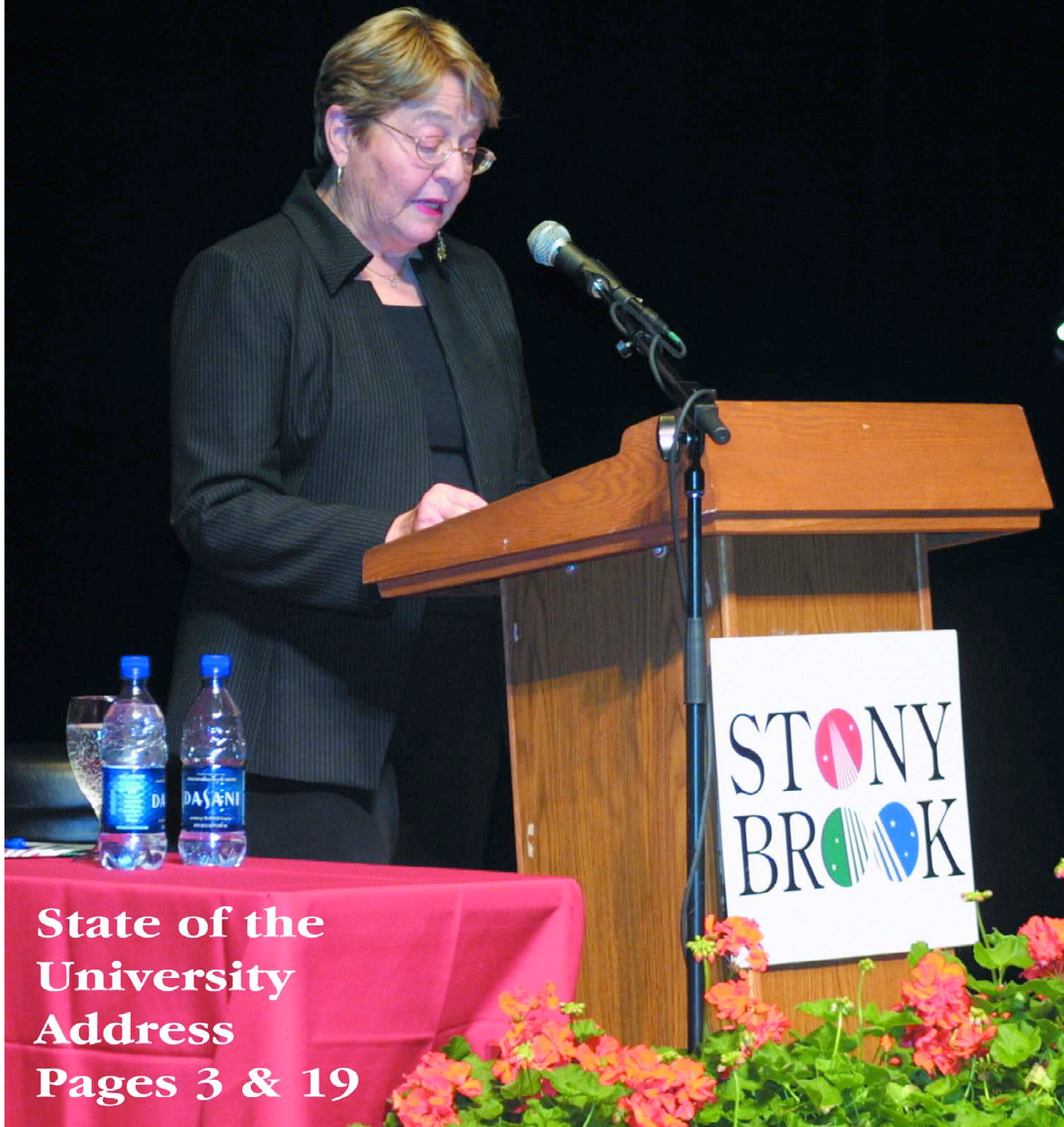
# PRESS

*The Community News and Features Paper*

Vol. XXVIII, Issue 2

“Good evening godless sodomites!”

October 5, 2006



**State of the  
University  
Address**

**Pages 3 & 19**

# Stop Sign-Missing; Welcome Roundabout

By Lena Tumasyan

The construction of a new roundabout, where a stop sign intersection used to be welcome, surprised many students upon their arrivals at Stony Brook this fall semester.

The new roundabout that is only part of the many upgrades that took place during the summer sessions, including a welcoming "Stony Brook University" marble banner, a brand new fountain at the Administration building, and the repaving of many sidewalks and parking lots.

According to Louis Rispoli in the Office of Facilities Design and Construction, the idea to remove the stop sign at the intersection of Marburger and Circle Roads and to replace it with a roundabout was initiated by the Campus Environmental Committee with the help of traffic engineers who sought to improve the traffic flow at that particular intersection. The project was initiated and completed over 10-12 weeks this summer and cost \$800,000. The cost does not include some finishing touches, such as plants and decorations, that still remain to be done.

The main reason for building the new

roundabout, according to Rispoli, is to aid traffic flow during busy hours and to reduce the rate of accidents. Statistics to compare the rate of accidents that occurred at the intersection before and after the roundabout construction are incomplete. However, according to two sources with whom I spoke on Sept 20, the outlook on reducing the accident rate is positive. Angelo, a veteran SBU bus driver, happily announced, "I think the roundabout is working very well; there were no accidents since it was initiated." According to Chief of University Police Doug Little, "only two accidents occurred at the roundabout between the opening of school and now; both were very minor, with no injuries."

The current roundabout, as promotional literature describes, is technically termed a "modern roundabout" to separate it from traffic circles of the past. Traffic circles have different characteristics of construction and design than modern roundabouts. Many of the modern roundabout's primary characteristics reduce the safety hazards of traditional intersections and nonconforming traffic circles. There are two primary differences. The first is the tight angle that is required to enter the roundabout, approximately 30% or so the main line of



Lena Tumasyan

As useful as the new fountain?

traffic (the one inside the circle). The second feature is a wide traffic circle that cars in the line of traffic are forced to drive around tightly to. Both of these features reduce the speed of cars that enter and drive through the roundabout. They also allow drivers to look at one direction at a time, helping to focus their attention at

only the traffic ahead, therefore easing entry and exit.

Many studies show that that rates and severity of accidents decrease with the construction of modern roundabout, particularly car-to-car collisions and car-to-pedestrian collision. Pedestrians are forced

Continued on page 7

## Former CBS Exec Kicks Off "My Life As" Series

By Michael Kelly

In the first edition of the "My Life As..." series put on by the SBU School of Journalism, former CBS news executive Marcy McGinnis, now the Interim Director of the Broadcast Journalism program here at Stony Brook, spoke about her experience working for CBS over the course of 35 years. Rising from a non-experienced secretary to Senior Vice-President of News, she had many words of wisdom and stories to tell to her listeners who came to the Jacob Javits Lecture Center on September 27.

*While she spoke about the logistics of covering war, she spoke in great length about, in her opinion, faulty media coverage leading up to the war*

McGinnis primarily spoke about the most prominent news stories she covered, including the death of Princess Diana, the 9/11 tragedies of New York City, and the Iraq War. While she spoke of the professional difficulties and pressures in covering stories of such mammoth proportions, she also brought the audience into the emotional aspect behind covering such an event. When

speaking about Princess Diana, she recalled how her first words upon hearing the news were "Oh my god!" and admitted to being a wreck. In the same regard she tried to explain to the crowd how difficult dealing with 9/11 was, from both a personal and professional standpoint. With CBS being based in New York City, nearly everyone in the company had someone they knew in one of the two towers and had to report upon the event while concern mounted about the safety of their friends and family. McGinnis went on that the experience was unique for her because she had to act more as a caregiver than as a news executive that day. She described having to plan in a few short hours how the network was going to cover the catastrophe for the next week, while comforting those around her and making sure that they would be capable of doing their job.

McGinnis spoke in great length about the Iraq War, much of which was prompted by questions from the audience. While she spoke about the logistics of covering the war, she spoke in great length about, in her opinion, faulty media coverage leading up to the war. She felt that, in leading up to the war, the media did not question the reasons behind going to war adequately enough because of a fear of being labeled unpatriotic. When asked if the media should always question authority regardless of



Marcy McGinnis

Vincent Michael Festa?

the time and situation, she responded, "It should, and we didn't." She went on to say that she believes the media to be handling the situation much better now, though still not as well as they should be.

McGinnis also answered questions concerning the departure of Dan Rather. She felt terrible that he had to leave CBS under such a dark cloud, pointing out that one blemish on his record should not negate all the excellent news coverage he gave over the years. She also

spoke about the departure of the three major news anchors, and how she viewed their presence in terms of trust and comfort that will never again be matched by the major news anchors of the future. She reasoned that with people having so many different shows to view for their news, ranging from the comedic Daily Show with Jon Stewart to CBS's 60 Minutes, people would not rely enough on a single news show to gain the sense of comfort they once had with Rather, Jennings, and Brokaw.

# Shirley Strum's University is A-OK



Dr. Kenny speaking at the University Convocation

Mariana Martins

By Nirmala Ramsaran

As Stony Brook approaches its 50th Anniversary in 2007, there have been many improvements such as the construction of sidewalks, landscaping and the new main entrance. However, more important is the establishment of the first school of Journalism led by Howard Schneider and the purchasing of Stony Brook Southampton, which received \$35 million in aid from the

state. Also, according to President Shirley Strum Kenny, the school has obtained full funding and has acquired \$190 million toward its five-year plan of \$300 million. There is no longer a utility deficit and the school has created a reserve. Other accomplishments include a \$3.2 million scholarship fund raised in May of 2006.

The University is not only flourishing financially but also in its student population. This year has the largest number of freshmen enrollment con-

sisting of 18 National Merit Finalists, 7 Semifinalists, 5 Intel-Semifinalists, 16 Valedictorians and 21 Salutatorians. All the freshmen are assigned individual colleges based on their personal interest. These colleges include Global Studies, Leadership, Development and Service, Science and Society, Arts, Culture and Humanities, Human Development, and Information and Technology Studies. Also, the out of state enrollment has tripled, 45 % of international students are doctorate students, and the percentage of transfer students has also increased.

Many were pleased with the overall accomplishments of the university as it prepares to celebrate its 50th anniversary. Cheryl Hamilton, the director of EOP was also "pleased with the different ways the university is expanding and the prospect of hiring additional track tenures. It's good to know the university has a lot to offer future and present students." Jarvis Watson, an EOP advisor, said he was "thoroughly impressed with the increased profile of the university and its students." Dean Stein said he was "excited and motivated and proud to be part of the Stony Brook Community." He is also excited to hear that "the budget is restored and that the school is on the rise on campus with the new marching band."

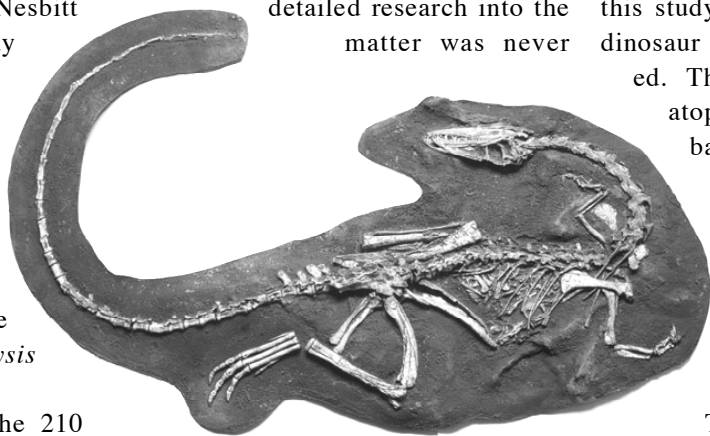
# Graduate Student: 1 - Museum: 0

By Berta Rezik

A dinosaur has been wrongly accused of cannibalism for the past fifty-odd years. It took a graduate student, Berkely native Sterling Nesbitt, to set the record straight. As Nesbitt stood on the downtown subway platform at the Museum of Natural History station he idly studied the bronze casting on display of the alleged cannibal *Coelophysis bauri*. On closer inspection, he noticed that the bones within the cavity of the dinosaur resembled those of a crocodile, not a *Coelophysis* junior.

The fossilized remains of the 210 million year-old dinosaur were excavated in 1947 in Ghost Ranch, New Mexico, by leading paleontologist Edwin Colbert and his team from the Natural History museum. Ghost Ranch is also known for its connection to Georgia O'Keefe, who resided there for many years and painted the landscape; and even included studies of bones in her work.

At the time, researchers were simply following the assumption that carnivorous dinosaurs had cannibalistic tendencies. Their last meals seemed to comprise of their own young, as the bone structure seemed similar to that of their own kind. However, detailed research into the matter was never



conducted. Since then, *Coelophysis* has been pegged as a ruthless cannibal, devouring its young only moments after birth. Numerous children's books, films, and museum exhibits have portrayed this dinosaur in the wrong light.

Although there are many similarities between crocodylians and dinosaurs, such as similar tissue patterns and

skeletal structures, the crocodile-like ankle was the determining factor in Nesbitt's claim. Such related characteristics adhere to the theory of convergence in evolution in which two distantly-related groups of animals can develop similar body forms. Following this study, only one credible claim of dinosaur cannibalism can be supported. The carnivore *Majungatholus atopus* is possibly the only cannibal known to have existed, as identical bite marks have been found on its own species. The re-evaluation of the remains proves that one doesn't need to travel far in order to rewrite history.

The concluding facts clearing any suspicions of cannibalism in the *Coelophysis* family were published by Nesbitt himself only recently in a biological journal. Sterling Nesbitt is now enrolled at Columbia University with summer excavation plans at Ghost Ranch. As for the newly-identified crocodile, as a tribute to Ghost Ranch and its renowned painter it has been named *Effigia okeeffeae*.



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# Students Finally Getting Involved

There's something in the air this year at Stony Brook, and it's not just the smell of cow manure (though that shit stinks); something's happening to the students on this campus, and they actually, finally, want to get involved. The Press, as a paper, is getting a record number of students showing up at meetings, when most of our submissions had previously come through faceless e-mails.

Students this year seem eager to join clubs and are excited to be a part of their campus. Stony Brook, in the past, had been placed in the dreaded "suitcase school" category because many of the students would go home for the weekends rather than spend any extracurricular time at school. Although the majority of the students still seem to spend their weekends at home, more students are staying on campus than ever before. Parties are no longer just a Thursday night affair: with more students wanting to stay on campus, we're able to party all weekend!

This attitude change may have been started by this year's freshmen, who seem especially excited and motivated. Universities like Stony Brook are continuing to become more selective, since more high school students are continuing their educations. If students really tried hard to get into college and feel lucky to be

going to a school like Stony Brook, then it only makes sense that they'd want to actually take advantage of everything the school has to offer while they're here.

It's not just freshmen, though, who are getting bit by the motivation bug: upperclassmen, too, are realizing their time in college is running thin and they want to make the most of what time they have left before they enter the hellish "real world" with an empty plate of a resume and a lack of exciting memories.

Homecoming is this weekend, and we're interested to see if this motivation will result in more school spirit, as we think it should. What's wrong with a little pride in the school from which we all will, hopefully, receive a diploma one day? Stony Brook is a school to which we all give plenty of money without taking full advantage of it. Most of us are here for four years, and this school seriously does suck if you're bored and have nothing to do outside of taking classes. So, if you haven't been stimulated yet to get involved, we at The Press encourage you to do so. Go to free lectures, watch the movies in the Union, see the plays, swim in the pool, and join a club or two that interest you. You'd be surprised by how many clubs there actually are where you'd fit right in!

# Index

News ————— Page 2

Features ————— Page 7

Sports ————— Page 13

Opinion ————— Page 14

Soapbox ————— Page 20

Arts ————— Page 23

Poems ————— Page 28

Comics ————— Page 32

Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

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

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or website-it-up big time at

www.thestonybrookpress.com



## LETTERS

Hey paper people. I just wanted to say that the 'Fuck You, Shirts' article was hilarious. It reminded me of Maddox, a.k.a. master of the universe. Please continue making great articles.

~kate lavelle

James Messina can't respond to your praise personally because we've chased him out of the office for the weekend. The bastard ate our precious canned bread, so we sentenced him to exile. But have no fear, he'll be back to writing about poop and t-shirts and whatever the fuck else strikes his fancy as soon as he's completed his atonement. Thanks for reading, Kate.

To whom it may concern,

I recently received the new version of the Stony Brook Press, and was extremely pleased to see the new layout, which makes the paper more readable and more inviting. In any event, it was much better than the previous layout; whoever was responsible for that abomination should be taken out behind the chemical sheds and shot.

Keep up the good work.

~Samuel Goldman

Hey Sam, thanks! And we agree, that old layout made us want to gouge out our eyes with a spoon and fire a .45 at our skulls. We shall make our atonement out by the chemical sheds later tonight. You ought to come too Sam...

Recently the University has added the School of Journalism to its long list of concentrations for students to choose from. I can't think of a better time for this to be offered. With the growing number of affairs involving our school, state, country and world, it's good to see one of the news outlets we rely on for information is tackling pressing front page issues such as the current problems with [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com) ("Facebook Forcefeeding," Hsieh, Lynn. Stony Brook Statesman. Sept 21, 2006). Even as a current Facebook.com member, I find this story not just unworthy of the front page, but also of our school paper in general.

Another option on campus is to read a periodical that considers the following quote "reporting": "Holmes was most clearly forced out of his student government position, most likely for his political activism" ("Accusations Prevent Student Gov Officials from Taking Office at SUNY New Paltz." The Stony Brook Press. Sept. 15, 2006). I find myself torn. Do I read a paper that has a history of under-reporting serious issues and placing too much importance on frivolous topics or do I immerse myself in a periodical that voices its opinion disguised as news more often than reporting it directly? The Society of Professional Journalists have many standards within their code of ethics including, "...distinguish between advocacy and news reporting. Analysis and commentary should be labeled and not misrepresent fact or context..." (<http://www.spj.org/ethicscode.asp>).

Whether we like it or not, the media has a profound effect on what issues we are exposed to and how we react to these topics. By exposing a group of people, such as the 22,000 students at Stony Brook, to particular stories and opinions disguised as news, the media is imposing its own views and placing importance on issues they deem to be most serious. It's about time we asked our student run and funded publications to denounce mediocrity and be more responsible in their reporting to create a more diverse and informed student body here at Stony Brook University. I have high hopes that the new School of Journalism can help accomplish this goal.

Respectfully Submitted,

Brian Scios

Senior Undergraduate Student, Stony Brook University

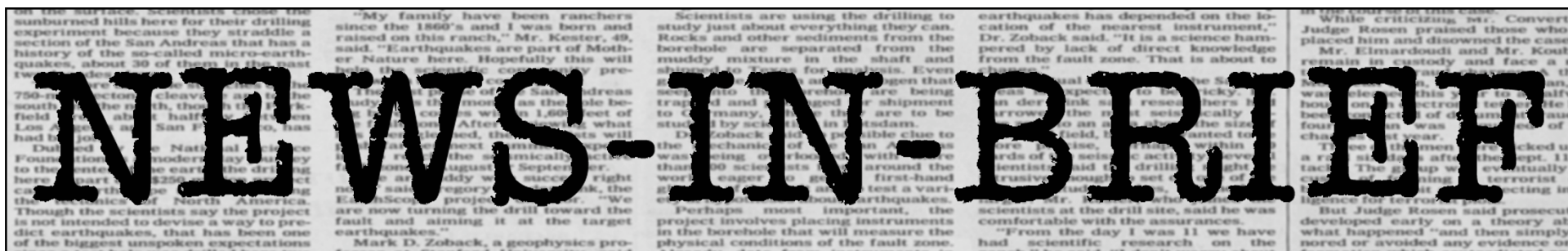
Brian,

You are right. We must continue to work hard to increase the journalistic standards of the paper. None of the current editors are journalism majors. This does often bite us in the ass. However, this year we have been working very hard to increase the quality of the reporting and the paper as a whole. Compare this issue of the Press with an issue from four years ago or even one year ago. Now all the sections are clearly labeled and the open forum content goes in the Soapbox section.

Already, some of the new Journalism students are starting to take an interest in the Press. We agree, wholeheartedly, that the new program will mean nothing but good things for the future of the paper.



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**Compiled by Rebecca Kleinhaut and Larry Lamb**

**Congress' Giant White Picket Fence Approved**

Less than five weeks before the midterm elections, Congress passed a bill sanctioning a 700 -mile fence along the Mexican border – and \$1.2 billion to build it. On September 29, the Senate voted 80-19 to pass along the Homeland Security Bill, which also earmarked \$380 million to hire 1,500 Border Patrol agents and to build new facilities to hold detainees before they are deported (The bill that sanctions the fence is HR 6061; the one that allocates the funding for a fence is HR 5441). This recent compromise of both Houses comes after their split in May, when the House of Representatives refused to pass a Senate-approved bill that included a guest worker program. While Senate majority leader Bill Frist applauds the bill as a sign that Congress is “active”, Massachusetts Senator Edward M. Kennedy referred to the bill as “a bumper sticker solution for a complex problem.” Other dissenters, including Republican Senator Larry Craig of Idaho, are also concerned about the effect that it will have on the agriculture industry. “Pickers are few and the growers blame Congress,” said Craig. “The growers ought to blame Congress.”

**Neil Armstrong's Slip of the Tongue**

Landing on the moon doesn't have the same impact if you're not grammatically correct about it. Neil Armstrong maintains that he did, in fact, use proper grammar when he first set foot on the moon. Now, a computer programmer is here to prove him correct. Stuffy critics claim that Neil Armstrong's famous quote, “That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind,” is grammatically incorrect and, therefore, loses its impact. They maintain that if he had simply remembered to insert an “a” in between “for” and “man”, there would be no controversy. Peter Shann Ford, a computer programmer from Australia, downloaded Armstrong's statement from the NASA website and analyzed it through new software that is generally used as a communication tool for the disabled. He claims that Armstrong did manage to slip an “a” into his statement in the appropriate place, apparently proving Armstrong right after all.

**Bread-in-a-Can Devoured!**

James “Asshole Douchebag” messina has brutally violated the Bread-in-a-Can's civil rights by callously devouring it. Any evidence or suggestions for punishment may be submitted to the editor.

**Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?**

On September 27, President Bush hosted a “mini summit” for Afghan President Hamid Karzai and Pakistani President Pervez Mushareff to allow them to all break bread together at the White House. During a press conference at the Rose Garden, Bush focused on the need for the two feuding countries to work in tandem with the United States on finding Osama bin Laden, while Presidents Karzai and Mushareff stood on either side of him and stared at the floor. They also failed to shake hands with each other after each greeted President Bush with a handshake, although they reportedly shook hands before the cameras rolled. The two leaders have been feuding because of the recent influx of Taliban related attacks in southern Afghanistan. President Karzai believes that Pakistan is not doing enough to stop the influx of Taliban exiles, and that his recent meeting with the tribal leaders of the southern border has not done enough to curb the threat of incoming terrorists. However, President Mushareff claims that President Karzai is “blind like an ostrich” when it comes to the terrorism activity in his own country. Newsday reports that Taliban related attacks have jumped nearly 300 percent since Mushareff spoke with the tribal leaders this June.

**Harvard Drops Early Admissions**

Harvard will drop the University's early admission program in fall 2007. This decision follows Harvard's tradition of opening its doors for low income and disadvantaged students. Harvard officials stated that the early admissions program deters low income and disadvantaged students applying to Harvard and other elite universities. Harvard officials reason that when a disadvantaged student applies via the early admission process, he/she is unable to compare financial aid packages from other universities. When the student applies via early admissions, he/she is barred by contract from viewing other financial aid packages. Harvard hopes other elite schools will follow its lead. If not, Harvard will reinstate early admissions.

Princeton will follow Harvard's lead, dropping its early admission program in fall 2008. Princeton's reasoning behind the decisions echoed Harvard's. Other elite schools, such as Yale, MIT, and Dartmouth, have not made any plans to drop their early admission programs. The Dean of Admissions at Dartmouth stated in the university's newspaper, the Dartmouth, “If for some reason our aid award is not adequate for a student, we are very willing to adjust awards.”

# Welcome Roundabout (continued)

Continued from page 2

to cross only one “arm” of the roundabout at a time, and they can stop at “safety islands” that separate the two directions of traffic. Unfortunately the data shows that cyclists have a harder time getting into and out of the traffic circles if they decide to use a lane like cars do.

Although Angelo's assessment of the new roundabout is a positive one, he, as well as others, has some worries. He says, “navigation with in the roundabout is easy, but it would be better if it were a little wider, for buses.” He is also mentioned “in wintertime it will be a big problem, and right now any accidents that would occur can tie the entire intersection up.” Finally he adds, “the crosswalks for pedestrians are risky. They are too close to the circle and a bus, if it stops upon entry, can block the crosswalks.” Jamie, a junior student at Stony Brook who is used to the stop sign at the intersection says, “I hate it, it makes things worse, especially in the morning. They are totally different.” When asked to elaborate why she didn't like them, she couldn't find reasons, saying only that she “just didn't like them.”

