

The Stony Brook

PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper

Vol. XXIX. Issue 1

"Hey guys, this is my underage girlfriend."

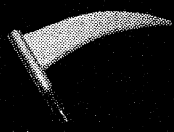
September 26, 2007



Exclusive Offensive
Rant About Asian
Overpopulation

Freshman Over-
crowding Solution -
We Say:

*The Press Gets Its
Editorial Bashed...
And We Bash Back*



Old Blackwater
Keeps on Rollin'

Let Them Fight to the Death!

New USG Constitution
Proposed! You vote for it, you
vote for it all, so VOTE SMART



And the Top Ten
Things John Candy
Didn't Overdose On

Upcoming Campus Events

President's Lecture Series: Karan Singh
9/29, 4:00pm, Wang Center Theater

Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra
9/29, 8:00pm, Staller Center

Film Screening: *Stop Making Sense*
10/4, 9:00pm, West Apts. D 207

Stay Gold, Ponyboy, Stay Gold

By Alex H. Nagler

President Shirley Strum Kenny spoke to a crowd of faculty members, pertinent officials, student ambassadors, and a smattering of campus media on September 19th at the Main Stage in the Staller Center to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of Stony Brook as an institution. On hand were former university Presidents John S. Toll, whose tenure lasted from 1965 to 1979 and helped shape the school from a fledgling teachers' college of under 2,000 students to a public research university of nearly 20,000. His philosophy was that this was to be a school of unique need and unique qualifications, which eventually won over the day and got the state to give the school more funding. President John H. Marburger III, whose tenure lasted from 1980 to 1994, during which time Stony Brook began to become the federal research juggernaut it is today (as an aside: Marburger later became Director of Brookhaven National Labs, which Stony Brook now manages) joined President Toll and both gave remarks.

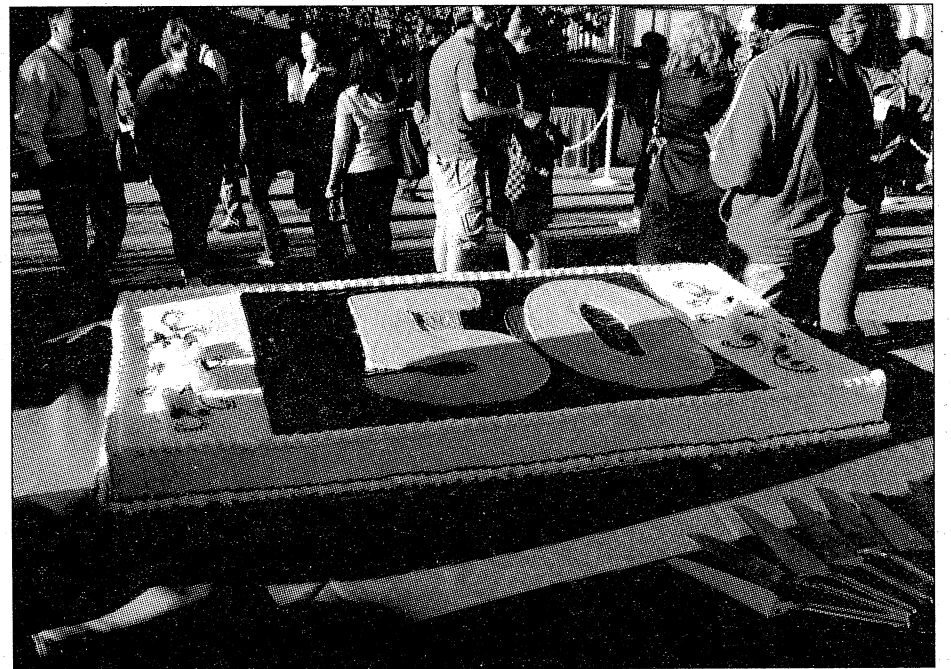
and assemblymen that had been brought into the fold. As Stony Brook is a SUNY school, funding comes from the state, so the more politicians you have working for your cause, the better. There used to be only one area from which the university could be represented: the Stony Brook area itself. Here, State Senators John Flanagan and Kenneth LaValle served that role. Now, with Southampton under Stony's jurisdiction, Assemblyman Fred Thiele is a Seawolf supporter as well. Same goes for the Research Park in Smithtown, which Assemblyman Michael Fitzpatrick declared was "adopted" by the school.

After the political speeches and retrospective looks back by former Presidents, President Kenny began her speech. This dealt mainly with the history of the past 50 years and the changes Stony Brook has gone through. From the humble days back at Coe Hall on the Oyster Bay campus to the days of SUNY Long Island Campus, or LIC, to finally Stony Brook itself, Stony has had a unique experience. Founded originally as a college for teachers of math and the sciences in 1957, geopol-

a few academic buildings.

From there, things accelerated. Graduate Students were catered to despite having a small undergraduate base

tem, a robot that can be used to conduct delicate, precise surgical procedures where human hands would normally fail. And for those of you that



Jonathon Singer

He's going the distance...

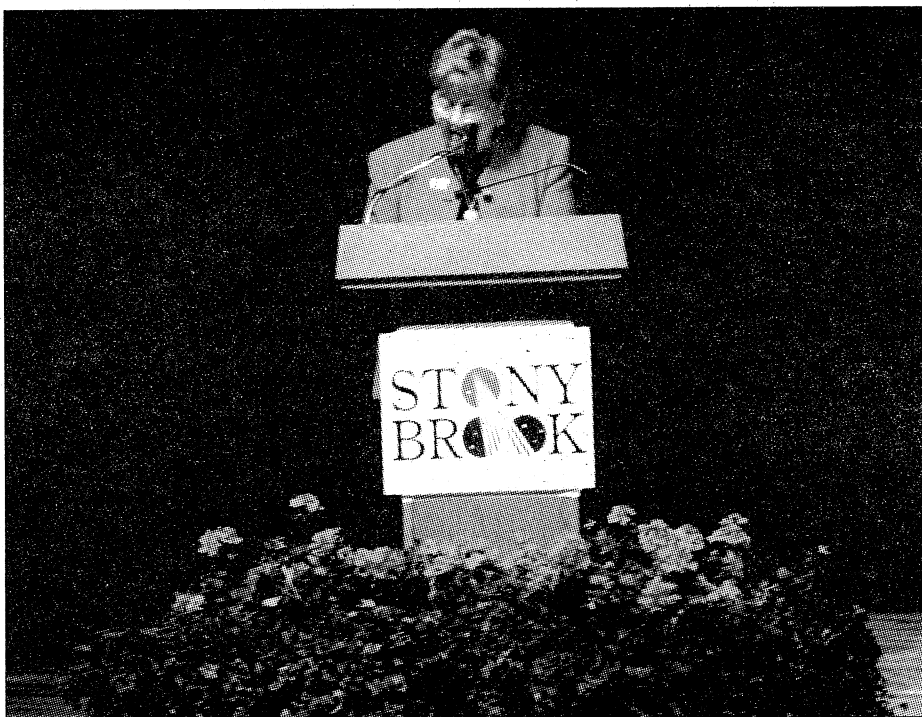
to help the US win the science race against the Soviet Union. The Hospital was opened in 1980, the same time a freshman born when the new campus was opened would be arriving. The days were muddy, student activism was in vogue, and the occasional tent city appeared in protest of Grad Stipends. A massive drug raid was staged by the Suffolk County police. The Bridge to Nowhere was built and subsequently destroyed. Staller was opened to hold the biggest screen on Long Island. Management of Brookhaven Laboratories was stolen from Princeton and Yale. The Supercomputer was built. JFK blown away, what else do I have to say

President Kenny then shared some figures, which I'd like to reprint here. Far too often, I find myself writing bad things about the administration and its policies, but I found myself somewhat appreciative of the things they had accomplished over the past decade. The median SAT score of a Stony Brook student has risen 110 points to over 1200. Stony Brook has had the highest number of applications for a SUNY for the past two years and has reduced its acceptance rate to an actually picky 43%. \$184,000,000 is given yearly in money for research now, the highest amount for a SUNY. 95% of the revenue from patents that the SUNY system receives is from Stony. We're the sole SUNY with a Journalism school and the only place on Long Island where you can find a DaVinci Robotic Surgical Sys-

are *House M.D.* fans, this is the robot that House used to have metaphoric sex with Cameron in the Season Two finale.

As I left the speech to the sound of the Seawolves Marching Band and cut in line with a friend of mine to get a burger and hot dog, I couldn't help but feel some odd sense of pride over going here. In retrospect, it was most likely just gas, but for a brief moment, it was pride. We've come a long way in 50

Founded originally as a college for teachers of math and the sciences in 1957, geopolitics decided to increase the need for the sciences by the successful Soviet launch of Sputnik...



Jonathon Singer

'In Stony Brook, we do not have this phenomenon. I don't know who's told you that we have it.'

Aside from former Presidents, President Kenny shared the stage with various New York State senators and assemblymen. One of the running jokes of the speech was that Stony Brook, at the age of 50, has given birth. This referred to the acquisition and initial class of 196 "intrepid students" of Stony Brook Southampton. But the real punch line was the new state senators

itics decided to increase the need for the sciences by the successful Soviet launch of Sputnik only 17 days after the new University opened. 1960 saw the Heel Report recommend to Governor Rockefeller that a research based SUNY should be opened on Long Island. The school transferred from the Oyster Bay campus to where it is now, opening in 1962 with the G Dorm for students and

years. The next 50 may transform this university into something we cannot possibly imagine, and may just make us look back at our Alma Mater and say, "Wow, I went there for college. I don't even recognize the place now. Probably couldn't get in again if I tried." Here's to you, Stony, even if you are a sodding bastard sometimes.

Alex H. Nagler is slacking off in Chemistry lecture and writing articles instead.

Seawolves Women's Soccer Shuts Out Saints

By Antony Lin

The Stony Brook Seawolves opened up their 2007 campaign by blanking the Siena Saints 1-0. A crowd of over 320 was in attendance on the beautiful evening at LaValle Stadium. Stony Brook entered the season with eleven freshmen and one graduate student on the team.

"We knew we had to make room for the newcomers," said Seawolves goalkeeper (Marisa Viola). "We were just working hard and having more communication. The team focused on everything from fitness level to skills."

The match ended up being an evenly sluggish affair on both sides from start to finish.

"It was not our best soccer," said Seawolves head coach Sue Ryan, entering her 23rd season. "I do not think it was our most attractive soccer, but it was good to win."

Siena immediately started off attacking in the first minute of the game. Tabitha Tice's shot from the right caused no problems for Viola.

Center midfielder, Brooke Barbuto threatened first for Stony Brook in the seventh minute. Taking a pass from Aisling Toolan, Barbuto dribbled by two defenders, firing a shot just high

from 25 yards out.

Just two minutes later, Danielle Tenaglia notched the game-winning goal for the home side. Off a long free kick from Kelly Grant that was bobbled by Saints goalkeeper Patti Carroll, Tenaglia was able to calmly put it into the open net off a scramble for the 1-0 advantage.

"You cannot understate winning your first game at home of the season, and a freshman coming into the game and scoring the game winning goal," mentioned coach Ryan.

The Seawolves nearly doubled their lead in the 29th minute. Barbuto sent a perfect through ball finding Aria Tanzi. After a series of cutbacks, Tanzi's shot was wonderfully parried away by Carroll.

Desperate for the equalizer, the Saints pressured early on in the second half. Off a set piece in the 51st minute, Susan Schneck's volley from point blank sailed high over the crossbar.

Four minutes later, Chelsea Maguire's shot from 11 yards out was shanked right into the hands of Viola.

Siena would fail to threaten Viola for the remainder of the match despite the heavy pressure on Stony Brook's backline.

Barbuto nearly put the icing on the cake in the 81st minute, putting on a dazzling display of footwork. Splitting

two defenders on the left wing, her bending shot from 25 yards out sailed just wide of the far post.

Off to a promising start, the Seawolves stand at 1-0-0, while the Saints fell to 0-1-0.

"First time we all went out there, and we tried our best," stated Viola, earning the shutout for the night. "It was a very positive thing to come out with a win."

The Stony Brook Seawolves went on to earn their second straight victory over the Iona Gaels by the score of 2-0.

The first half had a slow pace in which both teams barely had any opportunities.

"I thought in the first half it was going back and forth but I thought we really brought it in the second half," said Seawolves forward Kate Collins. "We then dominated pretty much."

The lone opportunity came late in the first half from Brooke Barbuto. Her long range effort sailed wide to the left.

Stony Brook picked up the pace in the second half. Off a corner kick by Trine Allenberg in the 53rd minute, Krista Shilts' header fell right into the hands of Suzanne Baldissard.

"In the second half I was very pleased," said Seawolves head coach Sue Ryan. "I really thought we started to play quicker."

A minute later, Allenberg's shot

from 12 yards out on the right was saved by Baldissard on the far post.

Barbuto once again entertained those in attendance in the 68th minute. Splitting two defenders on the left, her shot from long range also sailed right into the hands of Baldissard.

It was not until the 71st minute when the Seawolves got on the score sheet. Off a perfect through ball from Danielle Tenaglia, Allenberg placed a perfect shot into the near upper-90 from seventeen yards out to put Stony Brook ahead 1-0.

"We stayed in the game," stated Ryan. "I told them that they were waiting for Iona to defend against them, and we did not need to do that."

The insurance goal came for the home side just six minutes later courtesy of Aria Tanzi. From the near identical spot, Tanzi was able to chip Baldissard to the far left, putting Stony Brook in front 2-0.

Stony Brook improved to 2-0-0, while Iona dropped to 0-2-0.

"One of our goals today was to be 2-0 on the season and we achieved it," mentioned Ryan. "We got two great goals from Trine (Allenberg) and Aria (Tanzi). We are excited about that. I am very pleased of how coachable our players are."

Men's Soccer Win Fourth Straight

By Antony Lin

The Stony Brook Seawolves won its fourth straight match over the Niagara Purple Eagles 2-1. The match turned out to be more one-sided for Stony Brook than what the score reflected.

"We missed a lot of goals but in the end we got the win and that is the most important part," stated Mahamadou Simpara. "We won four in a row and we need to just keep going. Everyone is having a good attitude."

"It was ugly," said Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic. "We had lots of chances and did not put them away. But we came away with the win which we were set out to do. You always want to win at home."

Five minutes into the game, the Seawolves threatened. Receiving the ball on the right wing from Michael Palacio, Mark Secko's cross found Matt Avellino.

Avellino's one-timer sailed inches over the crossbar.

The home side took the lead early in the ninth minute. Oscar Leis, off a series of stopovers, fed the ball to a sprinting Palacio. With a couple of dribbles, Palacio's shot inside the box from the left found the lower far post to put Stony Brook ahead 1-0.

The Purple Eagles nearly tied it in the thirteenth minute thanks to a great save by David Ditrach. Off a throw-in, Jordan DeRoy's header was stopped by a diving Ditrach.

Niagara found the equalizer on a similar play in the 43rd minute. Off a throw-in by Billy Gustafson, Matthew Durand one-timed it home with his left foot to tie it at 1-1.

"The game started out like it was going to be a very simple game," said Markovic. "Soon it got complicated. We were probably fortunate to win at the end based on the chances we missed."

The Seawolves nearly took the lead a

minute later off a shot by James Palumbo. Palumbo's low drive from seventeen yards forced John Fiutowski to make a diving stop to the left, creating a scramble that was eventually cleared away by the Niagara backline.

Stony Brook continued to dominate further in the second half.

Palacio's curling shot from 27 yards out was parried over the bar by a leaping Fiutowski in the 51st minute.

A minute later, the home side threatened again off a corner kick. With the ball finding its way to Leis, his shot was cleared off the line after Fiutowski came out.

The Seawolves continued to pressure the Purple Eagles defense in the 63rd minute off a nice combination of passing between Palacio and Leis. Leis sent a through ball to find Yahaya Musa, whose shot was stopped brilliantly by Fiutowski.

Stony Brook received a series of fortunate defensive mistakes by Niagara,

beginning in the 68th minute. A cross by Sebastian Villa nearly led to an own goal after Gustafson's poor clearance on a header forced Fiutowski to tap the ball over the crossbar.

A minute later, Stony Brook netted the game-winning goal from Mihailo Pavlisin. A pass by Petar Rakovic was miscleared by Rob Chipman. The ball fell into the feet of Pavlisin, who's left-footed shot found the back of the net through the near post to make it 2-1.

The Seawolves continued to obtain more opportunities on goal. Mark Secko had two break away opportunities, each one being stopped by Fiutowski coming out well.

Stony Brook improved to 4-2-0, while Niagara fell to 1-3-0 on the year. The match was another highly attended one of over 500.

"People are excited about coming out," mentioned Markovic. "Every game there is going to be more and more people. Soccer is here to stay."

USG Puts the "Tit" in "Constitution"

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

The Senate of the Undergraduate Student Government (USG) was all business at this year's premiere meeting, as they voted 12-1 in favor of a new Constitution.

President Joseph Antonelli and Executive Vice President Nathan Shapiro presented an entirely overhauled version of the former Constitution. According to Shapiro, the previous Constitution was in need of "serious, much needed change." He began researching and writing the new Constitution last January with the help of President Antonelli and Jonathon Hirst, the current Vice President for Student Life. All were USG senators at the time.

The new Constitution includes a complete revamping of the many executive positions in USG. It wipes out almost all of the positions underneath the President, with only the Executive Vice President and the Treasurer remaining. This overhaul included the loss of all class representatives and lower level vice presidents. While the old Constitution outlines extensive legislation about the duties and rights of all USG funded clubs and organizations, the new Constitution only references clubs in terms of viewpoint neutrality, stating that "No Preference shall be given...to one organization over another on account of the viewpoint

expressed by the organization." The new Constitution also grants more powers to the USG Senate, including checking the President when appointing officers and making "contracts and binding agreements."

One of the more controversial changes includes the Senate's power

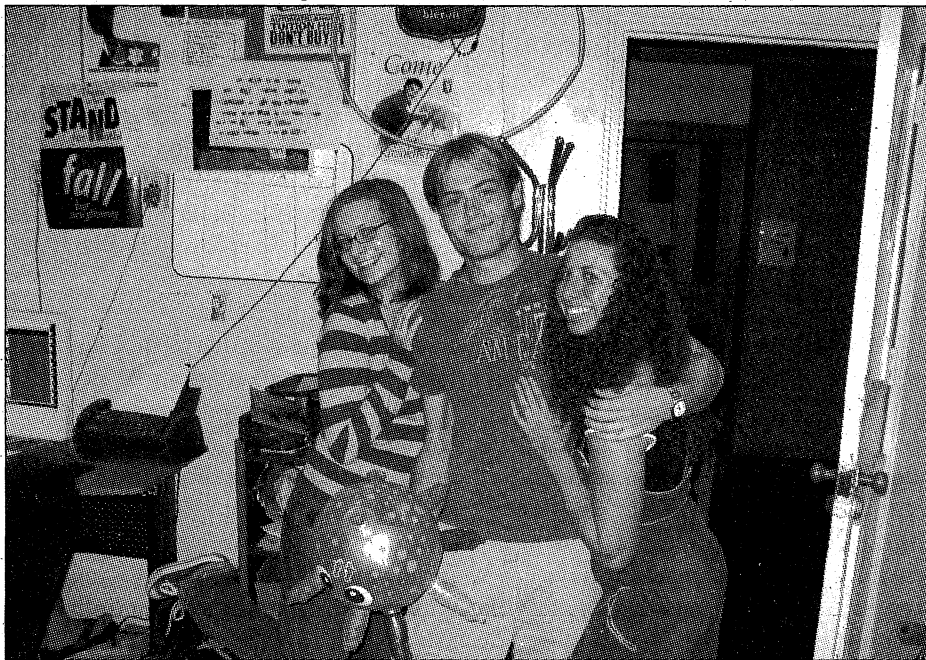
must be able to "deal with [its] own troublemakers." Senator John Kriscenski brought up the possibility of party alliances influencing expulsion, and former President Pro Tempore Robert Romano reproached the Senate after their vote, stating, "Why did you vote to be beyond reproach?"

ics in the old Constitution will remain in effect until they are addressed in the new bylaws. Also, the excluded positions will be able to stay in USG, but they will eventually be phased out in the following administration.

