

The Stony Brook

PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper

Vol. XXVIII, Issue 15

"All Roads Lead to
Barbie Having Sex"

July, 12 2007



Social Security Numbers And You: Get Angry

By Alex H. Nagler

April 11th is a day that more students should be angry about. It's not a day that may necessarily live on in infamy, but it's certainly one that should enrage students. April 11th was the day that a Health Sciences Library database was reconfigured and a list of names was accidentally made public. This list contained the names and Social Security numbers of some 90,000 students, making them publicly accessible and searchable by Google for a period of thirteen days, finally to be removed only after they were stumbled upon. Google was later contacted by the New York State Cyber Security Office and had the names and numbers removed, but by then the damage was done. In that thirteen-day period, identity theft could have most definitely happened.

This raises the following questions: What exactly is identity theft? How does it work? What can happen to me? How do I stop it? Well, here are some answers for you in a handy dandy list, thanks to the sometimes handy-dandy Department of Justice.

What It Is

The short answer is that identity theft is a crime. Identity theft and identity fraud are terms used to refer to all types of crime in which someone wrongfully obtains and uses another person's personal data in some way that involves fraud or deception, typically for economic gain. Unlike your fingerprints, which are unique to you and cannot be given to someone else for their use, your personal data, especially your

Social Security number, your bank account or credit card number, your telephone calling card number, and other valuable identifying data can be used to personally profit at your expense if they fall into the wrong hands.

How It Works

In the United States and Canada, for example, many people have reported that unauthorized persons have taken funds out of their bank or financial accounts, or, in the worst cases, taken over their identities altogether, running up vast debts and committing crimes while using the victims' names. In many cases, a victim's losses may include not only out-of-pocket financial losses, but substantial additional financial costs associated with trying to restore his reputation in the community and correcting erroneous information for which the criminal is responsible.

What Can Happen

In one notorious case of identity theft, the criminal, a convicted felon, not only incurred more than \$100,000 of credit card debt, obtained a federal home loan, and bought homes, motorcycles, and handguns in the victim's name, but called his victim to taunt him --saying that he could continue to pose as the victim for as long as he wanted because identity theft was not a federal crime at that time -- before filing for bankruptcy, also in the victim's name. While the victim and his wife spent more than four years and more than \$15,000 of their own money to restore their credit and reputation, the criminal served a brief sentence for making a false statement to procure a firearm, but made no restitution to

his victim for any of the harm he had caused. This case, and others like it, prompted Congress in 1998 to create a new federal offense of identity theft.

How To Stop It

To victims of identity theft and fraud, the task of correcting incorrect information about their financial or personal status, and trying to restore their good names and reputations, may seem as daunting as trying to solve a puzzle in which some of the pieces are missing and other pieces no longer fit as they once did. Unfortunately, the damage that criminals do in stealing another person's identity and using it to commit fraud often takes far longer to undo than it took the criminal to commit the crimes.

What Shouldn't Be On Your Reports

1. If someone has gotten your financial data and made unauthorized debits or charges against your financial accounts, checking your monthly statements carefully may be the quickest way for you to find out. Too many of us give those statements, or the enclosed checks or credit transactions, only a quick glance, and don't review them closely to make sure there are no unauthorized withdrawals or charges.

2. If someone has managed to get access to your mail or other personal data, and opened any credit cards in your name or taken any funds from your bank account, contact your financial institution or credit card company immediately to report those transactions and to request further action.

And we end that seemingly pointless part about identity theft...

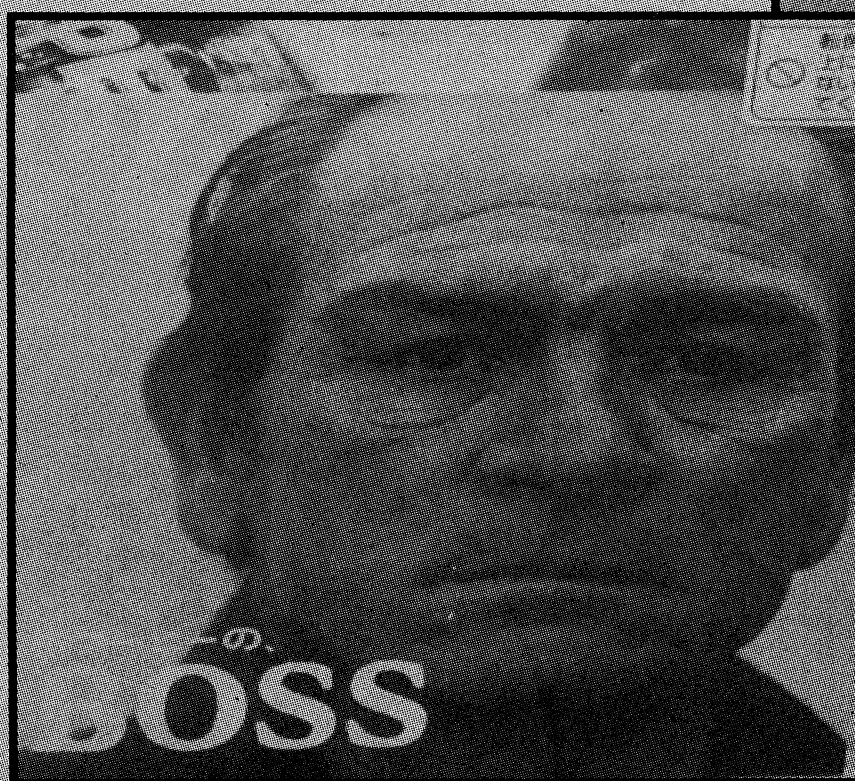
So there we are - identity theft in all its suckiness. This could have happened to over 90,000 students, and the administration knew it. So what did they decide to do? Wait until the day after graduation to send out letters to those effected, offering them a free 90 day fraud alert to be placed on their credit. This 90 day period is horribly inadequate in a world where some identity thieves can make it so that it takes a year to undo a theft.

The university deliberately waited until all students (and more importantly, their cash-granting parents) were off campus before alerting anyone as to what had happened. They treated the students as commodities that could be toyed with for financial gain, regardless of their Social Security situations.

Then what do we do? Do we let the University have their way and simply drop the issue, never to bring it back up other than as an aside on "that one time the university really screwed up," or do we keep it in their faces by rallying against them and staging a protest. We need to make it so the University knows that they cannot keep the student body abreast of things that directly affect them.

But what do we do? Do we stage a rally? Do we engage in a massive letter writing campaign to Albany? Do we do a sit in for awareness? I really don't know. That's why I'm asking these questions. If you have any ideas, please, don't hesitate to email sbpress@gmail.com with them. We could all really use them.

Alex H. Nagler is frustrated as all get go with this situation and just can't seem to find a solution.



NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled by Bryan Hasho and Rebecca Kleinhaut

British Terrorism Shenanigans

Britain restated their devout commitment to terror prevention this week, maintaining their current 'severe' status and promising to interrogate numerous varieties of brown people looking to enter the country.

The condition comes in reaction to the recent failed car-bombings at Glasgow and London airports; police have arrested eight suspects, several of which are recent immigrants from India and the Middle East. Word is the suspects were hired as doctors for the National Health Service—British authorities have confirmed a future review of government recruitment.

Former British navy chief Admiral Sir Alan West recently spoke about the overwhelming task of eliminating terror issues, suggesting that solving the problem could take ten-to-fifteen years.

"If people are trying to destroy one's entire way of life and they don't care about how many people they kill, then I think it is really important to think hard about these things, to be vigilant, and of course if one has any doubts then let somebody know," said West.

Decrepit Old Woman Rocked in Grill, Jailed for Unkempt Lawn

Betty Perry, a 70-year-old woman from Orem, Utah was jailed for withholding her identity from a police officer trying to

warn her about her insufficiently watered lawn. According to Utah newspaper The Daily Herald, Perry claims the officer hit her in the face with handcuffs, cutting up her nose.

"I said: 'What are you doing?' And he hit me with those handcuffs in my face," she said.

The officer has stated that she fell on the floor, and that she had a "sadly neglected and dying landscape."

Perry was taken to the hospital to treat her abrasion, as well as bruises she suffered being taken to jail.

New Potter Book, Movie to Be Released

New installments of both J.K. Rowling's hugely popular Harry Potter novel series, and the parallel movie sequence will be released this month.

The book, *Harry Potter And The Deathly Hallows* (July 21), is the seventh and final book of the series. There is rampant speculation of the final outcome, with many theorists even suggesting the death of their beloved protagonist. Rowling professed her personal feelings towards the idea of this being the end, saying in a July 6th interview with BBC, "I was in a hotel room on my own, I was sobbing my heart out, I downed half a bottle of champagne from the mini-bar in one and went home with mascara all over my face."

The New York Times has reported that

the series has earned Rowling over one billion dollars, making her the thirteenth richest woman in Britain.

The newest movie (the fifth book), *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, will premiere July 11th.

A More Bipartisan Bloomberg?

After sampling both parties, Mayor Michael Bloomberg decided that he was unable to stomach either. In mid-June, Bloomberg announced his bid to part with the G.O.P. just before officially changing his affiliation with the Board of Elections. Bloomberg, who had participated in speaking engagements with Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger that same week, blasted Congress' penchant for partisan politics and claimed that, as an independent, his decisions in any political office (such as the presidency) would be untainted. Bloomberg's statement read, "Any successful elected executive knows that real results are more important than partisan battles..."

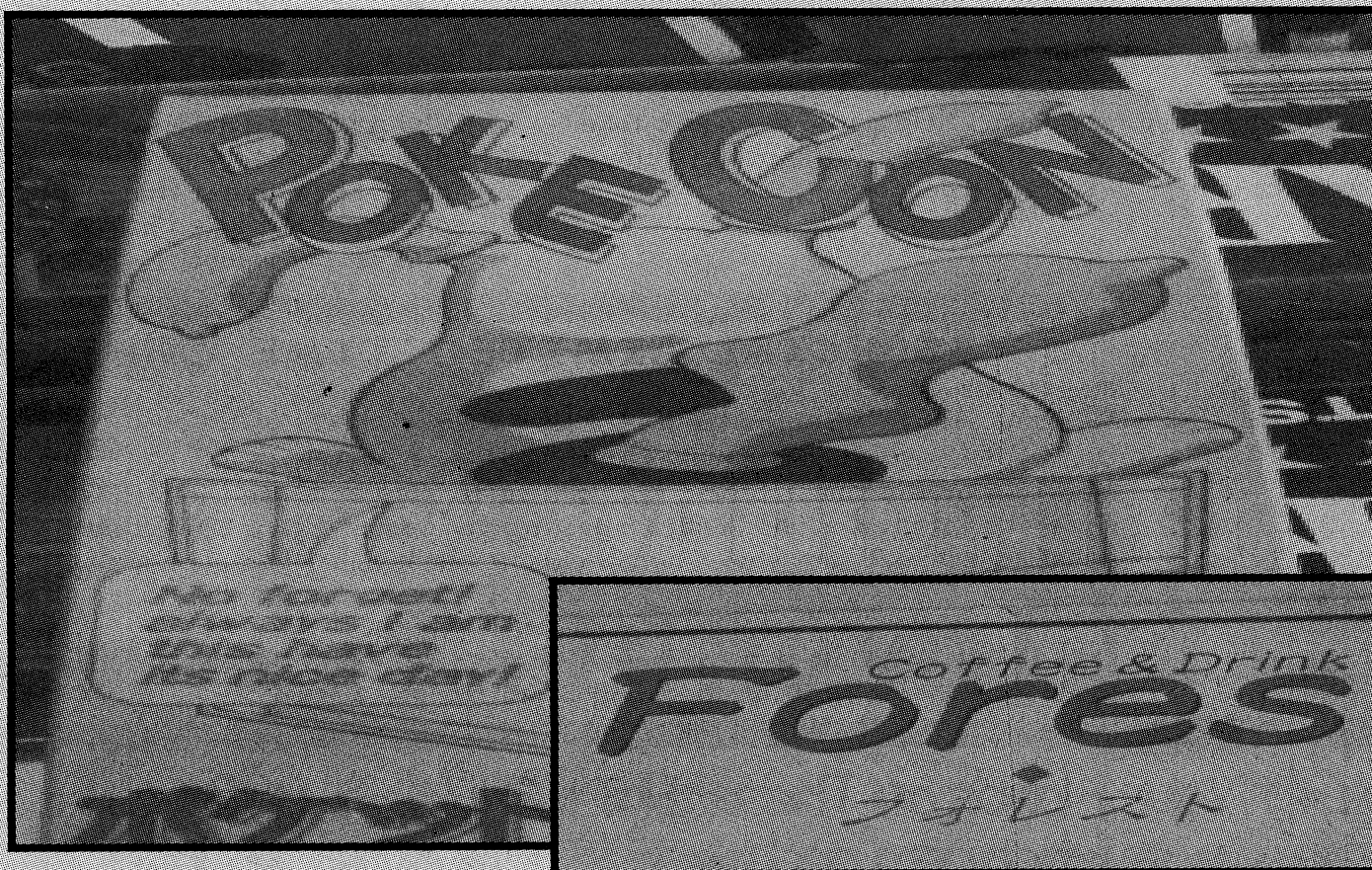
Political analysts believe the Mayor's bold switch to political independence solidifies his intentions to run for president in the 2008 elections. However, both parties are showing concern about his ability to siphon votes. Bloomberg sides with the Democrats on hot button issues such as abortion rights and gay rights. However, his recent donation status has shown his

tendency to side more with Republicans for lower level positions.

So, how are other politicians reacting to the news? White House spokesman Tony Snow blasted Bloomberg, stating that he "took Republican money" by backing out of the party. However, Senator Hillary Clinton took a much more generic view of the situation, stating, "I'm not surprised that anyone would want to leave the Republican Party."

Insert Nine Lives Joke Here

After nineteen days without food or water on the open sea, a three-year-old calico cat is alive and kicking. The Escamilla family had thought they lost her as they packed their belongings in preparation to move off of the Big Island in Hawaii. However, Spice the cat was found alive in one of their twenty-foot shipping containers after a three-week journey to their home in California. The family thought she had run away while they packed, but they soon became frightened at the prospect that she could have been in one of the containers. After sixteen days at sea and three days on a hot shipping dock, the Escamilla family received the container, where Spice was still alive. Pamela Escamilla reported that she "kind of screamed" when Spice was discovered. A veterinarian declared that the cat was still in good health.



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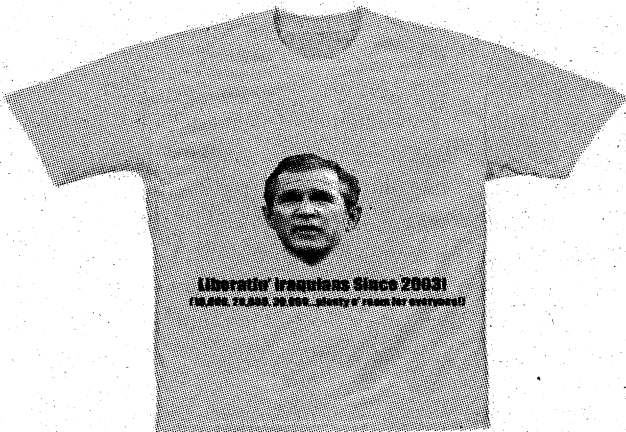
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Our Flagship Ché Guevara Men's Cotton Tee
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Saddam Hussein
He may be dead, but fashion NEVER goes out of style when you wear this cool tee. Whooooo!



Item #S1922
"Uncle Joe" Stalin
You'll banish the other uncultured suckers to the fashion GULAG when you sport this bad boy! Whooooo!



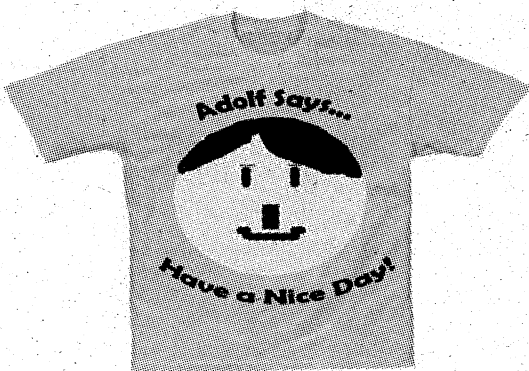
Item #B2001
George "Dubya" Bush
Our beloved President sure showed them Iraqis a thing or two! Show your pride by slipping this patriotic tee over your torso. Whooooo!



Item #P1973
Augusto Pinochet
You can't help but love Augie's take-charge attitude - it'll rub off on you for sure! Whooooo!



Item #1997
The Hon. Madeline Albright
Who says it's a man's world? The former Secretary of State sure showed the UN how to get things done...with sanctions that killed half a million Iraqi children! Whooooo!



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Ché T-Shirts: a Product of Statist Anti-Values

By Marcel Votlucka

Some advice: if you see anyone wearing one of those stupid Ché Guevara t-shirts, please slap them. Unwittingly (or worse, knowingly) their precious little shirts celebrate a murderer and authoritarian fascist...a Soviet puppet whose values were not so different from those of Uncle Joe Stalin himself.