Perhaps her reason for not liking the new intersection is that the roundabout is

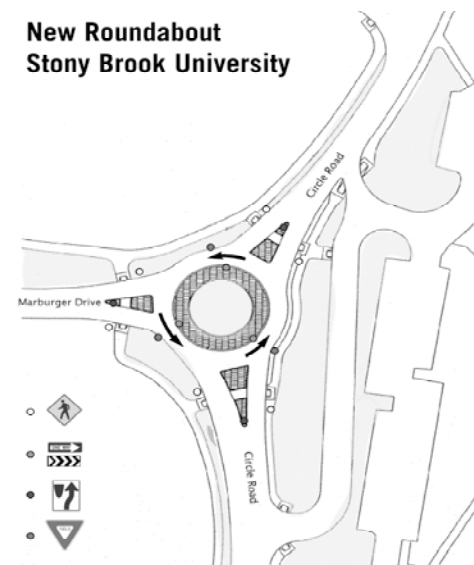
similar to traffic circles that do carry a negative stigma. It is true that traffic circles are as dangerous, if not more dangerous, than traditional intersections with traffic lights. However, this problem is being addressed by replacing many traffic circles with traffic lights or roundabouts throughout the country, including some locally. Suffolk Life, a Centereach/Lake Grove Newspaper, announced in their Sept 20 issue that the Suffolk County Legislature will hold hearings regarding replacing three intersections on Montauk Highway with roundabouts on Titmus Drive, Fulton Ave, and Mastic Road. The paper (as well as others) also points out one common problem with roundabouts – navigation during heavy traffic times. There are peaks and valleys of traffic flow on every road and although in traditional intersections, if an ambulance needs to pull through, cars can just move over to the side. Whereas in roundabout they have nowhere to go, so getting emergency vehicles through is harder. But Internet sources, Rispoli, and Angelo all agree that if traffic is heavy then at least some cars will get to enter and exit the roundabout; the speed limit is so low that cars will be able to squeeze in and out.

Because Stony Brook has a very large

cyclist population, and because roundabouts are not too cyclist-friendly, I questioned Rispoli regarding their safety. He answered that cyclists should just use the bike-path bypass on the west side of intersection, or walk their bicycle across the other two sides of the intersection. Angelo requested that cyclists don't try to ride parallel to buses or other vehicles because oftentimes “a bicycle is in my blind spot, and then they shoot past” which creates a possibility for injury.

As Stony Brook's students and faculty from previous semesters get used to the changes created over the summer (including this major one at the Marburger/Circle Roads intersection), perhaps sentiment over the construction of the roundabout will become more positive in line with the positive results of many studies. In the meantime, Judy, of the Construction Department, said the University sent out email announcements and put information (including project updates) up on its website. She said that no physical posters or flyers announcing the roundabout have been put up and that communication was through the Internet only.

Perhaps the reason that Jamie and many others who I overheard groaning on the bus



Plans for the new Death Star Count Dooku

about the surprise of a new intersection (particularly a type they are not used to) are not happy, is because there was no notification. I myself never got any emails about this project. Although students appreciate the University's efforts at improving itself, we do ask for more and earlier announcements and for education about the new projects. In the meantime you can visit the website [www.stonybrook.edu/facilities/projects/projects/](http://www.stonybrook.edu/facilities/projects/projects/) for more information.

# USG UPDATE

By Alex Walsh

Who wants a smoking ban? Not the USG Senate, it seems. On September 19, the Senate nearly unanimously approved SUNY Student Assembly member Cheryl Lynch's resolution in opposition to the proposed SUNY-wide ban on smoking on campus. The motion was made by Senator Hirst of the SUCCESS Party and seconded by Senator Romano of the Reform Party. Only two Senators voted against the resolution, and one abstained. Fourteen were in favor. A similar resolution had already been passed by the Graduate Student Organization.

At the September 26 meeting, William Dethlefs, a representative from the University Senate's Campus Environment Committee, came to the USG Senate's meeting to deliver his committee's recommendations on the

subject. This report suggested that "In a time frame not to exceed three years a total ban on smoking is to be implemented campus-wide." While Dethlefs noted that under New York State law, residents that smoke cigarettes cannot be discriminated against, "health for the sake of the public good must override concerns for perceived violations of individual rights." In support of their decision, the Environmental Committee says "a ban on all smoking removes two problems with the existing policy; the varied size of the non-smoking radius at campus entrances, and the problems associated with smoking-related litter." They referred to the Surgeon General's report stating that there is no risk-free level of exposure to second hand smoke.

The response from the Senators was overwhelmingly negative. Smokers and non-smokers alike opposed the Environmental Committee's recommendations, mainly

expressing concern for the rights of student smokers. Members also asked about enforcement of the ban, the school's preparedness for student protest, and the potential for a decline in enrollment. The Committee representative



replied that other smoke free campuses have not experienced any change in enrollment. Although gallery members are generally not allowed to speak until the end of Senate meetings, Cheryl Lynch was allowed to comment as the author of the USG resolution. She

also opposed the recommendations. "Students in three years can't fight this," she said, referencing the three year phase-in period of the ban, "We have to fight it now." Lynch's comments ran over the time allotted to her, for which she apologized later in the meeting.

Dethlefs said that student input on the proposal would have been appreciated, but the Undergraduate seats in the University Senate have been unfilled for a long time. The proposal will be presented again on October 9 for a final vote. The meeting is open to the public and will be held from 3:30 to 4:30 PM in SAC room 302.

Other matters discussed by the Senate in the past two weeks include President Jean-Baptiste's State of USG memorandum, the Financial Bylaws, and the Codification of Laws Act, which would collect all USG legislation into one document.

## Craft Center Throws Semesterly Event in Union



Joe Safdia

Look at the awesome pins we made at craft night! (No this isn't an SBU-TV ad)

By Kari O.

You may have noticed that the parties on campus were a little empty last Thursday night. Where was everyone? Well, if you weren't at Craft Night in the SB Union Ballroom, on September 21st, you missed out on a hell of a good time. The brains of the operation was Janice Costanzo, the director of all Craft Center activities. She and her assistants ran an array of crafts including: ceramic magnets, sun catchers, door hangers, jewelry boxes, earrings, beaded and ceramic necklaces, bracelets and the run away hit of the night—buttons.

Despite a limit of two items, the average student walked away with no less

than ten. Every button, not to be confused with the ones that hold together your shirt, was designed by an individual student. Most students hunted for pictures to cut out from magazines and on the Internet; however, the especially crafty ones drew and designed their own buttons. This resulted in phrases like "Your Mom", "Sex Kitten", and graphic drawings on people's buttons seen on the knapsacks, jeans and jackets of the craft dwellers days after the event.

Most of the crafts that served no purpose except to be decorative were more popular. A few times during the night I watched students fighting for the few seats available at the ceramic magnet and sun catcher tables. I myself enjoyed making jewelry, then moving over a

table and making a jewelry box to take them home in. A ceramic assistant at the Craft Center named Ruowen made all these ceramic pendants, which I and many others used to make our necklaces. The pendants were glazed in earth tones like "Toby's Red". I chose one written in Mandarin Chinese, which I was told says "water"; I've worn it everyday for the past week.

Overall it was a night of free crafts, free food, and tons of fun. Students unwound from their tiring week by painting and threading their crafts. Craft Night served as an early semester event to bring students together, and to promote the arts that Stony Brook offers. The Craft Center also sponsored another craft activity at Transfer Day, which allowed transfer students to meet one another and relax from the hectic orientation weekend.

If you liked the activities from Craft Night, or feel guilty about missing out, you should come down to the eerie old basement of the Union building and sign up for the other classes the Craft Center offers. Classes like beginners and advanced pottery on the wheel, photography, decorative painting, drawing, hand building, watercolor and beaded jewelry are discounted for Stony Brook Students. There are also photography and ceramic memberships that give you free use of the lab or the studio, along with all its facilities for an entire semester. Surprisingly, the Craft Center also offers leisure classes at night such as bartending and defensive driving.

However, I was told that these classes fill up fast, and students should come by early when the semester begins.

The radio was left on a repetitive inane station and the "Motts" juice boxes were too small to fill me up. I think I had four of them before I stopped feeling thirsty. But it was free so I can't complain. There wasn't an empty seat in the ballroom, so I'm assuming that everyone enjoyed themselves. This past week I've seen a number of people sporting their jewelry and original buttons. Craft Night happens once a semester, so all those who missed out will have to wait till spring to get their craft on. I would suggest to the Craft Center staff to make the event monthly, but I did stay to watch the clean up crew and it wasn't pretty. Platters of blue and green paint left on the floor, dirty napkins and coffee cups left on tables, the endless sea of glitter, ripped up magazine from the button table, some few unused crafts and all the supplies for them... I had to admit I felt bad for the clean up crew.

There is something about doing crafts that's very relaxing. I think it's the fact that you know you're not going to be graded on it. No one is going to be able to tell from your painted sun catcher or decorated door hanger whether or not you're a great artist. Most of the students who attended weren't at majors. Craft Night wasn't about that. It was about meeting cool people while doing fun things, and walking home with some free crafts and free food.

# Club Spotlight Pocket Theatre

## Theatre Lovers Rejoice, Here's the Club For You



Adina Silverbush  
Rob, Jake and Drew in Pocket Theatre Presents

By Adina Silverbush

Pocket Theatre invites all students to become immersed in the magical world of theatre. Pocket Theatre was founded four years ago by Jen Chura. The campus was flooded with students wanting to quench their thirst for theatre, but they lacked a venue to do so with limited campus productions. Pocket is a club, but for the students involved it's truly a way of life. The group performs at least two shows a semester, which are all student-directed, cast, and produced. If you've ever considered acting, writing, directing, or doing stage crew, this is the no-pressure fun way to meet people and get involved with your campus community. No one gets class credits or money; this is a purely volunteer-based group. Kim Furano, the group's president/artistic director, stressed that beginners should feel encouraged to

join. When I asked her to describe the club, she said, "[W]e're the most energetic people you'll meet on campus, and we're all here for the love of the game."

The group is geared not just towards performers but also towards playwrights. During the fall semester, the club meets on Fridays at 2 pm in Staller's theatre three and reads through new plays submitted by students. A committee votes, and two or three of the plays are actually performed in the spring during The New Playwright's Festival.

The next hurdle Pocket wants to jump involves performing a musical next semester. Drew Boudreau, the club's treasurer, is spearheading the project. According to Drew, "this is a long overdue goal; musicals are an important form of theatre that has been ignored by the department." The group is considering doing the musicals *Assassins* or *Last Five Years*, but has not finalized anything yet. If you have an idea about a play or musical you'd like to see performed, any student can submit ideas. The club's general meetings are Wednesdays at 12:50 pm, also in theatre three.

This semester, Pocket will be performing two shows: "The Goat," by Edward Albee, and "Lebensraum," by Israel Horowitz. Auditions for "The Goat" will be October 4th at 7 pm. You can either perform a monologue or read

from the script. The dates of the show are December 1, 2, and 3. Auditions for "Lebensraum" are coming soon! If you'd like to audition for either show, the sign up board is on the third floor of Staller, near the elevator. The dates and times of all auditions, including main stage shows, can be found there. Although you have to audition to act in a show, anyone can join the club and help the production process. The club wouldn't be able to put on any shows without dedicated students behind the

stage as well.

Most recently, Pocket Theatre put on a show in the University Café in order to make students aware of their club and its talent. About a dozen students participated in short scenes, songs, stand-up, and monologues. The cafe was packed, with standing-room only, and even with free food available, the crowd seemed a lot more interested in the show. A screaming audience was appreciative of an evening of real entertainment for a college-affordable price: free!



Adina Silverbush

Join our gang!

**Want your club to be highlighted  
in a future *Club Spotlight*?**

E-mail us at [sbpress@gmail.com](mailto:sbpress@gmail.com)



# Club Spotlight Marching Band

## We Even Have Our Very Own Marching Band!



Jesse Schoepfer

The band practicing in LaValle Stadium

By Leeza Menon

What is the first thing you think of when you hear the words marching band? Sure, after watching American Pie, it's hard not to immediately think of band geeks with inventive places to put their instruments. However, after looking at the Stony Brook Red Hot Marching Band, you can't help but think of cama-

raderie, dedication and, of course, great music.

This is the first year that Stony Brook University has had a marching band. University President Dr. Shirley Strum Kenny has fully supported the idea of a marching band from the beginning and has wanted to carry the school's athletic program to a higher level for several years. Dean of Students Jerrold L. Stein spearheaded the effort with help from Jim



Jesse Schoepfer

John Leddy, the new Director of Athletic Bands

Fiore, Stony Brook's athletic director, as well as Perry Goldstein from the university's music department. However, the marching band gets its main source of guidance and direction twice a week in the form of band director John Leddy, who shows the students how to move in complicated patterns while holding instruments which are, in some cases, even bigger than them.

A few days before new student move-in, twenty strangers met for the first time in the name of music. Thankfully, they all got along amazingly. During band camp, in addition to twelve hour marching drills, they found time to dance in big circles. Freshman clarinet player Alex Poznanski was not only excited to meet friends who he felt like he "had known forever" but also to "get to move in earlier than every one else, which really kicked ass." The band's big moment came at new student convocation when they performed after only a day of preparation. Since their first performance, the band has more than doubled in size to 41 and intends to expand even more. The marching band has even managed to travel with the football team to their away game in New Hampshire and served as the only condolence after Stony Brook's football team lost... badly.

The band's graduate student assistant, Josh Chevront, says, "Every single one [of the members] brings something very special to the band." Freshman John Havlicek plays trumpet in the band. Even though some students took a while to warm up to the routines during band camp, by the end, he says, "All of them were doing a great job," and they were all bonding over group meals and breaks. Jay Sheryll, another freshman, found the marching band to be a "good way to meet people while playing the trumpet." He says, "[he] found the marching band to be appealing because it was small, unlike most everything else at Stony Brook." Jenny Wang, a senior, is excited to finally join a group that she has wanted to become a part of even before its existence. "When I first came here," she says, "I asked if there was a marching band, and now, for my senior year, I'm glad I get to do something like this." She is currently Stony Brook University's Chapter President of the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and one of the only girls in the marching band's drumline.



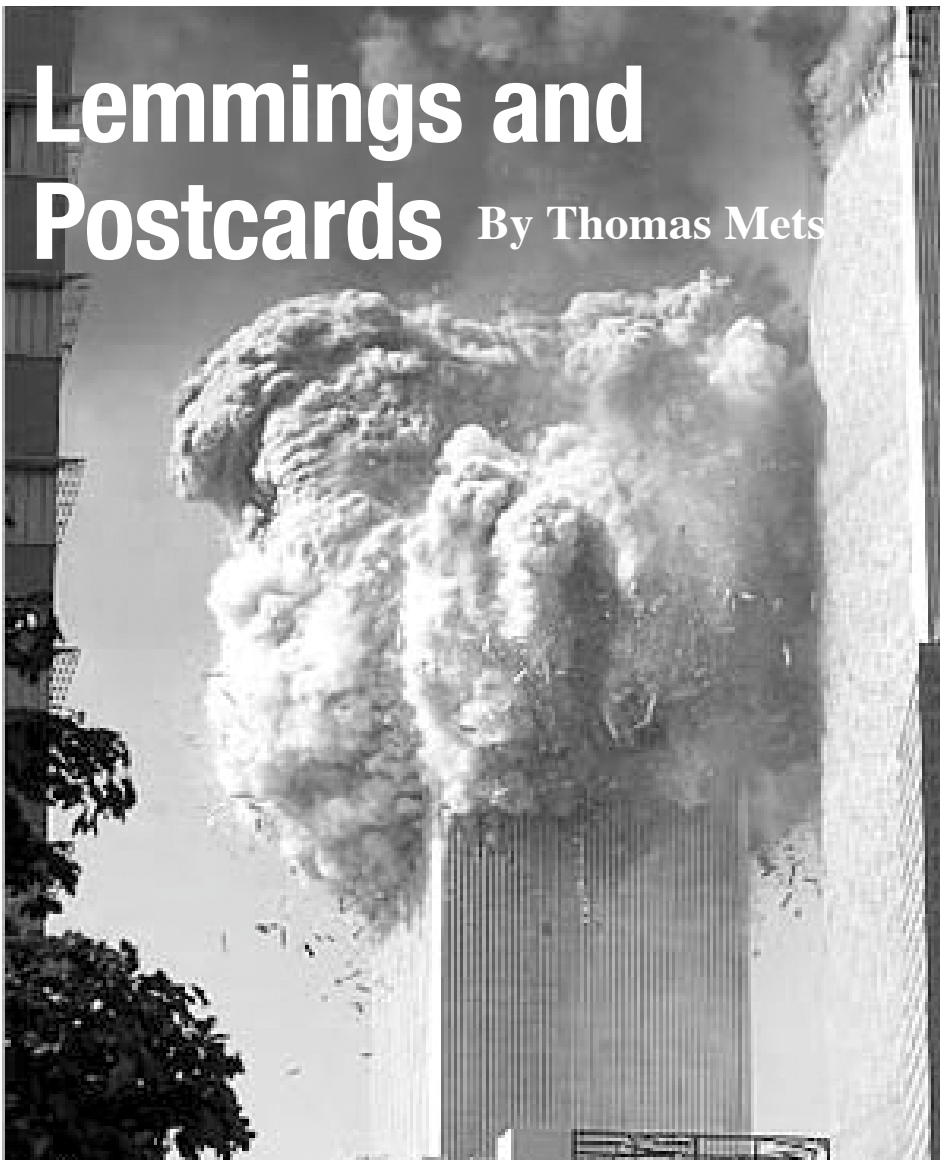
Uniform design

So what's up next for the Stony Brook Red Hot Marching Band? They will be playing at this year's homecoming game on Saturday, October 7th. They will be performing favorite oldies such as The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" and Herbie Hancock's "Watermelon Man" to go with the theme of "Blast from the Past". Along with the new songs they have been rehearsing, they will also be showing off their new red, white and blue uniforms which make them resemble toy soldiers; this should add to the already intimidating aura of our mascot, a make-believe animal named Wolfie.

The marching band will also be able to accept new members after homecoming. So, if you're interested in joining, you can talk to band director John Leddy in SAC Room 222 in the Dean of Students suite. Or you can call 631-632-7368. Practices are in LaValle Stadium, Mondays 6:30 to 8:30pm and Fridays, 3:20 to 5:20pm. And, as grad student assistant Josh Chevront says, "Whatever they play, if they've got drive and talent, we'll take them."

# Lemmings and Postcards

By Thomas Mets



*Author's Note: This is based on notes I wrote on September 11, 2001 about what I observed. I was a student at Stuyvesant High School at the time and had a good view of a burning tower in my first class. "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" was about what I saw and heard in photography class, where we learned about the nature of the attacks and saw the towers fall on CNN.*

### Part 3

Because I came from the first floor, I was one of the last students to arrive in my tenth floor homeroom. Ms. Fletcher (seven or so months pregnant) told the students to sit down and stay away from the windows (probably the biggest in any classroom in Stuy). I just sat on the ground because I couldn't find a seat that wasn't near a window.

When the PA announced that homeroom would be suspended indefinitely, I pulled a seat away from the window and began listening to conversations, talking a bit with the kids around me. I knew more about what was going on than they did. A few kids were told to go to the Dean's office. I assumed parents had come to pick them up or something, but I couldn't really be sure. It was just odd listening to the announcements.

My godmother/aunt Kathy was a librarian at Stuyvesant. I got along pretty well with her, and she kept some orange juice in the library for me every day. I volunteered at the library once a week, which was the extent of my extracurricular activities at Stuy. I never once considered going to her for help.

Eventually, we were told to evacuate the

building (a problem since we were on the top floor). Ms. Fletcher said something to the extent that every fire drill we've ever had was preparing us for this point. It took us a minute or so to leave the classroom. Someone said something about double lines. Someone asked if the boys and girls should be on separate lines. I responded that the girls' line would be too short (there were 40 girls for every 60 boys in Stuyvesant).

We went down the stairs, mixing with other homerooms. It aggravated me when people were walking too slowly. I heard a girl talking about how she wanted to move to Alaska. I looked out a window and saw a mass of people just running uptown. That scared the hell out of me, since I didn't know if anything else was going on.

I used an emergency exit to get out faster and found myself among a small mob of people, all trying to get to the street. We had to allow a few emergency workers to pass us. I remember a rescue worker asking why the school wasn't evacuated sooner. I walked behind middle-aged Italian businessmen who were so calm it seemed as if the World Trade Center was attacked every other day. I looked at the river and wondered how long it would take for someone to panic and try to swim across.

I kept walking as far uptown as I could, passing others. I saw that many friends were walking together. Guys were still hugging their girlfriends, and I still wished that I had a girlfriend, someone I could comfort and who could comfort me. No one looked back.

I eventually saw a friend of mine, Charles. I'll never forget him because he always struck me as one of the smartest kids in school, and he was Chinese, Catholic, and a Communist. We were met by Hu, whom I knew as the son of illegal immigrants/sweatshop workers. He was more Charles' friend than mine.

We all looked behind us, as we were far enough from the World Trade Center. I couldn't tell if anything was left because of all the smoke and dust. No one was riding in cars, except in the ambulances. We watched two guys rollerblading towards the towers and wondered what the hell they were doing.

We talked. Charles mentioned that Times Square during New Year's would have been a better target if you wanted maximum casualties. He joked that Arab terrorists would soon come armed with flamethrowers, attacking people fleeing from the towers, and how he was going to use the other people as shields. I told him that flamethrowers made lousy weapons (one bullet, and the flamethrower operator is a corpse), although we agreed it wouldn't be a typical military conflict and the postcards of New York City would look different.

Charles and Hu were walking slower than I was. Charles was complaining about how far he had walked and how heavy his book bag was (I felt his backpack and agreed with him). We didn't know where we were going. I said that we could have all been like lemmings, following people jumping into the river, and we wouldn't realize it until it was too late.

Charles wanted to walk to Chinatown. His logic was that Chinatown would never be attacked, since all that would do is kill a few illegals. His uncle worked in a store and could easily call his parents to pick us all up.

We looked back several times to see how much of the Twin Towers were left standing, but we couldn't see anything because of the dust and smoke. The cloud of dust seemed to be following us. Meanwhile, I noticed a building near the World Trade Center was on fire, meaning either the fire had spread or there was another attack.

We walked to Pier 61, which was around 23rd Street (a little more than a mile from Stuy). We were given cups of cold water by volunteers and took a small break, sitting where we could. Because a wall was in front of us, we weren't able to see the smoke. Eventually, I came up with a plan. We'd walk to the nearest subway station (near Sixth Avenue) and stay in the area until the trains started working again. We weren't going to be like those idiots who walked all the way to Queens. This is what my Aunt Kathy and a neighbor of mine, a dean at Stuyvesant, ended up doing, along with the students in their care.

I looked for a phone, but the lines were too long. The only phones I found were broken. As I listened for a dial tone on one, I felt worse. I was planning to call my house, since I assumed my youngest brother Christian had been released from school and picked up by my father, who worked in Queens. I didn't remember the office numbers of my parents. I thought of relatives who had heard about this and were wondering where I was.

Along the way to Sixth Avenue, we passed a bar which had a television tuned to CNN. We grabbed seats while we could and watched the news for about ten minutes. There, we learned that one of the towers had collapsed. I suspected as much, but this was still unsettling.

A reporter on TV was saying he was grateful that the terrorists did not use biological weapons. Charles said that terrorists want to scare people more than cause the greatest possible damage. While it would have been easier, and probably far more dangerous to drop an anthrax bomb into the

subway system (I read in Reader's Digest, or some newspaper, how that could work), we came to the conclusion it wouldn't be as traumatic as destroying the World Trade Center. We decided that terrorists wanted to cause fast death rather than do something that killed more people but wasn't as flashy.

We were unaware of how many thousand people had died.

Some woman on TV talked about how she escaped the World Trade Center. She talked about how there was a panic, and a small boy was nearly trampled to death. She was worried about her husband and son and hoped the pigs responsible for this catastrophe would die and burn in hell. I remembered a quote from a comic book: "Sometimes I pray to god there's a hell."

We also heard that the Long Island Railroad would soon begin limited service. Since I live near the Forest Hills station, I figured that the LIRR would be my best bet. So I suggested that we all walk to Grand Central Station (for some reason, I thought that Grand Central Station and Penn Station were the same thing).

The TV at the bar had closed captioning, and I developed a tremendous respect for the guy who has to type up what everyone is saying immediately after it is said. I was really surprised that I didn't notice any errors, since I find it almost impossible to write a line on the computer without making some mistake.

We left the bar when it began to get crowded and started to look around for lunch. Charles was complaining about the crazy New York food prices. Hu wasn't really hungry.

While we were walking, we saw that a man had opened his car door so everyone could hear the radio. A small crowd was gathering around the car. A bum (middle-aged black woman) was telling people not to go to Penn Station, since Penn Station was closed. Charles told a guy (young, black, wore a suit) not to listen to her, unwillingly beginning a debate on the woman's mental health and whether or not Charles had the right to assume she didn't know what she was talking about.

Penn Station was closed. There was a huge crowd of people waiting outside. We were not willing to walk to Queens, and since the subway should have been working by evening, we decided to just hang around until then.

While Hu bought a bagel and tea at a crowded Food Emporium, Charles and I discovered that both a Wendy's and a Burger King were closed. This was a time when people wanted to go home and hug their loved ones, and this included fast food workers.