Since the Senate voted in favor of the new Constitution, it will be brought to the students through referendum in the next election. The undergraduate population will also be able to vote for a Freshman Representative, a Vice President of Academic Affairs, and open senate seats. The Senate unanimously voted on an election timeline, with leadership training beginning on October 3rd.

The Senate also debated on a section of the new Financial Bylaws, with a draft about off campus trips. The draft outlines that any club seeking funding through their budget for an off campus field trip must fundraise fifteen percent of the cost. The section also states that excursions to "facilities for the purpose of practices" (such as sports teams) cannot be funded through USG. It also states that a trip will not be funded if it is deemed "fiscally irresponsible" by the Treasurer. Vice President Nathan Shapiro and the other members of last year's Budget Committee spearheaded the project.

Senator Stephen Elardo was also voted into the position of President Pro Tempore, with ten in favor and two abstentions. He ran unopposed.



"Nasty" Nate in his natural habitat—hidden amongst the fly bitches...waiting to pounce!

to oust its own members through a supermajority vote. While the old Constitution includes provisional measures such as terms for expulsion and the requirement of a Supreme Court trial, the new document only requires a two-thirds vote. Vice President Shapiro stated that the Senate

Vice President Shapiro called the Constitution "flexible" because many of the sections of the old Constitution will be reincorporated through bylaws. For example, all clubs' rights will be outlined in bylaws to avoid any later discrepancies if New York State legislation changes. Many top-

News-In-Brief

Compiled by:
James Laudano
& Nick Eaton

Stony Brook Joins America in Support of Jena 6

Stony Brook is spending the month of September in support of what has now become known as The Jena 6. The Jena 6 is a group of African-American students who attend high school in Jena, Louisiana, who became embroiled in an explosion of racial tensions earlier this month. After sitting in an area of the school that was normally exclusively Caucasian, they found three nooses hanging from a tree nearby. The African-American students organized a sit in, and racial tensions continued to boil over. Violence broke

out soon after, causing a white student to be hospitalized. Six students allegedly involved in the violence were arrested and expelled from the University.

Schools around the nation have shown their support for the Jena 6, arguing that they were intimidated and coerced and, in the end, physically attacked. The Louisiana courts have yet to bring the Jena 6 to trial, and there is some speculation that these cases could eventually reach the Supreme Court.

Lays Potato Chips Cost More Than Copper!

The Union Deli, which sells sandwiches, drinks, and various snacks, charges \$2.20 for a 1.5 oz. bag of Lays Potato Chips (making the Deli the most expensive place on campus to

buy chips). This puts the price of these chips at around \$23 per pound, which is more than the mercantile exchange rate for copper. So, to clarify, these potato chips cost more than the material used to create the Statue of Liberty.

Blackwater Under Fire

U.S. security contractor Blackwater U.S.A. has come under extreme scrutiny this past week. The company's contract in Iraq has been temporarily suspended while investigators look into its involvement in the death of 11 people on Sunday September 16, 2007. The investigation will also encompass Blackwater's involvement in six other incidents that have left 10 Iraqis dead. In the wake of the suspension, two Blackwater employees have pled guilty to weapons charges. This has

opened the door to further investigations regarding the possible illegal transport of unlicensed arms and goods to Iraq by the North Carolina based company.

Giuliani And The NRA

Rudy Giuliani took the podium before a less than warm audience at the NRA forum. Between dodging attacks on his heavily anti-gun track record and shedding light on a more lenient future, Giuliani met reserved applause and silent skepticism. The former mayor credited his change of heart on the topic of gun control to 9/11, stating that the tragedy increased the need for expansion upon second amendment rights. Some attendees were not swayed, citing the potential Republican candidate's previous likening of NRA members to "extremists."

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The Stony Brook Press is published fortnightly during the academic year and twice during summer session by The Stony Brook Press, a student run non-profit organization funded by the Student Activity Fee. The opinions expressed in letters, articles and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of The Stony Brook Press as a whole. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (631) 632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact the Business Manager.

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editorials

Death to Overcrowding

We just completed our viewing of Kinji Fukasaku's controversial film *Battle Royale*. Originally a novel written by Kenta Fukasaku, the story chronicles a fictional twenty-first century Japan, where a fifteen-percent employment rate and the consequent collapse of a nation leads to an 800,000-student boycott. A paranoid government instills the Millennium Educational Reform Act, or the BR Act, where a class of seventh graders is sent to a deserted island, armed with a vast array of deadly weapons, and told that the last one alive gets to leave. They're all fitted with fancy collars that will explode in three days—so get to it, bitches.

There, Dr. Kenny. We have a better plan to deal with overcrowding.

This isn't to say that bringing together all the tripled freshman and dozens of shafted homeless students and equipping them with katanas and pump-action Remingtons is somehow a reasonable solution to our residency concerns. It is, however, not a naive extension of the mistakes that have created our current regrettable set of circumstances.

Let it be said that there are few on campus who don't support the continu-

ing evolution of the university. The academic advancement and strengthening of both the faculty and facilities is heartening. There is a lot happening right now that is undeniably encouraging.

It is also understood by all the challenge posed by this sort of rapid development at a public institution. It takes large sums of money, and the self-supporting housing budget limits much of the economic flexibility needed to equip the school for the large number of students taken in. In short, it's an unfortunate reality that students who are currently paying are being crammed into triples while their tuition funds dormitories to be enjoyed by a later set of undergrads.

Your staff has admitted that part of this predicament is due to shortsightedness. As a larger number of students were let in, a higher percentage of those students were from out of state, or in need of housing. At this point in time, it's easy to figure that a higher academic standard means a more significant need for dorms. It's clear this was a mistake, and we see the dorms being built now as a means to resolve the issue. What we can't figure out is why is the mistake being made again.

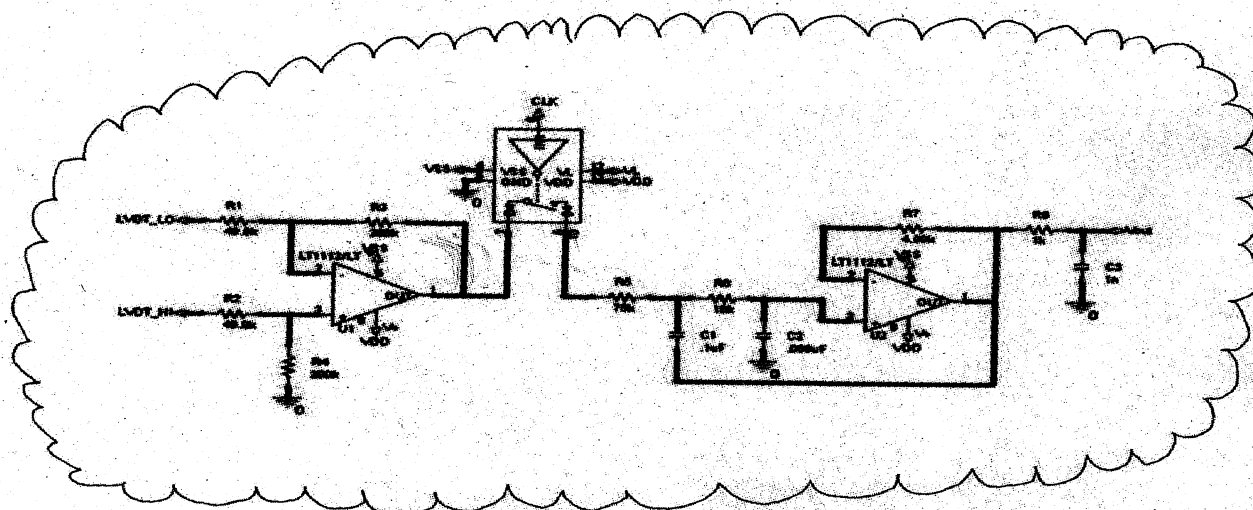
At \$100,000 per bed in construction, expanding both the student base and housing on campus is inevitably going to carry with it some adverse results. But it's clear to all that this type of rapid growth has brought about so many casualties that it is unquestionably irresponsible. University homepage columns telling us that there's no better way is not an acceptable response.

Now we see the building of the dorms, with enough space for a good 776 students. It's no coincidence that in the same week we hear about your new goal of 27,000 students—after 2,000 at Southampton, that's 2,500 more. It's apparent that new construction is not a fix to the problem you created, it's just a smooth PR move. Fixing overcrowding doesn't mean taking our current dilemma and adding more than three new students for every new dorm.

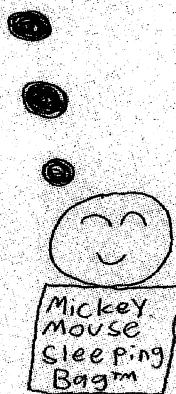
It's not irresponsible, what you're doing. You have your goal: the five-year plan. And just like another hysterically similar red-lettered five-year plan, we're all going to have to make some significant sacrifices to reach those goals. Maybe we weren't so off on the weaponry after all.

The Pizza Company

by Jonathan Singer



Analog Dreams



To the Editor:

In response to your lead editorial, "All I Want for Christmas is My USG" published on August 29th, 2007, I must say that your characterizations of the present state of affairs of the USG are unfair at best and misleading at worst. While making a mockery of the USG, your editorial is completely short on substance and ignores several key facts which are easily obtainable through basic investigation.

For example, you note that the Stony Brook Independent has been trying hard to get some funding for some time now. However, when the Independent came in for a grant last year, they were denied because they were not even on Special Services Council (SSC) funding, a basic requirement which makes clubs eligible for at least a grant and at most a line budget in addition to the probationary \$750 which all clubs on their first year of funding are allowed to receive. While at the time I disagreed with members of the budget committee who thought that a one-time grant for start-up costs for the organization was out of accordance with the guidelines for issuing grants, even if they had agreed we would not have been able to help because the Independent was not a USG recognized club. I told them that they needed to get onto SSC funding, a constitutional requirement to be USG recognized which was in place long before we came into office, and that only then could they fight for their grant. I even offered to fight the Senate in the Supreme Court if when they came under USG's umbrella the grant was denied on erroneous grounds.

As an advocate for disgruntled clubs for over two years in my undergraduate career at USG, I must say that I did everything I could to help the Independent get their funding. They know what they have to do to get funding, which is to first apply for and to receive SSC funding. And if they really want it, that is exactly what they'll do.

As for your assertion that the Independent should have been funded instead of off-campus trips, such as Animated Perspectives' planned trip, that it is hardly an either/or proposition. For one, the Independent could have had funding if they followed the basic requirements. Second, there is more than enough money to go around both for on-campus and off-campus activities. The idea that funding off-campus trips for clubs are inappropriate because it takes students away from campus is silly because numerous clubs have missions which take them off-campus, including athletic clubs who compete with other teams off-campus. Also, it is often much cheaper to send students to conferences with dozens of notable speakers and activities than it would be to have a single speaker from one of those events come to Stony Brook, which can often cost thousands of dollars if not tens of thousands of dollars. Finally, the Senate is constitutionally bound to allocate funds which are essential to helping clubs to function effectively in accordance with their missions provided they act in accordance with the USG's basic guidelines for receiving funding. Animated Perspectives wanted funds to go to a convention featuring animation-related speakers and activities, and that is what the USG in part allocated money to do because it was directly in accordance with the club's mission.

Next, you characterized President Antonelli as being "in bed" with the College Republicans. This is unfair because Antonelli was a member of the College Republicans long before he became President of the USG, and even before he was a Senator last year. He happened to

be their Treasurer last year, too, a position which I have also served in. As a Senator last year, he was unable to vote on or participate in deliberations on his club's budget precisely because of revisions to the Financial Bylaws which I wrote to protect against potential and actual conflicts of interests. Club officers cannot vote on their own club's budgets. Why should President Antonelli disassociate himself with the College Republicans? Because there is any actual conflict of interest which you can demonstrate? Or because you have a bias against Republicans? I tend to think the latter.

Your "wish" that Antonelli should "stop letting one organization bleed into another" is absurd because taken absolutely it would mean that members, officers, or former officers of clubs ought not to seek public office in the USG. Meanwhile, it is these very people that often fill the ranks at the USG in addition to their duties as active members of their clubs. Just because somebody is involved with any particular club has more to do with that student's qualification to serve in the government that funds those clubs than speaks against him or her as being compromised. As a former president of the College Republicans, I can attest to that, having served as the Elections Board Chair, the Senate President Pro-Tempore, and the Elections Board Advisor since I became involved with the USG.

In addition, the current Vice President of the USG, Nathan Shapiro, which the Stony Brook Press endorsed, is the current President of the College Republicans on-campus. So, what are you complaining about? You got your pick for the office of VP and then you complain about his running-mate, a hard-working student who has done fantastic things for the USG including authoring the ALIRRT program which brought discount LIRR tickets to all undergraduates at the ticket office just because he was an officer of the College Republicans. You're hypocrites. Get out of bed with the College Republicans? You should be thanking the day College Republicans got involved with the USG. What a mess it was when we got there.

On top of that, College Republicans is a political organization whose express mission is to get Republicans elected to office at all levels of government. If you have a gripe with Republicans running for office, then perhaps you should find a more liberal candidate to run for president next year in the USG. Or perhaps you do not like partisans, in which case perhaps you might find a more independent candidate. Though, complaining that political partisans participate in government is like complaining that professional baseball players play for professional baseball teams.

Your next assertion that the USG engages in viewpoint favoritism or discrimination is similarly unfounded, as conflicts of interest, like club officers voting on their own budgets, is expressly prohibited as noted above. If you know about actual cases of violations of our constitutional viewpoint neutrality requirements, that would be quite the scandal! But, of course, your claim was not backed up by any facts. Then Senator Esam Al Shareffi, now the Senate's parliamentarian, penned the Viewpoint Neutrality Act which makes viewpoint favoritism and discrimination an impeachable offense. If you know of officers who have violated this law, as a self-described "whistleblower" you should probably be publishing those claims and backing it up with facts which prove that to be the case. Put your money where your mouth is or shut up.

Next, you mock the creation of the Student Bureau of Investigation, which was designed to keep tabs on the USG's extensive assets, equipment, and to investigate violations of USG law by officers and clubs. Your basis for doing so is that perhaps the USG cannot find students to work in completing these tasks. Meanwhile, the USG's many agencies and their branches are consistently staffed on an annual basis, and often a problem is too many students seeking positions in the agencies, not that there are not enough. Antonelli probably will not have a problem finding students to serve as enforcement and investigative officers, as there is no shortage of students who are rightly concerned with how their officers behave in office and how monies are utilized after they are allocated by the Senate.

Finally, your assertion that the Senate just focuses on "settling for the same old biddies every year" and just rewrites the Constitution and laws every semester ignores the fact that this usually is not the case with the Senate. In 2005-06, the Senate was decidedly apathetic. They did not even show up for meetings, and it was often hard to reach a quorum to get business done. Hardly any changes were made that year, and the Senate's performance was frankly pathetic. They did not even complete the budget.

In contrast, the 2006-07 Senate implemented numerous changes to the Constitution and law including bringing the USG into compliance with First Amendment requirements of viewpoint neutrality at State institutions like Stony Brook, created an adversarial courts system with the departments of justice and rights, attempted the first ever student activity fee reduction in Stony Brook's history, put in place the P.A.S.S. student tutoring program, brought discount LIRR tickets to students, and amongst many other accomplishments, had spectacular attendance, and was the first USG Senate to ever complete the budget since this government was established in 2003. Denigrating the resolution of internal problems by the Senate, such as in redesigning the Student Activities Board Bylaws, or in establishing a Student Life Council, or in reconciling the Financial Bylaws, or in further fixing the Elections Board Bylaws, ignores the truly remarkable performance of the Senators last year who exhibited leadership on several contentious issues and laid a solid foundation of law for the USG to operate by for many years to come. In order to have good government, one must have good law.

Your readers would have been better treated by a substantive treatment of what the USG actually does and what they might do better in the future. As a long-established media organization, I truly expect better. Your editorial fails to inform your readers of any real substantive policy differences your editorial board may have with those presently serving in the USG. In the future, I suggest you do more research so that your claims may be substantiated with a basis in reality, instead of bordering on satire. And instead of fighting the current administration in the USG, you might do well to criticize them where criticism is actually due, instead of just being silly. There's more important battles for students to fight than against students who were elected to represent us, and who have a proven track record of doing so admirably.

Sincerely,

Robert J. Romano

Dear Mr. Romano,

I wish to respond to a few of your wonderfully executed points regarding our last editorial by referencing the events that unfolded at the premiere Senate meeting of this year.

On the top of that list of events is the complete overhaul of their Constitution. While you state that any revamping of the Constitution is "usually not the case," the Senate voted to bring the brand new Constitution to the students for their votes in under an hour, with only one senator voting against it. Perhaps you were not on the same page with this matter.

You also assert that our stance on off-campus trips is "silly." However, a recent press release from USG argued that they "can be costly" and "serve a very small number of students." This prompted them to consider new legislation in the Financial Bylaws that places some responsibility on the club to fundraise.

Lastly, I would like to clarify that yes, we did indeed support Executive

Vice President Nathan Shapiro during the elections last spring; however, we continue to stand by our decision. By inadvertently addressing many of the points in our editorial within the first full Senate meeting, he proves that he comprehends how actions speak louder than words. Perhaps he and the rest of USG understand that our editorial, though "short on substance," represents the *opinions* of not just *The Press*, but many of our devoted student readers as well. All of the current members of USG refrained from sending us a slap on the wrist by calling us "unfair" and spiraling into a diatribe referencing all of their accomplishments over past years.

I invite both you and our readers to turn to our USG Update, where hard facts regarding the newly minted Constitution are clearly explained without any "misleading" interpretations on our part.

Sincerely yours,
Rebecca Kleinhaut
Managing Editor

Dear Editor,

Just a correction about your article. Tickets for students are way cheaper than you said. For the orchestra and other student groups, student tickets are actually 4 to 8 dollars. For professional shows, student rush tickets are 7 dollars. These are the ones you would get 15 minutes before the show. There are usually great seats left. I really hope people don't go sneaking into the Staller Center. The money for Staller comes from mostly donations, taxes and tuition. It would be a shame for students to rob themselves.

Gennady Ladnik

Dear Mr. Ladnik,

Thank you for the correct information. It's greatly appreciated. Everyone here loves a good show, and it'd be a shame for our readers to think the prices are higher than they actually are.

-Jesse Schoepfer
Production Manager

I had a moment of clarity the other day. I had my dick in my hand when all of the sudden the belt that was holding me aloft by my neck creaked. And I thought to myself, "Oh shit, what if I die and someone sees me and then everyone will know I'm into auto-erotic asphyxiation?" So now, whenever I'm about to inflict some damage on my manparts, I prop this sign against a chair that reads: "OH HEY, THERE'S MY BELT!" I hope it works.

James Messina

Dear James,

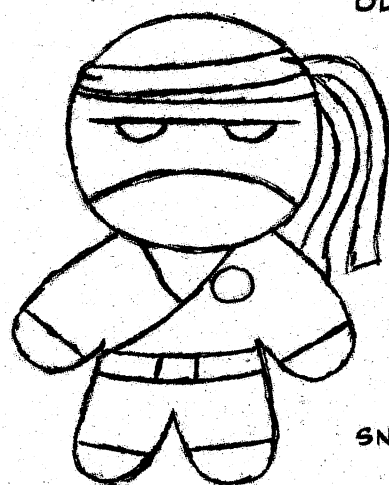
Thanks for your insight. I'm relentlessly curious what kind of sign you'll prop before you get on with your space docking.

Much love,
Bryan

THE FANTASTIC ADVENTURES OF FES

"Full of Surprises"

By: John "Caboose" O'Dell



ALRIGHT, SO HALO 3 IS OUT. BIG FUCKIN WHOOP...