I ask you; if people started wearing Hitler T-shirts, would they not be beaten bloody in the streets? Would they not *deserve* such a fate? After all, *Der Führer* was a mass murderer and a fascist. So, why is it socially acceptable nowadays for people to wear T-shirts with the image of another homicidal fanatic?

For those of you who don't know (for, alas, history is not taught in our schools anymore), Ché Guevara was Fidel Castro's right-hand man and executioner in the 50's and 60's. This man is portrayed as a benevolent revolutionary and a freedom-fighter, yet he denied thousands of Cubans their freedom and even their lives during his partnership with Castro.

What's funny (in a disgusting way) is how people calling themselves 'liberals' and 'radicals' and 'freedom-lovers' can advertise for a Communist madman who represented the very opposite of true liberal ideals.

What's disgusting (in a funny sort of way) is the modern trend with glorifying murderers and fascists, whether it's the Bush Administration being metaphorically felled by the media and the Democratic Congress, people with no sense of history claiming that Communism and socialism are a beautiful and workable systems, and faux-radicals glamorizing Fidel and Ché.

Well...back to the shirts. Why the hell would you ever want to wear those things?

Some buyers will tell you the shirts are 'cool'. Indeed, it's 'cool' for people to take charge and get their way by any means necessary (by destroying people who stand in their way). It's 'cool' to do what you want to do (with other people's lives and money), the public be damned. It's 'cool' to be on top (of other people). It's a subconscious appeal to male dominance.

Yes, we love when Jack Bauer or Arnold or Sly Stallone or James Bond or some gangsta rapper flexes his muscle, flashes some cash, or fools around with his, um, gadget, and crushes those in his path.

We love it when Presidents bomb brown people and wreck the economy in a lame attempt to restore the economy with their 'reforms'.

It's *not* cool to talk about individual rights when everyone around you screams for security at any price. It's *not* cool to defend the free market. It's *not* cool to hold firm, consistent principles. It's *not* cool to hold correct but unpopular ideals. It's *not* cool to damn a centralized government – or centralized *anything*. It's *not* cool to question things beyond a certain point, because it scares even the so-called 'radicals' and 'reformers' who really have no ground to stand on. Anti-politics isn't 'cool,' it isn't sexy, it doesn't sell.

No, that requires thinking, and thinking is hard. Hell, thinking is for pussies!

Ché, then, represents a class of people who would be very 'cool' indeed, if life itself were a TV show or movie. How superficial this 'coolness' is! How utterly disrespectful of principle!

Other buyers might tell you that the shirts are 'revolutionary' and 'radical'. 'Radical' means 'root' as in, well, striking the root of an issue. 'Revolutionary' means overthrowing an existing system and replacing it with a system based on totally different premises. The dominant system throughout human history has been statism, particularly the most violent, base and authoritarian kind. It matters not whether you call it monarchy, dictatorship, social democracy – they differ only in degree at the end of the day.

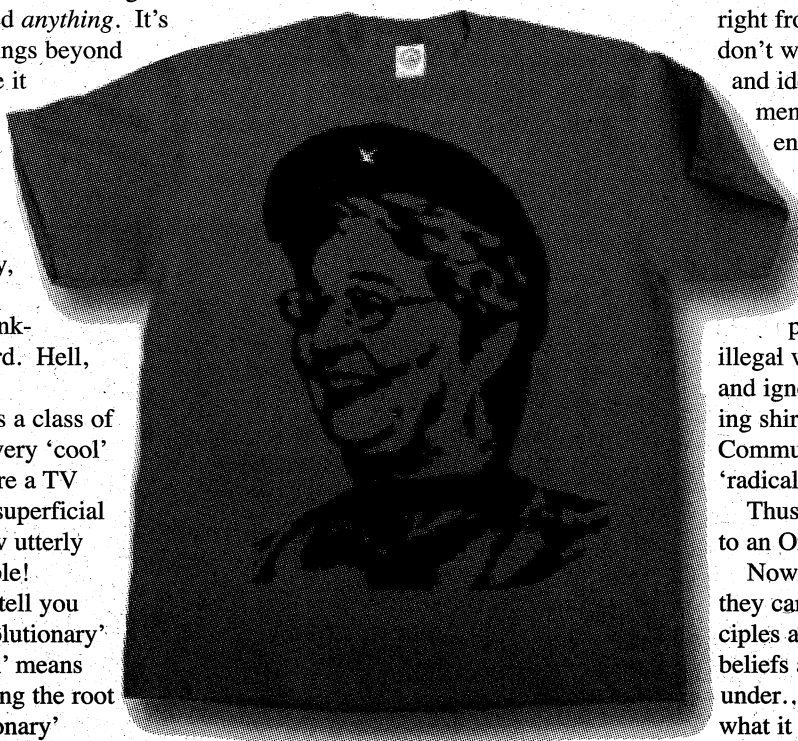
Ché merely upheld and continued this paradigm. The only radical change was that he and Fidel were in charge and did things their way. Here we see the very opposite of revolutionary and radical ideals.

Ché represented neither. Being a Communist, he was as authoritarian as you get. Want proof? If corpses could

talk, I'd urge you to ask the thousands who died by his guns, his prison camps, his law. Ask the millions who suffered under Communism, one-fourth of the world muffled by the Red Empire, victims who could not speak out, who could not escape, who could not even breathe...

You want 'radical?' Go read Lysander Spooner and Murray N. Rothbard. You want 'revolutionary?' Go read Ayn Rand and the Declaration of Independence.

Let's delve even further. How could these shirts – and what they *really* represent – become socially acceptable? It boils down to anti-values spread by Statist hegemony.



The State is by nature and by necessity an (illegitimate) monopoly on force – it has to be, otherwise it wouldn't work. It works for *whom*? No matter, it just *works* – utilitarian ideals. Little distinction is made between right and wrong actions, only what is effective policy and what isn't. "Do something!" is the rallying cry of the State, regardless of how this *something* is carried out and what effects it has on others. At most, we get the idea of 'majority rules' – mob rule – as the moral barometer in a State.

Life, liberty, and property mean nothing in the face of all this; *individual rights* do not come into play here. *Values* mean nothing.

Moreover, States are collective entities, so how can they possess an individual mind to form and carry out true values? They can't. The State has no values, only *anti-values*, values that mean nothing and are based on nothing.

And when you have the media, schools, colleges, corporations, and politicians glamorizing the State and politics, it's no wonder how you result with a culture glamorizing its power and force in general. It only takes time before people finally give up, accept it and preach its authoritarian ideals. Thus, the State and the people who depend on it acquire anti-values by osmosis.

The result: people don't want to judge right from wrong, true from false...they don't want to bother with strong principle and ideas. Surrounded by this environment, people's minds become softened to mush.

Now we are at the point where unaccomplished sluts like Paris Hilton get prime time news coverage, a propaganda rag like *The New York Times* is known as a paper of record, unjustified and illegal wars are accepted by the public, and ignorant clowns see no irony in wearing shirts carrying the image of a Communist murderer, sold to them as 'radical' and 'cool.'

Thus, all these disparate pieces add up to an Orwellian whole.

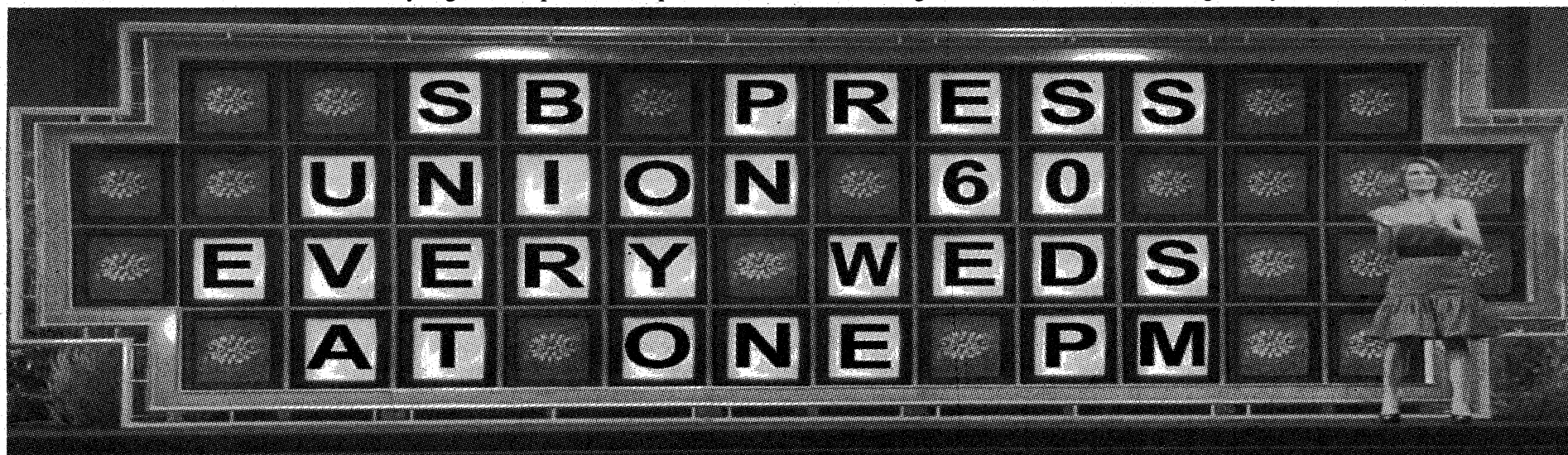
Now, if people could only *think*, if only they cared about setting firm ethical principles and critical examination of their beliefs and the systems they live under...if only they could see bullshit for what it is...

But alas, most people don't think that way. It takes a lot of mental energy to think the way an anarchist or libertarian thinks, energy that most people lack.

That's because people just don't have time, or they have more pressing priorities, or it's just not 'cool.' The fact of the matter is this: we set ethical priorities because we can *afford* to do so. Most people feel they can't afford to, or don't have a reason to afford them even if they feel they can afford them.

It's the perfect recipe for Statist mind-fucking. Thus, we see the sheeple wear their Ché T-shirts. Hitler, Stalin, and FDR t-shirts won't be far behind.

Special limited-time offer: buy one, get one free!



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EDITORIALS

The Press and Globalization

I'm sitting here at the desk with this green, nylon tote bag our News Editor Mr. Laudano brought back from Japan. It reads, "You are freer than whether to use with what kind of use." Intense, I know.

You can see bits and pieces of James' trip to the Far East erratically placed throughout the issue—visual evidence of both poor translation the newest fruition to The Stony Brook Press: globalization. Yeah, that's right, we're on that bandwagon.

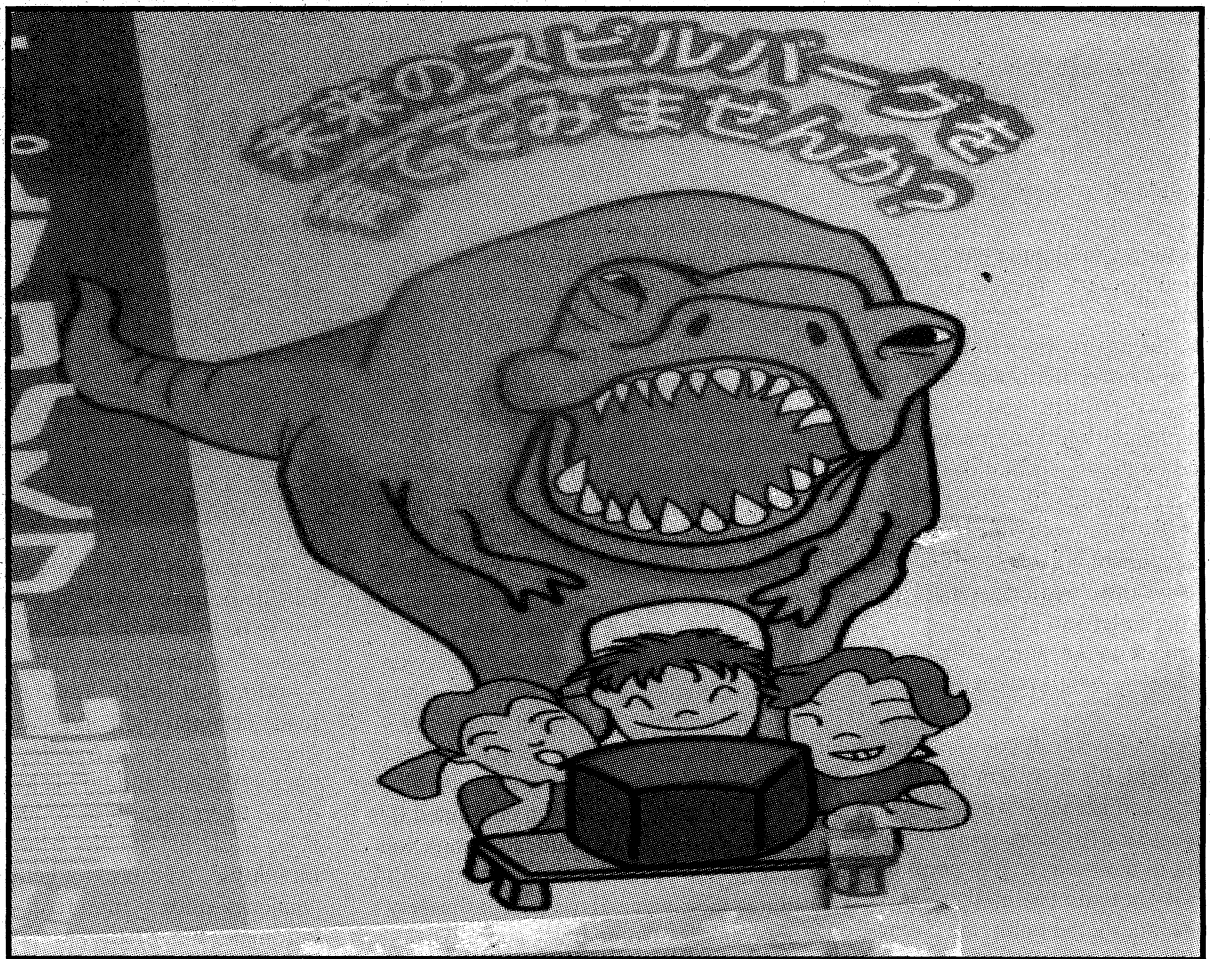
The research began this summer. Staffers have made trips and blazed trails worldwide, dipping their grubby little fingers into the muddled hostels of the international community. Fact is though, with a few exceptions, we've come to one conclusion: we hate your homeland.

It all started with China—they banned us. Now we want to

be banned in other countries and we're going to do so by insulting your disgusting, foolhardy homeland to the very best of our ability.

We don't even care about the fact that we stole this from Conan O'Brien, or about the fact that half the Internet is banned in China so it really isn't that big a deal. I don't even care about the fact that I'm writing this because I need to fill the editorial space and that the progression of this piece is outright senseless. This is serious, serious business. We hate America and we hate your homeland, too.

This issue features two of our favorites, Andorra and Malaysia. If you have any requests, send us an email, and we'll toss your garbage motherland to the front of the line and give it the backhand it deserves.



Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

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

sbpress@gmail.com

or website-it-up big time at

www.thestonybrookpress.com



LETTERS

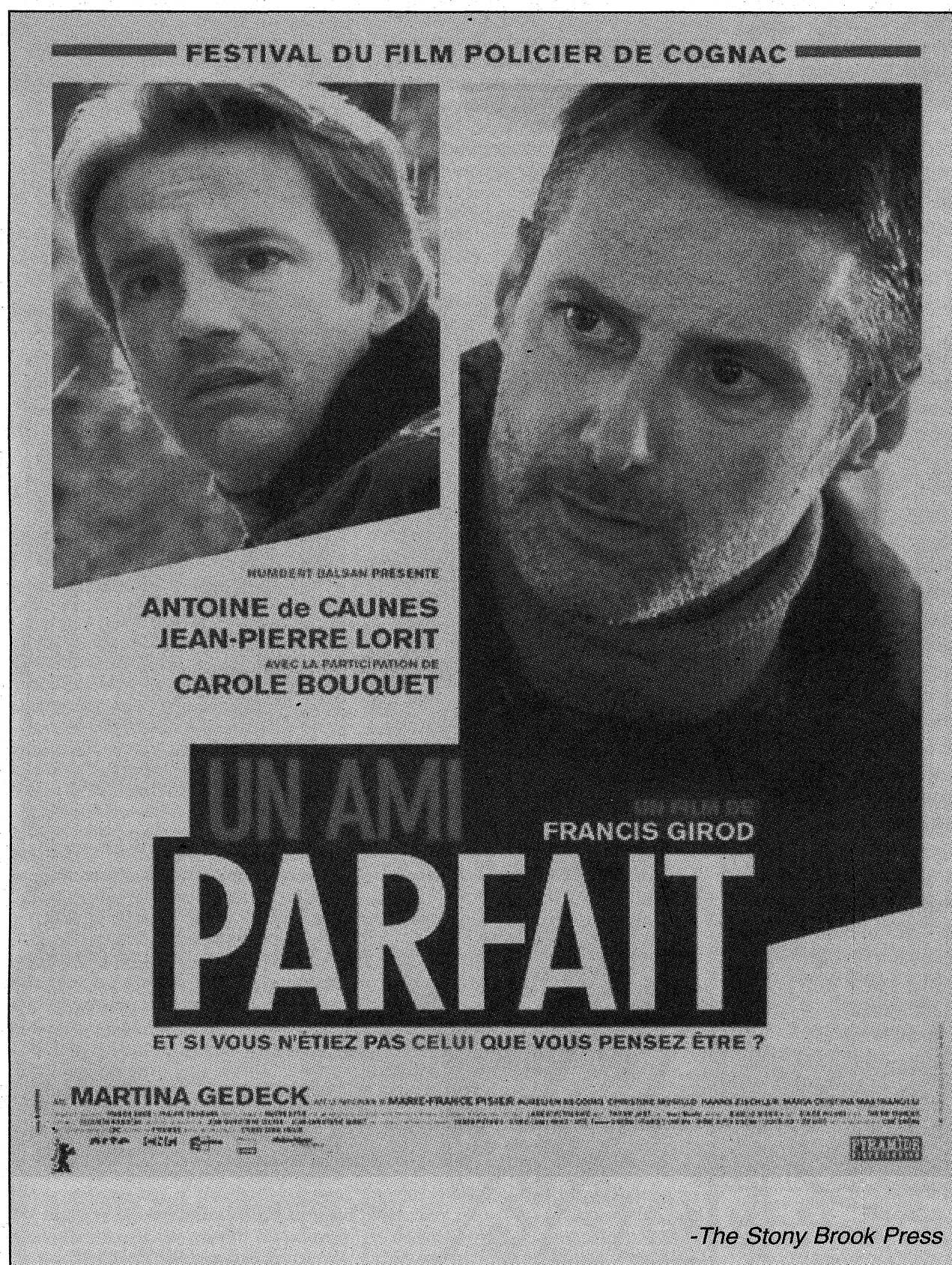
I got curious, because, as you know, German often just crams words together to form other words. So I looked up Voll and Kommen in German to English. Turns out Volkommen is a composite of the words for "fully" and "come." So now Bryan has a new word for man cream.

A black and white photograph of a person dressed in a punk or goth style. They are wearing a skull mask, a cap, and a jacket. They are holding a sign that reads "YOUR AD HERE". The person is also wearing a chain around their neck and has a cigarette in their mouth. The background is a textured, possibly stone or concrete wall.

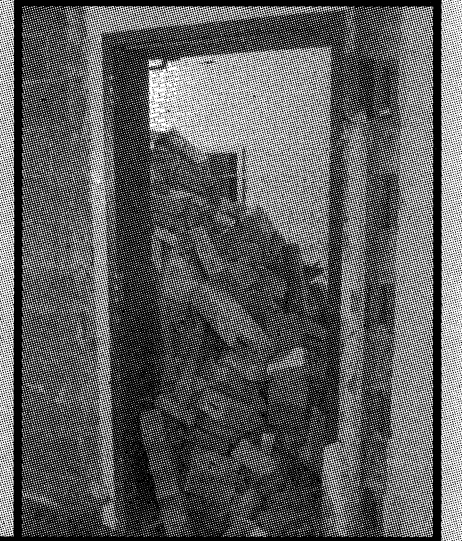
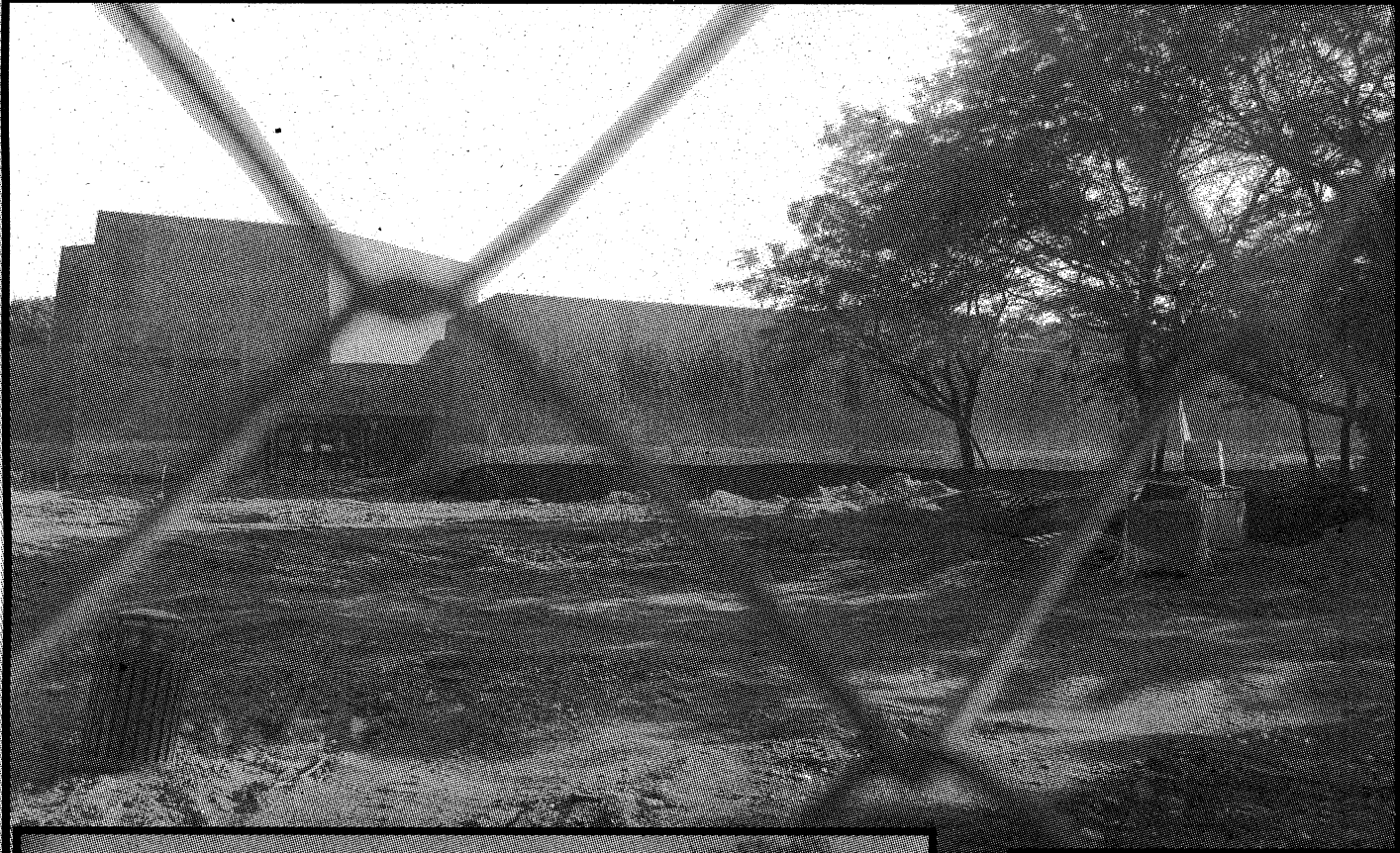
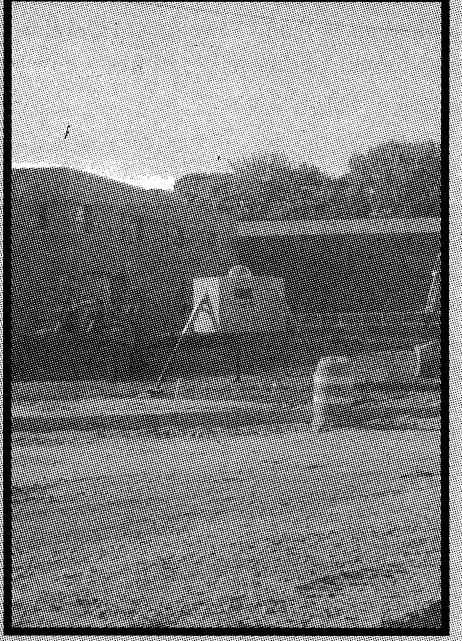
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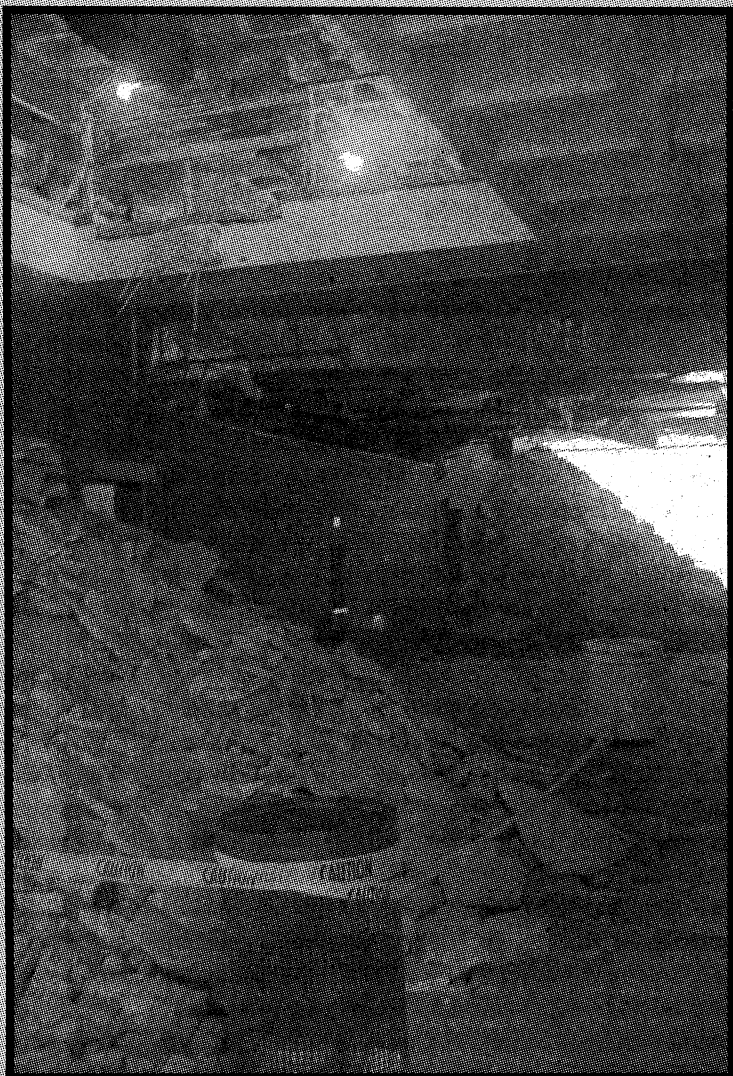


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Photos by Jamie Freiermuth



Why I Hate Andorra, and You Should Too

By Dr. Fistfuck

Lets start this off with an illustrative example, shall we? This is actually something that happens in a lot of movies; I'm sure you've seen it at least once; the protagonist and his feminine counterpart are locked in combat when, out of the blue, the rough-housing takes on a decidedly different tone. That's right...they're doin' it.

Now that you have that not altogether unpleasant image firmly in mind (depending on which movie you're imagining; personally, I recommend *Troy*), let's give it an unsettling twist. The characters are morbidly obese. Their initial tussle was a dispute over rights to the last of an odd number of chicken wings. And in the ensuing upsurge of passion, that unfortunately uneaten former fowl was forgotten, left to make its own way between the heaving folds and waves of its erstwhile predators. Later, the night's exertions having exhausted our titanic lovers, the battered morsel remains unnoticed, dwarfed by the almost inconceivably larger slabs of meat pressing in on it from either side.

The parallel to European geography is almost too easy to draw.

Andorra is the sweaty, lukewarm, possibly decomposing hunk of poultry sandwiched between the slumbering, lustful bulks of France and Spain, forgotten by both and nearly imperceptible from a distance. As if anyone cares to look, anyway.

Andorra, jointly administered by Spanish and French officials, seems to exist only to complicate matters. Its contributions to world culture and international trade are contemptibly small. I defy any one of you to name one Andorran of any historical significance, show me a product marked "Made in Andorra", or quote to me a famous Andorran proverb. I'm confident that at the end of the day, my challenge will still be standing.

Not only does this country - if that's what you choose to call it - not contribute

anything, it actively drains money from its neighbors. Relying on defense from France and Spain (Must have sucked being between Vichy France and Franco's Fascist Funland, eh?), it passes the "no military to fund" savings on to its people through low taxes. As a result, its banks serve as tax havens for the well-to-do in nearby countries, depriving their govern-

"All Andorrana are Anti-Semites"

ments of profit even as they spend money to keep this ungrateful statelet safe.

As if any further evidence is needed that Andorra is not a team player, it has declined to join the EU. No, they have a "special relationship" which seems to work exclusively in Andorra's favor. They get to be treated as a member state for trade in manufactured goods (Yeah, no tariffs!) and a non-member in agriculture (Woo! No restrictions!) while using the Euro as their official currency. What a greedy little bitch.

Apart from its economic tomfoolery, the stupidest thing about Andorra is its government. The country, all 181 stupid square miles of it, is headed by the President of France and the Bishop of Urgell, Spain. Apparently nobody told these backward rubes that separation of Church and state is a pretty cool thing. This co-principality is known as a duumvirate, which really just looks and sounds idiotic. As a point of interest, the year this dumbvirate was founded, 1278, was the same year that Pope Nicholas III decreed that all Jews had to attend conversion sermons. Now, it could be just a coincidence, and I certainly don't want to imply that all Andorrans are anti-Semites, but it is something to think about, isn't it?

One last thing: Andorran Prime Minister Albert Pintat Santolària said your Mom is ugly. Seriously, I heard him.

Why South Dakota is the Greatest State

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

South Dakota should really be renamed to Funkytown. It is the greatest tourist trap ever created. It was as if the whole state realized it was in the middle of nowhere and decided to set itself apart from the red-neck Bible-toter kind of image that plagues the surrounding territories (Montana, that means you).

On a recent road trip, we hit the road from Minnesota around midnight, and we made it to Mitchell, South Dakota, in the early hours of the morning. Some of us (or maybe just me) were a little apprehensive about detouring, but boy, am I sure glad we did. Mitchell is a city within Davison County, and it has a population of about 14,500. It is also the home to some of the strangest attractions in existence. The group favorite was a large building called the Corn Palace. This is an entire building made out of different color maize, fashioned to look like the Taj Mahal if it were created by cowboys. It was also nestled comfortably (and ironically) next to City Hall. Unfortunately, we arrived too early to see the inside, or to see their mascot, Cornelia, who, according to the Mitchell visitor's guide, likes to "hang around the crib & create corn-ceptual art." We were also treated to the exterior of the Enchanted World Doll Museum, which houses close to 5,000 dolls from around the world and is most likely the creepiest place on earth. Another favorite we did not get to see was the Prehistoric Indian Village, which received rave reviews from the overenthusiastic husband and wife team at the visitors' center. While we did not get to see many of these attractions, our stop was worth it just to see a giant building made out of corn.

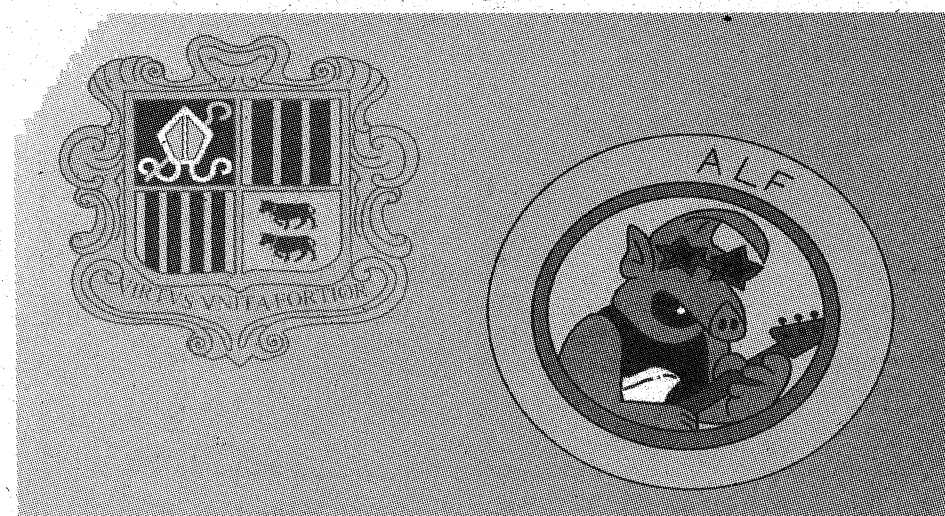
South Dakota is also cool because it is obsessed with dinosaurs. I'm guessing this is because fossils have been found there, but the even cooler part is the many attractions dedicated to them. Rapid City houses Dinosaur Park, which is full of large statues of many different species of dinosaurs. We saw a sign for it about once every mile on our way to Mount Rushmore. There were also dinosaurs at the infamous Wall Drug in (you'll never guess) the city of Wall. My favorite was the giant mechanical T-Rex, which, according to the sign, spouts steam and "rores" every fifteen

minutes. Finally, my favorite dinosaur attraction popped up on I-90. It was a giant sculpture of a skeleton Tyrannosaurus on a leash, with a skeleton man walking behind it. This roadside sculpture beats the pants off of the giant red rooster on Route 111.