We sat down at a Popeye's, ate, and talked. I asked Charles what video games he had. He told me how, a year before, his parents had hidden his Playstation when his average fell a point, and he had not gotten it back. He did like Marvel vs. Capcom 2, so we talked about that. Anything was better than talking about what had really happened.

Hu finished my French fries as we wondered what to do. We eventually left the restaurant and decided to go to the A&S plaza, just to kill some time.

My mother worked in the Estonian House, a few blocks away, and I never considered going there; I remember vaguely thinking that I did not want to be anywhere near the Empire State Building.

# EAT THIS!

**With Chef Heath**

***THIS ISSUE CHEF HEATH PASSES JUDGEMENT ON THE SAC DINING HALL***



As a chef, I know first hand that to criticize someone else's food is like making fun of someone else's child in front of that person. I've been there, and I know how feelings get hurt and egos get bruised. And so I say to my fellow foodservice workers, forgive me for what I am about to do, but this assessment is long overdue.

I feel that an appropriate place to start a critique of Stony Brook's extensive culinary choices would be at the good ol' SAC dining room, or as some of my eclectic compatriots have dubbed it, the SACinator. I spent six days reviewing the wide array of food, something new every day, and I must admit that I was surprised by some of the choices.

The first day, I caught breakfast at the SAC on the way to an early morning class. I arrived around 7:30am to find that there was a large amount of choices for such a bleak hour. I grabbed a fresh banana nut muffin and a parfait with granola and some melon for a demoralizing \$4. However, despite the cost, the food was well prepared, easily accessed, and, to be honest, quite tasty. When the lunch hour came, I found myself lost in a sea of people all jostling for position in the sandwich and grill lines. I opted for some of the SAC's famous portabella mushroom pizza and a small garden salad with some trimmings from the salad bar. As I forked over five bucks for my meager yield, I hoped that this pizza was all it was cracked up to be. The pizza was in fact phenomenal, piping hot with a crunching crust, a fine tomato sauce, and a generous amount of cheese. The salad, for the amount paid for it, was nothing special, but adequate for the purpose of a nice after-pizza munch. I walked away surprisingly full, although a little light in the wallet.

You may have noticed that I do not purchase drinks with my meals, and to address this, I add that adding a drink to a meal does nothing for my palate. I feel that doing so does not affect the food if it was not specifically paired with it. The real reason is that I bring a water bottle that I fill from the drinking fountains around campus. Why pay for it when it comes free from the walls?

On day two I skipped the pizza and the salad, and went for the soups. I bought two: the vegetarian chili and the baked stuffed potato. I also added in a bag of "Terra" chips from the racks and made my way out of the feedlot as fast as I could before the lunch rush. The vegetarian chili was good, but not exceptional; it lacked some body and the spicing was overcompensating for the lack of base. However, it was not a bad meal.

I was so full halfway through that I stopped so that I would be able to try the baked stuffed potato. All I can say about the potato soup is buy this while it lasts. The flavor was mouthwatering, such that I had forgotten how full I was. For a cream soup it was thin, but this gave a better texture that that of a heavy cream soup such as New England clam chowder. With pieces of pureed potato and chunks of ham, I was thoroughly satisfied with my choice. That and the breadsticks added a nice touch to the meal. The "Terra" chips were a double edged sword: while incredibly delicious, I was sad to find that perhaps only one quarter of the bag was filled. For the price, I would not buy them again, no matter how good they were. Total cash spent: nine dollars.

Day three was a bit of an ordeal. I was feeling particularly brave and decided to pay a visit to Walter, the burly man well versed in the sandwich arts. The line for the sub/wrap eatery was long and slow moving. I think I even dozed off for a bit. This gave me some time to watch the people going by, which is one of my favorite hobbies. When I got to the counter, I placed my order and found out why the line moved so slowly. Each sandwich is made to your specifications, much like a Subway or Quizno's. However, due to a tight food budget and a lack of manpower, the sandwiches cannot be made fast enough. Each order of meat must be weighed and portioned to fit into the regulations set down by the company's guidelines. Trust me, ladies and gentlemen and all you in between, he is not trying to swindle you out of your meat; he just has a job to do. I ordered the turkey sub with melted mozzarella cheese, tomato, lettuce, and olives on ciabatta bread. After forking over six dollars, I sulked away to the upper dining hall to enjoy my hard-won prize. The sandwich was filling, very well portioned, and quite tasty. The bread was a bit hard, but I expected that. Unfortunately, my visits to Walt will be limited, not due to his lack of tasty goods, but because of the ordeal required to obtain them.

Day four: I admit it, I splurged. I went for the pre-made items on the wall opposite the pizzeria. I hefted a box of fresh sushi, some vegetable dumplings, and a pre-made chicken Caesar salad to the counter; twenty-one dollars later I strolled to my table with a much lighter wallet. The sushi was... well, sushi. I am not of Japanese descent and I do not pretend to know much about sushi, but it was good enough for me to eat the entire box. For \$9, I was pissed that I felt more full from

a \$2 bowl of soup than a box full of raw fish. Next I attacked the dumplings. After warming them in the microwave — a brave suggestion made by one of the cleaning women who witnessed my expression after biting into a cold dumpling — they were pretty damn good. I ate them before I knew what was happening, not being very contemplative after my anger over the sushi and embarrassment from the cold dumpling. The pre-made salad was my saving grace: I filled myself up with fresh greens, juicy (albeit cold) chicken, and a creamy sauce with Parmesan cheese. Not a bad meal altogether, but abhorrently priced far beyond what anyone should pay for such a meal.

On day five began my second love affair with the pizzeria. I ordered two slices of pizza, one pepperoni and the other plain, both pulled hot out of the oven before my very eyes, and a box of garlic knots. I added a small bowl of Italian Wedding soup from the steam table and made for the register. I could smell the garlic knots, I wanted them so badly. They made me feel dirty in a way I haven't felt since I saw the love scene between Demi Moore and Patrick Swayze in *Ghost*, back in '94. I did not even notice how much I paid for the meal: I threw a bill at the cashier and made a grunting sound which signified that these garlic knots were mine, and that our love would last forever. But I digress.

The pizza was everything that I had hoped for: fresh, hot, delicious, and relatively cheap by SAC standards. I then ate the soup, not out of hunger, but just out of curiosity. I am from an eastern European family. This kind of soup was new to me, so I decided to give it a shot. It was quite enjoyable, and not too filling, with a nice blend of herbs and spices — everything that a small soup should be. But next — and I salivate as I write this — came the garlic knots. They were, by far, the most wonderful things that have ever been placed in my mouth: hot, chewy, with chopped garlic and olive oil running down my chin. Good god, I think I need to take a walk. With every meal, I am getting garlic knots....

Day six: I ate two meals at the SAC, lunch and dinner, during both of which I sampled food from the grill, made fresh in front of you, and to order, no less! I have to give credit to these guys. I myself have a hard time keeping track of orders even with order tickets and a waitperson, so bravo in that respect. For lunch I bought a box of chicken fingers and French/freedom fries: simple, easy, and filling for the five dollars I spent.

First I have to say, though, that chicken fingers are ruining the youth of today. Every time a family with children sits down in my restaurant, I am sure to get an order of these malignant hunks of chicken breast. I am not sure why, but children and even teenagers and adults cannot seem to get enough of the chicken fingers. I do not understand it. I only know that a growing number of people are missing out on quality food, hand prepared and placed on sale or in specials for the customer's enjoyment, only to gorge themselves on pieces of breaded chicken breast which comes from far away processing plants. Ok, enough of that. I apologize; I get a little passionate about food sometimes and it bursts out.

For dinner I paid six dollars for a Philly Cheesesteak sandwich, which I had been craving since lunch. The food was again made fresh in front of me, and I was amazed at the relative speed of the chefs. The entire time I spent standing in line, ordering, and waiting for my food was under three minutes: once again, bravo. The sandwich was, much to my dismay and disappointment, not a Philly Cheesesteak sandwich. I have been to Philadelphia, I have had a Philly. This, my friends, was no such thing. The flavor of the meat was virtually nonexistent and the lack of cheese caused the sandwich to be rather dry. I was completely disappointed with the meal and, worst of all, I still felt hungry.

I chose to pass on the Changing Plate and the other dishes which tend to change daily. These items change every day, so it is hard to determine their availability and when I can actually afford them due to their high cost. Sooner or later I'll get around to tasting each one, but for now I have to save up my cash for next week.

My overall rating for the SAC cafeteria has to be 2 out of 5 stars. While they do offer a wide array of choices, I found the best food to be the cheapest and the simplest things: the pizza, the soups, the salads and, of course, the garlic knots. Many of the higher-end items were severely overpriced for the quality of food. The worst items I had were the pre-made dumplings and sushi, as well as everything I ordered from the grill. I was most taken aback by the high prices of the food in the SAC. As a commuter without a meal plan, I was floundering to come up with enough cash without a daily trip to the ATM. I spent more on food in the SAC this week than I did on gas to drive to school every day, something not easily accomplished in this day and age.



## AAJ - rocking Asians since 1995

By James Han

Do you ever get the need to be creative? Of course you do – who doesn't? Sometimes we feel like we've been through a lot and want to share our knowledge and experiences with the world. And once in a while, we come out with something that we think is really good. Isn't it a shame to just let it collect dust on a shelf somewhere or just take up megabits on your hard drive?

Introducing the Asian American Journal - AAJ - a written medium that strives to collect a large body of these creative materials into one place for the rest of the campus to enjoy. Yours truly is the editor of AAJ this year, and I am looking for talented writers (fiction and non-fiction), poets, artists, photographers, critics, and layout staff to help contribute to an elegant

publication.

We are one of the few publications that specifically highlights Asian American works. Of course anyone can write for us, and you don't have to write about being Asian or anything of that sort; regardless, it is the fact that you can and it is the power of having a voice that makes this literary medium quite essential on a campus such as this.

So if you are interested in doing anything at all, contact me, James, at [AsianAmericanJournal@gmail.com](mailto:AsianAmericanJournal@gmail.com) or join the Facebook group: Asian American Journal. We publish once per semester so you have plenty of time to spill those creative juices. So give us your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, your suffering, your teenage angst, anything that gets you writing, and we will give you one hell of a issue.

## Fatal Love Syndrome

By Faye Lee

She gives unto you sir  
Every little bit of pounce in her heart  
Persuaded and infiltrated by thoughts  
Thoughts so loud, coming from you  
You beckon her to get on her knees  
And watch you grow like Jack and the beanstalk

Your derision is a curse for miles  
Down the nonstop flowing sand of an hourglass  
You patronize with disbelief  
A madistic savage you are and so unaware of every  
Flaw you make with a striking word

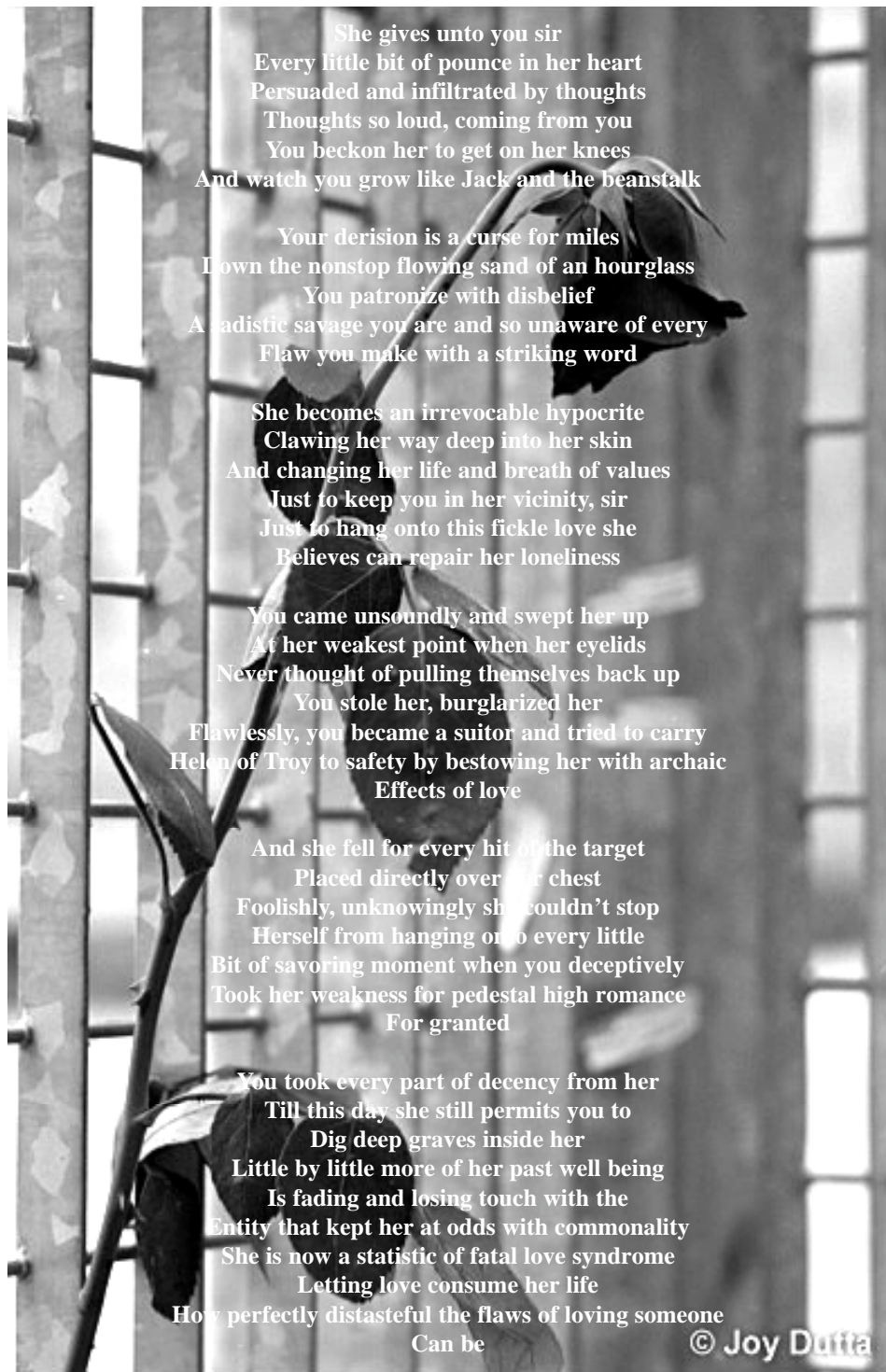
She becomes an irrevocable hypocrite  
Clawing her way deep into her skin  
And changing her life and breath of values  
Just to keep you in her vicinity, sir  
Just to hang onto this fickle love she  
Believes can repair her loneliness

You came unsoundly and swept her up  
At her weakest point when her eyelids  
Never thought of pulling themselves back up  
You stole her, burglarized her  
Flawlessly, you became a suitor and tried to carry  
Helen of Troy to safety by bestowing her with archaic  
Effects of love

And she fell for every hit of the target  
Placed directly over her chest  
Foolishly, unknowingly she couldn't stop  
Herself from hanging onto every little  
Bit of savoring moment when you deceptively  
Took her weakness for pedestal high romance  
For granted

You took every part of decency from her  
Till this day she still permits you to  
Dig deep graves inside her  
Little by little more of her past well being  
Is fading and losing touch with the  
Entity that kept her at odds with commonality  
She is now a statistic of fatal love syndrome  
Letting love consume her life  
How perfectly distasteful the flaws of loving someone  
Can be

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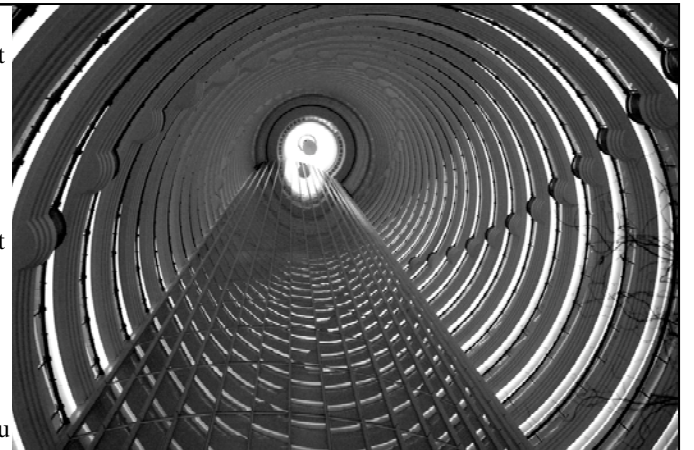
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Looking up from the lobby of the Grand Hyatt Shanghai on the 53rd floor of the Jin Mao Tower. Adding to this marvel is the building's exterior; currently China's tallest building it is a sight to see next to the Oriental Pearl TV Tower located in Shanghai's Pudong financial district.

-Xiao Yu Gu



## The Aging Problem

An excerpt from "The Aging Problem," a short story in the AAJ Fall/Winter 2006.

By James Han

Some turtles live to be over 100. They spend the last 75 years or so of their lives slowly trudging around looking for food to eat. Lying around doing nothing and sleeping in their shells are their primary hobbies. I guess that's really no different than the first 75 years of their lives, but then this analogy would not work so well. Down the stairs came two behemoth turtles, each weighing easily 300 pounds.

"Grandma, grandpa, how are you doing today?" inquired John.

"Ah, we're fine kid," grumbled grandpa, as the two turtles trudded towards the dinner table. Their excessive weight and age caused them to hunch over. A skilled artist could draw green splotches on their backs and the resemblance would be uncanny. Indeed, turtle is a deft metaphor for the old couple. If one were to tip them over like a cow, it is doubtful their pudgy, dangling limbs would be sufficient to get them standing upright again.

"This is delicious," exclaims John as he digs in before everyone else sits down. The two tortoises sit around the table, and then finally Michelle sits down. Everyone digs in and seems to be having an enjoyable time

with idle chatter, but let's not bore ourselves and check back in the kitchen. If we peek into the garbage can, we can see the shells of the packages which the dinner came from. Their entire meal is one big microwave dinner - ladies, breathe a sigh of relief. If we peer at the nutrition facts, one might be appalled at the high amounts of fat, sodium, and cholesterol in this seemingly wholesome meal. But one should pay closer attention to what is not there, at least what is listed here as "natural and artificial flavors."

The year is 2020, and American eats is nothing like the vision. Supermarkets have completely discarded produce items as unprofitable, which can now only be found at specialty shops. Food processing giants have run amok with power comparable to tobacco and pharmaceutical giants. Combine this with societal indifference, a wealth of newly synthesized food additives that make food addicting and unsatisfying at the same time rich and delicious, and shady labeling practices and I present to you a society growing ignorantly larger at the waistline. Healthy eating was a thing of the past; today's microwave gourmand has an extensive selection of meals that bludgeons him or his family from the inside. But this shouldn't be too hard to believe if you look at food today.

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## Women's Soccer Team Strikes Down Tigers

By Antony Lin

In the second game of a doubleheader, the Stony Brook Seawolves would come out victorious over the Towson Tigers 2-1 in the Holiday Inn Express Tournament. The thrilling, end-to-end match would be decided in the final minutes in front of nearly 400 in attendance at LaValle Stadium.

"I thought we played awesome; we stepped up when we needed to," said Seawolves defender Jackie Timmes. "People are going to start to take notice that we are getting the respect we deserve."

Despite Towson possessing the ball for the first portion of the first half, the home side would take the lead off a defensive error in the 13th minute.

Cutting off a pass, Kelly Bahnsen found a sprinting Tiffany Fasullo on the right wing. Fasullo would then cut to the left, playing a through ball to Kate Collins. Collins' attempt to reach for the ball led to a scramble in the box. Brittany Benthin would pounce on the loose ball, slotting it

home to the lower left corner from 18 yards out.

Five minutes later, the Tigers came close to leveling the score. Brittany Hadaway's cross found the head of Rosie Goldberg. Her header would end up hitting the crossbar and out of harm's way.

Towson would come knocking again in the 19th minute. Alison Reinhart's shot from 28 yards out would force Seawolves goalkeeper Marisa Viola to make a jumping save.

Stony Brook would come back with another great opportunity in the 40th minute from Aria Tanzi. Collins would find Tanzi on the right. Eluding one

defender off a cutback, Tanzi's left footed drive went right to Brandi Daniels.

Another golden opportunity would come with seconds left in the first half. Kristin Mishrell sent a perfect left-footed long ball finding Benthin on the left wing. Benthin's low cross found Fasullo, whose one-timer went inches wide of the right post.

"A big step was getting Kristin Mishrell back," said head coach Sue Ryan. "She came back and really is the engine of our team."

As the second half began, Towson would threaten first in the 58th minute. Viola would be well-positioned to make the save on Rosie Goldberg's shot from 21 yards out.

The visitors would then even the score at 1-1 off an opportunistic goal from Marissa Gross in the 60th minute. Her low point-blank shot would bounce off the right post and in.

Stony Brook would have multiple opportunities in the 84th minute. Brooke Barbuto would fire a dipping shot from long range that was parried away by Brandi Danieles. Danieles would come up big again seconds later, as she denied Fasullo's point blank shot during a scramble.

The Seawolves would notch what would be the game-winning goal in the 87th minute. Fasullo's inswinging corner kick found its way to Mishrell. Mishrell then whipped in a cross finding Cait Frank. Her rocket one-timer from close range would make it 2-1.

"We had a lot players impact the game," stated Ryan. "Brittany started for Trine (Allenberg) and got the first goal, and then Cait Frank scored the second goal."

The game was nearly tied due to a contro-

versial call by referee Rich Tighe in the 88th minute. Tighe awarded a penalty kick to the Tigers. As Tighe appeared to have thought that Collins handled the ball intentionally, a red card was issued. Goldberg's penalty kick would sail high of the cross bar, as Seawolves supporters erupted in joy.

"Losing Kate (Collins) is a problem," mentioned Ryan. "Kate gives us such a spark. However, we are consistently and uniformly deep in depth this year."

The Seawolves improve to 4-1-0, while Towson dropped to 2-1-1. "Towson is an awesome team," stated Collins. "We came out hard and they came out hard. At the end of the game, the better team wins it."

In the first match of the doubleheader, Providence defeated Lafayette 2-0. Stony Brook will play Providence in the finale of the Holiday Inn Express Tournament at 2:30PM on Sunday, following the Lafayette vs. Towson match at 11:30PM.

"I think Towson is a very good team and I'm happy with our effort," said Ryan. "We have to celebrate today but be ready for Providence. I think we keep getting better and better."

## Seawolves Soccer: SB vs MJIT

By Antony Lin

In the last tune-up before conference play, Stony Brook would hold off NJIT Highlanders by the score of 2-0 at LaValle Stadium. Michael Palacio would end up setting an all-time record for assists at Stony Brook.

The Seawolves would end up capitalizing on their very first opportunity in the 10th minute. Taking advantage of a misclearance, David Weisberger raced to the ball and slipped one to Oscar Leis. Leis' shot from inside the box would hit off the left post and into the net for the 1-0 lead.

"It was good to get an early goal," said Seawolves goalkeeper Rich Skoblicki, who made his first start of the season for Stony Brook. "That is a strong point. It is a good way to start."

The home side would threaten again eight minutes later. Tamer Mohamed found Leis on a run: Leis' attempt this time would be stopped by an oncoming Josh Osit.

Stony Brook continued the pressure in the 25th minute from Mohamed. Off a cutback on the left wing, Mohamed ripped one from 21 yards out forcing Osit to make a finger tip save over the bar.

Despite having little possession, the Highlanders nearly leveled the score with a minute to go in the first half. Oskar Johansson's effort from close range sailed inches wide of the right post, with a sliding Jo Rene Valentin nearly connecting on the play.

NJIT would pressure heavily throughout the second half in a sluggish affair, as the Seawolves looked to counter.

"We feel a lot better tonight than we did the other tonight," said Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic. "I felt we had an excellent first half. We came out in 2nd half and struggled to hold the ball."

The visitor's first chance in the second half would come in the 65th minute. Gustav Warfving's left footed one-timer from 8 yards out would sail high of the crossbar.

Skoblicki would come up big in the 68th minute in his first test of the match: Valentin's shot from 9 yards out would be denied by an onrushing Skoblicki.

"We switched it up a bit," mentioned Skoblicki. "I have had some time under my belt before going in, so I was confident."

The Seawolves would add the insurance goal in the 89th minute, putting the game out of reach. Michael Palacio would dance his way

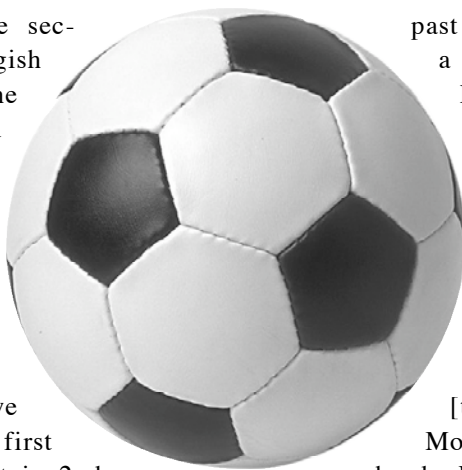
past several defenders off a series of cutbacks.

His outswinging cross from the left wing found Mohamed, who headed the ball perfectly into the lower left corner.

"We scored a good goal early in [the] game," stated Mohamed. "We worked hard. Palacio gave me a great ball from a cross and I finished it. We did not give up and that was a key."

The Seawolves improve to 3-7-0, while NJIT drops to 1-7-0.