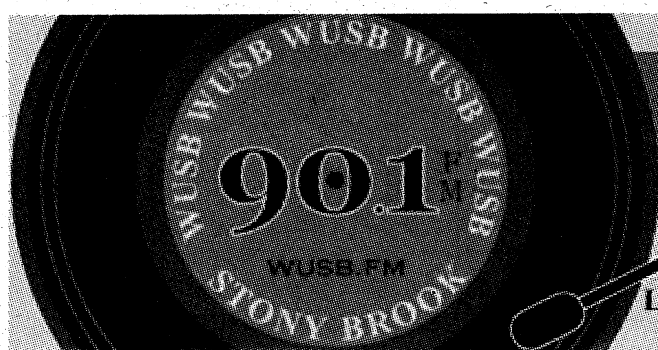
WELL, PERHAPS YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.

SOLID SNAKE COULD PROBABLY TELL YOU BETTER THAN I...

SNAKE, YOUR THOUGHTS?



JO



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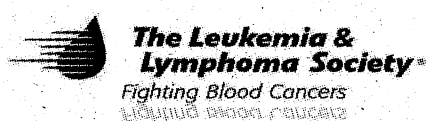
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The Horrors of Graduating from Stony Brook

By Jowy Romano

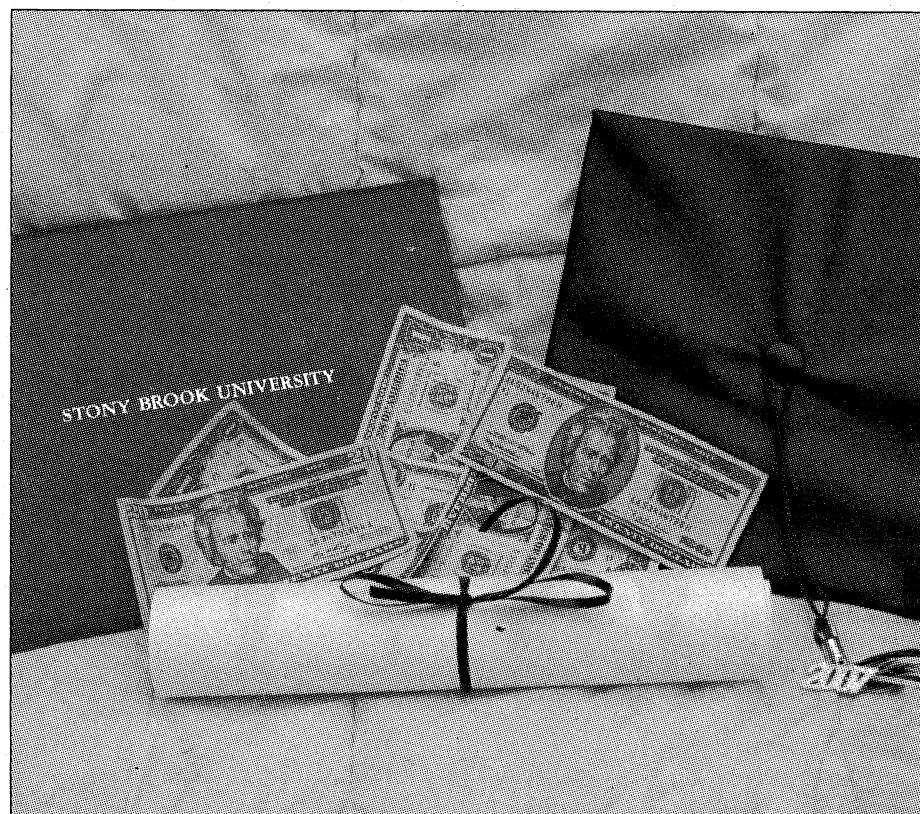
You have been waiting for this moment for four (or maybe more) long years. After all of your hard work and dedication, you are finally ready to move to the next stage in your life; you are finally graduating. Your parents come all the way to Stony Brook to see you walk at your commencement ceremonies. *You are finally there.*

A few months pass and your alma mater has not sent you your diploma, but you make nothing of it, because they are just being slow as usual. After a grueling application process and taking more standardized tests, you make it into graduate school. Everything is fine and dandy until one day you get a phone call from your new school stating you that you will not be able to continue classes because it still says you have not graduated on your transcript. Infuriated, you call Stony Brook to find out why your transcript still does not say you graduated. You find out it is because they just never approved any of your paperwork and never bothered to tell you.

This sounds outrageous, but it happens more than you might think at Stony Brook. Even after preparing yourself and going to countless academic advising sessions, you may still fall into the cracks and find yourself without a diploma even months after graduation. Melanie Donovan of the class of 2007 was unfortunate enough to have this happen to her.

"I was getting suspicious when I heard about other graduates getting their diplomas already and I was still waiting on mine," said Donovan. When she called the university earlier this month, she was told she needed one more upper-division Sociology class to graduate; this is after attending multiple advising sessions for both the university requirements and the Psychology department's requirements and successfully getting tickets to and walking at both commencement ceremonies.

Fanny Ng, a resident of the West Apartments, Class of 2007, experienced a similar problem. "I called the school the second I heard a rumor that my entire suite was going to get charged for damages and they told me I had to wait for the letter in the mail for details," she said. Until the appeal was approved, there would be a hold on her account unless she caved in and paid the damage charges. However, the problem is that a hold on your SOLAR account will prevent a graduate from receiving their diploma.



Stony's got your billz and you ain't getting them back.

Jowy Romano

"The day I got that letter, I emailed an appeal to the email address listed in the letter I got only to find out a couple of weeks later that it's the wrong [address]," Ng added. Since re-sending her appeal to the *correct* address she has called the school on at least three separate occasions. The response was always the same: *Appeals are handled in the order in which they are received.*

"I was getting suspicious when I heard about other graduates getting their diplomas already."

Melanie Donovan
Class of 2007

Just in the past two weeks, Stony Brook has decided to send diplomas to *some* of the students that have a hold on their account due to room damage charges. Ng was prevented from receiving hers for months after graduating, even though she is not responsible for the damages to her room. "Not having a diploma was *almost* a serious snag in getting my job," she said. Luckily, in her case, her potential employer accepted an unofficial transcript.

More problems plaguing grads and would-be grads are those of the financial sort. "The school forgot to re-

port \$15,000 in loans to my consolidation company," said Dustin Herlich of the Class of 2005. This burdened him with a hefty \$15,000 bill, to be paid immediately. Herlich also recalls that his SOLAR account was put on hold for as little as a one-cent balance, disallowing him from registering for classes.

All of the aforementioned situations are the university's fault. Despite any amount of preparation, you may be faced with one of these problems. Many graduates fall into similar, but preventable, situations. So here are a few tips to protect yourself from potential post-graduation quagmires. First: Your senior year, visit academic advisors from both the advising center in the library *and* your major at least *twice*. If they say they are too busy, insist that they schedule an appointment in which they *will* go over your records. Second: If you live in a dorm (especially the West Apartments) make sure you report *all* existing damage to your room and/or common areas within the first two weeks of classes in your Room Condition Report or RCR. If you have never seen your RCR, visit your quad office to obtain it. Third: Check and double-check every charge to your SOLAR account and pay attention to all of your loan statements before you graduate.

The key is to be prepared and organized if you ever expect to obtain that much-coveted piece of paper. Says Donovan: "Stony Brook doesn't give two shits about you once they have your money."

campusVoices

What troubles have you had with Stony Brook after graduation?



"They sent me an invitation to three separate graduation ceremonies, for which my parents flew out,

only to send me a letter over a month later (after summer classes had already started) stating basically: "Ms. Pashenkov, it appears that you have walked for graduation. Turns out you haven't actually graduated. Give us more money."

—Ann Pashenkov,
Class of 2005



"I have an incomplete on my transcript that was an accident by my professor, and it's still an I despite all my phone calls to the department and the registrar."

—Nicole Barry,
Class of 2007



"There's no real help in finding a job—the career center is a little bit of a joke. They don't have an-

thing to offer to Humanities/Arts/Liberal Studies graduates because they don't set up recruiting for us."

—Meredith Wayne,
Class of 2005

Want your club/organization's sluts to love the woods?

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When the World Ends

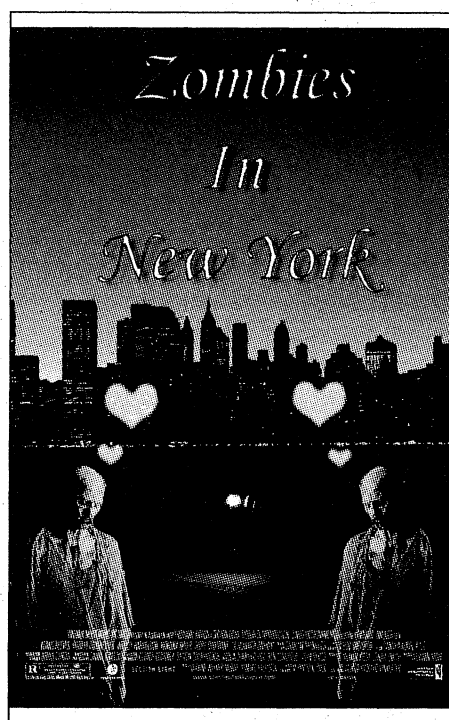
By James Messina

Someday, the world's going to end. My money's on a zombie invasion; you're free to think whatever you like regarding the cause of the End of Days, be it a nuclear fallout, a massive economic collapse, the drying up of fossil fuels, or what-have-you. (But you're wrong, of course.) As long as we can all agree that you'll one day wake up in a super-kickass post-apocalyptic world, we can continue. And we can all agree on this – it's just too damn obvious for me to try to offer proof to you nay-sayers. One or two of you probably thought the world wasn't ending. Just glad I got to you in time. So here's what I'm going to do: I'm going to tell you what I'd do to survive, and comfortably at that. In order to have my pimpin' doom-prepped bunker's location remain a secret, I'm going a bit vague on details, but follow along.

So... you wake up one morning on a drool-encrusted pillow, which is in turn on a blood-encrusted bed. It gets crusty when it dries. There isn't any jizz-crust, so stop being immature about it; this isn't the crustiest bed ever or anything. Jeez. You hear moaning everywhere. Kickass! Wrong. It's the moaning of zombies eager for human flesh. Their vacant rictuses emit a haunting low note whose message is not lost on you – you're fucked, dude. What are you to do?

A lot of people think zombie invasions wouldn't be so bad. With a nuclear fallout, one would need to find a large supply of anti-radiation medication, the ability to forage for food would be called into question, and the Twinkies-and-Spam diet would do you in at least as fast as massive radiation poisoning. When the oil dries up, there would be cool Mad Max stuff, followed by a lot of weak sauce. What's the point of living if there's no hope that there will be a

drive-in theatre following the reconstruction? And if, say, bear cavalry or (God help us all) bears with guns were to invade our nations and subjugate our people, would any of you truly be able to hold out hope? No. But thank God for zombies, right? It'll be like in the movies, surviving off looted canned food and killing zombies left and right, secretly high-fiving yourself at least a dozen times a day as bits of decaying brains splatter you in a crumbling urban squalor. You're an inexorable force of destruction, right?



Zombies ... In MY city?!?

Jesse Schoepfer

Wrong, you pussy. They're going to overtake you eventually in that urban setting. Zombies + urban survival = retarded. One day, you'll be swarmed by hundreds of members of the moaning, shambling undead, too many to effectively combat. You'll run til your chest is heaving and your every breath burns and tastes like pennies. And it won't be enough. You'll attempt to find respite in an abandoned store, barricading it off before trying to revitalize yourself

with a brief nap. You never wake up. That's right; the zombies got your motherfucking ass. They got it hard. So what's my point? Where should one seek shelter from the zombie hordes? The country. In the words of some wise folk, "[You should] move into the country, gonna eat [you] a lot of peaches." They come from a can, they were put there by a man. However, this is not to say they don't also grow on trees. Eat up.

You've moved into the country; here's where things get tricky. Wilderness survival is a bitch. It's cold and it's frequently wet. Finding food is orders of magnitude more difficult than it is in the city. Sluts don't like the woods, so you're totally not getting any for a while. There are going to be a lot of people who think along the same lines as you, and you'll be brushing shoulders with a good number of coonskin-hat retards trying to live off the land whilst they wait out the zombie plague. They are the competition, and they could well be the enemy. However, suspicion towards your fellow man not being something I wish to engender, here's what I think you should know, some practical stuff. Let some sociology-major worry about forging the Coonskin-Hat Retard Treaty, here's what's important. Learn to dig latrines. There's some other shit that would probably be good to know: shooting well; making your own atlatl or sling or fishing rod; learning to track animals; bringing a significant stock of seeds with you for rebuilding later on; learning the basics of carpentry and masonry in order to construct a zombie siege center; and finding an untainted water source. Probably a bunch of other shit that would be good to know, too. Said shit pales, however, in comparison to the most important zombie survival tactic. Latrine-digging.

You take a poo once a day. Maybe twice if you drink a lot of coffee and you're nervous, maybe once every other day if you're real meat-and-

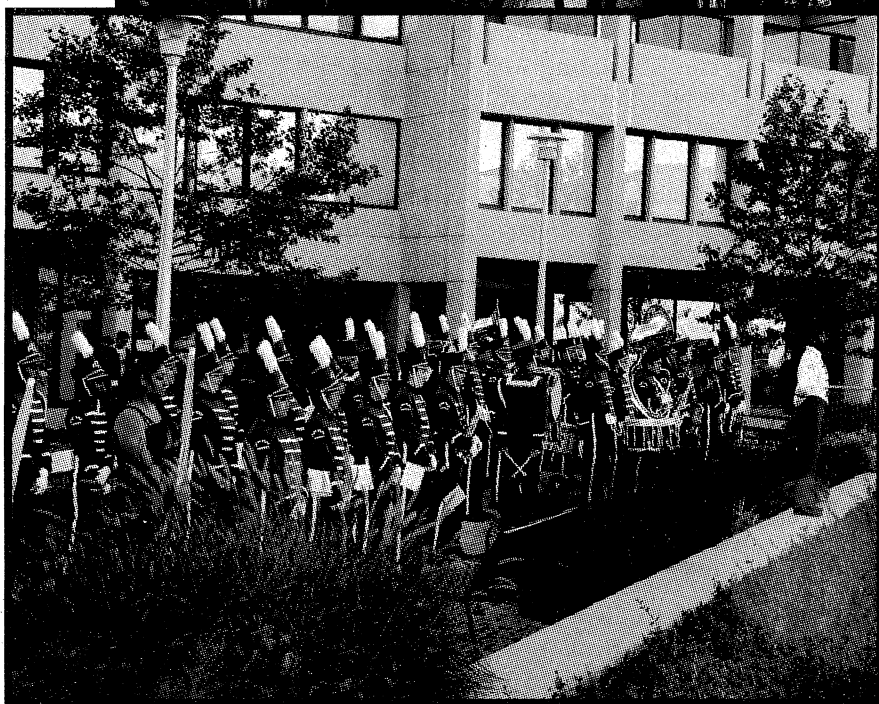
potatoes about it. The fact is, though, that everyone poos. And when you do, you need a place to poo. While it's undeniable that bears shit in the woods (the jury's out on bear cavalry), people are more refined about the matter. You've pooped in a toilet your whole life, and once the zombie invasion begins, you're probably thinking things won't change in that regard. But you're in the fucking

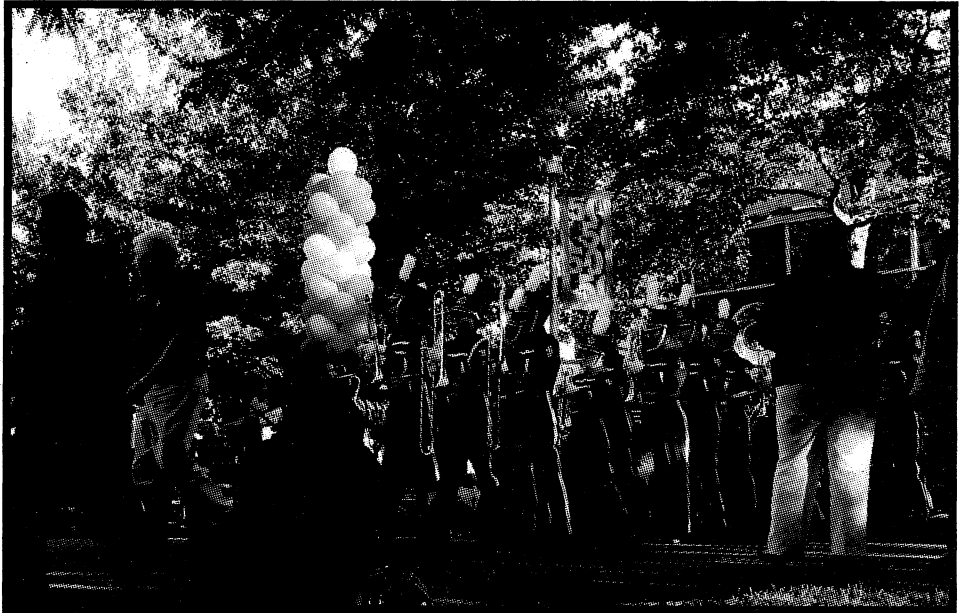
But pooing is a tricky business if you're not prepared for the rigors of the outdoorsy life.

woods. So things will indeed change. Therefore, learn to dig a latrine. Fact is, hacking off zombie heads doesn't take a Princeton degree, and learning to hunt and all that, while difficult, is much easier when one uses a rifle or compound bow. But pooing is a tricky business if you're not prepared for the rigors of the outdoorsy life. Were everyone to be shitting all over the place all willy-nilly, it would pose a significant risk to the safety of the groundwater, it would possibly alert zombies – having never seen one, I can only conjecture as to their olfactory faculties – and it would be really icky to step in. Constructing a place to poo will allow you to safely use the rest of the space you've allotted yourself for your zombie fortress, give you an eventual source of fertilizer, and provide ammo in the instance that I am in fact wrong, and the invasion will be simian in nature. Go to your nearest library and learn how to make a latrine. I recommend the ventilated sort; it's doable, and it cuts down on infestation. You'll be prepared for the worst.

Club Alley
long island's music scene
cluballey.com

Stony Brook's 50th Anniversary





Photos by Jesse Schoepfer, Tia Mansouri and Jowy Romano



Food For Thought

Beste dude van Amsterdam, waar is u? Verstoorden wij u? Op één of andere manier beledigde ons enthousiasme voor uw geboorteland u? Teruggekomen -- wij houden van u, u middel-fiend. De kerel van België kwam, zo haast terug.

Koichi Toyama's Japanihilism, Dingdong

By Marcel Votlucka

Japan is amazing for many reasons, but I think I've found the biggest reason of all. During election season Japan's government provides for tax-subsidized TV broadcast time for candidates. Now, this might work out just rosy when it comes to the Liberal Democratic Party versus Minshuto, but what happens when a fiercely misanthropic, anti-government candidate goes on the air?

"This nation is horrible!"

Hence Japanese activist Koichi Toyama appears on your YouTube screen, dressed all in black, his head shaved, a scowl on his face, looking like a demented version of Charlie Brown. But he's no hapless dope, oh no -- he knows the score. So, how does he propose fixing things up for the sake of the voters and the nation? *"Nothing will be saved by reforming or changing anything ... The only thing we must do now is, 'Scrap and Scrap'!"* As for reform, *"Reforms are a festival for the majority!"* As for the voters themselves, *"The people who have supported this worthless nation, this system is YOU! The majority of you watching this broadcast...are my sworn enemies!"* He concludes that if he is elected, *"They will be terrified...I too will be terrified."* He ended up getting 15,059 terrifying votes in the recent election for governor of Tokyo prefecture.

Awesome! I must admit it would be nice to see such candor amongst political candidates. But you may wonder what crime has been committed here that would elicit such a diatribe of damnation and hatred? Well, not everybody earns Toyama-san's scorn...only "the majority." Much of his speech centers on a fatal flaw of democracy; in which the minority are, at worst, subject to the whims of the ruling majority and, at best, able to convince them to respect some of their rights. Toyama-san reiterates the theme that the government and its reforms are just a "festival for the majority." Considering that the vast majority of people are some variety of statist, this is technically true -- if you are of the winning party it's definitely a time for festivity, and even if not, the elections have legitimized the State for another four years regardless of the outcome. And as for "scrapping" an amoral, coercive monopoly State? I'm right on board.