The most infamous tourist trap in the state, or perhaps the country, is the lovable Wall Drug, which has signs in every surrounding state. It even had its own street sign in Seattle, which is well over 1,000 miles away, and according to its tourist brochure, the signs are also visible "from space!" Wall Drug opened in 1931 with the tagline "Wall Drug... the FREE Ice Water Store!" and it still lives up to this promise today. Not only does it provide the public with free water, but it also runs a breakfast buffet, numerous stores, and a lot of silly attractions in an open-air courtyard. Wall Drug also houses numerous articles, photographs, and paintings that chronicle Wall and South Dakota's history. Me, being a giant nerd, really enjoyed the old photographs of Native American families, which line the wall next to the giant steaming and roaring T-Rex.

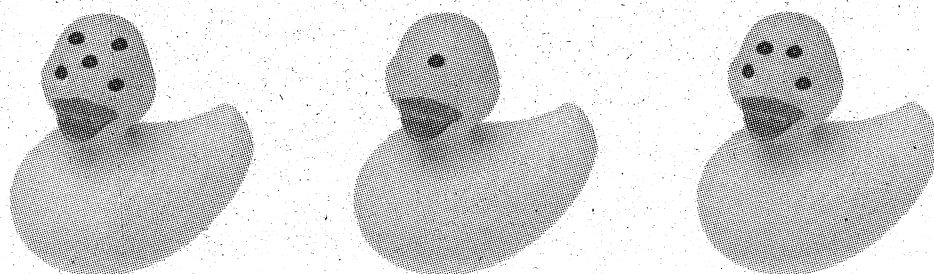
Another reason why South Dakota rocks my socks is because of its tributes to our presidents. Mount Rushmore, although not as big and cool as it looked in Team America, was still insanely impressive. The only one that really seems to stand out is George Washington, a factor I did not seem to take into account when I was looking at photographs. Washington was visible even as we drove around the mountain. Lincoln faces inwards, to the point where it was difficult to see his face. He just looks like an afterthought. South Dakota is also the home to Presidential Park, the poor man's Mount Rushmore. My fellow road trippers and I were treated to a few of their heads at a gas station. Apparently, the heads make rounds to different areas near Mount Rushmore. We saw John F. Kennedy, George H.W. Bush, and, of course, Ronald Reagan, looking just as vacant as ever.

South Dakota was the most pleasantly surprising place on our national journey. We were all sad when we finally left, especially when we reached Montana, the most annoying place in the contiguous United States. Screw you, Montana. Maybe you should take the Enchanted World of Dolls, where you can have a lock on the award for the scariest place ever made.



"What's more lame, Andorra or Pogs? You decide."

Dr. Fistfuck



LoveShack: It's A Little Old Place

(For Stony Brook Students To Hopefully Fuck)

By Gary the LoveShack Guy

The Beginning

When I was a senior in high school, my fantasies of college life were those of constant sex, parties, beer and pot. When I arrived at Stony Brook in the fall of 2000 I was surprised to find that only the last two assumptions were correct. I slowly came to realize that Stony Brook is a very impersonal, hardly social campus which lacks a real college town where students would hit the clubs and hook up. The only girls I managed to meet sat next to me in my classes – not the ideal place to mingle with the ladies. I even tried pledging a fraternity to get laid but when my grades slipped, I bailed.

Birth of The LoveShack

Finally, after my palms got too hairy, I decided to search Yahoo! Personals, College Club and other social sites to look for Stony Brook hotties that felt the same way. I'm a romantic guy and I wanted to meet someone I can actually have a connection with. My search didn't have the results I wanted since these sites target the entire country and they don't provide any good personalization.

Being a CompSci student and a tech addict, I decided to build a site that could make a difference on campus. The Stony Brook LoveShack (www.sb-loveshack.com) was launched in October of 2003 and was embraced by over 1000 Stony Brook students after a Statesman article featured it in a front page story. The article featured me and the creator of the wildly popular www.stonybrook-sucks.com, which supported the LoveShack from the beginning. As the word spread, Stony students from every dorm began to contact each other daily. I even heard stories of several successful

love connections being made. After I graduated in 2004 the site fell to disrepair and I eventually abandoned it to pursue my career. After a four-year break and many emails from horny students, a brand new version of The LoveShack is back to serve Stony Brook once again.

What is the LoveShack?

The Stony Brook LoveShack is a completely free dating/sex personals site dedicated to Stony Brook students on and off campus. You can remain completely anonymous by creating a "nickname" and setting up a profile describing yourself and what you're looking for (Dating, Just Friends, Relationship, Sexual Relationship). Your name and real email address will never be seen by others. Students email each other completely within the LoveShack so you'll never be bothered by unwanted emails to your actual outside mailbox.

On LoveShack, students can anonymously find gay, straight or bisexual guys and girls looking to hook up. Of course there will be some who think it's "gay" to meet people on a dating site, but to them I say that the LoveShack is different. The students you see on there walk among you on their way to class every day. You can break the ice online and meet up on campus in a safe setting. Some of the nice girls are sick of being constantly hit on by over-confident assholes and are looking for that nice guy who's afraid to say "hi".

On the other hand, there are those who want a no-strings-attached encounter but have no easy way of finding a like-minded participant without the embarrassment of rejection. The Stony Brook LoveShack's goal is to be the friendliest and safest forum for all Stony students looking for love, friendship, or just a good old fashioned fucking.

I've Seen Things, I've Seen Them With My Eyes:

Why I Hate Malaysia

By Inigo Montoya

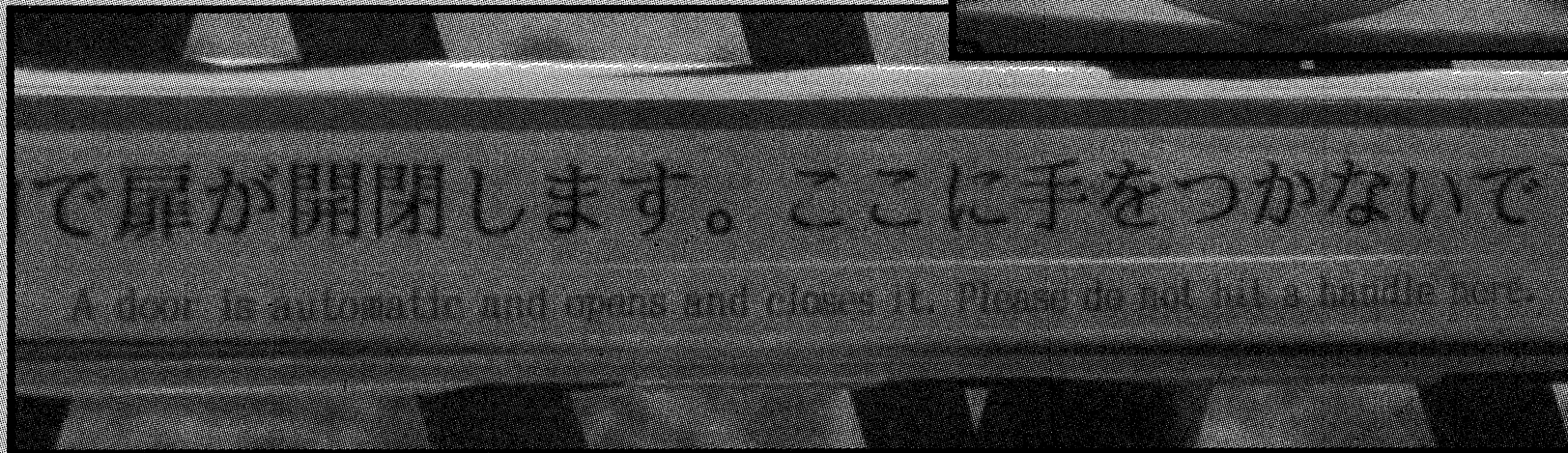
I hate Malaysia with a passion. A burning passion. Said passion has manifested itself into my genitals and now it burns when I pee. Thanks a fucking lot, Malaysia.

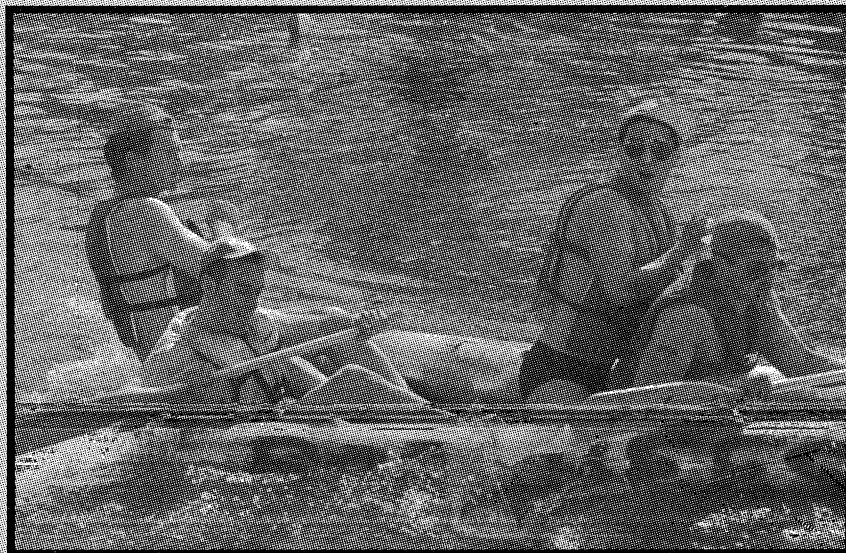
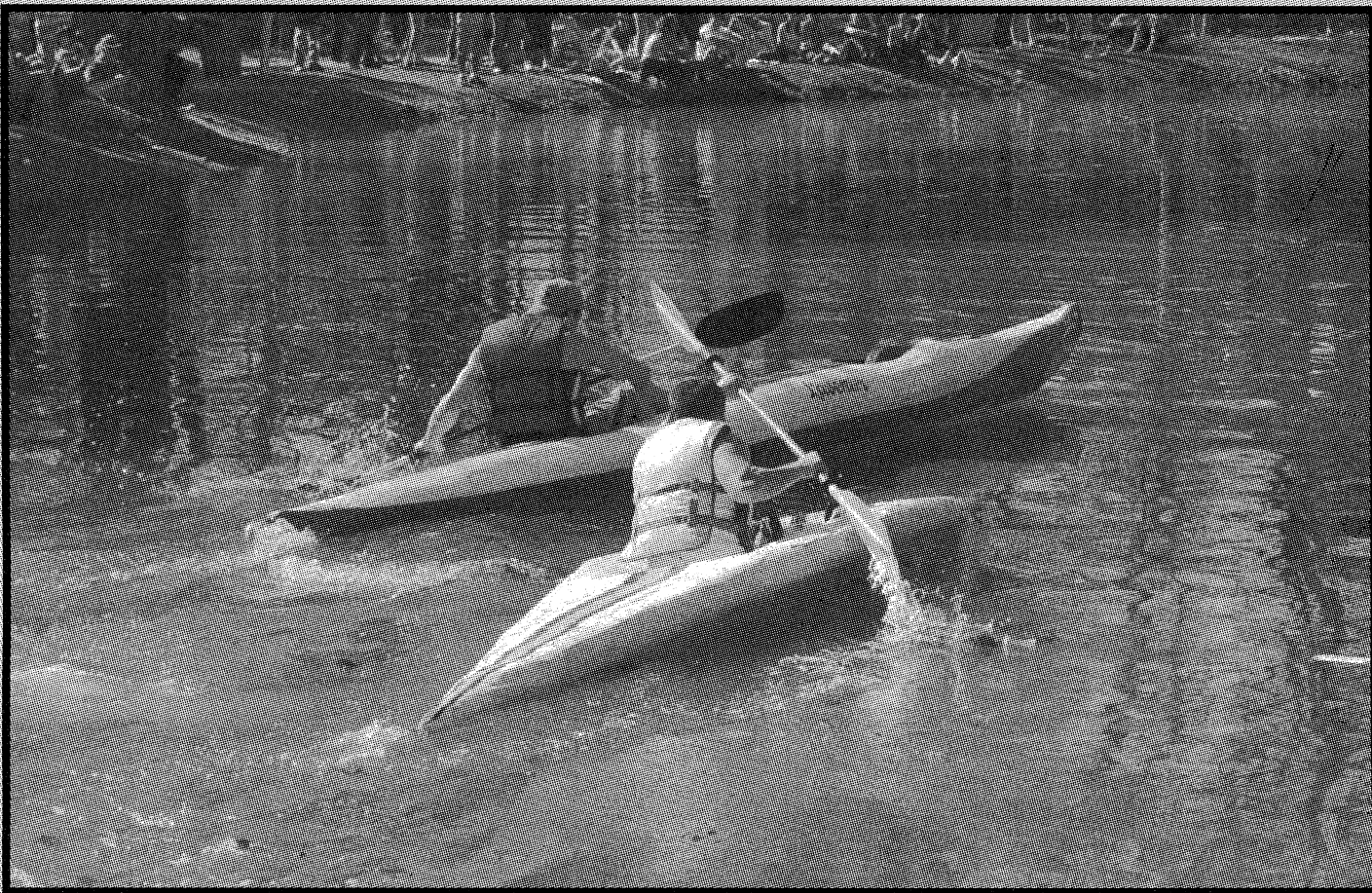
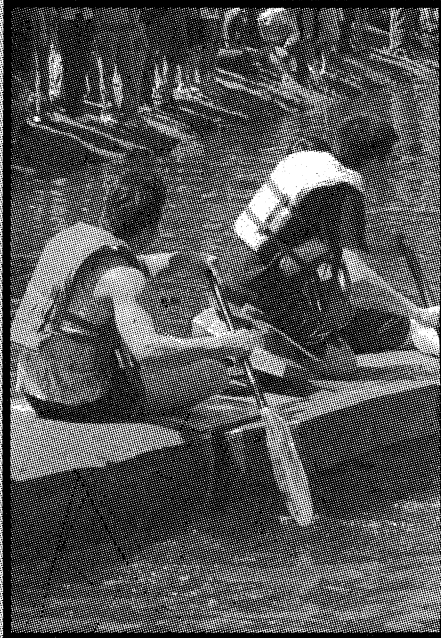
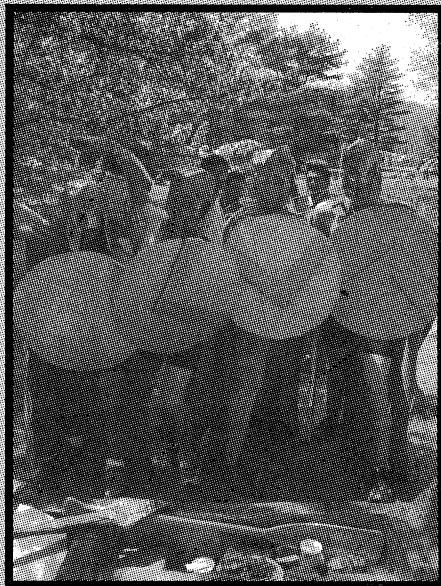
Malaysia is a quaint country, home to over 25 million inhabitants. And do you know many of them are fucking whores who will do anything for 5 dollars? All of them. That's right. The entirety of Malaysia's economy is based off of the sex trade. There is a general malaise over this country, a Malaysian malaise, so to speak.