"They came at us and we showed some toughness and focused," stated Markovic. "Rich (Skoblicki) got his first start and [I] thought he made some big saves. The second goal was a big goal that put them away."



## Seawolves Soccer:

## SB vs

## St. Peters

## St. Peters

By Antony Lin

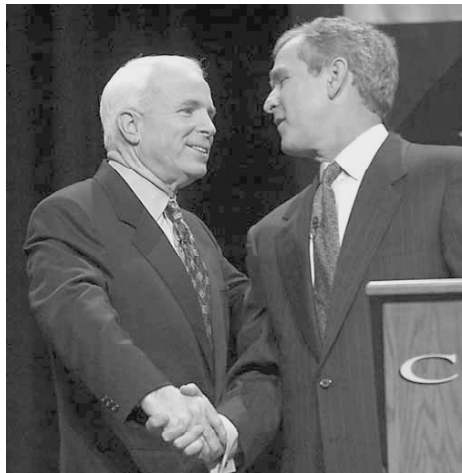
In the final match before the start of conference play, the Stony Brook Seawolves would end up crushing the St. Peter Peahens 5-0 in front of 200 supporters at LaValle Stadium.

"It is always good to win," said Seawolves head coach Sue Ryan. "I think a positive from this game was that every member that was eligible to play played in this game. It gave us an opportunity to see everyone play and show what they can do."

The game-winning goal would come for the home side just two minutes in. Brooke Barbuto found Tiffany Fasullo in the box. From point-blank range, Fasullo sent a low cross finding Marisa Shibley, who easily put the ball in the net.

Continued on page 14

# Congress Gives Bush the OK to Interpret the Geneva Conventions



thehollandsentinel.net  
Circumventing international law... together!

by Joe Safdia

President George W. Bush and Republican allies in the Senate have managed to reconcile differences over new anti-terror legislation. The Senate voted 65-34 in favor of a bill that would set up military tribunals to prosecute suspected terrorists on Thursday, September 28, 2006, one day after the House of Representatives passed their own version of the bill at a 253-168 vote. The bill will also allow President Bush to interpret the Geneva Conventions by giving him the authority to decide what forms of interrogation used on suspected terrorists are violations of the Conventions and grants legal protection to CIA interrogators by preventing the detainees from declaring that certain methods were violations of the Conventions.

Due to the minute differences between the two bills, the House plans to vote on the Senate's version of the bill on Friday, September 29, 2006.

The most notable result of this legislation, should it be passed, is that it will explicitly allow the President to redefine Article 3 of the Geneva Conventions. Proponents of the bill, including President Bush himself, claim that this is necessary in order to clear up the ambiguous language of Article 3, which bans torture of war prisoners, and provide the administration and CIA with enough clarity to go forward with interrogations.

"If you have people in the field trying to question terrorists, if you do not have

clear legal definitions, they themselves will be subject to the whims and the differing interpretations given by foreign courts, foreign judges and foreign tribunals. And we don't think that's appropriate," claimed White House spokesman Tony Snow.

While it explicitly bans torture and rape, murder, mutilations, sexual assault, intentional causing of serious injury, and biological experiments, it allows the CIA to use any other method less severe than that unless the President prohibits them via executive order.

Critics of the bill, including former Secretary of State Colin Powell, claim that if America claims the right to interpret the Geneva Conventions, it will set a precedent that allows other nations to do the same, potentially putting American troops captured in battle by enemy states in danger. Powell also stated, in a letter written to Senator John McCain, that this will place more doubt in the international community about America's morality in relation to the war on terrorism.

Another argument that doesn't seem to have been considered is the fact that Article 3's vague language is vital to preventing the mistreatment of prisoners. If there is a clear list of banned interrogation techniques, then that would make any technique not on that list is perfectly legal. No list could possibly ban every type of torture or interrogation, and should interrogators find a cruel method of interrogation not explicitly banned by international law, it would make that method of interrogation legal. The ambiguous language forces the government to take caution during interrogations for fear of violating the Conventions.

Provisions of the bill also allow testimonies given under coercion only if they were given before the Detainee Treatment Act of 2005 and if the judge finds them reliable. Hearsay evidence would also be allowed. Ethical questions aside, one has to wonder about the actual effectiveness of evidence gathered by hearsay and coerced statements of prisoners. Classified information can also be used as evidence, but detainees on trial will be allowed access to it only if prosecutors use it in court. This differs from the administration's original

demands that not only should the government be allowed to use classified information to prosecute detainees, but the detainees in question shouldn't be allowed to know what that evidence is.

"You can protect classified information, but you have to have some form of confrontation, and we struck a great balance," said Senator Lindsey Graham.

As stated before, the proposed legislation will grant a degree of immunity for

*The bill explicitly bans torture and rape, murder, mutilations, and sexual assault.*

CIA agents administering the interrogations. It will be the President who decides if an interrogator has committed a war crime, allowing the CIA to operate with more freedom without worrying about violating the Geneva Conventions. Human rights lawyers oppose this provision, claiming that along with the new narrow definition of the Conventions, not allowing violators to be prosecuted allows them to pursue more aggressive, and questionable, interrogation tactics such as "waterboarding", which is supposed to simulate drowning.

Although the Bush Administration had to compromise with Senate Republicans and didn't get everything it wanted, the White House is giving this bill its full support. If presented to Bush, the bill will be signed into law.

"The agreement clears the way to do what the American people expect us to do — to capture terrorists, to detain terrorists, to question terrorists and then to try them," announced the President in support of the bill.

Despite the White House's success, Congress failed to compromise on another bill that would grant legal status to Bush's wiretapping program. Although the House voted in favor of the bill, the Senate's version was much different and a compromise before Congress adjourns is not possible. That bill will be brought up again when Congress meets again after the November elections.

## SB vs. St. Peters (continued)

Continued from page 13

In the 5th minute, Fasullo would score one of her own courtesy of Barbuto. Barbuto played a through ball to Fasullo. From 11 yards out, Fasullo was able to slot the ball with her left foot past Peahens goalkeeper Julian Fueshko to make it 2-0.

Stony Brook would put the game out of reach in the 20th minute. Receiving a perfect cross from the left wing by Cait Frank, Kristin Mishrell headed the ball into the lower right corner.

"We got up early and after our 3rd goal we lost our rhythm a little bit especially in the 2nd half," stated Mishrell. "Eventually we got it back and started playing possession again and that was a good result."

The Seawolves continued to attack heavily. Seeing limited action, Samantha Roos collected the ball from Brittany Benthin outside the box. Roos' blistering shot from 30 yards out would sail right over the hands of Fueshko to extend the lead to 4-0.

"I thought we came out hard," said Fasullo, happily celebrating her birthday during post-game. "We let down a bit in 2nd half. But for the most part we played a good game."

St. Peters first threat of the game would come in the second half. In the 55th minute, Jenny Charnley attempted to chip the ball over Seawolves goalkeeper Marisa Viola from the right wing. Viola was able to get to the ball, tapping it off the left post and away from danger.

The home side would add one more in the 85th minute. Trine Allenberg's outswinging corner kick found an unmarked Barbuto. Barbuto easily headed the ball in from 2 yards out.

"We played and set the pace of the game," mentioned Cait Frank. "We are feeling good since we came off a tough weekend and we want to come out strong against BU."

Stony Brook improves to 5-3-1, while St. Peters drops to 1-6-0. The Seawolves open up conference play on the road against Boston Terriers on Saturday.

"We scored some nice goals," stated Ryan. "It gives us some confidence going into conference play."

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# The Road to Nowhere: Is SBMC an “Imminent Danger”?

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

The road to proper healthcare has always been a slippery one. Rising insurance premiums (and the problems associated with them) have led us to an age when the smallest mistakes have large repercussions, the smallest of those being a lawsuit and countless reviews by numerous institutions.

Newsday’s recent coverage of the deaths of three young children has thrust Stony Brook University Medical Center’s credibility into a hot zone. While the story made the front page upon first appearance, the spotlight has dimmed progressively as the questions become harder to answer. This steady decline in press surrounding the hospital has left many wondering if SBMC needs to make changes or if Newsday was simply in need of something to print.

Beginning in July, Newsday began to report a series of articles about the deaths of three young children in the hospital, all of which happened around the same time. One was the death of seven-year-old Tyler Poole, who died during adenoid surgery, otherwise known as the cure for tonsillitis. Another was an incident involving a prematurely born infant who was suffering from a heart defect, as well as kidney and liver damage.

The most publicized incident involved one-year-old Ameer Martin, who was brought to the hospital on May 12th after her parents stated that she had stopped breathing.

Newsday refers to what happened next as “a series of errors.” Interviews later confirmed that a catheter was inserted into her artery instead of a vein, causing a blood clot to form overnight. When the clot was removed in surgery the next day, she was accidentally given twenty seven times the proper amount of papaverine, which served to expand the blood vessel. A lawsuit was filed after Ameer’s death, which named Dr. John Ricotta, the chief of surgery, Dr. Zvi Jacob, the anesthesiologist present at the time of her surgery, two residents, and one nurse as being responsible for her death. The lawsuit later prompted State Health Commissioner Antonia Novello to claim that pediatric patients were in “imminent danger” and led the fight to close the pediatric cardiac catheterization program.

In August, Newsday reported that a similar incident occurred in the OR. According to Dr. Richard Fine, the Dean of Stony Brook’s medical school, a child was given an overdose of an unspecified medication. No other details have been released, including the child’s age. Dr. William Green, associate director of regu-



Doesn't the hospital remind you of Lego blocks?

5:00 AM

latory affairs, issued a statement soon after, stating that the problem was “immediately identified and reversed” before any damage could be made.

Although this particular death was not investigated by the Department of Health, the incident was soon followed by an announcement. On September 18, University President Shirley Strum Kenny announced the names of an investigative panel that she had appointed. Her choice of panelists was then applauded by Newsday as being one of “blue ribbon” caliber. The panel includes Dr. Aran Chobanian, the President Emeritus of Boston University and Charles Young, the former Chancellor of UCLA, and is led by Dr. Mitchell Rabkin, the former president of Beth Israel Hospital.

The probe into the infant deaths has led to more than just an investigation by Kenny’s personal panel. The action began with a hefty \$38,000 fine after nineteen violations were found by the New York Department of Health, including the formerly improper technique of administering anesthesia. Not only has the Department of Health started their own investigation, but the Suffolk County District Attorney’s office, led by Thomas Spota, claimed to jump on soon after. This was then followed by another investigation by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations (JCAHO), who are responsible for maintaining upkeep of accredited programs in the first place. The situation swelled even more after the Federal programs of Medicaid and Medicare stood up and proposed that they would get involved as well.

It seemed as if the only people who refused to form an investigative panel were the Trustees of Stony Brook University, who voted down the idea for an independent panel on September 26. However, many trustees expressed their discontent for a University-approved panel, questioning whether or not it would be independent of the University in its findings.

The past few months have been comprised of many accusations and promises of pending investigations. None of the

panels that reportedly began their investigations two months ago have yet to reveal any of their findings. While Dr. John Ricotta was named as a defendant in the lawsuit concerning the death of Ameer Martin, the Department of Health has not posted any infractions in his profile on their website. The page has not even been updated since October of 2005. An article about E. Coli in spinach appears on the home page while their statistics concerning infant heart surgery at SBMC have not been updated since 2003. Any prospect of information has also been lost with JCAHO; any mention of their “investigation” at Stony Brook has failed to grace its website in any form. The Suffolk County District Attorney’s office has released press releases on robberies and illegal immigrants, but there is nothing about their promised investigation of the hospital.

Of course, this could be due to the opinion that there truly is nothing to worry about. A recent town meeting highlighted the lack of infant deaths at SBMC, while Shirley Strum Kenny expressed her discontent over not having her letters of praise for the hospital printed in Newsday. SBMC has even changed hospital policy: now, all medications that are being used by an anesthesiologist must be labeled and approved by two doctors before use.

Not only has the medical community stayed out of the spotlight when the difficult questions are asked (including those at the Hospital), but it seems that Newsday has successfully been able to slink away on this issue as well. They even failed to digitally archive the original groundbreaking story, which appeared in print this summer. Ameer Martin’s mother said that the gross oversights that occurred during her daughter’s hospital stay were “almost like murder.” However, publicity on the unit’s shutdown is few and far between. While many are simply unwilling to talk about it, others claim that there is nothing to be concerned about. Was Newsday simply hard up for material this summer, or have they opened up a gigantic can of worms that many are afraid to touch?

# Atlantis and Beyond

By Michael Felder

On the morning of September 9th, the space shuttle Atlantis launched from the Kennedy Space Center in Florida, carrying six astronauts and another large segment of the partially constructed International Space Station into orbit. It is only the third flight attempted after the Columbia disaster in early 2003 and the first to truly resume the shuttle program’s agenda to honor our commitments to NASA’s international partners by completing the construction of the hugely expensive and complex station. The crews of both the station and the shuttle performed superbly, deploying the second large solar array from the Atlantis addition, effectively doubling the station’s ability to generate electricity. Overall, the whole mission got pretty effective press coverage; you could find the story on most major sites that carry national news. Yet, once the crew is safely on Earth and all the praise is handed out, with all the flashy, loud displays of launch over with, the space program will once again drop away from the headlines and the general public consciousness.

I run into a lot of different levels of interest in, and knowledge of, our space program. Some people think it’s generally a waste of time and money, as we have to solve so many problems on the planet before we can even consider leaving it. Some, of course, avidly support it, but in general I run into people under informed about the scope and purpose of the program in recent years. Our media does a terrible job of covering NASA in general, aside from the occasional shuttle launches. There is so much more at work beyond our gravity than is generally known or appreciated. After the Apollo missions that controlled the total attention of the nation with their bold moon landings, the public in general seemed to grow bored with space travel. The public, I think, grew too accustomed to the successes and took for granted the incredibly tough and dangerous task of space travel. The Columbia served as something like shock therapy to everyone within NASA, with the Columbia commission assessing that complacency throughout the command structure of the agency led to the lax safety measures that doomed the seven people aboard the shuttle. The craft disintegrated on reentry due to a small hole in the heat shield on one wing. Afterwards, Bush announced something he called his

Continued on page 18





# Who Cares If Queerness Is Chosen or Genetic?

By Marcel Votluka

It's not often that a straight person finds themselves having to justify their own humanity. Queer folk, on the other hand, face such a dilemma all the time. How else can you describe that incessant debate over whether homosexuality is a choice or genetic?

There's certainly no such debate over heterosexuality. Why would there be? After all, straight people can take themselves for granted. They're the majority of the population. They made the unspoken rules we have to live by. That's why we hear things like "Oh, I've no problems with the homosexual lifestyle" (as if there were a problem in the first place) or "Why do gay people always have to flaunt it?" (as if straight couples holding hands and talking about their relationships, marriages, and sexual conquests isn't "flaunting it"). Straight folk don't have to even think about it much; everyone is assumed to be "straight" and expected to act the part.

Putting it bluntly, that means: **a)** sex is only between men and women (unless it's two hot girls and then a man can enjoy the show all he wants) **b)** "man on top" in any facet of life, not just sex, and **c)** have lots and lots of kids.

The last part – procreation – is where ideological attacks on queer folk (and especially on same-sex marriage) come from. All so-called "arguments" against homosexuality stem from the issue of procreation. Cajole a homophobe long enough and you'll see them clutch it for dear life. For simplicity's sake I'll call this the "Breeder Argument". There are two versions of the Breeder Argument, the religious\*

and the scientific.

The former is best summed up this way: *God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve! And if God created man*

*and woman to be together and have kids, then being straight must be sanctioned by God. Therefore, if you're queer, you're going against God's plan and therefore you're sinful and just plain wrong!*

The latter rejects fairy tales and tries the Darwinian approach: *A species (say, homo sapiens) cannot survive and thrive unless its members procreate. Generally there are two sexes, male and female, and both must couple in order to carry on their DNA, and continue the species. If all humans were to*

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*The issue of procreation is where ideological attacks on queer folk and same sex marriage come from. All "arguments against homosexuality reduce the human race to a pack of barnyard animals.*

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*couple with members of their own sex exclusively, the species would eventually dwindle and die out. Therefore, to be homosexual is to go against the natural order of life.*

See, religion and science aren't totally irreconcilable after all!

The Breeder Argument holds procreation as the supreme human value. It basically says that the choice of having kids is the stairway to moral superiori-

ty and righteousness. Never mind the implications for those who choose not to have children – or those who cannot. Never mind how it treats women as baby factories for male progeny. Never mind how it makes a mockery of individual rights, needs, desires and choices.

Instead, here is the cardinal sin: thousands of years of rich human progress – medicine, art, music, science, language, philosophy, industrialization, space travel, the Internet, great civilizations and diverse cultures – the Breeder Argument reduces it all to nothing. If all arguments against homosexuality are grounded in the Breeder Argument, then all arguments against homosexuality reduce the human race to a pack of barnyard animals – a stinking flock of unthinking, unfeeling, ignorant savages.

But wait! Researchers are working around the clock to try to refute the Breeder Argument, showing scientific evidence that being queer is natural and not a choice! This is supposed to give queer folk ammunition when agitating for equal rights and equal dignity *vis a vis* straight people. Hence we see study after study showing how same sex couples make superb parents, that people don't consciously choose their sexuality, et cetera blah blah... Then the homophobes put out their own studies (with help from that discredited lunatic, Paul Cameron) and preach from Genesis and Romans and *The Origin of Species* until their faces turn blue.

It's a vicious cycle. If queerness is deemed natural, then it's okay to be gay...or it's a disease. If it's deemed a

choice, it's either an "alternative lifestyle"...or an immoral choice punishable by harassment, jail time or death. Well, what a lovely debate we – no, *they* – are having. As if the Breeder Argument weren't atrocious enough, we find ourselves having to muck around in this nonsense!

Whatever happened to the idea of human life as an end in itself? Whatever happened to the idea that all people are entitled to fundamental dignity by virtue of being human beings with inalienable, natural rights? And whatever happened to "We're here, we're queer, get used to it!"? We're so busy muddling around with these futile arguments that we don't cut to the heart of things...

Is queerness natural? Is it a choice? *Who the hell cares?*

Whether or not being queer is a deliberate choice, or whether it is natural, is an absurd and meaningless argument that only serves to force us to justify ourselves as queer. Who or what gives anybody the right to put others in that position?

Drag queens fought for our dignity at Stonewall; I doubt they were concerned with that inane debate of 'nature versus nurture'. No...they simply asserted their value as human beings no matter what – and so we should go back to that simple principle.

One of the fundamental ideals of Western civilization is that all people are entitled to fundamental dignity and individual rights just by virtue of being human. Our legal and moral codes are largely based off that ideal. Yet homophobes\*\*, be they secular or religious, go against these ideals every time they try to make an argument against homosexuality with the Breeder Argument or whatever absurd propaganda they cook up. They fail to realize that that sexuality is a fluid thing; "arguing" against homosexuality is morally equivalent to "arguing" against heterosexuality. Is this a futile game or what?

As I said earlier, nobody expects a straight person to defend themselves – to defend heterosexuality. People would think you crazy if you seriously broached the subject. Maybe that's because people don't care to examine what really lies beneath arguments and debates over homosexuality or queerness?

Maybe it's time we did so.

*\*For the purpose of this essay, let's ignore for the moment a certain misinterpreted fairy tale about Sodom and Gomorroah – which is actually about the attempted rape of Lot's guests in his own home, not homosexuality.*

*\*\*For lack of a better word, I will continue to use "homophobe", semantic games aside ("oh, we're not afraid of gays, we just...disagree with them!")*

# Atlantis and Beyond (continued)

Continued from page 16

“vision” for space exploration, redirecting NASA to a new series of priorities that will shape the future of our space program.

The real successes of NASA in recent years have not come from the manned missions, but rather robotic rovers and satellites. There are missions exploring regions of the solar system that have never been reached before. Since January 2004, there have been two golf cart-sized robotic rovers in continuous operation on the surface of Mars. Their original warranty was about three months of operation before their components wore out and failed, yet the mission is approaching three years, and the rovers have shown incredible resilience and reliability. This is arguably the most important space mission in recent years, with the robot geologists confirming that Mars once appeared as the Earth does, with proof that water oceans once existed for periods of time on the surface. This discovery also supports those who argue that life once might have existed on our neighbor planet. Only microbial life, of course, but even the knowledge of that kind of life on another planet is enough. The Mars Global Surveyor, Mars Odyssey, and the brand new Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter, combined with the rovers, all work to expand our knowl-

edge of Mars. The Reconnaissance Orbiter will return more volume of data than all previous space missions combined. There is an orbiter mission to Saturn named Cassini, the first to visit the planet since the Voyager missions 30 years ago. It has produced the most detailed images of Saturn, its rings, and its many moons ever encountered (one looks damn close to the Death Star for some reason). There is a recently launched mission to Pluto (before it was raped of its planet status) that will take nine years to reach its target. There are satellites studying the sun, which strangely was neglected by many countries' space programs until about fifteen years ago. In the last five years or so some satellites have been sent to intercept comets and asteroids. One named Stardust trailed a comet, collected the material that makes up its tail, and returned to Earth for analysis. All the images returned by these missions are something that people even twenty or thirty years ago could never have imagined. It's easy to look up any of these missions on the internet, if you're interested.

The future of NASA seems very ambitious. After the completion of the space station, the agency seeks to retire the shuttle in 2010 and introduce its new spacecraft, called the Crew Exploration Vehicle by about 2014. This new spacecraft is a



Phallus

NASA

fusion of Apollo shaped rockets with space shuttle engine technology. There are two main rockets, one massive cargo lifter, and a smaller crew rocket, being separate mainly for safety concerns. The new craft is designed specifically for the purposes of returning to manned missions to the moon and then to Mars many years

from now. The shuttle was never designed to leave Earth's orbit so, in a sense, we lost the capabilities we had 40 years ago to travel beyond our planet. The program calls for returning humans to the moon before 2020 for much longer durations, practicing for the much more challenging task of getting to Mars, set for no earlier than 2030. If we ever made the choice of going to Mars, the travel time each way is about three months, so we would certainly want to stay on the surface for a good while to make the trip worth it. There are plans to build extremely powerful telescopes in the coming decades that would be capable of taking images of planets orbiting other stars. Imagine the excitement when the first pictures of a planet that appears as ours does, with blue oceans and white clouds, are recorded. Many more powerful robotic missions are planned for Mars and the icy moons of Jupiter, other places in the solar system that seem promising for the existence of life. All of this, of course, depends on the support of many different presidents and congresses, as well as the public in general. It certainly may not end up the way it's been laid out by NASA, but after wasting ridiculous billions of dollars in our Iraq adventure, we could stand to support something that at least has clear lasting benefit to the future of our civilization.

## Campaign to Kick Out Coca-Cola

By Amelia Fischer

A grave issue was addressed this past week when Amit Srivastava from the India Resource Center came to the Stony Brook campus. Srivastava spoke with a small gathering of students about the Coca-Cola Company and its corrupt international labor practices. These days one can almost expect huge corporations to behave badly in the developing world, and the populace has become complicit in this horrifying trend.

There have been many serious accusations brought against the Coca-Cola Company backed by strong evidence in India and Colombia. These charges begin with the water shortages that Coca-Cola's bottling plants have caused in rural India. Each indi-



vidual Coca-Cola bottling plant in India takes up to 250,000 gallons of water per day from local water sources in order to make their products. Since 70% of India's people rely on agriculture to make a living, water is a necessity on multiple levels. Water shortages have become an urgent problem around Coca-Cola plants, affecting tens of thousands of people every day.

The poisoned wastewater from these Coca-Cola plants is indiscriminately disposed of into the surrounding community. The long-term public health consequences of these actions are yet unknown, but people in rural India don't have a choice: they must use this pol-

luted well water to survive.

The Center for Science and Environment, a research center based in New Delhi, tested a range of Coca-Cola products from around India and found that they contained 24 times more pesticides than are allowed by European Union or United States standards. The Coca-Cola products sold to 1.2 billion people who live in India are banned in the U.S. and the E.U. because they are so dangerous to consume. The same products were tested three years later in 2003, after the Indian Government put pressure on Coca-Cola, and the exact same results were found. The Coca-Cola Company has not done anything to change its destructive business practices.

The human-rights abuses are rampant in other countries as well, such as Colombia, Guatemala, El Salvador, Chile, Peru, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Pakistan, Russia, and Turkey. The international bottling plants of the Coca-Cola Company have been implicated in anti-union activities for decades. Death threats, murder, abductions, and coercion are some of the tactics commonly used to discourage unionizing. The Coca-Cola Company is fully aware of these practices by their business partners and does nothing to discourage it.

Many will argue that these violations of human rights are off the radar of Coca-Cola Corporate, which subcontracts plants internationally, and therefore the human rights violations are a local issue only. If the heads of Coca-Cola Corporate don't know about these human rights violations, they are criminally negligent. If they do know, then they are simply criminal because they are deliberately turning a blind eye.

If awareness is brought to these horrifying labor practices, Coca-Cola will eventually be forced to change its policies. Think of what an example this company could set for others if it dramatically changed its policies! It could be an incredible force for just business practices. By refusing to sign exclusive contracts with Coca-Cola, public institutions like Stony Brook University are sending a message that this behavior will not be tolerated. We must demand corporate responsibility.