So far I have no logical qualm with this as it generally holds true, even with a somewhat limited government, such as in the USA. But there's more -- Toyama-san poises himself as the voice

of a silent "minority" oppressed by the "majority." Problem is, he neither identifies just who comprises the "minority" or the "majority," nor does he provide specific grievances or principles with which to base his argument.

Toyama-san's other flaw lies in how he wraps his anti-government message in a package of nihilism and misanthropy. To him, the whole country and its entire population are all "pure evil," and he avoids forecasting a better system that should emerge in the absence or reduction of a monopoly State. (He gives no set of values or principles upon which to base one's life, and by which to challenge statist hegemony.) His only real proposal is *"Scrap and Scrap...an-*

He probably succeeded only in scaring off many would-be converts and freedom-lovers.

nihilate everything that exists!"

The last century nearly saw the "scrapping" of the world in two world wars; genocides, monstrous dictators, stifling Mommy States, the Cold War, the threat of a nuclear holocaust, unbridled imperialism, and ravaging of the poor by so-called free trade (read: socialist) schemes. Now we face an endless, paranoid War on Terror, a recipe for further destruction and fascism if there ever were one. It was because of dramatically increasing state power in those past years, and the abuse of such power by corrupt men and women, that the world remains so imperiled and remains so today. The Roman emperors could never have imagined such power!

Likewise, it is only through minimizing the power of governments and decentralizing that power that we can all be protected from such a fate in the future.

However, this freedom requires a solid base of ethical values to back it up; otherwise, it will perish in discord. If nothing else, anarchism is a moral and ethical imperative rather than a political movement. It is based on individual life, liberty, property, rights and freedom -- and the ethics necessary to build and maintain such a society. Anarchism must be a positive, well-honed vision, not a collection of ominous men and women ranting and raving. Anarchism must promote a vision for a better world (or, at least a less dangerous world at the mercy of pigs in suits who think they have the right to control everything). It requires education and

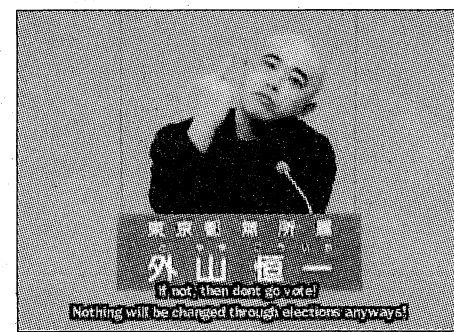
building bridges between anti-statists and anybody willing to listen and learn.

Toyama-san may have earned 15,059 votes in the Japanese election, but he probably succeeded only in scaring off many would-be converts and freedom-lovers. This is not a productive strategy and it only contributes to the false impression of anarchists as crazy, spoiled thugs.

Sure, the ruling political class and the electorate who support the State are the majority, but even those who support the State are not all totalitarian thugs. Many are discontented with government as it is now. Many see the B.S. and would like to see a smaller, limited, less powerful and wealthy (and thus less dangerous) State than we face now. Even if we cannot achieve a stateless world, we can hope for the tiger to have its tail cut off, no?

Toyama-san's broadcast is very fun

to watch, just for the delicious irony, and although I can agree with some of his viewpoints, there is nary a hint of productive values in his speech. Rather, he tosses out formless premises, incomplete arguments and provides nothing to help promote understanding of the dangers we face with unbridled statism -- and the kind of values we should be striving for.



Koichi Toyama

Mr. Whipple

WUSB Top 30

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	LE LOUP	The Throne Of The...	Hardly Art
2	TEGAN AND SARA	The Con	Sire
3	NEW PORNOGRAPHERS	Challengers	Matador
4	JUSTICE	Cross	Vice
5	DIRTY PROJECTORS	Rise Above Dead	Dead Oceans
6	BODIES OF WATER	Ears Will Pop And Eyes Will Blink	Thousand Tongues
7	FIGURINES	When The Deer Wore Blue	Control Group
8	LINDA THOMPSON	Versatile Heart Rounder	n/a
9	MINUS THE BEAR	Planet Of Ice	Suicide Squeeze
10	YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE!	Lose All Time	Paper Bag
11	THE SUBDUDES	St. Symphony	n/a
12	RILO KILEY	Under The Blacklight	Warner Brothers
13	SHOUT OUT LOUDS	Our Ill Wills	n/a
14	BILL MORRISSEY	Come Running	n/a
15	ANIMAL COLLECTIVE	Strawberry Jam	Domino
16	BUMPS	Bumps	Stones Throw
17	FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS	The Distant Future [EP]	SUB POP
18	OKKERVIL RIVER	The Stage Names	Jagjaguwar
19	ADRIAN ORANGE	Adrian Orange And Her Band	K
20	SOMNAMBULANTS	Paper Trail	Clairaudience Collective
21	MARY GAUTHIER	Between Daylight And Dark	n/a
22	CRIBS THE MENS	NEED WOMENS NEEDS WHATEVER	Interscope
23	SIMIAN MOBILE DISCO	Attack Decay Sustain Release	Astralwerks-Caroline
24	JAMIE T	Panic Prevention	Mute
25	LIARS	Liars	Merge
26	CARIBOU	Andorra	Stones Throw
27	BARON ZEN	At The Mall Remixes	Touch And Go
28	PINBACK	Autumn Of The Seraphs	Astralwerks
29	VHS OR BETA	Bring On The Comets	Capitol
30	MAE	Singularity	

Want your club/organization to attract more lesbians?

E-mail *The Press* at
sbpress@gmail.com

Ask a Lesbian

By Ilyssa Fuchs



Welcome back everyone; I hope you enjoyed your summer as much as I enjoyed mine. This semester I will be running "Ask a Lesbian" and I will try to make it as informative yet as racy as possible. If anyone has any questions please feel free to e-mail me (AskALesbian.sbpress@gmail.com). The hotter the questions, the wetter and better the answers...

Dear Ilyssa,

I'm confused; I thought lesbians didn't like men because they weren't into cock, but every lesbian I talk to about sex mentions something about using sex toys. Why is it that lesbians don't like cock but they like sex toys, and what are some of the more popular sex toys amongst lesbians?

Sincerely,

The Token Straight Chick

Dear Token Straight Chick,

Ah, the age old adage that just because lesbians don't like cock they shouldn't like sex toys. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a common misconception.

First off, it isn't just about cock, it's

about men. I am not saying that lesbians hate men, because that is just a naïve statement, and it doesn't just have to do with their equipment. I am going to answer this from my own personal experience by saying that it's not just the guy or the cock that turns a lesbian off; it's the combination of both. For me, personally, and for most people, we are attracted to someone for many reasons and, yes, one of them may be because of what that person has in his or her jeans, but for most of us it's more about what someone has in his or her heart. You see, for lesbians, I don't think it's the cock so much that's the turn-off, but just the fact that it's a man, and lesbians aren't attracted to men. In order for your sex to be amazing, you must be emotionally attracted to the other person, not just physically attracted. That explains why lesbians like sex toys but not cock. Put it this way: if a guy stood over me naked, I would be disgusted; if a chick with a strap-on stood over me naked, I would be horny. The reason behind this is that I'm not attracted to men emotionally, so I am not turned on by them physically; it's not just about the junk.

Secondly, let me ask you a question: when was the last time your boyfriend's cock magically started vibrating while he was inside of you? If you answered "never," then you've answered correctly (congratulations you have just won a big pink dildo): but, seriously, there are certain things a lesbian can do to her partner with a sex toy that a guy could never do to a chick.

Thirdly, in some cases it's about power and dominance. Whether or not you are the more dominant lesbian in the relationship, there comes a point where one of you just wants to strap that ten-inch jelly cock on and fuck the other one; and the greatest thing about being a lesbian is when you're done fucking her, she can strap it on and fuck you – there's not recoup time.

Forth, because lesbians aren't properly equipped, and they are the only class of sexual beings who cannot actually penetrate each other with a God-given phallus they must come up with other ways to do so, from fingers to tongues, to vibrators and the like. Lesbian sex is amazing because unless the batteries go dead, it can go on for hours, unlike your boyfriend who gives you the fifteen-minute suck it, fuck it, done. (Hey, did you even get off? I didn't think so.)

Now, as for your second question, I don't know if there is such a thing as the most popular sex toys amongst lesbians because, as you know from being a woman, every woman is different, and every woman likes something different in the bedroom, so every lesbian likes different sex toys.

Sex toys come in all different shapes and sizes, big and small, with different speeds and in different colors. It is a personal choice for a lesbian couple to figure out which sex toys suit them best. Sex toys range from your regular average everyday dildos and vibrators to combination vibrator/dildo, clit massagers, and anal plugs; with names like "Sex Bubbles Bendy," "Deep Diver Dolphin," "Fabio's Perfect Cock," "Jack Rabbit," and "Vivid Girl Power Massager" in a wide range of materials, from hard plastic to silicone to rubber to glass. I personally feel that the most popular toys that lesbians use are from Jenna Jameson's signature collection (because, hey, it is Jenna Jameson we are talking about here) and The Bunny Stimulator Egg (which makes you feel like it's your birthday, Christmas, and the Forth of July all at the same time). As far as toys go, there are so many different kinds that am positive I forgot to mention something, but if you are really curious about them, there is a ton of information available on the Internet, and you can always head to Greenwich Village in the city and visit a few shops to see for yourself.

Cheers,
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.

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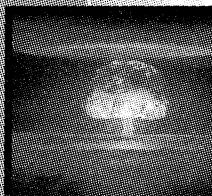
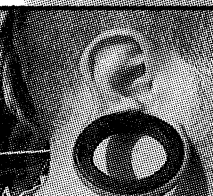

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Food For Thought

"Prior to the American Revolution, the undergraduates were generally very tame, partaking in such bad behavior as writing anonymous letters... stealing chickens, oogling women with crude telescopes, and setting off various amounts of black gunpowder in the rooms of newcomers..."



Kotei's Korner



Invisible Car Accidents

In the rush hour, the causes for some traffic jams are mysterious. Intuitively the cause is the car accidents. But they probably happen once a week while the traffic jam happens twice per day. The causes are simply the shortening of the availability of the lanes. Car accidents are just the specific example of such causes. Whatever the causes, there is always a characteristic (out of many others). The traffic jams happen on busy streets, especially when they have a merging sections.

I was at Holland Tunnel. In the Friday morning of Rosh Hashana, the cars were packed in the tunnel. But the traffic flowed well. It could have been as packed as parking lot. On the contrary, in that Friday night, the traffic was unbelievable. There were as many cars on the street. But the traffic was heavy because one of the lanes was closed before the tunnel.

Clearly, thus, the invisible car accidents involve crashing lanes. The significance of these merging lanes, or the closing of one or more lanes, is that they forces vehicle to slow down. The acceleration of cars may be overestimated to be 4 meters per second squared. Yet when the cars come to a halt, they take time to reach the speed at which the traffic may seem "flowing" again. But then again, in the traffic jams, cars keep stopping. Another problem is that we wait until the cars in front of our own moves far enough. We try to avoid driving so close to the other cars for the sake of our own security. While in the city the speed limit is 55 miles per hour, the brakes of cars take considerable distance before they successfully bring the cars to a halt. When it comes to traffic jam, we maneuver our cars in a same way in spite of far slower traffic. These two factors cause the traffic to become heavier and heavier. It is almost a domino effects.

In general the crashing lanes causes changing lanes. This is very serious problem in this very liberal country. An extreme driver may change lanes like no tomorrow. The changing lanes like a frogger may look cool because the Hollywood stars always involve in car chasing. Even without such maneuver, one's changing lanes consequently slows down the others. He or she may think less about the consequences, "What's the big deal. Chill, dude. Everybody

does it. It's not like I'm causing the traffic jam." Actually they are causing the traffic jam. The domino effect is more powerful than one can imagine. Besides cutting in front of others is dangerous and a major factor for causing the traffic jam.

I was at Holland Tunnel. In the Friday morning of Rosh Hashana, the cars were packed in the tunnel.

Lastly there are occasions when the invisible traffic jam is caused by the actual car accidents that happen on the opposite highway. People are naturally curious. So whether the car accidents happen on the side of highway that they drive or on the opposite side of the highway, nothing changes. Only difference is that they get angrier at the driver who caused the accidents in the latter case.*

Freedom Examined

Often the notion of liberalism seem to reflect the sign of selfishness. The country was built on Freedom, if not all the people fully cherished the ideology. But when people take benefits for granted, they have the wrong idea. They misinterpret the intended meaning of the benefits.

On the street, for example, many cars carry only one passenger - the driver. Some may need the personal transportation because no public transportation is available near their work place. Some may need it because they are injured, although I have seen people with casting. Some may need it because they are clinically obese. But for others, saying "I need my car," "Public transportations are lame," "Walking five blocks is so boring and tiring," "I don't like sardine," or "I'm too fat to take public transportation" is just selfish. Especially for new Yorkers, we have to appreciate the availability of abundant transportation. They happen to be the ones complaining that there are too many cars on the street. So the Mayor Bloomberg came up with Congestion Pricing Plans to ask the state half a billion dollars. Those

hopeless people will start complaining about the fees they must pay to drive their cars to work.

This summer the news reported the United States national anthem in Spanish. Translating a country's pride of its tradition may mean to understand the source of its pride. But similar to the translations of the Bible, they may not convey the original meaning of the manuscripts that authors intended. Translation is solely an educational purposes and should not replace the original work. The news coverage reported the preposterous decision to sing US National Anthem in Spanish in Spanish speaking community. It is one thing about translating other's pride to learn about it. But it is a whole different story to regard the translation as original before attempting to understand the reasons of the pride. To benefit from the expanding community of sleeping giant, many services in this country offered Spanish. Although during summer the move to eliminate the services to whom refuses to learn English surfaced, we cannot ignore the change in increasing support for foreign language speaking communities. Business owners may not care if the immigrants speak English as long as they would do chores for them. But to save the living quality of everyone else, the immigrants should know better. Especially in this country, the people from all the cultures live together. To gain the full potential of migrating to such a country, approaching to people of other background is certainly the first step. It may be difficult to avoid stereotype. Let's face it, everybody knows that hedonism does not promise the success. Some old folks are trying to learn English to be the

So the Mayor Bloomberg came up with Congestion Pricing Plans to ask the state half a billion dollars.

part of United States. Then why not more vibrant young immigrants?

Because of misunderstanding liberalism in the United States, policy makers have to create laws about everything to maintain the order. Be-

fore the Labor Day, the Fox News featured a proposal in Connecticut banning saggy pants. In Connecticut, the proposal was rejected since it may unconstitutionality target the minority. The "fanny-flaunting trousers" may be popular amongst the minorities, but they are not the only groups to imitate the fashion. So if the proposal seems to target the minority it's just a consequence. If people are alert after the 9/11, then discrimination is the consequence. There is no reason to call a discrimination a fair judgment. But acting crazy about conse-

But acting crazy about consequential discrimination is not just either.

quential discrimination is not just either. If the people grow frustration against discrimination based on their background, they may also be counter assuming the cause. If someone shows concern in hanging out with Korean man, it may not be due to Virginia Tech boy. It was probably because he smoked with dozen of friends in the common room without gaining the permission with four other suitemates.

Use of Cell Phones in SINC site

It was the first time I visited SINC site. My roommate was printing class schedules and lecture notes. While printing, the people were gathering around in circle for their batch. One by one they approach the printer and grab their batch. All of sudden, a Chinese girl walked inside the circle and started smuggling amongst the others' papers. Whether she was blind or inconsiderate, she was pompous enough to assume that her printing job will get priority. While she was making a grand mess among others' paper, one of the people waiting for their batch spoke up, "Excuse me." She was deaf until he tapped her and again said, "Hey, chill out." Then she finally stepped back and waited like the others. I was talking to my roommate, "See it's like driving; we shouldn't be using a cell phone in front of a printer." Primary conse-



Kotei's Korner



KOTEI continued from page 16

quence of using cell phones is the diminish in attentiveness.

Jasmine Pricing

I visit Jasmine often. I have found a delight in East Indian cuisine. Meanwhile I have recently noticed the pricing of Chinese cuisine. They consider the price of Seafood to be most expensive, then beef, chicken, and vegetable. Considering the portion they give, it is still pricy. But beyond that, their pricing method is not average. It is rather taking maximum pricing of the side dish. So by making a combo with vegetable and seafood, they will charge you the price of seafood, \$7.95. I would think charging the average makes more sense, since they are already over charging us. They mean business. But we mean no monopoly.

Dasani Pricing

A few of many beverages that I drink on campus is lemon flavored Dasani. This semester I noticed that Coke placed "codes" under the cap for a rewards. They also give one free Dasani with 8 caps. But I am not concerned with the caps and rewards. First of all, I have dozen bottles with caps and just storing for the recycle mania. What I am concerned is, of course, the pricing. On campus it

costs \$1.40. When I went on to visit Baltimore, MD, I bought a bottle of same Dasani water in \$0.79. I expected that it costs about a buck, but did not expect it would be cheaper than 80 percent of what I expected. I was thrown off for a second. Then I looked under its cap. The code was nowhere to be found. My conclusion was that the cap with the code cost \$0.61 on campus. Think about it.

Before the semester is done, I should try bringing in 7 caps and get the eighth bottle for free. At the cashier, I will pop the new Dasani and 7 caps that I bring, then take a leave with a cap-less bottle in my hand.

Graduate Classes

This semester I am taking two graduate classes. The experience has been little confusing. After spending last three years in various undergraduate disciplines, was used to the expectation from the professors. While I take three other undergraduate classes, taking two graduate classes almost makes my senses numb. If you are considering to advance to a graduate school, two things you must expect. First of all, do not surprised that your professors do not ask for your homework submission. If you are assigned a textbook, do all the problems in the end of every chapter. If not, your professors may made problem sets for you.

They will not check your work. But they will certainly expect you to do what they assign you to do. Secondly, group projects are vital part of grading. If you also become a student in graduate classes, you may also feel little awkward approaching your classmates for group projects. But your professors will expect you to be able to communicate and collaborate on some class assignments. In a group, they will also expect you to work with your classmates to review the class material or the rest of follow up, like doing exercises in the textbooks.

As my independent research advisor says, "Graduate school is a totally different environment; things change drastically from the undergraduate."

To Baltimore, Maryland on Chintown Bus

I don't think I have much to say, so I will bullet-point

- Σ The bus will stop at Travel Plaza where it seems like the middle of nowhere.
- Σ The driver will not tell you the travel plan of the particular bus, like Airlines.
- Σ Most likely the driver will not speak English.
- Σ He or she may mumble English words but they will accommodate heavy accents.
- Σ Their nodding do not mean Yes.
- Σ "Boarding Only" ~ "Baltimore" To

Princeton, New Jersey on NJ Transit

- Σ Some of NJ Transit trains are shaky as if they are nerve wrecked.
- Σ There is such occasion when the rides are free for students.
- Σ NJ Transit runs more frequently than LIRR.
- Σ It does not mean that NJ Transit is more convenient.
- Σ Often trains pass by some stations.
- Σ Sometimes you get to the destination without stopping at every station.
- Σ Sometimes you can miss the stop if you are not careful enough.

For Graduating Seniors

Compress your crazy energy during the fall semester. Release all the pressure in your spring semester. Doing all the crazy stuff. No one can catch you in time. Let's say you have a problem with your neighbor who is a graduating senior, whether suite-mates or floor-mates, and the problem is escalating every week. Your RHD will insist you to communicate the trouble makers by yourself. Then push you to make your RA do the job with you, after explaining your concern to your RA. Then your RHD will finally try to intervene, after hearing the ordeal so far. You will need at least three written reports, by RA, RHD, or University Police, to present in front of Campus Residence. Then they will interrogate you the issue and all the confrontations, as if Native American's folk tradition of passing down tale stories. No one will care if you tell them that the situation is escalating. All they tell you is this, "Wait and see until something happens with them next time." If your trouble makers are consistent, you can finally report for the last time and Campus Residence will send you to Judiciary Court where you will again asked to explain everything. I mean everything.