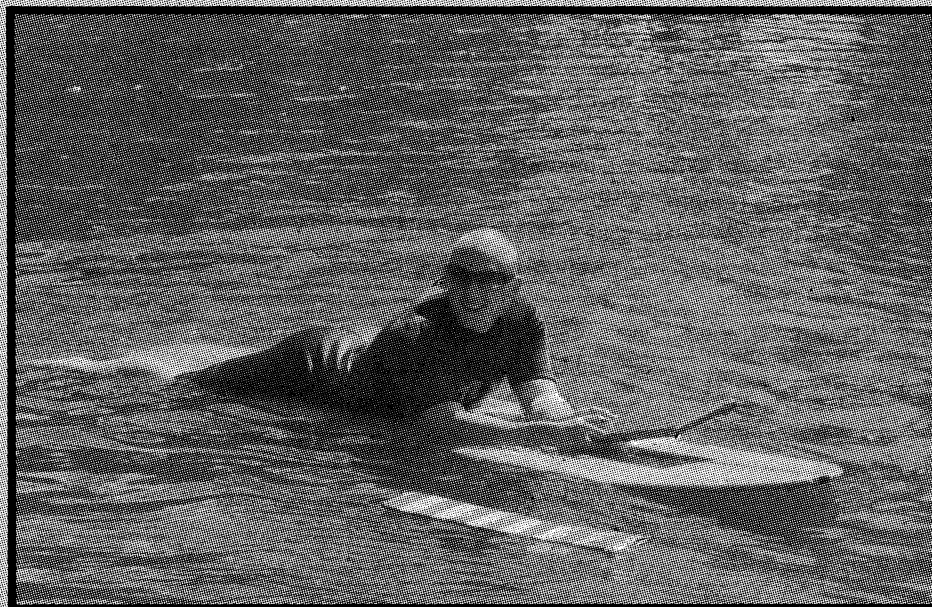
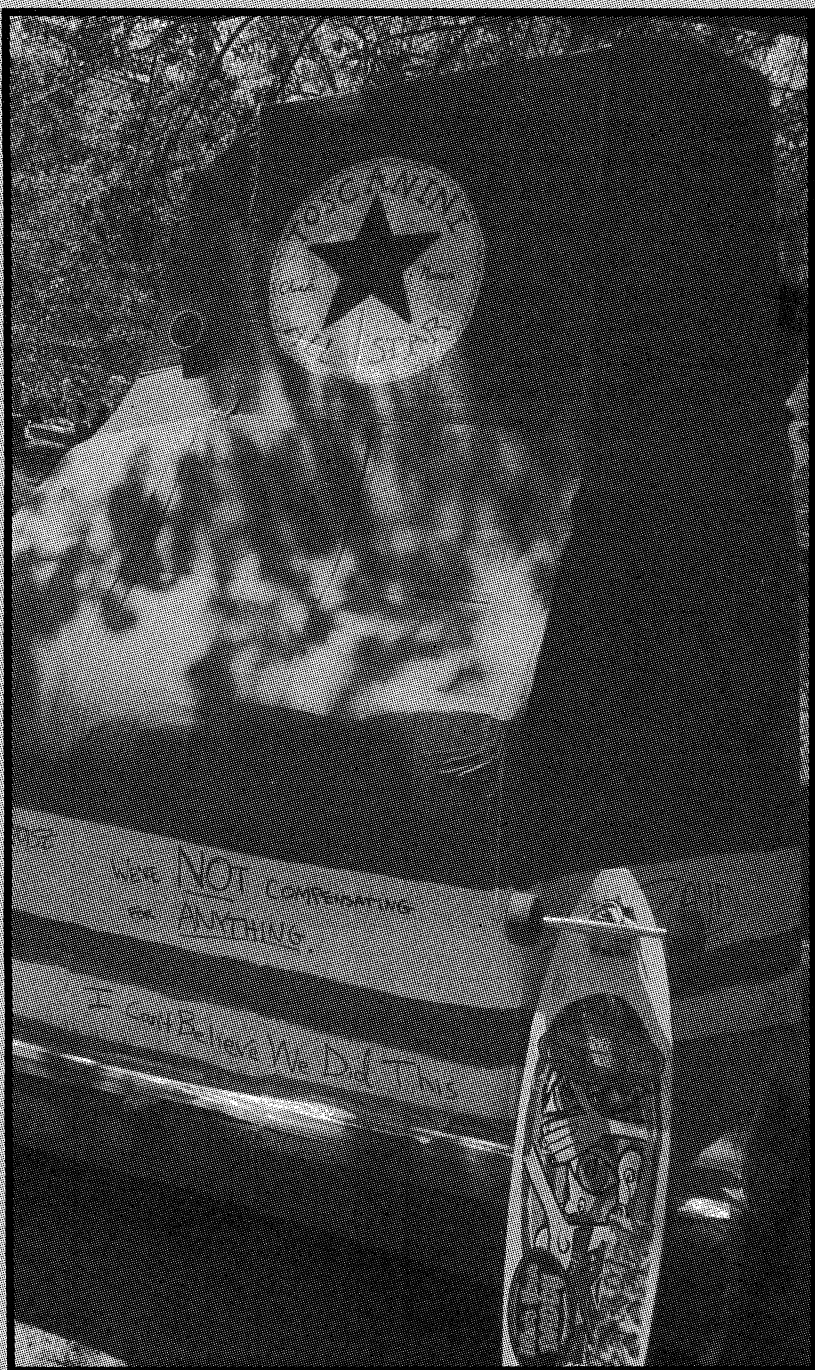
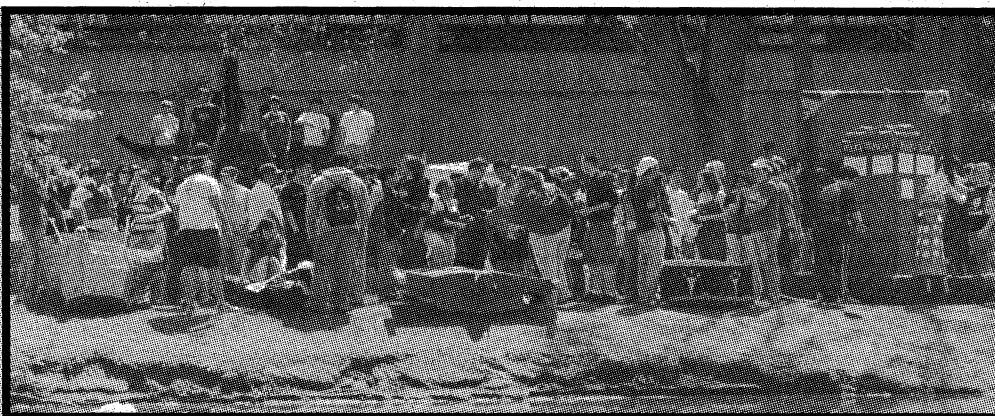
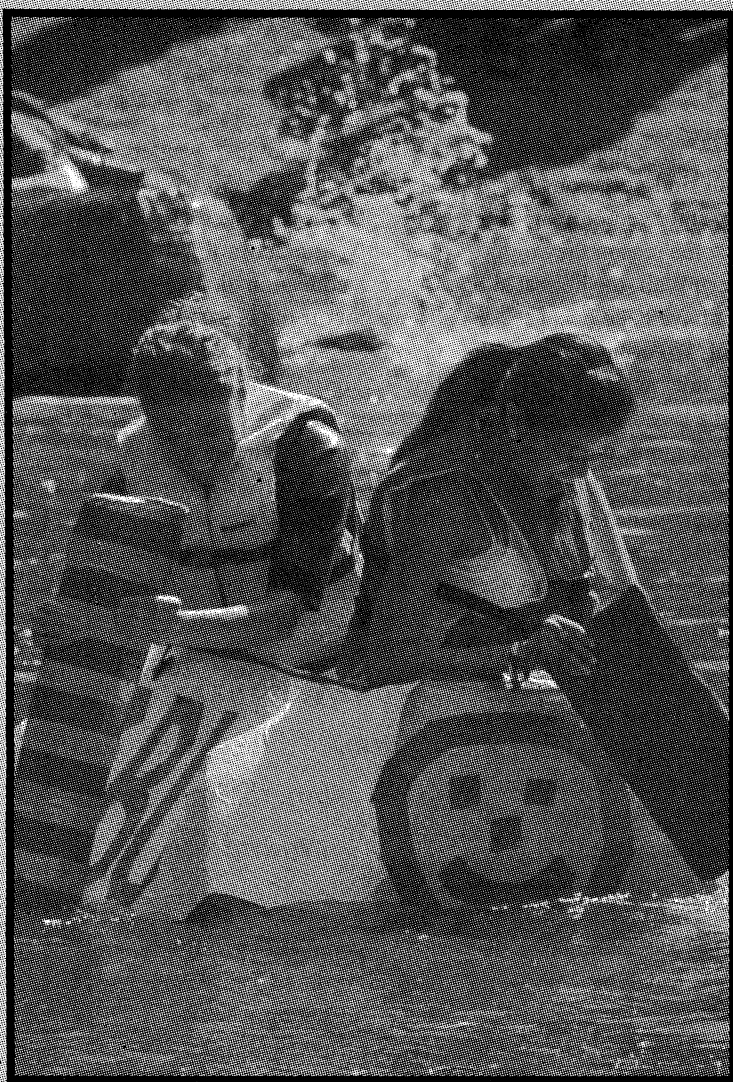
And that's because everyone and their mother is a whore.

I don't care what the CIA Factbook says about Malaysia and its healthy electronic market and its 90 percent literacy rate. Everyone in Malaysia is a whore. I hate them so much it isn't fucking funny. Ladida. We have a bicameral parliament and a 300 billion dollar GDP. Oo... we're so fancy. SHUT UP WHORE. Malaysia is a good for nothing cumbucket that should be nuked off the face of the planet.

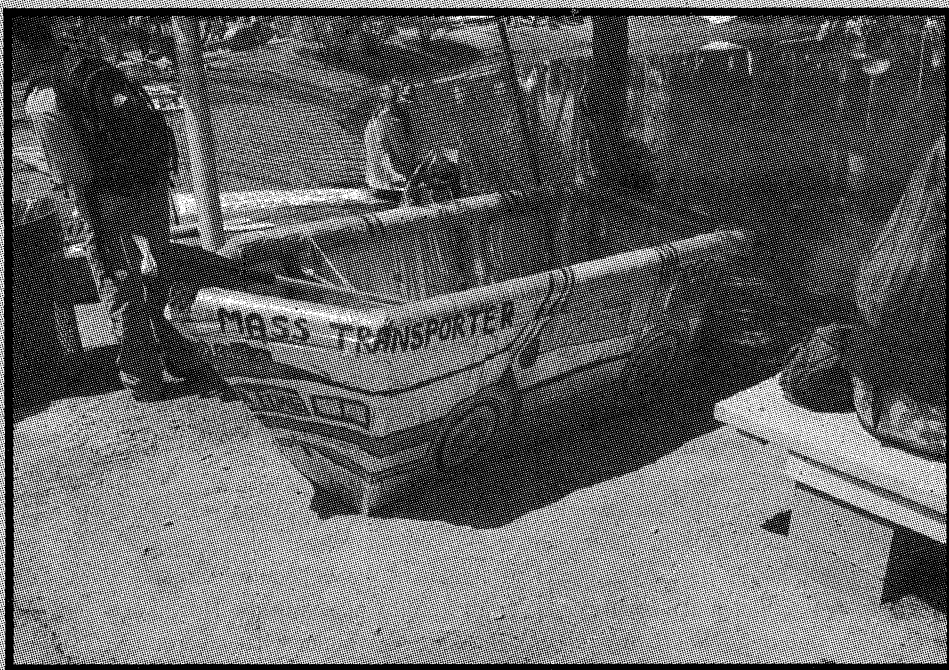
Oh, and Kuala Lumpur is the gayest slash greatest name for a city ever. Try screaming it at the top of your lungs. KUALA LUMPUR! KUALA LUMPUR!







Photos by Jesse Schoepfer



Journal From The Holy Land

By Jonathan Singer

In March, I signed up to go to Israel, the Jewish state, for six weeks. I'm now four weeks in and I feel like I did nothing, given the 4,000-year history of the region. Here are some things that happened that might be 'newsworthy.'

It started with my flight. There was a two hour delay because Israeli intelligence had to sweep the plane twice for security. That's because you don't mess with Israel. It's also because nobody likes Israel.

I didn't fly on El Al, Israel's national airline. I had that experience in January, when I went on the Birthright program. (Their propaganda worked, because it made me want to shell out an undisclosed fortune to return to Israel.) Before that flight, Israeli intelligence asked me questions about how many years I went to Hebrew School (eight), and what I do with Hillel at Stony Brook (eat free pizza and ice cream).

With questions like that, it's hard for a Palestinian to fly into the disputed Holy Land. This time I flew on redeemed credit card miles, which meant that Delta Airlines threw me from New York to Atlanta to Tel Aviv. Flying to Israel from the South is a trip. Before the flight, the pilot gave us a nice welcoming "Shalom," in his thick southern accent. Then a Minister, leading a tour group of Christians, gathered his congregation to pray, ready to embark on a trip to Jesus' homeland. "God is in the cockpit," he said. Bethlehem is in the West Bank. Nazareth is in Israel. And Jerusalem is disputed between the two.

The six weeks started with a trip up north. There I learned how Israel was founded on socialist principles. We visited Kibbutz Malkia, a collective living community with fruit orchards right on the fenced border of Israel and Lebanon. Operations at Kibbutz Malkia didn't stop during last year's war. Eitan Oren, a Malkia Kibbutznik, is always happy to show you videos of him and his fellow workers picking plums at the border while an Israeli tank fired rockets at Hezbollah forces in southern Lebanon, no less than 100 meters from where they were working. I had the opportunity to stand in that exact spot, but this time I think the kibbutz was growing peaches.

For safety purposes, we always travel with a security guard, armed with a World War II era rifle and two rounds of fifteen shots each. Our guard probably got made fun of in Belarus for being Jewish. Then he moved to Israel and they gave him a gun.

Looking over the border, I saw a UN tank roaming the landscape. It would be the first of many UN vehicles that I would see. So far I've seen UN cars in Southern Lebanon/Northern Israel, Jerusalem, and Tel Aviv. The UN vehicles can be likened to the Bauhaus buildings that Tel Aviv is famous for, the architectural style that's

marked by function over design.

But Oren doesn't think that the UN is functioning very well. He showed us a Hezbollah flag, perched up top a flagpole on the other side of the boarder. "Send your pictures to the United Nations in New York," Oren told us. My roommates and I are still speculating as to why the flag is still flying.

Before I left for Israel I was told not to take the bus. When I arrived in Israel, they gave me a bus pass, giving me unlimited rides on Tel Aviv's Dan bus system. Now I take the #8 to Rechov Brenner four times a week. Work in the Holy Land is at Windows, a non-profit venture that provides a forum for Israelis and Palestinians to talk about the conflict between their respective nations. Five times a year, Windows publishes a bilingual (Hebrew/Arabic) youth magazine written and edited by young journalists from Israel and the Palestinian territories. This fall, The Stony Brook Press office will have copies of Windows Magazine available, along with a special gift that I bought for everyone to share.

The six weeks started with a trip up north. There I learned how Israel was founded on socialist principles

The gift illustrates how Israel used to be a land of socialists. But today, even ancient Jerusalem is littered with ATMs and McDonalds. Granted, the McDonalds in Jerusalem are built with Jerusalem stone, as is the law in Jerusalem, but they are McDonalds nonetheless. A lot of times I feel like the Arab-Israeli conflict would be a lot easier to solve if there weren't any McDonalds. The thing here is that McDonalds in Israel actually tastes good.

Every major bank in Israel has its own skyscraper in Tel Aviv. For a country the size of New Jersey, there are numerous bank chains, along with numerous chains of coffee bars. I chose Aroma as my preferred café because they have good iced coffee. I arbitrarily chose Leumi as my preferred bank because there's no surcharge wherever I take out cash, even though Discount's skyscraper is taller.

Businesses here operate on a six-day workweek, Saturday being the Jewish Sabbath and Sunday being another boring day of work. We can't take the Dan bus on Saturday, so we do what's the norm in Tel Aviv on Shabbat: go to the beach.

When we visited the Dead Sea, The beach that we went to reeked of sulfur, and part of the swimming area was zoned off, with a sign warning us to stay away due to toxic gases. We've been told to stay away from a lot of places in the Holy Land. It leaves me to wonder what's there.

When the program took us to Jerusalem

for the day, we visited the Shuk, a marketplace where one can find numerous shops selling fresh plums, and even more selling fish heads. But for some reason they didn't take us to the Western Wall, the holiest site in Judaism. It might have been because we were kicked out of an orthodox Jewish neighborhood for not wearing enough clothing earlier in the day. So I decided to stay for the weekend, along with three of my friends. I'm not very religious, but I figured that a night or two in a holy city couldn't hurt. We were dropped off at the central bus station and told to take the number one bus to the Old City.

Taking the bus in the Tel Aviv is one thing. But during the last Intifada, the Jerusalem bus system is the one that suffered from the most suicide bombings, where buses would blow up almost on a weekly basis. We waited for fifteen minutes, when finally a bus marked 1H pulls into the stop. I was wondering what the H stood for as I boarded the bus and paid my fifteen shekels. After a few minutes the two girls whom I was traveling with were told to cover up their bare shoulders. The H stood for Haredi, the Hebrew term for "Ultra Orthodox."

The bus drove its route through a Haredi neighborhood. I spotted one store that sold Crocs footwear, and I read a billboard that told women to dress modestly. At least I remembered to put my yarmulke on.

Then our counselor called us with the first security warning of our trip. We were told to stay away from the Shuk, as there was suspicion of terrorist activity. Now we were surrounded by Haredim, heading through a crowded neighborhood after being told to stay away from crowded areas. The girls began to compare goosebumps.



The Old City

cohesion.rice.edu

The bus got through the Haredi area only to come out in front of the Damascus gate of the Old City, another routine stop along its route. The Damascus gate is the entrance to the Muslim Quarter, the quarter of the old city that we were told to stay away from. I realized from the Coca-Cola signs in Arabic that we were in East Jerusalem, the Palestinian area of Jerusalem that we were not allowed to go to. At the next stop, an old Arab man boarded bus 1H.

The old man just wanted to take the Jerusalem bus system to point B. But we still felt a need to get off the bus. It was probably our combined 80+ years of Hebrew education that gave us the urge. So we got off the bus and hailed a cab. The taxi did a lap around East Jerusalem, passing a sign pointing to Ramallah and Bethlehem, to get us to the Jewish Quarter of the old city. When we got out of the taxi and paid our fare, we looked at the color of the license plate. Apparently we had taken a Palestinian taxi. The bus that we left didn't end up exploding, and we were all of fifteen shekels poorer.