I am confident that the majority of the Stony Brook University community prefers to support ethical companies that recognize their corporate responsibility. There are local and non-local companies that exemplify these qualities, and their products are just as good as Coca-Cola's.

Continued on next page

# State of the University Address: A Student's Perspective

By Esam Al-Shareffi

After a fine meal of spicy lamb curry at Jasmine, I happened to walk by the Staller Center where some food and drinks were being prepared. Curious, I looked around and found a tiny poster that mentioned the University Convocation, featuring a "State of the University" address by Stony Brook University President Shirley Strum Kenny. Having been e-mailed about this a few days ago and having finished all of my classes for the day, I decided that it could not hurt to hear what was going on.

Entering the Staller Center I was approached by a stern faced lady. She directed me to the stairs that led to the main auditorium, and there I was handed a program that confirmed the "State of the University" address as well as included the names of over a hundred new faculty members who have joined Stony Brook. As I was somewhat early there were only a handful of people dressed formally in the auditorium, and I proceeded to sit in a spot that was not quite at the center of the room, but close to it.

There I waited as the room began to get filled to about half capacity with a multitude of faculty and administrators, these distinguished men and women chatting in their groups. At first I was able to overhear the comments and the little jokes, but before long the atmosphere transformed into that akin to a pep rally, with noise everywhere but nothing entirely audible. I kept looking for fellow students in the room but found only a handful, and these were people who were just not dressed in suits, so I was not even sure of their identities. At about 4:10 pm, only ten minutes after the scheduled time, the President took the stage to universal applause and began her speech.

After the usual pleasantries, the thank-

ing of local government officials and others who are "part of the Stony Brook family," President Kenny got down to business. She outlined many statistics, increased average SAT scores of applicants, increased numbers of applicants, increased selectivity, greater numbers of out-of-state freshmen, and so on. She proudly talked about the new Journalism major, increased demand for seats in the school of medicine, more scholarship money, and finally, a decent budget from SUNY.

There were probably even more positive statistics, but to get the reader's interest back, I will now dwell on the negative aspects. First, the President admitted to the widespread facility problems on campus, blaming "the brutalist architecture and sub-standard concrete" of the buildings constructed on campus. She even went further to state that there was an epidemic of infrastructure problems and the need to remove "unhealthy building materials" (that is asbestos in my book,) but promised only to take care of the most critical concerns. Of course, it will likely come as no surprise to the reader that the construction surrounding

*The President admitted to...  
'The brutalist architecture  
and sub-standard concrete' of  
the buildings constructed  
on campus*

the Administration building was the first to be completed....

Of greater interest was the President's notion that the fact that we now have the greatest number of students attending Stony Brook than ever before – at around 22,600 – was a good thing, with a projected figure of 25,000 in a few years! Sure, the university may get more tuition



Mariana Martins

SSK

funds, but what about housing these extra students? What about getting into your required classes and their sheer size? Can our facilities and infrastructure handle such an increase? No where in the presentation was any provision or discussion made of getting more buses, more parking spaces, or more housing to deal with the current and future influx, except for a vague commitment to "either renovate or build new" housing, but only after other priorities were met. In a later portion of the speech, President Kenny was talking about how students were telling her, for the first time, "how much they love Stony Brook," but in the same sentence complained about "too many people in dining facilities." There seems to be a major disconnect here about the implications of more students on campus.

Overall, the picture looked quite bright. At least in terms of statistics, life at Stony Brook is now better than ever, and a fair assessment of the situation would likely support this conclusion. Still, this campus and its well-being cannot be measured in terms of statistics

alone. At the same time that the construction of new buildings is being planned, we have, and I quote the President's own words here, an "epidemic" of infrastructure problems. Reasonable minds are wondering whether or not it is possible to use the money earmarked for new construction to first improve and renovate our campus. Furthermore, the student voice in the decision making process seems to be non-existent. While I am not so radical as to demand so much as an equal share in this area for students, I think it would be reasonable if the administration and faculty of Stony Brook would at least inform and consult, in a non-binding way, with students on the wisdom of new policies and on the overall mission of the campus. It seems as if most of the decisions made by President Kenny and others are quite appropriate and have the interests of the University in mind, but in a few other areas (like the proposed increase in admissions I discussed earlier,) it seems as if some student involvement would do us all quite a bit of good.

## Campaign to Kick Out Coke (continued)

Continued from previous page

We could sign contracts with a few of these different beverage companies, giving students a valuable choice in where they put their money. Competition is good for economies of all sizes. Having Coca-Cola exclusively on campus does not allow for competition. We must demand a choice. Students who live on campus realistically have no choice in what they drink. We have a responsibility to change that, just as 29 other college campuses (such as New York University, DePaul

University and Manhattanville College) have already done.

This issue is a great example of the "think globally, act locally" idea. This is a global issue, affecting millions of people in every country in the world. We can send a strong message to the Coca-Cola Company by boycotting their products and by refusing to renew our contract with them in January of 2008. We have a good amount of time to convince the administration that we don't want our University supporting human rights violations around the world. There are a myriad of global

issues that we feel powerless to change, but this is a global issue with a very local solution!

Demanding that our Administration do the right thing will not be comfortable or easy; but justice doesn't come about on its own, and it is frequently buried under economic necessity that is hard to overcome. However, our Administration must ask itself what it values more: a business relationship with the egregiously unethical Coca-Cola Company, or the respect of the global community and the students of this University.

For more information:

-Meetings for the Campaign to Kick Out Coca-Cola are Thursdays from 6:30 to 7:00 pm in the Student Union, 2nd floor lounge.

- [www.indiaresource.org](http://www.indiaresource.org) is a great resource for more information on the Coca-Cola Company's business practices

- A complete list of Coca-Cola products can be found at

<http://www.thecocacolacompany.com/brandslist.html#D>

# It's the End of the World as We Know it... and I Feel "Re'-fine"

By Michael P. Lindeman

On 12 Sep. 2006, news was reported by Technology Review that U.S. off-shore drilling equipment had successfully been "refined" and tested in waters more than "7,000 feet deep," able to dig "28,175 feet," sustaining "15,000-20,000 pounds of pressure." This drilling equipment will be used in the near future by three major U.S. oil companies to extract an estimated 3 to 15 billion gallons of oil from the Gulf of Mexico, which would raise the U.S. oil reserves by "up to 50%."

What is the reason oil is used in your car's engine instead of water or air? It acts as a coolant and lubricant for all the metal parts in the engine. Oil boils at a much higher temperature than water, making it an ideal liquid for the high intensities of heat the engine produces.

What happens when the oil is taken out (or leaks out)? Your engine heats up and seizes. If I ask you to take the oil out of your vehicle's engine so I could use it to sell for a sizable profit, you would probably tell me to get bent (or other choice words to your choosing). This may seem like a foolish question to ask, but more relevant than you might think.

Imagine earth as an engine. It has a hot molten core and many different layers of rock that shift, a process scientist refer to as plate tectonics. Far below the Earth's surface there are large deposits of oil. The oil acts as a coolant protecting outer layers from the hot molten core, preventing overheating. The oil acts as a lubricant for rock - on - rock cold play. When you take the oil out all you have are air and vapors. Being an aircraft mechanic myself, I know that if the jet engine oil system is not bled of air properly, there is a great chance for increased friction of the gears and eventual breakdown of parts.

If we can infer that the basic mechanical laws of a car (or jet) engine are similar to the laws of mechanical earth, we then can deduce that there is a direct correlation between the depletion of oil reserves and the increasing temperatures of the earth's outer crust. If the lack of oil contributes to degree changes on the upper layers, could this explain why ice caps are melting so rapidly in Alaska, a major area for oil extraction? Could this be a major cause of global warming scientists might have overlooked? I know when I look up all day, sometimes I forget to look down.

Oil companies have been extracting fossil fuels from the earth since the 1870s. Just imagine how many gallons of heat-inhibiting oil have been drained from the earth already. Now these oil companies are about to take 3 to 15 billion gallons more out of the earth's engine. With that much empty space where the oil once was, the earth will either heat to unstable tempera-

tures, melting what is left of the caps and causing increased amounts of seismic and volcanic activity, or it will just cave in like an old coalmine.

My advice to remedy this potential catastrophe would be to start researching different effects oil extraction has on global warming. If this theory proves correct, sanctions should be implemented to cease fossil fuel drilling immediately. Also, alternate forms of energy, such as ethanol, wind, and nuclear power, should be exclusively used to prevent further destruction of the earth's engine. Lastly, synthetic or recycled fossil fuels should be placed back into the giant holes, a process which might re-stabilize the earth's temperature.

Urstadt, Bryant. "Going Deeper For More Oil." Technology Review on the Web. 12 Sept. 2006, 14 Sept. 2006. <<http://www.technologyreview.com/>>.

## Fuck Goose Feces

An underground movement has infiltrated college campuses nationwide. Geese cover the campus, and they defecate with impunity. They walk in boisterous groups across the grounds and drop bombs wherever they please, creating a nuisance for anyone on their way to class and an outright injunction against sports like soccer and football. But a select group of individuals have begun to fight back, and to spread their message of insurrection to the populace. This intrepid reporter was able to snag an interview with one of the resistance movement's young stars, James Messina. What follows is a verbatim transcription.

- So, James...

- Hey man, whoa. Fucking shit, watch out! (indicates goose feces)

- ... Thanks.

- Yeah man, that was fucking close.

- Anyway. Um... (consults notes) I see that -

- Look, man! Fuck those notes. They aren't going to tell you anything. (Again, indicates goose feces.) Fuck them birds! Those motherfucking cocksuckers... I wish I could just kill all those arrogant quacking bastards and fuck their corpses...

- Excuse me, James, - what the hell did you just say?

- Fucking sons of... Oh shit. Are you recording all this?

- Um, yes. I told you before I pressed 'record'.

- Oh... oh. Well, edit that shit out. Fucking -

- Would you like me to edit that out, too?

- Why, so I come off all learned and shit? Fuck that, you dumb motherfucker. The people have to know, the geese - the geese, they have to know too.

- What?

- Fuck you!

- You're aware I'm the one writing this. You could stand to be nicer.

- Look man, that won't solve shit. (Indicates feces) Fuck that! I'm going to kill them all. And fuck them. And cook them... Those motherfuckers... (trails off, inaudible)

- Um, in that order?

- You just don't get it. I'm going to fucking kill those - fuck...

- Perhaps we should focus on your group's long-term goals. So far, I've yet to hear a name attached to you. What's your name, what are your goals, how do you envision yourselves?

- Well, it's like this. One day, I was sitting in my dorm. And then I had class. So, you know, I'm going to class, and I step in some shit. So I'm like, "Fuck you, goose." Gave that motherfucker a taste of his own medicine. I shit on a newspaper, then beat a goose to death with it.

- You killed a goose?



Shake that ass

Adina Silverbush

- Yeah.

- With a newspaper covered in...?

- Shit. Yeah. So... I guess those are our long term plans. Fucking keep beating these geese with shit-stained newspapers until they fucking learn.

- Do you have one you prefer to use?

- You mean a newspaper?

- Yes.

- I use The Patriot. The issues are pretty small, but they fold up nice, and I don't read them anyway.

- I hear they've got some insightful political commentary,

and their humor is wry and biting.

- Nope. I wouldn't be killing these geese with some shit worth reading.

- Right. So James, your organization's long term goals would be...?

- Our fucking name! Citizens Against Goose Shit. You forgot to ask our name. Make sure you mention that shit. Um, right. Our goals. Well, it depends. I've been telling everyone to kill the geese. But that won't teach them. (Turns, whips back)

- ...

- I fuck 'em. I'm going to fuck every one of them. Let them see how it feels.

- (Disconcerted.) I'm pretty sure that this isn't an eye for an eye scenario, James. Your punishment doesn't seem to fit the crime.

- You've seen them preening themselves? They have long necks! Motherfuckers... I tried to fuck one and it bit my stomach before I could get inside! I can tell they like it - I'm going to make her wear a Donald Duck mask, that's right...

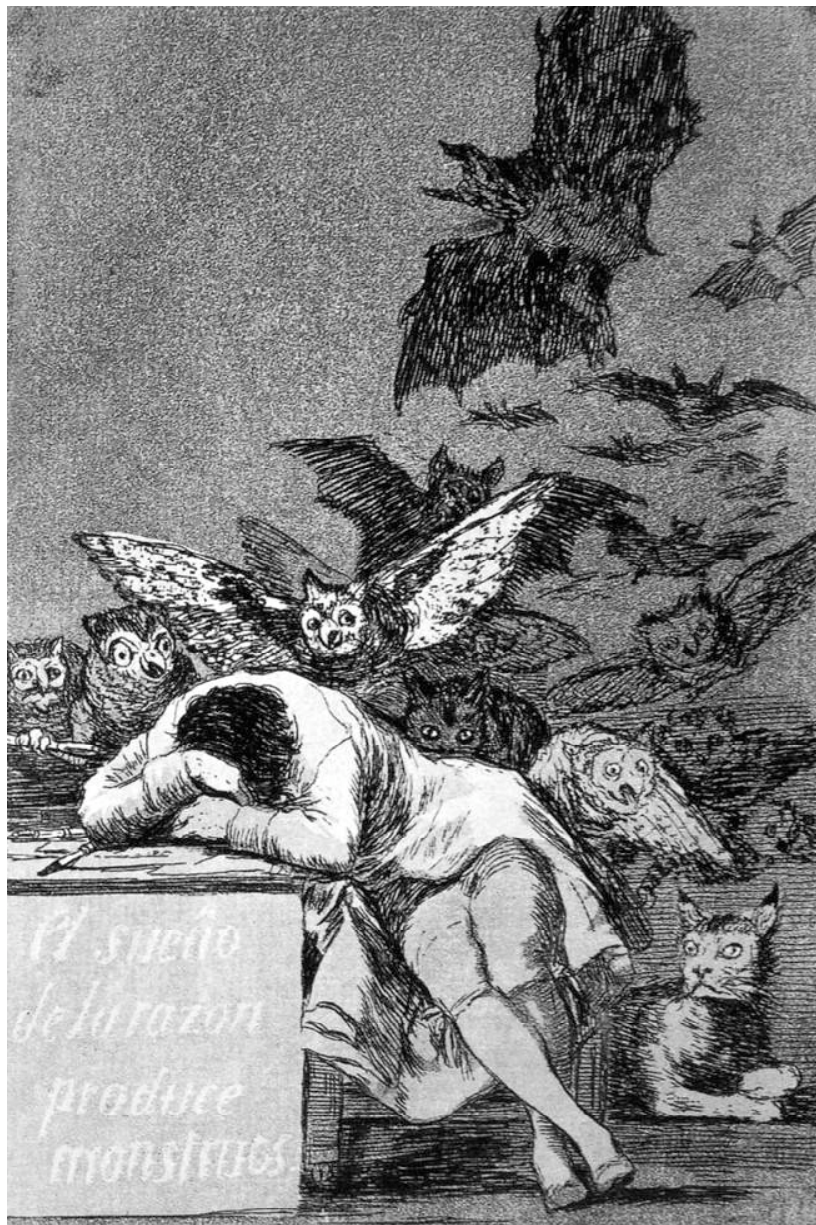
- What the hell? Look, I've got to -

- (Seizes tape recorder.) Don't believe him, man! The fucking Press won't tell you the truth! We need to do something to get rid of goose shit! It's everywhere, and it's annoying! And if we kill them, and fuck them - They're smart. Those fuckers are calculating. I'm going to teach them a lesson, going to show them all... Why doesn't she love me? Is it 'cuz of Donald? Oh God, I'm so sorry.

James later mailed me, stating he was certain that in the next few weeks, his strategy will have succeeded, and we'll see no more geese for several months. His methods are unorthodox, to say the least, but he's already seeing results. Frightened geese can be seen flying away amidst a honking clamor that is sure to be the goose equivalent of terror.

-Dr. Albus Fistfuck

# A Poet's Dream



Dedicated to my dad, Prof. Noam Chomsky, and Prof. Dusa McDuff, for never giving up on me and for giving me so much useful advice.

If there was ever a story to tell, a story with the sign of tempos and patterns, a story with the sweet vibes of curiosity and the overwhelming spiritual bliss of the creative heart, if there was ever a sign of the times and the times changing with the course of a historic trend, then that time certainly has swept me off my feet, and I've caught a glimpse of an extraordinary adventure that has brought me through every level of human feeling and emotion. Yes, there were wizards and prophets; for once in my life, I had a dream that I was summoned to a farm. A wise woman stood in the middle of a room with three wise men. She approached me and whispered in my ear, "You are the Messiah." Only then was I gripped with fear and humility, running out of the farm crying to God, "Why?!" as hard as I could, as hard as I could emotionally express. "I hate you, you bastard!" I ran through the fields as hard as I could, I ran to the other side of the woods as the sunrise began appearing above the horizon. There, in my exhaustion, I fell to my knees and began to cry—yes, cry—cry, "Why me?" As funny as this story, as this dream, may seem, to the uncanny mind it seems to be rather a random set of neurons sending massive amounts of electrical energy from one section to the next. I agree with Freud, I agree with Joseph Campbell: dreams are a mirror image of a truly human odyssey. An odyssey that can inspire the soul to produce the most creative, the most emotionally gripping works in the history of human civilization. But to transcend, to move

further into the void and conquer the existential dichotomy, I had to take one giant leap forward towards a faithful risk. Would I, should I, must I, can I change for the best? For, despite claiming to be the most radical liberal, I was, after all, afraid of the changes in my life. I never would believe three years ago that my major would change into philosophy and applied mathematics; my expectations were higher, bigger, greater than I could ever imagine. I wanted to be a theoretical physicist and a mathematician; but was I ever going to learn, succumbing to the hungry beast, that life never goes your way. And since life never, ever goes the way one expects, because life and all its dichotomies presented to us in the form of human uncertainties can be so unbearable, it is my duty to present myself cogently and articulate a past so awesome, so dangerous, and so different as to perplex the most rational mind. It was by overcoming my own fears of taking a faithful risk that I was able to achieve my goals to return to school and find some measure of stability and change necessary to overcome my illness and acclimate to the stressful environment of the underclass. I hope that the story I present to academics and students can be emotionally fulfilling in a sense that they can learn from the

hard lessons learned in the often conflicting and depressing melodies of impoverishment. I remember the last few days I resided in Sienna, there was much grief at the fact that I was leaving behind close friends and that I would have to acclimate to a new environment. I learned, and should have learned a long time ago, that one must first get better before he is ever to attempt to help others in the process. It is my hope and the hope of those who have helped me that I can get better and find some measure of spirituality in my struggle to find some good degree of personal happiness and fulfillment.

Not long ago, almost two years ago, I embraced a new level of thought, and that was atheism. I had long suspected that I was an atheist, but I was often isolated in my views; I could not understand more than I wanted. I could not tolerate other individuals' belief systems, but I grew to realize that everyone is entitled to their opinion. In my life at that time, I was beginning to realize how limited I was and how problematic most of my issues were. I was a mathematics and physics undergraduate, and I had dreams of being a Nobel Prize winner and Fields Medalist; I had dreams of integrating all the four forces of nature into a Grand Unified Theory and finally solving the enigma of quantum gravity. I studied and interacted with the most brilliant minds, but I was caught up in the moment for too long. I soon understood that my illness would make it very difficult for me to do long proofs in the form of long sentences and statements; I could not master the whole methodology of problem-solving in physics, merely because of the fact that I was skipping prerequisites and moving further up without taking into account the steps necessary to achieve a level

of mathematical maturity. But, more than that, my interests were changing drastically, and I moved from talking about mathematics and physics with my friends to feeling isolated because I could not discuss radical left-wing politics with a group of moderates. Clearly, it wasn't their fault, it was mine: it was my refusal to realize that change was necessary and that I needed to find a new place to hang out and new people with which to connect. It was at this moment that I realized I would be leaving math and physics to pursue something different. I wanted to experiment with philosophy, but my father did not take it well, and the first time I brought up even the idea of leaving the natural sciences to do the social sciences, my father explained—and rightly so—that I would have to find a job and work from now on. I took it well, but it was a painful thing to realize that my financial security from a field so prestigious and well-known was no longer going to be assured. In the market, it just doesn't pay well to be a social science person.

But my life would turn inside out as I realized how disillusioned I was by the whole process of becoming a philosophy major. I was just not happy with this decision, and what should have been the most productive semester became the most destructive; I had no direction and no purpose at Stony Brook. I could not get along with any of my friends in the Society of Physics Students; I couldn't talk politics with any of them and I just couldn't fathom the experience of leaving a club that felt like home to search out new places to hang out. I wanted desperately to fit in, but I knew as well that I was greatly in love with a fellow student who came to my aid in a tumultuous time when I first heard my father had cancer. I wanted to be a political philosopher, and she bought me my first political philosophy book; it contained the famous works of Rousseau, and I sat there at the hospital reading it every morning while I waited for her to come see me. We were good friends, and she kept me company; she was always encouraging, always thoughtful of how difficult matters were for me from the onset of my first suicide attempt in January. But there also were the most painful experiences: her holding my hand to tell me she was accepted into graduate school at the hospital, and I having to let go of that hand because the pain was too much. Here I was with the most perfect woman, the one who came to my aid, though I never asked her, when I never expected her to do so. All I could do was let go at that moment and recollect how painful this friendship would be, how meaningless this all seemed to me at that moment. What a powerful moment, I thought, what a thing to remember in a time when my life had no purpose at all. There was a sense of escape, a sense of being one whole, but this trip into codependency would reveal its most destructive qualities when she finally moved to Indiana to attend graduate school in experimental particle physics at Notre Dame. But there were happy moments: right after I came out of the hospital, she and I had dinner in Kelly Quad. She began discussing Greek mythology, talking about how the gods became jealous of the beautiful whole and had to split it apart into men and women, then separate them and distance them on opposite ends of the Earth. What beautiful poetry, I thought; one would think such things wouldn't be so ironic, wouldn't be so true in the end....

Find the full text on [www.thestonybrookpress.com](http://www.thestonybrookpress.com).

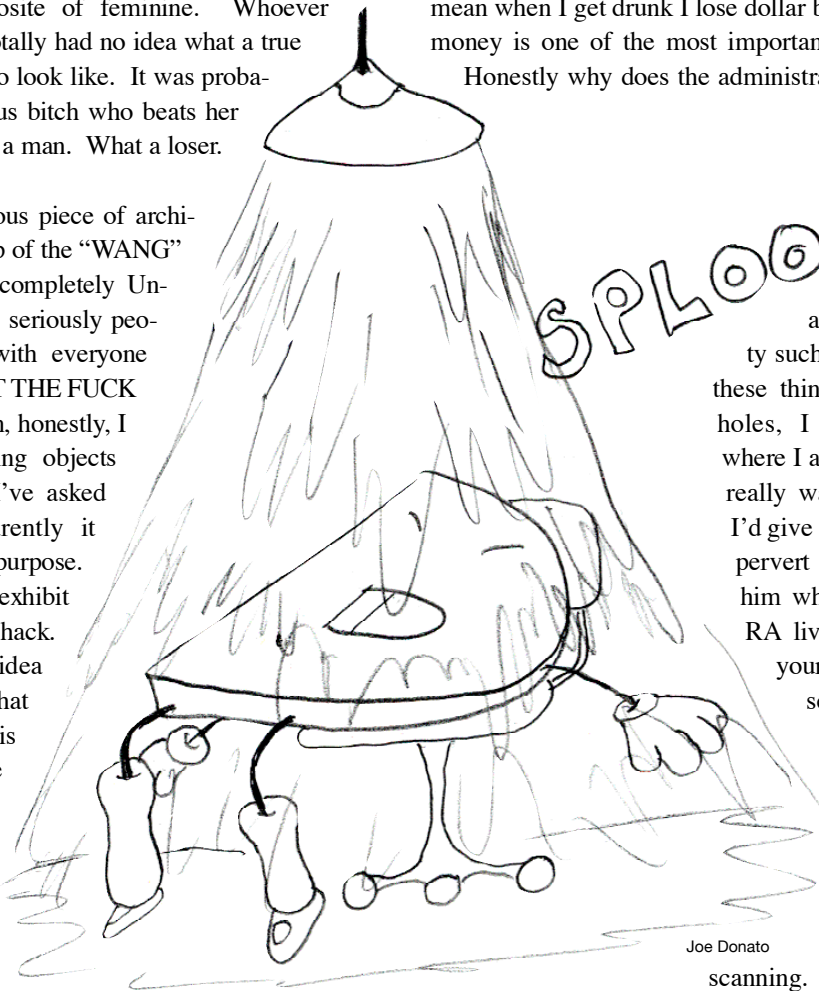
—Miguel Sanchez

# Frankiee D Presents: Things That Piss Me Off About Stony Brook

1. Phallic Symbols: If there is one thing I hate more than anything in the world, it is the idea that another penis, besides my own, exists. The last thing any male wants to think about is another male's genitalia. When I go to the bathroom I don't even use the urinals. I go straight to the bowl, especially if the handicap stall is open; I mean, all that extra room, nothing compares. Anyway, I really don't see the point. The only penis that stands as a true example of masculinity is my own. The last girl I fucked told me my penis was "amazing." Seriously, those were her exact words. I'm sure she'd be happy to confirm it, just ask a girl named Maria sitting next to you in class. If need be, I'd be more than happy to provide evidence, but only if you're hot. There are too many objects on campus that undermine the integrity of my genital region. For example:

A. The Wang Center: Have you ever been in that place. It's fucking beautiful. Everything is spotless and the architecture is cultured and precise. This place clearly diverges from the very connotation of a "Wang" (penis, you idiots). First off, a "wang" is anything but clean; it is supposed to be messy and untended, because real men don't take care of themselves. Women are supposed to do that. Shit, I don't remember the last time I shaved my wang, and you know why? Because shaving is feminine and I am the complete opposite of feminine. Whoever named that place totally had no idea what a true wang is supposed to look like. It was probably some pretentious bitch who beats her sorry-ass excuse of a man. What a loser.