If you are dared to try all the stuff I described above, the best answer you will hear is "we are taking this matter seriously; we are worried about your well being and we will help you." I can tell that you will feel betrayed because they will tell you to wait for the next "incident" with your trouble maker. After a month, you will receive a call or an invitation. You will already be disappointed at them, for sure, because it will be already the end of semester. Judiciary Court will tell you this crap, "We are sorry, we can not help you because he (or she)

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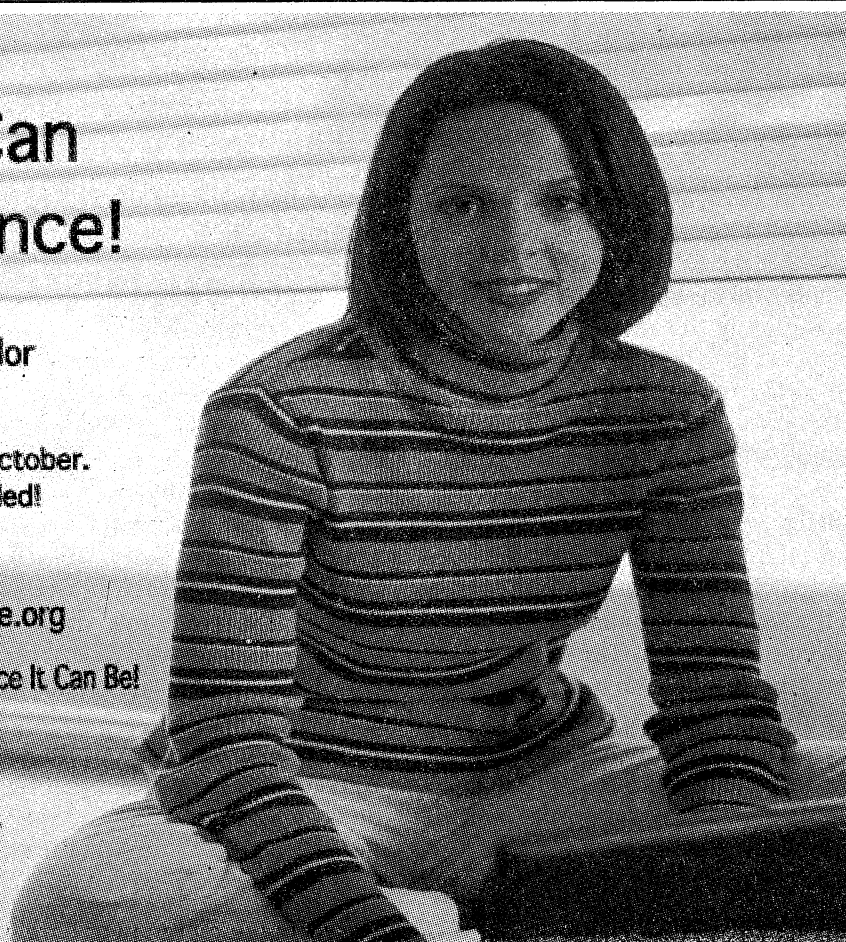
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KOTEI continued on page 18

Food For Thought

"Oberlin was the first college where daily bathing and washing took place, and the only reason it occurred there was because it was ordered for health reasons."



Kotei's Korner



KOTEI continued from page 17

is almost graduating and we don't want to jeopardize it."

So, be my guest, if you want to abuse senior righteousness, do it in the spring semester of your senior year. But please do not trouble the others because it is just unjust for the sake of others. Abuse it for your benefit only. School won't do much.

"A surcharge - CA-B12C"

This is the communication between Quad Office Service Manager and me, over the damage charge on the screen in the suite Cardozo B12C. I am copy-pasting to express my anger, but keeping the discretion.

----- Start -----
[06/14/2007 10:56 PM]

I have noticed that my SOLAR account has been suspended because of balance due. Just today I received a letter from school on this matter and I would like to appeal against the charge.

The letter specifically states that the cost was "determined that the condition of your room or suite or its furnishings had changed since you

Just today I received a letter from school on this matter and I would like to appeal against the charge.

originally signed your housing agreement." But the time I signed the housing agreement in the room Cardozo B12C was in the Spring term. The damage, as the letter also includes, is the suiteroom screen damage.

----- and I can both assure you that the damage was already done by the end of Fall term. Thus the damage did not occur when I lived in the suite.

Please help me by reviewing this matter. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

[Mon, 25 Jun 2007 22:02:15 -0400]

I will be out of the office starting 06/20/2007 and will not return until 07/02/2007.

I will respond to your message when I return.

[Mon, 2 Jul 2007 16:19:51 -0400]

I am in receipt of your appeal for charges to your account reflected in the Residence Hall Damage Report form you received. Specifically, the charge for:

Damaged screen - WO#200142533 in the amount of \$18.00

I read your letter of appeal and the charge will stay on your account. After tracking down your RCR and REG forms I have found that the RCR does not indicate any damage to the screen upon check-in. The RHD indicated that she found the screen damaged and all the suitemates will be charged equally.

Please note that on the Room Condition Report it states that "I understand that a final inspection of my assignment for check-out may be conducted after I have vacated the assignment and that there may be additional charges for damages and cleaning."

For the future, please make sure that any damages upon arriving to your assignment are indicated on the RCR. If needed, enter a work order via the Solar/Weblink and record the work order number. All damages done by another person should be reported via an ICF form.

Thank you for your patience and cooperation in this matter.

Sincerely,

[07/02/2007 04:44 PM]

I believe the fan was removed after I moved in. I also believe that the cause of dark coloration on the screen is the smoking of suitemate in the common room. The issue of smoking in common room happened during the semester before moving into the suite. By the time, it was late January and the fan was not spinning, nor the troublesome suitemates smoked during the second semester.

So it would be impossible for me to detect the coloration behind the fan still on nor would I be able to anticipate the screen would be on behind the fan, when I moved in.

Sincerely yours,

[Fri, 6 Jul 2007 10:24:11 -0400]

First off, I would like to thank you for your honesty in admitting that there maybe a missing damage charge to your room. I believe you are under a misunderstanding of your damage charges. You were billed for a missing screen to your suite. If there is a damage that we are missing and your admitting to, please clarify.

Have an outstanding day!

[07/06/2007 10:41 AM]

Yes I also thought that the charge was the screen in the suite, not in any of three individual rooms. At least I know that the screen in my

I would like to thank you for your honesty in admitting that there maybe a missing damage charge to your room.

room was not damaged.

[Fri, 6 Jul 2007 10:48:06 -0400]

No problem. Enjoy the rest of your summer!

[07/06/2007 10:55 AM]

So you are not going to consider the fact that the damage was done before I moved in and was unable to report it because it was invisible behind fan? You told me that I should have reported, but would you report something that is hidden behind something else? You would feel cheated if you were me.

[Fri, 6 Jul 2007 15:31:29 -0400]

After tracking down your RCR and REG forms I have found that the RCR does not indicate any stains on the screen. I can only go by what the RCR report indicates.

Please note - on the Room Condition Report it states that "I understand that a final inspection of my assignment for check-out may be conducted after I have vacated the assignment and that there may be additional damages and cleaning." Your RHD went through each room and stated that there was damage to the screen.

For the future, please make sure that any damages upon arriving to your assignment are indicated on the RCR. If needed enter a work order via the Solar/Weblink and record the work order number. All damages done by another person should be reported via an ICF form.

Thank you for your patience and cooperation in this matter.

----- End -----

First of all, what she got on her nerve that she thought she could ignore my message until she sends out and let me know that she will not be in her office until July 2nd. By the way her message says that she was in her office when I first contacted her. Second of all, who did she think I was? Superman? How am I supposed to detect the prior damage to report of RCR behind the fan? Can you? Could she? How preposterous! Third of all, what a lazy bum that she copies and pastes from her manual like a phone advertisers. I always pick up the phone, hear the machine, and hang up on those calls. Cave woman can do a better job. Fourth of all, this woman just does not know what it means to communicate. Her conversation was like automated response from computer virus that sounds off the points.

In conclusion, I have decided to publish my communication with her as a response to the frustration that she caused me. \$18 is not the problem. Some school officials' pompousness that gets on my nerve just because they have the power.

And that will be all from this issue of Kotei's Korner

In the Eyes of a Freshman

FRESHMAN continued on page 20

Fresh Eyes

FRESHMAN continued from page 19 each his own." But this so-called beginner's luck was a falsity as I lost to two girls from my rival high school. I won't lie it was an experience worth having but nothing like what was portrayed in Van Wilder.

As the week progressed my adventure continued to unravel. Meeting my chemistry Professor Mayr (proud member of the Gestapo) was an experience of its own. (Note, a German professor with a comical sense of humor is like finding a diamond in the rough; though to say I am not an advocate of blood diamonds.) All in all, some classes are good and some are bad; that is life. As day turned to night and night into day, the peak of my first week of college occurred early Friday.

So we all know what happens when you get drunk, you lose your inhibitions and you are not the same. Now when you get high and then get drunk, your mental and physical state tend to go on a downward spiral for the worse. Now add some tacos from Kelly Quad Cafeteria and you are having the worst hang-over of your life: ask my roommates. It was about 3 or 4 in the morning when I awoke to a distinct fragrance. I mean it smelled like crap, but I couldn't really tell what it was. Trying to go back to sleep, I heard some rustling around below my bed and realized my roommate (who we

shall call roommate number two) finally came back from his night of partying. Minutes later I heard the splash of vomit, and I took a wild guess as to why it smelled like crap in my room. Roommate #1 valiantly offered to take a leap down from his 20 ft bed to step in yes, a shit. He stepped on shit. Shit. Now having shit in your room is one thing, but mix it with vomit splattered across the room, oh and at 4 in the morning, let me tell you it's good times. Okay, so there is

So we all know what happens when you get drunk, you lose your inhibitions and you are not the same.

shit in my room, that is problem #1, but problem #1 is far surpassed by problem #2: Operation Chocolate Thunder. Phase one of Chocolate Thunder consisted of washing roommate number two's clothes, blanket, and yes, stuffed tiger. Phase two would be the actual removal of both the shit and vomit. Bounty is really the quilted picker upper. Phase three was the cleansing process

where the whole room was drenched with Lysol. Phase four was realizing that this was not a dream. So after a morning of cleaning up vomit and shit and Lysoling the hell out of my room, I was well awake to attend my 8:05 class. As a result, my roommate was removed from my room, but his mark will forever stay in my room, literally. The moral of the story is not to order the soft tacos from the Kelly Cafeteria because they are pretty shitty, no pun intended.

My adventures did not cease as they continued to the latter part of Friday night where a few people were over in my suite just hanging around. Sure, there is nothing better than playing drinking games around a bottle of Smirnoff right? I mean I don't drink so I wouldn't know. But yeah, so there was a knock on the door and guess who it is? No, not the po-po, but the power hungry RAs!!! Now it is not fair to make a broad assumption, but one can easily tell when their RA is a bitch. Decker out in a red Satan colored shirt, equipped with a clipboard and a pen, salivating at the first opportunity of getting people in trouble. Yes, for a second I saw my life flash before my eyes. Being "written up" shattered my dreams of becoming an RA. I was eager to add that to my extensive resume and end up being on the stage of alumnus, but I guess that dream has been shot down thanks to the RA on

duty. The weekend was left with me being a diligent student, getting my work done, and perfecting my game of beer pong. A good first week of college, no?

I mean let's face it, I am sure we all had those times back in high school when we were like "Oh my G-d I can't deal with this fucking bullshit anymore, I cannot wait till College!" Well yeah, so it's here. College, that is. No more high school drama bullshit, no more Mom or Dad telling us what to do and no more giving in to the white man. Okay, now what? We have nobody to rebel against, no more points to prove, no more fights to fight. Although the battle seems won, the war still rages on. The war of work, new relationships, roommates, RAs, Professors and their eloquently spoken TAs. The point on this little ongoing reflection of the past is to point out that we all are in the same boat, no more yet no less, all the same. In the end, and I am sure you have heard this a million times before, Stony Brook is truly what you make of it. It is only ranked number one as the nation's unhappiest university, but only if you let it. This is the time when doors of opportunities open, when new experiences grow and most of all, when we all learn a little about those around us and especially about ourselves. So stop bitching and start a revolution.

Freshman World Weekend

By Mack Walker

Freshman Opening Weekend sucked. I've now tried fifteen or so opening lines for this story, and I've ended up deleting them all so far. This one is the most honest and it is the only one I seem to be able to stomach actually putting on paper. I tried all sorts of openings—"As someone who still has a vivid dislike of high school, I found the opening weekend mildly distressing." "As an incoming freshman, I was concerned when the highlight of the opening weekend events was when I skipped them." "Looking back on the freshman opening weekend, I almost want to inflict physical pain on myself and my poor, innocent roommates, who have done nothing to deserve such torment." So on and so forth. All in all, I was just not pleased. It might be easiest to explain why this was the case by breaking down the activities gradually, in the order that they happened.

Moving in was the smoothest event of the weekend, and thankfully the first. I got my shit in, I got my parents out. Problem solved, time to move on with life. Getting the barbecue lunch was a great idea—free food, regardless of quality, is great in my book. Sure, I could have gone to See Port Deli—my roommate's father offered to drive us—but I just couldn't justify missing out on the super chance to socialize with my billion other classmates in the hot, miserable sun. I scarfed down two hot dogs, and then it was time to go hit up Super Paper Mario until dinner. Man, that's a fun game. Dinner was some kind of penne and chicken in a sour alfredo sauce—it was the kind of meal that was either bold and original, to be hailed as an innovative take on an old classic and surely something to be savored over hours of contemplation, or just a little nauseating. I'm still deciding. This was dinnertime, so the Stony Brook Solicitors were out in force amongst the crowds. "Yes, thanks, I know about the tour." "Yeah, someone already

told us about the tour." "We know there's a tour, thanks." "Yeah, there's a tour forming in the SAC, we heard." "Honestly, we know about the tour." "Don't you dare come over here and tell us about the tour." "I swear to god, if the words 'to' and 'our' come

"I swear to god, if the words 'to' and 'our' come out of your mouth, I will go find a knife and cut you."

out of your mouth, I will go find a knife and cut you. It will probably be a plastic knife from the deli, and it will probably be an hours-long exercise in slow, brutal, and visceral torture." They were well-meaning folk, to be sure, but I was goddamn sick of them pestering me while I tried to

hold my breath and stuff chicken down my throat at the same time. Adding verbal communication to these two activities just increased my chances of choking in a pool of my own regurgitated vomit.

So after dinner, I went back to my room. Super Paper Mario seemed like a good idea. Come three in the morning, it was time for bed. Sweet, tender rest.

The next morning, I arose with my roomies at the crack of dawn—dawn is at 7:30 in this hemisphere, right?—for a trip to breakfast at the H-Quad. It was another great chance to socialize with my classmates, and by "socialize," I mean stand very close to them while we all listen to our iPods. We ended up waiting in line for about forty-five minutes and were rewarded with a thin, yet oddly satisfying, cabbage soup. This was immediately followed with the mandatory convocation, which I chose to not attend. I was kind of busy. Planet Three in Paper Mario

WORLD WEEKEND continued on page 21

Fresher than Fresh, Funkier than Funky

WORLD WEEKEND continued from page 20
was being a real bastard. All of my information about the convocation

"...an Uncle Ben's Mini Bowl that can be microwaved in five agonizingly long minutes."

and the subsequent events therefore comes second-hand from people around me who went and ditched about forty-five minutes into it. Apparently the highlight was kite building, or catapult building, or something. Either way, it sounded goofy. If we had been doing something that actually sounded interest-

ing—researching how the goddamn hell I'm supposed to get past that boss on the space level, for instance—I might have actually decided to go. But I didn't, and I spent most of the rest of the day hiding in my room with various friends who skipped out with me. They wanted to play, too, though, so it was quite beneficial when an "anonymous tip-off" came through and the kite-making squad picked them up shortly before lunch. Ah, well. They can't stay mad forever—maybe they'll get over it if I let them play once I finish the eighth level. Then again, I read online that the game is even more fun on the second run through.

About halfway through the day, I found myself hungry. This happens from time to time, and I had planned for such a scenario with an Uncle Ben's Mini Bowl that can be microwaved in five agonizingly long minutes. I even got an amazing opportunity to understand what the

power of discovery was like when I forgot to bring a fork. The simple pleasures of crafting a crude eating utensil from the thin cardboard of the container and its plastic cover are things few people get the opportu-

I even got an amazing opportunity to understand what the power of discovery was like when I forgot to bring a fork.

nity to experience in our go-go-fast hyper-world of tomorrow that we live in today. Once I had gauzed the finger burns, I was able to pick up my controller and finish off world six before collapsing into a cold, flop-

sweat-filled, festering-hive bed.

And so it was Sunday. Only one event remained on our list of mandatory fun. One more gathering in which I had to pretend to pay attention. I don't really remember it very well, except for a really obnoxious heckler in the back and one really, really confusing lecture thing about date rape. And that was about it. Now I'm taking classes (like a university student and everything!) and actually writing stuff down in them, when I remember to do so. I barely have a chance to sit down and play for more than three hours at a time now, and I can look back at the events of that weekend through the pink lens of historical inaccuracy. In other words, I want to end this because I saved right before a boss fight, and I'm not even really looking at what I'm typing at this point. Maybe I should go reserve Super Mario Galaxy.

Spotlight on Stony Brook Manhattan

By Ilyssa Fuchs

Over the summer, I decided to take six credits through Stony Brook's wonderful summer session. Due to the fact that I live in Nassau (and pretty much as far south and as far west as you can be in Nassau without being in Queens) I decided to take one of my classes here at Stony Brook for six weeks and the other at Stony Brook's Manhattan campus. I needed a change of scenery and I absolutely love Manhattan, so deciding to take one of my classes there was a no-brainer. Stony Brook Manhattan is located on 28th street in between Park Ave. and Lexington Ave. in the Gramercy Park section of NYC. The easiest way to get there if you live in the city is to take the 6 train (good old Lexington Ave. Express) to 28th

street. If you live in Nassau, like me, you are better off taking the LIRR and then walking from Penn Station down to the campus.

When I first arrived at the Manhattan campus I didn't know what to expect. After walking up to the second floor I was greeted with a smile and given an access card to get into the main doors. Stony Brook Manhattan isn't a campus, but the entire second floor of a building, and you must have an access card to get through the glass doors (sounds special, right?). Once inside, there is a hallway lined with classrooms, all of which are set up to promote group discussion and all with power strips and Ethernet hookups to ensure maximum connectivity. There is a small break room with two computers, a printer, and a microwave, and at the end of the hallway there are offices and the main desk. Overall, it is

small, yet cozy, and conducive to learning. All of the rooms are air conditioned, providing a comfortable learning atmosphere for summer classes.

Unfortunately, not many classes are offered at Stony Brook Manhattan during the regular semester. Most of what is offered is 400-level seminars and such. This doesn't give undergrads much of a chance to experience Stony Brook Manhattan and I find that disappointing. Part of what I enjoyed so much about taking a class there was the experience of commuting to the city. Every Monday and Wednesday, I would look forward to taking the train into the city. Once arriving in Penn Station, I would start to walk down towards the campus, stopping to grab a delicious NYC hot dog or trying out one of the hundreds of pizzerias that Manhattan has to offer. I was able to take in the sights and

sounds of the city that never sleeps, and I loved every minute of it. From my walk to campus from Penn, to taking the subway downtown to the Village after class ended to meet a friend for drinks, or do some shopping, it was a great experience. I would highly recommend taking a class at the Manhattan campus to any and all.

On the flip side, if you live in any of the five boroughs, the Manhattan campus is probably much closer to your home than trekking all the way out here to the main campus. I personally feel that the university should offer more classes at the Manhattan campus and give more of their students a chance to learn while still being able to enjoy the big city. Overall, cheers to you, Stony Brook Manhattan, for giving students like me an opportunity to do something a little different while still earning credits at Stony Brook.

