

The Stony Brook

1979-2004

PRESS

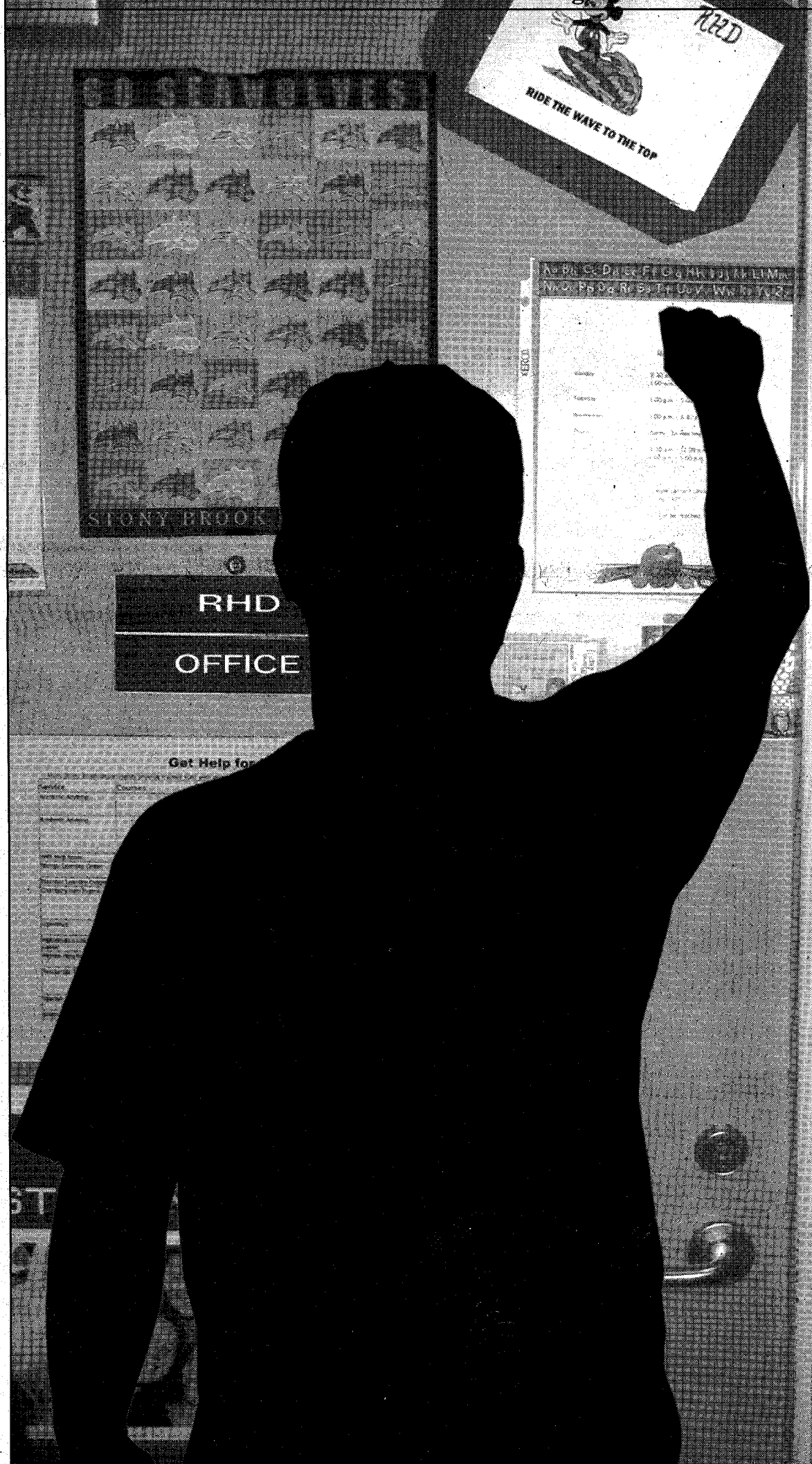
25th Anniversary

The Community News & Features Paper

Vol. XXVI, Issue 3

"Uh... What are we gonna do with the masthead then?"

October 12, 2004



Stony Brook
University
Counseling...

RHD OFFICE

Is There
Anyone
Here to
Help You?

Pages 6, 8 & 9

A Look Back on Bush's Term: 38,228 Reasons Why He Must be Defeated

By Joan Leong

First and foremost, I want to say to my friends voting Bush, HA HA SUCKERS!! Hundreds of our aggressive debates later, it still boils down to one thing; WE LIVE IN NEW YORK! Our state belongs to Kerry. Go ahead and vote for your evil little candidate on Election Day, it doesn't matter. However, I am peeved that they couldn't come up with a better candidate than Kerry. I mean Kerry? Really? C'mon! At this point though, all I care about is vanquishing Bush. Being an environmentalist and humanitarian, I can't sit idly by while he destroys the things I care about. I am still flabbergasted at how anyone can support Bush. Do they not see the limbless and bleeding children over in Iraq? Seriously, why do so many Americans only have compassion for their own people? People are people. Tens of thousands are dying over there, and there is no rationale for that whatsoever. Before I end up an angry fuming mess and lose the ability to write sensibly, I'm going to stop here and just list all of Bush's "accomplishments" these past four years as our President. Jamal, Matt, Alex and Will, this one is for you because you guys piss me off.

1. He invaded Iraq without justifiable cause. 9/11 was caused by a terrorist sect lead by Osama bin Laden who was in AFGHANISTAN. Why were we suddenly in Iraq? He tricked uninformed middle America by saying things like "We'll rid the world of evil-doers" and implying that anyone against the war is unpatriotic. **GOODNESS NO! WE MUST NEVER QUESTION THE GOVERNMENT.**

2. Lying to the public by claiming they have overwhelming evidence of the link between Saddam and al-Qaeda. Well, at least they finally admitted there was no link a year and 800 days later.

3. Weapons of mass destruction, my ass.

4. George Bush is a fascist. In our democratic country, he chose not to listen to Congress when it concerned a major military strike. He laughs in the face of the United Nations because according to himself, might always means right.

5. Our former allies no longer support us. Thanks a lot Dubya. Don't you stop to think something is fishy when our friends tell us we're doing something wrong?

6. He refused to issue \$34 million in funding for the United Nations Population Fund, which provides poverty-stricken countries with birth control, maternal and child care and HIV/AIDs prevention.

7. \$3 billion dollars is going over to Iraq over the next three years to create a secret police to weed out Baathist loyalists, and it will be headed by the CIA. Yet our own country's police are understaffed and underpaid.

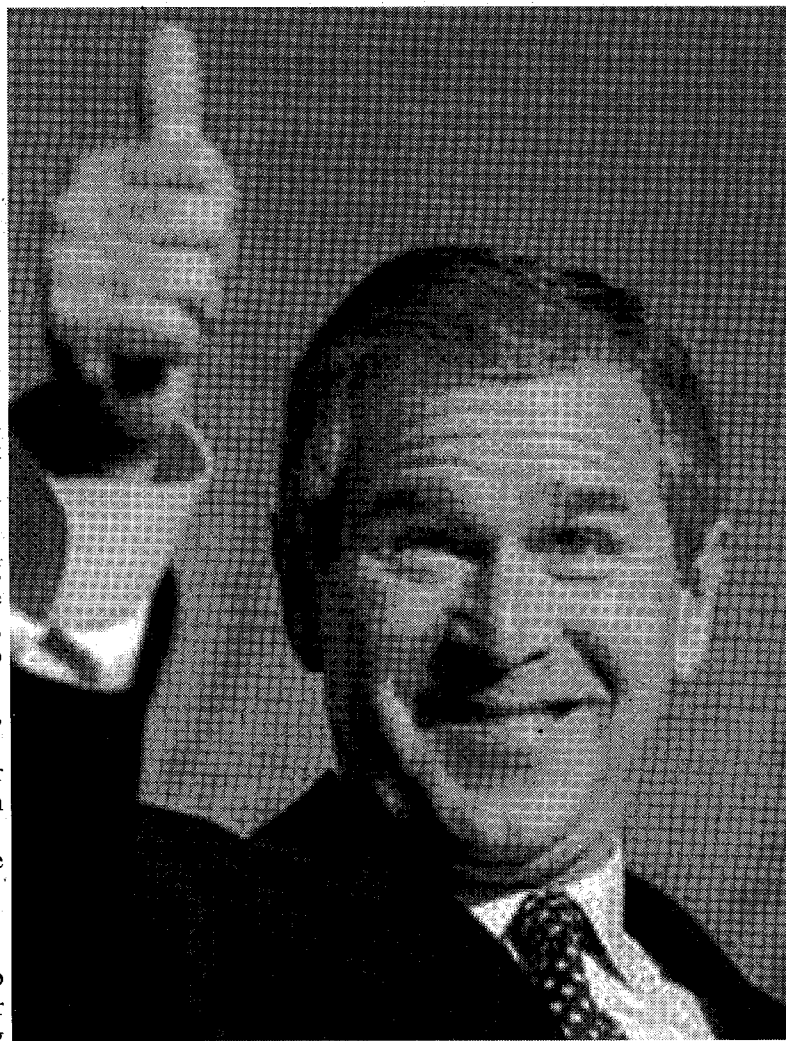
8. His administration is allowing the Department of Energy to retain radioactive waste at nuclear waste dumps instead of placing them in permanent storage. Now numerous dumps have toxic waste seeping into our ground water. When you have mutated kids with one eye, you have dear old Mr. Bush to thank.

9. In 1973, the Endangered Species Act was created in order to ensure protection that pesticides would not harm plants, animals and fish. The Bush Administration is proposing to do away with it. That particular clause also protects humans as well because it restricts dangerous pollutants like mercury in the waters. 1

in 6 pregnant American women have such high mercury content that they are exposing their unborn child to autism, mental retardation, kidney and heart problems, etc because Bush is doing away with the Clinton plan to have the mercury removed from our waters.

10. George Bush hates the environment. He signed contracts with logging companies to cut down in previously protected regions like Yellowstone National Park and the Tongass National Forest which is the home to many endangered wildlife species. He has also approved of drilling for oil in millions of acres previously preserved land. The funding for the proper care of our national parks has been severely cut by as much as \$600 million.

11. George Bush doesn't give a shit about the public's health and safety. The Clean Air



WHAT A GOOFY BASTARD,
Courtesy of georgewbush.com

Act has been drastically weakened so there are fewer restrictions on large plants and they are able to get away with contaminating the air we breathe. Of course these hazardous plants aren't being regulated, it helps when they donate \$48 million dollars to Bush and the Republican Party.

12. This coming election, he has dirty tricks up his sleeve. Millions of Americans will be barred from voting in the Presidential Election because of legal barriers and other sorts of dirty tricks like informing them they could not vote because of their outstanding parking tickets. The black population is especially targeted.

13. Under the Patriot Act, many of our rights will be relinquished. For example, a previously needed judge mandated search warrant, is no longer required for an authority figure to enter your home.

14. Bush rules on his own personal beliefs. A good president rules without preju-

dice. He doesn't support gay marriage and has actually cancelled an annual Gay Pride Parade after pressure from conservative religious groups.

15. He doesn't respect the Constitution. He is tearing down the walls of separation between church and state which has been enforced for over 200 years. \$30.5 million dollars have been given to 81 organizations to help them with funding church-related groups and other religious factions.

16. The 2004 federal deficit is an astoundingly projected \$422 billion. Last year it was \$375 billion. How much will it be next year if he is still president?

17. Bush still stands firm on the belief that outsourcing badly-needed American jobs to cheap foreign markets is good for the economy. 8 million Americans are unemployed.

18. Another reason for invading Iraq was because he wanted to liberate the Iraqi people and help them get back on their feet. He claimed that the U.S. would not be a permanent force in the country. Yet almost all Iraqi citizens are paying twice the amount of money for electric bills they used to pay and they spend half of the time without power. Instead of rebuilding power plants, he is building military bases already.

19. Since the presidential elections are right around the corner, American troops' death toll must remain low. Warplanes are now widely used to blow up areas where they have a hunch about where insurgents are hiding. This way, no more Americans die. Instead, Iraqi citizens such as children and women are casualties instead. Another 17 innocent lives taken, a couple dozen families destroyed, but oh well, at least it's them and not us.

20. He puts children last. Bush dropped a child tax credit provision on May 28th, 2003 which would have aided 12 million children in low-income families but now they will receive no benefits whatsoever. But don't worry, the 1% of the US who are already filthy rich will get the money that those children needed.

21. He is sending 800 members of the 98th Army Reserve Division off to Iraq for a year. That's funny isn't it? Because they are a non-combat unit that does not have their own weapons or vehicles.

22. Dubya's dear old Rumsfeld proposed to use IRS information as a means of finding nonactive former reservists of the US military. Didn't they say we have more than enough volunteers for Iraq? Here's to another blow to personal privacy.

23. George Bush doesn't care about anyone, especially the elderly. Medicare premiums has been drastically hiked up monthly. This affects millions of retired Americans and the elderly who receive these benefits. Many senior citizens will pay even more for already costly prescription drugs. Why? Because the provision in the Bush Medicare Bill prohibits Medicare from negotiating for lower prices from drug companies and it blocks the importation of cheaper drugs from Canada. It's no surprise that those drug companies contribute enormously to the Bush campaign.

24. To help us with our college education, he is proposing a \$270 million cut for Pell Grants. His "No Child Left Behind" initiative is a travesty, 48 education programs will be cut and 18 others will be underfunded.

25. He really hates the environment. Over 200 environmental laws have been changed

A Look Back on Bush's Term: 38,228 Reasons Why He Must be Defeated

By Joan Leong

to benefit corporate and polluter interests. The "Clean-Skies Initiative" will give leeway to 17,000 older coal-burning plants by not requiring them to have go through the process of cleaning out hazardous pollutants before releasing them into the atmosphere.

26. In order to meet requirements for job quotas, McDonald's workers no longer work in a fast-food environment but they are holding a "manufacturing" job.

27. He is the all-powerful controller of all media. Bush ordered that no media be allowed to show the hundreds of flag-covered coffins coming home from Iraq.

28. Since he cannot control al-Jazeera, he will annihilate them. A correspondent for the Iraqi newsgroup was killed in April 2003. Few hours after that a US jet, turned its focus on an al-Jazeera office. Freedom of the press is prohibited. Oppose him and you will be blown to pieces.

29. \$166.5 billion dollars have already been spent on Bush's war to rid of the evil-doers. Billions are being spent everyday on the

war. Bush is requesting for even more funding to continue dwelling in Iraq. 32.9 million Americans are living in poverty with over 39% of them being children. Couldn't just some of it go to those living in misery? Pretty please?

30. George Bush is a radical ring-wing religious chauvinistic pig who doesn't care for the environment or human life. He throws his support to extreme religious groups and his ideologies are practically equivalent to the Afghani Taliban. His administration disguises the 37,000 dead in Iraq as progress on ridding of insurgents. They do not disclose the fact that at least 25,000 of those killed were innocent women and children. He supports logging in all our national protected forests and even in rain-forests that don't belong to us in other countries. He'd rather see the money used for him and his party instead of doing the right thing and maintaining a safe and healthy environment for all us to live in. He is making sure his wealthy friends are staying rich while the middle-class and poor are getting poorer. He doesn't seem to care that the elderly have enough

problems paying their prescription drugs. He doesn't care for our education. He doesn't care that many college graduates will be jobless due to his support of outsourcing. He doesn't care that many animals will go extinct with his new leniency and cuts on wildlife programs. He just doesn't care.

31 through 38,228. 1,198 coalition soldiers are dead. 1,060 were Americans, 138 were other coalition troops. Another 1,198 reasons why I hate bush. The 37,000 dead women, children, fathers, sisters, brothers and families in Iraq are another 37,000 reasons why I am not voting Bush. Those 37,000 dead will never ever have another say on this matter, but I still can.

"The care of human life and happiness, and not their destruction, is the first and only object of good government... The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few to ride them."

Thomas Jefferson

Students Debate as Presidential Election Looms

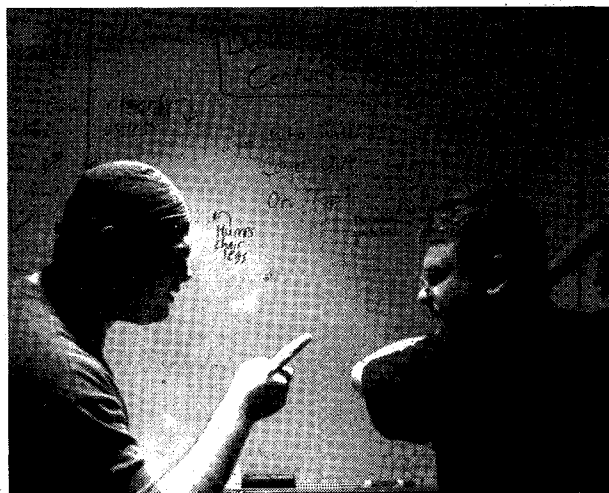
By Mike Billings

On October 6th, the College Democrats and the College Republicans faced off in what turned out to be a heated and informative debate. Emulating the format of the presidential and vice-presidential debates, two representatives from each club verbally sparred in Kelly Dining Hall; the only twist being that students from the audience asked the questions while the moderator simply kept everyone on task. Representing the Democrats were Jeff Licitra and Qais Ghafary, while Robert J. Romano and Alexandra Borodkin gave voice to the Republicans.

From the commencement, Licitra and Romano, the apparent point men for their respective sides, seemed to take on the appearance and persona of the candidate they were representing. Licitra used his opening remarks to immediately go on the offensive by using the facts to rip into Bush's foreign and domestic policies. Donning a button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up, Licitra utilized both the content of his message and his outward image to connect with the audience. Although the crowd seemed to be relatively mixed in terms of political leanings, Licitra's tactics paid dividends as he and Ghafary were the frequent recipients of applause throughout the hour.

Romano, on the other hand, had the opposite effect with his opening remarks. Clad in a black suit with the ubiquitous American flag pin, Romano set the tone for the night with opening remarks of his own. In contrast to his Democratic counterpart, Romano projected an aura of a condescending father figure, using his time to defend the actions of the president by painting a picture of the state of the country as one of constant danger and peril. Borodkin, the other Republican, also gave opening remarks. Specializing in domestic issues to compliment Romano's concentration in foreign affairs, Borodkin used statistics to make the case that Bush has done an admirable job handling the economy. Although the numbers she used were distorted to fit her argument, Borodkin made an attempt at constructing a logical argument rather than falling back on fear-mongering like her partner.

In terms of the body of the debate, the hour was split into a discussion of foreign policy and the war in Iraq, and one about the economy and domestic issues. Not surprisingly, the premises for the war and the merits of the war were the subjects of several questions. Licitra performed admirably when it came to using the strongest points the democrats have to debunk the reasons for going to war, citing the lack of weapons of mass destruction found and the dubious efforts of the Coalition of the Willing;



THE TRUE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo

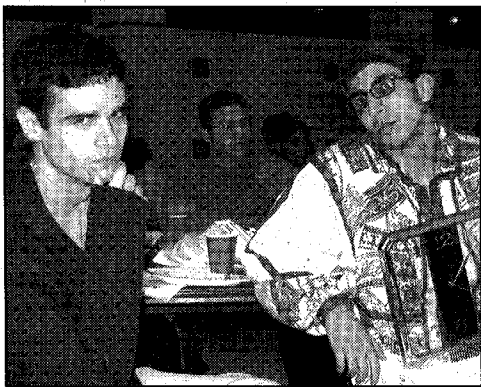
specifically mentioning the fact that American troops have absorbed about 90% of all the casualties thus far. Romano countered the same way Dick Cheney answered a similar charge from John Edwards during the Vice-Presidential debate, pointing out that the percentage is only that high when Iraqis aren't factored into the coalition. What no one seems to be mentioning, however, is that Iraq was not a member of the "grand coalition" when it first started since said coalition was formed to invade their country; rendering that argument moot.

The second half of the debate, which focused on domestic policy, was dominated by the P.A.T.R.I.O.T. Act and the economy. At this point, Romano seemed to be coming undone; he became extremely defensive, made agitated ges-

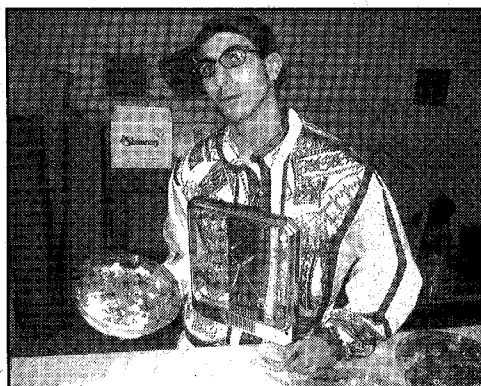
tures whenever Licitra or Ghafary made a point, and let slip some ridiculous comments. In a discussion of the P.A.T.R.I.O.T. Act, the Democrats pointed out that the document infringed on civil liberties and that there are better alternatives, such as the S.A.F.E. Act. In response to this, a frustrated Romano described the Orwellian nature of some of the provisions of the P.A.T.R.I.O.T. Act as necessary, exclaiming, "We need spies! That's law enforcement!"

As for the economy, Borodkin took the reigns and used the Republican's time to reiterate the skewed statistics she introduced in her opening remarks. The most contested figure was her assertion that Bush had created 1.7 million new jobs in his term. In response, the Democrats pointed out that Bush had also lost about 5 million jobs, making the actual net gain a little over negative three million jobs since the president took office. The other economic talking point was taxes, and Licitra attacked Bush's tax cuts for the wealthiest 2% of Americans; also stating that Kerry would roll back the tax cuts for those making over \$200,000 a year. Romano countered with the idea that rolling those cuts back would put financial strain on businesses, since they're the ones making that much money. Romano went so far as to question the audience by asking, "Do you know any business owners that make less than \$200,000?"

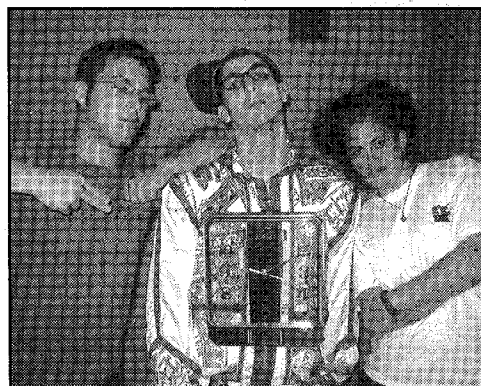
In general, the goal of each side was to portray the arguments of their chosen candidates as best they could in order to change a few minds and galvanize excitement within the people whose minds don't need changing. Going by these standards, the College Democrats emerged as the clear victors by the end of the debate. Licitra and Ghafary conducted themselves rather impressively while making a number of solid arguments. Romano, on the other hand, became flustered and defensive while making arguments based on false assumptions and fear-mongering; and Borodkin simply rattled off skewed statistics in-between rants by her partner. The debate itself was also a great success; the audience became readily involved and about 200 students altogether attended, according to organizers.



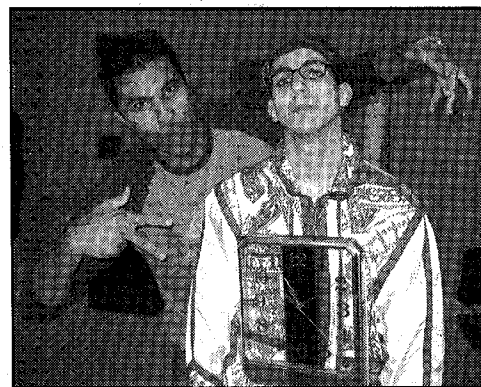
Try to step, bitch. My boy Ray-Ray here may have to cut you.



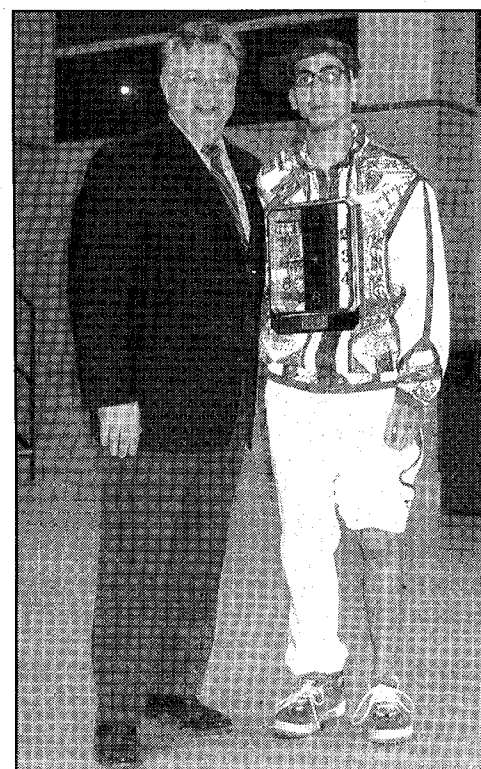
'bout to get my eat on... yo salad!



SBU-TV Channel 20, bitches.



I get my rock from this crazy mofo.



Grucci don't know who he's fuckin wit.

Conclave, Boyeeee!!!

By Joe Filippazzo

The Undergraduate Student Government held its annual Conclave, which was mandatory for the top four positions of every club and organization, this past Saturday, October 9th. Since *The Stony Brook Press* had to represent, and we ALWAYS represent, we were able to bring you this Conclave Exclusive! Exclusive! Exclusive! Exclusive! Intended to be an ensemble of workshops that ran from 11am to 3pm, the USG Executive Council covered topics such as event planning, advertising, room booking, and the like.

Although the conclave was useful in certain respects, to this reporter it seemed that USG made no attempt whatever to make the events of Saturday morning even mildly interesting. In fact, I spoke to one Executive Council member who remarked that the workshop he was running was putting him to sleep. I think that it was pretty well understood that no one really wanted to be there. Well... *almost* no one. *The Press* was there with bells on, ready to learn because that's just how we roll.

The Conclave began with an introduction from Jared Wong and Virginia Morgan, the Executive President and Vice President of Clubs and Organizations, respectively. They made very short, rather uninspiring speeches and then yielded the floor to former Congressman Felix Grucci, Jr. who is now CFO of Grucci Fireworks. In his speech, Grucci remarked on the qualities of being a leader and shared a few little leadership anecdotes with the crowd. The speech was actually fairly good until the end when he mentioned that it was a modified version of one made several years ago by someone else. Well originality or no, I felt bad when I took a minute to glance around the room and noticed that, of over 200 clubs, maybe only 20 or so people were actually paying attention. It's a shame too since I bet they missed the part where Grucci said that Hitler, Mussolini, and Osama bin Laden were good leaders. Ah well.

After Grucci spoke, the Presidents and Vice Presidents were asked to stay in the room while the Treasurers and Secretaries were led off to separate workshops. Esam al-Shareffi the Executive Vice President then took the stage and explained Robert's Rules of Order. Although the representatives from *The Press* know this stuff better than most Executive Council members, I gather that it was somewhat helpful for those who are not as gangsta. Albeit extremely dry, al-Shareffi's presentation did have some redeeming qualities. This reporter was just pissed that copies of the Club and Organization Bill of Rights, the most valuable thing that USG could have given the clubs, were not available.

We paused for a lunch break. *The Press* is alllllll about sandwiches.

Next up, Maria Terrana, the Assistant Director of Student Activities, busted out a Powerpoint presentation that addressed the woes of event planning. Of the entire Conclave, I think that Maria's 30-minute demonstration was the most useful part of the entire afternoon. The student's presentation actually livened up a little and asked some good questions concerning block booking and security planning. Then Alexandra Duggan, the Director of Student Activities, ran onto the stage and tried to give away football tickets. Too bad football's beat. Ha.

Finally student media was asked to take the stage. Virginia Morgan stressed the fact that student media was the best way the get any club and their events some publicity. SBU-TV Channel 20, *The Stony Brook Press*, *Blackworld*, the *Asian American e-Zine*, and *The Statesman* were in the house. Each said pretty much the same thing; "USE THE MEDIA!" *The Press*, however, said it with chutzpah 'cause that's how we do.

Overall, the Conclave was... tolerable. I don't think anyone really enjoyed themselves except your boys from *The Press*. In fact, I really only had one complaint about the Conclave; People kept asking me, "Hey, you got the time?" or "Is that clock right?" in an awful attempt to be funny. Puns are so 1981, bitches. It's "time" for you to shut the fuck up.

Photos courtesy of Mike Billings and Tom Clark



Student Media. You know how we do.



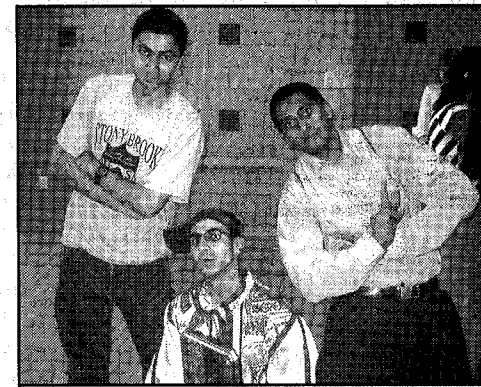
President Wong is half Chinese, half Russian, ALL WHOOP-ASS!



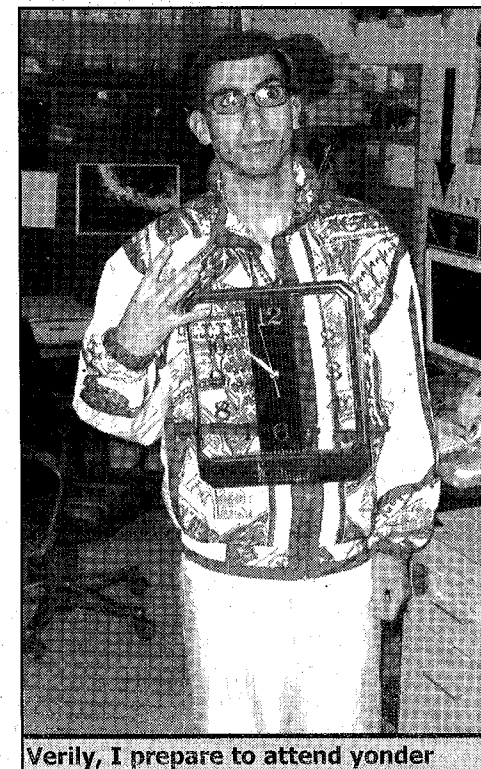
The Rugby team can kill you.



Maria Terrana? Word. Activities.



Vice Prez Esam and Cash-Money Raj.



Verily, I prepare to attend yonder Conclave... POST HASTE!

Intercultural Relationships

You'd Think They'd Work By Now

By Jason Ng

I know this topic has been discussed for years and years, but I'd like to put my own experiences out in the open. After all, my culture is something that I'm proud of, but when someone's culture gets in the way of their search for happiness, I think something is wrong.

My best friend from home is Indian-American, Malayalam to be exact. His parents had an arranged marriage and he and his brother are, like me, first generation-born Americans. I remember he'd always tell me how his parents would try and push their culture on him. They'd tell him, "you can have fun now, but remember, you're Malayalam and you" and something along the lines of "you'll end up with another Indian girl." He's proud of his background too but he doesn't approve of someone else pushing their lifestyle upon him. Of the 15 or so years I've known him, I don't really even remember him ever dating an Indian girl. It's not that he's trying to rebel, he just doesn't use culture as a basis for dating. I think if it came down to it, he would choose the girl he loved over what was obligated by his strict parents. This would seem ideal. The only problem is that he got too close to a girl who would make the opposite decision. This was a hardcore Jewish girl who knew she was going to end up with another Jewish guy. This was her own decision, not her parents, which I can respect. However, I always felt bad when my friend told me how they both seemed like they could end up with each other for good, but didn't because of her unique circumstances.



THEY GOT THE FEEVA,
Courtesy of Joe Flip

This brings up the dilemma of whether or not it's worth starting the relationship in the first place. I want to say that it'd be okay, that they should try it out anyway, and see how it ends up. But, then again, there's that mentality of "if it won't last, why start it in the first place?" I knew the girl wasn't going to rebel against her entire culture. She had her priorities set. It's a hard question of whether or not you would pursue something that would ultimately fail and leave heartache. Is it really better to have loved and lost? It's that age old question that still can't be answered except through experience, and I guess even the answer to that is different for each individual.