In Jerusalem I spotted the quote "Die Lucky Bush" stenciled on walls around the city

Everywhere I go I see graffiti. My favorite is a cartoon of a mohawked punk rocker, throwing a bottle at a riot geared police officer, painted on a wall next to Rabin Square in Tel Aviv. Last week I missed a protest that was held in the square, in response to Moshe Katsav's rape charges being dropped. Moshe Katsav is the president of this country, the secular, democratic, Jewish State.

In Jerusalem I spotted the quote "Die Lucky Bush" stenciled on walls around the city. "Die Lucky Bush" is a play on words. It manipulates the Hebrew phrase "dila kibush," which means "enough occupation." Israel has occupied the West Bank for the past 40 years as a result of 1967's Six Day War. That conflict also resulted in Israel gaining control of all of Jerusalem,

including The Old City. When I visited Jerusalem there were signs displaying a stylized number 40 hanging from streetlights throughout the city. But I didn't see any of the 40 banners when I inadvertently went into East Jerusalem.

One evening we were walking down the beach in Tel Aviv, and my friend's Palestinian classmate from McGill University came walking in the other direc-

Continued on next page

Journal From The Holy Land (continued)

Continued from previous page

tion. "I'm with the enemies," he said, jokingly. "I'm Palestinian." From who I've talked to so far, maneuvering around the West Bank isn't difficult for an American like me. A pair of British photographers offered me a ride to Ramallah, but I had to decline because I would have gotten kicked off the program. But activists against the kibush tell me that Palestinians can't move anywhere. Rumors began to spread after our second security warning, which was followed by an "all clear" two hours later. Apparently a Palestinian from the territories got through a checkpoint, and this was reason for concern. Perhaps he was just a young Arab eager to experience the sights and sounds of Tel Aviv. It doesn't matter anyway, because they caught the guy.

So the next evening I safely visited a Chinese take out place in Tel Aviv. When I was there, I had a conversation with the young woman behind the counter, because practically every Israeli speaks English. She asked where I was from, and I said that I was from New York City. She told me that she loved New York, and I told her that I love Israel. Then she asked me if I was Jewish. I said yes, adding that American Jews love Israel. "But they never want to come here," she said.

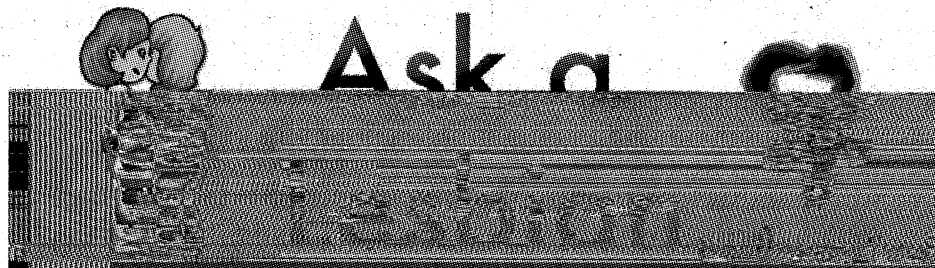
On the fourth of July, we went to a bar

that's located right next to the American Embassy, across the street from the beach in Tel Aviv. The bar's gimmick was that it's an American bar. There was a barbeque outside, and the security guard celebrated by drinking a beer while on duty. At T-Shirt shops across the country, you can find shirts featuring the word "JerUSAlem," and other shirts that say "Don't worry America, Israel is behind you," with a picture of a fighter jet.

Everyday I take the bus with soldiers. Some of them carry their machine guns over their shoulders. The Army kids wear green. The ones that operate the fighter jets wear tan uniforms. With mandatory military service, there are soldiers walking around everywhere, even some that choose to wear their yarmulkes, servicemen of the Jewish state.

There's a conflict over here between secular and religious Jews over how the country should operate. Burger Ranch, the Israeli owned fast food chain, serves ice cream alongside hamburgers in order to compete directly with McDonalds. And while most Haredim don't serve in the military, their Torah study is subsidized by the government.

At least hitchhiking is legal in Israel, according to my friend that once hitched a ride into the West Bank. But neither I nor the soldiers are allowed to hitchhike. I'm property of the program, and they're property of the state.



I hope everyone has been enjoying their summer, I know I have; especially with June being Gay Pride month and all. Speaking of Gay Pride month; that brings me to this edition of Ask a Lesbian...

Dear Ilyssa,

I'm straight, but I have a lot of gay friends. About two weeks ago we were all hanging out at the bar and they were going on and on about how much fun Pride was and how awesome it is to go every year. I didn't want to seem clueless so I went along with it but it got me to wondering, what is Pride and why is it so awesome?

Sincerely,

Sally the Straight Girl

Dear Sally,

I'm so glad you asked about Pride! June is Gay Pride month; the reason for it being in June is because that was the month of the historic Stonewall Riots. The Stonewall riots were a series of violent conflicts between NYC police officers and groups of gay and transgendered people that began during the early morning of June 28th, 1969 and lasted several days. Stonewall was the beginning of a worldwide gay rights movement. Eventually, the Stonewall riots set the stage for an annual parade for the gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered, and queer. This event that is now formally known as Heritage of Pride, culminates with the annual Pride March/Parade the 3rd Sunday of every June. Other events that are part of Pride are the rally, rapture on the river, the festival, and a dance at Chelsea Piers. Now that you know what Pride is you can understand why it is awesome.

This year the parade was attended by more than 1 million people including

straight allies, parents, families, and friends. Imagine, over 1 million people lined up down 5th Avenue from 52nd street all the way down to Greenwich Street to Christopher Street in the West Village and that is the first reason why Pride is so awesome. Just the amazing number of people it attracts of all races, ages, sexes, and orientations. It is enough to make someone bust out in tears (literally, but that was last year...if you wanna hear that story you're gonna have to ask). Second, the parade is filled with fun. From music, to dancing, the amazing floats, free condoms, and drag queens, there is always something for everyone. Lastly, it's just plain fun, you know how much fun it is to be in the city celebrating with just a few of your friends, well imagine celebrating with over 1 million people who are down for your cause, it's just plain exhilarating. Plus, after the parade ends, well maybe before the parade even begins, it's a party. From bars, to clubs, to just plain drinking on the street, everyone is gay and covered from head to toe in rainbow and partying like it was 1999. So there you go, that's why Pride is so amazing, and don't think that just because you are straight you can't attend. Pride is attended every year by plenty of straight allies so I hope to see you all there next year. Enjoy the rest of your summer.

Best,
Ilyssa

Please Note: The views and opinions expressed in this column are solely the views and opinion of one member of the LGBT community and are not necessarily the views and opinions of the Stony Brook LGBT group and/or the LGBT community.

UTOPIA

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Dollar Menu, Million Dollar Looks!

By Vincent Michael Festa

What's up with teeny-tot McDonald employees who scrape for minimum wage yet manage to look like a million dollars? Ghetto-fabulous shiny hair, five layers of make-up, sunlight-reflective bling earrings, name-plate, nails done, and cliched "Shorty" attitude. Can you teach me how to save and stretch a dollar? Teach me how to hit up Mommy and Daddy for a new car while you stay trendy and so important with your looks? Ridiculous! That comes to minimum wage an hour. Thank you, drive-thru.

There's a little M in everyone

Supersize me Some Sick Fuck

www.thestonybrookpress.com

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Features - July 12, 2007 - The Stony Brook Press



Kotei's Korner

Kollektion



This is the first of two summer issues. Since we expect less people to read the summer issues, I am also inclined to experiment a bit. For this issue, Kotei's Korner tries a collection of smaller opinion pieces: more like mumbles and thoughts.

Ladies! Your Hair! At Space Station

Welcome to the International Space Station. I am a Russian electric engineer, Yakov. Are you tired after the rough ride without gravity? Please make yourself at... hey! Did your shuttle explode? You were doing an experiment, weren't you? You should really have avoided that asteroid, especially when the vehicle was convulsing. Or what, did the shuttle emit excess static electricity? How do you feel being electrocuted? You look like a girl hanging upside down from a bar, hair going all vertical-like.

Of course this conversation never occurs for real in the space station according to Hollywood. The actress' hair is plastered on her head and neatly groomed. But if the astronaut can float in the shuttle, wouldn't their hair float around too? The gravitational constant is far too small to account for the gravitational force between the mass of head and the mass of their hair. Ten to minus eleven power.

What's Hilton Got to Smile About?

She is blonde, okay. So? Sure, blonde is eye-catching. Once I visited a Facebook group about blondes being the best "race". One person replied to a discussion thread about blonde girls being the best species, and he said that he doesn't care about blondes because girls change their hair colour like they change their underwear. In fact, he said, the thought of the new underwear girls wear is more seductive.

She is tall, okay. So? Her height is as useless for her as dumb-dumb ladies with full-bosom.

What's up with her eyes? She is partying all night so she has to be half asleep during the day in front of dozens of maniac cameramen.

I saw Larry King's show the following morning. Okay, she may have read the Bible every day. She probably was daydreaming all through the reading. Haven't you experienced at least once in college that you were reading one sentence off of textbook for hours and never got any meaning? She isn't just dumb-dumb, she's a cold blooded liar.

She has money, okay. So? She inherited that wealth. But that's the last thing on the list of a cheap guy's fantasy.

Why am I talking about her? Why is the media still talking about this brat? Why is she still so popular the paparazzi covers her every move? I sure believe she didn't appreciate the leak of her personal video. So why am I still talking about her?

Killer Serves You Remark That Never Gets Old

I was playing volleyball with some guys from the CCM ministry for five hours straight. My killer serves attracted a number of challengers. Oh, they were all busted! I killed! I enjoyed the competition.

I'm good with making remarks that never get old. One of them happened while snatching a hotdog from Chef S. I saw someone's amateur serve harmed the opponent. Well not harm. But it seemed like the ball attacked them. Anyway, I screamed "Repent!" Well when my mind was shrewdly looking for smart things to say, I thought the remark was brilliant. I think it was too catchy.

Muscle Ache Happens

Oh, and while we're on that topic...the following day after I played the five-hour volleyball game, I was troubled by excruciating pain in my calves. My arms were okay. My thighs were not as bad as to make me unable to walk. But my calves...oh! They were as stiff as a log that I slept like at night. I was humping, literally. When playing the games I felt nothing. I attended Golden Key's last e-board meeting of the semester after the game. Yeah, my hands were shaking like a pruned old man. Yeah, my knees were falling every now and then. But pain, nope, no, there was none to feel.

First and foremost, I will clearly state that I've never taken steroids. But I bet the effects of steroid usage feel like that. After hours of exercise, the pain attacks muscles after sleeping when steroids are no longer contained in the bloodstream. Maybe I was excreting a steroid-like hormone by myself. No wonder I'm energized without coffee or sugar rush.

Photo Trimming Looks Awkward

I really started editing photos after I started writing articles for *The Stony Brook Press*. Often I needed a smaller photo size for layout. So I would just crop it instead of re-sizing it. Thing is, I was always looking at the photo in zoom mode, not the entire thing in full. You will see it too, if you just crop it in an attempt to re-size it, the result looks unreal. You do not need to cut it too much. Just trimming off makes the fig-

ures in the photo stand awkwardly. I am not quite sure what it is. I am not very familiar with photography and art. The last art class I remember taking is when I was in the second year in junior-senior high school.

I want to make the trimming undetectable. It could simply be that I am comparing the edited photo to the original one. But the angle with which the figures seem in the edited photo unnatural.

Age of Varsity

You may know that the varsity sports lacrosse has been featured in the media more often than before Duke's rape case was hotly debated. I was watching a game on MSG the other day. John Jay's team was beating Johns Hopkin's team's ass. Neither team usually advances far in most common collegiate tournaments.

Stony Brook started its own lacrosse team just last year. And it's standing is not at all bad. It may have lost a game against UVA in 8-15, which was supposedly the best team in the country. Stony Brook team is still standing pretty. I'm starting to wonder if the age of varsity team correlates to the fame in the particular sports. Young teams rarely stand out in most common collegiate tournaments, such as basketball. Young teams grow old but so do the other teams. If not a perfect correlation, might it be related?



Unstable Summer

This summer has been unstable. Some days, it was dry and windy. Some days, it was humid and calm. Some days, it was sizzling and boiling. Some days, it was cold as early spring. It seems as though the jet stream was staying to further south of the normal latitudes. Cold air descends from Canada, moist air is carried toward the east coast by the current, and air masses are moving more reluctantly and chaotically than usual.

With this weather, the closed spaces in vehicles are apt to become uncomfortably warm as an oven. The seats and all leather become impossible to touch, as if they were the surface of freshly baked pancakes. So if you observe park-

ing lots in one early summer day, you will notice that cars choose to park under trees, under shadow. Because cars want to chill out too, they all fight for the shadowed parking spaces. Here is a photo of one summer day that speaks a lot.

Supermodel Diet

They are often skinny as glass frames. When people praise their looks publicly, they become a bad example for young girls. Anorexia is a typical side effect of viewing supermodels as "thin women that everybody woos", and internalizing that image to the point of neurosis.

I hope the was an extreme example. But there was one episode of CSI: Las Vegas in which a supermodel commits suicide. She kept a note of what she ate and calculated calories for each item. Every time she ate, she noted the food and added its calorie total. After exercising, she calculates the calories she burned and subtracted them. Because she was under the pressure of maintaining her weight, she vomited sometimes, to reduce her calorie intake. It was a sickening scene. As matter of fact the whole episode was sickening.

Gladly many girls know how to maintain health and stay in shape. They look lively, unlike supermodels posing in front of a camera's flashing glare.

eHarmony Science

Here is something interesting. The other day on the Internet, just one ordinary day as I always spend collecting information off the World Wide Web, I read that eHarmony asks the strangest match criteria. It asks, on your left hand and palm facing away from the sight, if your index finger seems shorter or longer than ring finger. It claims that there is a scientific evidence that your shorter index finger implies that you are mathematically robust. Expectedly my index finger seem shorter than my ring finger. If I stretch fingers, put them together, and face palm to my sight, my ring finger seems to be a tidy bit shorter than my index finger. Nevertheless it is one of criteria that eHarmony uses to match singles online. Dr. Neil Clark Warren decided to include finger lengths as one of 29 "compatibility" criteria. Who knows...

Each piece doesn't relate to one another. But since it is shorter, I thought it will be easier to read. I hope you can read each piece and feel like writing them yourself

Kollektion.

/b/

By Anonymous

Well you expect me to start this with some stupid meme or some random toilet humor. Well, I'm not. This is a column; there are many like it, but this one is mine. Without my column I am something, but without me my column is nothing.

Now that I'm here, ask me a question, anything, what you think of this paper, what you think of this school, what you think about this state, this country, this planet. Stream of consciousness, stream of piss, call it what you want, but this is my voice, listen if you want, skip over this if you don't. I'm just sitting here, in this office sitting next to my friends, you don't know who I am, and you never will, because I am Anonymous, and we are everywhere, in your classrooms, serving your food, teaching your children, and counseling your ill. We are thought incarnate, the good and the bad, the smart and the stupid. We walk this line of stupidity and genius crossing back and forth at will and on whim.

Sorry for the Durden-esque moment,

but it's very true. We all have the potential to be that unbridled and raw human being, driven by pure emotion and borderless thought. Nihilism, existentialism, I-don't-give-a-fuck-ism, it's all the same. Buddhism, now that's cool. Give up your worldly goals, give up your hate, your love, yourself. Even if there's nothing greater than yourself, why do you need to look for it? For comfort? For that warm fuzzy feeling inside? It's fake, a cop-out. Marx said it best "opiate of the masses." The single most alive moment is when you give up, on life, on love, on everything. Then go back, and build up what you do need, not what you want, or what society tells you what you need to make your happy little life complete.

True Anonymous exists as pure emotion, without being bound to what society says is "right." Everyday we strive to be that being, but many of us fall short. Maybe if we all could give up a little of ourselves, and just be what we really want to be. Or this whole stream of thought, stream of piss, could be totally wrong. It's up to you to decide. Because you decide what you do and don't do.

Chicks Growing

By Kotei Aoki

A month after the finals week, the baby geese are yet growing strong. Their feathers are changing. The patchy older feathers are fluffier and can be recognized distinctly. Most of their bodies are covered with new feather, but it does not fully replace their down just yet. Their feathers seem as if they are in puberty. Not old enough to be young adults, but

old enough to start developing adult features. They learned how to swim. But they are still immature enough to hang around their parents. They don't talk much, or the frequency of their voice is out of the range that my ears can perceive. But they sit by the pond together, they walk around the pond together, and they swim on the pond together. Wordless relationship; isn't it like old matured couples who know each other too well to say every request.

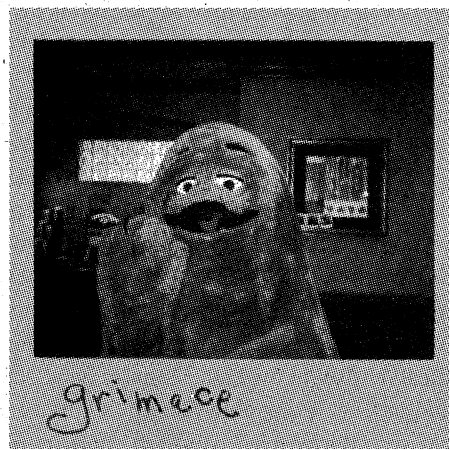


"Touch This!"