B. The Ambiguous piece of architecture that sits atop of the "WANG" (or, should I say, completely Un-Wang) center: Ok, seriously people, I think I'm with everyone when I ask, "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?" I mean, honestly, I shit more interesting objects than that thing. I've asked around, and apparently it serves no useful purpose. It's just some lame exhibit from some artless hack. Whose fucking idea was it to stick that complete faux penis impostor on the Wang center anyway? I bet whoever it was, did it in an attempt to try and remind me that there is always something bigger than myself, and what better way to rub it in other than making it the Wang Penis look-alike. It is a complete farce of the male genital region. Why couldn't it have been put on Hand College, where I live? You know penis and hand go...well...hand in hand. Then again, maybe it was some vain attempt to push frivolous mottos on the SBU students, like "reach for the skies." Here's an idea, GO FUCK YOURSELF.



Joe Donato

C. The SAC: Ok, seriously, now I know someone is out to fuck with me. Have you seen the size of this building? Not even Paul Bunyan's ball sack was as big as this place. I can't even begin to explain the sheer stupidity of whoever named this building, but here's an idea: Go down to the Science Department (we have one of the best in the country), ask for a book on human biology, examine the male body, and look for yourself. THERE IS NOT ONE THING LIVING ON THIS SIDE OF EXISTENCE THAT HAS A SACK THE SIZE OF THAT BUILDING. Whoever named the buildings on this campus needs to come back to a little thing I like to call "REALITY."

2. Electronic Lock Systems: I work in a restaurant an hour away, so I don't bother bringing my wallet. Life is pretty shitty when it's 2:45 in the morning and I can't get in my building because I don't have my Stony Brook ID. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm going to school. I have neither the time nor the mental capacity to worry about insignificant items like Stony Brook ID cards. I'm assuming that all who are reading this are Stony Brook students (and if you aren't, you're fucking weird), so you know what I'm talking about. These little fuckers are small; how the fuck am I supposed to keep track of a sheet of plastic smaller than a dollar bill? I mean when I get drunk I lose dollar bills all the time, and money is one of the most important things in my life.

Honestly why does the administration feel it's necessary to invest in retinal scanning. There is no way you can fake a retinal scan. It worked in all of the Schwarzenegger movies: Total Recall, True Lies, and that shitty one about him being a clone. Let us do some hypothetical thinking here. What's a more likely scenario: a homeless person stealing my ID card or a homeless person cutting out my eyeball? I'll be fair and admit that both are likely possibilities, so while we're at it, let's just give the RSP personnel their very own handguns. Problem solved. God, I'm so smart.

3. Culturally Diverse Bitching: Now, don't get me wrong, people, I love cultural diversity. My friend base will prove that, and, most importantly, I've practically fucked a girl in every nationality known to man, except French and Canadian, but let's be honest, everyone hates them, so give me a break. If I have to hear about racial inequality and injustice one more time while waiting for pizza at Roth Dining center, I am seriously going to fucking lose my sanity. Stop being little bitches and get the fuck over it. Since the civil rights movement, crimes against race have transformed themselves into crimes against humanity. This doesn't mean it still doesn't exist, but I would like to think humanity is a lot smarter and can identify the difference between the past and a dumbass bigot. Yes, discrimination still exists. I mean I'm practically discriminated every day when I walk outside of my dorm in nothing but my underwear to drink a beer and have a cigarette; I mean people discriminate against me. They call me a "pervert" and tell me to "stop staring at their girlfriend's ass." Yeah, it's fucked up, but hey, SHIT HAPPENS. Come on, idiots; please stop your insolent nagging over the past. Crimes against races have existed since the dawn of man. Take a minute to chew on this: in the course of two years after Japan invaded China, 2,000,000 people were killed. I have yet to see my Chinese roommate kill his Japanese friend, even though there is still a large presence of a racial superiority complex in his home region. My best friend is a conservadox Jew and the entire German nation literally attempted to wipe his race from the scope of humanity. I mean, they don't really even bitch about it, the most they do is laugh at Neo-Nazi groups, and I mean let's face it, those guys look stupid and are probably closet homosexuals, fucking morons. Let's get something straight: this is college—a hub for liberal ideas aimed at creating better roads to our salvation. So, please, by all means, TAKE THE SAND OUT OF YOUR VAGINA and quit treating the person next to you with a different skin color like Hitler, you racist. And this equally goes for you dumbasses out there who are always harping on Asian roomies. Asians are people too, or so I've been told.

4. Campus Police: I mean, I can't say that I've ever really dealt with any of them. But, of course, I hate that pretentious blond ghoul that guards the entrance at night. Come on, who doesn't hate her. I haven't been in trouble here on this campus so I can't really tell you exactly what pisses me off about them...except the fact they ruined the fun this college used to emanate back in the '70s. Real history buffs, you know what I'm talking about. That one event makes them bastards in my book. Thanks a lot...dorks.

5. Water Fountains That Don't Have Cold Water: Like, honestly, how fucking much do we pay to go here? All's I want is a sip of cold water from that rusted piece of shit hanging on the wall.

I'd continue, but I'm getting high blood pressure.

—Frankiee D.

# Ups & Downs / You We're Hotter on the Internet



Opening reception

Jowy Romano

By Stephanie Hayes

For those of you who are still unaware, there's a pretty badass place on campus I like to call the Tabler Arts Center. There, among other things, you'll find practice rooms, a café, and a gallery. I highly recommend that last one, which features small, refreshing work from the undergrad art community. Right now, you should check out the split exhibit by Jowy Romano and Mariana Martins.

Jowy's half is a collection tellingly labeled Ups & Downs which catalogues his highs and lows as a student through art. "Basically, it's the presentation of different pieces that represent my college career," says Romano. Generally, I think it's a bad idea to review stuff done by a close friend because you're bound to praise it no matter what, but in this case it's a'ight, 'cos knowing Jowy means knowing why these pieces are so significant. For example, I look and recognize

Flip, a lithograph of our charismatic Press leader of two years ago. There are plenty of other pieces inspired or done for the paper. I couldn't help but smile because they're clever and recall good times. Tucked in the middle is a photograph and collage of letters relating to a certain young lady. While this could have been a painfully personal eyesore, it's executed well and comes across as earnest and bittersweet. My personal favorites are the oil paintings of landscapes—really gorgeous. The lush colors and quiet scenes are a nice way to wind down Jowy's work, but don't skip over his neat self-portrait...

On the left, you'll find Mariana's You Were Hotter on the Internet, a collection of photographs and post-it poems. "People read my poems or see my photos online and form this impression of me...being cooler than I am," explains Mariana. She conveys this falsely perceived identity through a series of seemingly candid photographs. There are about a gazillion photos: sleeping photos,

hanging out photos, close-ups of hands and stomachs and nostrils. In between the flurry of pictures, there's a column of pink post-its, displaying the poems that Mariana has written. Some are sad, some are funny, and most are witty. These are poems she's written on a whim over a period of time and published online—"my online life in post-its," says the artist. Many of the photos on the other side of the poem divider were taken outdoors, in contrast to the first group of mostly indoor scenes. There's a lot of blue and pink prettiness. I liked it a whole lot.

So, I can't stress enough how great I think the Tabler gallery is. Receptions are a good thing, and I always see the same people there. I give perks to the person that decided to play Cap 'N Jazz in the background—cool as hell. Anyway, the exhibits don't stick around too long, so I urge you to head on over there in your spare time. This one ends on October 7th.



The artists

Adina Silverbush



By Madeline Scheckter

Dude, it's Lamb of God. Of course it's good.

The first thing I thought when I saw the name of the single was "didn't Pantera already do that gimmick?" Sure they did, but thanks for the reminder. I needed it; we all needed it. "Redneck" is a well-executed and brutal single. The single also has two live tracks, "Omerta" and "Black Label." These songs, like the title track, are brutal and well-executed. It is confusing, however, that they would include songs which are not on the album that the single is meant to promote (Sacramento), but rather from Killadelphia. It's all good though, because both albums are worth acquiring. It's just an odd way to set up a single.



"Redneck"

Lamb of God

## CD Review: Ima Robot



By Alex Walsh

Let this be said: Ima Robot's self-titled album is awesome. You should listen to it.

Twice, even. Given that I feel this way, the news that they were putting out another collection of musical misadventures had me pretty excited. Giddy probably isn't the right word, but it makes for entertaining reading, so... I was giddy. Sadly, Monument to the Masses wasn't quite what I was expecting. It doesn't suck, but it's not quite up to the level of Ima Robot. There are a few good songs, notably "Creeps Me Out" and "Stick It to the Man," but not too many that make me want to come back for more like an obsessive former lover.

Whereas the first album was varied and experimental, Monument feels like a much safer effort. Of course, there's something to be said for a cohesive sound, but the

genre-hopping zaniness of IR was a big part of its charm for me. Listening to the first few tracks this time, I was almost bored by the similarity of the songs. The old kindasorta punky synthpop sound is still there, but they've shifted in a more mainstream rockish way. Which makes me a little sad. If you want to get this, you can. It's pretty good, and I've been told it grows on you more after a while. But my recommendation would be to just listen to Ima Robot again a few times. Or... for the first time. Do it.



"Monument to the Masses"

Ima Robot

Watch



Channel 20

## CD Review: And I Feel Fine



By Jake Wallace

True to its title, *And I Feel Fine: The Best of 1982-1987*, presents the best of R.E.M.'s early recordings for IRS Records. The collection contains all but two of their IRS singles (only "Wendell Gee" and "Superman" are absent, and neither is missed), along with 11 fan and band favorites from the era. Album tracks like the roaring intro "Begin the Begin," the dreary "Feeling Gravity's Pull" and their odd tribute to Ohio's Cuyahoga River (cleverly titled "Cuyahoga") give the listener a true sense of the band's artistic depth and early talent. Meanwhile, singles like "Radio Free Europe," "Southern Central Rain (I'm Sorry)" and their breakthrough hit, "The One I Love" showcase their pop sensibility. There's also much to be said for a track like "It's the End of the World As We Know it (And I Feel Fine)," which managed to become a rock radio staple in 1987, despite a drawn out title and lack of audible lyrics, but quirks like this were always part of R.E.M.'s charm. Elsewhere we hear Michael Stipe begin to delve into more politically conscious lyrical content ("Finest Worksong," "Welcome to the

Occupation"), a theme still present in many of their most recent recordings.

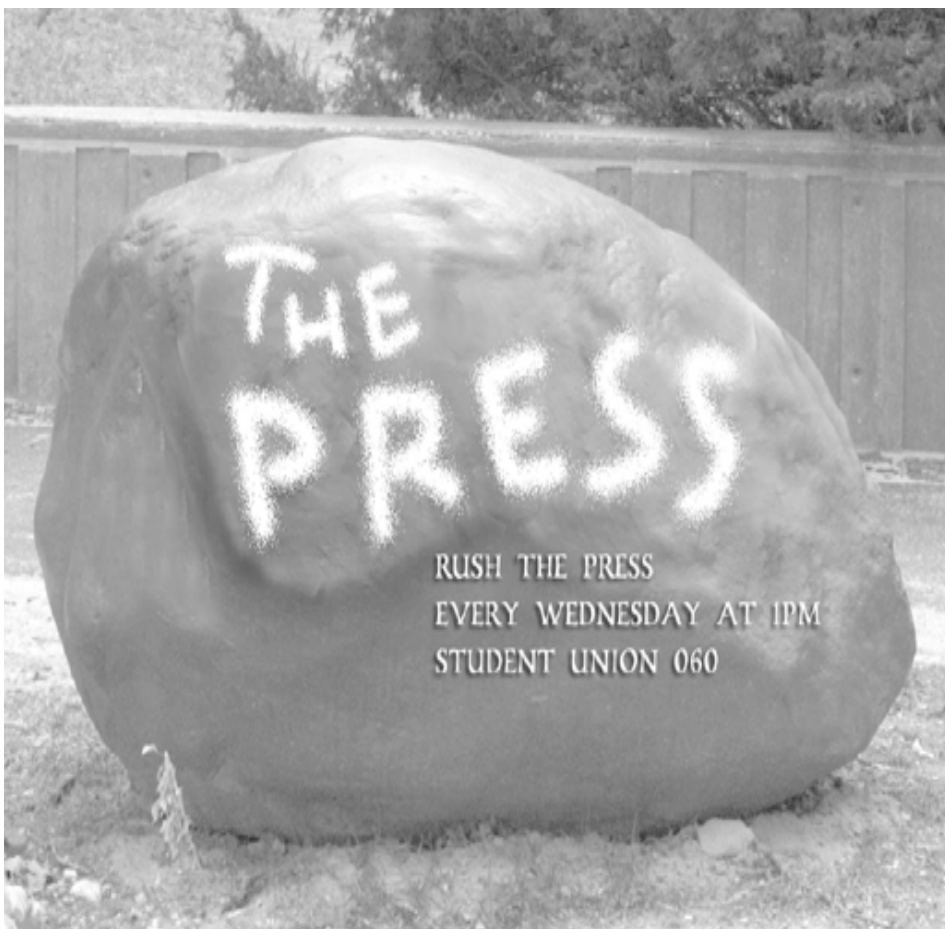
Perhaps the most interesting fact about this compilation is that the band, including departed drummer, Bill Berry, selected every track; separating it from the countless "Best Of" CDs, simply produced by record labels to profit on their extensive back catalogs. While loading one disc with 21 tracks may seem a little much to the casual listener, I'm hard pressed to find one I'd have left off. Careful remastering has breathed new life into these early '80s masterpieces, the one exception being "Gardening at Night," from the *Chronic Town* EP, which was so poorly recorded that no amount of remastering could bring it up to par with the rest of the collection. The accompanying liner notes feature an essay by music critic Anthony DeCurtis, chronicling R.E.M.'s rise from being one of the most popular college radio acts of the early '80s, to one of the biggest bands in the world by the early '90s.

When compared to R.E.M.'s 2003 compilation, *In Time: The Best of 1988-2003*, this collection is the clear winner, with much more thought and effort being put into both the tracklisting and the liner notes. Still, if you're only familiar with R.E.M.'s big radio hits ("Everybody Hurts," "Stand," "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?"), *In Time* may be the best place for you to start. If you're already a fan of their hugely successful '90s output, or you just prefer good old-fashioned indie pop over chart topping hits, then this collection is for you.

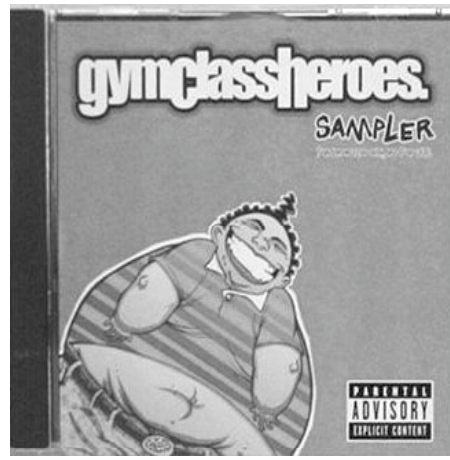


"And I Feel Fine"

R.E.M.



## CD Review: GCH Sampler



By Madeline Scheckter

This sampler has four songs from the album *As Cruel As Schoolchildren*. The first track is "New Friend Request," which, in my mind, translated to "another Myspace song." I was dubious, or perhaps scared, but I have heard amazing things about Gym Class Heroes, so I gave it a chance anyway. "New Friend Request" is the weakest track of the four, but that does not make it bad by a long shot; it is listenable and enjoyable. It is also the most endearing form of hip-hop: the "I-can't-get-a-girl" genre. The second track, "The Queen and I," sounds like a hit, only

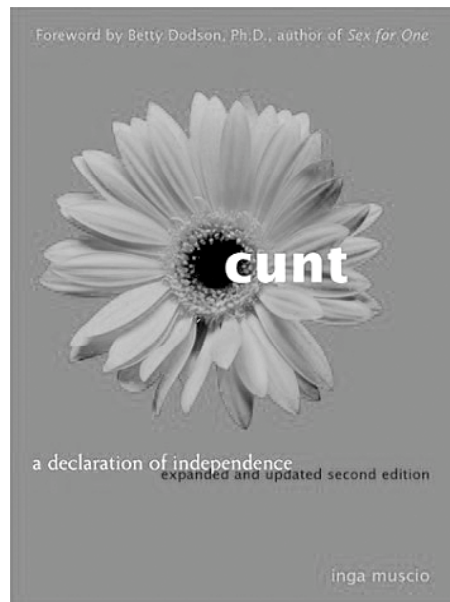
cleverer. It has great beats, an incredibly catchy chorus, and is sweetly sardonic about alcoholism. The third track, "7 Weeks," is about touring. It is more sentimental than other songs about touring; the only reference to sexual activity involves cuddling, not groupies. It blends hip-hop with what I can only describe as "emo-in-a-good-way" vocals. The song is thus a ballad, a love song dedicated to touring. Stylistically (not thematically), it reminds me of Cage's "Shoot Frank," which is always good. The last track, "Viva La White Girl," is an excellent pop song, particularly because I cannot tell if it is about actual glamorous white girls or cocaine. I love ambiguity. The songs are all very different from one another, but it is not the schizophrenic flailing of a band trying to find their sound. They all go together, and the transitions are anything but awkward; Gym Class Heroes is diverse and interesting. After listening to this sampler over a dozen times, I just have one question: why couldn't they have sent the whole album?



"Sampler"

Gym Class Heroes

## Book Review: cunt



By Kathleen Ashwill

A book like Inga Muscio's *Cunt* is a rarity, staging an oft-maligned ideology (in this case, feminism) in a deeply personal and devilishly playful light. The simple, colorful cover and brazen, declarative title made this a must-read for me, as I willingly pushed a bit of my scant funds towards its purchase.

*Cunt* begins with sex-positive masturbation maverick Betty Dodson's hearty Foreword, in which she paints herself as Inga's "spiritual grandmother," a ringing endorsement for Inga. We get a glimpse here of ideas that will be expounded, learning, for example, that the word "vagina" stems from one meaning "sheath for a sword." From now on in the book, "cunt" is that main term describing the delicious

region physically and/or metaphorically between a woman's legs.

Derrick Jensen, author of *A Language Older Than Words*, gives us a compelling Introduction, which calls for an energetic celebration of raw life.

When we at last sink into Inga's writing, we are greeted with wanton wordplay that characterizes her preface and the succeeding sections. For one aware of the fascist gender divisions within our society, Inga's seeming oblivion to transgender issues is disheartening. She acknowledges all the cleavages within women as a group besides anatomy and the complexities therein, claiming the cunt as the "anatomical jewel which unites us all." Sensitive to this, I decided to see her use of "cunt" and "woman" as allegorical only and proceeded from there.

Happily enough, Inga reveals that many currently derogatory words for women originated with goddess-centered religions, (i.e. "puta" originally meant "holy").

Inga encourages women to reclaim and celebrate their bodies, heralding menarche parties and lunar calendars as methods of revering their reproductive cycles instead of abhorring them.

Most fresh and novel for me was her frank rejection of the conventional abortion system and her critical prodding of pro-choice advocates. Experience with two traditionally aborted pregnancies led her to approach her third with a self-reflective eye. She employed imaging techniques and herbs to induce a miscarriage, a

Continued on next page



## Movie Review: Little Miss Sunshine



By Eddie Zadorozny

Dysfunction is a word we all can relate to in some shape or form, but never does the word serve a greater purpose and ideal than when it is equated with a family member or, even better, a whole family. Such is the case in *Little Miss Sunshine*, an ingenious, clever comedy that is also disguised as a cunning take on political correctness.

The film starts out with the introduction of a cute, bespectacled, red-headed little girl staring at a television, entranced by the outcome of a beauty pageant. The little girl Olive (an elated Abigail Adams) lives for this, she lives and breathes her aspirations to one day take part in such a spectacle. Her continued practice for and emulation of this dream of pageant life is not simply a

wish, but, for this youngster, her main purpose.

Attached to every little girl is a family of some sort, and Olive's family is an assortment of rather odd and dysfunctional people. We are introduced to the members of the family tree in an exceptional opening scene as they gather to have their dinner at the table, prepared by their compassionate, benevolent mother Sherry (Toni Collette). The apples attached to this family tree, for the most part, are either sour or not fully ripe, as every person has some sort of dysfunction or insane characteristic that makes each unique, and, for the viewer, memorable. This *mise en scene* at the dinner table is positioned beautifully; we get to see all of the family members emit their flawed personality traits. The father, Richard (Greg Kinnear), a flawed motivational speaker, is obsessed with victory and prestige, but who has never achieved any himself. The mother, Sherry, values the concept of family and tries valiantly to do the best with the family she has been dealt; her sanity is her glue, but she looks like the odd one compared to all of the instability around her. Their son Dwayne has taken a vow of silence due to a book he is reading on the teachings of Nietzsche. He alienates

himself from people because he hates all people. Richard's dad, Grandpa Edwin (a hilarious Alan Arkin), is a foul-mouthed, perverted, cantankerous senior citizen who was removed from the senior home due to cocaine use. Finally, we have Sherry's brother Frank (Steve Carell), a depressed individual who is suicidal due to a breakup he can't seem to forget.

All of this dysfunction actually comes full circle and becomes dynamic on a purposeful road trip for little beauty queen Olive. She is given an opportunity to partake in the *Little Miss Sunshine* Pageant due to a contestant dropping out! The inevitable road trip is where the hilarity ensues as they travel from their hometown of Albuquerque, New Mexico to Redondo Beach, California, with Olive's dreams in the backseat and the family's abnormalities in the car.

The road trip itself becomes hilarious as they trek across the land in a vintage Volkswagon van. The van can only start when placed in neutral, and only after receiving the help of gravity from a decline in the road and a hand-push from the back (the 2006 version of the *Flintstones*). These scenes with the van are very comical; let's just say, if anyone has a two-door car, you're missing out!

As with the usual road trip, there are events and scenarios that come along in the journey's path that must be challenged and dealt with. One scene in particular with the grandfather stands out, and it is a riot. What is also inevitable during this road trip is the breakdown of walls and bonding among the characters, as the importance of family shines through more here than when at home. It plays along nicely in the film, and the acting to stress its importance is superb.

The last third of the film really solidifies what an amazing movie this turns out to be when Olive attends the pageant. I can't say I didn't see it coming (the outcome, that is), but it is simply brilliant, memorable, and hilarious, as well as show-stopping (yes, that pun was intended). It is actually a comical moment camouflaged as a slap in the face, and it showcases how distasteful those children dressed as pageant women are (think of JonBenet Ramsey and you will get the picture). It's a very un-politically correct moment, and I loved it!

The film is a treat: hysterical, moving, and with a bit of purposeful judgment thrown in. I won't be surprised if the film gets a nomination for best picture; it's certainly worthy of it. Let the sun shine!

## Book Review: cunt (Continued)

Continued from previous page

strong community of women flanking her throughout. In this way, she claimed her right as a self-possessed woman, instead of relying on the piddling crumbs the patriarchal society throws at us in the name of "equality." Women are goaded here to examine and heal themselves in order to establish full ownership of their bodies.

Another perceptive gem is Muscio's historical conception of "whores" as sources of beauty and spiritual wealth and their clients as humble seekers. Boldly she uses the Jesus/Mary Magdalene dichotomy as an example.

With this book, we are forced to see the significant role sexual health or the lack thereof plays in personal, interpersonal, and societal well-being. Women are portrayed as currently dangerously self-reflexive in terms of their sexuality, letting others' perceptions propel them into drastic acts such as plastic surgery (close kin to forced genital mutilation in Inga's eyes) and keep them unresponsive to the constant influx of destructive patriarchy in the media, represented, for instance, by the prevalence of overly erotic rape scenes in mainstream movies. Inga's expression of anger, a rightful temporary response to these issues, is periodically overblown and violent towards men, who, in my eyes, are also victims of oppression. Overlooking this unresolved anger can lead the reader to fruitful insights, though.

"Womanifestos" and calls for self-love

and protection abound as the book moves onto more positive ground. Larry King, Jerry Springer, Eminem, and Martha Stewart are overhauled in favor of the more enlightened Noam Chomsky, Jocelyn Elders, Seeds of Wisdom, and the Dalai Lama. After journeying through sensitive and sometimes painful cunt-related subjects, Inga imparts a message of fearlessness and, in her Afterword, one of absolute inclusion of transgendered, intersex, and male individuals. We are empowered by her assertion that personal transformation and political resistance are inextricably linked.

Finally, we receive a much-needed kick in the ass in the form of the "Cuntlovin' Guide to the Universe," which lists and describes a plethora of news sources, bookstores, music outlets, zines, sex shops, healing centers, and responsible retail centers, along with a comprehensive and exciting log of revolutionary organizations.