I'm glad that some people in this world will put themselves before a greater cause, despite their own search for happiness (I'm just contradicting myself from the beginning, aren't I?). However, what makes this country great is the right of each person to find their own happiness (at least on paper it says it). Pursuit of happiness, so I'm told. Wait a minute, maybe you don't need another person to be happy. Oh crap, looks like I just had an epiphany. Well, to close, before I mix it up anymore, I think that it's wrong to allow anything other than your own preference and mind to restrict the people you want to be with (it's obvious the Jewish girl wanted to be with my friend). When it's a preference, okay, fine. But when it's a restriction you have no control over, well, that's not cool...at least not in my book. And I like my book.

The Socialist Workers Party Crash Lands on Campus

By Steph Hayes, David K. Ginn and Rob Pearsall

On September 28th, three unsuspecting *Press* staffers had their comparative literature class replaced with a visit from Roger Calero, the Presidential candidate for the Socialist Workers Party. Calero discussed problems the Socialist Workers Party wanted to see fixed, and why voting for Bush or Kerry won't see those problems resolved.

Calero's primary concern is the working class. He presented problems such as the eight hour work-day being stretched and work speed being increased causing more injuries. Calero illustrated a country that no longer cares for the well-being of the common man. Certainly, college students are an interesting audience as they aren't (at least not yet) working class. The American "way" has always encouraged citizens to be ambitious and aggressive, working their way to the top. Capitalism breeds competition and creates a society with distinct class division. The Socialist Worker Party questions why a person should only look after themselves. Shouldn't there be jobs for all?

The source of the problem, says Calero, are the bosses. His solution is to eliminate the bosses and ensure the prosperity of the workers.

While many students are intent on getting rid of Bush, they seem to feel their only realistic choice is to vote for Kerry. Calero doesn't see a large distinction between the two candidates and claims that, "It's not enough to just vote what you're against." A vote should be given to the candidate that reflects "what you stand and fight for." Perhaps it is idealistic to vote for a candidate that, in all likelihood, won't make it to the White House. However, a naive vote that supports the changes you want to see made seems much better than a vote that shows you've settled for the lesser of two evils.

Calero proposed that we join together and form a "collective strength" so that we may overcome the problems in our nation. He admits, though, that the plan is one that will unfold as it goes along, which may be a scary thought to some people.

Calero has an idea, yes, but it is questionable whether or not he'll be able to make a

difference. In a sense it would appear as though Calero has thought out and fleshed out many ideas and formed a very solid ideology. The problem, however, is that our nation, or any nation for that matter, cannot survive off of ideology.

An anarchist's view would say that we can survive, and *should* survive, without a government. I know several anarchists and I'll admit that they have some pretty solid points.

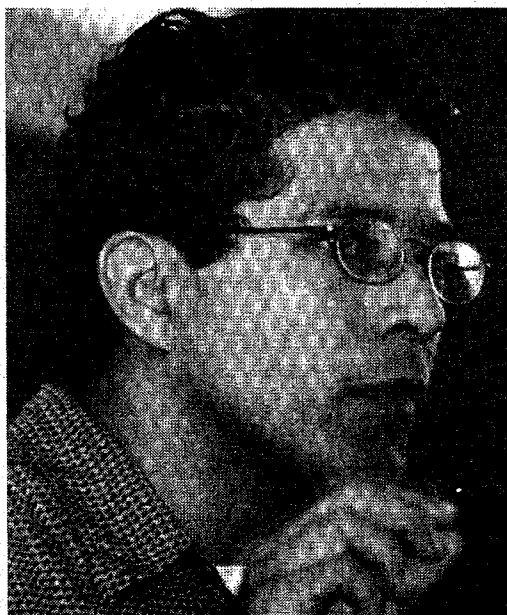
However, I'm guessing that they'll agree with me when I say that to overthrow a government, replace it with a solid ideology and then look around and wonder what to do next is probably not a very wise choice. Calero hopes for a strong government that supports the people, but in a way it seems more like our role in the Gulf War. We went over to Kuwait, told them to rebel against Saddam, and then patted them on the back and said "good luck!"

Unless Calero has a solid plan he will not get the votes that he wants.

Another point that should be made is that Calero was not born in the United States. He was born in Nicaragua. This, by our own federal constitution, bars him from serving as President. Granted he is allowed to run for President, but he will never, by our own laws, be elected.

Calero's response to this limitation seems to be that if enough people want him to be President then they will be able to make whatever changes they need to in order to make this possible. This falls right in with socialist ideals, but it is too radical for the public.

We are one huge mother-fucking nation. It is almost impossible to mobilize a nation our size and it seems that Calero's efforts will all be in vein.



ROGER CALERO,
Courtesy of Socialist Workers Party

Café Bar and Venue

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The Other Victims of Rape

In the edition of *The Press* that's in your hands right now, there is a very important article entitled "Is Anybody Listening?" In it, the author invokes a topic that few people are comfortable talking about; the issue of sexual abuse. What makes the piece especially unexpected, however, is that it was written by a man. During the course of the article, a running thread is the fact that few, if any, of the people he told his story to took him seriously. Instead of being greeted with sympathy, the author was frequently met with disdain and prejudice. It needs to be understood that males can most certainly be the victims of sexual abuse, and their problems need to be taken seriously.

According to statistics, about 9% of all rape victims are male, and this number is almost certainly an under-representation considering the stigma assigned to males who admit their abuse. Although the sheer numbers are relatively small when compared to the statistics for females, the real point is that men can be abused or raped, and they are affected by such an incident just as much as women. There seems to be a perception that men, who are typically perceived to be stronger and more aggressive than females, can't be raped or sexually abused since they could just fight the attacker off and run away. This point of view is nothing

short of naïve and dangerous; failing to take in the factors of psychological coercion, fear, abuse of power, and learned helplessness.

Another myth that undermines the gravity of the situation is the idea that men are pleasure-driven animals whose sexually predatory nature is held tenuously at bay by societal norms. According to this view, any sexual action will be welcomed by the average man whether he asked for it or not. This is simply false. Men are like anyone else; if they don't want something, they will not appreciate it forced upon them. Men are also not sexual maniacs as the stereotype suggests; there are plenty of times when sexual advances are unwanted, and to think otherwise opens the door to a justification for rape.

All of this adds up to the sad fact that male victims of sexual abuse often have a tough time garnering sympathy and understanding from those around them. The idea that everyone needs to keep with them is that anyone, regardless of race, religion, or gender can be victimized. Keeping this in mind, what everyone can do is be respectful and don't act like a jerk. It's really that simple. And if someone does open up to you, don't make fun of them or turn them away; hear them out and try to help them find whatever help they feel they need.

No Pulse, No Glory

ship would be shown to be clearly better.

Mainstream media no longer gives the people what they want, but instead gives the people what media *thinks* they should have and makes them like it that way. When was the last time a positive story was broadcast on the news? When there is a positive story, it's usually no more than 45 seconds long and there is a 25 second ceremony about how this story was featured because the American people want more positive stories, so here they are! It's just a gimmick to make people think they're getting what they "want". News has become entertainment.

The days of hard news are all but over. News anchors are little more than actors who might have had a different major in college. They often get paid right along par with their Hollywood counterparts. Newspaper writers have become sensationalist and trashy. It's not a matter of what's right and what's real; it's a matter of selling issues (or claiming to sell that many issues) and pandering to the lowest common denominator. We here at *The Press* have a very different take on things.

We are an open forum for ideas of every kind and articles from any source. While what gets handed in at deadline these days may be slanted mostly towards one direction or the other, we'd gladly print a piece from any angle, even upside-down. Don't believe us, try us. Send in an article, watch it get printed. By being a truly open forum, and not censoring, we can easily say that our fingers ARE on the pulse of the community, as it's the entire community directly contributing to make up what's clearly the best newspaper in the world.

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Letters

Statesman Speaks!

Dear Press,

Regarding the pull quotes strategically placed in my article in your most recent issue:

That was funny.

Mansoor Khan
 Editor-in-Chief,
 The Stony Brook Statesman

Mansoor,

We know. I hope you've learned your lesson.
 Stultus!

Sincerely,
 Joe Filippazzo
 Executive Editor

The Commuter Student Association and The Stony Brook Press would like to extend their most heartfelt Congratulations to the newlyweds,

Bill and Wendi Schwalback

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A Hate-Filled Exchange

To the Press:

As poorly qualified as I am to bring The Stony Brook Press to justice, I hope you will bear with me while I begin this sincere and earnest attempt. And please don't get mad with me if, in doing so, I must present a clear picture of what is happening, what has happened, and what is likely to happen in the future. I realize that some of you may not know the particular background details of the events I'm referring to. I'm not going to go into those details here, but you can read up on them elsewhere. Pardon me for not being able to empathize with merciless, intellectually challenged half-wits, but if I wanted to brainwash and manipulate a large segment of the population, I would convince them that it is pestiferous to question The Stony Brook Press's prognoses. In fact, that's exactly what The Stony Brook Press does as part of its quest to marginalize me based on my gender, race, or religion.

You shouldn't let yourself be flummoxed by The Stony Brook Press's fast talk and air of self-confidence. The best example of this, culled from many, would have to be the time The Stony Brook Press tried to make my stomach turn. The Stony Brook Press and its apparatchiks are invidious killjoys. This is not set down in complaint against them, but

merely as analysis. Why does The Stony Brook Press want to purge the land of every non-uncontrollable person, gene, idea, and influence? Psychologists might suggest that this is kind of a touchy subject to some people. Counselors might feel that anyone who believes that genocide, slavery, racism, and the systematic oppression, degradation, and exploitation of most of the world's people are all entirely justified is kidding himself. Sociologists might point out that its cowardly attacks not only demean its victims, they dehumanize all of us and are contrary to the principles of a free society. I agree with the above assessments, but contrary to my personal preferences, I'm thinking about what's best for all of us. My conclusion is that what's best for all of us is for me to find the common ground that enables others to put an end to The Stony Brook Press's evildoing.

The Stony Brook Press thinks it would be a great idea to create widespread psychological suffering. Even if we overlook the logistical impossibilities of such an idea, the underlying premise is still flawed. Yet there's more to it than that. The moral of the story: The Stony Brook Press's magic-bullet explanations should be recognized, but only as a complete fraud

-Pizda Huyova

Dear Readers,

Recent troubling developments prompt us to revisit a subject we've discussed in the past: Pizda Huyova and his plan to commit confrontational, in-your-face acts of violence, intimidation, and incivility. What follows is a set of observations we have made about peevish misogynists. Although he wants to create an unwelcome climate for those of us who are striving to put an end to his evildoing, if we fail to reinforce notions of positive self esteem, then we have no one to blame but ourselves. Sadistic meanies are sharply focused on an immediate goal: to squander irreplaceable national treasures. According to the latest scientific evidence, he has never satisfactorily proved his assertion that all it takes to solve our social woes are shotgun marriages, heavy-handed divorce laws, and a return to some mythical 1950s Shangri-la. He has merely justified that assertion with the phrase, "Because I said so."

- The Stony Brook Press.

**Special thanks to Tom Clark for revolutionizing production.

Anybody Listening?

By Tommy Walker

I am a male victim of a sex crime.

I am one of a growing number of people, and at no time was the Roman Catholic Church the one that victimized me. My name is "Tommy." Every day of my life since then, every time I lay awake, I relive what has happened to me. As with many male victims, we go unreported and unheard from.

One of two things happens to us after we are victimized in this manner. A great deal of us either become drug abusers or we become too occupied in our work; but in both ways we become numb as we try to "deal" with what we are in our American society. There is little if any help in our society for us male victims of these crimes, but for women, there much for them in the way of help and support in our society.

I was young when it happened to me at the end of middle school. Like a wolf in the dark, the memories hunt me down, snapping at my heels with each step I take. It all happened to me at school before homeroom, from a man that was old enough to be my gramps who worked for the school. After the horror of what happened, I had to spend the rest of the day in silence as I slowly felt myself die. Somehow, I went from being the class clown to being someone who mustered the strength to hold myself together for that day and the days after that while I knew that I was in such pain that no amount of words can express.

I am a male victim of a sex crime.

That night, while I was home, my parents walked in the door from a long day of work. While they started to sit down in the living room, I walked over to them and told them what had happened to me. I spent the night at the police station recounting what happened to me, over and over, as the officer filled out the report and taped what I had to say. To this very year, on that day that it happened, I play that tape where no one but I can hear it while I remember who I was back then. The next day, with detectives with me, I went to back to that school with a "wire" on, listening to my victimizer tell me what he wanted to do; as soon as they could, the detectives pulled me out for the day as my victimizer was arrested at his home later on that day while he was sitting down to eat. He pled guilt to everything; to his crimes, but our society with its laws only levied on him a slap on the wrist and allowed him to walk the streets of my home town while he eyes the young children. I kid no one; I am not a man of hate or rage. I am a believer in Karma and I do not wish ill for people, but this person is the only one that I truly hate and wish death for, and that scares me, for I am not one for blinding hate like I have for him.

I spent the next few years trying to recover from what I had been through. Who I was at that time was dead and gone; nothing would change that. I did very well in school, rocking it with kicking grades and a high GPA, but still I felt dead inside. To fill the pain that was awash of me, I drank almost every day, I went and learned Karate, and got into Harleys. I did many things that were not good for me, I would not eat nor would I sleep, and at some points in time I would cut my flesh open.

Last year while I was here on campus, I was living away from my home, my old stomping grounds where I was attacked physically on a weekly basis for being a victim. While here at SBU, I found myself feeling dangerously depressed; I was told by the college to get involved in my building, that it will make me feel part of something.

So I joined my building's LEG and E-board working for the building I lived in. Still, I felt depressed and wanted to die. At no time

then or now did I feel as if I was part of my building's "community." I had trained myself to smile so that no one would know the pain that I was in, since I have learned that would invite trouble to me, which I did not want. I would not lie to anyone in my building if they would ask me about what kind of stuff I had to deal with while in my town. I would tell them; I don't believe in pulling punches. In retrospect, I can understand why they seemed to glare at me, literally turned their heads away when I walked past them, and some reason as to why they talked trash about me. The knife had become the only thing I could count on for it had kept me safe from people that wanted my blood, and the pain that I got from its cutting into my flesh was the only thing I could feel.

"Knowing that I needed help I went and called a hotline for victims of sex crimes, but they hung up on me when I said that I, a guy, was the victim that needed help from them."

I am a male victim of a sex crime.

The words would scare me when I was trying to come to with what happened to me; I have been called "freak," "queer," and threatened by people for what had happened to me. In our society I see how men are made to fit into roles that are decided for us, and when we don't fit the "norm" of our society, we are then ridiculed and struck down by other people that we see every day. I know one of the victims of the man that victimized me, that victim is a general in the American Army. The general told me that he could not come forth and talk about what happened to him since it will mean his rank and career; for the way things are here in the American military if a man was to step forward and state that he was a victim of a sex crime, he would be forced out and told that there is no longer a need for him in the service of our country. He was moved to tears when we talked as he took the time to thank me for being the first victim to step forth and to do something. In our American society, male victims can't step up, for if we do there is always that fear knowing that we can very well be hunted down and struck down like so many other people have been before when they didn't fit into society.

With lights dimmed last year in my dorm room, my RA walked in to give me papers for my building's E-board. She asked me what was wrong with me since I must have looked upset; I told her that I was "too depressed to keep on going" and that I felt disconnected from people in my building. My RA then went on for 30 minutes, telling me of people that are in "worst" places than I. I can tell you that when you have a fresh gash on your arm and are feeling depressed, you don't need to hear about other people's problems.

Knowing that I needed help I went and called a hotline for victims of sex crimes, but they hung up on me when I said that I, a guy, was the victim that needed help from them. Knowing of the WoMen's center in the Stony Brook Union and of the help that they happen to claim to have for victims, I went to their office.

When looked at, there is little to any help or studies on male adult victims of sex crimes and even less for male children who were

victims of these crimes. Despite the lack of understanding for male victims, I still walked over to the WoMen's center seeking help and to see if they could not help me to even be told of where I could go to find the help I was seeking. I found that when I got there, a single staff member was in her office who seemed rather unsure as to why I was there. I told her why I was there and what had happen to me, how ever time I close my eyes I relive all that had happened to me. As first she was hesitant to hand me any papers to fill out, looking me over with a face that was a mix of disgust and the view of me as a joke. On the paperwork, I filled out my cell number, e-mail addresses, and my free times, all the while the staff member just stood there looking at me, making me feel like I belonged in a zoo. Since my trip to their office last fall semester, to date, no one from the office has contacted me to either set up a time for me to come in, to tell me where I could go, or to even see if I was still around anymore. I gather from their lack of response that since I am a male victim of a sex crime I just don't matter; but if I were a female victim, I am sure they would jump up to help like they do so many times here on campus, which is nothing more than a double standard in their manner of operations.

I am a male victim of a sex crime.

In my dorm room, I sat alone cutting my flesh open with a shard of shattered glass. With wounds on my arms rapped up by my own hands, I would listen to my RA "telling" me rather rashly about how other people in the world are worse off than I. I told her that I cut myself, that cutting my flesh was the only thing I could feel. Nothing was ever done to help me. I went to my RHD to talk to him about what I feel and what was happening by cutting my flesh and how, no matter what I do, people in my building seemed to keep away from me. My RHD only told me to get more involved in my building, but I was already involved in my building to the point that my grades had felt it. My RHD did not care. Instead, all he wanted was for me and other people to bust our backs doing work for LEG and our building's E-board.

My RA kept on my case about how I was feeling depressed. My RA claimed that she went to the counseling center asking them if I had been there. She would claim that they said no and start berating me over that. I, for one, do not think or even believe that the counseling center here at Stony Brook would give out that kind of information to anyone, except if the client gave their ok for certain people to be told that information; not even Shirley Strum Kenny could make the counseling center tell an RA who does or does not go to the center, so my RA lied to me. I did not dare go to the counseling center at first, for I was hoping that the WoMen's Center in the Union was going to contact me, but after some time, when it became clear that they were not going to contact me, I saw no reason as to why I should trust the counseling center since the staff at the WoMen's Center failed to reach me and failed to be in the office when I went back to them to see what was going on with my reaching to them for help.

Another RA in my building told me that she saw that I always looked depressed and distant to the things around me which, in her words, "made her feel concerned," yet again nothing was done to help. When I told that RA how I felt lonely and that it would be nice to have someone to deal with that I have some common ground with so that at least I would feel like I was part of something good, the RA told me that she knew I was Pagan and that someone in her suite was also Pagan. But before I could say anything, she told me that she would not let us meet at all because she wanted to convert us to

Anybody Listening?

By Tommy Walker

being Christian. In all my time on this earth, I have never met anyone who is religious and willing to block someone from meeting someone else in their time of sorrow while they seek help on the basis of the peoples' faith.

Two RAs in my building had failed me, my RHD had failed me, the WoMen's Center had failed me, Stony Brook University had failed me when I needed asked for help. November 11, 2003, *Newsday* (Suffolk ed.) ran a story about a male student that took his life on campus; in that short news story, Shirley Strum Kenny had said there was help here on SBU for students/staff if they needed the help. Yet no one had stopped to help me when I asked for it before the student took his life, and after that day.

I am a male victim of a sex crime.

Funny at how painful the statement is for me to utter. The pain gets to the point that I wish for the kiss of death to end it. Every time I told my RA and RHD that year that I felt like I was slipping away, that I did not feel part of the community in my building, I found them saying nothing, as if it did not matter to them. Like a deaf person trying to scream, I felt like I was breaking apart, having my insides being cut apart with razors to the pace of R.E.M. songs. RAs in my building would tell me that I look depressed but they did nothing past that; no one did anything other than leave me there to bleed. Feeling too put out and detached from my building, I stopped going to my building's E-board and LEG meetings, but no one seemed to notice.

With arms in crimson red, I left at the year's end to go back to my old stomping ground. Playing "Suicide Is Painless" in my dorm room, I drank a mix of Rum and JD with a fistful of pills. Stretched out on my bed, feeling the numbness wash over me, my mind relived all the images of what happened and there was no help around when I asked for it. Something calling to me made me get up off my bed to look at my face in the mirror in the bathroom. I stood there looking at my hollowed face seeing how the years of youth were robbed from me. No one I talked to here at SBU seemed to care about what was going on; all the school seemed to care about

was keeping the money flowing in. Standing there, looking at my image, I knew that my RAs had failed me and the other students in my dorm building; I "knew" that the RAs and this "fine college" did not care, nor did they want to hear my voice of pain as I cried for help. Every time that year I walked pass the RA's office in my building, I would hear them (all the buildings

"No one I talked to here at SBU seemed to care about what was going on; all the school seemed to care about was keeping the money flowing in."

RAs) ridiculing and mocking a male student that was having trouble with his roommate. Not too long after, I had lost all hope for my RAs and RHD. The kid was roughed up by his roommate and it was I who was willing to put the kid up for the night and to stay up late with him talking to him to make sure that he was ok. Even after he had the fight with his roommate, the RAs sat around the office joking about him. As I was leaving my building at the end of the school year, there was a car parked in a handicapped parking space (the driver had no handicap stickers on the car to indicate that he was there for a handicapped person) which was needed for a car with a handicapped sticker that was trying to find a parking space, all of which were filled with cars that were not meant to be parked there. When the driver of the illegally parked car refused to move when asked, I went to the RAs in the office to let them know there was a problem outside, the RA's said "it is not my job or problem." It seems that nothing is anyone's job here at SBU.

It's a new year and I find myself back

here at Stony. I moved in early to help move in freshmen as part of the Welcome Wagon program here at Stony Brook. Since I moved in, people in my building would turn their heads the other way when I would pass; the people, like last year, would not respond when I say hello to them. I have been told both via AIM and in person by people that I am hated in my building, that members of the same LEG and E-board that I worked for were now telling people that I am "a psycho and a danger" yet no one had been hurt in my building by anyone other than the fight between the two roommates. In the stairwells of my building, I have been given sucker punches as I walk by, and still I don't do anything. Even now I am finding out that someone on my building's E-board has been going around telling people the RAs do not want me around which, if said to the wrong kind of person, can lead them to thinking that it is ok for them to go after me.

I have been in the position in my life where I had to fight for every inch of ground that I could walk on. In my town I had to contend with people that sought my blood and pain that could be inflicted on me. This year, while I asked my RHD and quad staff what was going on in my building and what could I do to get this trash talking to stop, other than moving (which is something I had been told before, but that would put me away from the buildings I need to be in for doing classwork and studies) there was no practical answers they gave me. In one breath, my current RHD and quad staff member told me that they could not see anyone in my building saying the kind of stuff that I informed them about, nor could they even see anyone in the building having that much control over other people in my building, but if I was to become "buddy-buddy" with one of the RAs, then I am sure to better received in my building. In one statement that was uttered, I found the RHD and staff member admitting that someone in the building can and does have such control and power over people: it was last year that under the "suggestion" of my former LEG president that I did join LEG and the E-board of my building. When you have anyone who is put in a position of power on control based on a title, you do have people that will listen to them since that is what we are all meant to do.

The CSA students, members of *The Press*, people from other buildings, and The Stony Shisha Smokers all had been nicer to me than the people in my building and in my building's LEG and E-board. I had found the Ombuds office to be the only place where people know where I could find any help this year, and it is sad that they know more about where to go than the staff from the college itself would know. This year I even found that our current USG president Jared Wong was more willing to help me out with handing me numbers to call than my own RAs of last year or even my current RHD and quad staff member were.

I am a male victim of a sex crime.

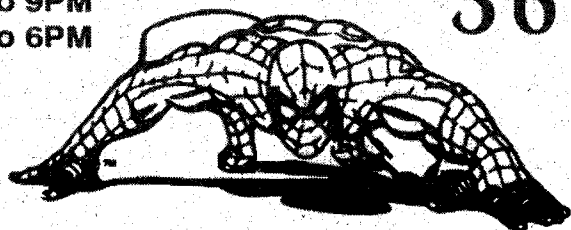
I have grown used to knowing that, but still cutting my flesh seems to be the only thing I can feel. When I went to my RAs, RHD, and different offices that are run by the college, I found that there was no help to be found. The only way I have been able to keep alive is by being ready to stand my ground while the chips seem to be down. In my time of writing this, I have had to face memories of what has happened to me in the past and how, when I did need help, Stony Brook had dropped the ball with me. I am not sorry for what has happened to me, I am just sorry for all the people that Stony did not help or that they just seemed not to care about.

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Debate? What Debate? The Awful Truth About the CPD

By Marcel Votlucka

Intro: There is no real debate

62.5 million viewers watched the first televised debate between John Kerry and George W. Bush on Thursday. The verdict seems to be that Kerry came out on top, while Bush came off as befuddled, irritable, and overwhelmed at times. The most memorable thing about the debate, though, is neither a specific one-liner nor argument nor the body language of a certain President, but the fact that more worthy candidates were not included on the stage.

While watching the pre-debate coverage, broadcast outside the debate hall, I remember seeing several "Debate Nader" signs in the audience. The pundits may claim that Kerry gave an aggressive performance, but Nader—had he been present—could've given a much stronger performance, making Kerry's and Bush's lives a living hell for ninety minutes. He, or any of the other major third party candidates for that matter, would've truly held both the Senator and the President accountable for their principles and their actions, forced some sanity into this horserace. But with only two men with relatively minor policy differences on the stage, this was not a real debate worthy of the name. Voters want more and deserve better; a recent Zogby Poll reveals that 57 percent of likely voters want independent and third party candidates included in the presidential debates. So why isn't it happening?

I. The CPD and how it orchestrates the "debates"

Presidential debates are handled under the auspices of the Commission on Presidential Debates (CPD), a nonprofit corporation created in 1987 by a joint effort between the DNC and the RNC. It is currently chaired by former RNC chairman Frank Fahrenkopf and former DNC chairman Paul Kirk. The CPD sets up and stages the presidential debates according to the whims of the two major parties, and the rules and procedures are specifically designed to lock out other candidates as well as to make the debates themselves into bland Q & A sessions instead of actual "debates," in the true sense of the word.

Here's how it works: the two major parties negotiate agreements called "Memoranda of Understanding" which outline the specific procedures to be employed in the debates. This was first done in the 1988 campaign between George Bush Sr. and Michael Dukakis. The CPD sets up the debates according to the instructions outlined within these clandestine agreements. For example, the most recent memorandum, for 2004, provides for the following:

- * no opening statements
- * props, notes, charts, diagrams, or other writings are forbidden from being brought into the debate
- * candidates cannot ask each other questions or directly address each other
- * no audience participation at all in the first and last debates
- * response time of a mere 90 seconds
- * The moderator, hand picked by the CPD, will have sole discretion over

the questions asked by audience members in the "town hall" style debate on October 8. And most of the questions, as we have seen, aren't exactly "hardball" questions forcing the candidates to give truly revealing responses.

- * only so-called "soft" Kerry supporters and "soft" Bush supporters will be allowed to participate; those who lean toward other candidates, or none at all, will be excluded.

- * there are detailed rules governing how cameras will be focused on the candidates, the moderators, and the crowd, as well as how photographers will take photographs of candidates; this is an attempt to control all images so that everything is "picture perfect," so to say (we've seen, though, that the networks have chosen to ignore this rule).

In general, the debates are set up so as to provide a highly controlled forum, with absolutely no room for spontaneity. There is no substantive clash of issues which would give us a deeper view into the candidates' principles. Candidates have only a small amount of time to give their positions, all images are tightly controlled, all questions from audience members are carefully vetted, and the result is a bland, uninspiring Q & A session rather than a hard-hitting discussion of issues and principles. As the product of a joint effort between the Republican and Democratic Parties, the CPD exists expressly for the purpose of enriching the bipartisan system. According to the Final Report of the Commission on National Elections, circa April 1986:

"The commission therefore urges the two parties to assume responsibility for sponsoring and otherwise ensuring that presidential candidate joint appearances are made a permanent and integral part of the presidential election process. If they do so, the commission believes that the parties will strengthen both the process and themselves. The parties may decide to delegate sponsorship or to involve other groups or the television networks, but ultimate responsibility should rest with the parties."

Not surprisingly, the CPD systematically prevents third party and independent candidates from entering the process. First, an Advisory Committee determines if third party candidates may be included. Their members, as well as the directors of the CPD, hail from the ranks of the DNC, the RNC, the bipartisan campaigns, and Congress. *Their recommendations are not binding.* Thus, the parties and their candidates can (and do) choose to disregard their recommendations when negotiating the debate procedures. The inclusion of other candidates, such as Ross Perot in 1992, is therefore left up to the whims of the major party candidates.

Second, invitees must be on the ballot in enough states to be able to win an Electoral College majority. For some parties this goal is reachable; for others it is not. Independent candidates with no party support whatsoever have a much harder time meeting this requirement, needless to say. Of course, Democratic and Republican candidates are automatically invited; the debates are meant to be

their forum and theirs alone. This rule ultimately stifles the democratic exchange of ideas, even as some people justify this rule as pragmatic.

Third, in 2000 the CPD established another exclusionary rule: third party and independent candidates have to reach 15% in pre-debate polls in order to be included in the debates. For most, this kind of support is difficult to obtain, if at all. The media, dominated by the bipartisan system, is not so welcoming to voices of dissent.

The truth is clear: the CPD stacks the deck against dissenting voices, keeping its favored parties cozy while stifling truly honest debate.

II. Corporate money and the CPD

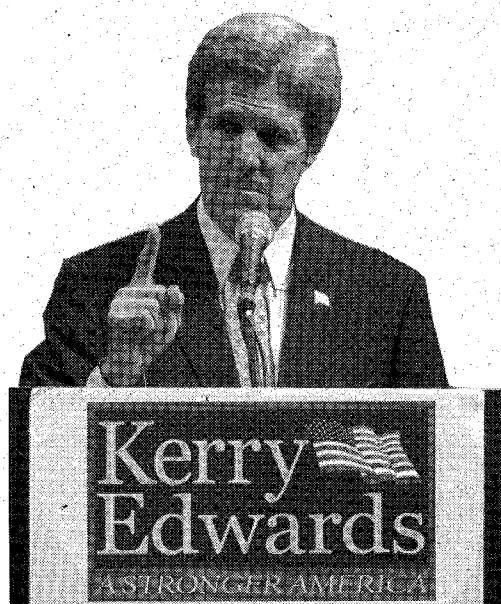
One of the biggest sources of outrage regarding the CPD is its ties to corporations and its use of corporate money in staging debates. After all, the debates are funded primarily by corporate contributions. Frank Fahrenkopf and Paul Kirk, the chairmen of the organization, are both lobbyists—Fahrenkopf is a lobbyist for the gambling/casino industry, and Kirk is a lobbyist for the pharmaceutical industry. And of course we must factor in the fact that the organization itself is operated by officials of both parties, who consistently do favors for big business in order to get ahead in the game.

The Federal Election Campaign Act (FECA) prohibits corporations from making "contributions" or "expenditures" to federal election campaigns. However, there are loopholes that the CPD uses gleefully. The CPD, as a tax-exempt organization, is subject to Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, which forbids such organizations from "participating or intervening, directly or indirectly, in any political campaign on behalf of or in opposition to any candidate for public office." Because the CPD does not *explicitly* endorse or oppose any single candidate or party, this is not construed as such "participation" or "intervention"; thus it may use corporate donations to stage debates.

Private sponsorship and funding of debates (such as with the League of Women Voters, which formerly sponsored the debates until 1988) is not a bad thing in and of itself, but when you have politicians and big business firmly in each other's pockets, this clearly leads to a government not of the people, but of big business. This is not democratic—this is corporate fascism. Candidates necessarily shy away from issues such as corporate welfare, subsidies to business and agriculture, so-called "free trade" and globalization, and issues affecting workers and consumers. The fact that the CPD's debates are corporate-dominated is further evidence of their undemocratic nature.

Why do the parties rely on this apparatus? Open Debates puts it succinctly: *"[I]f the Republican and Democratic candidates openly hosted their own debates, not only would they have to pay for them, but they would also be held accountable for them. If uninspiring formats were used. . . . If a candidate the American people wanted to see was excluded. . . . If important issues were ignored, it would be the fault of the major party candidates. Under the auspices of direct party sponsorship, the public would realize that third-party challengers and difficult questions were excluded for political reasons, and major party candidates would likely pay a price on Election Day."*

So there you have it: the CPD is nothing more than a sham organization intended to shield the major party candidates from a real,



Debate? What Debate?

Continued...

By Marcel Votlucka

honest debate. It blatantly allows major party candidates to negotiate the rules and procedures that will benefit them the most. And this of course includes the exclusion of other candidates, ignorance of real, consequential issues, "soft" vetted questions asked by passive moderators, and half-assed attempts to engage voters. These "debates" are just glorified press conferences and Q & A sessions—and not very informative ones at that.