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The RA Rant

By Krystal Evans

Welcome everyone to the first ever RA rant. As you may have guessed by now, I am an RA and I rant. I rant about a lot of random things: residents who drive me nuts, RHD's who should be committed, campus res, and other random things I hear about through other RA's that I find rather amusing.

With that said, I would love to begin my first rant with something very dear to my heart...opening. A time when new students arrive at their residence halls and say, "it's that small?" No, they are not commenting on the lack of campus spirit or the amount of residents who stay here on the weekends; they are commenting on their new living space for the next eight months. After the disgruntled remarks made by both student and parent, they sign the RCR (without ever looking at it) and begin unloading their stuff; mind you, it is 7:20 in the morning and we are suppose to open at 9.

After taking care of the "early morning rush" there is a slow point in opening, which doesn't last long because this is when the line for "parents with problems" begins to form. Many parents, after being devastated by the size of the room (which was shown during orientation) and the triple situation (is it me or is everyone on this campus deathly afraid of heights) begin to complain about the mattresses having stains on them or the walls being chipped, or whatever else. When we try to explain that most residents cover the walls with posters or pictures they tend to ignore us, and want answers from the head honcho. Many RA's are probably giggling now, because every year there is always one pair of parents who is so upset by the room (and no matter how hard you kiss their ass they still aren't happy) that they whip out their cell phone and magically have the number of Al Devries's (or any other head of campus res) number. Because, in all seriousness, Al Devries will really care that your wall has a lot of scuffs when some residents don't have a mattress.

Around 9:30, when 2/3 of the residents have moved in, we, as RA's, try to relax and enjoy what little time we have to ourselves, only to be disturbed by everyone who cannot connect to the Internet (because seriously, your myspace will explode if you don't refresh it ten times an hour). I could never understand why it was so imperative to use the Internet when all your stuff is still packed away, and, more so, why residents feel we know all the answers. I plug mine in: it works; I do not further inquire. We are also not trained on how to use the CAT system, and for some funny reason the IT people are never around when we open. I am guessing that 3,500 people are all trying to sign onto the system might have something to do with the problems. But what do I know?

Opening, for RA's, is like going to the dentist for a root canal; you don't like it, but it has to be done. Between two weeks of training, getting the RCR's, door decs, and bulletin boards completed, we barely have any time to ourselves before classes begin. So I

hope readers now understand the hell we deal with when it comes time to open a building in 90 degree weather. It's not pretty and we want ice cream for it, remember that next year.

Opening, for RA's, is like going to the dentist for a root canal; you don't like it, but it has to be done.

After the umbilical cord had been cut and parents start leaving it is now time for dinner. This year all new students went to the football game, which we won. My advice: go more; it is a proven fact that SBU teams play better with a lot of red around them (just don't ask me where I got that fact from).

Stony Brook's Own Little China

By Jonathan Pu

When the sun sets on Stony Brook, the Asians come flocking out...

Or so it seemed on this past Wednesday night, the 19th of September, when China Blue hosted their Mid-Autumn Festival in the SAC Ballroom A. If you thought there were a lot of Asians in your linear algebra class, you obviously missed out on one hell of a night in the SAC. The main course of events were held up on the main stage and consisted of activities such as song-guessing and a fruit-eating contest in which the winners received t-shirts. While a captivated audience watched and laughed at the contestants (not with them, sorry contestants), many other attendees were browsing the tables which the different Asian-based clubs had set up around the room. Some notable tables had food, though not as much food was present as was seemingly promised by the ads promoting the event. As good as mooncake is, it's not that filling - trust me. The Taiwanese Student Association attempted to compensate

for this by bringing Pomelo, a grapefruit-like fruit, but this, too, was not enough. (Now we know how those poor Chinese peasant rice farmers feel like.) There was also a calligraphy table where the few white people, as well as illiterate Asians like myself, could go to have their "names" (and

China Blue's very own Norman Lee said, the purpose of the event was to promote cultural ideas and unity through the festival. There was certainly plenty of unity, even amongst the Chinese and Taiwanese, who had seemingly left their differences across the globe for the night. This goal to advance awareness and appreciation for Asian cultures comes as no surprise, as China Blue's radio station is also based on the idea of promoting culture.

The night's atmosphere certainly went along with the idea of culture. As previously mentioned, the food at the event reflected

of the room. Yep, there was so much freaking culture that I couldn't even be sure if I was in the US anymore. It was the music, however, that really got me, personally. When my mom's favorite song (obviously in Chinese) came on, I started to hum along and really felt cultural. Really, I hadn't felt this connected to my Asian roots since passing high school calculus with straight A's, or even when my driver's ed instructor threatened to kick me out of the car. I was even inspired to speak in Chinese for a part of my night. Sadly, the festival did come to a close at 10pm, a few hours past your average Asian's curfew. But now that we're in college, we're badass enough to stay out so late.

Despite China Blue's name, their festival didn't blow. As a matter of fact, China Blue and the other clubs did a magnificent job at putting together such an eventful and fun night; hats off to them. Keep in mind, China Blue will be hosting other events through the year, including their 3rd annual singing contest to be held on March 27th, so if you're Asian or you've got a bad case of yellow fever (if you don't know the term, shame on you), stop by.



by "names", I mean things I wouldn't even call your mother when she doesn't put out) written in Chinese.

China Blue's event was not hosted just for fun and games, but also for the promotion of Asian cultures. As

Chinese culture but it did not stop there. You know that Asian clique in the corner of your economics lecture that doesn't seem to speak English? Ever? Now put yourself in that corner and put Asian cliques in the rest

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"Abidjan, the West African capital of Cote d'Ivoire, is famous for its breathtaking beaches. I can never forget the year I spent there. I would occasionally visit the beach where I could see a variety of colorful shells uncovered with each passing wave that would clear away the sand under which they were once hidden. They were so beautiful and I would lose track of time just picking them up mindlessly. There's something even more beautiful in Abidjan. It is the hearts of the people that are uncovered through the waves of adversity in Africa. Their pure and untainted souls stole my heart away. I want to exchange my youth for their hearts."

Wu Tang Clan Ain't Nuthin To Fuck With

By Jon Singer

White, Jewish, Zionist hip-hop artist Remedy, affiliate of The Wu-Tang Clan, performed at Long Island's Stony Brook University on September 10th. With the New Year and the High Holidays less than two days away, the concert was a homecoming of sorts for Remedy (Real name Ross Filler), who hails from Staten Island.

Known for his song "Never Again," a song addressing the Holocaust, the 2004 hit has made its way into college textbooks on Holocaust Studies. "It's a great feeling that I actually made something that helps educate," says Remedy, who spent the evening limping around stage, after a basketball injury tore his Achilles.

The concert was part of an ongoing tour of colleges, nightclubs, and Jewish Community centers -- three different arenas with three very different audiences. "You never really know what you're getting yourself into," he says.

"Sometimes it's a club, and they just want to party, sometimes we're at colleges, and it's educational and entertaining at the same time. And sometimes, I'm in a JCC, rapping amongst elderly people and their kids. But it's all good, because it's all positive, and it's for a good cause."

The crowd at Monday's concert was equal parts Hillel club regulars, students attending for extra credit, and plain old fans of the Wu-Tang clan.

Another major theme in Remedy's rhymes is Israel advocacy. One of his songs, "The Story of The Jews," covers more than 5,700 years of Jewish biblical, political, and military history, from Abraham to Masada to the Hebron Agreement. "5,000 years in four minutes," says the artist, adding with a smile, "I did alright." He initially thought his facts would be challenged, but even college history majors were impressed with the song.

"I was impressed at the way he got some of the more textbook material without forcing it," says SBU student Matt Willemain, who attended the con-

cert as part of his Holocaust Studies class. However, he thought some lines were awkward, for example, when Remedy rhymed "cool" with "Syrian fools (songs can be heard on the artist's website, remedyross.com)." A number of students that attended the concert to receive extra credit in Holocaust studies class, stood up and left after Remedy's performance of his textbook song. But the artist kept his cool, complimenting some of the students who had early morning Tuesday classes.

Up next for Remedy is an album of "sacred hip-hop," void of guns, chains, ice, and other expletives. Remedy's only piece of "ice" is a rapper's sized gold Jewish Star. "I have to include my heritage in my music," he says, and he ended up performing much of the concert with an Israeli flag draped around his shoulders, courtesy of Stony Brook Hillel, who organized the concert as part of a larger Hebrew event, complete with Israeli snacks like peanut flavored Bamba, and apples and honey for the upcoming new year.

Remedy also addressed the day after

the concert, the sixth anniversary of September 11th, with a rhyme about terror without guns. But always the Israel advocate, he advertised programs like Birthright-Israel, saying that the Holy Land is a safe place. "Don't believe what CNN and your parents tell you."



CD Review: *Rockulus and Remix*

By Alex Walsh

Imagine a world transformed. What would have happened had Romulus and Remus, twin founders of mighty Rome, put their differences aside? Having suckled together at the teat of the wolf-bitch Lupa, these sons of the great god Mars should have realized that city-founding was a business likely to tear them apart. Deciding -- instead of fighting to the

death and laying the foundations of a continent-spanning empire -- to leave their mark on the world by assembling the most finely selected and arranged collection of music humanly possible, these noble-born gents would rechristen themselves Rockulus and Remix. The epic anthology wrought by their hands, influenced by their divine insight and eons of wisdom and experience, would probably not be far different from the mix CD I hold in my hands today.

Just like grand old Rome, the venerable Matt Willemain's mix hits its high and low points with equal gusto. Game Over's Nintendo-inspired metal anthem "Punch-Out!! Little Mac's Confession" makes one feel as if he could conquer the barbarian tribes of Gaul all by himself, while Wilco's "Poor Places" calls to mind the misery and loneliness that must have been felt by the last Western Emperor Romulus Augustus after he was forced to

abdicate by the Germanic king Odoacer. Blending classics such as Tavares' "Heaven Must Be Missing an Angel" with thoroughly modern tracks like "Shark Attack" by Freezepop much in the same way that the Romans adapted ancient Greek culture to the needs of their present, this mohawk-sporting mixologist has crafted a disc that rides just as smoothly from the Beatles to Tenacious D as the famed Apian Way did from Rome to the southern port of Brindisi. Indeed, the last track, JB and KG's "The Metal" is thematically appropriate, as their hyperbolic claims about the immortality of the eponymous metal echo cries of imperial hubris. The Empire forever!

Willemain's eclectic musical menagerie displays a familiarity with vastly different genres and periods. That he is able to blend these all together into a cohesive whole is a feat no less impressive than the unification of the culturally diverse peoples of the Mediterranean basin. His accomplishment is deserving of the same accolades afforded to the legendary generals of antiquity. Accordingly, I present the track list in the manner of a conqueror's triumph:

parading exotic captives and spoils pillaged from the various and sundry newly subjugated lands.

The Beatles - Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Belle & Sebastian - White Collar Boy
Viva Voce - We Do Not Fuck Around
Bad Religion - Sorrow
Game Over - Punch-Out!! Little Mac's Confession
Tavares - Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel
Girl Talk - Once Again
Dub Pistols - Official Chemical
DJ Shadowzero - Wizards & Warriors Might Potion
Girl Talk - Friday Night
Freezepop - Shark Attack
OK Go - Letterbox
Michael Jackson - Stranger in Moscow
Secret Stars - The Vitamin V
Rilo Kiley - More Adventurous
Bob Schneider - Big Blue Sea
Notwist - One With the Freaks
Killers - Jenny Was a Friend
Warren Zevon - Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner
Wilco - Poor Places
Tenacious D - The Metal



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The Game Plan



Mr. Woodcock



Good Gamecock



Vans Warped Tour 2007

By Vincent Michael Festa

Jenny and I went to The VANS Warped Tour!

We arrived at the Nassau Coliseum parking lot at approximately 11:30 AM, and already it was gearing up to be hot and brutal. I had my Relapse Records t-shirt on to show these people what it was about and that we were game.

We both huddled around the schedule of bands and stages (which resembled a win/place/show betting board at the Belmont Stakes), then we calculated where and when we'd go to see our bands. After little walking around, we hit up on our first band to see, Guff. Not a bad start, considering they looked like hard-working Joes who played some good pop-punk.

Then, out of nowhere, came lead singer from Circa Survive, who Jenny pointed out and got a picture and a nice big lovin' tender hug from. Score 100 points for Jenny.

We went to our second band and Jenny's first choice, Vaeda, which was really good. We were up front at the barricade, and I experienced all of the details of Vaeda's music, especially the effects, noises, and strings from Aristotle the bassist.

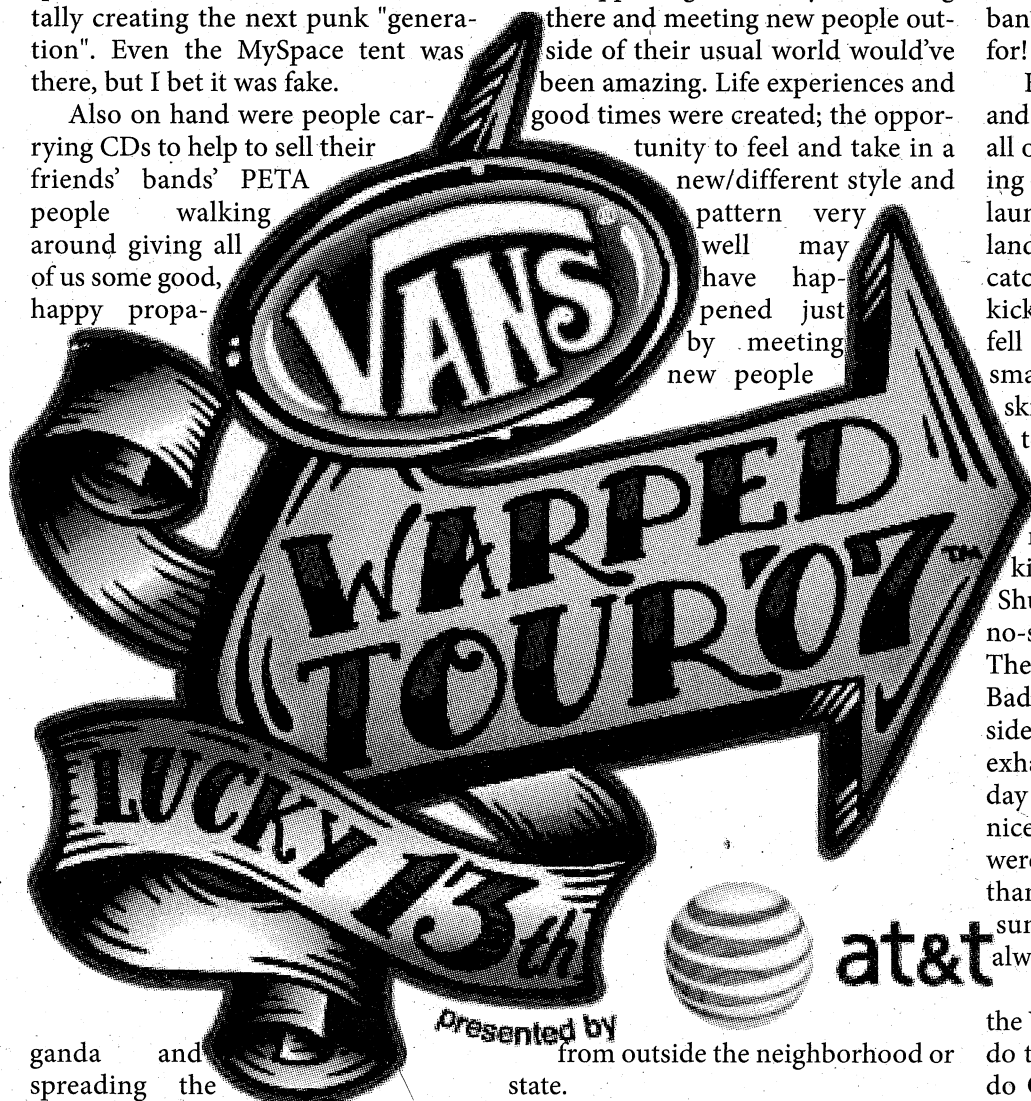
By then, the sun started getting really hot, and the humidity didn't help, either. In fact, this was when I started to feel the burn on my neck and shoulders. The high heat also justified the vendors pricing Pepsi, Gatorade, and water at \$5.00 a bottle. No worries, as there was a water tank at the edge of the coliseum's parking lot where the kids could fill up their plastic bottles. Combine hot weather, over-priced drinks, and free water, and you have a crowd of people who one-by-one were rushing and squeezing their way through one-by-one like there was a world water shortage.

Chiodos was next (Jenny's second pick), and what went from beach balls being bounced around in the crowd ended up becoming the empty water bottle toss, and finally the fans themselves went crowd-surfing. Thankfully, security didn't put an end to the

crowd-surfing and punk-rocket launch, and instead they caught the surfers over the barricades and sent them on their way. After that, we saw the Chiodos' off shoot, Cinematic Sunrise.

So many things to check out, people to see, things to do. So many tents for bands to sell their "merch:" Their t-shirts, CDs, autograph signings, magazines, and other gear. There was even a tent for Trojan condoms for punk-rawk boys and grrrls to pogo each other while helping to prevent the spread of disease and avoid accidentally creating the next punk "generation". Even the MySpace tent was there, but I bet it was fake.

Also on hand were people carrying CDs to help to sell their friends' bands' PETA people walking around giving all of us some good, happy propa-



ganda and spreading the knowledge (be kind to animals!), and even a couple of hare-krishnas were there, offering books to the people. Where were the tambourines, the baldness, and the jolly dancing?

All around, you could see a lot of the younger generation sitting on the grass like they would in Central Park, NY. Either that, or they were walking

around with their rock t-shirts, piercings, coloured hair, skin (that's for the girls who wore too little), trends, spray-painted star tattoos, attitude, and D.I.Y.'ed "Free Hugs" t-shirts.

For those who had a camera, it will be great to keep those snapshots so they can look back at an event in time where there was a microcosm of a certain people of a piece of Americana. By looking at those snapshots, they will be blown away any amount of years from now by being at that right place and right time when that something good was happening. For anyone, being there and meeting new people outside of their usual world would've been amazing. Life experiences and good times were created; the opportunity to feel and take in a new/different style and pattern very well may have happened just by meeting new people

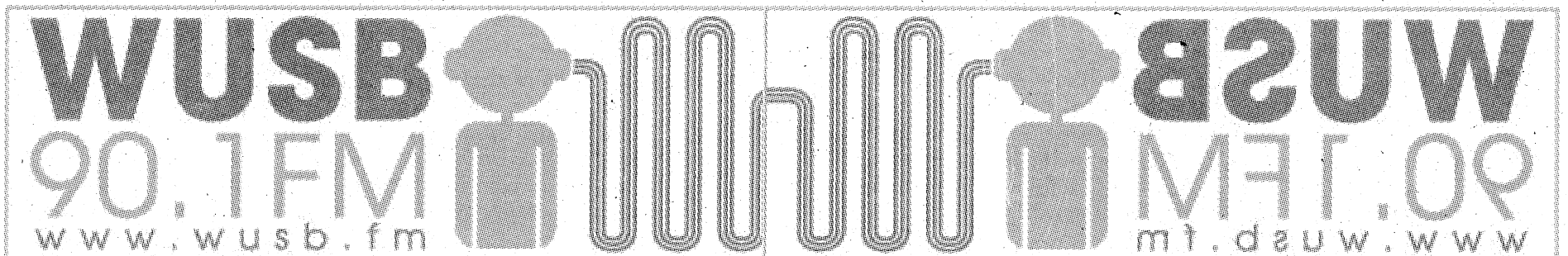
line for her autograph (after waiting in line for a total of an hour), but I also got to see some half-pipe skateboarding, luche libre featuring former ECW and WCW wrestler Psychosis, and, yes, the Roller Girls. Best play? Two girls going at it on the concrete beating each others' faces off. I wish Marv Albert was there to see that.

Jenny still wasn't done waiting in line for autographs. We both stood in line again to get Chiodos'. After 45 minutes of waiting some music started playing in the background, and it was real heavy. Killswitch Engage, the one band worth ditching your loved ones for!