Cunt gives us a gift, an inside look at a self-actualized individual who lives her ideology but is not stagnant in it. Though we may be adverse to some ideals posited, we can admire the sheer verbal prowess and courage that expresses them. Unique and cutting-edge, *Cunt* has the ability to transform us into a society that honors and revels in the warm, wet, splendid life-and-pleasure-givers that cunts are and hold ourselves to a standard that welcomes and incorporates femininity and all it entails.

Peace.

## Concert Review

Philadelphia, 7/31/2006

By Vincent Michael Festa

My friend and resident WUSB DJ D-Klein offered tickets for people to go with him to see Sleater-Kinney. We had no idea who else would be playing up until then. He showed up in his car to pick me up in this partly cloudy, repressive, 95-degree weather. Riding shotgun with us was Elizabeth, a huge Sleater-Kinney fan and friend of D-Klein. We left, filled up at Exxon with Speedpass, and off we went.

We were driving through Coney Island when it was decided, out of nowhere, that D-Klein and Elizabeth were to stop at Coney Island's Astroland to ride the Cyclone. It was like putting the trip on pause like a video game to take a time out. But they enjoyed themselves, and why not? I wasn't going to keep them. Then, after their fun-time, we rode across the Verrazano Bridge, through Staten Island, and cut through New Jersey. I remember seeing all the industrial areas, petrol-storage facilities, the many rest stops, restaurants, and Sunocos that lined the New Jersey Turnpike. Last time I checked, they averaged no more than \$3.05 a gallon. The weather was partly cloudy driving through the highways on the way to Philadelphia.

The music played was nothing but—you guessed it—Sleater-Kinney, a taster for what to expect that night. Listening to Sleater-Kinney, they happened to be very dynamic in terms of vocals, guitar riffs, chords, and

structure. Their sound, of course, is so Olympian! Also on the player was some X-Ray Spex, more music that reminded me of that day.

We finally arrived in Philadelphia around 6:30 PM. We saw the homeless in makeshift tents, African-American musclemen in groups sitting on the sidewalk and on lawn chairs, and a lot of run-down areas. The sun angled out, making shade and sunstripes against dark and obstruct Philadelphia outskirts. It was nothing like I'd ever seen; being so used to the green grass-white cloud-blue sky suburbs of Long Island. Then, funnily enough, we cut through Chinatown. I didn't know Philadelphia even had a Chinatown, but the three of us riding around assumed this was where to go for some sushi.

Eventually, we drove past the venue of the pending Sleater-Kinney show and saw young Philadelphia scenesters having nothing to do except stand in line waiting for the show to start. We saw other scenesters walking the Philly streets towards the venue as well. It wasn't long before we went around the corner and parked the car in front of the bistros and their tables-and-chairs setup on the Philly sidewalks. By then, we still had no idea who else was playing other than Sleater-Kinney.

We chose to eat at Swanky Bubbles, a champagne and sushi bar. For a small eatery it was pretty city-eccentric, having a well-lit ambience with some matching light techno and bit-music to go with the dining experi-

Continued on page 26

## Concert Review (continued)

Continued from page 25

ence. D-Klein, Elizabeth, and I sat down and talked about the difference between the Philadelphia and Long Island punk scenes, some college-student economics, party appearances, and other fine places to eat over our sushi dinner. Between the three of us, we had wasabi mashed potatoes, a lychee drink, six spears of buttered asparagus patted with parmesan cheese, and sushi rolls such as California, Tuna, Philly, Spider Leg, Time Bomb, and Double Dragon (wasn't that some sort of video game twenty years ago?). For dessert, we had a crispy Thailand banana split. \$110.00 was the bill. Sold!

We went back to the venue, and the valet parking guy allowed us to park right in front of the entrance. Sweetness. The venue was Club Polaris, formerly the Starlight Ballroom. We got out and found out that a lot of the people we saw walking to the show had extra tickets to give away or sell. In the meantime, we hung out with the organizer of the shows at the club. D-Klein was hanging out talking about the past shows of yesteryears, some from decades ago. The promoter informed us that Clear Channel, the corporatemediaconglomeratempire, was trying to buy out the Philly scene and venue. It's depressing to think that Clear Channel would buy out the punk, indie-rock, and hardcore kids and evict those kids out of the scene so that Clear Channel can place their clean, polished, and packaged industry acts in, with no other outlets for these kids who call the streets their own. We think that pretty soon the scene will implode with nowhere to go but to be swallowed up into nothing and ponder what was. Where else would we go but further down?

It was while we stood, hanging out in the street for so long, that we heard music from inside the venue. Finally, to our surprise, we found out from the organizer who else was sharing the bill with Sleater-Kinney: the Rogers Sisters.

D-Klein and I were floored, and it was then we knew that a great show was going to become even greater. We went in, and this truly was the scene that the magazines and hipster music websites always have talked about. Guys dressing hardcore, some mopy, some Napoleon Dynamite-cartoonish, some slim t-shirts. The girls were pretty cute as well, with their art-school haircuts, short skirts, funny tees, piercings, and Olympia- and Williamsburg-type super-feminist style. Imagine the Makeoutclub, Vice magazine, or Pitchfork Media having a meeting centre.

The place was dark and crowded. All around us were many bars for beer. There were many booths where the kids were sitting around, mostly in groups drinking beer and water (remember, this was during a heat wave; the Eastern Seaboard was hit with 90-degree-plus weather and lots of humidity). Some were quiet, arms crossed and minding their own business. Others were very delighted to see each other and were greeted with hugs and kisses. We witnessed a couple of lesbians kissing each other hello. And you

had to give it to some fans in wheelchairs who came for the show.

The venue, as expected, was huge, with lots of floor room. When the three of us got there, the front half of standing room was taken up very tightly, but we managed to make our way about fifteen feet from the speakers. A very few who were lucky took a spot standing right under a cool mist. We ended up having a good view to see the Rogers Sisters perform. Miyuki Furtado



Sleater-Kinney

Primavera Sound.com

(bass/vocals) dedicated a song to Spiro Agnew, but took it back and later gave that honor to Condoleezza Rice. Jennifer Rogers (vocals/guitar) applied her lip-gloss as a way of preparing for the end of their set. Miyuki was whipping himself around a little, performing some sonic guitar tricks and creating some sort of feedback for all of us. You could see the sweat and mist come off of his head. Laura Rogers (drums/vocals) whipped herself into a frenzy, too. The set lasted for only 45 minutes, but it was an amazing set. As the three of us didn't even know that the Rogers Sisters were playing, it was no loss and all gain that we saw them perform. We win.

After the set, we decided to hit the merchandise tables. I scored Sleater-Kinney's first CD (self-titled) for \$15.00. I wanted to get some Rogers Sisters stuff, but no one was at the tables just yet. We sat around, taking in all this humidity and heat for a bit, observing the scene for a while more. Then we turned around, and look who it was: Miyuki and Laura manned their own merchandise tables. A DIY ethic! For \$7.00, I grabbed three 7" singles of theirs. They came off as very nice and gracious people. They need all the money they can get to keep their sound alive, and I'm all for it. Elizabeth scored a Rogers Sisters CD and, at the other tables, a pair of Sleater-Kinney tees for herself and a friend.

What hooked me on the Rogers Sisters was that I discovered them on WUSB around summer 2003. I have the hypnotic "I'm a Ballerina" on tape from the time I recorded it from a broadcast. And every chance I get I

aim to play them on the air. Why not? I figure people can be art-smart cool from getting into them and by listening to a token New York band. Bonus.

Sleater-Kinney went on and played for a good 90 minutes. I believe D-Klein's life culminated in this one show: he's a huge fan who never has failed to play them on a consistent basis (and he's known to do that for Sonic Youth, too!). Without him, we wouldn't have made this attempt to see them per-

trying to follow and absorb everything that Sleater-Kinney performed. Janet threw drumsticks and Carrie shook out water bottles to cool the crowd down. Fans were screaming for them to keep going, to not go. They really loved the band that truly represented the indie-rock crowd, riot grrrls, and females in general. One guy ran on stage and wanted the crowd to prepare to hold him up, as he was about to stage-dive. He jumped off and instead landed on his feet. Sorry, Charlie. That's not how it goes here at a Sleater-Kinney show.

After a while, they walked off stage, but fans just didn't want to accept it, so they cheered and clapped heavily for five minutes more. Yes! They came back and played a few more slow songs and some newer hits off of *The Woods*. And that's all they wrote in Philadelphia. There was an extended ovation as, one by one, Sleater-Kinney walked off-stage and acknowledged their fans with handshakes and smiles.

It was in the spring of 2001 when I first saw Sleater-Kinney on MuchMusic. The video was for "You're No Rock N' Roll Fun". It was a very classy and mature-sounding cut, very finely tuned with that grrrl attitude. I managed to pick up an EP a while ago at the Port Jefferson Music Den (R.I.P) and had gotten a copy of *The Woods* for .99c at Permanent Records in Northport. From then on, every chance I had I played Sleater-Kinney for my listeners during my radio slot.

D-Klein throughout the night ended up talking to a few show-goers: the promoter, one guy with a Sun Ra and His Space Arkestra shirt, and a girl with a Subhumans shirt. Where are those people when you need them in public? Amidst all the 2-Pac, Metallica, and Nirvana shirts, there has to be at least one person walking around with a Ladytron, Bikini Kill, or Tegan And Sara tee. At least those fans or groupies of said more-underground acts could send a message or identification to someone out there who's willing to try good music and tune up the diversity a little bit.

I don't know about D-Klein or Elizabeth, but my head was about to explode, throbbing, with my entire body dripping sweat and my shirt damp from the humidity. We finally left Club Polaris and said "good-bye" to Philadelphia and drove home. I believe we got home at 2:30 AM. I ended up driving right after getting off the Benjamin Franklin bridge all the way back to the island. A very exhausting drive, compounded by listening to more Sleater-Kinney, the Rogers Sisters, and some off-hits and country in the player, but it was experience in case I wanted to make the drive to Atlantic City anytime soon. I said my "goodbyes" to D-Klein and Elizabeth, and off to bed I went, with a still-pounding headache and wonderful memories.

*A very special thanks to D-Klein for giving me this special opportunity. His show, D-Klein's Schizophrenia, airs 2:30 PM-5 PM every FRI on 90.1 FM, WUSB or on www.wusb.fm.*

form one last time.

One last time? Yes, Sleater-Kinney had finally called it quits after 11 years and making *Kill Rock Stars* a lot of money. This was their last tour, and *The Woods* was their final record. Sleater-Kinney had to go out with big-time style.

They came on, and it was heavy. These ladies, just like the Rogers Sisters, know how to rock. Listen to the way they sound, as they are unique like no other. Mid-set, Carrie Brownstein and Corin Tucker (both guitarists) faced-off with each other, using guitar tricks and layers, and it was amazing. They can do techniques any male rawker can do. Janet Weiss on drums delivered a beat-down just as well as, if not better than, any male drummer. So why aren't they bigger than they are?

In big music business, they're under the shuffle and lose out to such talentless icons as Jessica Simpson, her sister Ashlee, and other blunder acts. Millions of people are mistaken in thinking that Courtney Love has any value, and so she is regarded as a true woman of rock when all she has ever done is embarrass herself and become all about the money. So such industry decisions are unforgivable. No one finds out about acts like Sleater-Kinney and the Rogers Sisters unless the scene digs deeper or people find it themselves. The sexist media also hardly ever acknowledge female rockers—in most cases, never at all—unless they're either Lacuna Coil or Evanescence.

I was taken over. For 90 minutes, I was

## Concert Review Deux

### A Day At The Beach Coloured Black

By Vincent Michael Festa

Me and Jenny went to Jones Beach to see Peaches, Bauhaus, and ultimately, Nine Inch Nails on June 17th. It was my bidding. I waited 12 years to see Nine Inch Nails and finally I had a good, clear chance.

So, we arrived and walked around for a bit observing black boots, fishnets, some chains, leather, and as always fans with different NIN t-shirts. We had seats at the 4th tier, and above us we noticed one fan sitting all the way up in the very corner of the 5th tier. Appropriate for when you want to be depressed, alone, and mad at the world when you're at a goth/industrial show. We sat and talked about how cold and windy our seats were next to the water, debating on our proper dress code for comfort, and about life in general.

Peaches performed first, coming out in black leather and ended up taking it off to reveal hot pink and then donning a black XXX jacket. She almost lost her balance trying to step up to the rails in the seating areas, but luckily she didn't fall. She got busy with a full set including "Two Guys For Every Girl" and of course "Fuck The Pain Away". Very hard, beat-iful, catchy, art-chic sounding stuff from the teaches of Peaches.

Me and Jen proceeded to get a hot dog, pretzel, and some bottled water. Never buy food at a venue. It's usually over-priced

and you'll find yourself paying \$5.00 for a pretzel and possibly \$8.00 for a small pizza. When I finished spending \$35.00 on a NIN tour shirt and was waiting on Jen to buy some concert merchandise, I saw three Asian Goth girls in boots, lace, and leather. Nine Inch Hard-on. I also happened to see this mother in her 40's. She must've been a huge fan of tanning bed salons seeing that her face was freckled in pink, orange, and brown. She was also wearing this trashy, ratty, punk/gothic/hair-metal get-up which was not pretty at all. By the time we got back to our seats, Jenny was wearing my \$35.00 t-shirt because she was cold; whatever it takes to take care of her because we're still the closest friends.

Bauhaus went up for their turn on stage and they were truly great. It was an honour for Nine Inch Nails to bring them along for the tour. I need to say that everyone should at least once in their lives see a live Bauhaus performance. Peter Murphy was excellent and so was the sound: very heavy, upbeat, lo-fi, percussive, and amplified greatness. They sounded amazing live, and this was the first time I heard anything Bauhaus besides "Bela Lugosi's Dead", which they did play in the end. The amount of smoke was appropriate for the performance as well because you have to equate Goths and vampires with smoke signals. It's appropriate. Later on during the Bauhaus set, my only complaint was that someone's mother, possibly the same one I mentioned before, was down in the 2nd tier dancing a striptease during the entire set. Totally embarrassing.

Finally, Nine Inch Nails came on. Fantastic. I was afraid that any moment Trent Reznor would cancel the show like Nine Inch Nails would always do when they get to New York. But they didn't disappoint at all. NIN played all their hits and material from all of his albums, even some b-sides and off-album cuts. Everything except their latest single "Everyday Is Exactly The Same", which I will forever remember the show by because this was the song I was into at the time that I was looking forward to the concert.

Aaron North was also part of the current NIN line-up, which I was very happy to see because I'm also a big fan of the big-shot rock music site Buddyhead ([www.buddyhead.com](http://www.buddyhead.com)). He "partied the baby off" and rocked the most as always.

A great sight to see was the visual set-up consisting of light panels, projected images, and other visuals in the back. A folding screen ascended and descended onto the set consisting of dot matrix lights which interacted with Reznor and were climbed on by him as well. Some songs had a lesser effect live than on recordings because on recordings you can pull things off that you couldn't live, but I was still very satisfied with the set list overall. He laced "Closer" with "The Only Time" which was good considering artists don't really play unpopular songs live nowadays.

While Reznor was being personal with the fans, one jackass had to "WOO!" during Reznor's speech of his own downward spiral a few years ago. Said jackass was

also having a frank conversation with his friend right behind me while Reznor was performing "Hurt", and never did I want to turn around to make someone hurt so badly.

Being this was Jones Beach, all the seats were pinned down and couldn't be removed, which means no mosh pit. What would be the full potential of a Nine Inch Nails show without angry, determined youth kicking each other in the teeth and scarring themselves to no end, moshing and flailing away in aggression and seething heat?

Regardless, seeing Nine Inch Nails was an excellent experience. In the end, the screen descended to show the complete NIN logo, signaling them claiming the night. I was very relieved to finally have done something amongst the many things that I needed to do in life, as NIN has been a guide throughout my life and it has been something I could relate to, and really match and feel, throughout the years.

Me and Jen had a great time, though it was almost marred by the parking situation. It was almost impossible to back up and get out. One girl shouted sarcastically "Good luck backing up out of there!" and I regret not putting my foot on the gas pedal hard enough just in time to prove her wrong. Regrettably, I missed out on seeing Ministry that past Wednesday as no one got back to me on seeing them. I didn't get around to see Front Line Assembly this Saturday, as not only did my industrialist friend choose not to go, but they canceled anyway.

## iRate

A Macintosh Column by Joe Rios



Hello Mac users and friends! Welcome back to the triumphant return of iRate, StonyBrook's best Mac based column. It's been a summer of amazing developments and new products from the folks in Cupertino, California, with more amazing items on their way, so let's get started.

With all of the massive changes in the line-up, I'll start by briefly going over the line of available products. In the market for a laptop? Apple has two lines of notebooks that cover the gamut from affordable and cool, to ultra powerful and cutting edge. The more affordable of the Mac laptops is the new MacBook, which replaces the previous iBook G4. The MacBook starts at \$1049, with the student discount. As a departure from the traditional Mac lineup, the MacBook is offered in black for a premium. The whole line uses the Intel Core Duo to power them, making them all capable of running Windows/Linux, with Apple's BootCamp software. In the higher range for notebooks is the premium MacBook Pro. The MacBook Pro, which comes in two different sizes, is also available in silver, similar to the PowerBook G4. Like its predecessor, the

MacBook Pro is not cheap. The most basic model begins at \$1799 with the student discount.

A nice feature of the MacBook/Pro lines is that all of them come with iSight cameras built in, as well as the patented MagSafe power adapter, which is far safer than the standard laptop power connectors. There has always been a fear that with standard power adaptors, someone tripping over the cable could easily pull a laptop to the ground. When the MagSafe adapter is pulled, the magnets in the adapter release, and the connector simply pops off, saving your Mac from a painful fall to the ground. That's some clever thinking!

And if laptops aren't your particular cup of tea, Apple has three alternatives just for you. They are the iMac, Mac Mini, and MacPro. The iMac is Apple's "All in one" desktop configuration. It is a free-standing LCD monitor, with everything you expect inside a tower neatly stowed behind it. Starting at \$899 for students, the iMac comes in a number of configurations and sizes, up to a massive 24" display. Turning to a smaller option, the Mac Mini is one of the smallest computers in the world,

but still contains everything you need, save for keyboard, mouse and monitor. The Mac Mini is also ULTRA affordable. Costing students a mere \$579, it is comparably priced to meet HP's micro PC, which has similar hardware.

If you are looking for some high-end computing power, open your wallet and say hello to the MacPro. This machine is the Mac Tower that delivers uncompromised power and performance. The MacPro starts at slightly over \$1950 for the most basic mode, but is configurable to include two terabytes of hard drive space, sixteen gigs of ram, and TWO Dual core processors, each cranking at up to 3GHz each!

Some of you might be thinking, "What do I care about Apple Computers? I want iPods!" Okey-dokey, here's the scoop on the NEW iPods: Just last week, Apple released a new line of iPods. The traditional iPod, while not changed significantly, now has a brighter screen, better battery life, and a lower price tag. The iPod Nano has also gone through significant changes. Reminiscent of the iPod Minis, the Nano now comes in five colors, and three different sizes, 2Gb, 4Gb, and 8Gb. This Nano is also tougher than the previous generation:

the outer case now made of aluminum, just like the Mini used to be. The 2 gig model is currently \$149. One of the most drastic departures however, is the iPod shuffle. The mp3 player, once hailed as being the size of a pack of gum, is being re-released in October. This time, it's going to be smaller, lighter, and tougher than ever. The shuffle can be ordered now from the Apple website, at a cost of \$79 for the 1gig model.

All of the items mentioned above are now available at the any Apple Store, or online at [Apple.com/store](http://Apple.com/store), except for the iPod shuffle, which launches in October. Stony Brook students are entitled to discounts on all Apple products, and the prices above reflect that. If you would like to see these products in action, I am proud to say that there is now an official Apple store located in the Smith Haven mall, which is a short trip from campus. Stay tuned in the next issue as we review the new iTunes, and a review of the Apple store located in the Mall.

Questions? Contributions? Hate-Mail? Send them in to: [iRateSBU@gmail.com](mailto:iRateSBU@gmail.com)



FREEDOM,  
 THE STATE OF BEING FREE,WITHOUT BARRIERS,WITH-  
 OUT LIMITATIONS (MANMADE AT LEAST),WITH THE  
 LORD GIVEN RIGHT OF SOVEREIGNTY,SELF REPRESENTA-  
 TION,POWER TO THE PEOPLE,MOBILIZATION-ORGANIZA-  
 TION-DESTINATION,EVERYTHING IS MANIFEST IN SIGNS  
 AND SYMBOLS,LEARN THE TRUE VIBRATION OF YOUR  
 SPEECH-ETYMOLOGY-EYES ON THE PRIZE,FREE YOUR  
 MIND THE BODY FOLLOWS-FREE THE BODY THE MIND  
 HAS ROOM,YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT- MENTALLY  
 (AIR),EMOTIONALLY (WATER),PHYSICALLY (EARTH),SPIRI-  
 TUALLY (FIRE)-FOUR WINDS-CYCLE OF LIFE,OH GREAT  
 SPIRIT HOW DO I FIT INTO YOUR WEB OF LIFE?

NOW

ENSLAVING MINDSTATE,STATE INSTITUTIONALIZED  
 INSTITUTIONS TEACHING CHILDREN,STATE PUSHED HELLI-  
 DAYS LIKE "THANKSGIVING",SET UP TO FAIL PSYCOLO-  
 GY,FALLACY OF ACCIDENT,FALLACY OF  
 COMPOSITION,OTHERS SPEAKING FOR ME WITHOUT  
 ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OR CONCERN,POWERLESS PEOP-  
 LE.HERDED FOR THE PROVERBIAL SLAUGHTER,IF  
 PROVERBS DON'T MANIPULATE THE MASSES,THROUGH  
 SOCIAL APARTHEID,CASTES AND SOCIAL  
 CLASSES,IMMOBILE OUTSIDE OF CELLULAR,ORGANS AND  
 ORGANISMS FOR DONATION,DESTINE TO  
 DAMNATION,EVERYTHING IS STILL MANIFEST IN SIGNS  
 AND SYMBOLS,LA-MERIKANS WAKE UP ! CLEAR THE  
 MIND DUST,SAVOR THE FLAVOR,WELCOME TO NOVUS  
 ORDO SECLORUM.

BY AL MISKIN FREEDOM LIVING & LOVING

LOVE

YOUR ON MY MIND MOST OF THE TIME  
 DESIRE YOUR COMPANY,YOUR SO HARD TO FIND  
 I LOOK AND LOOK YOU GOT LIKE A HOOK  
 LIFE WITHOUT YOU THE THOUGHT ALONE MAKES ME SHOOK  
 HOW MANY WAYS I MISS YOU I COULD WRITE A BOOK  
 THE LITTLE I UNDERSTAND ABOUT YOU,LOOK HOW LONG IT'S TOOK  
 EMPTYNESS WAS MY ONLY OUTLOOK  
 BUT YOU GOT ME CHECKMATED QUEEN,BISHOP AND THE ROOK  
 I USED TO PUSH YOU AWAY WITH EASE,NOW I'M MORE TEMPTED TO STAY  
 JUST APPRECIATE YOUR CLOSENESS NOT LIKE A LAW TO OBEY  
 HOW I COULD BE MYSELF,NO GUARD OR OVERCHARM  
 BEST TO KEEP YOU IN MY HEART NOT JUST ON MY ARM  
 IF I COME TO YOU TENSE,YOU MAKE ME CALM  
 LIKA A HOT OIL MASSAGE IN THE TROPICS YOU KEEP ME WARM  
 YOUR EMBRACE IS OF THE BEST EMOTIONAL TASTE  
 GOOD TO THE LAST DROP WITH NOTHING TO WASTE  
 YOU FIT ME LIKE AN EIGHTH LAYER OF SKIN  
 BUT SOME OF YOUR DOORWAYS I'M SCARED TO GO IN  
 CONFIDENT...BUT DON'T THINK I'M WELL EQUIPPED  
 THE WAR IN MY HEART IS REALLY MAKING ME SICK  
 I'M EXPERIENCED IN ALOT OF AREAS AND AQUIRED ALOT OF KNOWLEDGE  
 TO PREPARE FOR YOUR INTERACTION THERE IS NO COLLEGE  
 PATIENCE IS OF ESSENCE,SO I COUNT MY BLESSINGS  
 I LEARNED TO TALK YOUR LANGUAGE AND TAKE MORE LESSONS  
 IS THERE GUARANTEE?...IS THE ONE QUESTION  
 IF WHAT WE HAVE WILL BE AND NEVER REJECTION  
 I UNDERSTAND THAT TO HAVE YOU IN MY HEART IS A GIFT FROM ABOVE  
 BUT I HAVE TO SHARE AND NOT TRY TO CONTROL LOVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BY: AL MISKIN

REASON,FROM SPANISH,TO HAVE A RIGHT  
 RIGHTS ARE INNATE....CAUSE AND EFFECT  
 SOME DISREGARD THESE WITH ABSOLUTE DISRESPECT  
 WHEN THOSE DISRESPECTING HAVE ABSOLUTE POWER  
 WITHOUT ANY "REAL" CHECKS AND BALANCES  
 POWER ABSOLUTE,CORRUPTS ABSOLUTE.....SOON THE FINAL HOUR  
 RUNNING RUPTURED,BROKEN,RIGHTS DISRESPECTED LESS OBSERVED THAN A SUBWAY TOKEN  
 NOW METRO CARDS,NOT HARD TO TELL  
 FIRE IS EVIDENT WITH SMOKE AND A BURNING SMELL  
 HOT TO THE TOUCH-STAGNATED-ORALLY OVERATED-X RATED-CONSTIPATED  
 THIS SYSTEM OF THINGS, WHO THE HELL MADE IT  
 WHO BENEFITS, WHOSE THE GRAND STACKER OF CHIPS  
 THE POOR,BROKE AND LONELY LIKE PROSTITUTES WITH AIDS BETWEEN THEIR HIPS?  
 WHISTLE BLOWERS BLOW UP SPOTS  
 PRESIDENTS GET CAUGHT WITH COKE AND POT  
 SLAPPED ON THE WRIST-BY A MEDIA BLISS  
 THOSE STRETCH MARKS ON YOUR LIPS  
 CAN BE COVERED WITH A COLOR STICK  
 BUT THE STRETCH OF THE BRAIN-RESULTS IN PAIN  
 TAKING PILLS TO MAINTAIN  
 ACCEPTANCE OF THIS,UNNATURALNESS  
 IS STRANGE AND DERANGED  
 NO JUSTICE FOR THOSE  
 JUST BENT UP TOES IN STELLETOS  
 EVERYTHING IS SCUTTLED,THE WORLD IS A GHETTO  
 LOGICALLY-THIS DON'T HAVE TO BE  
 WE COULD BE ABSOLUTLY FREE  
 IN ANY LOCALITY  
 IF WE COULD JUST COUNT EACH OTHERS RIGHTS AS A REALITY!