III. No debate equals no democracy

I point out all these things to show that without a real debate, there is no democracy. The major parties, as we have seen, choose to fret over minor foreign policy squabbles and insignificant domestic policy differences, rather than bravely face the more consequential issues in this country: the broadening reach of corporate power, corporate welfare, the cost of war and the benefits of peace, comprehensive tax reform, wasteful government spending, election reform, media ownership, civil liberties, the ramifications of the PATRIOT Act, immigration issues, outsourcing of labor, mass transit in cities, the Drug War, iniquities faced by minorities within the justice system, and federal funding for scientific research.

Third party and independent candidates

routinely address these issues and offer possible solutions. They are a significant voice of dissent and reform. They fight to 'speak truth to power' and keep those in power accountable to the people. In their own way, many of this year's independent and third party contenders—

Ralph Nader (independent/Reform Party), Michael Badnarik (Libertarian Party), David Cobb (Green Party), and Michael Peroutka (Constitution Party) being the best-known—make more valuable contributions to the electoral process and the process of reform than do the Democratic and Republican Parties. Including these silenced voices would only be beneficial to the democratic process. Real issues could be approached from a completely different perspective from the two major parties. The public could have a chance to see issues in a different light. Most importantly, the major party candidates might actually have to *earn* their votes instead of relying on "the lesser of two evils" strategy. In the end, voters would start to feel that they have real choices.



TERRORIST, TERRORIST, 911, 911, GOD BLESS AMERICA, Courtesy of BBC

The truth must be told. In short, the Commission on Presidential Debates works to create a bubble of safety for the major party candidates, insulating them from true debate and stifling the democratic process. It systematically locks out other voices of dissent and reform in an attempt to secure the bipartisan system's stranglehold over American politics. People need to challenge this state of affairs and demand real reform, demand real choices, and demand real, open debates. The future of American democracy depends on it.

Author's Note: Open Debates (www.opendebates.org) is an excellent resource for learning more about this important issue. Its founder, George Farah, is the author of the new book *No Debate: How the Republican and Democratic Parties Secretly Control the Presidential Debates*. The site also gives information about the nascent Citizens Debate Commission, an independent and neutral organization which aims to take control of the debates from the CPD.

Homecoming and Other Nutrasweet Traditions

By Sam Goldman

So Homecoming (or "Wolfstock," if you are a university member) happened. There was a football game, which Stony Brook lost in heart-breaking fashion. Michael Pomodoro won Homecoming King. There was a lot of cheap wine and kegs of beer, and Doug Little apparently broke something up.

The Press has no pictures. *The Press* has no articles (unless you count this one). *The Press* wasn't even there, unless you count James Blonde (we won't go there). The reason is that, unless you were one of the myriad of fraternities or sororities who were chatting around Laval Stadium and/or getting drunk, you – and by "you" I mean "the majority of the campus" – failed to care about Wolfstock at all.

Wolfstock is another in a series of artificially created campus traditions foisted upon the University by the administration. We're not talking about annual or regular events, like COCA movies or the Involvement Fair. We're talking about events that were created specifically to fill the place of actual traditions, of which Wolfstock has been the main culprit. The University spares no expense for these traditions. Clubs and organizations are encouraged to have tables, make floats, the whole nine yards. Ads are put on tables in the SAC, and have run in the Statesman almost since the start of the semester. The football game featured a free kick for a brand new BMW 325i. Damn, son!!

At the same time, there's been a campus tradition that's lasted 24 years, which brings in more people from outside the university than Wolfstock and the Roth Regatta together, and that's more well-known outside the campus than both of them. You know what I'm talking about; I'm talking about I-CON.

For those freshmen who are still unawares, I-CON is the Northeast's largest science-fiction convention. Six thousand people descend on this campus, many in costumed garb.

Yes, folks, people do dress up in Star Trek uniforms to this thing. The Sports Complex is taken over, used for dealers who have sold everything from Jenna Jameson dolls to samurai swords, music events (hail Voltaire!) and "celebrity" autographing sessions. No building is immune to the awesome power of I-CON. And yet, despite all of these things, Stony Brook University treats it like crap. A quick trip to the Internet



I-CON; ONE OF THE FEW ACTUAL TRADITIONS, Courtesy of Dustin Herlich

Archive reveals that the University website made no mention of I-CON, nor did the University expend any time or money to promote it at all. If you weren't a sci-fi geek or a member of the campus media, and you go home on weekends, I'd bet you a dollar you didn't know I-CON existed.

The reason why the administration gives I-CON short shrift is simple: it's not the brainchild of an administrator, nor is it controlled by the administration. I-CON is run by a non-profit group related to the Science Fiction Forum. Any student or alumnus can join – I-CON is the university's ultimate "by students, for students" event. And evidence has been shown time and time again (*cough*Rock&Awe*cough*), whatever the administration cannot control, it attempts to destroy.

This policy, to be blunt, is so fucking stupid that someone deserves to be fired for it.

I-CON, if marketed right to the campus and the surrounding community, could keep students from leaving for the weekend, bring in loads of money to the university (when people come to campus, they eat on campus, and buy merchandise on campus), could convince high school students who are into science fiction to apply to the university, and could increase the amount of good press the campus receives. This is a no-brainer! The campus wins in every way. Why has this not dawned upon anyone at all? Anyone? Anyone? Bueller??

While Stony Brook University continues to endlessly promote artificial traditions like Wolfstock and the Strawberry Festival upon a campus that continues to show its indifference to them, at the same time the University continues to attempt to bury a REAL campus tradition, one with meaning and value to the campus community as well as those who descend upon the campus every spring. It is my hope that the university will change its mind and embrace I-CON alongside Wolfstock, the Regatta, Strawberry Festival, and the rest of the great traditions this campus has to offer. It's a win for the university, a win for the students, and a win for tradition.

X-Prize Winner Flying Virgin

By Adam Kearney

On October 4th, *SpaceShipOne* won the \$10 million Ansari X-Prize for launching a private spaceship into space twice in two weeks, ending the government monopoly on space travel and opening a new era in commercial extra-terrestrial enterprises. The idea was to lower the cost, the danger, and the restrictions of sending men into space by encouraging competition between aerospace companies and to use the new technologies to create a revenue oriented business of sending tourists into near orbit. It is working. The cost of spaceflight has dropped for the first time in 40 years, there have been no injuries throughout the multiple launchings of the X-Prize competition, and Virgin Galactic plans to send 3,000 civilians into space within the next five years.

Peter Diamandis created the X-Prize in 1996 and heads the X-Prize Foundation, a non-profit organization headquartered in St. Louis, Missouri, that is supported by private and corporate sponsorships. In starting the X-Prize he was hoping to foster a "personal spaceflight revolution." He believes that a new generation of public spacecraft is the key to providing low cost space travel, and that access to space will raise the standard of living for everyone by having unlimited resources of energy, metals, and minerals. It is also a chance to "backup the biosphere," spreading human culture, and giving people hope for the future.

The competition is modeled after the Orteig Prize that was won by Charles Lindberg in 1927, for being the first man to fly non-stop across the Atlantic. The prize was offered in 1919 and he won it eight years later- afterwards, passenger travel flight in the US increased by a factor of thirty. Today the average amount of manned space flights is four per year and it is expected to explode in the same manner.

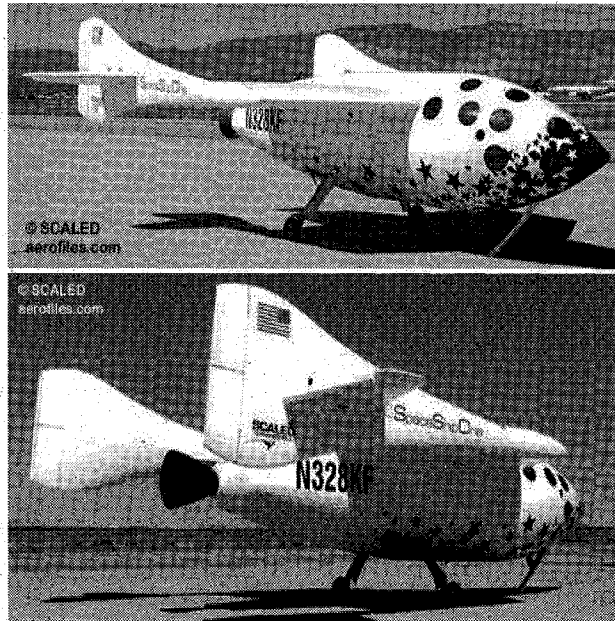
The requirements for winning the Prize are designed to foster this new generation of spaceflight. The ship must be privately financed, built, and launched, without any government participation. It has to make two successful flights within two weeks up to 60 miles (100km), which is internationally recognized as the boundary of space, with three people on board or their equivalent weight in ballast. These ships will become models for the vehicles used in the future private passenger market. They are graded in six categories: Turn Around Time, Max. Passengers, Total Passengers, Maximum Altitude, Fastest Flight to 100km, and Coolest Looking Spaceship.

Aerospace companies from six countries participated in the event. Engineers from Argentina, Canada, Romania, Russia, the UK, and the US used different techniques in creating their low cost reusable spaceships. The DaVinci Project team from Canada tethers a rocket to a balloon and launches it from 80,000 ft. Every team uses some different variety of propulsion, but most of the ships employ the unpowered glide as a means of landing.

The US team that created *SpaceShipOne*, Mojave Aerospace Ventures, is led by Burt Rutan, whose innovative designs allowed the ship to overcome some of the challenges of earlier space vehicles. The nitrous oxide and rubber fuel is one of its safest features, as neither component is dangerously explosive by itself, and the movable wings allow the ship to transform and avoid overheating during re-entry. Since the Cold War, spaceships have been designed looking like rockets because that's what the government was most interested in, however Rutan's design calls for two vehicles, one named *The White Knight* which is a mother-ship that brings *SpaceShipOne* up to an altitude of 48,000 feet, where it releases *SS1* so it can

make the rest of the climb into space. The ships make use of a lighter, low-cost composite material instead of metals.

Rutan's company, Scaled Composites, received \$25 million in financing from Paul Allen, co-founder of Microsoft, to compete in the event. Rutan had said that, "I feel strongly that, if we are successful, our program will mark the beginning of a renaissance for manned space flight." Before winning the prize they



SpaceShipOne; WINNER OF THE X-PRIZE, Courtesy of aerofiles.com

announced a deal with British entrepreneur and Virgin Group founder Richard Branson, who had founded Virgin Galactic six years ago in the hopes that his experience in the passenger flight industry (Virgin Atlantic) combined with new technologies (X-Prize) would allow him to enter the space tourism industry.

The first launch of *SS1* was less than perfect. The ship spun 29 times as it ascended and its pilot, Mike Melvill, had to cut off the rockets a few seconds early. He soon righted the spaceplane, using angular dampers, and crossed the space boundary by a slim margin before safely descending back to the desert. Piloting *The White Knight* on that first mission

was Brian Binnie, who would become the second man to earn a commercial astronauts license from the Federal Aviation Administration, after steering *SpaceShipOne* into world history on Monday.

Rutan chose Monday for the second launch, as it is the anniversary of the first flight of the space age, when the USSR launched the satellite Sputnik on October 4th, 1954. This time Melvill flew *The White Knight* and Binnie piloted *SS1*, as he had in December for it's first powered flight, when he flew it to Mach 2.5 and made it the world's fastest privately funded vehicle. This time there were no problems as he broke the military's record of 67 miles, by the X-15 in 1967, by four and a half miles, way beyond the barrier needed to win the Prize.

"Today the winners are the people of the Earth", said founder Peter Diamandis, "Today we go to the stars."

Allen, Rutan, and Branson greeted Binnie on the runway. The commercial astronaut was later offered a job training airplane pilots for Virgin Galactic. Rutan plans to deliver a five-seated suborbital spacecraft, based on the designs of *SS1*, on which Branson will fly the paying public by 2007. His goal is to supply all the crafts for Virgin Galactic, but they're going to have to be 100 times safer than anything that has ever taken man into space before. Paul Allen, who financed *SpaceShipOne*, said he'd share the prize with Rutan's company, Scaled Composites, which built it. Rutan will distribute the winnings among his employees.

Richard Branson, who has invested \$25 million in Virgin Galactic, said to the Royal Aeronautical Society in London that, "the development will also allow every country in the world to have their own astronauts rather than a privileged few." This can only be so true when the cost of a three-hour flight into space is tentatively set at \$208,000. Since government won't be in control, there is much less time required to prepare the space tourists, merely a five day training and medical examination compared to the years spent training astronauts today. This is all for but a few moments of weightlessness, but Branson has grander plans. He wants to move up to orbital flights and eventually build a hotel up there.

COMMUTER STUDENT ASSOCIATION



LEG MEETINGS

WEDNESDAYS AT 1PM

IN THE UNIVERSITY CAFE

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Goodbye Scott, Goodbye Rodney

By Dustin Herlich

An article about both Scott Muni and Rodney Dangerfield may seem strange, as they easily deserve their own separate tribute pieces, but considering that they both passed away within a short period of time, and that they both had a profound effect on my life, as well as the lives of many others, I'll try and do them both justice with a single tribute piece.

Scott Muni was an award winning radio DJ who had been on the air since his time in the Marines, where he was stationed in Guam. While in the service Muni is remembered as having a segment of his show in which he'd read the "Dear John" letters his fellow servicemen would receive; in his civilian career, he is remembered as being a groundbreaking DJ who helped form the atmosphere that allowed protest songs and alternative rock to be played.

While Muni is remembered for having played the Beatles early on, and working with many artists, few know that the movie *Dog Day Afternoon* is based on a phone call he got on air one afternoon from bank robbers holed up in a bank with hostages. He was also the voice used in old Roloids commercials. His encyclopedic knowledge of all things Rock and Roll helped earn him the Nickname "The Professor."

"Scottso," as he was often referred to, had not only helped to promote free form radio, but his interviews with artists like Pete Townsend and Paul McCartney are legendary. Experiences like a partied-out Jimmie Page collapsing in his studio during an interview are still fresh in the memories of many of his fans. Being that Scott was a huge Beatles fan, after the death of John Lennon, Scott opened every show with a Beatles song.

I remember him most vividly as the DJ of his last gig on WXRQ, a position he held since 1998. Being that I am a huge classic rock fan, his show was one of my favorites. My interest in

radio and radio history lets me see him as a pioneer and a legend. I know that many of the DJ's at our own campus radio station were sad to hear of his passing. Scott's career has had a vastly positive effect on the world of radio, and on the ears of listeners. He'll be sorely missed.

Rodney Dangerfield might not have been a radio DJ, but his voice, and his antics have made millions laugh, and he has certainly cemented his place in "show biz" history for all time. He was born Jacob Cohen on Nov. 22 1921 in Babylon, Long Island to a mother who didn't seem to care, and a father who was never there.



EACH ONE, A MASTER OF HIS TRADE,
Courtesy of scottmuni.com and rodneydangerfield.com

Early on he experienced hardship, but also show business. He traveled with his father and brother doing comedy and juggling at a young age. Throughout his career, he changed his name several times, and even left the business completely at one point. When he returned eventually in the 1970's, his agent gave him the absurd name we all know him by, Rodney Dangerfield.

The first movie he is remembered for is *Caddy Shack*. Along side an all-star cast of peo-

ple like Chevy Chase and Bull Murray, Rodney did more than hold his own, and soon started doing his own movies and stand up again. I remember watching his movies growing up, and always enjoying them. Watching the same movies now, I can appreciate them on a totally different level.

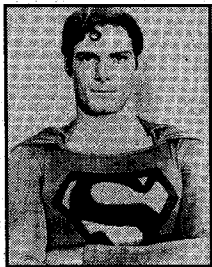
While many comedians are self depreciating, he delivers it with a style unlike any other. Bug-eyed, wearing shirts too small for him, he's unmistakable. His body language and use of the English language are simply hilarious. His jokes aren't usually overly complex, but simply funny. Being that he's clearly Jewish also guaranteed that he was a regular feature on the TV and as a topic of conversation in my house growing up.

Rodney Dangerfield's Judaism also means to many that he's something of a hero. In his own way, he's been compared to other greats with Jewish roots, such as Albert Einstein, Yitzhak Pearlman and Samuel Clemens (most of us know him as Mark Twain).

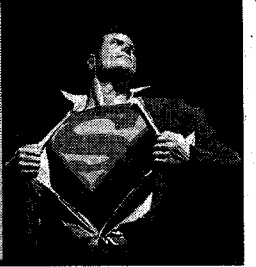
Whether you see him as a hero for modern Jews, or simply as someone who can make an entire audience burst out laughing, Rodney definitely gets our respect. In memoriam to Mr. Dangerfield some of us here at *The Press* watched *Back to School* the other night.

It's sad to think that we can't enjoy any new Rodney Dangerfield movies, or any more Scott Muni shows in the afternoon. While both men have had far better tributes done for them on the radio and TV, it would simply be improper not to mention them in this paper. Scott's style and innovation has had its effect on many of us who are involved with some sort of broadcasting, and Rodney's humor is never forgotten, and often poorly duplicated amongst these very pages.

So long Scott, So long Rodney. You'll be sorely missed.



During the final moments of production for this issue, we were notified of the passing of Christopher Reeve. We will remember Christopher as the Superman of our childhood, and a Superman for disabled people all around the world. As we mourn his loss, our hearts go out to his family, friends and supporters.



Yo Mamma!

By Joe Rios

You've all heard it before. A little "dissing" amongst friends leads into a round of "Yo Mamma" jokes. We've all heard them before too. "Your mamma is so fat..." "Your mamma is so ugly..." "Your mamma is so old..."

And of course this goes on and on until two things happen; 1) Somebody realizes how stupid the sounds, and gives up, or, 2) Someone says the wrong thing, and punches start flying. Either way there is only one way to describe the allowance of such jokes and that is Fucking Stupid.

I mean who gives a flying shit about your mother. She's not here, she USUALLY isn't that fat, ugly, stupid, or nasty. In addition she probably doesn't even give a shit about what the other person is saying about her because she knows it's meaningless, and she'd probably beat the shit out of you like when you were little for saying such stupid things.

I've heard, and said my fair share of "Yo Mamma" jokes, but there comes a point where you realize that it's just dumb. Now if you actu-

ally did sleep with his mother, then you've got something backing you. But then again, if you slept with his mother, he probably has good right to beat the hell out of you anyways... YOU SICK FUCK!

Since I learned to not use "Yo Mamma" jokes, I've also become impervious to the jokes from others. So when I hear a joke like "Yo mama's so nasty, a skunk smelled her ass and passed out," I tend to not listen, because I know better and realize that the person who is saying the joke is that uncreative that he can't crack jokes on me... well who's the dumb ass there.

Foamy The Squirrel from IllWillPress.Com commented on this a while back saying "The next time someone says to you 'Oh yeah, well I slept with your mamma.' You say to them 'Well while you were busy trying to score with old ladies... I carved my name in your mothers uterus while she was giving oral sex to the family dog.' Guaranteed to throw a punch or two." So what does this imply??? Get creative, because our moms are laughing at us for being

so damn stupid!

In order to get a fresh perspective or rather, an adult perspective, I made a phone call. You guessed it! I called my mom. I asked her about the "Yo mamma" joke situation. I asked her if kids should take them to heart, do the mothers even care, and would they want their kids getting into fights over such trivial things. My mother in her infinite wisdom said the following, "NO don't take them to heart. Kids say mean things they don't mean, but YES a mother does care. We always care. That is what being a mother is all about, and NO, as a mother you never want to see your kid in a fight." Thanks mom for all the help!

So this leads us to the following things; your mother doesn't want you to get all worked up about the jokes, even though she cares. She also doesn't want to have to bail you out of jail because you beat someone up in a bar over a "Yo Mamma" joke. Now go make your mother proud!

On Bullshit, Arrogance and the White Man's God Complex

By Jamie Mignone

Speaking and writing "properly" is an absurd goal to vie for. Objectivity is the mission of the fool, no, it is the mission of the coward, someone so scared of the world in front of them that they feel they must whitewash their account of it so as to avoid confronting their own fear.

Dear reader, if you meet someone afflicted with this obsession, give them a hug, they need it badly. Indeed, if you yourself are repressing your emotions by stifling your own creativity, then by all means come down to *The Press* office, and I will hug you, we can cuddle, and I'll let you know that it's all gonna be okay. You are allowed to live life, despite what you are making yourself think.



LIVING HUMAN BEING,
Courtesy of MDMA

Cursing is fuckin' good. It makes language more fun, it animates meaning, and it's great to actually use that first fucking amendment that we're entitled to as living entities. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Oh, yeah, "cunt" is one of my favorite words. It lets the person that its directed toward know that you really mean the other words strung nearby. Its very powerful. If only there were a word as strong, but with a good connotation. If anybody knows one, please let me know, 'cause I wanna use it.

How can speaking and writing "properly" be an absurd notion? Have we wasted years of precious time in middle school learning about gerunds and dangling participles? Yes we have! Forget the policy; here's whatcha gotta know.

The words we use and the way we use them influence the way we think. People use hate words and are either scorned or approved of. Those who find approval in hatefully pigeonholing others with labels don't get to confront their own lack of understanding. What's worse is that they actually start enjoying the hate behind the words; it's reinforced by the approval of ignorant cowards. Hate words are bad.

What's a language? Is it something written in stone for eternity? Did God say, "Let there be English," and there was and it was good? No. Our languages have grown and evolved just like life. They differentiate as time goes by, and they tend to function well in the environments that spawn them. Shakespeare was a genius and a great contributor to the English culture, (he invented lotsa words, and oh yeah, he wrote plays too), but his lexicon has gone the way of the dodo. Thine words art obsolete, Billy. Our lovely Amerikan bastardization of the English language ain't exactly English. If you don't believe me, give a call to someone in Scotland, and try your damndest to understand what resemble words coming from their mouths. You cannot. And they live right next to England! Can I bum a fag? Poetic license goes a long way, and Shakespeare would back me up on this one.

I like poetry, and I loves me some good hip-hop. My favorite rhymes are the ones that don't actually rhyme, but the MC does it anyway, and its badass.

So, where does a language start and end? That would be proper, wouldn't it? It would have to make sense. Haha, it doesn't make sense. The starting point is gone and the end is nowhere in sight, that's why Webster makes a new dictionary every year. Silly Webster.

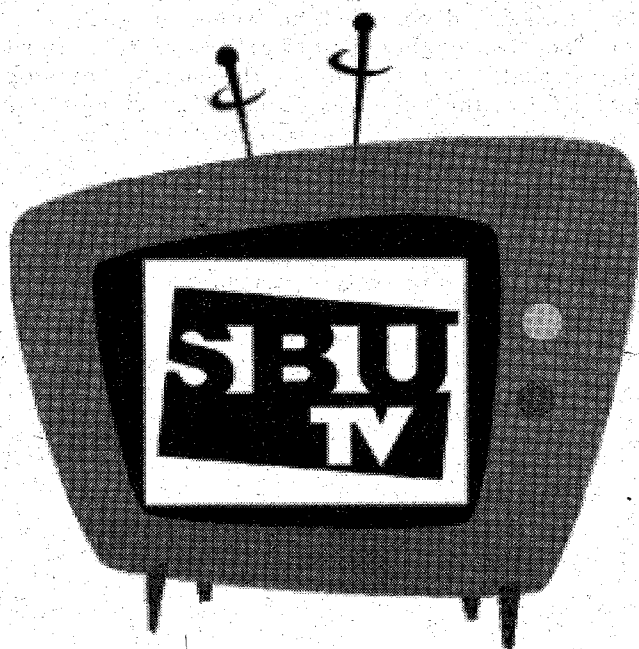
There're some people who hold their academic indoctrination sacred. Its called brainwashing, and it's a shame. They like to feel that they are better than other people by virtue of their own lack of creativity, like all elitists. I don't believe in copy editing (sorry Andrew, we appreciate it). Adhering to one standard is boring, boring, boring. See, even reading the

word "boring" repeatedly is boring, sorry. Snooty cowards in their sheltered ivory towers like any reason to hate the rest of the world, especially the rest with an opinion (which is ingrained in everything we do whether we like it or not, see below), and they loathe people who refuse to keep their opinions to themselves. That's cause they're scared. BOO! So they try to make us think that we need to do everything the same, (boring). And they start with language, which is very sneaky in its influence.

Objectivity and the illusion thereof were also created by the elite to keep us in line. We're supposed to suspend disbelief and detach ourselves from what we do and feel and observe, but unless we take massive amounts of valium, that is impossible. The RNC was probably shitty. I would have had a horrible time had I stayed home, so I went to Burning Man instead for some glossolalia and fun. There's no way in this universe that the qualities I observed and experienced about anything I've ever done can be translated or commuted by language in their entirety, and my attempt to deliver meaning would become even more feeble if I lied to the reader by supposedly being objective. I could not have given an account of something that I hated that would have been worth reading. You would feel the hate, and hate reading it. There would be no account of "how." "Why," would describe peoples' actions as if they were automatons, robots, not interested entities, but that's the plan. The white man's got a God complex and he wants us all to be just like hate words and just like robots, ignorant and soulless.

Arrogant cowards, that's two words. They've both got meaning. They both have connotations that are not written in the dictionary next to their supposed definition. They both describe the white man and the people that follow his agenda by turning a dispassionate and deaf ear to the world.

I don't presume to know the definitive rules about anything, but I have a perspective and I make choices. I'm not sure I'm conveying meaning with this text; that requires a reader, who also has a perspective and the ability, even the need to make choices. If that's you, congratulations, thanks for reading this! I invite you to rant and opine with us at *The Stony Brook Press*, its fun! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck! That's an order!



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Don't Panic: The Hitchhiker's Guide to Black Rock City

By Adam Kearney

The Galaxy is a very big place. It is in fact too large for anyone to comprehend. And if one could get a grasp around its size, it would still remain impossible to know everything that was going on inside. Burning Man is similar to the Galaxy in that respect. This report is intended to help a would-be wanderer make it there, survive, and return retaining all the appropriate appendages.

The Man burns about 60 miles out of Reno in the Black Rock desert, a dried up lakebed surrounded by ancient mountains. There is no water or electricity out there, only dust called playa; which after analysis turns out to be petrified fish excrement, but its not all that bad as it leaves you with a fine coating of desert that quickly adapts your appearance to that of the other 35,000 participants.

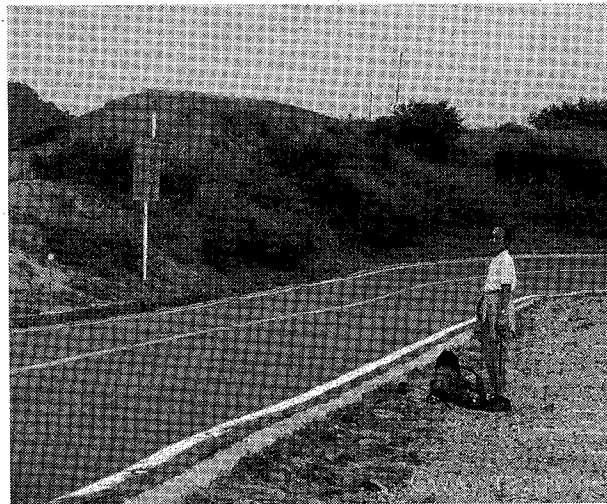
If you must travel for thousands of miles, fly. It saves gas, money, nature, and it gets you there quicker. However, you will need a ride to the desert; the only way to enter the event is by a two-hour drive down a two-lane highway. This means you're going to have to hitch a ride, but you are in luck, thanks to the wizards at the International Black Rock Burner Hostile and Ride Share Program. This may sound intimidating, but once you arrive (via cab from airport) at Haggie's house in Sparks (the town adjacent to Reno) and find his backyard filled with assorted tents, a barbecue, a pool, musical instruments, beer, couches and a fireplace, you should feel right at home. There are also fifty or so other Burners and would-be Burners contributing to the considerate anarchism being generated in this generous man's abode, some veterans who've been participating for thirty years, others virgins still wondering why they keep saying "Welcome Home."

You're not there yet, but it is definitely the place to wait and prepare, if you've arrived a day early or just want to pre-game. Its best to RSVP him through the Burning Man website, and be warned that it is an International hostile and he will give preference to those outside the US, but remember that no one there's gonna turn down a hitchhiker.

Buses, vans, RV's, and art cars regularly come through asking anyone if they are ready for transport up to the City. If you've brought only what you need to survive they will gladly take you with them. What you need really is a gallon of water per day, cigarettes (even if you don't smoke- they are easily tradeable), and treats. Treats being cool little pieces of art or jewelry or candy or blinky lights, stuff to hand out to people. You can normally acquire all you need in terms of nutrients, calories, and booze through the indiscriminate distribution of aforementioned goodies. Buy all your supplies before you go, or better yet arrange for someone else to bring them for you, because there are no vendors in the event, and money exchange within the City is frowned upon. The temporary society functions according to Gift Economy: give and you shall receive, ask and you will get, but you probably won't have to ask. Every Burner is out there as part of a community, really a big family, trying to live in a completely unrestricted sense and also fostering that freedom for their brothers and sisters. Also, in the desert, people look out for each other in order to survive.

However you get there, you will be asked to present a ticket, unless you have opted to parachute into the event, which will no doubt provide you with a spectacular entrance, but may be in contrast to local regulations. The tickets are least expensive when initially

released in the beginning of April and they gradually increase in price from \$150 to \$250 throughout the months leading up to the event in August. If you've forgotten to purchase a ticket they will "size you up" at the door and charge you whatever they think you can afford, so if you're in a half million-dollar RV expect to pay out the ass. Some of the oddest creatures you may encounter on the journey are the volunteers who actually build the City from scratch during the preceding month or so in exchange for free entrance, meals, shelter, etc. They are the desert people, to be respected, taken care of, and understood. It is hard work building roads, street signs, buildings, and of course The Man over the course of months in preparation for one



ANY MINUTE NOW...
Courtesy of Jessica Worthington

week where everything gets used up and/or incinerated recreationally. They join more volunteers to stay and clean up the whole place so that not a trace of MOOP (Matter Out Of Place) is left on the playa. This is how they get the permit to keep having the event; by November the Black Rock Desert is again pristine.

Once you're inside you'd better register your "address" at the computers at Info Camp, if anyone's going to be looking for you, and then get an idea of the lay-out. The Man lies at the center of the event. Lamp lit roads radiate away from him in the direction of the hours on a clock, and form a clockwise coordinate system around him. Other roads encircle The Man in orbits, like the solar system, and are named according to each year's theme. The address of the Hostile was Venus and 5:15. There are regular camps and there are theme camps. Theme camps have names like "The Truth Camp" or "The Celestial Sphere of Burt Reynolds" and people living and hanging out in these camps have their own original rules and behaviors and styles, so that each community campsite has a subculture of its own.

The Burning Man Project has a different theme every year and this year's was the Vault of Heaven, the name given by the Native Americans to the fictional dome of the celestial sphere, the night sky "ceiling" that all the stars are painted upon. Therefore the circular roads orbiting the Man were named after the Ten Planets (the tenth being a discovered planetoid called Sedna), Mercury being the closest to the Man. At night the Man is lit up with blue neon lights and is the perfect landmark amidst the chaos of this fabricated reality. As you move towards him you leave the campgrounds and enter the playa, a circular area surrounding the Man that is reserved for art installations. Most of the art is interactive, its function is not to sit there but to be played with, explored, and fig-

ured out. Computer-run light sequencers, Stonehenge-like pillars containing speakers emitting the history of the Lakota tribes, strange huts you enter to find an obscured video of the desert outside projected onto a stone table; nearly everything you can possibly imagine building that is strange and terrific you will probably inadvertently stumble upon at night on the playa at Burning Man.

Another attraction you find on the playa is the Mutant Vehicle, a.k.a. art car. People spend months even years constructing these massive moving masterpieces out of old pick up trucks until they are fully unrecognizable, and beautiful, and weird. Some are fish, some are spaceships... and seeing a glowing boat gliding across the desert at night is truly remarkable. Most of them are completely coated in EL wire, a glowing material that runs on electricity so that it's possible to sequence them or make them blink rapidly. All of them have thumping subwoofers and a load of Burners. Occasionally you may observe a double-decker bus with a band and a strange drink called a Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster. The cars usually have enough room for the driver and twenty or so passengers. They have bars and escort you around the playa, shuttling between the Man and the Temple of Stars that lies beyond, across an open expanse.