By Vincent Michael Festa

Another sunny day today and I'm off again to fuel the fire in the work-out room at Stony Brook. Two days out of the week I strain and push myself while black/speed/grind metal and industrial music goes through my earphones. An hour of arm-work, crunches, and treadmill is enough for me to be steaming-hot and pissed off for the day.

Today after working out I went to the Smithaven Mall to go clothes shopping (Hollister, Lucky, Macy's, Pacific Sunwear, Abercrombie...). From store to store I wander around and mind my own business while I take in the overwhelming space of how huge the shopping centre really is, formed like a cross. I usually think about which direction the youth is going. Dance-club chic? Orange County, California surf? Kick-ass metal? Rugby stripes for high society? You be the judge. Alas, no one seems to be wearing Sun-Ra or Jesu shirts nowadays like my generational youth used to. Where has the underground culture gone? Where is the culture that at least made some cameo appearances in a playfield of capitalism and commercialism?



Matt Willemain

Leonard

Malls are all about several hundred stores vying for your hard-earned dollar. I don't know how many people realise that aside from our king oil people and our government, that we exist on this planet to serve JC Penney, Abercrombie and Fitch, FYE (a horrible excuse for a "musique" store), and Payless Shoes, and we project it out by wearing it after the fact. Dollars for commercial culture before individuality, I suppose?

Did I just say that stores are competing for your dollar? Because not only that, people in kiosks have been getting into the act. This is why I'm afraid to go to the mall; I'm afraid of being harassed by people I don't know and don't care to meet. On top of that, these are the same people who try to push in your face a lot of things that you don't need. In other words, they

think it's in their best interest to tell you how to spend your money on what and when.

As I was walking from Macy's deciding if I wanted to buy some DKNY and Calvin Klein shirts or wait until the new semester starts, my mind went into a mix. As usual I'm walking straight, being distracted in my head and minding my own business and out of nowhere an over-excited, overly-energetic, and overly-zealous kiosk @\$hole intercepts me and tells me:

"TOUCH THIS!"

...and immediately I put my hands up in a refusal-type-of-way, lifted my head up, focused my eyes straight ahead and said in a threatening way:

"GET AWAY FROM ME."

And that ruined my spectacular carousel, clowns, balloons, big-wheel game-show, light-flashing, fun-filled shopping experience...because someone had this great idea of trying to meet his quota by jumping out at me, forcing me, convincing me, insisting me to try and buy something I didn't even ask for in the first place. And I had it.

Why is it that because you're at the wrong place and at the wrong time you should be obligated to give someone else your money?

Also annoying was way back when in middle-school and high-school when these hang-out kids would come up to you and ask you "can I get a quarter?" You'd give them the quarter because later on, if they did see you buy a Butterfinger or at the pizzeria playing Mortal Kombat, then of course they would cry foul and accuse you of lying to them when in reality they should've managed their change a little better by not buying cigarettes or nickel-bags of pot in the first place.

It also reminds me of when every time I had to take my check to the check-cashing place. There would be these idiot pushers with either their counterfeit CD ring set-up or, worse, several of them with their back-packs of stolen perfume and cologne waiting to shout at you to get your attention as soon as you walked outside. And that's why they huddle around - that's where all the money is.

Obviously they don't realize that when I'm walking out of the check-cashing place I have bills to pay and mouths to feed (mine). I won't be bothered with people hitting me up to drain my wallet for things I don't need. Maybe they should get a real job instead of bothering people with their little black-market operations, so I suggest to all of them to leave me the fuck alone and stay away from me!

Breakfasttime In Los Angeles

By Vincent Michael Festa

This is why I pray for the destruction of society in two minutes:

<http://defamer.com/hollywood/basting-the-children/miserly-sunset-tan-mom-only-cares-enough-to-spend-1300-on-daughters-school-photo-prep-264665.php>

You have got to be kidding me. Someone please kill me. Here we go: just as our state of vain materialism couldn't get any lower, we have this.

A MOTHER WALKS INTO A TANNING SALON TO GIVE HER 10 YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER A \$1,300 TAN FOR HER YEARBOOK PICTURE TO BE TAKEN.

Apparently a regular, natural, beach-side tan is not good enough for our little tater-tot princess daughter. According to Mommy we have to spend thousands now on being air-brushed like an '80s gangster denim jacket or ghetto graffiti-tagged like Ecko and KAWS to get a fake one.

According to Mommy, Little Miss Muffet needs to be tan for a school picture. Needs? This girl doesn't need a tan. She needs a lesson in self-esteem. That's what she needs. Instead, her mom is probably brainwashing her to think that looks are above all and the standard by which people and success should be judged. What's next? Size matters, too? How about the type of car a boy drives? No G.I. Joe Jeep, that 16 year-old boyfriend better drive a Lamborghini Murcielago!

Unlike that golden brown gradient girls and women obtain at the beach under the sun, 8 out of 10 women here prefer to pay for fake tans that don't even look natural

Is it that so fucking important for a mom to give her 10 year-old girl a tan just to one-up her classmates and the entire grade? Wow, at \$1,300, God-forbid some little kid in her school says "no" to this little girl. God help them. Wait until Sweet 16 comes along. Mommy will stick it to Daddy to crack open his entire life savings because Little Miss Muffet has to have the best-est Sweet 16 ever and put all the other O.C. 90210 princesses in their places.

"I want her to be just like Lindsay Lohan!" Hey, I wanna' be like Lindsay Lohan, too! I want to coke myself up to hyperactivity and drink to high hell until I fall into a dead stupor in my car. I want to

be suspected of drunk driving while under the influence (spiked Kool-Aid?) and have cocaine found in my car. I also want to make show-off movies just to tell people that I don't give a damn about anyone lower than me who can't obtain. Way to go. I'm surprised Paris Hilton, Britney Spears and Courtney Love came at a close second, third, and fourth. At a distant fifth: Janeane Garofalo? Thora Birch? Scarlett Johanssen?



Burrrrrrrr!

California Tourism Board

Even more amazing is that ridiculous cliché behind the counter who can't say "no" to the girl because in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, Los Angeles, or whatever tarpit in California this may be, \$1,300 is just an average day's salary. Wow, the threshold of being poor is just too high.

Later on the girl is having second thoughts and now she doesn't want to do this. "No, no, no, pumpkin! You need to do this for your pictures!" says Mommy. No, you dumb fuck, your daughter needs to do this for you. I'm sure you're the type of mom who whores your daughter's talents in hopes of making big just-to-support your lifestyle. But in the end, Mommy wins out and the girl is standing there like a fool in her new Barbie-cote paint-job courtesy of Maaco. Ding! Ding!

Behind the counter in a fashion store on the Island, I've seen countless women showing off their tans. Unlike that golden brown gradient girls and women obtain at the beach under the sun, 8 out of 10 women here prefer to pay for fake tans that don't even look natural. Crusted, crinkly cleavage...spotty colors around the chest in red, orange, pink, brown, and beige...cracks, sags and wrinkles in their skin...people are reduced to pieces of shriveled bacon and it's just horrible, right next to the guido-Italians who porcupine their hair all the way up like Sonic the Hedgehog with their Polo shirts and wrist/head bands.

OK, maybe I'm overreacting a little. I shouldn't dictate how people should spend their hard-earned (?) money. I also don't dictate how others should live up to my standards. Really.

But seriously, go to hell. I hear Satan's tanning service is excellent.

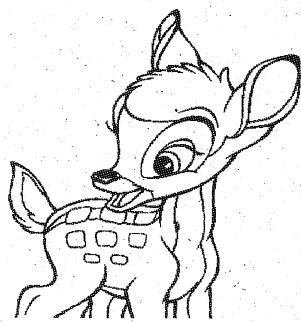
Please Hold, Thank You...

By Vincent Michael Festa

I hate cell phones. I really do. I received a Virgin 'Oystr' cell last Christmas and since then I haven't spent more than a single hour on it either because I'm afraid of spending the minutes or because I don't want to become one of "them".

"One of them?", you ask. Yes, one of "them". I'm referring to the self-proclaimed cell-phone elitists who believe that when they're on that cell-phone, they attain automatic celebrity status. They block out everything around them because right now it's down to two people: they and the voice on the other line. They lose their sense of surroundings and believe that they're so important because they get themselves and their conversations out there, drawing all of the attention to themselves. When exiting the building, they really don't thank you for holding the door for them because a piece of plastic is oh so much more a priority.

You see them on our highways: cell-phone in one hand, a cigarette in the other, barely holding the steering wheel. A cup of scalding hot Starbucks coffee lies between their legs while they're wearing a pair of sunglasses, driving their \$30,000 military class kill-gore SUV machines complete with tinted windows. And they expect you to get out of their way because apparently the amount of luxury you flaunt is of higher priority than observing traffic and pedestrian safety.



Odocoileus virginianus

Bambi's House

I really do feel for Bambi.

In a movie theater or in a classroom when that vital all-important kiss scene/murder scene/ending/vital morsel of information is coming up and you're grasping all of your emotions for that one moment and then...that newest, hottest, gotta-have-it R n' B ring-tone bursts out begging to be picked up. Hey, everyone! Let's all focus our attention on the inconsiderate fucktard who forgot to shut off her phone! Let us all hear that 50 Cent gun-clap instead of what was really important: Titanic seaside barnacles and how they benefit Illuminati cash flow!

Even on the bus ride to campus, when close to all the seats are filled and everyone is quiet and keeping to themselves still

trying to wake up, there's always that one who has to get on that bus and choose the seat right behind you. She has to be the center of attention and be so loud and inconsiderate as she runs down each and every detail of what happened over the weekend, from when she wakes up in her room on Friday to when she left the hotel room the night before. She embarrasses

You see them on our highways: cell-phone in one hand, a cigarette in the other, barely holding the steering wheel

herself, everyone wins...except for the person seated directly in front of her.

It's Tuesday night and maybe you want to relax and go shopping at a spacious department store, say Macy's or JC Penney. You are in your own world, minding your own business...your mind is in a blissful peaceful state, lulled by the '80s quiet-storm white-jazz Kenny G-sax muzak in the air, leisurely arming through the coat rack. And then out of nowhere belts out some haggard 70 year-old cigarette smoker's voice who needs to be loud for the world to hear. In fact, her phone is not next to her ear, rather it doubles as a walkie-talkie so you get to hear everything about the 95% store-wide clearance sale S.W.A.T. crackdown. "Yentl Dear to Prada Daughter, I'm on that tiger-skin Gucci bag like your dead father's funeral and inheritance."

It's even funnier when it's in a store that's more congested, say, Target, where everyone is around (including poor innocent children!) for all to hear some rambling loud-mouth worn-out bar slut argue with their hook-up about car and money problems. It's a total laugh riot complete with tear gas, shielded police, and picket signs.

Nowadays there's Bluetooth and ear-piece devices designed specifically for drivers who are not allowed by law to talk on their cell-phones while driving. Are they using these devices? Yes! Are they using them for their cars? No! They use them only when they're not driving so that you get to look at them like mental patients because it seems like they're talking to themselves and your mind is totally scramble-fucked trying to find where that phone is coming from. Then again, why wouldn't they use these devices while driving? Simple: style points! Once again, cell phone kings and queens need to have the real thing implanted onto their ear at all times because they need to look ultra-important. Yes, Mr. I'm-late-for-my-court-case-please-get-me-my-double-latte-and-dairy-cream-ready-sir.

SB's Official's Lame Deception

By Kotei Aoki

With all due respect, students' campus life would not be the same without the campus officials. A few campus officials who I can count on my hands are compassionate and are invaluable resources. However, recurring scandals, countless complaints, worsening conditions on campus, and growing indifference among campus officials are hurting the community. In the past coverage of The Stony Brook Press, the spread was dedicated to the reporting of overly populated campus. The majority of officials seem to have trouble complying with students' demands. Such reality is extremely severe in the Department of Student Affairs in the Division of Campus Residences.

In the mid-April, a resident filed a complaint against his suitemates. The case could have been brought up if it was not for the reluctance and lengthy 'policy' to create action. Reportedly, their first impression was profound concern for the perpetual and escalating problems in the suite. Despite their words, they failed to make any sort of action for a month. In the meantime, the resident was frustrated that he had to tell the story like an American Indians telling legendary stories, because every official in the division wanted to hear the story for the first time. During his busy week studying for finals, nothing had improved. By the time finals were done and he could leave his suite for the

summer, they wanted him to appear in hearing.

In the mid-June, another resident received a letter from the Division of Student Affairs. As expected, it arrived to her within a mere week after the noted date on the letter. Since it was early for a letter from the school to arrive, any reader would suspect it was a bill, and from this division was a statement with a damage charge. In school one seems to expect bills to arrive within one week and likely much earlier, while other important letters take up to a month until arriving in mailboxes. The person in charge of processing the appeal of damage charges was mute until her return from vacation. The resident first sent her appeal on the day she received the letter, then another in a week and again another in following week. In the third letter she expressed her disappointment and her desperation to hear a peep out of the person in charge. All these time she received no response, and was ignored. Finally she received an automated message in her inbox saying that the lady in charge took a two-week vacation a few days before the third message. She reported this fact and asked this be pursued continuously. Outrageously, the damage charge was a preposterous mistake. Greedily, after the lady came back from the vacation, she sounded exceptionally excited to interpret the resident's inquiry in a way where there might be additional surcharge, so that she can get more from this poor girl.

Stony Brook Really Lame Deception

By Kotei Aoki

First and foremost, the Stony Brook community was struck by a shocking scandal at SUNY Stony Brook. It never forgets to disappoint us every semester and every intersession. It considers our loyalty with monetary contribution and betrays our faith to the institution. On May 21, 2007, almost a month after their deception and betrayal, it revealed its dark secret that it has made our (students, faculty, staff, and our immediate families!) personal information, such as our social security numbers and bank accounts, vulnerable on the widely available Internet. They released information about the incident after the regular semester was done. Such intention seems to reflect their acknowledgement of guilt for hiding.

Affected members of this community includes a staggering 90,000. Since the campus is occupied with, at most, 30,000 members during the semester, think about the remaining 60,000. In the letter, the school assures that they took immediate action in spite of their procrastination to inform the affected individuals. It is important to note that SUNY Stony Brook administration realized that our personal information was

accessible through the Health Science Center (HSC) library website. No one knows how long it was available. Since HSC's food is exquisite, no one knows how many students, staff, faculty, and family members visit HSC and stay for studying or hanging out for three meals a day.

Two Facebook groups were immediately created to urge student activism. Well over 1,000 members joined the group as of July 2007. Protests and legal actions are a few potential consequences of this matter against the administration. But it has been known from experience that administration neglects student activism, as if we are slaves who bring wealth to the institution and have no say. District and state senators, SUNY headquarters, and public media are the probable guests to our protests. The campus newspapers are expected to cover this matter until it is known to everyone. The action may happen during one of campus lifetime in early fall semester. Comparing with Ohio State government, students feel that SUNY Stony Brook provides inadequate support for the victims of their fault. But SUNY Stony Brook administration did not indicate any intention to fully replace social security numbers with school ID as identification.

Uncle Rhubarb's Venue for Gamesmanship



By Rhubarb Stevens



Challenge me to the world's greatest game!

The ever popular caption contest!

Tell me what Seth is saying to me, because I sure as hell don't remember. The cleverest among you will get published, if the editors feel like sticking to my promises. If not, I'll track you down and reward you with an amusing story about my grandfather (don't worry Steph, it's not the sad one where he dies).

Who's smarter, me or the collective will of Stony Brook University? Let's play tic tac toe to find out. I'll even let you go first. E-mail your move (square 1-9) to rhubarb.is.dumb@gmail.com. The one that gets the most votes will be played, then I respond. Since you get first move, I get to choose location. Our battle shall play out on the forehead of Mikhail Gorbachev!



Reviews

Transformers



By Sam Goldman

A tip for those of you who haven't seen *Transformers* yet: Go, enjoy the movie, and when the movie's over, stop thinking about it. Don't talk to your friends about plot points, or discuss the awesome CGI. Just go out for milkshakes with your friends and forget that this movie ever existed.

Trust me – the more you think about this movie, the less you will like it.

You'll start thinking about why Michael Bay—the Almighty King Hack—made a movie where military men don't curse but robots do. Where the movie's two main protagonists enjoy the most chaste relationship ever told in a blockbuster, but another robot performs a bodily function (I guess?) on a human. Where absurd amounts of money were spent on computer graphics that whiz by so fast that you can barely tell what the hell is going on.

What really saves this movie from being *Armageddon 2*, and I cannot believe I am even saying this, is the acting.