Killswitch Engage's set was brutal and hard-hitting. There were mosh pits all over the place, and the crowd-surfing was at a maximum. We were launching fans for the go, and some landed on the concrete with no one to catch them (oopsie!); and I even got kicked in the head twice, and my hat fell off three times. One girl who was smart enough to wear a small black skirt got lifted and showed her world to the entire crowd below. Yellow, for those keeping score.

What we didn't see? Unfortunately, we didn't see Circa, and we kind of saw Bayside on the way out. Shucks. Also The Casualties were a no-show at this venue. (What the fuck? They're local legends!) I wanted to see Bad Religion, but we left after the Bayside set because we were so spent and exhausted from spending the entire day out in the sun, being baked to a nice red. The back of my legs and neck were scorched, and my face was redder than ever. People usually tell me I'm sunburned on my face. No way; I've always had that redness!

So Jenny and I waved good-bye to the VANS Warped Tour and decided to do this again next year (I also want to do Ozzfest next year and, if Napalm Death doesn't show up I swear I'll go apeshit on Kelly Osbourne). It was fuckin' *A*. I heard that my friends and co-workers also went, but sadly, I didn't see them, and I didn't know they went until they told me the day/week after. Oh, well. Better luck organizing next time!



Grimace's Top 4 Albums

- 1 Big Girls Don't Cry
Fergie
- 2 Greatest Hits
Chris Gaines
- 3 The Decline
NOFX
- 4 Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh
Philip Glass

Magneto in Manhattan, Gandalf in Gotham, But Really Just Lear in Brooklyn

By Madeline Scheckter

Under ordinary circumstances, the only people who notice when the Royal Shakespeare Company comes to New York are really, really pretentious (note: I have nothing against pretentious people; they are my folk). However, no one would ever claim that Sir Ian McKellen playing King Lear is anything even remotely resembling an "ordinary circumstance," except *The Economist*, whose reviewer saw shades of Lear in McKellen's most popular roles: Magneto and Gandalf. I'll be honest; I don't see it at all. But you know what I did see? I saw Sir Ian's wiener. And it was enormous.

Given the structure of BAM's Harvey Theater, one immediately sees the set. Those lucky enough to get front row seats can put their feet up on the low, open stage (though they shouldn't because it would be incredibly rude). Not being quite so lucky, but still pretty lucky, I was

seated on the balcony. As I walked up the stairs, I was a little concerned that the set would be as dreadful as the sets used in Cheek by Jowl's production of *Othello*, about which I still have nightmares. Thankfully, my fears were completely unfounded and the set was a simple mural of columns that degraded through the three acts. The set as the kingdom—and, by extension, the king—was an obvious enough representation but was done so subtly that it was not cloying. One expects simple sets in a Shakespearean production—as a nod to what theater scholars refer to as "ye olden tymes"—but one often gets a face-full of avant-garde bullshit (i.e. the above-mentioned *Othello*).

While simple sets nod to the ori-

gin of the play, this is the goddamn 21st century, and this production makes use of that fact. Sound effects were used to emphasize the action. Claps of thunder sounded out the

storm in Lear's kingdom, and they were so freakin' awesome that they shook the theater (that's O.E.D. awesome and "sweet" awesome).

The other effect used was water, so that when Lear is out in the rain, we actually get to see him get drenched. This innovative and

captivating technique is perhaps an allusion to the 1983 adaptation of *Lear* starring Jennifer Beals. Unless that's *Flashdance* I'm thinking. Either way, I liked it.

As a pretentious person, I have heard a lot of criticism about the

Russian-influenced costumes. Of course, I am more pretentious than these people and I would like to point out that this particular production of *King Lear* is being performed alongside a production of Chekhov's *The Seagull*, so quit your bitching. Furthermore, it's not exactly the first time one of Willy Shakes' plays has been set a little east of England. For some reason, I'm thinking of this film of *Richard III* that came out in 1995 which used German-inspired costumes. Can't imagine why. And, shit, why can't *King Lear* take place in Eastern Europe?

One cannot write a theater review without discussing the actors' performances (though, I confess, it's been fun). Ian McKellen is certainly the main attraction, but it would serve to remember that initial attraction is irrelevant after the fact. The Royal Shakespeare Company is an ensemble made up of incredibly talented actors. One is not left saying, "I saw Ian McKellen," but saying, "I saw an incredible production of *King Lear*."



Chamillionaire – Ultimate Victory

By Steve McLinden

While everyone in hip-hop and the music industry was paying attention to Kanye West and 50 Cent's phony competition, Chamillionaire's album followed up the next week in what will, and should, leave rap fans asking themselves what defines "conscious rap" in light of the alleged niche that's been carved out for some progressive-minded artists. All too aware of what's going on in hip-hop, in the music industry, and in current events, Cham isn't afraid to call out talking heads like Lou Dobbs and Bill O'Reilly, or of course, the cops. When he went major, Cham gave up the punch line delivery style that had many dismissing him as a novelty, and tried on 2005's *The Sound of Revenge* to be a jack of all trades a little too much. With *Ultimate Victory*, Cham is the definitive poster boy of real talk, especially in southern rap, and just might lead a modern renaissance to clean up the Dirty South.

Opening with "The Morning

News", Cham is no apologist for his neighbors from the South or other mainstream rappers, spitting, "hip-hop crunk music, hyphy music, snap music/ sound like a nursery rhyme, get a beat and rap to it/ ain't speaking with ain't speakin' wit' a purpose, I'ma call it crap music." Since Cham's broke through with #1 single "Ridin'" last year, he's been noted in the media as a rapper who criticizes law enforcement; and on "Hip-Hop Police", the first single featuring legend Slick Rick, the two shed light on the trend of metro police departments tracking rappers' lyrics and beefs to link them to alleged crimes or gang activity. Other tracks feature appearances by Lil' Wayne, Krayzie Bone, and Bun B, which shows that Cham's policy, of avoiding beef with anyone in the game, pays off, and is also that the duality between being positive and having a "hard" image can earn respect from a more diverse audience than many other current rappers.

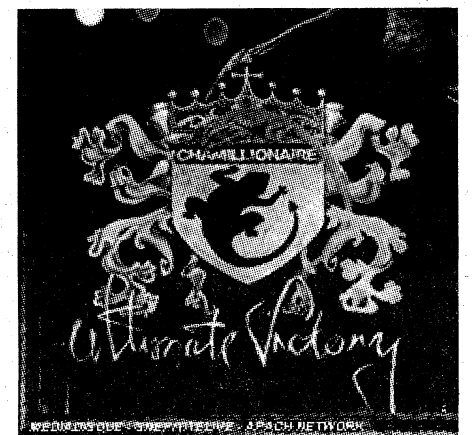
Industry Groupie, which samples heavily on the easily-recognized "The Final Countdown", depicts the genre as a human female (not unlike Com-

mon [Sense]'s "I Used to Love H.E.R.") in a story that makes continuous wordplay on titles of dozens of recent misogynist rap hits like Kanye's "Gold Digger" and R. Kelly's "Bump N Grind", not to mention VH1's *Flava of Love* and some celebrity sex tapes, too.

As for shortcomings, the album clearly lacks a club banger or any heavy beat; Houston rap has always been known for knocking rear bumpers off of scrapers; even "Welcome To The South", with the title of a potential anthem and featuring Pimp C of UGK, just doesn't bump. In fact, the only tracks that are good for rattling your rear-view mirror are "Hip-Hop Police" and "You Must Be Crazy", so for a driving mix, check out this summer's *Mixtape Messiah 3*, which Cham made available on his website.

On the other hand, at least *Ultimate Victory* sounds good in earbuds, and unlike mainstream hip-hop's continual shift toward a single-centric genre, this album has the definitive construction of an album with one thought: the state of hip-hop and

popular media in general. The title-track concludes the album well, being both enjoyable to listen to and thought-provoking, with lines like "I swear to yall' the rap game really makin' me sick/The record industry's your home then I came to evict/Put some nonsense out and I bet you this one'll stick/I put real music out and I'm probly' gon' catch a brick." Real talk, Chamillitary Mayne.



Ultimate Victory
Chamillionaire

Poems

Prayer to the Power of Writing

Introit

Now I set me down to write,
I pray the muse my soul enlight.
And if I scrib for goodness sake,
I pray the publisher my work to take.

Adoration

Force of recording, power of letter and word,
Thou who art G.B. Shaw in the west,
Tsan-Chien in the east,
Willy the Shakes in the north,
And Thoth in the land of sand,
Thou art mighty alone,
Bringing your gifts of fable and folk tale,
Prose and poem.
Thou fillest the hours and the mind with
Dream and nightmare, hope and fear,
Knowledge and laughter.
Power of alphabet, word, phrase, and paragraph
All rest in thy holy hand.

Exhortation

I beseech The, power of pen, plume, and brush,,
Grant me patience to pick and edit,
Wisdom to see that not all I write is crap,
And the wherewithal to perhaps,
By your great kindness and guidance,
Turn the tale of my darkening days
Into a really nifty short story
In the sword and sorcery vein.

Exorcism

This I ask in honor and reverence,
And I release you to do my will.
If you don't, I will come looking for you...

By Jon Plaisted

*Love is like
the wind
It blows across our warm hearts
Envelops us
-JWS*

A Cutting Truth

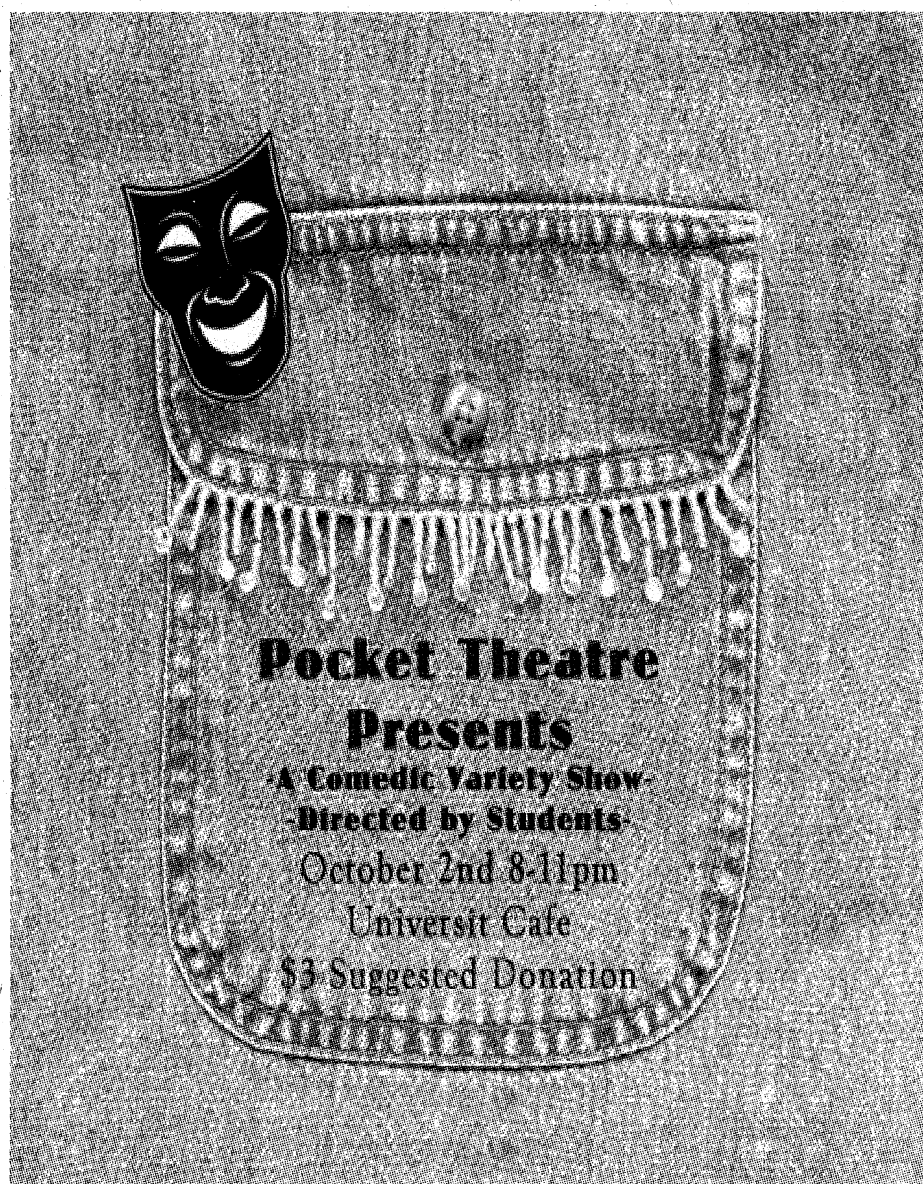
Just when summer turns to autumn
When promises, adrift like leaves
Slip softly to the water's edge

Years ago I lost my faith
On just a day as this
Underneath the southern cross
Remembrances grow vague

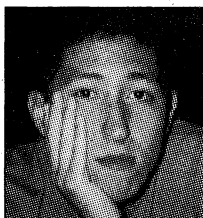
Pressed against my fluttering breast
One last letter from your hand
Each time I see those tufty clouds
Mornings in the marsh return

Searching through this lonely landscape,
Upon the memories we described
Can you please come back here?
Keeping secrets on my own
Still

-DMB



Toy Soldiers: Capitalizing on Casualties



Nick
Eaton

While watching the Home Shopping Network, one is led to the conclusion that just about anything is marketable in corporate America. The private sector, a large and

gelatinous mass not unlike the Blob, has engulfed and internalized just about everything. Even natural resources such as water are bottled and sold. Among these commercially advertised products, there is a private part that America has not yet flashed: mercenaries.

Unbeknownst to most Americans, over 130,000 private personnel from 180 different mercenary companies are currently deployed alongside soldiers in Iraq. These mercenaries are not included in the troop count, nor in the official death toll in Iraq. The most interesting of these companies is one based out of North Carolina: Blackwater USA.

Edgar Prince was the billionaire founder of Prince Automotive, and he laid the financial groundwork for the Republican Revolution. He provided critical funding to Gary Bauer, who founded the Family Research Council, a religious-right organization. He also provided major contributions to James Dobson's Focus On The Family program, yet another gear in the religious-right's war machine. Edgar Prince's daughter, Betsy, married Dick Devos who is the heir to the Amway company, which is infamous for its financial ties to the Republican party and its classification by many as a cult-corporation. Edgar Prince's son is Erik, a former Navy SEAL who also interned with George H. W. Bush. Erik Prince is the founder of Blackwater USA.

Blackwater's second-in-command is Joseph Cofer Black, who is currently Mitt Romney's counterterrorism policy advisor. During the attacks on September 11th, J. Cofer Black was the director of the CIA's Counterterrorist Center. After 9/11, Black was in charge of tracking down Osama Bin Laden. J. Cofer Black is known for his extremely graphic and horrifically violent depictions of his plans for the Middle East. He's stated that he wants Bin Laden's head cut off with a machete and kept in a box with dry ice so that he may present it to the president. In Moscow, he was reported to have said that the terrorists' heads will be on pikes. He has stated that when all is done in Iraq, flies will walk across the eyes of the dead terrorists.

In the wake of his father's death and the sale of Prince Automotive to the tune of \$1.3 billion, Erik Prince purchased 5,000 acres of land in North Carolina. Prince has made a fortune by capitalizing on the catastrophes of the world. After the Columbine shootings, a mock high school entitled "R U Ready High School" was erected at Blackwater and used to train law enforcement from all over the United States. After the attack upon the *U.S.S. Cole*, the Navy gave Blackwater USA a \$35.7 million contract to train their soldiers on ways to prevent and defend against these kinds of attacks in the future. In 2000, former president Bill Clinton awarded the company its federal vending license which allowed Blackwater USA to solicit its services to the federal government legally. Finally, on September 11, 2001 Blackwater got its big break. The CIA, under the care of J. Cofer Black, sends Blackwater to Afghanistan. When Paul Bremer is sent to Iraq, Blackwater is granted a \$27 million contract to keep him

alive. In March of 2003, Bush enacts the major deployment of privatized soldiers to Iraq.

So we've talked about the who, the what and the how. Now, let's discuss the why. Sure, Blackwater is making coma-inducing amounts of money, but where does the federal government benefit in shelling out all of this cash? Well, as stated above, private soldiers are not included in the troop count nor in the death toll. Therefore, our current troop count is actually double when you include the mercenaries, and who knows how many private personnel have died? On March 31, 2004, four Blackwater soldiers were mutilated and hung from a bridge in Fallujah but were listed in the papers as civilians. By employing private security, the U.S. avoids the controversy of immense death tolls and also dodges the political stigma of enacting a draft. In addition to this, hired mercenaries are above Iraqi law. Thanks to Paul Bremer, Order 17 grants all private personnel operating under the United States' immunity from Iraqi courts. This allows these gung-ho Hollywood action stars to behave as they'd like in Iraq, without consequence. Finally, Blackwater USA recruits from poor countries who stand against Bush's War on Terror. They have employed troops from Chile and Columbia with the promise of large paychecks only to renege on those promises and pay them \$34 a day. Jeremy Scahill stated that "...[T]he Bush administration failed to build the coalition of willing nations to occupy Iraq. And so, instead, the administration has built a coalition of billing corporations."

Blackwater USA is not only capitalizing upon the great tragedies of our time, but it acts as the military branch of the religious-right. It is the Republican war machine, gunning

down democracy and freedom by operating above the law and behind the scenes. Blackwater USA is not a corporation in defense of the United States, but in the pursuit of a fat paycheck and a right-wing takeover.

Fun Facts

- Gary Bauer is among those involved with Project For A New American Century, a neo-conservative think tank which has enacted its agenda through fellow members Donald Rumsfeld, Lewis "Scooter" Libby, Jeb Bush, Dick Cheney, Paul Wolfowitz and Steve Forbes, among many others.
- After the events in Fallujah in March 2004, Erik Prince hired the Alexander Strategy Group, a Republican public relations firm founded and staffed by former senior staffers of Tom Delay.
- In June 2004 Blackwater was granted a \$320 million contract for diplomatic security service in Iraq.
- The families of the four Blackwater soldiers mutilated in Fallujah sued Blackwater after being rejected information regarding the deaths of their family members. Blackwater countersued the families for \$10 million.
- Paul Bremer, whom Blackwater was contracted to protect, instituted the policy of De-Baathification in Iraq. Critics claim that 250,000 enemy combatants in Iraq are a result of De-Baathification because a quarter of one million Iraqi soldiers were fired due to the policy, and they very likely joined the ranks of extremists.

Campus-Wide Smoking Ban Goes Up in Smoke

By Ilyssa Fuchs

Good news, fellow smokers! The proposal for a campus-wide smoking ban has officially gone up in smoke faster than a garbage can full of newspapers where a lit cigarette has been dropped. If you are a smoker, you might have gotten that slightly queasy feeling in your stomach last semester when you heard that the administration was pushing to ban smoking on

campus altogether, but you can breathe easier now (well, maybe not breathe easier, but breathe in and out the smoke easier). Now, I'm sure you are wondering what saved us, (because I sure didn't see USG throwing out life vests) two words: workers' unions. Due to the fact that Stony Brook employs many union workers and such, outlawing cigarette smoking on campus directly infringes on the rights of the workers, and since the workers' rights are much more important than the students' because

of their unions, we seemed to have lucked out on this one. As you already know, as of this semester smoking has been outlawed in the dorms, but I can't even say I don't agree with that; after all, it is close quarters but you still retain your right to smoke elsewhere on campus. If the smoking ban had been passed, you technically wouldn't even be able to smoke in your car on campus; now, as far as I'm concerned, that just would have been pushing way too far. I know there is always going to be a handful of non-

smokers who complain and act like it's the end of the world, but grow up. Smoking isn't illegal in this country and if you're concerned about your health and what you are breathing in, you are probably better off locking yourself in a bubble like John Travolta for the rest of your sorry miserable existence, because I'm sure that whatever's in the air around here isn't too great to be breathing in either.

This is the accent of the halfhearted land. Does it all make sense now?