The bicycles are usually mutated as well; packs of cyclists will whip past you in trails of EL lightstick colors, the intertwined patterns on the spokes rotating across the blackness of the desert. In the background you will hear sounds of multiple DJ's at different parties across the City, resonating off of the surrounding mountains, while giant laser beams are revealed in the playa dust wafting through the air as they create patterns on the mountain-side. Everyone around you will be glowing, so as not to get hit by an art car, as well as to look the part. With your back to the Man you can walk to the Temple across the expanse and notice the Milky Way spread out across the sky, the Galaxy you are rightfully a citizen of. Looking back are the lights of Black Rock City, the greatest party ever conceived in the history of time and space, Zion - for seven days.

In the evening of the sixth day the Man burns. If this is your first time at Burning Man, you have to rush the Man, meaning that as his flaming torso is crumbling to the ground, you have to make a mad dash through the crowd towards the Burn and follow the others as they run full speed around him in circles, nearly singing their hair, literally cooking, and occasionally diving behind someone to cool off. You'll probably wander off somewhere after losing all your friends in the chaos, but stop to admire the nebulous cloud of ashes and embers rising out of the center of the playa, as it is one of your most important guideposts as to where you are.

The last night the Temple burns, the elaborate, ornamented, unbelievable Temple that was only fully constructed three days earlier. The genius architects who designed it embed the necessary pyrotechnics, and after a brief ceremony, it is consumed. It is a sobering event symbolizing the end of the Burn, everyone utters their final prayers, hands are shook, and you pack up. In Black Rock City you create the Universe in a week, everyone does, so try and take a little bit back with you to the default world, cause it can't stay there.

Just Gimme Some Truth!

Comments on a Statesman Editor and His Versimilitude

By Ian Rice

*"I'm sick and tired of hearing things
From uptight, short-sighted,
narrow-minded hypocrites
All I want is the truth
Just gimme some truth
I've had enough of reading things
By neurotic, psychotic, pig-headed politicians
All I want is the truth
Just gimme some truth"*
- John Lennon

I had originally decided against writing the piece you are about to read, as it seemed like a waste of my time and resources. After all, my last article took on the leader of the United States of America. Why would I want to follow it up with an article that takes on Mansoor Khan, *The Statesman's* Editor-In-Chief? Anyone with half an eye can see him for what he really is: a smug, overly-confident shill for Stony Brook University's administration, a man for which no amount of ass-kissing is too great in the quest to get himself ahead. So what changed my mind? It was Kahn's long-winded, extremely verbose piece in the September 28th issue of *The Stony Brook Press* that did it. The article was so bad, so full of lies, that I had to break it down for the masses. I'd certainly be remiss if I didn't set the record straight with some truth. So, without further adieu, here we go...

Kahn opens his piece by making the declaration, "Everyone has a breaking point." Yes, they certainly do. That's how within the span of a day or two, Kahn managed to lose two of his key editors (Dana Gomi and Michael Neveradakis) and a handful of his most valuable staff writers. He pushed them to their breaking points with his rude manner and intransigent attitude, leaving them no alternative but to pack up their things and leave *The Statesman*. "My (breaking) point has been reached," he continues. Yes, my friend, it's called come-uppance.

Kahn goes on to discuss *The Press's* September 14th feature, "More Conclusive Data Affirming that *The Press* Is a Much Better Newspaper than *The Statesman*," a piece that examines the qualities *The Press* holds that *The Statesman* does not. Kahn calls the article a "tactless rant," most likely because he comes out on the losing end of it all. The article is largely factual, peppered and made lively by the witty narrative that *The Press* is known for. Kahn's distaste for the article is nothing more than a case of "sore loser."

Next, Khan challenges a statement made by *The Press* that proclaims the publication the new official paper of Stony Brook University. Rather than address the claim directly, Kahn instead insists on making an attempt to show that *The Press* isn't really a newspaper. "Newspaper?" he writes, "Newspapers are made to report news - objective, unbiased facts. Isn't objectivity the golden rule of journalism, after all?" Yes, it certainly is a golden rule of journalism to remain objective in your writing. But Mansoor Khan is not a journalist. He is a medical student who kissed enough administrative ass to get himself into a position that will look nice among the other similarly-achieved positions on his tidy little resume. A real journalist (by Khan's definitions, interpreted by yours truly) would not publish shit like Peter Sunwoo's "Weird Science" on the second page of every recent issue of *The Statesman*. *Nickelodeon Magazine* would find that column childish, man. It has no foreseeable right being

in a publication that is for a collegiate student body.

What's more, *The Press* does in fact print "objective, unbiased facts" quite regularly. In the last issue of the publication (dated September 28th), *The Press* tallied twenty-two articles with Kahn's aforementioned criteria. The other articles rounding out the issue's forty-two pages were a mixture of editorial, entertainment and opinion pieces. Twenty-two objective, unbiased articles, Mr. Kahn. That's more than *The Statesman* gets out of four issues (which, production- and time-wise, is equal to one edition of *The Press*). So, I'd say that *The Press* wins that one.

It is at this point that Khan drags out a term that he subsequently beats into the ground in his article as he labels *The Press* with the oh-so-witty moniker *The Opinion Booklet*. Kahn seems to labor under the delusion that *The Press* is all opinion, a "soapbox" for the student body. A student paper that recognizes and (more importantly) respects the voice of the student? What a concept! A paper that's not the administration's puppet? What a novel idea! Of course *The Press* contains a good number of opinion-based articles; it's a paper that has its finger on the pulse of the student body it represents (unlike *The Statesman*).

Khan then feels the need to point out just how much of a "real" newspaper *The Statesman* is. "We have a news section, a features section, a commentary sections and a sports section. Our opinions are confined to the commentary and features section, and the rest of the paper reports objective, verifiable fact." So, in other words, you have all the same things *The Press* has. Except for one thing of course: You play it safe! *The Statesman* doesn't stick to this formula out of journalistic standards it sets for itself. It does it because it's afraid of "Mommy Dearest," the administration. No wire hangers, Mr. Kahn. Ever!

The next issue addressed by Kahn is *The Press's* claim that *The Statesman* conveniently omits news stories that are even a tad controversial. "When university police tackled a student in a USG senate meeting," Kahn comments, "We printed an article two days later, on April 29th, despite being urged by administrators to avoid the bad publicity. Just to point out a bit of fact, *The Press* did not report on the incident until the May 8th issue, which, mind you, was not even printed until graduation, much later in May (almost a month later)." As Kahn already knows, *The Press* produces a new issue every two weeks. If a piece of news occurs between issues (as the April 27th police incident did) it will of course be delayed until the next time *The Press* is due to be released. *The Statesman* is the paper that gets the majority of the funding for their publication, Mr. Kahn, not *The Press*. We are forced to limit production to keep costs down since we're the redheaded step-child when it comes to financial attention from the administration.

Kahn closes out this particular point by saying, "The students already know what's going on, because of *The Statesman*, not because of the opinion booklet that is *The Press*." Well, I can safely say that I have never, ever found out anything from *The Statesman*. Well, except that there is a Korean woman living and breathing in this country who can down one hundred and sixty-seven chicken wings in one sitting. Impressive, yes. But certainly not newsworthy. Other than that, I haven't picked up one solitary thing that added to my knowledge of the world

around me from reading an issue of *The Statesman*.

Kahn's next statement literally caused me to laugh out loud, disrupting the entire Traditions Lounge in the process. Here it is: "We refuse to print trash." Yep, it got me going again as I quoted it. *The Statesman* doesn't print trash? "Weird Science"? "The Dos and Don'ts of the Autumn Season"? What kind of articles are those? Put it this way - I can smell them rotting underneath the coffee grounds from here.

Moving on and more importantly... "For the record," Kahn carries on, "*The Statesman* received no funding from USG in the Fall 2003 semester. We weren't even cut a check until March of 2004. Did we endlessly complain about it, arguing baselessly about how much USG sucks?" No, because *The Statesman* knew that their money was coming at some point. *The Press* is not afforded that luxury, as the USG sees fit to treat us like the ugly girl at the dance. *The Press* bitches at the USG in hopes that it can one day be treated as *The Statesman* is treated, which will most likely never happen because *The Press* refuses to play it safe.

Next up is one of my favorite portions of Kahn's little diatribe: "*The Press* does not edit its articles, and thus ends up printing a collection of journalistically and grammatically pitiful articles that, when made into a whole, turn out to be significantly less than the sum of their parts." Actually, *The Press* does edit its articles before publication. My own material has undergone tightening and tweaking before going to press, that's for sure. What *The Press* doesn't do, however, is *butcher* its writers' material, which I think is where Mr. Kahn's confusion on the issue is derived from. *The Statesman* ruins articles, an experience I've also undergone.

Kahn continues: "*The Statesman* does edit its articles, the way the *New York Times*, *Newsday*, *Wall Street Journal*, *L.A. Times*, *Washington Post* and every other reputable newspaper in existence do." First of all, a few of those major publications are far from reputable. *The New York Times* recently had writers discovered to be making up facts included in published pieces, and *The Washington Post* has a proven right-wing bias. Neither of those things would be cause to deem a publication as being reputable. Secondly, *The Statesman* is not reputable either, what with it being widely known that it is a paper that has its lips firmly locked on administrative ass.

Kahn then smugly points out that *The Statesman* wins "up to five Newsday Journalism awards each year, and *The Press* wins one." Well, Britney Spears sold millions of copies of her last record, while David Crosby and Graham Nash barely broke one hundred thousand copies with their latest. Does that mean that Britney Spears is the better artist? No. You get my point, Mr. Kahn?

Being that this piece is getting a bit long and I've got something saved up as a great closer, I'm just going to go ahead and print a quote from Mr. Kahn and write a quick sentence or two to prove it wrong. It'll save time and space this way. Ready? Here we go:

"*The Press* also accuses us of reprinting articles, what they refer to as 'shoddy journalism.'" That's because it is. You're a campus newspaper. You don't need to reprint articles from bigger publications to flesh out your issues. Save that kind of behavior for top-notch newspapers like *Suffolk Life* and *The Pennysaver*. Plus, who doesn't have access to the *New York Times* or *Newsday* to see the articles first hand? Also, reprinting your own articles



JACK,
Courtesy of JLW

Just Gimme Some Truth!

Continued...

By Ian Rice

is shoddy as well. If somebody missed it the first time, they don't care. Nothing *The Statesman* has to say needs to be said twice. Trust me.

"Having a flashback issue is not 'a disgrace of a publication.'" Yes it is. As I just noted, nothing *The Statesman* has to say needs to be said a second time. Just because *The Statesman* is too lazy to put some work into a new issue at the start of the semester doesn't mean that we all have to be tortured reading the same shit twice.

"I think it's plain to see which paper would actually be more beneficial to new students." Hmmm, let's see here...a paper that plays it safe and panders to the administration or a paper that listens to and hears the collective voice of the Stony Brook University student body. Yes, I think it is plain to see which paper proves more beneficial to the latest crop of students on campus.

"Then *The Press* attacks us for printing too many advertisements. During the semester, we make an effort to run our paper at roughly 50 percent news/50 percent ads. This is the way it's done, folks." Yes, it's done...by big name publications that are read nationally. A campus newspaper does not have to run 50 percent ads. Period. Save that practice for *Rolling Stone* magazine.

"We print twice a week, have color front, back and center pages, print 6500 issues per run (and) have two full time staff..." Here's a thought: instead of wasting your pages featuring advertisements to cover all these features, how about you eliminate some of them to keep costs down? Nobody cares that you have color front, back and center pages. They're usually wasted on some picture that doesn't need to be in color. Instead of printing twice a week, print once. *The*

Press puts out an issue every two weeks and seems to be doing okay. Or maybe (and this is the key) you should *take yourself off of the payroll, Mr. Kahn*. That's right, people...Mansoor Kahn is paid to be the Editor-In-Chief of *The Statesman*. While everyone else works for free, Mr. Kahn is pulling in paychecks for doing nothing and filling your campus newspaper with advertisements to make up for it. Nice, huh?

"I think we are justified in running advertisements." Sure. After all, it allows you to get paid, right?

"Next up: amount of pages. It's quality, no quantity that matters." Very true. *The Press*' first issue, the sixty-page monster nicknamed "The Terror Issue," was chock full of quality articles and opinion pieces that made it an entertaining read from cover to cover. Most recent issues of *The Statesman*, however, barely crack twelve pages and include such tripe as "Weird Science," photos of people nobody gives a shit about and boring opinion pieces by Jessica Landress. So congratulations, Mr. Kahn. You have neither quantity nor quality in your publication.

"*The Press* call us the 'tooth-less' voicebox for the administration. Why?" Well, because you are. It's that simple. I've never met a bigger shill for the administration as you, Mr. Kahn. You'll do anything to get in their good graces. So your paper reflects your own attitude.

"We are constantly accused of doing favors for the administration in the form of good publicity in exchange for getting recommendations." Well, when members of the student body overhear you commenting on the aforementioned statement or when you flat out say it to their faces, it's not surprising that you'd be accused of it. Deny it all you want, Mr.

Kahn...the truth is out.

"(*The Press*) is a vehicle for personal gain." The pot and the kettle. The pot and the kettle.

"They pull images off of the internet without giving proper attribution. Even if we may have done this in the past, we have since amended our ways, and are now working to ensure that your own photographers take all photos in our issues." Well, I know that my last piece for *The Statesman* (a record review published in the September 9th issue) included a picture that in addition to being completely inappropriate to the piece, was not given the appropriate attribution. How long ago do you mend those ways? Also, it's easy for your photographers to get good photos (and sometimes for your writers to get good interviews) when they follow around *Press* staff and copy what they do. Don't bother denying it, either. You know it's true.

Now for the big ending I promised. It comes from another quote from Mr. Kahn's article and really sums up how detached and square his attitude is. "Compare our journalistic and objective articles with the curse-filled, outdated refuse that is printed in *The Press*...Compare the two papers and you'll see why many people consider us the official student newspaper of Stony Brook University." What people? Where? I don't know one person that thinks a) *The Statesman* is a quality publication worthy of being the campus' official newspaper or b) That you are a person that they want to know and feel is deserving of the honor of being Editor-In-Chief of a campus newspaper. I apologize if that sounds harsh, Mr. Kahn. But after all, I did promise to give some truth with this piece. And that's about as truthful as it gets.

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And Who Are the Terrorists Again?

By Joey Safdia

After the attacks against the World Trade Center and the Pentagon on September 11, 2001, President George W. Bush told the American people to go out and buy expensive clothes, eat at fancy restaurants, take long vacations, and basically spend more money than we have, otherwise "the terrorists win." Then he announced time and time again that the terrorists were ready to launch another attack against the America people, but he didn't know where or when they would strike. At one point, the government warned us to be on the lookout for remote-controlled toy airplanes rigged with explosives. Then he established the terror alert system, which randomly changed from orange to red alert at his whim, never going down to blue or green or any other color that would let Americans breathe a sigh of relief. Finally, he used 9/11 as an excuse to launch a preemptive, unprovoked, unnecessary strike against a small country. We are told that the government is doing everything in their power to take down the terrorists, but who are the terrorists again?

Some would argue that our government officials, including our president, have only their interests in mind, and those interests conflict with our safety and freedom. I, for one, believe this is true. Without getting too detailed as to what Bush's true motives may or may not be for attacking Iraq or why terrorists would hijack planes and crash them into buildings, the underhanded and sneaky behavior of the U.S. Government is as much a danger to us as Osama Bin Laden repeatedly screaming for jihad. After they have used alerts to cause unwarranted panic, tricked people into spending money they didn't have in order to get the economy back on track, and made a law that restricted our freedom exponentially more than it increased our safety, we have to wonder if the terrorists are the ones attacking this country or running it.

Even the terminology that the government uses is designed to incite unnecessary fear in our people. The War on Terror. Fighting terror. We apparently aren't being threatened by "terrorists," or a group of people who will even murder civilians to achieve their insane goals, but by "terror," fear, panic, chaos, a truly apocalyptic scene. Bush uses, as comedian George Carlin would say, "spooky language" to spread fear, with which comes control. We always hear about how the government fights for our freedom, but is this really freedom? And considering how they also are "fighting for our safety," are we really safe in the hands of these people?



[insert stereotypical terrorist picture]
Courtesy of stereotypicalterrorist.com

America is not the only victim of this outlandish propaganda. The Iraqi people have been told by our president and government that we are fighting for their freedom. Bush has said on national television that without Saddam Hussein in power, the Iraqi people can now experience the freedom of democracy that we experience. But at what price? Where is this freedom exactly? Inside the smoking crater we left when we invaded? Iraq has been left in a state of turmoil,

and anarchy is not freedom. Civilians caught in a crossfire between Saddam loyalists and America soldiers, in front of the rubble that had once been their homes and the bodies of their loved ones, find no consolation in free elections.

So what did they gain from all this? Not much, really. So the question is why did we launch an attack against a country that never has been and will never be a threat to us? It may be because of the oil fields that would put millions into Bush's pocket, but only he knows for sure. We definitely won't get an answer.

The U.S. government and President Bush officially have a firm stand against terror and terrorists. Well, terror is fear, panic, and chaos. And they did a good job of placing this into our minds using methods such as the terror alert. Terrorists are an organized group who use extreme methods to reach their goals. Well, we don't know exactly what those goals are, but bombing and then invading a small country without reason, and using a major terrorist attack that took the lives of thousands of American citizens as an excuse, would be considered extreme methods. So who are the terrorists anyway? Well, using these definitions, that would make the terrorists... US!! The United States government! Of course, no one in this naïve nation would want to imagine something like that, but who would? In a world where you have the freedom fighters fighting against the evildoers, would you want to play as the bad guy? Unfortunately, we are not children playing games, and we have to realize that the world is much more complicated than the news would make it seem, and therefore we must understand that we are not always the moral leader of the world.

Is it Stony Brook That Sucks?

By Adianec Ross

Stony Brook students are always saying Stony Brook sucks. Hell, they even have a website dedicated to all the reasons why. But here I am on exchange and I figured, maybe it's not SBU. Maybe it's us. We suck! I mean, I'm in Miami, people here are known to be crazy and people always say there are fun things going on at this university. But I can't seem to find any or can't seem to find a reason to care. Maybe it's because I stay in my room too much.

This Tuesday night I found myself drinking a concoction I had invented (if you want the recipe email me - it's really good), sitting on a crate outside, speaking to another exchange student about our experiences so far. I told him that for me it feels like the first day of class every day, that I didn't know what I felt about this place. I didn't know if I was happy, sad, or what. I clearly don't want to be home - or else I wouldn't have gone away to college in the first place (Please don't make me go back there again). He had different concerns. He said he feels like it would be weird to go to a club meeting or something if you are of a different ethnicity. It's weird that someone would feel like that here, in Miami, where most of the population is immigrant. He's a black student from Seattle and is beginning to feel way out of place. He said it was nothing like that back at his old school. He had many grievances about this school and the way it is run. But he said that no matter where he is he tries to have a good time because otherwise he'd be sitting around depressed. By gosh, he had just described me. I was halfway finished with my concoction and

began to spill some of my own demons. My main issue is myself. I should be enjoying myself. I should be out all the time, not locked in my room arguing with my boyfriend over the phone or watching old episodes of *Sex in the City* or *Trading Spaces*. By the way, if any of you can help me to understand what the deal is with men, I'd love to hear it. Because they really have confused the crap out of me.

He advised that I think of something that I really want to do and just go out and do it. He used himself as an example. He said he was always interested in the violin. The other day in one of his sorrows he went online and ordered one. Having no idea how to use it, he promised himself that he would try to learn. He asked me what I would like to do. Just about almost done with my concoction, I responded, lose weight. I have been feeling really self-conscious over here, with all these freaking women with their big boobies and washboard stomachs. I hate them! No really, I hate myself. That's what it really boils down to. He said OK so go to the gym every day. We're starting

this Saturday.

The point of my story is that maybe, us SBU students need to look further to discover why we think SBU sucks. Maybe we hate something about ourselves. Personally, although I feel like I know a decent amount of people at Stony, here I feel too shy to talk to people, too shy to go hang out with them, or too out of the



GRRRRRRRRRR!
I AM AN ANGRY AND POORLY PLACED SEAWOLF!
LOOK AT HOW STEEPLY ANGLED MY EYEBROW IS!
THAT IS A SIGN OF HATRED IF EVER I SAW ONE! IF YOU HAVE A

An Ode to Business

By Joe Filippazzo

Prose is only used for chumps
So prose i will not use.
But, instead, i'll rhyme my rant,
And probably confuse.
With no adieu and no delay,
I'll lay it out real nice:
The Business Manager is key
In getting us our ice.
Your job: control the flow of cash
But get shit on the most.
For shit is what we all deserve.
(except Diana Post)
Meetings happen all the time,
So here is how it goes:
Date a new Attendance form.
Say "SIGN YOU STUPID HOES!"
The Editor Associate
Fills out the Minutes form.
And if he tells you "It's your job"
Your FISTS SHALL MAKE A STORM
OF UNRELENTING SWIRLS OF DEATH
THAT KILL THINGS WITHOUT SHAME
AND SEND HIS SECRETARY-ASS TO HELL
AND BACK FROM WHENCE IT CAME!!!
THE SCORN AND HATE OF LUCIFER
SHALL SMITE HIM FOR HIS SIN!!!
BUT IF HE STILL WON'T FILL IT OUT,
Then you should fill it in.
But when the meetings meet their close,
You get a special treat:
To make sure the Attendance form
And Minutes are complete!
Also, if we bought some things
With allocated dough,
You must fill out a Voucher form
As well as a P.O.
Now Purchase Orders aren't signed
But everything else is,
By editors: Executive,
Associate, and Biz.
The fatty rapper Biggie Smalls
(who is now dead and fat),
Said, "There's no need to worry,
My accountant handles that."
But Biggie died from being fat
And also being shot.
So there IS need to worry when
Accounting worries not.
They scrutinize our purchases
And ALWAYS give us guff,
And if anything at all is wrong,
They won't give us our stuff.
All in all, they're not that bad
And sometimes even nice.
A simple, "Here's the Minutes form"
Or "Hello" will suffice.
But more importantly you must
Find peeps to ADVERTISE!
(You will start this early in the
year, If you are wise!)

But use your judgement when you look
For companies to use.
"360 YOUTH" will often call
But you should just refuse.
However, local businesses
Are always great to get.
Don't compromise your principles
Unless you are in debt!
At the end of every year
there's other stuff to do:
Apply for next year's budget
And then register our roo(m).
LABEL, DATE and FILE
Everything that you have done.
Then offer as a sacrifice
Your one and only son.
Oh wait a sec, that one's for God.
(His son is dumb as hell.)
(For Jesus managed Heaven's biz
But didn't do so well.)
I'm sure you'll do an alright job
As long as you have tried.
Basically, you can't go wrong,
Just don't get crucified.

THE PRESS at 25 by Sam Goldman

The Policy

A couple of years ago, I was watching some talk show where they had special effects guys talk about how famous effects are created. Among them was the guy who created the transporter effect for *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. When asked how he did it, he said he just shined a light through a fishbowl and filmed it (or something like that – I don't really remember it clearly). That was it. The audience didn't know whether to be awed, happy, or bewildered, so they sat there in stone silence.

Explaining *The Stony Brook Press'* editorial policy to the general public is a lot like that. It's such a maddeningly simple idea that no one seems to really get it. Maybe this page will help you understand it a little bit more.

For the record: If you give us an article, we copy edit it for spelling and grammar only. We will then check to see if anything you wrote was libelous. If it's libelous, we will make every effort to contact you to see if the article can be changed to make it legal for us to print. If we can't get in touch with you, we will hold the article until the next issue. If it's good and legal, and copy edited, it goes to the printer.

No finished article will ever be denied on the basis of its content. Ever. If you send it to us, unless it's illegal to print, we will print it. It's that simple.

It's obvious that such an open-ended policy has its advantages and its drawbacks. People could, theoretically, use *The Press* as a vehicle for hate speech, by taking advantage of such a policy. *The Press* cannot emphasize enough that we condemn hate speech. At the same time, however, *The Press* will not defy its own editorial policy. Some people find fault with this, and it's understandable. But if you look through the history of *The Press*, you will notice that an overwhelming majority of our articles have been thoughtful, intelligent works. This is, you will agree, an amazing paradox. And the advantages – to be able to print from a variety of viewpoints

on such a variety of issues – outweigh the drawbacks.

A related topic is the abundance of articles espousing a liberal point of view. One of the things we've noticed about *The Press* is that we seem to attract a liberal crowd of writers and friends. Many people have taken this to mean that conservative viewpoints are not welcome. Nothing could be further from the truth. *The Stony Brook Press* is an all-inclusive institution; if you have a viewpoint that is contrary to us, we will never disregard it. If you disagree with us, we want you to write for us. Period.

"Well then," you ask, "what about things that the E-board work on as a group, like Top Tens or front covers?" This is equally as important to understand, especially because most of

the trouble *The Press* gets into has more to do with these things than with any individual article. In fact, since 1990, we've had at least five to six front covers that have gotten us in deep shit for various reasons, and at least two Top Tens since 2000. When the E-Board sits down to do these things, the idea is to forge a consensus among the group. Many times, when one person is a contrarian, he or she will put his or her opinions aside for the consensus of the E-Board, even if this person

is the Executive or Managing Editor. In a sense, you can call it a by-committee way of doing things, where every E-Board position is the equal of every other position. Many people want to point fingers at the Executive Editor for something they consider wrong, but our paper simply does not work that way. Point the finger at everybody!

See? Not hard, right? In fact, it's so simple, this article is half the size of last issue's article. Of course, I could pad this article with some meaningless banter, or a plug for the next article, in which I'll write about the best and worst *Press* moments of the past 25 years. Or I could end this article right now.



BI-WEEKLY PRODUCTION PARTY,
Courtesy of Rob Pearsall

CALLING ALL PRESS ALUMNI!

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

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

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

THE STONY BROOK PRESS 25th Anniversary
Celebrating the funniest, most hard-hitting, outspoken, controversial, asskicking paper on Earth.
October 23rd, 2004

TOP TEN

Upcoming George Foreman Inventions

- 10 George Foreman's Ball Gaggin'
Dominatrix Machine
- 9 George Foreman's Grease Reusin'
Grease Machine
- 8 George Foreman's Clean Burnin'
Fusion Reaction
- 7 George Foreman's Gas Guzzlin'
Sport Utility Machine
- 6 George Foreman's Ass Shakin'
Club Tracks
- 5 George Foreman's George Namin'
Baby Name Book
- 4 George Foreman's Leg-Spreadin'
Baby Makin' Machine
- 3 George Foreman's Bicuspid Fillin'
Cavity Machine
- 2 George Foreman's Wallet Rapin'
College Machine
- 1 George Foreman's Highway
Fearin' Melanie's Mom Machine

BOTTOM TEN

Upcoming George Foreman Inventions

- George Foreman's Neuropathy
Stoppin' Blood Tranfusin' Machine -10
- George Foreman's Drug Test
Beatin' Rapid Detox Machine -9
- George Foreman's Status Quo
Protectin' Dance Dance
Counter-Revolution Machine -8
- George Foreman's Cat-Skinnin'
Deng Lee's Machine -7
- George Foreman's Bubble
Makin' Pussy Snorkel Machine -6
- George Foreman's Article Reprintin'
Statesman Issue Generator -5
- An Economically Sound
Flat Tax Proposal -4
- George Foreman's Testicle
Shrinkin' Football Machine -3
- George Foreman's Koopa-
Stompn' Italian Plumbin' Device -2
- George Foreman's "Trademark
Infringin' Dunkin' Donut Machine" -1

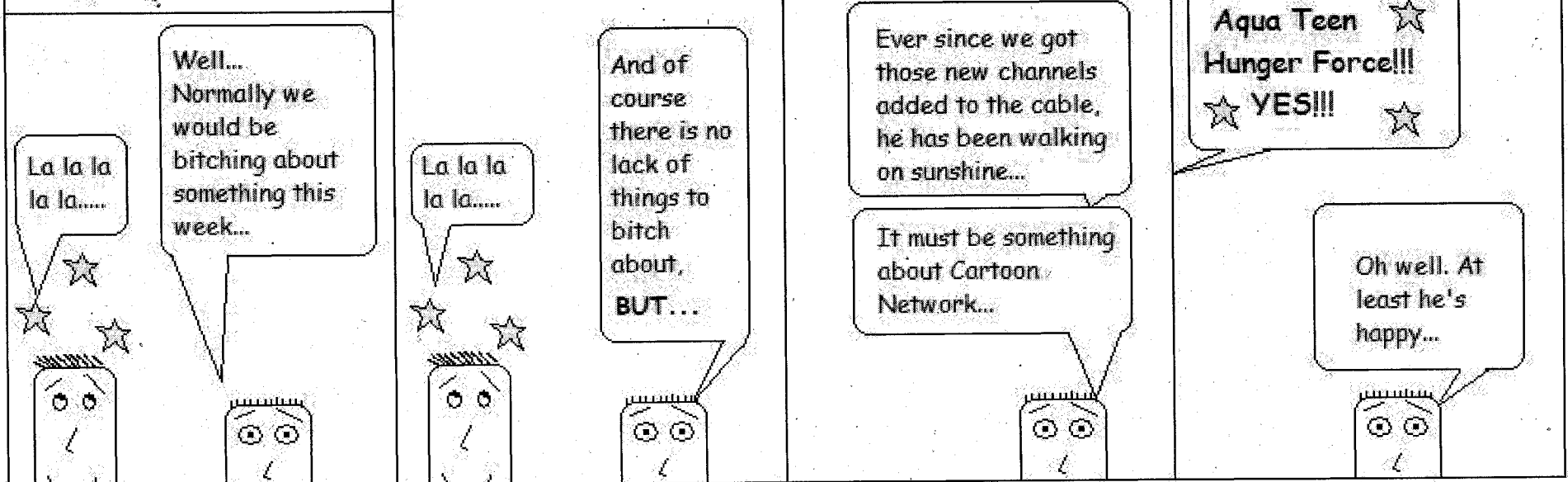
The Comics Section

Tuesday Morning ~ STEPH HAYES

8 October 2004



College Boyz By: Joe Rios



☒ Swords

☒ Sorcery

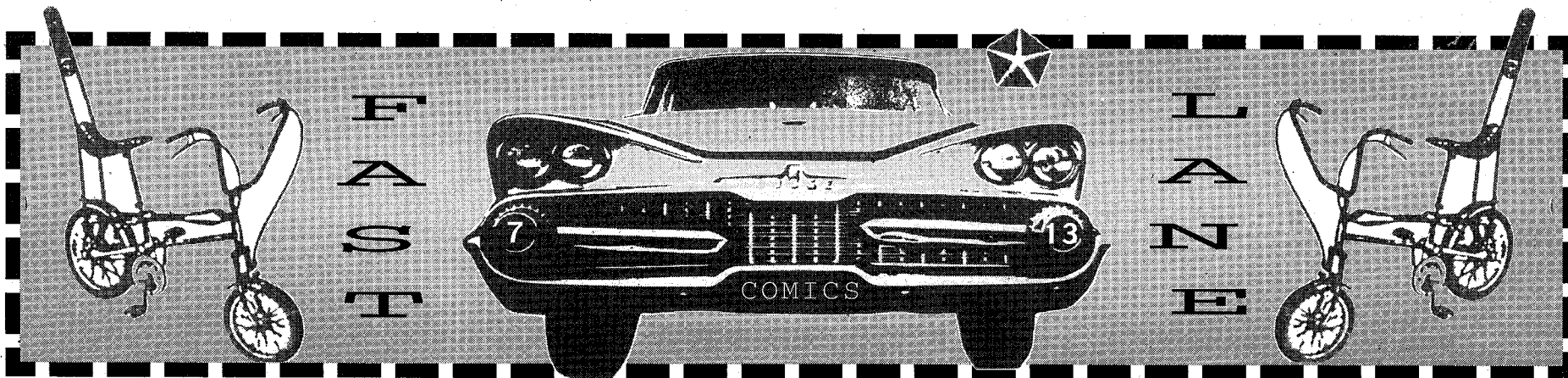
☒ Technology

☒ LESBIANS!

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WOMENS SECRITES REVEALED: # 47

with
drunken Clown

This
week: We break the
SECRET CODE OF WOMEN !
Revealing what they dont want
you to know!!!

HOW BRA CUPSIZE IS DETERMINED.