### The Art If An Open-Mind

By Yve Koon

Take a breath  
 Hold it  
 Close your eyes  
 and wish the world away

Listen to the sounds around you  
 just fade away  
 Let your arms, legs, and every other part of your body  
 fall limp

Exhale  
 open your eyes  
 and see everything  
 the way you've never seen them bef



### Mother Africa

Beneath the wholesome Savannahs  
Lay two youths and three layers  
A woman and her pine  
She laid bear breasted under the midday sun  
Shedding tears for my emancipation  
Have the blood of kintakunte sit on her lap  
Her swelled torso opened with lads  
Over her bright green linens, many passed

Her linens smeared bloodshed;  
The bloodshed of my father  
In my veins I see her blood flow  
Thick and pure, diluted and humiliated  
I have seen this woman over and young  
In her prime, the vulture crept under her eyes

I have seen the vultures walk in her darkness  
With a bible in their right and gun in left  
Bringing a new meaning to Darfur  
I have seen a thousand of them  
Digging fortunes down the Nile  
Killing her loins over empty viols  
Her loins cry for help with no one listening

Her music; poetic and sad  
Sings in my ears with lashing melody  
Her culture; so rich  
I stand in mid ocean  
Wanting to know my mother  
The vultures made me anew  
In my mind, I see my twin  
Hovering the slave yard in tentacles  
I hate him not, but despise his hate

This day, I turn back  
Apt back to my roots  
To my mother of distant oceans  
My sweet, sweet mother  
I forget not her hands  
I forget not her blood  
In my mind I see her naked  
Naked as always

© Ishmael Amu

### Limericks by Candy LaChance

There once was a man in the Union  
Who fancied an acid reunion  
He ate of his spine  
And chased it with wine  
And styled it holy communion

I looked for a seat in the SINC site  
How long can a boy remain upright  
Know a doctor exists  
If the problem persists  
Four hours or more something's not right

All the kids in my lecture in Javitz?  
Right away it was clear they were halfwits!  
I didn't adore  
The fellow next door  
But our chairs were connected like Lipshitz

Have I got a knot from South P lot  
My back aches my knee quakes my hip's shot  
I abandoned the bus  
For a farcical fuss  
Chose to jog like a jock  
Spread some skin on a rock  
My ankles akimbo  
My liver's in limbo  
It's easy to think  
That you'll just have one drink  
To purchase a hip flask is oft fraught  
With perils quite peerless you forgot  
When as a commuter  
And bloodstream polluter  
You planned to just hike like a big shot

Long lines for the food in the SAC  
Discourage me 'til I turn back  
But I dream of the day  
I'll get in all the way  
I'm gonna dip my balls in the salad bar

# Ask

Hell's Kitchen Chef

# Gordon Ramsay

# Anything



By Vincent Michael Festa

So, like, um...how do you make macaroni and cheese?

-Stella Fabulous, West Apartments

First, turn up the heat all the way, then boil the water inside the pot for two minutes, yes? Add the shells, let it sit there for three minutes. Drain the shells into a strainer. Dump it into a bowl...hey you, look at me when I'm talking to you. Add a quarter cup of milk, some butter, add that orange powder to it. Mix it, and eat it. Now go, you <beep>-ing idiot.

What do you think about the great, wonderful food at Deng Lee's?

-Tai Mai Shue, Deng Lee's representative

I'd rather eat a pile of dog <beep>.

I'm sorry to bother you but I have a huge situation on my hands. I weigh close to 600 pounds and I need to lose weight. My doctor says that if I don't slim down, I could have severe blockages in my arteries, maybe heart disease, kidney failure, the works. Right now I'm having trouble breathing, walking. I can't go to the bathroom and wipe my own—

-Mario Chicaroni Rooni, Brooklyn

You. Come here. Yeah, you. Here. You know you're fat, right? Yeah. Good. First of all, stop eating a full <beep>-ing cow every day. Second, instead of parking your fat ass everyday at a McDonalds or Burger <beep>, park your ass at a <beep>-ing Bally's and run your ass on a treadmill for 50 hours a day. And while you're at it, go chow down on a ris-o-to. Got that? Good! Now get back into your station!

There's a girl I ride the bus with. Sometimes there's no other seats on the bus for her to sit down. I like her. What should I do?

-Tommy Wafflenutter, age 7

Tommy...MOVE YOUR ASS!

Yeah, so me and the Pressers are going to make this "turducken". It's where you stuff a bird inside a bird inside a bird. It's gonna' be quite the delicious. Got any pointers on how to make it kick-ass?

-Alex Walsh, Stony Brook Press associate editor

What the <beep> is a turd <beep>-ing? And what is it with people stuffing things up animals asses for? STUFF THIS!

We're PETA, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. We advise you to stop glorifying the killing of innocent animals for your network, your TV show, and for your reputation immediately or we will pursue legal action. Meat is murder!

-PETA

Oh, great. Just <beep>-ing great. You, you know what? See this cow? Yeah, looks like you. Tonight when I get home, I'm going to <beep>-ing bloody murder the cow and then cook it alongside a roast duck and a beef Wellington. And then me and Andrew Pernick will sit down, enjoy every bloody moment of it and then he will shout out "THANK YOU!" All you PETA people are invited. You got it? GOOD!

Chef Ramsay, I cooked the risotto for 10 minutes and, well, I accidentally burnt it and set myself on fire—

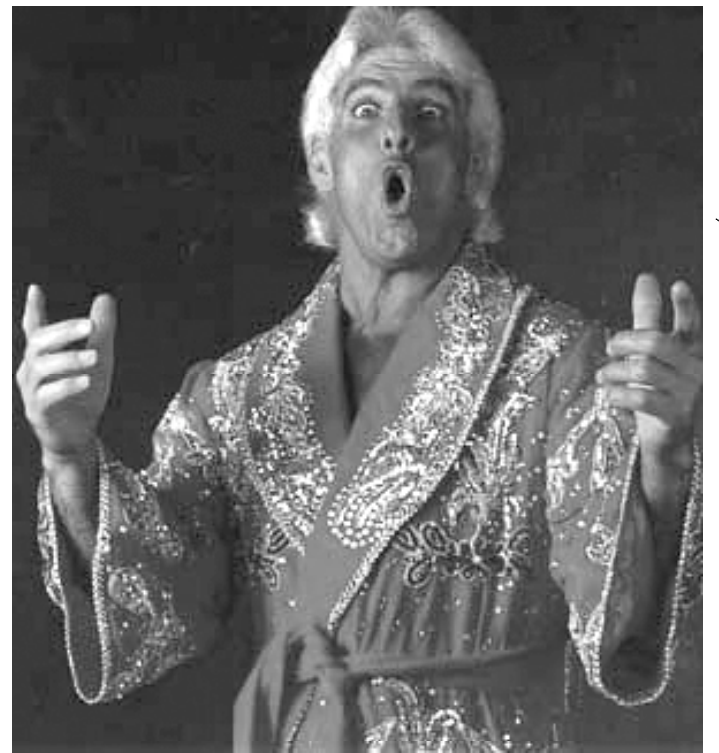
-Kathie Lee Americana, Nantucket

NO NO NO! (throws arms in the air and starts to wimper) I told you to cook the ris-o-to for four minutes! Four bloody minutes! Oh, god...oh geez! You know it's not hard to follow bloody directions, isn't it? You know what? Shut it down. Shut...it...down. I've had enough. I...have...had...ENOUGH! (starts yelling) I have some moron commuter student who can't make a plate of pasta! I had to motivate a bloody WHALE to get up off his fat ass to lose weight! I have someone who wants to shove CHICKENS UP OTHER CHICKENS ASSES! And now I have PETA over for <beep>-ing Thanksgiving! I am so disappointed in all of you. ALL OF YOU! (throws food all over the place)

# Ask

Legendary Pro-Wrestler

# Ric Flair Anything



By Vincent Michael Festa

## ASK LEGENDARY PRO-WRESTLER RIC FLAIR ANYTHING

I'm running 4 class prezidint in my thurd grade class. How doo I win?

-Little Timmy from the block.

In order to be the man, you gotta BEAT THE MAN! (pointy finger in the 'up' direction, Ric Flair does his strut) With lots and lots of training and a clothesline to that snot-nose punk running around trying to beat you and taking that spotlight away from you, you too, can be the next 16-TIME class president! WHOOOOOO!

I am a very religious woman, a Christian to be exact. In the Bible, it is written that the Four Horsemen signify the end of the world and in which they do battle before everyone on Earth is judged on Judgement Day. What are your religious views?

-Christina Cross in Nebraska

Lady, let me tell you something. You don't need to wait until the end of the world to see the Four Horseman. Oh, my god... oh, my god (smiling)... instead, we're going to have the ULTIMATE MAIN EVENT! The Four Horsemen... yours truly the Nature Boy, Arn Anderson, Lex Luger, and Chris Benoit are gonna... WHOOOOOO!.. gonna defeat War, Famine, Pestilence, and Death for the title in a good ol' fashioned STEEL CAGE MATCH at Madison Square Garden, November 15th, live on PAY-PER-VIEW! Ladies, come ride Space Mountain one time! WHOOOOOO!

I have this crush on this girl at work. We've been talking to each other for a little bit and I feel it's time to make the moves on her. What do I do?

-Workermouse in Washington

There's gonna be a party tonight! What you gotta do is take her out, NATURE BOY STYLE! You gotta walk the walk and talk the talk! And when you do win her over, you go out and buy the nicest clothes, STYLE AND PROFILE! Then... oh man... you get yourself the biggest limousine and you take her down to Flair country, CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA! ...where the Nature Boy basks in all of his glory! Take her out to see me wrestle and defeat The Macho Man Randy Savage for the World Championship title! After the match, you have a nice steak dinner, have a bottle of wine... don't worry, it's all paid for by the Nature-riffic... and then what you gotta do is take her on up to the hotel room, the absolute highest floor. You come out wearing the Nature Boy's robe, you body-slam her on the bed, and give her the ol' patented FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK and party the night away! WHOOOOOO!

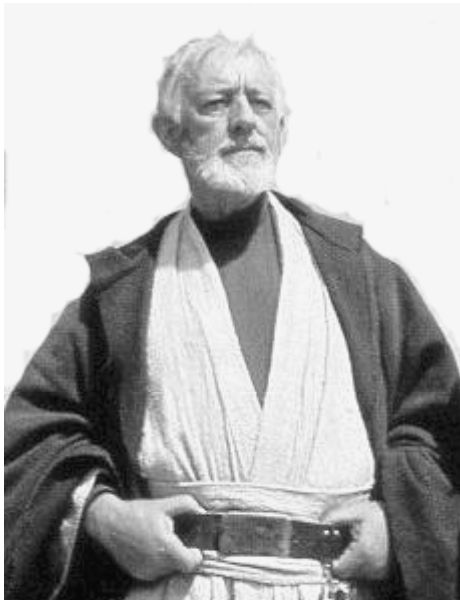
Yo, Flair, son. Word is that Hulk Hogan is going to spark some mad shit, son! Know what I'm sayin'? He say that he's gonna clock yo' ass and take yo' gold belt and yo' bitches and shit, kna' what I mean ya heard? Don't be acting stupid and trying to player hate. I KNOW you gots this one. You's a baller, kid! Take care of this studio punk bitch once and fo' all. That shit is deep!

-Big Whitey O-Dog from BX.

HO-GAN?! WHAT?! Oh, man... oh, my god... let me tell you something. You can NEVER hold a candle to the Nature Boy! Take a look back at all the wrestlers who carried the belt ON THEIR BACKS! The Andersons! The Briscoes! Chief Wahoo McDaniels! The HISTORY and TRADITION, if it allows it, will never open those doors for you! I'll beat your ass from the ring all the way to Flair country, you rotten, no-good son-of-a-bitch! YOU DARE try to BEAT THE MAN and I'll (starts ripping his clothes off)... HO-GAN! Your ass is mine!

## Point

## Counter-Point



### These aren't the Droids You're Looking For

By Obi-Wan Kenobi

Good afternoon. Pleasure seeing you here. What? These droids? These aren't the droids you're looking for. The force has a strong influence on the weak-minded, my friend. Believe me, if these were the droids, you would know. Not only are these not the droids you're looking for, but you're unhappy being a Storm Trooper and want to explore other career options. You also do not wish to sell me death sticks. You want to go home and rethink your life. He can go about his business now. Move along.

### Counterpoint: Dude, Those are So Totally Them

By Storm Trooper

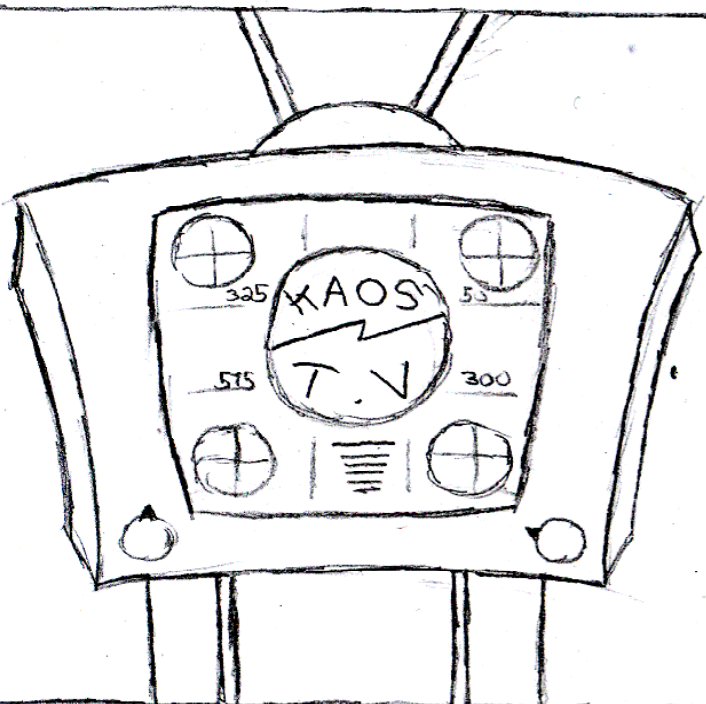
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Dude, what the hell? Those are the droids, man. Dude, I swear to god those are them. They look exactly like the droids we're looking for, boss. I'm not even selling death sticks, either. What are you blabbering about? Okay, I'll make it real simple: those are the droids, man. We want them. We've been looking for them. Just hand them over. Like, for real, dude. Don't try to play me. I've got the death sentence on twelve systems. Nah, I totally borrowed that line from some prick in the bar. But dude, honestly, those are them.



# The Fantastic Adventures of FES

By: John O'Dell

"You didn't see this"



KAOS TV in association with



Present

o o o

nooo Excito Color! @

Now with  
t never  
before seen  
colors!

Can't see? You dun wanna... Trust us.

The Fantastic Adventures of

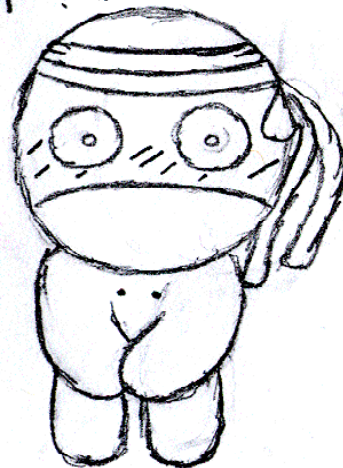


Nuh Uh... I don't think so...

FES Ninja taking over show and call it...

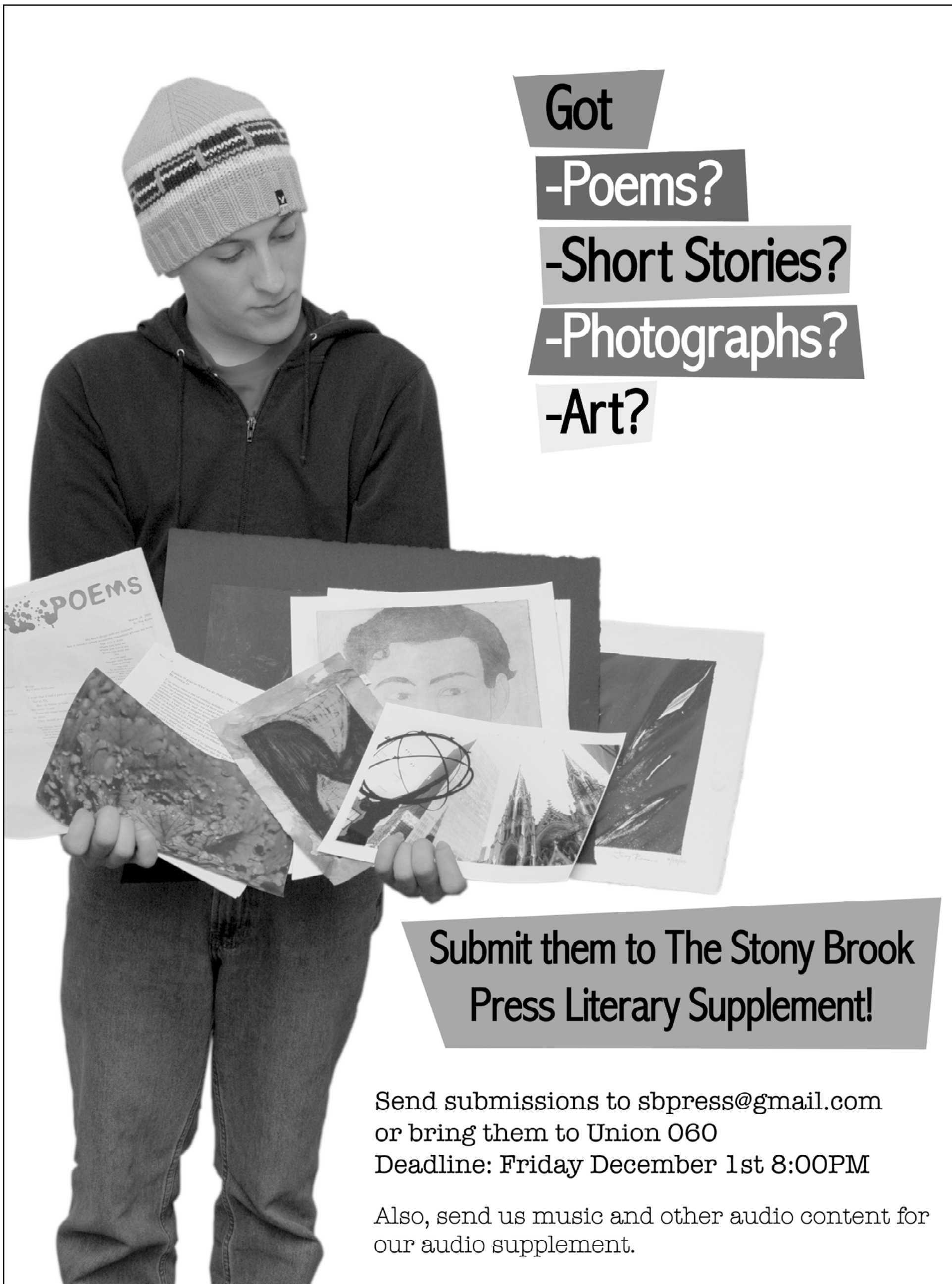


The Super Sexy Naked Ninja Fun Hour?!



I SWEAR ME NO WRITE THIS!!!





**Got**

**-Poems?**

**-Short Stories?**

**-Photographs?**


**-Art?**

**Submit them to The Stony Brook Press Literary Supplement!**

Send submissions to [sbpress@gmail.com](mailto:sbpress@gmail.com)  
or bring them to Union 060  
Deadline: Friday December 1st 8:00PM

Also, send us music and other audio content for our audio supplement.

Fangirl Crush: Pete Doherty (British musician and crack addict) ~ Stephanie Hayes

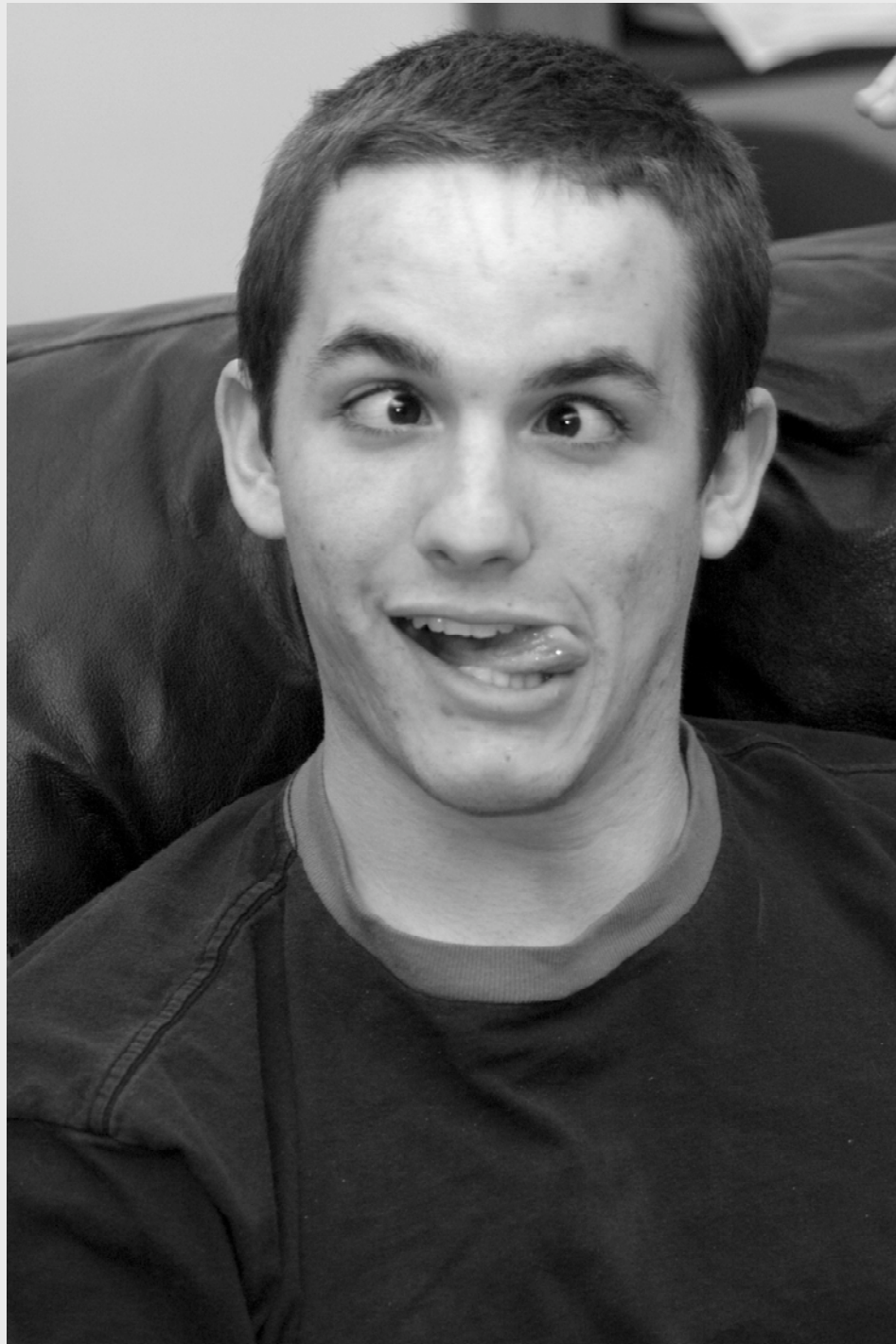
"Inside I felt so, so alone /   
 Locked in a room / Waiting til  
 Kingdom come /  
 Although I  
 felt elated /  
 I felt like  
 scum."   
 (Last Post on the Bugle)



*The addiction dream - so fallen through  
 but the Albion sails on course*



# WANTED



*James Messina*

*FOR eating our mother fucking canned bread.*

# 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)