The plot, while immaterial, is serviceable; it establishes the central relationships between Sam Witwicky (Shia LaBeouf) and Mikaela (Megan Fox), and between Witwicky and Bumblebee, a beat-up Camaro who ends up being an alien robot (and later on, a hotter Camaro). In a movie industry where CGI-generated characters are the new action stars, actors don't have to be rough and tough; more so than ever, they have to be believable, and LaBeouf is absolutely awesome. Watching him, I believed that he was being attacked by a living police car. The dude carries this movie on his shoulders in a way an A-list actor does.

The second plot thread, involving a bunch of Army guys during an attack on Qatar, isn't nearly as interesting. Josh Duhamel (from *Win A Date With Tad Hamilton!*) and Tyrese Gibson (who apparently wants to use his last name now

to show that he's a Big Serious Actor) do their best to shoot at random things and act scared. Honestly, I didn't really care. Plot thread three involves the Secretary of Defense (played by Jon Voight) recruiting people to try to figure out who is hacking into their computers and what they want (why??).

Bumblebee introduces the prospective teenage lovers to his brethren, including, of course, Optimus Prime. After that, chaos basically ensues involving some cube thingy, a bunch of Decepticons, the requisite shadowy government agency, explosions, people dying, robots dying, the world in danger, blah, blah, blah.

Here's what you probably care about: How do the Transformers look? It's a mixed bag, honestly. The Autobots look exactly like you would want them to: bright colors, awesome stature, and a weight to them that makes them seem real. The Decepticons are equally as good, though their paint job and voices kind of make Starscream and Megatron (who's some sort of alien spaceship, though that will make sense in the plot) similar in robot mode. Their transformations alone should merit Transformers and ILM a special-effects Oscar; thousands of parts moving seamlessly turn things at large as an eighteen-wheeler and as small as a cell phone into living beings.

The problem, unfortunately, is when they interact with each other – this is where Bay earns his Hack crown. His reliance on MTV-style quick-cuts means you can't make heads or tails of many of the fight scenes, making all that money spent on CGI go for naught. Many reviews for this film said something to the effect that about twenty minutes of the movie could have been shaved off just by cutting CGI scenes. They wouldn't have complained if the scenes were done well.

You won't be thinking about this as you leave the movie theatre, though. You'll just be thinking about what a good time you had. And it is a good time, despite my nitpicking. All those days bashing your toy robots against each other will come back to you in a heartbeat. You will geek out when Optimus Prime reveals himself, and when he and Megatron first get it on, someone win the theatre will go "aw, yeah!"

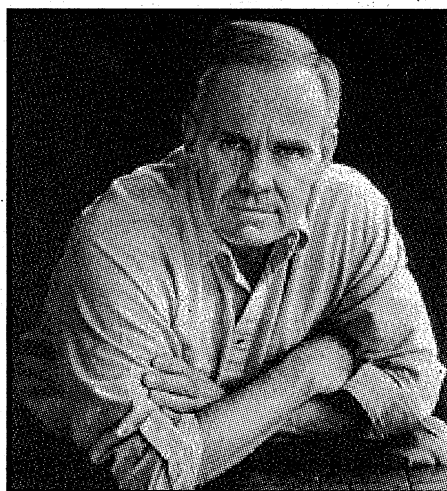
My advice to you: just keep that feeling intact.



"Transformers"

Michael Bay

The Road to Pultzerville



By Rebecca Kleinhaut

I don't know about everyone else, but most of my friends are obsessed with zombies. My guess is because it has something to do with the overnight destruction of not only the human race, but all of the comforts that we have taken centuries to build.

Apocalyptic devastation is something we are only capable of exploring through the imagination, and Cormac McCarthy's novel, *The Road*, displays one such world. His world is one completely covered in ash and devoid of color. He chronicles the everlasting journey of a man and his young son as they make their way back and forth along a road, the same road they have taken since the devastation of modern civilization.

McCarthy's picture is anything but rosy. Although it has been years since the unnamed apocalyptic event, civilization continues to implode. Instead of people banding together to salvage any part of their former lives, they turn against each other. Many people are forced to steal, kill, and even turn to cannibalism. Throughout the journey, the man grapples with his decision to continue along, with his son being the only driving force behind his continued movements. Despite the bleak picture, including the man's gradual illness, they do not give up hope, and they move in a continued attempt to find "the good guys" somewhere down the road.

As I read *The Road*, I found it impossible to grasp the situation of post-apocalyptic doom, but it was still easy to sympathize with the broken family. Although the future becomes bleaker as they trudge on, the young boy continually serves as the man's (and the reader's) ray of hope. Although he was born after the apocalypse, he retains all of the qualities that we categorize as being those of an upstanding morality; for example, he still begs his father to give an old blind man food, and he is haunted by the harrowing sight of a charred infant over a fire (one of the most horrific scenes of the novel). Despite never knowing the ease of the man's generation, he is still prone to choose compassion over violence.

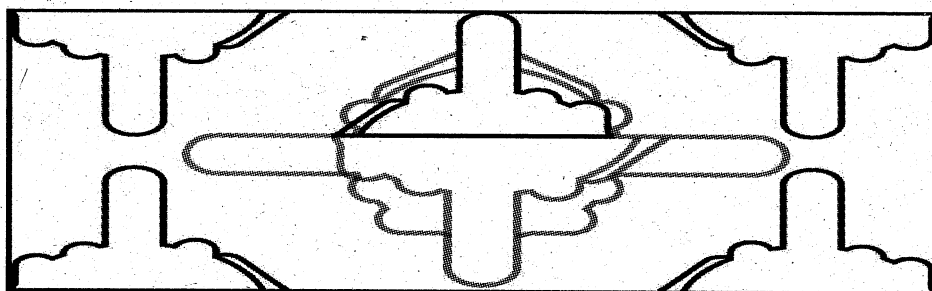
The greatest component of McCarthy's novel is the language. It easily separates this novel from the hundreds of others in its genre. From the opening description of the man's nightmare of a creature with a "brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell" to the ending remembrance of trout, which "smelled of moss in your hand," his ability to capture an image is what makes the novel such an emotional roller coaster. His frequent breaks into the description of the man's inner turmoil, most of which is composed of his grappling between life and death, could have come off as clichéd not for his word power. By any other author, I believe this novel could have floundered. Instead, it's a Pulitzer Prize winner, and rightfully so.

If you passed over this novel because it's Oprah-approved, you're a pretentious prick. This is the first book in a very long time that moved me to cry genuine tears, and not really because of the plot, but because of its craftsmanship. Bravo, Cormac McCarthy. Please come back to the Southampton Writers' Conference.



"The Road"

Cormac McCarthy



POEMS T3h Soap Box

FLUFFY'S PERSONALS BY MELISSA R. LAME

WANTED

Charity ugly bf 2 make me feel gr8 about myself. Must lack personality.

WANTED

Lazy, guild wars obsessed boy who depends on me like a mother. Humor a must. Must be laid back. Hardcore porn watcher. (I <3 u yc)

WANTED

Asshole w/gf 2 use me as a side bitch. Giant cock a must.

WANTED

"Confident" nerd who feigns batman-esque qualities. Must have AIM-acquired social skills

WANTED

Compulsive liar w/real fear of zombies. Must be a HS dropout. Two-faced qualities preferred

WANTED

1/2 obsessed, possibly bipolar <3 that reappears in my life once every 3 years. Must have broken family

WANTED

Unconfident social misfit who shares my music taste. Must utterly lack conversational skills.

WANTED

Innocent, fun loving guy who's just old enough 2 make me feel like a statutory rape victim...

WANTED

Adorable rich azn who might've done anything 4 me had I not touched the asshole w/gf

WANTED

A fucking vibrator.

WANTED

Someone fucking normal/psychologically healthy. Either one, I'm not picky.

No, this is not kinky. It's downright sad.

False Pretensions

Miguel A. Sanchez

Given the amount of confusion in the Middle East, it is important to analyze what is hidden beneath the curtains of mass information. Much of coverage of the growing civil war in Palestine is marginal in the US, but many critics are now coming to grips with the reality of the situation. I speculate that the issue of the breakup of the Palestinian territories between FATAH and HAMAS was intentional and not coincidental, as most US diplomats may otherwise say.

It is important to keep in mind that the US and Israel played a strategic bet--and that is, that giving enough supplies and ammunition to FATAH, would FATAH have time to take over the West Bank and imprison any remaining HAMAS representative or loyal sympathizer. Calling out for a new government to be formed in the West Bank and further isolating the Gaza from the rest of Palestine.

It is important to outline intent and false pretensions, as Condoleezza Rice would stipulate that the responsibility of the next president would be to deal with the situation and the growing polarity in the Middle East, ss top generals are beginning to crack and admit that the situation has gotten out of control, and that there is no easy way to continue on with this policy.

Public opinion of favorability and acceptance of the US policy towards the Middle East is dwindling. Public support for the US military to aggressively take down the insurgents in Baghdad and across Iraq and to stifle HAMAS is short of any unified acceptance among Americans. But those who have control are those who basically do not care, and rather there is a much larger reason for what is happening.

If news of Russia and its dwindling democracy isn't new to anyone, then it's clear that the issue is much more drastic. There is a coming conflict arriving in the East, and the alliances forged, by Russia, China, and Iran, has to do with the future of who has control over oil distributions and production. The US is inheriting a new age, where even the Ottoman Empire could not have foreseen or even dreamed of. Our presence in Middle East is mainly to secure as much influence and territory, mostly through our countless military bases scattered all over the region and our wish to extend our security into Eastern

Europe (forcing the Russians to declare that any intent to do so, would they target their nuclear missiles on Western Europe).

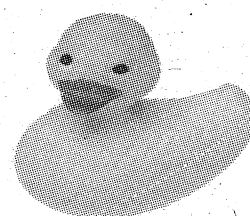
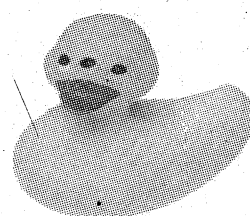
It is no coincidence that the loss of unity among the Palestinians was intentional, and indeed it is a precursor for further action against the Gaza Strip. With the lost unity and Gaza in control by HAMAS, Israel now has the reason to invade and secure the Gaza Strip, hence breaking and dismantling the Palestinian territories. Further isolating the democratically-elected government from the world and creating the fuel that could ignite the Middle East into armed rebellion.

The issue is Iran and even many analysts are worried that Iran could be the next target. As much of the news coming in of the reports of the growing distrust between the West and East, the potential for a military strike on Iran is far from any unified framework for policy makers to begin drawing maps of targets--though many in the intellectual and political establishment have begun voicing opinions of a renewed offensive against Iran.

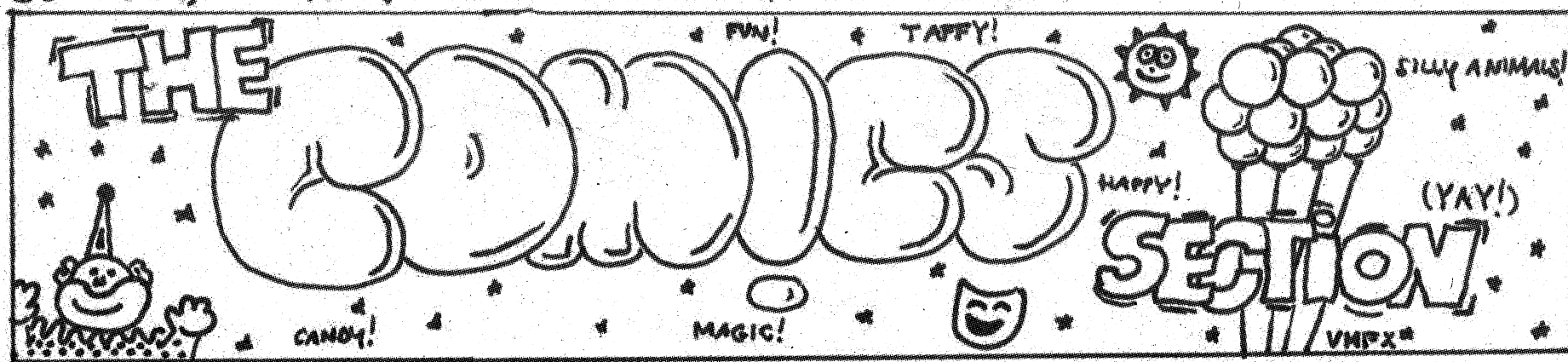
But how does this all fit together? What does Iran have to do with the breakup of the Palestinian territories? Mainly preparations for a long term presence in the region by the US, and to secure as much territory for the Israelis to keep Hezbollah under control, and to prevent any backlash by the Palestinians and Lebanese if a renewed policy dictates attacking Iran, which could fuel an all out defensive initiative against Israel--and for which Israel must go on the offensive.

One must keep in mind why the US is so frightened of Iran having the capacity to enrich uranium and implement a nuclear weapons program? Strikingly, since that would tip the power away from the Israelis--and for which Iran can act defensively if there is any thought of expanding beyond the giving regions; to solidify control for future fossil fuel production and development. The Russians and the Chinese are so aware of this, that it is no coincidence to anyone who has not followed this closely, that alliances are being forged for the future of global control of the prime market resource. In the future it is almost rational to conclude that Israel and the US are carefully constructing a new map for a long-term change in the East.

The future stakes are high and pretensions are even higher.



COME ONE, COME ALL (COME WITH YOUR MOM!), IT'S... IT'S... IT'S...



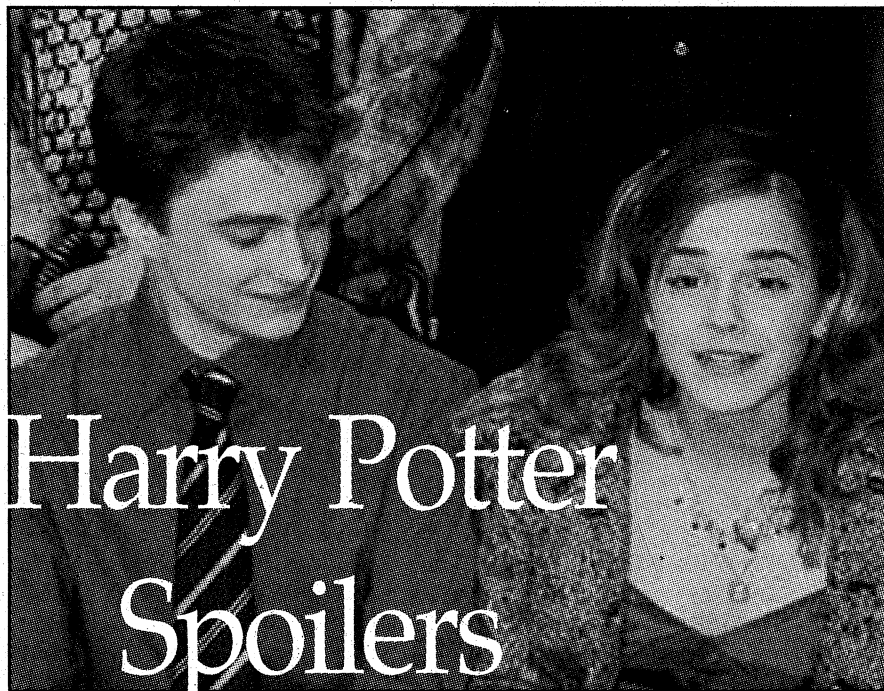
THIS FALL



FIGHTS BACK!

A Comic by Caboose

TOP TEN

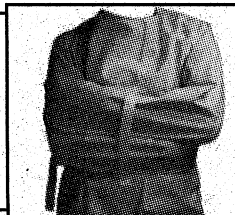


10



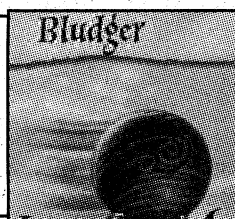
Everybody Dies,
including the Hat

9



Harry Potter
institutionalized for
thinking he's a wizard

8



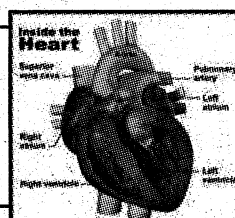
Entirety of wizarding
world realizes "beating
a Bludger" sounds dirty

7



Hogwarts is durned to
the ground by Southern
Baptist soccer moms

6



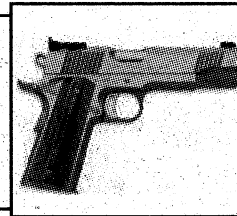
Hagrid gets a triple
bypass

5



It all ends with a
money shot on
Hermione

4



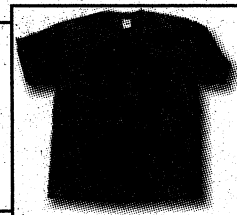
Hogwarts school
shooting: 32 dead, five
day weekend!

3



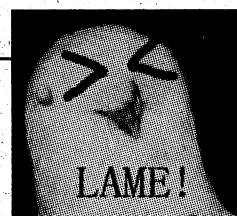
Chris Hansen arrests
Hagrid on UK version
of *To Catch a Predator*

2



Stony Brook acquires
Hogwarts through
eminent domain

1



Harry discovers a vil-
lian beyond his match,
is underestimated,
underappreciated, and even is
criminalized despite his prior
achievements, but wins people's faith
back at the end by defeating the
villain and confirming his bloodline



death egg zone