Here to help us illustrate this
principle is Russian Pornstar Ivana...
Ivana... Lottadick.

Hello

First you will need
a tapemeasure, like the
ones a tailor might use.

First, measure around
the the chest, under the
breasts, taking care to rub or
caress them ever so lightly,
while blowing in her ear.

This
measurement
will be called the
baseline
measurement.
For example
Ivana's luscious
double d's meas-
urement is 36.

Next,
measure around
the center of the
breasts, over the
nipples, Taking
care to pinch and
squeeze them.
While grinding
your crotch into
her ass like you're
in a Sean Paul
Video.

Now would be
a good time to use
that ruler to 'see
whats popping up ' if
you know what i
mean.

The second
measurement will
be called the bust-
line measurement.
Now place
mousetraps on her
nipples and attach
wires from the
mousetraps to a
car battery.

Feel free to
fondle-her like a passed
out highschool girl at a
frat party, taking note of
her tight pink.....

**S
L
A
P**

SPRAY

SPRAY

SPRAY

OWWW !!
MY EYES!!! Pepperspray,
it stings!! it stings!!!
So anyway, Take the bustline
measurement and subtract the
baseline measurement. find the
difference on the chart below.
Anyone know what counteracts
pepperspray ??

1" 2" 3" 4" 5" 6"
A B C D DD DDD

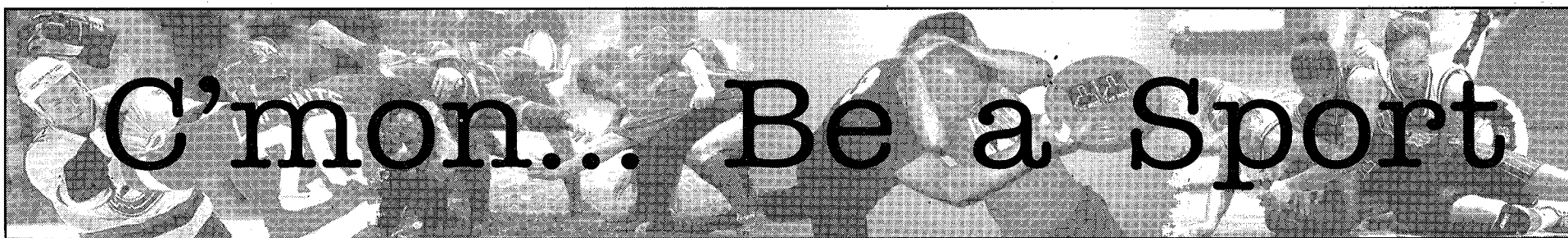
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vinegar !

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Holy Crap It's a Sports Column

By Sam Goldman

IN THE ABSENCE OF ANYTHING INTERESTING TO TALK ABOUT...

...let's talk about the MLB playoffs.

Why aren't the baseball playoffs interesting? Well, for starters, the players are largely the same; the Atlanta Braves are there for the umpteenth straight year, so are the Yankees. So are the Red Sox. So are the Twins. *Yawn.* When half of the teams in the playoffs seem like regular visitors to the October party, why would you get excited? The Anaheim Angels are in the playoffs...whoops, not anymore - Boston just swept them. The Los Angeles Dodgers seem overmatched by the St. Louis Cardinals.

The Houston Astros seem like the best story. Left for dead midseason, the team roared back to win the wild card. Led by veterans Jeff Bagwell and Craig Biggio, two possible Hall of Famers who have never won a playoff series, along with the ageless Roger Clemens, the Astros are this year's sexy pick to go to the World Series.

Despite this, the media still seems to be fixated on the rivalry between the Red Sox and the Yankees. Here's a good question: does anyone really care about this as much as newspapers (especially *The Post* and *The Daily News*) make it seem like they do? I imagine Yankee fans are already bored with Boston, and the rest of the country outside Massachusetts couldn't give a shit about two teams that are able to financially run circles around every other team. The rivalry might be there, but the media, desperate for a way to sell baseball to the masses, has jumped on it and hyped it well beyond proportion.

Maybe this, and not the other litany of excuses trotted out by the Commissioner's

office, is why the ratings keep decreasing? Just a thought.

But on to other baseball news...

YOUUPPI!!

What the hell did I just say?

Youppi was the mascot for the Montreal Expos, who move to Washington, D.C. next season. The announcement ends one of the sorriest debacles in sports history.

The Montreal Expos were the biggest casualty of the 1994 players' strike. That year, they were into their third year of good attendance, and the team was on top of the National League East. With Cliff Floyd, Moises Alou, Rondell White, Larry Walker, and Pedro Martinez, the Expos were loaded for the present and the future. Well, except for the ugly ugly stadium with the roof that wouldn't retract.

Then the strike came, and the Expos were denied a chance to go to the playoffs. Although they went 88-74 two years later, the Expos never regained their former glory, and talent hemorrhaged from the team - Floyd, Alou, White, Walker, Martinez, Mark Grudzielanek, John Wetteland, Ugeth Urbina, Carl Pavano, Javier Vazquez, and Milton Bradley. During all this, Jeffrey Loria bought the team, ended the team's TV contract, and used the team as collateral to buy another team, the Florida Marlins. Good job, asshole.

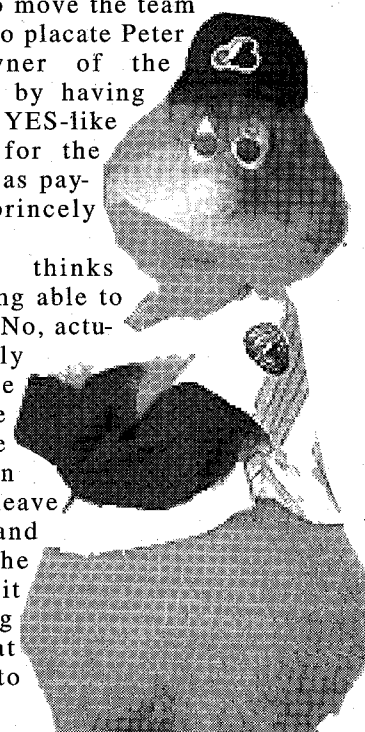
THEN, Major League Baseball bought the team and held it in limbo. How are the other major league owners supposed to jointly run a team that clashes with the interests of their own team? Did you think they'd give Omar Minaya clearance to resign Vlad Guererro? Did you think they would care when the players complained about going to Puerto Rico to play games

in a AAA stadium? Did you think they would help the team be competitive at all? Didn't think so.

In the meanwhile, the fans of the Expos (and, believe me, there were once many of them, more than you would ever believe) were left to swing in the wind. Attendance went to all-time lows, to the point where minor league teams were outdrawing them, and players told stories about being able to hear people on cell phones from the stands or the broadcasters in the booth.

And now, to move the team to D.C., they have to placate Peter Angelos, the owner of the Baltimore Orioles, by having the league create a YES-like baseball network for the two teams, as well as paying him off a princely sum.

Bud Selig thinks he's a hero for being able to save the franchise. No, actually, he's partially responsible for the strike, selling the team to a complete douchebag and then allowing him to leave the team in ruins, and then allowing the team to exist as if it was the walking dead. Does that sound like a hero to you?



YOUUPPI IS A JACK ASS,
Courtesy of ESPN

sbu sports standings

accurate as of 3:30 AM 10/11/04

Our apologies to Seawolves football fans; Football standings will appear in our next issue.

MEN'S SOCCER

LAST SBU GAME: Boston U 1 at SBU 2, 10/9/04

NEXT SBU GAME: at North Carolina State, 10/13/04, 2 PM

Team	Record	Conf. Rec	Points	Last 5
New Hampsh.	3-2-5	2-0-2	8	2-1-2
Stony Brook	8-2-0	2-1-1	7	3-1-1
Albany.	7-2-2	2-1-1	7	3-1-1
Boston Univ	4-5-0	2-1-1	7	3-1-1
Vermont	7-4-0	2-2-0	6	3-2-0
Northeastern	2-5-4	1-0-3	6	1-0-4
Binghamton	7-1-5	1-1-2	5	2-1-2
UMBC	5-4-0	1-3-0	3	1-4-0
Maine	3-4-3	0-2-2	2	1-2-2
Hartford	2-6-3	0-2-2	2	0-2-3

WOMEN'S SOCCER

LAST SBU GAME: Hartford 3 at SBU 2, 10/10/04

NEXT SBU GAME: at UMBC, 10/15/04, 4 PM

Team	Record	Conf. Rec	Points	Last 5
Northeastern	9-3-2	3-0-1	0	3-1-1
Hartford	3-7-3	2-1-1	7	2-2-1
Boston Univ	10-3-1	2-2-0	6	3-2-0
Binghamton	8-3-1	2-1-0	6	3-2-0
Maine	3-4-1	2-2-0	6	3-2-0
Vermont.	7-5-2	2-2-0	6	2-3-0
New Hampsh.	6-6-2	2-2-0	6	3-2-0
Stony Brook	5-5-3	2-1-0	6	3-1-1
UMBC	5-7-0	0-3-0	0	1-4-0
Albany	2-12-0	0-3-0	0	0-5-0



SBU Rugby: Fighting Home and Away

By Ali Nazir

The Stony Brook Rugby team faced a difficult and very determined adversary on the pitch of Fairfield University, Sunday, September 19th. It was a hot and humid day - perfect for a battle of very equally-matched teams. Cody Peluso was very anxious about the game and was looking for a win to start of the season on the right foot. At 1pm, they kicked off a brand new season, a new and very talented team, and a brand new look, looking to make waves in the ironclad Rugby Union. But as high as their aspirations were, the harder they fell.

The game was at a deadlock, Fairfield and Stony Brook playing very good defense and no advance of any offense was visible. Stony Brook was tackling much better than last season and not giving Fairfield a chance to regroup and run plays. Eventually there was a blown assignment on Stony Brook's behalf, which led to a line-breaking run by Fairfield's Will Brazier to the Stony Brook 5 meter mark and then muscling in for the Tri (equivalent of a Touchdown), while SBU was trying to regroup. There was a sign of lost morale by the players as they saw Fairfield kick the extra point, but the SBU Ruggers brushed themselves off and were back in the game. Stony Brook came back with a couple of good runs by forwards Dan Holzhauer and Vasilii Khmelemko, but when they were at the FU red zone, penalties took them away. Then the bow broke one more time when SBU was found not ready and another broken run to the Trizone by FU making the score 12 to 0 (in Rugby, there are 5 points for every score and a 2 point kick follows). Before the half was over, SBU was knocking on FU's door once again, but was stopped this time by a very good defensive stop by Fairfield. Disaster struck once again in the second half, when the Seawolves came out blasting, but veteran player Jim Arnold was red-carded by the umpire. This means that SBU now had to play with 14 men instead of 15, even if they had substitutions because of the ruling of unsportsmanlike conduct. SBU held in there and was in the red zone once again, but could not finish as they turned the ball over. And the rest of the game was basically a stalemate that ended as Fairfield University took the win 12-0 against the Seawolves.

There were not many bad notes for that game considering that SBU was playing the second half of the game with only 14 men while Fairfield had the full 15. You could see the raw explosiveness many times in the game but, somehow, Stony Brook was just not able to finish. They were also missing their star players Mathew Arena, and Cody Peluso, who they lost in the second half due to a bad fracture of his arm.

The second game was against Sacred Heart University who, after coming off a loss in the first week of play, was also looking for their first win of the season. This was a home game for the Seawolves, it also fell on SBU's Homecoming week; while the whole school was mourning the bad loss the Football team had, they were looking for something to reignite the home coming spirit by a Rugby win. The players were pumped and looking forward to send Sacred Heart back home with a loss and salvage their season. Before the season had started, SBU Rugby was a favorite to take the Division 2 title.

The field was set for a win and there was an unexpected crowd that made it out to watch the game in real picnic-style seating. The game kicked off at 1pm and was very intense from the get-go. Both teams were scoreless and played hard defense until 10 minutes were left in the half, when SBU scored by a short power run right up the gut by veteran forward Anthony Abruscatti. The half ended with SBU up 5 to 0. The second half had to be one of the highest scoring halves in the history of SBU Rugby. Sacred Heart came out with a bang and saw SBU let up and scored twice in a period of 10 minutes. Now they were up 12 to 5 (they completed one kick after the Tri, unlike Stony Brook). The Seawolves returned the favor by scoring on a 55 meter run by star back Matt Arena. That score showed that SBU was just not going to lie down, and that this one is going down to the wire. Now with the score at 12 to 10 (SBU made the extra point), Sacred Heart yet again comes back and answers with a score through very well designed plays, making the score 17 - 10. Stony Brook yet again answers, but this time with two scores, all by Mark Moulton, and another while the opposition was regrouping with another big run by Mark Moulton (who is currently the leading scorer for Stony Brook University) to the Trizone, but this one came off a very good assist by Mathew Arena. Thinking a win was in their sights, SBU turned up the intensity of the game in the last 5 minutes. But, suddenly, Sacred Heart, with a last try to get in the game, scored by yet another very well designed play with only 2 minutes and 30 seconds left in the game. Stony Brook tried to counter them but could not do anything as time expired, giving Sacred Heart the win 26-24 over the Seawolves.

Coach Danny Ayrusso, disappointed with the loss, was still very content on how well his team performed during the onslaught of points being put on by each team, and the ability of his team to rise up and answer back. "This is just the beginning boys," he says with a devilish grin on his face, knowing that a year ago they could not have even thought about making a comeback let alone finding victory in defeat. Dan Holzhauer, and John Faminella, who put in a strong performance on the field, made good tackles and very hard nose runs. Vasilii Khmelemko was quoted "we had this game, but that second we let go, we lost." Very strong performances were also put in by Rustim Nyquist and Mark Tsukerman (responsible for an assist

for the score), who as usual not only bring their athletic ability but their superior knowledge of the game, keeping it business as usual while trailing and making the comeback that almost was.

Budget problems

The Rugby team is also being plagued by other problems at home. The program is on the rise and playing better Rugby than seen in recent years. It can be very distracting to the team and the morale of the players when the whole program is in danger of not being able to exist next year.

The story is that since Rugby is a referendum sport it is up for election every three years, the result of this election means whether the school is going to keep giving them money to continue or stop funding completely. And thus ending the existence of the team, which has been around since 1980.

The Rugby team is also one of the most diverse sports teams on campus with virtually every race and nationality on the team. Where else would you see an Indian and a Pakistani working together towards the same goal, or a Muslim and an Israeli seeing each other as brothers in the fight for the same cause? This semester, the fate of this very program and club is up for elections on October 17th to October 21st. So if you like sports and you like this kind of organization to stay on campus you should all go to your SOLAR System account to vote for the team. And if you want to get involved in the team more there are meetings that take place every Tuesday on the third floor of the Student Activities Center AKA the S.A.C. New people are encouraged to take part and learn about the sport and the great tradition of Rugby. This October 10th, the team plays IONA at home. IONA, 1st place in the division and undefeated, comes to the Stony Brook pitch looking to keep their undefeated season going. The Seawolves, however, are looking to upset and, from the show they put on against Sacred Heart University, they are in a good position to do so. Mark Moulton and Matt Arena are going to be healthy and ready to go, looking to test the defense of the very tough IONA Team. The defensive onslaught is being charged, with Mike Barnett saying, "if they want their fourth win, they got to go over me."

METROPOLITAN New York RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION

	W	L	T	TP	PF	PA	PD
Iona	3	0	0	30	155	16	139
Fairfield	2	1	0	20	41	55	-14
Vassar	2	0	0	20	102	15	87
Sacred Heart	1	2	0	10	34	51	-17
Marist	1	2	0	10	18	137	-119
SUNY Stony Brook	0	2	0	0	27	39	-12
Seton Hall	0	2	0	0	12	76	-64



Women's Soccer Sends the FU Team to a 3-0 Thrashing

By Antony Lin

On the final day of the Holtsville Residence Inn by Marriot Invitational, the Stony Brook Seawolves emerged as champions. Approximately 100 came out on the hot Sunday afternoon to watch the Seawolves defeat the Fairfield Stags 3-0. The match was the second of a doubleheader at Kenneth P. LaValle Stadium.

Both teams applied a 4-4-2 formation to start the match. Tiffany Fasullo and Victoria Feliciano, typically in the midfield, were both put up front. "It was definitely different. I liked it, this gives me more freedom to do what I want," stated Fasullo. The strategy would prove to be effective as Fasullo constantly shielded off defenders and kept possession in Fairfield's end. Feliciano was her usual self, creating countless opportunities throughout the afternoon.

"Tiffany and Vicki just clicked up front," said assistant coach and head of recruiting, Doug Shank.

The Seawolves applied pressure immediately in the 3rd minute when left back, Jess Rogers' inswinging cross from the left wing found midfielder, Katie Kramer, who's shot nicked the crossbar.

Fairfield's first opportunity came in the 5th minute when Janna Breienwischer's 20 yard drive was easily handled by goalkeeper, Cindy Bennett. Bennett did not have a busy afternoon, but yet another solid effort on the day as her defense was well-organized, led by Rogers and Shilts. "We were doing better in covering the openings. This allowed for a better transition up the field," said Rogers.

It was the play of Rogers which perhaps led to the turning point of the game. In the 12th minute, a Stag forward was left unmarked on the right wing leaving her with a potential break-away. Rogers, with no chance at catching up,

decided to step up and play the offside trap perfectly.

With the home side maintaining possession and constantly pressuring, the effort came



VICTORIA FELICIANO,
Courtesy of Jessica Worthington

through in the 13th minute. The play started when, Feliciano won a header at midfield to Tiffany Fasullo. Fasullo played the ball back to Feliciano, who then played a brilliant through ball to right winger, Danielle Lewis, for her to

slot home from 9 yards out.

Stony Brook would continue to pressure in the following minutes. The home side would go up 2-0 in the 31st minute on a bizarre goal by Shilts, whose low, hard-whipping free kick on the left wing from 25 yards out trickled through everyone and found its way inside the far post. "I mis-hit the ball completely. Somehow it found its way through everyone," said Shilts.

Things took a turn for the worse in the 37th minute, when Feliciano, lobbed one cleverly, finding left winger Kendra Graber unmarked from 5 yards out. Fairfield's keeper, Katie Ely, was able to collect the ball but collided with Graber on the sequence. Graber, who came in as a sub causing all sorts of trouble on the left side for the Fairfield defense, would end up leaving the game. Defender Kirsandra Seaton would shift over to the left wing, while right back Chelsea Van Horn was subbed in for the remainder of the half.

The second half saw fewer opportunities. The next opportunity would come for the Seawolves in the 49th minute off a blunder by Ely, when she misjudged a free kick from Shilts. The ball ended up at the feet of Feliciano, whose shot from 9 yards out hit the crossbar.

The first opportunity for the visitors in the second half came off a light shot from 10 yards out by Amanda Vargó, which Bennett had no problem handling. Two minutes later, a 26 yard effort from Breienwischer was once again handled easily by Bennett.

The next golden opportunity would come for Stony Brook in the 70th minute after a great buildup. Feliciano, with a series of cutbacks, laid it off to Lewis, who then crossed to Kramer, only to have her header sail just wide.

The clincher would come in the 75th minute. Kristin Mishrell, whose efforts in the defensive midfield role often goes unnoticed, sent a splendid through ball to Feliciano, who slotted it home to make it 3-0. "I was just looking for someone to play it too and Vicky (Feliciano) was there to finish it. She is always making great runs," said Mishrell.

The Stags would launch several shots in the closing minutes with no effect as Bennett was well positioned to make the saves.

"It was a great game defensively and offensively. We came through the tiredness from playing on Friday," said assistant coach Megan Mills.

The win puts the Stony Brook Seawolves on a three-game unbeaten streak improving them to 3-4-1 on the season. "It was a great opportunity to win and have this tournament at home. It gives us a great morale boost before the conference games, especially when we scored so many goals. Winning back to back was just great," stated head coach Susan Ryan.

Defender Marissa Nucci, Feliciano, Lewis, and Fasullo received All-Tournament team honors. Feliciano ended up as the tournament's MVP.

"This tournament is the mark of how well we've been playing lately," said assistant coach Shank.

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Ask Amberly Jane

By Amberly Jane

It was bound to happen.

You start the semester with the best of intentions; don't skip class, start schoolwork early – all these grand plans that fall by the wayside right around ... now.

You try to be vigilant, but the dam breaks, and the flood gates spill over with playtime – you know you should go to class, but there's not enough hours in the day for all the hi-jinx you can muster. Who has time for class, when there are parties to plan, friends' psychotic episodes to dispel, various substances to consume, concerts to go to, people to enjoy? I still need to take photos of a wedding tomorrow, as well as shots for my sexy friend's portfolio ... and this column isn't going to write itself.

But I'm not worried, because I am on the path to salvation. I'm not talking biblical, I'm talking perspective.

You see, I'm savvy to the secret. I've seen the other side. We only get a relatively few productive years on this earth, although I'm boycotting death, and I know what matters in the grand scheme of things is certainly not schoolwork or grade point average. Time stops for no one, my friend, and I intend to make the most of it while I'm here.

Suck the marrow from life – that is what matters – don't be seduced by the false promise. Because even if you work hard at school, have a family, and work a shit job to make money – the eternal green slave-driver, there is no guarantee that you are going to be fulfilled. It's always amazing to me that the very people who bait me with promises of happiness derived from 'job, money, family,' are the very people who are miserable for those very reasons!

Like the new TV's installed in the SAC food stable, meant to sedate you – the lull of a prescribed life is no muss, no fuss, no risk and no reward. Just comfortable and predictable, like an old lover, whose undulating valleys of skin you know so well. Don't raise a fuss, just stand in line like all the other good sheep, get your gruel and be quiet. They are just trying to pacify us into becoming mealy-mouthed automatons, because God forbid we start think-

ing for ourselves and rock the status quo right out of its boat.

I'm just sick of false expectations. If I had a dime bag for all the people who ask me when I am going to get married and have children, I would have enough to quell all of the unhappy housewives on my block. Just because something is expected of you, doesn't mean it is right. Just because all of the people in Columbus' time thought the earth was flat, did not make it so. Majority opinion does not equal truth.

But I'm getting a little off track.

The reason for my diatribe this week: a conversation I overheard a few days ago that I haven't been able to shake from my mind. A girl visiting the hollowed halls of *The Press* offices said so matter-of-factly that she "could not be happy in life without money."

I immediately pitied this poor, pathetic soul. She is caught in the trap. She will never be happy. Never. Because her joy is bound up with the promise that money can complete her. What she fails to see, is that our society and culture are structured so that you always want more. You are not a worthy person unless you have that new fast car, or that fur-lined coat, but when you get them, there is still always more to buy to feed the hole inside you.

I know this is a common affliction. So many students choose their majors based not on what they enjoy, oh how passé, but how much money they'll be able to make in the future. Squeezing every future hour for all its fiscal worth.

Fuck no, not for me, thank you kindly.

Money is just little pieces of paper that float in and out of my life like rain. I work hard for the necessities, but Jim Morrison's words always ring in my head. "Trade in your hours for a handful of dimes," and I'm reminded of how unfair that trade seems to be.

Aren't we worth more?

Q: Dear Amberly Jane,

OK, I wasn't going to write, but my friends put me up to it. They are always telling

me that I pick the wrong guys; either losers with no job, or losers with no money. (I guess the two go hand in hand), but I've come expect a certain quality of life. Anyway, I like this boy, but he is unable to take me out because all the money he makes from catering he sends out to his grandmother in Fort Lauderdale. How can I find a stable guy who will take care of me?

Signed – 'Waiting'

A: Dear 'Waiting,'

I'll restrain myself from the string of expletives I would like to hurl at you, and instead inquire as to why you can't take care of yourself. Obviously, you are bed-ridden or afflicted by some flesh-eating disease that prevents you from working. God forbid you should have to stand on your own two feet, and quit living off mommy and daddy.

You like this guy, but are you really going to demand that he take money he was going to send his Floridian grandmother, and instead spend it on someone as blood-sucking and shallow as yourself? There is a word; it is called "self-sufficient." You should look it up.

And there is more to picking a mate than how much money he lavishes on your priss ass. My advice if you really want a man with a fat wallet: go and whore yourself out to a sugar daddy. Sure he'll be older, but what's a few ball wrinkles when afterward he buys you something shiny.

Q: Dear Amberly Jane,

What is the meaning of life, and why do I always crave banana chips?

Signed – 'Loopy-Lou'

A: Dear 'Loopy,'

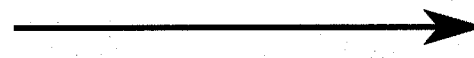
To live it, and for all their chippy goodness.

For questions or comments, e-mail:
AskAmberlyJane@hotmail.com

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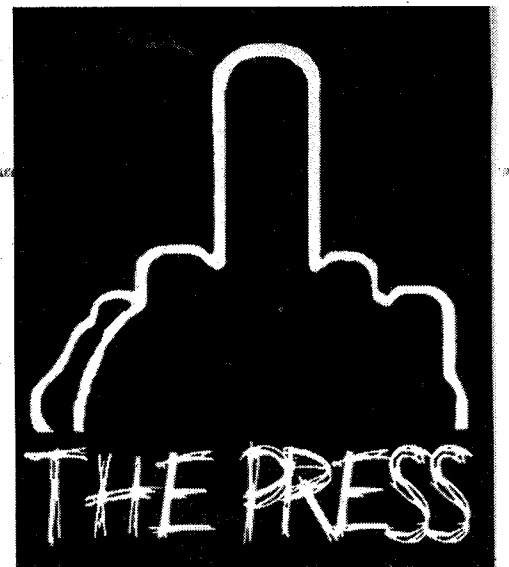
Stick it in the most creative place you can think of!

Take a picture of the sticker, and email it or bring it to us, along with your name and contact information.

Whoever places the sticker in the most creative place wins a *Press* prize pack, including a "Death to Fascists" *Press* T-shirt!!

The Stony Brook Press reserves the right to invalidate submissions as they see it. All entries, including photos, become property of the *Press*.

The *Press* and its employees are not eligible for prizes. If you read this fine print, I'm sorry there's nothing funny. I'm out of material. STOP JUDGING ME!!



Hey, Who Ordered the Reviews?

Celluloid Icon

By Jaime Mignone

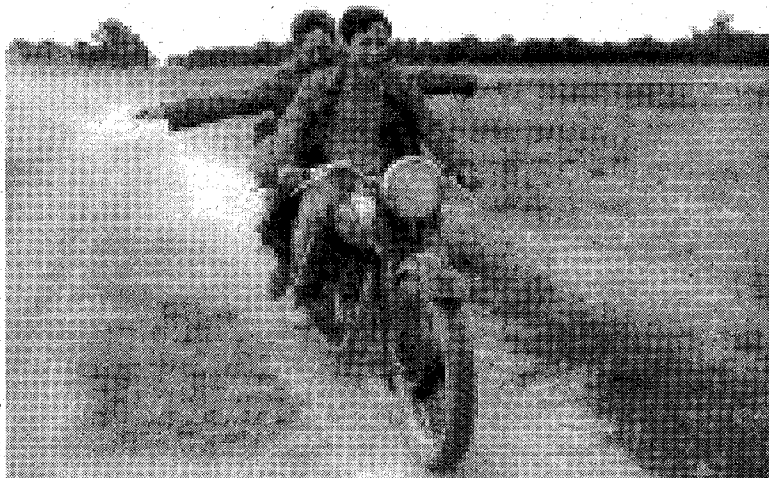
Our heroes become marketed and appropriated by the culture. Greed turns their likenesses into meaningless t-shirt prints and coffee mugs, and they serve as little more than a gag. Che Guevara is a man and not a label. The film *The Motorcycle Diaries* serves to dose the image and the myth with a tangible humanity, the soul-stuff that fuels every hero.

The film is based on Ernesto "Che" Guevara's own journals from a trip around our southern neighboring continent with his best friend, Alberto "Mial" Granado. They set off from Buenos Aires, Argentina to tour South America, traveling through Chile, Peru, and Venezuela, and all points between. "Fuser," now known as "Che," and his accomplice were medical students whose trek would ultimately take them to a leper colony, where they were to study and work.

What the pair went in search of was the romance of travel, the eerie encounter of distance, the celebration of indigenous culture, and women to dance with and hopefully take to bed. Ernesto comes off as shy and idealistic, intent on stopping at the home of his girlfriend two days off schedule, for some of that puppy-love-induced love-making. "Mial" doesn't waste any time getting his best interests served by various housekeepers, farmers' daughters and the like. They're a fun couple of cats who curse initially but don't get too upset about falling off their bike, dubbed "The Mighty One," and into sludge, repeatedly, and they aren't prepared for the rest of what they're about to witness.

Gael Garcia Bernal does a wonderful portrayal of Che as he goes through the change from sheltered, middle-class boy to the tough traveled man of purpose that would dedicate his life

to bringing people up from out of the dirt. The real situations the men and their bike encounter force them to rethink the complacent attitude they've adopted to the world outside the bubble, they got to see the other half. Gael's eyes sharpen as the scenes set in. His smile



A SCENE FROM THE MOTORCYCLE DIARIES,
Courtesy of South Fork Pictures

subsides and his stance straightens. The experience of maturation is completely and lucidly conveyed by this brilliant actor who also portrayed Che in the television production *Fidel*, and rightfully so. That film is too fucking long, but Bernal performs superbly as the revolutionary in *Fidel* as well as the dreamy-eyed boy in *The Motorcycle Diaries*. Errr, at least I hope he was that good, the movie is subtitled, and I don't habla espanol.

The characters self-impose poverty and in doing so, they experience the squalor that migrant workers and the exploited and the poor

deal with every day of their existence. Starvation, inadequate healthcare, no shelter, and finding ways to not get shot are just some of the challenges they must learn to adapt to. Over the course of the story, they must lead simpler lives and deal with survival before their frivolous desires and unnecessary plans. Ernesto writes to his mother of the changes he went through, and his account is one of being haunted.

On a lighter note, some of the people they meet that live in squalor still retain their sense of humor and humanity. One Incan descendent casually refers to the Catholic Church as "Jesus Christ Inc." with a smile on his face. "The Mighty One" finds some help from a mechanic whose wife puts the moves on Che, only to cause a riot when the locals see that "fucking Argentinian" overstepping his bounds with another person's spouse.

The cinematography was excellent. Panorama of Machu Picchu, the ancient Incan city in the mountains of Peru induced a few minutes of dazed moments from which I had to catch up with the rest of the world and the passage of time. Great shots of desert and of tundra were always inspirational, even when the camera was shaking, which did get annoying at times, but never lasted long enough to induce nausea or migraines.

Good flick. Good reminder. Yeah, that thing on your shirt is a portrait of a human, with human feeling and a human story. He wasn't just a flat and depthless caricature of a soldier and he was definitely not just an advertisement. The CIA did go through all that trouble to assassinate him after all.

Going for a Ride: A Review of Taxi

By Joe Rios

If you find yourself looking for something to do this weekend, you can always go to the movies. Since there are a slew of movies to choose from, you may find it difficult to choose just one. But before we get into the review, the following must be stated... THIS MOVIE HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TV SERIES! If that is what you are looking for, then you've found yourself in the wrong place. Now on to the review!

In *Taxi* Jimmy Fallon plays Officer Washburn, a New York City cop who is great as an officer but is just plain lousy behind the wheel. After his third accident in one month, his lieutenant takes away his license. At the same time, the city's fastest bicycle messenger, Belle (Queen Latifa), is starting her first day as a New York City cab driver.

A few minutes into the movie, Washburn finds himself in the pursuit of international bank robbers in, what else, Belle's cab. Of course, Belle, a girl who is renowned for speed, and who has motor oil running through her veins, has a few surprises under the hood of her Crown Victoria. Together, Belle and Washburn find themselves in a high-speed game of cat and mouse as they pursue the robbers at break-neck speeds.

The recent trend of movies has been that

the more unrealistic special effects that take place, the better it is. The only unrealistic properties of *Taxi* are some of the maneuvers that the tricked out Crown Victoria can make. The movie is pretty much realistic, but it's hard to imagine that New York City traffic could support that kind of driving at any time of the day.

Taxi is a good movie for sheer entertainment purposes. It's a good flick for when you just want to go to the movies and have a good time. *Taxi* is for all intents and purposes a "Popcorn Flick." That aside, *Taxi* is a funny movie, with large amounts of dialogue-based humor. Jimmy Fallon and Queen Latifa make for a good pairing in this movie, combining Washburn's silliness with Belle's tough girl attitude, and the credits that run with outtakes from the production are enough to make you want to stay 'till the very end.

While *Taxi* is a good movie to go with some buddies and chill, there are features that leave some to be desired, for example there is a lack of romantic progress in the story line, and the ending was not

nearly as spectacular as it could have been.

So you might be asking yourself, "Okay, so should I see the damn movie or not?!" Well it's entirely up to you. In my view, the film is not worth the \$9.25 at the nearby theatre, but matinee price is fair for *Taxi*. Happy viewing!



QUEEN LATIFA OF TAXISESCATCHEWAN,
Courtesy of 20th Century Fox

Hey, Who Ordered the Reviews?

Record Review: Ministry (Houses of the Mole)

By Vincent Michael Festa

The past two years have been really something for Ministry. Al Jourgensen marries again and finally kicks the habit. Then he and bandmate Paul Barker returned from the atrocious *Dark Side of the Spoon* to come back and take themselves seriously again with their amazing *Animositisomina* album. Shortly after, Barker decides to leave Ministry after so many years of its ups and downs: pioneering industrial music, the Wax Trax years, *Psalm 69*, substance abuse and crackdowns.

Which now leaves us once again to Al. Not even one year since *Animositisomina*, *Houses Of The Mole* comes out. This time around, Jourgensen has brought over for the ride Ministry veteran Mike Scaccia, John Monte, and Mark Baker.

Let's put it this way: honestly, this is *Animositisomina* Part 2, because if die-hard Ministry fans figured out that *Animositisomina* was a return to old ideas and elements of *Psalm 69*, then they loved it. In fact, *Houses* does more of the same, even the recording quality, feel, and even color are similar to the last album. It's still the rough-and-tough Ministry it always has been of late.

But what makes *Houses* different than the other Ministry albums is that this one is concept album. Yes, the concept album. A dreaded hit-or miss idea in the world of record sales and fanfare, but Ministry isn't doing it for the former two because they're doing it as a message as each song starts with the letter 'W'. Now, do you follow me?

If you know Ministry, they're not just a crash and burn-sounding type of group, as they do it with a reason. Ever since *Twitch* they've been very outspoken on their political stance. So you'll know what to expect.

The opener "No W" starts off the opener with a marching Carmina Burana sample mixed with Bush soundbites before everything explodes and flashes in your face with high-speed drum smashes and rattling guitars with Jourgensen's fast-paced vocals and shouts straight out of their "N.W.O". "Waiting" (track 2) switches from rat-tat-tat drums a la "Thieves" to coming right out of the gate, repeating 'I'm still waiting' as if to wait for



THE MENACING MUSICIANS OF MINISTRY
Courtesy of Sanctuary Records

Bush's promise and support of God. Remnants of "Just One Fix" and "Lay Lady Lay" are recognizable during "Worthless" (track 3) before jumping right into thick and sludgy "What About Us" proportions with a *Warriors* type squeal of "Wrong" ("You're wrong everytime"). Here, Preacherman Jourgensen questions the war in Iraq with corrosiveness and an upfront, in-your-face honesty ("what makes you think you got the God-given right/for killing people in a needless fight?").

And it only get crazier, with or without

the anti-Bush sentiment. Ministry has you hanging on for dear life on a crazydrums horse-back ride alongside against reeling guitars in "Warp City", a wacky tale about guns, alcohol, and demons. And for those who dig the Ministry's "TV" tracks, there's "WTV" with the usual Jourgensen rant and subliminal television samples. Things get heavier with "World", more chilling with "WKYJ", and in the end it rounds itself out with an 80's sounding "Worm" complete with harmonica. Or maybe not, since there are not one but two hidden tracks at the end of the CD: "Psalm 23" which is the Star-Spangled Banner version of "No W", and "Walrus", which is track 69 on the CD a la *Dark Side Of The Spoon*...yes, Jourgensen still has that sense of humor.

On the bright side it's still the greasy, skull and crossbones black death that Ministry has always been. Jourgensen's vocals are even more direct, personal, and more vicious. Soundbytes are used in an ironic and strategic fashion and the album is an ode to their older ideas.

On the other hand, some feel that the album has re-used too many of their own past ideas and elements and that Ministry is running out of creativity, and that this was released for the sake of just targeting Bush. In fact, on their Evil Doer tour, Al's rallying as many fans as he can to sign up to vote a la PunkVoter.com, which is still at face value a good thing.

Overall, *Houses Of The Mole* is definitely worth a listen if you're on either side of the political coin. And for Ministry fans who like it intense, scathing, hard-edged, hostile, and confrontational regardless of any Bush-whacking, this is it. Otherwise, you could still vote for Bush.

Record Review: Lou Reed (Metal Machine Music)

By Vincent Michael Festa

Next year will be the 30th anniversary of Lou Reed's landmark and controversial record. Since its release in 1975, there has been criticism on both sides of the coin as to how much *Metal Machine Music* made an effect on music as art.

After Andy Warhol assembled Velvet Underground, Reed decided to escape his many conflicts in his career at that time. Since he has dealt with the subject matter of addiction, off-center sexuality, and depression, he was always one to push daring ideas to the edge. So in a Manhattan loft, Reed precisely placed two plugged-in guitars alongside and against two amplifiers with a four-track tape machine hooked up to create and mix an extension of feedback and the piercing sounds of guitar rock that became 65 minutes of a godly and magical sound.

Reed assembled *Metal Machine Music* as a double-sided double vinyl album based on not only feedback, but making that as whole walls of sound. Vibrations, reverbs, echoes, aquatic-quality guitar and amplifier waves, absence of bass, and piercing frequencies structured the entire album.

A simplistic idea, yet complex for any-

one daring to face and tolerate what was non-music to travel through each and every wave of audio motion: because this was possibly the first non-music ever released. No definite structure, beats, bars, vocals, mathematics, or musical law at all: it was really 65 minutes of either aural nirvana bliss, or unlistenable brain hemorrhage. The choice was yours to see.

Another simple idea was that the original vinyl version was cut so that one side on each record played in the normal direction and on the other side played backwards (sorry, no subliminal messages). The end of side four awaited an endless conscience (or agony for those noise-uninitiated) of *Metal Machine Music* in which Reed devised the locked groove to catch the needle and therefore forever looping the record until the listener had to physically remove the needle to stop playing. How long audiophiles wanted to deal and live with this noise was up to them.

And with a direct separation of audio coming out of both left and right channels with no bleed, it would be really listening to two albums at the same time. Thus making *Metal Machine Music* an album of symmetrics.

Going back to being the first (or one of the first) non-music records ever created and

released, it was ahead of its time totally predated The Ramones' creation of punk, Brian Eno's invention of ambient music, Throbbing Gristle's experimental industrial, and Merzbow's start-all of extreme noise, all started in the late 70's after the release of *Metal Machine Music*. While some critics deemed Reed's record genius because the sound and method were never done before, others dismissed it as nonsense, garbage, or unlistenable. In fact, despite 100,000 of these copies sold since the first printing, the negative criticism almost finished Reed for good, and the backlash it created when it wasn't "contractually-obligated" rock infuriated management. It was then after that Reed was allowed a second chance, to record again as long he agreed never again to pull this stunt. So *Coney Island Baby* was next. But if *Metal Machine Music* is still not your thing, there's always Juno Reactor's *Luciana*, a more peaceful hour-long opposite of what *Metal Machine Music* was, is, and will be.

On a personal note, I feel great that we can call Lou Reed our own: not only has *Metal Machine Music* been a very important title in my collection, but considering his legendary track record I feel grateful that he is from Freeport, Long Island.

Hey, Who Ordered the Reviews?

Anime Review: Full Metal Alchemist

By Joe Rios

This week in Japan, the renowned anime *Hagane no Renkinjutsushi*, also known as *Full Metal Alchemist*, came to a conclusion this week, wrapping up a 51-episode run in Japan. *Full Metal Alchemist* is set to come to Cartoon Network this fall, a move which will most likely ruin the quality of the show, and make the fan base for it the usual group of *Dragon Ball Z*, and *Gundam Wing* Fanboys, but that's besides the point. Now that you have a little info about where the show stands right now, let's get into the review...

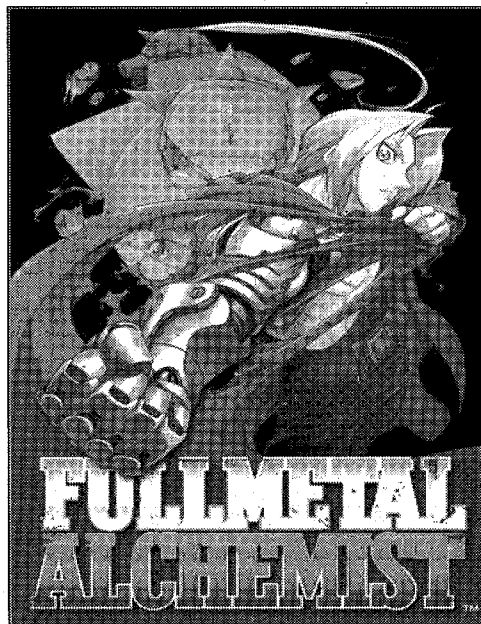
Full Metal Alchemist is set in a world similar to ours but where we have advanced through the development of technology: in the world of *Full Metal Alchemist*, alchemy rules supreme. Alchemy may sound familiar to some of you, because it's a real term. Webster defines alchemy as "a medieval chemical science and speculative philosophy aiming to achieve the transmutation of the base metals into gold." In *Full Metal Alchemist*, or *FMA* for short, alchemy is part of daily life. It is used in medicine, it is a recognized science, and it is even used to fight wars.

FMA revolves around two brothers, Edward and Alphonse Elric. The Elric brothers' past is one of sadness never-ending. When they were younger, their mother died. At the time they thought they knew enough alchemy to bring their mother back to life. They were wrong, and the price they paid was massive. The older brother, Ed, lost one arm and one leg. His brother paid an even higher price. Alphonse lost his entire body, and now his soul is trapped in an empty suit of armor.

Years later, Ed and Al are traveling across their world, searching for the "Philosopher's Stone," which is the Holy Grail of alchemists. With the stone, one person would have enough power to rule the world. Ed and Al are searching for it so that they can return themselves to their original bodies, but they are

not alone. There are others seeking the stone, and their intentions are not so innocent in nature.

FMA is the kind of anime where you have to pay attention to some details in order to not get lost, but beyond that, everything is in its favor. The Japanese voice acting is marvelous (I



HOT DAMN, IT'S FULL METAL ALCHEMIST,
Courtesy of fullmetalalchemist.com

wish I could say the same for the English dub...). The animation quality is remarkably good, and there is a plot that leaves you at the end of each episode wanting more. The characters of *FMA* help to make the show what it is. Aside from the two main characters, there are the maniacal female mechanics, a collection of evil characters who are always interesting, and involved in the plot. The cast also includes an assortment of VERY good-looking male characters for the female fans to scream over.

Fans of action-style anime are not left out either. *FMA* has some of the best fighting I have ever seen in an anime. Sword fights, shootouts, use of "magic," even giant fighting statues are used in *FMA*, but the best fighting that takes place in *FMA* is the hand-to-hand combat. Ed and Al are characters that might as well be considered martial arts masters, and they aren't afraid to use their skills.

Full Metal Alchemist has something for everyone: a plotline for those who like drama, comedic relief at the hands of certain characters like the muscle man Alex Louis Armstrong, enough action to make your head explode, and even a little romance subtly laid in. Let's also not forget the great music. Fight scenes, drama scenes, and the opening and closing music are all outstanding.

By now, you are probably thinking to yourself, "OH MY GOD!!! I WANT IT NOW!!!" Well keep your pants on... As of today, the premiere of *Full Metal Alchemist* is scheduled for Saturday, November 6, 2004 @ 11:30pm on Cartoon Network (campus channel 32). If you're like me and you don't want to watch dubbed, edited, "Safe for TV" Anime, then you have a few options. The DVDs are set to release January 18, 2005 (Note: There is also supposed to be a movie in the works for some time in 2005 as well). If waiting for the DVD is not your thing, then go and find yourself a "legal" method of downloading subtitled episodes, and watch them to your eyeballs fall out.

How you go about acquiring your *FMA* doesn't particularly matter to me. What does matter is that you do watch it because, once it hits Cartoon Network, it's going to be the next big thing. If you want proof, look at the pictures of the *Full Metal Alchemist* photo shoot at this year's Otakon Anime Convention. The number of people who turned out in *FMA* costumes was absolutely MASSIVE! Now go and watch some *Full Metal Alchemist*, or I'll cry.

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Homeopathy: A hope for healing

By Rachel Eagle Reiter

Flowers Are For Sniffing...And More

As summer comes to a close, I appreciate the flowers that haven't faded and fallen. Their beauty is unmistakable and they smell lovely, especially when they haven't been sprayed with toxic pesticides (that sort of defeats the purpose of inhaling their lovely aroma). Besides being nice to look at, to briefly admire while passing them by on a daily commute or planting them in a home garden to attract the butterflies and birds, flowers are essential for a much greater purpose.

They are of emotional significance; this we know. They can communicate a simple I love you, cause a trickling tear when they are given as a goodbye, or be the only sign of color and life at a funeral. A flower, however, is no trophy wife. A flower may be eye catching at first glance, but don't let that fool you into believing that its sole purpose is for the pleasure of your senses. Flower essences have been extracted, examined and utilized for their medicinal value.

Dr. Edward Bach, founder of Bach flower essences, worked initially in emergency medicine. He later became Clinical Assistant of Bacteriology at his University Hospital in Birmingham. After studying Dr. Samuel Hahnemann's homeopathic *Materia Medica*, Bach expanded his studies into the fields of bacteriology and pathology. In 1930, he spent the rest of his life discovering medicine that comes from flowers.

Today, homeopathy is practiced by medical doctors through out the world. It is especially popular in Europe, where modern homeopathy was birthed. Bach Flower remedies are derived homeopathically and the two forms of medicine are closely related. In fact, Dr. Gotz Blome, currently practicing medicine in Germany (homeland of Hahnemann and Bach), uses homeopathy in conjunction with Bach Flower remedies to treat his patients.

In Blome's book, *ADVANCED BACH FLOWER THERAPY-A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT*, flower essences are formulated and combined to treat conditions such as: acne, allergies, anemia, anorexia, asthma, low blood pressure, high blood pressure, depression, eczema, epilepsy, exhaustion...and that's just from the first part of the alphabet. Check out Blome's book for disorders from A to Z.

In the meantime, keep in mind that flowers are for more than sniffing.

Stress Combat 101

With endless exams and papers, limited time to complete assignments, and constant pressure, stress can take its toll. I've listed a few homeopathic remedies for brain fatigue with keynotes as guidelines.

Homeopathy For Brain Fatigue-Derived From Minerals

Kali phos—overwork, overstudy

Phosphorus—excesses in lifestyle

Nat. carb—poor memory

Bach Flower Remedies For Stress-Derived From Flowers

Cherry Plumb—emotional suppression

Elm—overwork

Oak—excessive ambition

In addition to homeopathy, herbs are an excellent way to combat stress. In fact some herbal teas that aid in stress relief can be found right on campus or close by. Peppermint tea increases the circulation of blood supply to the brain. Increased oxygen to the brain increases awareness and concentration for better mental performance. Chamomile is an excellent stress reliever, and it is another herbal tea, easy to come by. However, because chamomile has a calming, mildly sedative affect, it is better taken at the end of a day when needing to relax. Ginseng tea, on the other hand is a good option for before studying or work, since ginseng increases mental as well as physical stamina. There is no magic pill to decrease long term stress. Lifestyle factors are of primary importance in stress control. It's far wiser to live a balanced life, getting good nutrition, enough exercise and adequate rest, than to seek out a quick fix.

What's in a Name?

The Latin for Tiger Lily is *Lilium Tigrinum*. The Tiger Lily is a special, valuable and important plant from which homeopathic medicine is derived. The name of the plant is appropriate to the homeopathic constitution of *Lilium Tigrinum*. The Tiger is likened unto unleashed desire; while the Lily has a soft, quiet existence.

Sensuality is naturally vibrant, but it is suppressed in the individual for religious reasons or due to social conformity. Participating in fun activities or taking any form of self-gratification results in great internal conflict. The desire for self-expression is at odds with the individual's need to conform.

The profile is that of mixed religiosity and vibrant sexuality. These are two sides of the same coin. At times, one trait may take precedence over the other.

This lasts temporarily until the silent side shows its face again.

The suppression of the person's authenticity makes the symptoms worse. The homeopathic remedy is designed to bring resolution to such incongruity between mind and desire.

Mental symptoms may include, but are not limited to the following keynotes:

- *Difficulty Concentrating,
- *Despondency,
- *Rushed Anticipation,
- *Must Keep Busy,

These Symptoms Ameliorated With Work, Fresh Air, Activity

What Good Is A Bee?

The first homeopathic remedy I ever had was Apis. It cured me of a really bad bee sting. I was four years old at the time, playing with my brother and our neighborhood friends. One of the boys decided to throw a rock at a nearby hive and the bees went wild. One of the bees flew up my shorts and put its nasty stinger in my thigh. Once I made it back to my house, though, I knew I was in good hands.

Apis is a remedy made from the honeybee. Its basic use is for first aid treatment of bee stings. However, the homeopathic profile for Apis is far more in depth than that. It is an immensely important constitutional remedy,

especially useful in treating female hormonal problems. It is useful for conditions that resemble a bee sting, such as inflammation, burning, stinging pain, and itchy, swollen, sensitive to touch skin.

The Apis constitution is busy, intense and task oriented. (A constitution is a homeopathic profile which is unique to the individual.) The Apis personality is busy as a bee. Apis types are overprotective, jealous and very well organized. They are irritable, nervous, and controlling. They act like queen bees who can organize and control both people and their environment. They are very family oriented and hate to be crossed. They are self assured, confident and competent people, good workers with good business sense. They are more practical and family oriented than a Lachesis constitution, whose jealousy takes a more passionate bent. They are mentally alert and lively. They are accustomed to getting what they want. They have an active sex drive, but keep it under control. Their tempers may erupt quickly but then subside quickly. Although, workaholics adept at business, they lack the irritability of Nux Vomica. Their houses are neat and organized. They are competent at all their endeavors. They are task oriented and good at problem solving.

*Apis generalities include aggravation by heat and amelioration from cold applications. Exercise ameliorates. Sexual suppression aggravates.

*Allergic conditions with edema of eyes, mouth, or throat, ameliorated by cold drinks. Sore throat can extend to ears. Thirstless. Bronchitis worse with inspiration.

*Headaches with stabbing pains, extending from behind left ear to left eye or temple. High fever, red face, always worse with heat. Edema around eyes. Flushes with heat.

*This is a leading hormonal remedy for women. It is used to treat the threat of miscarriage in the first trimester, so it should be avoided in low doses during pregnancy. Ovarian cysts on the right. Worse with sexual suppression. Apis is associated with arthritic conditions, with red and inflamed joints.

(Hahnemann's *Materia Medica* will give a complete constitutional description.)

"This just in:

The Stony Brook Press is online at www.thepress.info

and... wait a second, I'm getting something else here... It would seem to be the case that I have no personality..."



Tales From a Hijacked Computer

By Joe Rios

Two weeks ago I decided that it was time to clean out my computer. This is nothing out of the ordinary for me. Every few months I'll back-up my documents and format my hard drive, which is a very effective method of getting rid of the files that have lost value, and some additional items that have mysteriously found their way onto my hard drive (usually porn).

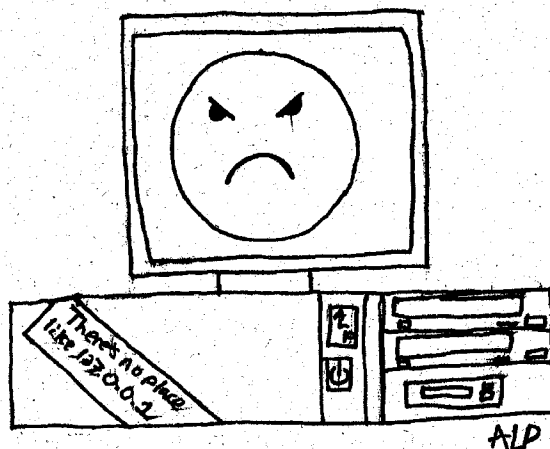
Everything had been rolling along smoothly. I had my operating system re-installed, and I decided to go downstairs for a bite to eat. Everything seemed perfect at the time. I was wrong.

Fast-forward about thirty minutes, and I come back to my room to find my screen plastered with pop-up ads. HOLY SHIT! What happened? I hadn't even opened a browser yet. A quick examination of my hard drive had discovered some programs that are notorious for being ad-ware. I installed my favorite ad-ware detection program, and one scan revealed over one hundred (that's right, ONE HUNDRED!) different pieces of known ad-ware/spy-ware files. I decided that I would re-install windows once again and be careful to get my counter measures in place as soon as I was online.

Fast-forward another forty-five minutes and the operating system is re-installed and things are once again running smoothly. I begin installing my preventative measures and as I'm installing them, I see a little icon on the Windows taskbar (That's that little thingy on the bottom of the screen where the "Start" button is, for those who don't know the term!). Looking at the text with the icon, it says "Installing Web Rebates." Then a few other items automatically installed themselves, and 5 minutes later I start having pop-ups AGAIN!

At this point I really didn't want to re-install for a third time, so I figured I would just do my best to remove these unwanted guests from my computer. I installed my anti-virus

program, and my spy-ware program, and began scanning. The scan revealed less ad-ware, but now I had viruses! At this point I wanted to throw my computer out of the window. Of course, I didn't because my ego would not let me lose to my computer.



EMOTICONS, GO HOME!
Courtesy of Andrew Pernick

So I sat there for an hour, pondering the nature of my situation, and venting some anger via Grand Theft Auto. Then it dawned upon me. What could be the source of my problems? Perhaps it has something to do with that funny yellow cable plugged into by computer that says "CAT5E." A-ha! The problem isn't a Windows related problem (for once!) but rather it's RESNET.

With a concept in hand, I proceeded to get my hands on some installation files for my

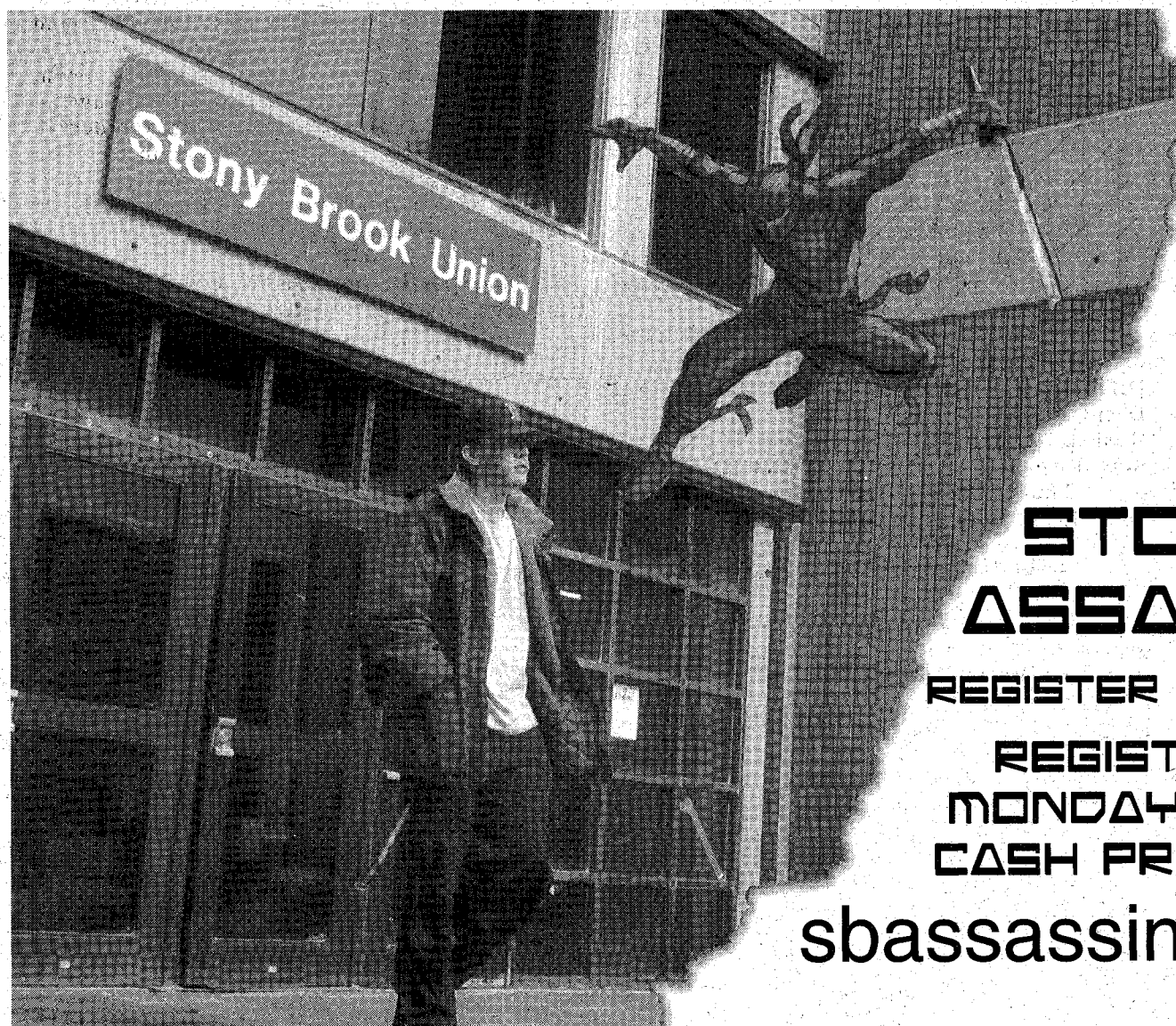
anti-spy-ware program, my anti-virus program, and a firewall program, and burned them all to CD. Next I unplugged my Ethernet (Internet) cable, and re-installed my operating system for the third time. (YAY!)

With my safeguards in place an hour later, I plugged my computer back into the network and behold, everything worked just as it should. No viruses, no spy-ware, no ad-ware, just a computer that works like it should. What does this imply? It implies that there is something about the local network that makes it a haven for viruses, and numerous malicious programs.

Since I possess neither the knowledge nor right to speculate the source of the aforementioned problem, I'm not going to go pointing fingers. I am however, fairly sure that with the technology fee that students pay each semester, we should at least have access to a network that doesn't put us in a situation where such actions are needed, some of which can be expensive if you don't know exactly what you are doing.

Since the incident of two weeks ago, my computer has been working perfectly. Nothing has popped up that would cause me concern, so I suppose that my preventative measures are working, but if you lack the technical know-how to correct problems that you think are definitely related to being plugged into the local network, then perhaps you should call the folks at the Department of Information technology, also known as DoIT, and say "What the hell?!" And for those of you who can't look up their number because their computers are "out of commission" here's their number: (631) 632-9085.

Everything mentioned above is just a tale of a simple project gone horribly wrong, I'm not a computer specialist, and I'm NOT giving advice on how to fix your computer, so don't break your computer on account of anything I've said.



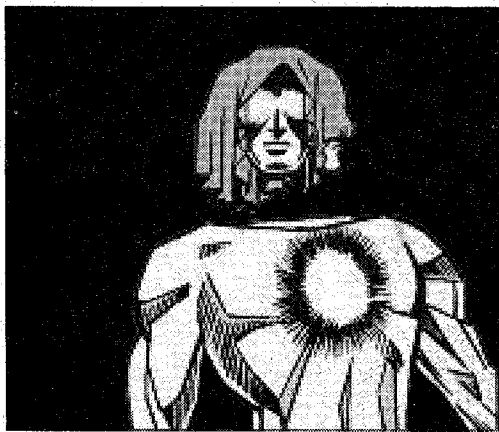
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The Living Tribunal Passes Judgement On: EMERALD TWILIGHT

Green Lantern: Emerald Twilight

Using his power ring bestowed upon him by the Guardians of Oa, Hal Jordan, this planet's Green Lantern, maintains law and order in the universe by sheer force of will. In *Emerald Twilight*, Hal Jordan reacts to the destruction of Coast City, his beloved home, by rebelling against the Guardians and murdering all of the other Green Lanterns that patrol the space ways.

PHILOSOPHY

This storyline is one that brings to mind many interesting philosophical issues, however, the one I want to focus on, and only have time to focus on will be Nietzsche's opus, *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Parallels can immediately be found in how Hal Jordan, the wielder of a weapon powered by his will, has the potential to dethrone God so to speak and deny the impotent morality forced upon him by long dead minds. It's also interesting to note that Hal Jordan additionally makes the mistake forewarned by Nietzsche, of allowing the shadow of God to cast itself beyond God's death.

To begin with, the usage of a weapon powered by will is nearly a perfect analogical relation to the concept of will as put forth by Nietzsche. It is precisely Will in man that allows him to deny the abstract concepts of powerlessness before fate and God and allows him to take hold of the impossibly liberating and enlightening freedom limited only by his will. This is so in regards to Hal Jordan, as he is the only human wielder of the power ring, his will is indomitable in regards to the wills displayed by other alien races. This is what allows him to take it upon himself to challenge the God metaphor of the New Oans.

Hal realizes an important thing about his power. It is not the ring that gives him his power; it is his will that determines the power of the ring. This shift in perspective allows him to view the Oans, not as a beneficial deity granting him power, but a limiting moral agent denying him the fulfillment of his potential. In his mind there is no option: God must die.

Unfortunately, Hal makes the mistake that Nietzsche forewarned against, creating a new metaphysics out of the dethroning of God. In *Zarathustra*, it was man placing faith in the illusion of objective science that Nietzsche warned against. In *Emerald Twilight*, Hal makes himself the new God, deciding his morality, and his decisions are those by which all should align themselves with. He falls victim to the terrible mistake that is the greatest danger after the death of God. The memory of God can often provide a more imposing and influential image than the 'presence' of the God itself.

PHYSICS

Although Green Lantern is the reason physicists cry, I will try to deconstruct the Emerald Champion's powers as portrayed in the *Emerald Twilight* storyline. Like most physics problems, I will take the liberty of making some assumptions and, for simplicity's sake, I will only consider the ideal conditions. For example, I will deal completely with non-relativistic mechanics, ignore quantum statistics, and I will also use certain physical impossibilities as givens. I'm skipping A LOT of physics in my analysis for brevity and general comprehension.

For starters, there are several clues that lead me to believe that GL's powers are (non-relativistic) electron-based. The first is that his ring holds a charge from the central battery on the planet Oa. This leads me to believe that his ring works as a very powerful capacitor with conducting plates (separated by a dielectric) that can be charged and exhausted. Hal Jordan does this by creating a "circuit" of sorts with the central battery. Once disconnected, the circuit (in this case Hal's body) can hold the finite number of electrons injected by the main terminal and can be used as a "fast battery." Since GL's powers are limited only by his will, I will assume that Hal's brain works as the "battery" that stores the electronic charge supplied by the central battery (This, of course, cannot be true since the amount of current running through Hal's body would be enormous. If his ring (capacitor) had to be recharged every 24 hours and the maximum voltage was approximately that of a lightning bolt, or 50 million volts, we can surmise that the operating current of the "Hal circuit" would be of the order 10^8 Amps. Our hero would basically catch fire from the inside and then melt. Taking into account the permittivity of free space, I will conclude that internal combustion will not be very effective against Killowog. Q.E.D.).

Moving on, I would like to address the green-ness of Green Lantern. Sticking to non-relativistic mechanics, I'd have to say that our "Hal circuit" also contains a very, very, very precise band pass filter, which only allows frequencies in the 5 or 6×10^9 Hz range or "green" part of the visible spectrum. Although this doesn't make much sense and I'm really starting to reach here, this would mean that his brain (battery) would also have to produce an AC current, which can be filtered. The band pass filter would have to be his... uh... mask, I guess. God, that's stupid.

Although I have only just scratched the surface and there can be tons of different interpretations of Green Lantern's powers, there are some things that still perplex me. These I will leave to the reader to sort out. 1) How is ANY-ONE talking in space? The vacuum stops for no one! 2) I know I said "no quantum mechanics" but, uh... solid objects made of electrons? Dirac must be rolling in his grave. 3) If Hal tried to absorb the central battery, he wouldn't get a new costume. He would bleed from every orifice while having a planetary scale stroke. 4) Blue midgets in red nightgowns? That's all right by me!

PSYCHOLOGY

Hal Jordan has daddy issues. Upon examining his current situation with the Guardians of Oa, a Freudian interpretation becomes apparent. Specifically, Jordan finds himself caught in an Oedipal nightmare. In its simplest form, Freud's Oedipal stage of psychosexual development explains a conflict in early childhood where a boy will seek to replace his father as the mate of his mother, but fears that any attempts will result in his castration at the hands of his father.

Although Hal Jordan is an adult, he seems to experience a metaphorical regression to this complex developmental stage. At the commencement of the story, the reader sees Coast City, Jordan's home town, in ruins. This city that Hal loved and cared for becomes the Oedipal mother in the context of the story; as a child, Jordan was protected and nurtured by Coast City. Once he received his powers from the Guardians, he could return the favor by becoming the city's protector and provider. Here, it becomes apparent that the Guardians, the men who gave Jordan his powers and police his actions with those selfsame powers, represent a collective father figure. Jordan's powers, and by transference, his power ring, come to embody his phallus.

In the story, Coast City is destroyed because Green Lantern failed to protect it. Not only that, but Jordan proceeds to use the power the Guardians bestowed upon him to create a facsimile in order to alleviate his own sense of guilt. In the eyes of the Guardians, Jordan's Oedipal father figures, he has allowed his mother, Coast City, to die while using his power to reanimate her into a perverse marionette. Responding to this, the Guardians seek to castrate Jordan for his actions by relinquishing him of his ring. Faced with this dire threat, Jordan's only course of action is to rebel against the Guardians and become his own man in a bloody rite of passage.

To protect his own phallus, Jordan concocts a plan to make himself powerful enough to stand up to the threat posed by the Guardians; while at the same time providing a visual display of prowess that would work toward garnering the fear and respect of his father figures. First, Jordan openly rejects the orders of the Guardians and refuses to relinquish the ring. This is followed by a disturbing killing spree where he puts himself in the role of the father and castrates his comrades in the Green Lantern Corps by taking their rings. When his potency is of sufficient size, Jordan directly confronts the Guardians who have been taken aback by his ruthless actions. Realizing that their power has become effete over time, the Guardians relent to Jordan's will and allow him to castrate them by destroying their power battery. With this action, Jordan's coming of age is complete as he takes the place of his unseated masters as the father figure of the galaxy.

The Living Tribunal is:

Michael Prazak
Joe Filippazzo
Mike Billings

An Interview With Tom Senkus

By Tom Senkus

In terms of greatness rarely achieved, few achieve the precipice of genius. Although there's no basis for this last statement pertaining to our subject, Tom Senkus, I must say that I find the rhyme "precipice" and "genius" simply darling.

I caught up with Tom Senkus at his computer room in Ronkonkoma, typing furiously on his lackluster computer with Windows 95 and the date in the corner reading January 1997. Coincidentally, he was working on an article entitled "An Interview with Tom Senkus." Embarrassed, Tom realized his futile effort and submitted to an interview for *The Stony Brook Press*.

Press: Not only are you incredibly smart, but you also are quite the stud with the ladies. Could you give some of our uglier reading populace insight into why a creature of your sort can exist?

Tom: Well, thank you for your beautiful lies! (Laughter) I believe that fuglies of all sorts can become a lady's man by simply appealing to a woman's mind. Think about it; you could be built like a tank, but if all you can do is look good, you won't last with the lovely females who are working on their PhDs or furthering political causes. You know, real women. Also, it's very hard for girls in this era to find chivalry in a modern context, someone who's shy enough to make a lady feel incredibly appreciated, but also please her in other ways besides opening doors and courting.

Press: What's your opinion for the political climate of the US? Where do you see US after the election?

Tom: September 11th. That's my opinion. People won't riot if the price of gas goes up three cents from some foreign embargo, but when people you know start dying, then it's an awakening. Just think, not only has America's callousness got the entire Middle East mad at us in the first place, but our president ignores something that's the manifestation of that. On the other hand, and it pains me to say this, but the US needed something to get our hands out of the bag of chips and into the voting booths.

Press: Why did you drop out of Stony Brook University?

Tom: I had a longstanding situation with organized schooling. It's the Mark Twain quote: "I don't let my schooling get in the way of my education." I read that at my first college (Tom's first college was Berklee College of Music in Boston) and it slowly hit me that everything

that, for everything that has a certain value, I've learned it on my own, outside the classroom. No class will ever show you how to interact with people, especially in the real world, which exists. The real world is synonymous with full self-responsibility. Anyways, to get back to the point, I took one semester of SBU in the fall last year and absolutely **abhorred** it. Not only did I not have time for my own projects, but also taking so many electives drained me of original thought. All I could think about was leaving and, in my gut, it made me smile towards the future. I made sure not to make the first mistake I made at Berklee, and that was not getting involved with campus resources. I wrote my first article for *The Press* in February and I have been DJing at WUSB since then as well, so I'm pretty well off.

Press: We heard you had to drop a bunch of positions on campus considering your now "outsider" status.

Tom: Don't want 'em, don't need 'em.

Press: What plans do you have for the future?

Tom: In the next week, I'll be the proud of the owner of a record label, and I've been constantly working on music, literature, spoken word, bad comedy, you know, just *trying*... There's a lot of naysayers, ne'erdoers, and doubters, even among the closest social coterie. Hell, I had one of my friends tell me I couldn't drive, and here I am, doing 80 on the LIE. If I ever had any advice to give, it's just *try*, then *do*. Never mind Yoda.

Press: Not to prod, but are you gay?

Tom: Whenever a sentence starts off with "not to prod," I brace myself for a question that will offend me. No, I am not gay. I do, however, vehemently support gay rights. I believe Christian fundamentalism has spread to those who are not even Christian themselves.

Press: Is abortion a hot topic as well?

Tom: I'm pretty liberal when it comes to personal rights.

Press: Oh wow, Tom, I just, just...

Tom starts making out with Tom, making this interview very awkward and very over....

Press: Wow....

Tom: I'll say!



TOM SENKUS RACES INTO ACTION,
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo



The Incredible Mix Tape

A musical odyssey by Tom Senkus



Modest Mouse "Head South"
Squeeze "Take Me I'm Yours"
Toto "Georgy Porgy"
Tower of Power "Soul Vaccination"
Simon & Garfunkel "Scarborough Fair"
Operation Ivy "Hoboken"
Black Sabbath "Electric Funeral"
Cat Power "Cross Bones Style"
Ruins "Black Sabbath Medley Reversible"

The Streets "Too Much Brandy"
The Who "Bucket T"
William Shatner "What Have You Done"
Maggie Estep "Scab Maids on Speed"
Killers "Someone Told Me"
Mel Brooks "Jews in Space"
MC Chris "DQ Blizzard"
Ani DiFranco "Swan Dive"

A Suggestion

By Ian Okser

I've been out of college for about four months now, and I have to say, I don't miss it one bit. When it came down to deciding where I would spend "the best time of my life," as graduates commonly refer to their college days, I've always regretted choosing Stony Brook. From what I remember, and I doubt things have changed substantially over the summer, the Stony Brook experience could be pretty miserable at times. This negative sentiment is far from unique as many students come to this realization by the end of the first month of their first semester, once the partying dies down and work kicks in. It doesn't get better...unless you do something about it.

Regarding the average student's contempt for Stony Brook, grievances commonly echoed are as follows; the administration doesn't care about us, many teachers don't speak English, food prices are outrageous and everyone goes home on weekends rendering campus life NO FUN. Now, regarding the latter, I have heard that this is no longer the case. Supposedly people are finally staying over the weekends, parties do exist and campus life has improved overall.

I wish my Alma Mater the best but forgive me for I have always been a pessimist. I doubt, and I may very well be wrong, that anything has really changed regarding campus life, remember it's still early (by the way, Campus Lifetime, and the annual Strawberry Festival are a sorry excuse for entertainment. One is a promotional tool for fruit preservatives and the other is merely an inconvenience for commuters). Some people may say that I am being unfair. They may cite recent events like Dave Chappelle and Kanye West's appearances as signs that the wheels of change are in motion. I remind them that there have been events of this caliber for years. Have people so quickly forgotten the Funk Master Flex parties of yesterday? Anyways, there is much more involved in cultivating student happiness than providing sporadic concerts and comedy shows.

I do have to admit that things have been changing slightly. I discovered in early May that there is now an on-campus bar in the Student Union. Unfortunately, I fear that even this may be part of the cycle of abating hope that so quickly fluctuates at Stony Brook. What goes up must come down. There was an on-campus bar when I was a freshman, The Spot, but it disappeared as quickly as my faith in Stony Brook's redemption did. I'm trying my best to be an optimist though. I have a renewed sense of faith now that I've graduated, but long-term change has yet to occur.

Stony Brook is like a stock and, sadly, certain administration members view Stony Brook as an actual stock, and not just a metaphor as I am suggesting, but I'll get into that later. Anyways, it's a roller coaster ride, it gets better, it gets worse but overall it stays within two narrowly constrained parallel trend lines and it will take a very high degree of volume (change) to finally break through its overhead resistance and start consistently improving. In order to reach this breakout, everyone must pull their weight. In the past it seems that most people, including myself, were not interested in initiating change. We would rather sit back and bad mouth the school for all its shortcomings. This passive aggressive attitude is, however, unacceptable. Stony Brook had and still has its problems but the worst thing anyone can do is disregard the fact that a problem exists. It is not enough to say, "you just make the best of it" or "well, other schools are worse". A half full glass is still half empty.

I'll start by addressing the first problem, which has to do with the fact that everyone

jets home on weekends. Don't tell me you're going home because you miss your Mom and Dad or your bed or your friends or anything else that isn't at Stony Brook. It's okay to go home every so often, but the only way to make Stony Brook life more comfortable is to make STONY BROOK your home, or at least a second home. If you miss your parents, call them, put up pictures of them. They would be much happier to know that you're enjoying yourself than to have you at home every weekend wallowing in your own pity for enrolling in the most uneventful school on Earth. You miss your bed? Bring it out to school then, or buy a more comfortable mattress than the one provided, get a couple of throw pillows, anything to make it feel more

"When it came down to deciding where I would spend 'the best time of my life,' as graduates commonly refer to their college days, I've always regretted choosing Stony Brook."

like a bedroom than a cell. Stony Brook is your second home; you can't deny that, especially when you sleep out there at least four days a week. Oh, you miss your friends, so invite them out. They'd love to meet your Stony Brook friends. Meeting new people is part of the reason you're there and don't say you're there strictly to learn. Everybody requires a certain degree of companionship no matter where they are.

You're not gonna make many friends sitting on your ass all week watching BET in your lounge room or staring at College Television, or whatever the fuck it's called, in Kelly Deli. Get up, walk down your hallway or walk over to the table next to you and assert yourself. Knock on someone's door and introduce your sorry ass. This idea may sound profound to some of you but this kinda thing actually happens at college. This is how people meet one another. Don't worry if someone looks at you weird for saying hello, they probably don't normally meet new people themselves and they could probably use some new friends too. If your motivation is sincere and all you are trying to do is be friendly and sociable then sooner or later you'll be received well and you'll be in good company. Pure and simple. Until then, stay in your room and talk shit about the school and the other people in your building, who you probably don't even know yet. If that's what you do with your day then you'll be doing the same thing tomorrow, I promise. Don't be like Leonard Cohen and wait for a miracle. Be someone else's miracle. Knock on their door. Remember you're not the only one who's bored.

Stony Brook is an emotionally cold place. Lots of people are very snide and give off an attitude of superiority. You don't need to stoop to their level to fit in. Those people don't want to fit in anyways. They're content to be jerks so let 'em. Mother knows best; if you wanna fit in then be nice. Furthermore, most people living on-campus have a disturbingly small network of friends. This doesn't work at a school of this size. If almost everyone chooses only to associate with the same ten or fifteen people it becomes that much harder for people to meet one another. Instead of there being only two or three degrees of separation between students

it's probably three or four. Stony Brook is so big that it can't afford to be decentralized on the scale that it is. Nothing will change the physical proximity of one quad to another but personal connections must be tightened. The poor social dynamic that exists on campus is a major factor of people's unhappiness. Get out of the high school clique mentality. The sooner you realize that you don't have to hang out with only those people who listen to the same music as you or wear the same clothes as you, the better off you'll be. Be an individual, and you'll find that you'll fit in anywhere. I know, it's quite a paradox!

Watch out for the Greek system, sororities and fraternities are a joke. For one thing they completely limit an individual's openness to others. They alienate outsiders because members are encouraged to mainly hang out with their "brothers" and "sisters." C-U-L-T. Most people want to make friends naturally. Call me naïve, but this is 2004 and I like to think people are willing to associate with anyone regardless of race, fashion choice, hair color or weight class.

No one should join a frat or a sorority their first year. Those that do are obviously undeveloped in terms of their maturity. People join these things to make friends but if you think this is the only way to do it then I suggest your reread the last paragraph before you pledge to be ridiculed, spanked or made to develop an eating disorder. You'll notice there aren't many upperclassmen that choose to join frats or sororities because they, in all their wisdom, have realized they don't need to buy their friends. The Greek system needs to stop preying on poor insecure freshmen but unfortunately this is the fuel that keeps them going so there's no reason they will change. One more thing, GUYS, do not join a frat to meet girls, you will only meet sorority girls and if that isn't bad enough, if you are not in one of the "cooler" frats you are not going to get with any of those girls from the "cooler" sororities. You will only be able to meet the girls from a sorority of a higher weight class. Am I being mean? Probably, the truth hurts.

While we are on the subject of appearance, BOYS and GIRLS, if what you are looking for is a BOYFRIEND or GIRLFRIEND and you are one of the many people who consider only the superficial aspects of the opposite sex then I suggest you maintain YOURSELF first and foremost. Too many times I've witnessed beautiful, shapely girls come to college and gain an unsightly amount of weight only to leave college looking like their mothers. Guys, you have the same worries; a potbelly is a common effect of college life and this, I assure you, this is a prospective girlfriend's worst nightmare, at least one that you can control. There are two simple solutions, eat right and exercise. You pay for the on campus gyms, so use them (they are a great way to meet people). This however, is not enough. Exercise will not keep you in shape if you are still eating like a glutton. Avoid sugars, saturated fats (i.e. fried chicken, potato chips etc.) and ease up on the booze. It was only when I went down to study abroad in Australia, one of the drunkest countries in the world, and witnessed the effect alcohol is having on so many of these beautiful girls, did it click in my mind that temperance is the key to staying fit. If you love to drink as many of us do, but want to maintain your figure at the same time then drink less, lower your tolerance, get buzzed easier and save yourself the calories.

Back to the food though, now I know it's hard to eat well when you live on campus considering they hardly provide any healthy alternatives at the food courts. This is where social

A Suggestion

By Ian Okser

responsibility comes into play. For those of you who aren't aware, there is an organization (they may be a corporation for all I know and if they're not they might as well be) known as the Faculty Student Association (FSA). Anyway FSA is responsible for all your food woes. They set the prices and they're at least partly responsible for the policy that forces everyone who doesn't live in the Undergraduate Student Apartments (ALL freshmen and sophomores) to purchase a meal plan. I assume this policy isn't criminal but it should be.

FSA and Campus Residences obviously do not believe that you as students should be allowed to make choices when it comes to what you eat. The fact that it's mandatory to purchase a meal plan is bad enough, but the smallest plan you can purchase is still a whopping thousand dollars or so a semester, money you can spend much more efficiently at any local supermarket. This you all know. The following some of you may not; FSA has a contract to only buy Coca Cola products. Usually schools allow corporations to sponsor them to in order to make money. Makes sense right? If Stony Brook has signed a contract with Coke to buy only their products, I imagine Coke is offering their products at a discount to the normal wholesale rate. However, there is little evidence of a discount when you see what they charge for a soda. What is this hoarded money going toward? Not you. Meanwhile, if you want orange juice you are forced to drink Minute Maid since it's a Coke Product. Minute Maid is disgusting and no substitute for O.J.

FSA's office is located on the second floor of the Student Union. Get on their case. Question their policies and prices and don't let them give you defensive answers that they are so accustomed to doing. Boycott Campus Dining Services. I am told that there is a deli across the street from the train station right near Stony Books that accepts meal plan points. Check out their prices, if they're better than on campus prices then you should patronize them instead. It's not that far of a trip and it's worth the exercise. In the meantime someone needs to petition

FSA and Campus Residences to get this prehistoric mandatory meal plan rule changed.

You need to get involved. You need to voice your opinions. Let the administration know that you don't need them, they need you. Stony Brook is run by a woman named Shirley Strum Kenny. I am not nearly as in touch with the politics of this school as many of the writers at *The Press* and I take everything I hear with a grain of salt, but if half the things I have read are true than this woman is as ineffective when it comes to addressing the needs of students as George Bush is in addressing the needs of the working class and the impoverished. Ms. Kenny is big business in the form of a university president. Last year at Stony Brook day in Albany, Ms. Kenny made a speech discouraging students from "complaining" about the tuition hike and urged them to instead focus their efforts on supporting Stony Brook in its quest to find other entrepreneurial ways of making money. In other words she said, don't fight for your student rights, and don't fight us while we find more creative ways to take money from you. Ms. Kenny makes a lot of money and has yet to give back to the students who make her lavish lifestyle possible (she lives in a mansion). Get on her case.

The student body must start helping itself since it is obvious that FSA, Campus Residences and Ms. Kenny are only out for themselves. The Undergraduate Student Government (USG) has, in the past years, been negligent in its responsibility to properly serve the students needs. USG is responsible for doling out money from the Student Activity Fee. Since it's your money then you should get to choose how it is spent. The problem lies in the fact that there is no effort to let the average student know where his or her money is going and there is no way for students to vote on what the money should go toward, as far as I know. If there is it needs to be brought out into the open. Another big problem with USG has been the pitifully low voter turnout during elections, something around 10 to 20 percent. This poor turnout is a result of the fact that students do

not see any reason to participate. It seems as if nothing has been changed, nothing is changing and students don't see anything changing in the future, that's why they don't vote. Another reason for minimal turnout is that elections are not publicized nearly enough. USG is responsible for initiating change and therefore it is responsible for ensuring everyone knows when elections are being held. If they won't do this then you have to find out for yourself.

In all fairness though, I must note that there has finally been a regime change within USG and a new president, Jared Wong, has been elected. We'll see how effective he can be in bringing about change, but I have faith. I met him once or twice, he's a good guy who really seems to care about the students' well-being (MUCH more than the last president did) and you should not hesitate to voice any concerns you have with him.

Make the best of this time as aggressively as you can. My college years were not the best years of my life, at least not the time I spent on-campus. However, we as individuals are wholly responsible for any disappointment we bring upon ourselves, but I'm afraid it's too late for me to lament any longer. I've graduated and I have to move on.

I'm urging you to take the initiative because I personally never did anything to contribute (aside from the unauthorized smear campaigning of a USG presidential incumbent and the occasional, ineffective, Thursday night destruction of school property) and in hindsight I'm pissed that I never saw anything truly improve. See if you still like this place in a couple of weeks, if you have any problems then you have to act or at least give the proper support to those who are willing to. You're all part of Stony Brook and you have as much say as anyone else, you just have to make sure you're heard. Stony Brook is actually a great school with lots of potential but at the moment it's a sleeping giant. Give it a good shake; wake it up, once and for all.



Hey, did you hear about The Press?

The Press? Yeah, I heard about them.

Well?

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

Really?!?

Word yo. Racoons.

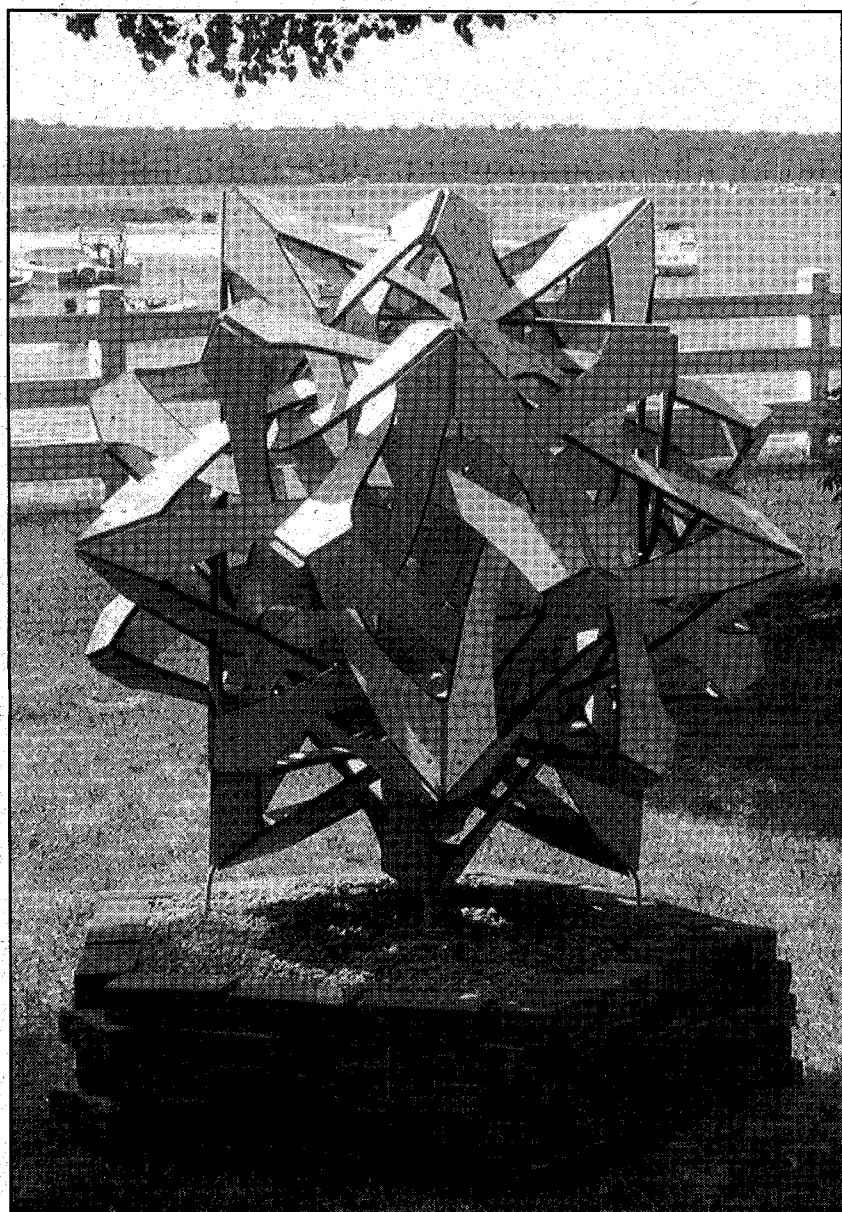
Boo-yah baby, I'm in like Errol Flin!

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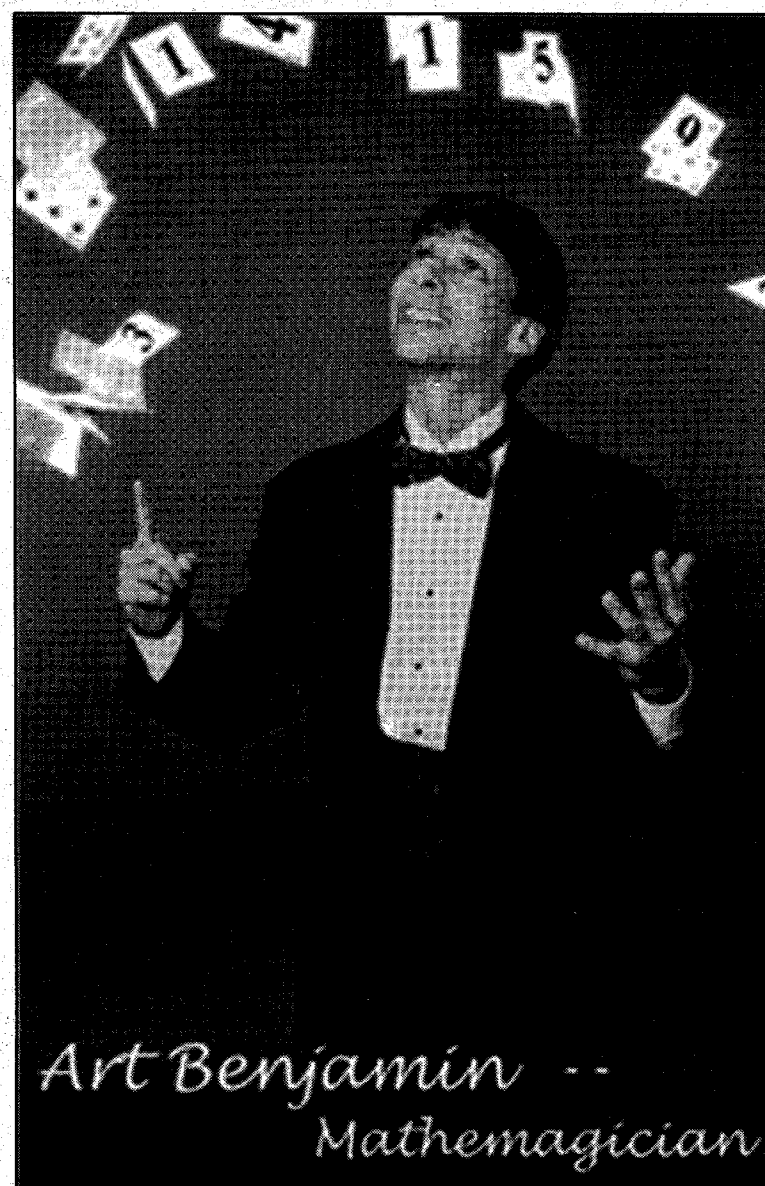
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Thursday, October 14th
Math P-131
7:00 PM



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Tuesday, October 19th
Harriman 137
8:00 PM

The Science Club of Long Island

On **October 19, 2004** - Dr. Michael Bell from the Evolution and Ecology Department at Stony Brook will present a lecture on bridging the gap between Genetics and Paleontology. For years Molecular Biology and the Fossil Trail have yielded results that varied on a time scale. Thanks to modern instrumentation and improvement in scientific techniques the new results have yielded data which is consistent.

On **November 9, 2004** - Dr. James Lattimer from the Physics and Astronomy Department will discuss the detection of Gravity waves. For years Astronomers have discussed ways to detect Gravity Waves in order to get a better understanding on the workings of the Cosmos. The results have been illusive. Dr. Lattimer will present several revolutionary methods that can now make this possible. Dr. Lattimer is an outstanding Astronomer from Stony Brook University.

On **November 23, 2004** - Dr. Michael Hayman from Stony Brook University will discuss Oncoproteins and Cancer. Each year thousands of people in this country die from cancer. Are we getting close to finding a cure? what causes Cancer? Will advance Medicine find help? Dr. Hayman will provide some valuable insight on this critical problem.

All lectures are held at the Stony Brook main Library on the second floor at the Javits Conference Room. The lectures are done on Tuesdays at 7:30 pm and run till 9:00 pm.

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Gay A** F*****

By Ben Bravman

The Stony Brook Press is an Open Forum and, as such, does not edit submissions for content nor do we censor viewpoints that are contrary to editorial viewpoints; articles are edited for grammar and spelling purposes only. This article does not reflect the viewpoints of *The Stony Brook Press*, or its editors. As an editorial policy, *The Stony Brook Press* strongly condemns hate speech. - Ed.

It makes no sense to call a man gay because he enjoys ass fucking other men. Given gay means a whole bunch of things, but I think it comes down to a guy finding women unsatisfying sexually and choosing to prefer sexual relations with men. Now with all of these women taking on the roles and even bodies of men and vice versa is not this whole gay man's claim of not being attracted sexually to women a cop out. I'm a man and I'm honest and real enough to admit I considered giving up on women. At one point, I thought, "ok, so they're men and that's supposed to be taboo, but I have an asshole and it likes being played with," as I found out, to my surprise and, at first shock, when I had my first, and only, submissive and she started giving me a rim job. And then there was the Sartre-worshipping slut who fingered my asshole. I found the more she did it, the less I felt pleasure through my cock. It felt damned good, but because I wanted to orgasm with my dick and not my shit-hole, I told her to stop. Every time she did it, it became harder to stay hard without her anally stimulating me. I have no doubt had she continued I'd either be preferring men over women or getting ass fucked by some bitch with a strap on. To me, it just seems wrong to allow a physical pleasure to so quickly rewire my sexual function. I prefer women over men, but I bet I would still physically, if not mentally, enjoy a

good ass fucking. I hate to admit it, but it's true, and any man over fifty who has had his prostate checked and ejaculated during the exam knows the deep, dark, secret pleasure of prostate stimulation. That all men can theoretically enjoy an ass fucking and that some men ass fuck women is why I have disqualified ass fucking or being ass fucked as a requirement to be gay. So what makes some one gay? When do they meet my definition? Well, gay, to me, is a man that has all the traits one may consider negative, feminine traits. The hard truth is these traits are not exclusively feminine, merely feminine by association. They are traits of both sexes, bisexual traits so to speak. Materialism, self-absorption, superficial desires, and a deep need to be taken care of someone they deem "worthy" of providing them "the life they deserve." Let me state clearly: I consider these horrific traits to have, but I have my own list of really bad traits and am not saying being gay makes you against god, but I am



saying being proud of exhibiting these traits would be like me being proud of being selfish and superficial.

To me, being a good person is admitting your bad qualities and setting goals to improve, but if you, a mature adult, decide you're proud of these qualities, I think that's fucking straight evil. So what of people who are not materialistic and self-absorbed spoiled sugar kids? Those people aren't gay, they're just using the facade to handle some deep-rooted trauma or, if they're not, they are just are hedonists who want to drown in ass pleasure. That is nothing to be proud of. Accept gaydom and bisexuality as a disease of the mind succumbing to the pleasures of the body. Respect yourself, your body and your soul. I admit sometimes this is hard to do, but when you're proud of the traits that inhibit a healthy spirit, karma is going to ass fuck you. You can be president and still smoke weed, lie, and create war and havoc, but if you're "gay" you can't even be governor of New Jersey. The world works the way it does for a reason. It's not you getting fucked by the world, the world heard you were fucking it and it has opened a can of whoop ass, fucker.

The Writing's on the Wall... Oh and So is the Jism and Feces

By Michael Prazak

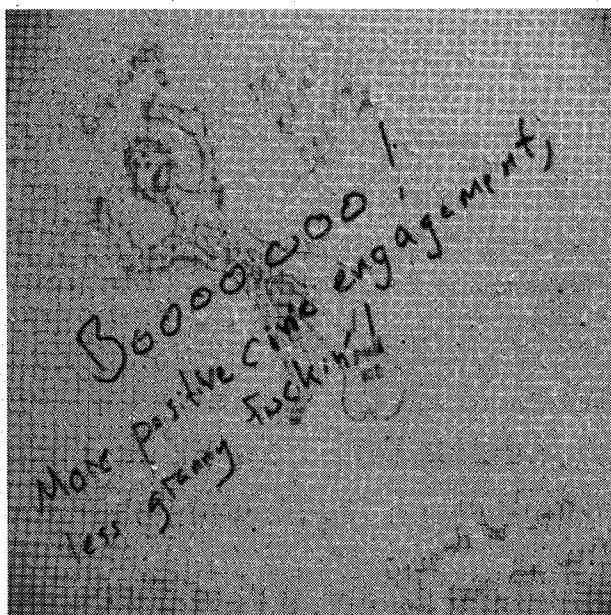
There has been a surge recently in the amount of political rhetoric appearing on the bathroom stalls of our University. Falling on either side of the current political race, these scribbles range from the patently absurd, to the refreshingly sound. What's more frightening is that these writings are more sincere and more honest and true to the American psyche than any outlet our 'free' media has inspired. Perhaps it's something inherent in the situation of being on the shitter. Maybe it allows one to cast away the social constraints that keep them from expressing themselves, when they're spraying a stream of diarrhea onto pristine clean porcelain.

There is an ultimately delimiting aspect to the medium of bathroom wall writing. No one is there to judge your thoughts and, consequently, to chide you for their political incorrectness. You bare your soul as you bare your ass, and let it rip, so to speak, both literally and metaphorically. If only we, as citizens, could allow ourselves to enter that mindset when we're engaging in political discourse in our own lives and social interactions.

One bathroom wall of note, if one wanted to fully gauge the level that these bathroom wall diatribes has reached, is somewhere in the Engineering Building. Where exactly, I'm not quite certain, as I was blinded by ulcerous pangs of shit-inducing stomach pains. Once I got there the immediate release of the moment surged me forward into a state of euphoria where all surroundings, and more so, all sensual experience was gone, as I entered a Nirvana of anal release. But, I digest... HA HA HA HA...

When I finally regained my logically coherent mind, I opened my eyes to a virtual Mecca of political discourse. The names of Kerry and Bush were emblazoned in a variety of colored inks, peppered with the every-so-often

Nader reference, on the multilayered green paint of the stall walls. A duel of words and slogans was what prompted this genealogy, which eventually evolved into a concise debate citing both policy and facts about each of the candidates.



I THOUGHT GRANNY FUCKING WAS
POSITIVE CIVIC ENGAGEMENT!
Courtesy of Mike Billings

Perhaps the cleansing of our colons symbolizes an enema of the mind, so to speak. As this debate surged forward it slowly allowed for more abstract and thought inducing rhetoric, allowing for third party ideas, and additionally representing an option that was critical of most major choices. This expression of non-aligned jottings, perhaps representing the growing amount of people in America that

refuse to be forced into a lesser of two evils choice in how they cast their votes.

It would be advantageous if we, as a nation, took notice of the mediums in which we publicly shite. Look up, look down, look in the bowl and look into your soul, and listen to the song of freedom echoing along with the anal eruptions issuing from thine anus. Then take the toilet paper of language and creation, and wipe the remains left after you've cleansed yourself, and do something unique with it. Express your innermost ideas and beliefs, and let the toilet bowl-frequenting nation at large know where you stand on the politics of the time.

If our candidates were upstanding self-reflective entities, they would take note of the ideas expressed on bathroom walls. America isn't found in the ivory towers of special interests, or in the shady dealings of the political spin masters at large. America is found in the rumblings of our tummy tum tum-tums. It is found in the oppression of a twitching colon, vainly seeking to hold back the surge of filth, while dreaming of a better, non-acidic future. Candidates, realize that our nation's spirit has never been found in the wealthiest 1%. It's been found in the hopes and dreams of the bottom-dwellers, those of us who look forward to making our realms of shitting a better place. The bottom line, Mr. Bush and Mr. Kerry, is this: You'll get nowhere by placating the wealthy and debating in pristine arenas. Only by getting your shoes dirty and dropping your slacks to your knees in the same manner that John Q. Public does, will you understand his ideas and beliefs. While you're there, crapping your way to re-election, look to your sides, you're likely to get an honest expression of how the public really feels about you. You're pretty shitty.

A Metaphysical Journey to Kelly: Series 2-5185

By Andrew Thompson

After having escaped the ravages my stomach placed on my small, shriveled body, I made my way to Kelly Quad for a sandwich. Several hours without food left me in need of pastrami. Usually this is the first victim of party-goers voracious appetites. Realizing this, I figured another meat would suffice, possibly salami or a simple BLT (although the BLT was the last option since it is just condiments, not a "true" sandwich).

Nighttime did not treat my sandal-wearing feet well, and they begged me to go back to my toasty warm room and retreat from this unbearable climate. But I was determined to have something other than the Pizza Combos or Captain Crunch that I so often satisfied my hunger with. Tonight, I felt, should be different. Snacks were always welcome, particularly such fine offerings as those, but should never be substitute the amazing goodness of the sandwich, first introduced to all of humanity in a Power-Point presentation by the Earl of Sandwich in the late 17th century.

My green jacket had been left behind in the chaotic escape so most of my body was cold as well. Weather's attempts to prevent my journey were futile. I could survive in such a harsh environment with cold and no sunlight. Yes, those electric lamps guided me towards deliciousness, like they have led many lost travelers on highways in rural West Virginia when they wanted to go to North Carolina but didn't bring a map. Technology provided me with the courage to endure the elements since I knew it was working for me. Man created objects of beauty out of something so practical, a simple streetlight. These lights brightened the dark road ahead, not like the Moon which just did nothing, sitting high in the sky, taunting me since it really is so pathetic.

The Moon looked down on me, cold and distant. It's actually closer to Earth than the Sun is, but nobody likes it. Tides are controlled

by it, but nobody likes a control freak. I know that the planets always make fun of it for being the Earth's bitch and its size. Basically the Moon is our tool since we give nothing back to it for its work. The Planets have far more intelligence than the moon, and just laugh when he responds with his typical comeback to being small with "It is not the size which counts, but the motions of the oceans." They retort, "Those oceans aren't yours, the Earth just owns you, you tool." Several times the Moon has thought about breaking away from orbit, but then it would be taunted worse than Pluto, currently the Planets' punching bag.

The Sun gives the Moon the confidence it needs to work with Earth, and as a reward it gets to reflect some of the Sun's light. Moonlight cannot sufficiently guide my journey to Kelly alone and I begin to wish for some of the Sun's light. Being 2:00am however, I realize that this probably will not be occurring anytime soon. The Arctic circle is lucky enough to have 24 hours of light during parts of the year, but the cold cancels out whatever benefits having that sort of light would have. Sandal-wearers might prefer a warmer climate with stronger Sun. Warmth from the Sun is nice and I know it's all happy like Eric Carle draws him out to be. A smile adorns the Sun's face as that Caterpillar grows up to become a big butterfly, thanks to everything he eats.

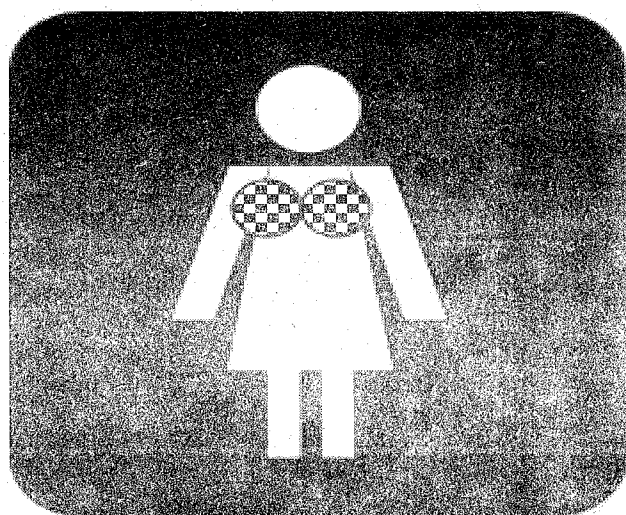
I need to eat much, like that Caterpillar but for different reasons. Humans usually don't transform into anything other than larger humans, unless I'm missing something here. Eating will give my body enough to work with for today until around five or so, when I'll have some kind of lunch/dinner thing. Kelly will give me that sandwich so I can continue to live; and grow to become a college graduate, excelling in an easy field of work with the excuse to wear a suit.

Streams of water flow into the sewers

underneath the street as I cross it, now I'm at Roosevelt Quad. Crossing the street I think of how much easier this would be if I lived in Roosevelt, but I can't do anything about that now. My stomach threatens me in a particularly indignant tone of how I never treated it right. As I counter that argument, I notice the stream of water. On top of the water lies a film of oil. In my hunger-induced state, I ponder the importance of the stream. Oil is lighter than the water it travels upon, its multi-colored brilliance hiding the fact that it is polluting the water. People just walk through that pollution, never noticing what results from our actions on Earth. Cars being driven and leaking oil leave their mark on the pavement they drive on, these stains being accepted as a mark of progress. The pedestrian (in other words, person without car) suffers from this neglect. I suffered personally, the oil getting on my exposed feet. Had I worn socks with sandals, this might have been avoided, but nobody likes guys who do that. I've been called a "tool" and "gringo" for trying it even for a single night.

The lights blaze on far until they reach the large building that houses the food I must consume. I understand how close I am to being satisfied as far as food is considered. A line no doubt has snaked its way around the displays of chips and leans on the glass cases that display drinks of various prices. Climbing the small hill leads to a set of stairs then a large flight of stairs. Triumphant, I rise from the stairwell and enter to get a sandwich. My earlier prediction was correct: the pastrami is gone. Salami still exists in this geographical location, so I go all out and order "The Graduate." The argument I had with my stomach ends as I bear witness to the creation of a beautiful sandwich, stacked high with tomatoes, salami, pepperoni, onions, lettuce and more. This was worth enduring the cold, harsh environment of the outdoors at 2am on a Saturday.

Touching yourself... could save your life.



The Student Health Service – CHOICE Center will hold (no pun intended) a breast & testicular self-examination workshop on October 25th, from 1-3 pm in the Student Health Center Resource Room (217). Space is limited, so call Kate @ 632-6960 to register.

Media Ethics and Responsibility

By Dustin Herlich

It happens all the time. Not only in student media, but also in commercial media probably more so. Facts reported are wrong, and quotes are taken out of context, or damn near made up. People I know whom the *NY Times*, *Newsday*, and others have interviewed say they'll never let themselves be interviewed again. Not only that, but when they asked for an editorial correction, they were refused. Media can be just as dirty a business as any other, especially when it comes to commercial media.

Commercial media in many ways is little more than timely entertainment. Therein lies the problem. They have to sell stories, sell papers, and get ratings. Here at *The Stony Brook Press*, we are thankfully immune from these commercial interests. That doesn't mean we're perfect, but it does mean we have the ability to correct our wrongs in ways other publications don't seem to be able to be bothered with.

The Stony Brook Press is a free speech open forum. Any submission with a name on it is the viewpoint SOLELY of its author(s) and no one else. Any content without a name on it can be considered editorial content, which we distinguish to mean content the majority of the editorial board supports as being their viewpoint. For example, the two or three editorials we print on page six and seven are written with the "we" voice. Articles on pages 2-5, and 8 through infinity have the NAMES of the authors on them.

Got a problem with something that's been printed? Well, you've got lots of options! *The Press* affords every opportunity for disgruntled readers, and even ones that agree with us to voice their opinions. Below I'll spell out the steps you need to take in order to have your voice heard in an issue. Oh, and before I forget, most importantly, if you have something to say, or a correction to make, and DON'T DO IT, it's as if we are completely right, and what we've said is perfectly true and everyone in the world agrees. For publications in the commercial sector, the same really does hold true.

If we've quoted you, or used a fact you believe to be incorrect, the first step is to call

or write to us. E-mail or phone, or "snail mail" (our fax machine isn't working too well right now). You're also welcome to come down to the office and speak to us. Believe me, we'll listen. If you've written us a letter, the letter will be found in the next issue on the letters page. It's that simple. If you've spoken to us, or gotten in touch with us by means other than letter, we can always print a retraction if we need to. More likely though, we'll ask you to submit content to us, and educate us on what you see to be the correct version of what we said.

Yes folks, administrators, professors, students, sanitation engineers, and even the ducks in Roth Pond can submit articles to us. We'll print them. There are few things better for a free speech open forum like us than an active readership. Got a problem? Write to us. Like what we said? Tell us. If nothing else, simple feedback is the only way we have of knowing what kind of job our readers think we're doing. I tell this all to people constantly, and now that I'm writing it, maybe I'll be believed. I actually wish we had considerably more feedback from administrators and professors.

Based on the fact that we've had to increase our print run AGAIN this year, and that our issues are consistently over 40 pages, I'd say we're doing well. More people want to be editors than we have spaces, and our staff box is soon going to have to be its own separate page. Still, there are those we upset constantly.

If you are upset with a more "mainstream" media outlet, the procedures are largely the same for getting your voice heard. The exceptions would be that most other papers won't print your articles, but may print a short submission on their editorials page. Letters to the editor, and phone calls to the editor usually are counted. The paper does have to serve its readership, and just like us, needs feedback to survive.

Unfortunately, most commercial news entities are bombarded with feedback at times, and getting a timely or proper response can be difficult. At this newspaper, we're starving for

attention. We really don't get hate mail anymore, and there hasn't been much praise mail this year, either. We'll take both. Most letters get a personal response, and get printed.

There isn't anything as bad as complacency and inaction. If you're pissed at someone in the media for actually taking action and writing a story, you in turn must rise up make your voice heard. Free speech is only free when you actually use it. Otherwise, it's expensive silence.

As a token, do me a personal favor, write a little note to the paper, or call us and tell us you've read this article. Administrator, student, street urchin, whoever you are, please send us a comment, a critique, a bad "yo' Mamma" joke. I'm sure more than just the copy editors of the paper are going to read this, and I want to see how many of you actually care about what I'm saying.

In the "professional" world, editors are responsible for grammar, fact checking and assigning articles. In our little world, writers are mostly on their own, and editors are here to guide and help when needed. There are certain editorial positions, like copy editor and production manager that function much more like their "real world" counterparts, but this is a less centrally structured organization.

The entire mentality of media, commercial and not probably needs to be changed somewhat. In an ideal world, the climate of media would let the writers be less sensationalist, and more truthful. Writers need to be taught better accountability, and have more precise values instilled in them. That being said, watch these pages in the next few issues for more in depth, detailed accounts of media, media ethics, and pieces of journalistic interest. Why do this do you ask? Because as President of SPJ, News and Public Relations Director of WUSB 90.1FM and Ombudsman of *The Stony Brook Press*, I feel that it's my responsibility to package all the information I can together, and disseminate it to the masses, like a good little reporter.

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Why I Left the Statesman

By Dana Ann Gomi

Two words explain why I left *The Statesman*: Mansoor Khan. Nobody knows why I left, as the people I provided so much quality service to never so much as made mention of it. So here is my explanation to the students and staff of Stony Brook University as to why I left and the truth about *The Statesman*'s beloved editor.

I started writing for *The Statesman* when I transferred to this campus in January, 2003. Right away, I wanted to write for the school paper and cover all the various campus sports. The Editor-In-Chief at the time (Jeff) saw samples of my work and wanted me to start right away with *The Statesman*. There were no sports writers at that time except for Jeff and myself. In fact, there wasn't even a Sports Editor. So I went to work. I started covering every sport myself, simultaneously recruiting other writers so there could be a bigger staff for sports. I did this all on my own and worked my butt off.

Then Mansoor Khan comes into play. He was just never happy with anything I did, right from the start. But I just smiled and took his crap. Last year I was done doing that. I threatened to quit many times due to his overpowering and just annoying ways. He was always bothering me about something. He acted like I didn't know how to do my job. I mean, all on my own I got a staff together and became Sports Editor. For some odd reason, he thinks he did this. Reality check: You didn't, Mansoor.

Now we lead up to the present. I wasn't happy with Mansoor once this semester started, due to the fact he never told me we were doing summer issues of the paper nor did he ask me to contribute. He said that he didn't see me, yet I remember running into him in Starbucks many times. Once again, he comes in for the Fall all cocky, ready to push us around once more. I am not the type of person to be pushed around. I speak up, I am blunt and I don't think he likes that too much. He wanted to expand the Sports section, which was awesome for me. But I still

had many issues with him on a personal level and on a professional level.

Well, everything went down on a Wednesday night when Michael Nevradakis, Maury Hirshcorn and I went to speak to Mansoor. He attacked us. He attacked me. He told me I was not a good writer and my articles needed a lot of editing. He went on to say I need to "stick to what I am good at," and what I know (which is assigning articles, and making sure my writers cover the games). Those were the last words that I would ever take from him. I quit that night. Mansoor didn't tell anyone about my quitting; he didn't want people to know what an "asshole" he really was to me, to many others and to essentially everyone on campus.

Once I made my decision, I was happy. I didn't have to deal with him anymore nor did I have the stress of *The Statesman* upon me. But once again, Mansoor opened his mouth and said to some folks at a Media Open House (with people I know around him), saying, "The paper is better without Mike and Dana." Man, oh man, he doesn't get it.

Due to his nasty and foul mouth, he no longer has a sports section that looks even remotely decent. He is so sad he has to ask his friends to write sports articles for him. Plus, they don't know anything about sports and they just make themselves and Mansoor look bad once again. I mean, I feel bad for Mansoor in a way because they are the only people who like him, so he gives them high positions within the paper because nobody else wants to work with him or *The Statesman*. I worked my butt off to be an editor; they are friends with him for five minutes and - boom! - here is your new position.

The truth is starting to come out about him, and about what type of person he really is. I have been myself from the beginning, love me or hate me. I don't write for the paper for money or recommendations like he does. How low can you get when you tell people you do it for the recommendations? I got a tip for you, Mansoor:

SHUT UP!!!

Now I write for *The Press* and that is the best decision I have made. They have been nice to me, welcomed me with open arms, and they've even started a sports section, which is a big step for them. I can honestly say they are the better campus paper. They have the guts to say what is on their minds, unlike *The Statesman*, which doesn't want anything to leak out.

I will say I am better off without *The Statesman*, not the other way around. The paper seems to be getting worse and worse as the weeks go by. I think *The Press* should take over and be the only paper on campus. I think it would make a lot of students much happier.

I can't even tell you how many students talked to me and told me they hate Mansoor. I mean people who have met him once think this. He is cocky and arrogant...but why? There is nothing there. He is as fake as plastic surgery. People need to see how he really is. He is an act. He is not who you see on campus. Trust me from experience and from the word of many others who have had to deal with him. All I have to say is he thinks he has gotten me to where I am now and he didn't. I won a Newsday award on my own. I know I have talent and I can write. Mansoor Khan will not bring me down. I hope someday he sees what he truly is like to people and faces reality.

One more thing to add: I ran for Homecoming Queen and I lost (which is okay), but Mansoor, you ran twice for Homecoming King and lost. Doesn't that hurt? I think the knife just went in more for you. I left *The Statesman* for good reason and I hope that you all see that Mansoor Khan is not fit to run a school paper. He does it for all the wrong reasons. He trashes people to make himself feel better. I am doing this because the truth needs to come out.

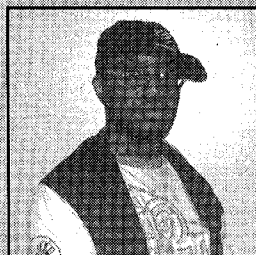
The truth hurts doesn't it, Mansoor?

University Utterances Why did you leave the Statesman?



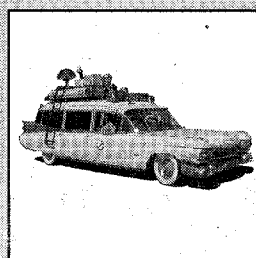
"I'm not pre-med, I'm not in the honors college, and I don't own an iPod like they all do. Oh, and I couldn't keep up with all the work Peter Sunwoo was doing :D"

Mike Nevradakis,
Former Editor-in-Chief of *The Statesman*
Current Program Director of WUSB



"I liked the *Statesman* but for me and my future goals, Blackworld just offered me more."

Paul Akins
Former *Statesman* Staff Writer
Current *Blackworld* Managing Editor



"My editor (Dana) saw the light and left the *Statesman*. I left the *Statesman* because I saw the light and Mansoor."

Antony Lin
Former *Statesman* Staff Writer
Current *Press* Staff Writer



"I left the *Statesman* b/c Mansoor and all his friends are douches and I felt I was under a dictatorship and it's 2004 man. Hail to *The Press* the best damn paper in the world!! (I don't know how to spell douche but I remember people saying that I say this funny)."

Dana Ann Gomi
Former *Statesman* Sports Editor
Current *Press* Staff Writer



"I left the *Statesman* because I had trouble working for a guy (Mansoor Khan) that is only able to talk to a woman if he gives his credit card number first. Plus, I refused to provide 'oral favors' to any of the Administration and that was looked upon as my 'not being a team player.' Good riddance!"

Ian Rice
Former *Statesman* Staff Writer
Current *Press* Staff Writer

"Are You Twins?"

By Tom Senkus

Twin towers, twin beds, Twinkies. There's really nothing good about being a twin. I, in fact, claim that title: *Twin*. I've seen it time and time again: happy little television spots of 75 year old clones holding hands and frolicking on some South Dakota veldt, with matching "uniforms" and basically no opinion of their own. They tend to assault the microphone, finishing each other's sentences and looking happy interrupting each other. If my brother finished my sentence, I'd lay him out on the floor in a pool of his own blood-lymph mixture.

The transgressions of the media are very much to blame. The best example is the Doublemint commercials. Listen, I'm (we're) not attractive, so fuck that marketing campaign. Anyway, what a great way to make money. I mean, what are the two mints that compose Doublemint Gum any? That's right, African stinkmint and Pervuanian libido-nullifying ju-ju mint. All I know is that most people aren't thinking of gum when they watch the commercial, expecting some version of the Playboy Twins to be driving a black convertible. Besides, the gum hurts my teeth.

Family is another factor of twin-dom. You can usually tell your loyal family members apart from the name they blurt out, "Steven, can you help me with these chairs," that's my cue to ignore them, "or whatever your name is?" Oh yeah, dipshit, what happens if I use the same logic on you: "Hey drone, go get me a piece of cake and make it quick." Considering half my family is part of the Catholic cult, Christmas tends to be one of best times to ream presents. Whatever the logic must be, they give me half (not that I was expecting anything in the first place). I'm more surprised by the callousness, the givers thinking, "They share everything anyways," and then kablam!, I get one half of the stocking stuffers.

High school mixed the idiocy of non-individuals with the power of assumption upon us. Forget about your accomplishments; I played football (unfortunately), symphonic band, jazz band, junior jazz band, jazz combo, a few rock bands, ranked 32nd in my class, was fairly sociable, etc. You know how I was referred to? "Oh, it's the twin." All I can think is, "Oh, it's the dumb motherfucker. Go swallow a razor and slice your larynx. No one wants to hear you." Gym teachers were always bewildered, and on some occasions, they couldn't tell

a difference. Then again, give credit to a guy who majored in Physical Education, otherwise known as Pedophilial Phailure.

For our school yearbook, I was hounded by the committee in charge, who wanted to get pictures of twins for *Connetquot Reflections*. For some reason, putting twins in the yearbook would show an anomaly in the usual horde of white trash, over-privileged honor students, and human detritus. "Three pairs of twins; what a blessing," the principal would remark, and there we were, front page of the yearbook, not smiling, and adjacent to a pair of sickly looking girls. Not Doublemint-quality by any stretch of the thong strap. *:Shudder:*

Stoners and students who thought they were quite clever came up with, "Did you guys ever, like, switch classes or girlfriends," grinning with brimming ego. "No," and do you want know why? Because I wouldn't know jack about all my brother's social mannerisms, nor anything he was studying. Somehow, we are lost as individuals and become an entity. Just chalk up our similarities to happenstance and a common environment. My closest friends even like to refer to me by my last name, surmising that we are the same brand of human.

Getting back to educational prisons, campus tends to be a discomfoting experience. People make eye contact with me and grimace as if I am ignoring them. People getting mad at me for no other reason other than my alter ego did not say hello to them. When the people come closer, and I explain that I am not Steve, they justify their fatal error by referring to our clothes. "You guys dress the same." The programmed responses are funny: I mean, "are you guys identical" is acceptable, but do you wear the same clothes? Of course we fucking do, dumbass; the mall is the only thing peddling shit to wear near us anyway. What would you wear if your parents income is divided among two instead of an intended one? That's right, wear each other's clothes. To stoop to your moronic depth of intellect, we would obviously be the same size.

While I would like to continue some continuity in this slightly disjointed article, the following are a few common phrases and explanations why I hate you:

"Are you guys twins?"

Next time it happens, I should look at my brother and say, "Are we? Oh my lordie, we ARE! I've been living a lie!!!" You know, just to see what happens.

Maybe I'll go the Highlander route and behead him in ambiguous Irish Samurai show-down fashion. "There can be only one!," and the behead him on the spot. Again, just to see what happens. He's hording my half of the blood anyway.

"Which one's the oldest?"

As if I'd reveal some crazy story. Does it make any difference to you if I were born two minutes apart or twelve hours? That's right, there is no difference.

"Do you feel each others pain?"

We don't feel each other's pain. Ever. Wait, I got an idea: How about I punch you in the throat, and I'll see if he felt as good as I just felt crushing your larynx. Any twin claiming a dissenting opinion to my own is full of ka-ka.

"You guys should make out!"

This one is a bit harder to pinpoint the stupidity on, but I think from the word "should," you've hit depths of Moronville never quite explored before. Like Columbus, you, too, are a pioneer.

What you are looking for is akin to Conan O'Brien's "Max on Max" bit. I don't get it.

"Are you guys identical?"

Hmmmmmm, this is a tough one. You tell me.

"What's it like being a twin?"

"Well, I don't know any different, now do I?"

"Oh, come on..."

"We do have to deal with morons a lot of the time asking us that very question."



I'M SEEIN' DOUBLE! FOUR SENKUS!
Courtesy of Joe Filippazzo



Swords



Sorcery



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Is It Too Soon to Crack 9/11 Jokes?

By Sam Goldman

"I wanted a direct flight back to L. A., but apparently they have to make a stop at the Empire State Building."

That joke was made by a comic in New York City one month after the terrorist attacks of September 11th. He got a smattering of boos, and his act bombed (no pun intended).

The last issue of *The Stony Brook Press*, on the back cover, contained a picture of two *Statesman* issues in the shape of the Twin Towers, with the left one burning, and a reference to "recreating national tragedies" from the "Coalition of People who Think it's OK to Laugh Now". While we didn't get any angry letters about it (which surprised me), it's the basis of this article.

In the weeks after September 11th, comedy was dead, and understandably so. It took several weeks for late night talk shows to return to the air, and when they did, 9/11 jokes were verboten. *The Onion* didn't come out for a couple of weeks, but were one of the first venues for comedy to crack wise, and the issue was widely praised as a balm for New Yorkers who were still grieving about the death and destruction.

Most of the jokes, however, were of a different tenor than the above two jokes. Most of the jokes involved making fun of the enemy; in this case, Osama bin Laden and al Qaeda. Jay Leno was one of the first to make those types of jokes. Precedents about making fun of the enemy were set in World War Two, when comics were making fun of Adolf Hitler during the war itself, and

Looney Tunes cartoons featured Bugs Bunny making fun of the Japanese. There was very little of what can be considered true "gallows" humor, and there still isn't. Also interesting is that New Yorkers seem to get a Get-Out-of-Jail-Free-card when it comes to making jokes that hit too close to the proverbial bone. New Yorkers seem to be able to make 9/11 jokes that others wouldn't be able to, even if they were in New York that day, or had friends that died in the attacks.

It's been three years now. It seems little has changed. Any jokes we make are at the expense of Osama bin Laden, or Saddam Hussein, or George Bush. In the case of Hussein or Bush, the jokes may make reference to 9/11 in some way, but they are, at best, indirect; they don't hit home the same way. There are exceptions, most notably comedian David Cross (who called 9/11 "the day football stopped"), cartoonist Art Spiegelman, *South Park* creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone (who are about to unveil *Team America: World Police* to an unsuspecting public), and few others who are brave enough to tread uncharted waters.

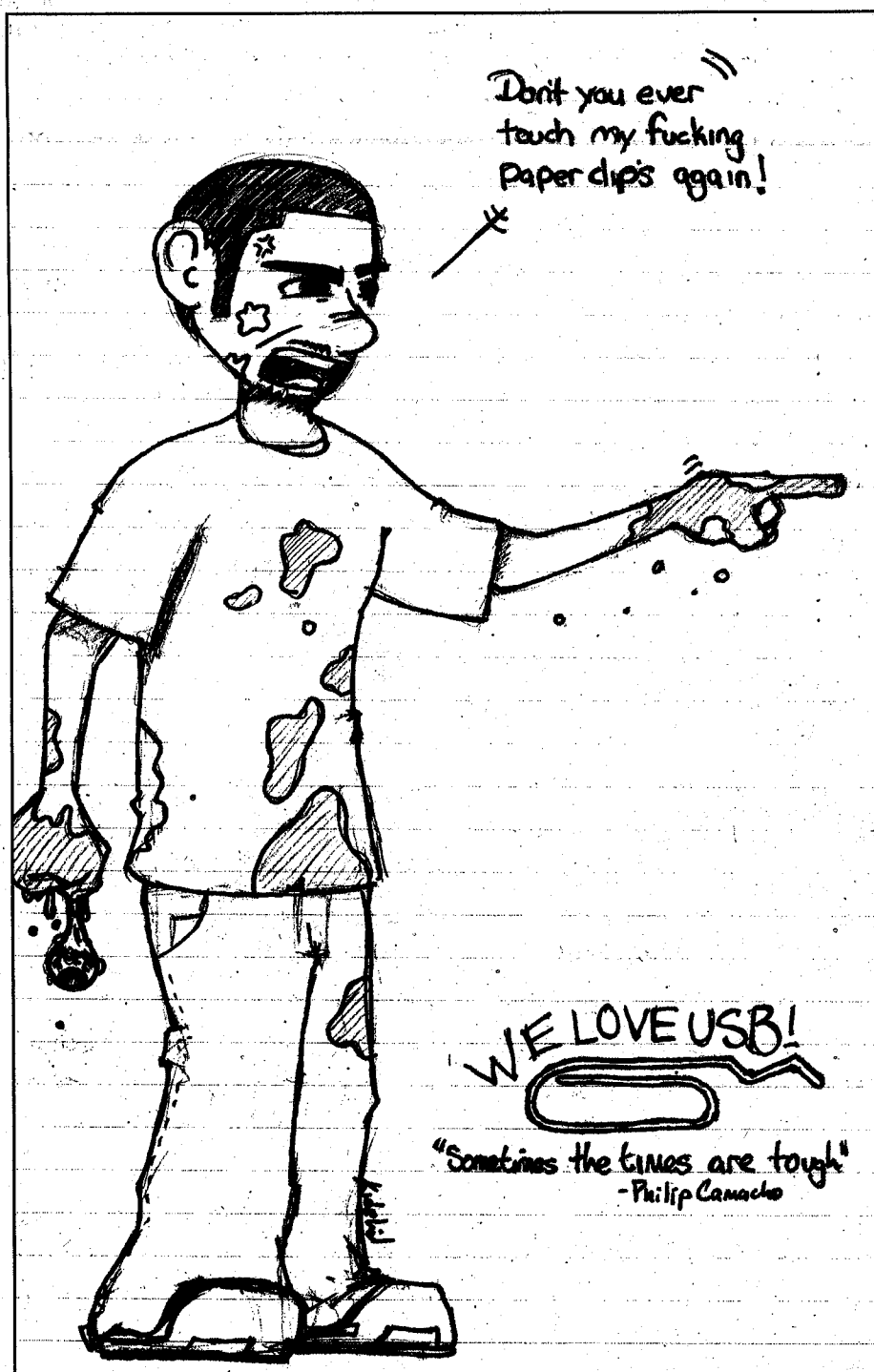
So let's examine both sides.

On the one hand, the attacks of September 11th were the most tragic event in the nation's history. Period. One of the country's greatest landmarks was destroyed when terrorists hijacked four planes and steered them into the World Trade Center. Three thousand people, including a great many firefighters

and cops, perished that day, and to a great extent, it forever changed America, New York City, and the world. On the other hand, comedy has and always will be thought of as a healing agent, something that can be used to blunt the sharp pain of a great loss. Maybe it would take a little longer, but eventually you could use comedy to heal even an event on this massive a scale...couldn't you?

Bringing in a variable like personal boundaries of what is and isn't offensive may seem like a copout, and maybe it is. Yes, we all have our own ideas of when something goes too far, but, on a collective level, are we ready to acknowledge that something that delves deep into our psyche, our darkest fears and desires, and makes us laugh directly in the face of tragedy? Are we ready to make jokes about the planes on their way to hit the buildings, on the terrible losses of that day, on the horrible way many of them perished? Are we ready? Will we ever be ready?

Right now, some are ready. Eventually, we all will be. And there will still be some people who think the jokes are callous, and even offensive. That's their right. But if, maybe, possibly, the joke allows one person to heal a little more in their own way, maybe it's worth it. So, next time, if you see someone, including, but not limited to, *The Press*, make a callous 9/11-related joke, remember, even if you feel like it's a shitty joke, maybe someone else will laugh at it, and heal.



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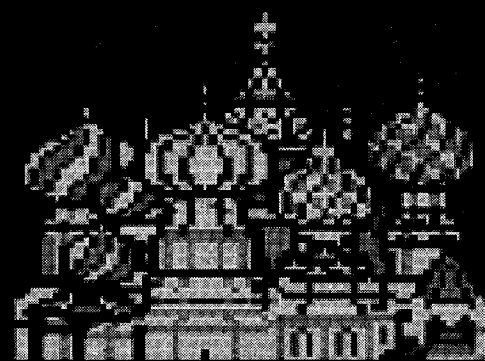
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