An Open Letter to Karl Rove



Alex H.
Nagler

Aug 16th, 2007

Dear Karl Rove,
Hello, Mr. Rove. We've never met, but my name is Alexander Harrison Nagler and I am a big

fan of yours. I'm upset to see that you're leaving at the end of August to return to the private life, to spend "more time with your family." It saddens me to see that what could be the greatest political mind of this generation is leaving The Beltway.

Let me restate something before we continue. I'm not a fan of you, Karl Rove, the person. I'm a fan of Karl Rove, the political mastermind. I admire you for what you can do, not what you have done. I respect what you're capable of and how you can work Washington in a way that hasn't been seen since President Johnson worked the Congressional Organ to get the Civil Rights Act passed. Watching you work is a master course in political science. I am amazed at what you have the power to accomplish. Getting George Bush not only elected once, but twice? You truly are the Mastermind, and I will miss read-

ing about what you pulled off while lurking in the shadows.

Let's look back for a moment, shall we? Back to the carefree days before September 11th, 2001. Way back - to the start of your career as a consultant. As a nineteen year old, my age, you stole stationary from the campaign office of Illinois State Treasurer and printed out 1,000 memos promising "Free Beer, Free Food, Girls, And A Good Time For Nothing" and passed them out, successfully dis-

I can't even get a protest going and you managed to disrupt a rally with a pack of renegade rockers and hobos.

rupting a rally. You did that when you were my age. I can't even get a protest going and you managed to disrupt a rally with a pack of renegade rockers and hobos. And you got away with it for three years. You studied under the Plumbers of Watergate, and successfully painted George McGovern, a recipient of the Distinguished Fly-

ing Cross, as a peacenik. Anyone familiar with American history knows what happened then.

George Bush, Sr. picked you as the chair of the College Republicans. You became his special assistant once he became Chair of the Republican National Committee. Then history came knocking in the form of a simple errand. You were to deliver a set of car keys to the man who would become the appendix to your gastrointestinal track, the Robin to your Batman, the Igor to your Dr. Frankenstein. You met George W. Bush, and though neither of you knew it, you would end up consulting for the family as one of their top strategists from 1977 on.

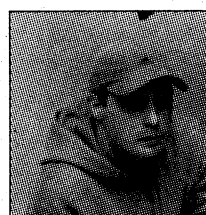
In 1994, George W. Bush finally agreed to run for Governor of Texas and you were right there waiting to help. You managed to defeat the popular incumbent Democrat Ann Richards by suggesting her staff was "full of lesbians." Of course, when I say that you did this, the evidence is merely circumstantial and the charge will never be successfully pinned to you. This Teflon quality is one of the things that I admire about you so much. You cannot get anything stuck to you. Even when you used the same exact strategy in 2000 against John McCain, a decorated

war veteran and the assumed front-runner for the Republican Party's nomination, it never stuck. Never mind that this was a national race, or that the suggestion was that he had fathered an illegitimate black child, or that the child in question was his adopted Bangladeshi daughter (who was rescued from Mother Theresa's orphanage, no less). You have never been successfully linked to anything. You are the Mastermind. And I'm going to miss you.

Most children want to be doctors or astronauts or even lawyers when they grow up. Ever since I was 13, I wanted to be Karl Rove when I grew up. I was you for Halloween when I was 15. While I may despise what you stand for and whom you work for, you are a political power the likes of which that I do not think we will see again for another generation. Mr. Rove, if you ever decide to go into the academic world, I will be there, ready and waiting to take any class you may teach. Godspeed, Karl Rove. I'll miss you.

Respectfully yours,
Alexander Harrison Nagler

Rewind



Vincent Michael
Festa

Sept. 2nd, 2007.

I was on the computer when I heard dogs barking. Someone was at the door. It was Trevor, looking for my brother.

Then he called out to his wife waiting in the car parked outside. It was Alice, an old friend of mine from Plainview that I haven't seen in ten years. I wanted to take an hour or two to catch up with.

Alice and I went back about 10 year when I had another group of friends who I met in my Senior year. Around that time life was about blind dates, bowling, The Broadway Mall at Hicksville, the basement movie theater, and me bridging the gap between my friends in Brentwood and my friends in Plainview (third of

three in a series of bridging the gap). Talking about what happened to certain people in the last ten years blew all our minds. *Ten Years!*

Alice updated me about everyone that we used to hang out with. Both a former crush and one of my exes already have children. I didn't want to believe it. Then there was one person we knew who lost his headspace after a series of unfortunate incidents in his life and having a police squad showing up outside his friend's house to look for him. And, of course, the most important theme of the night was about what happened to failed friendships with whom and why.

There was a point that all of my contacts and connections from Plainview failed on me, and so did most of those from Brentwood. This happened a little after I graduated from high school. It's chaos

when friends and relations crumble because people don't learn or do things that they damn well know they should not do. Even more of a shame is that after a decade people will still choose to get along with you when in the first place it could've been possible to stay friends, but most of the time barriers were put up between us because of what happened.

Back in high school, we didn't act straight. We were just some idiots who didn't think. We did witless things to each other, without a care, because we were young once and when you're young you don't realize. We were shallow, too.

Looking back, it was a shame how all of this ended, meeting new people in a different neighborhood and having it all crumble because of petty reasons and games—games which should never have been played in the first place.

And having had unique experiences that could not have been had any other way or anywhere else, it's sad that those times are long gone. One day, I will tell you about my Plainview days.

In the end, we apologized and had a peace treaty. It felt great because of how far back we went and how infrequently I met my friends outside of Brentwood. Even better is that out of nowhere chance encounters happen. When you least expect it, certain people from the outermost reaches of your life re-enter and open up the Pandora's Box like never before.

If it's any consolation, I have decided to stay in touch with Alice. She is one of the very few from the Plainview era who is around. The others still remain a mystery to me.

Make your opinion heard! Write for *The Stony Brook Press*.Meetings Wednesdays 1pm
Union Building Room 060

Stony Brook? More Like Phony Brook!

By Cindy Liu

Everyone here is so Asian. Even I'm Asian. There are so many Asians here I can't even tell myself apart from the rest of the Asians. There are so many Asians. There is a small section in the Seawolves Marketplace that sells Asian Snacks, like Pocky, Chapagetti, and Chocolate Koalas. There are more Asians here than in some large Chinese provinces. One time, this random Asian Stony Brook student requested to be my Facebook friend, and it was like, "Hey! I'm Asian, You're Asian, We're Both Asian, Let's Get Married and Have Asian Chapagetti-eating Babies!" I promptly hit the Ignore button, casting him off into Asian Oblivion.

Don't get me wrong here—this article isn't about my disappointment with the ridiculous number of Asians on campus. I am not affiliated with any type of Asian-Hate group (I might secretly be white, though). No, the issue here is much, much deeper—so much more profound, so appalling, and so repulsive that it makes me want to curl up into my body and shit myself inside out. That's what this place is about: shitting yourself inside out.

I must have been either spoiled all my life or lied to in recent years. They said college would be the best experience of my life. They said I'd meet interesting people and I'd read a lot of books and I wouldn't go to class sometimes but I would still learn something new anyway. They said I'd reach the pinnacle of my life in college.

They said it's so different from high school. They said it's an extension of high school but better. And with rotating mental images of fun shows and inspiring lectures and badass pseudo-intellectuals and weekly all-nighters and all these things that they said, I came to Stony Brook University.

I was greeted by a completely apa-

Well, what do you like to do? Have fun, party. What's so fun about partying? You get drunk.

thetic, completely anti-social, completely fly-straight-over-your-head aloof campus. The non-receptivity to conversation here is so great, I could be ushering a large rock on wheels around Roosevelt Quad for half the day while telling it about the wonders of existentialism and it would not make a difference. Even the geese are self-absorbed assholes, ignoring everybody and taking little shits all over the road. Today I said hello to a random someone in passing, and, I'm so serious: her head made a complete 360-degree rotation around her neck as I moved past her and her eyes literally popped out of their sockets. Needless to say, I've made only one friend since I stepped on campus and I have the growing suspicion that I am progressively becoming a more boring

person—the boredom here is so dense that it seeps into your skin. How will I make friends now? Oh, the irony!

The people who go here are so dispassionate, it's amazing. What's your major? Chemistry. Why? Uhh, I don't know. I'm pretty good at it. Why are you taking Chemistry as your major? I dig isotopes.

What's your major? I'm undecided. Well, what do you like to do? Have fun, party. What's so fun about partying? You get drunk. What's so great about drinking? It's fun. Why are you here? To have fun and party and get drunk.

As a Freshman, I had the pleasure of Experiencing Stony Brook, in which on one of the first days here, I was put into Ballroom A of the Student Activities Center with approximately 200 other Freshman and spent the next two hours trying to break the ice. One of many fun activities involved standing in a circle with eleven other people and going around the circle telling everyone else how we're doing. These were the answers, virtually verbatim:

"Frustrated."

"Tired."

"Bored."

"Bored."

"Little bored."

"Tired."

"I'm sleepy."

"Upset."

"Bored."

"Really bored."

"Kinda tired."

"Ecstatic."

And I can almost assure you that the last answer was sarcasm in its

purest form.

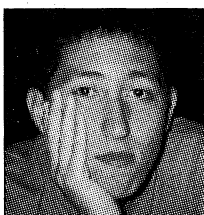
One night, feeling severely disillusioned, I wandered over to the Kelly Quad Dining Center to digest food, an activity that quickly became my number one form of entertainment. But, lo and behold, something diverted my attention. What was it, you ask? Was it one or two living, breathing, semi-decent human beings? The newest piece of contrived sculpture being erected on campus? A rock that wasn't half-assedly painted over by some obnoxious fraternity or sorority population? No, silly reader! It was what appeared to be a beacon of light: the Kelly Coffee and Tea House.

Aesthetically, the place was wonderful—the dim, warm lighting, the hangout-conducive seating arrangements, the well-thought out color coordination—if it weren't for the mind-numbingly loud Fall Out Boy music and the lukewarm attitudes of the employees, it would have actually felt like I was walking into a decent coffeeshop, as opposed to a Hot Topic. I asked the cashier if I could reuse my paper cup, since Stony Brook prides itself in being an environmentally conscious campus, and she looked at me like I had a vagina on my face.

There are no escapes here.

All in all, my first 20-odd days here have made me realize that Stony Brook is just a very large version of my high school. However, they have also made me realize that in order for us to fix problems, we must first acknowledge that there is one, and in order for us to acknowledge that there is one, we must wake the fuck up.

What's Ahmadinejad With You?



Nick Eaton

Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad is scheduled to speak at Columbia University — much to the dismay of Mayor Bloomberg, republicans, Zionists, and many others.

Critics of the visit cite the Iranian president's support of terrorism, denial of the Holocaust, and hatred of Israel as some of the many reasons to deny Ahmadinejad a voice in America's academic world. While it was quite unusual for Public Enemy Number One to request permission to lay a wreath at

Ground Zero, it's unfortunate that Americans who cling to the First Amendment like drowning cats to driftwood have no issue spitting in the face of a chance at diplomacy.

In my opinion, right or wrong, it's important for Americans to hear what the "man from Iran" has to say. If he is, as is alleged by our ever-so-trustworthy administration, the next big nuclear threat, wouldn't it make sense to analyze his views? I understand that strategy has never been Bush's strongest trait (Iraq is a testament to that), but it's simple logic to understand one's enemy. What we know of Ahmadinejad is only what has been prepared on paper. We hear what his

speechwriters have concocted and the rumors our government has whispered into the ears of American "journalists." This is a chance to get the Ahmad Man by himself, in the open and without a script. In a question and answer environment, American's will get the chance to not only push his buttons, but to challenge him on issues and kick the leg that he doesn't have to stand on. I am certainly no Zionist and I stand on the Palestinian side of the argument, but it should be relatively simple for a mildly educated person to crush his anti-Holocaust theories. In addition to that, while flustered and unprepared, we may gain some important knowledge about the man, which will aid us in the future.

While this administration has relentlessly turned down even the notion of diplomacy, never once has it passed up the opportunity to slander and assault. This is right up Republican alley. So why is it that they're putting up the roadblocks? Is it possible that Ahmadinejad has something to say that stands in stark contrast to popular opinion? Could it be that there are viable explanations and factual evidence regarding Iran's supposed nuclear proliferation that diffuse all of the inflammatory criticism? Perhaps. It's more likely, though, that Bush is hopelessly ignorant regarding his views of diplomacy.

Hey, is it January? Nah man it's August

How On Earth Did I, Mathew Rammelkamp, Become a Regisered Republican? WHAAA?



Matthew Rammelkamp

Yup. I'm not going to lie; I changed parties two months ago. I'm now officially a registered Republican. Why? So I can vote for Ron Paul in the primaries in February. Why? Because Ron Paul is a congressional representative who accepts no money from corporate or special interests, introduces more pieces of legislation than any other candidate, and has never voted to raise taxes. Ron Paul is the peace candidate in this Presidential election cycle.

Am I a libertarian? Not completely. I guess I'm neutral on the economics of it. But it doesn't sound all bad. I do strongly support freedom, peace, and the Constitution of the United States. So does Ron Paul, who is fiercely against the federal government criminalizing medicinal marijuana, issuing mandatory national ID cards, and spying on your e-mails and phone calls without a warrant.

Ron Paul's stance on Iraq and all wars is akin to George Washington's Farewell Address. The founder of this country warned us to stay out of the affairs of other nations, and he voluntarily limited his candidacy to two terms. Ron Paul wants us to use our national defense to defend our country, not to militarize the world. Don't you think that if we were to mind our own business, there would be less anti-American sentiment overseas? Don't you think there would be fewer terrorists? The CIA, and the Middle Eastern terrorists, all admit that terrorists hate us, not because we are free and prosperous, but because we are bombing, occupying, and killing them!

Ron Paul is also for reducing the power of the executive branch. Anyone ever learn about checks and balances? Right now, we don't have that. Over time, since Lincoln and accelerated with Bush, the executive branch does not

have to listen to Congress. The president should primarily have the power to persuade the congress, who represents the people, not carves out his/her own draconian laws. Despite one's personal views on any issue, [it should not matter the president's position], as the power should be dictated to Congress and the states.

One particular issue that I am passionate about is health freedom; Ron Paul introduced legislation to allow vitamins, supplements, and foods to have truthful health claims on the product, if they are indeed true. He also is fighting

want to put in our body, and the right to know if they have health benefits or not.

Ron Paul is and always has been vocally against a North American Union, against misnamed "free trade" agreements like NAFTA, GATT, the WTO, the IMF, and the World Bank. Obama, Hillary, and everyone else, in my opinion, are for the establishment, for the big banks, for the corporate overtake and destruction of America. In fact, practically all the other candidates are members of the Council on Foreign Relations. The CFR was set up by the

lence him. In the debates, they barely ask him questions. When they do, they laugh while they are asking him why he wants to get out of Iraq or end the IRS. They show two people clapping for him when there are thousands clapping. They say he is supporting terrorists by realizing, like the CIA does, that our foreign policy has "blowback": when we kill them, they hate us and try to kill us back. We should stop killing them in the first place!

Despite the GOP and mainstream media's attempts to discredit Ron Paul and his stance on issues within his own party that go against the big money interests in the Republican party, Ron Paul is winning. He came in first or second place in 13 of the first 23 straw polls. He won the CNN.com debate poll with 60%, won an ABCNews.com debate poll with 84%, won a C-SPAN online GOP candidate poll with 69%, won the MSNBC poll after the first debates, and is now a "most searched" term on Google, Youtube, and Yahoo! Ron Paul is the most mentioned person in blogs. A couple of weeks ago he won the Fox News televised debate by a landslide - with 35% of the votes on the text message poll. Giuliani came in second with less than half of that.

This time around, support a grassroots candidate who is for the people, for the constitution, for freedom, justice, peace, and liberty. We have five important months left to support Ron Paul's campaign until the primary elections. This is the opportunity of the lifetime that we have someone who has such a good chance of winning, all financed with money from citizens, not corporations. If this looks like someone you would support, Google "Ron Paul," watch his speeches on Youtube or go to his website, www.ronpaul2008.com. Donate to his campaign, join the Meetup group (ronpaul.meetup.com), e-mail me to campaign locally or learn more: veganmatty@care2.com, and spread the word to your friends, family, classmates, etc.

	Hillary	Obama	Ron Paul
Introduced bill to end Iraq War in 2007	No	No	YES
Iraq exit strategy: "We should just come home."	No	No	YES
Plans to remove all US troops from Iraq & Middle East	No	No	YES
Voted against the Iraq war 2002	No	Not in Congress in 2002	YES
Denounced doctrine of pre-emptive warfare	No	No	YES
Took off the table future pre-emptive strike on Iran	No	No	YES
Took off table future escalation of Afghanistan war	No	No	YES
Does not plan to increase number of US military troops	No	No	YES
Calls for foreign policy of military non-interventionism	No	No	YES
Will reduce foreign military expense by \$500 billion	No	No	YES
Voted against the "Patriot" Act in 2002	No	Not in Congress in 2002	YES
Calls to repeal "Patriot" Act	No	No	YES
Voted against mandatory national ID card act 2005	No	No	YES
Doesn't receive millions from big corporations	No	No	YES
Calls to end all government subsidies to corporations	No	No	YES
Calls to end the "inflation" tax which hurts the poor	No	No	YES
Wrote bill to protect Social Security fund	No	No	YES
Calls to end federal war against medicinal marijuana	No	No	YES

to stop the Big Pharma cartel from completely banning a wide range of vitamins and supplements from being sold in this country. "Codex Alimentarius" as it is called, a UN-based global food regulatory agency, is set to ban organic food from being sold worldwide. Ron Paul is standing up for the integrity of the very thing that makes us human - the right to be able to eat unadulterated, non-irradiated, unsprayed food, the freedom to choose what pills we

Rockefeller family in the early 20th century with the goal of destroying America and creating a one world government. This is what George Bush talked about when he declared that we are beginning to see the start of a "New World Order".

The mainstream media and the GOP do not like the independent bipartisan grassroots candidate and the momentum that is building for Ron Paul's ideas and his candidacy. They are trying to si-

Gay Community Strikes Back: There is No Iran



David K. Ginn

In a recent press release, members of the gay community have struck back against Iranian President Ahmadinejad's claims that there are no homosexuals in Iran by claiming "there is no Iran".

In the release, the gay community members say, in response to the open-forum bullying of Iran, "We do not know of this phenomena. We don't know who told you. Iran does not exist."

The original claim by Ahmadinejad was in response to a Columbia University student's question of the alleged executions of homosexuals in Iran.

Before answering their own question outright, the gay community's first press release states that "If a

country came and tried to invade you, wouldn't you fight back? Wouldn't you want to bring that country to justice? If a country raped your women and stole the clothes off your backs, wouldn't you want to see them punished? It is not a new concept."

When reminded that open-forum bullying and interrogation of the Iranian president is very different from murdering, raping and thievery, the gay community responded with their now-famous quote: "There is no

Iran." Information is pending on whether or not this "gay community" is representative of the actual gay community, or if it is even a community at all.

Make your opinion heard! Write for *The Stony Brook Press*.

Meetings Wednesdays 1pm
Union Building Room 060

International Policy: The Double-Blind Effect

By Miguel Sanchez

The likelihood that US national forces will withdraw from Iraq is very small, given the interest and risk required to secure and control the oil distribution network in the region. Both U.S. political parties surmised that allowing Iraq's infrastructure to be managed without U.S. intervention would inevitably offset the long-term economic interest the ruling and intellectual institutions have imposed on the region.

Currently, Israel is garnering tremendous support from the U.S. to reshape and remobilize the Israeli Defense Force for a possible invasion of the Gaza Strip, which is now under the control of the democratically-elected government of Hamas, but is forcibly being taken out of power in the West Bank by Fatah (a controlled and calculative effort on the part of the US and Israel). In part, there is growing anticipation that the course of global military history is drawing towards an inevitable conflict with Iran, for which the majority of the intellectual institutions have voiced unanimous support. Moreover, the ruling powers have voiced objection that the next conflict has to be with Iran, and the reasons such conflicts are so voiced with optimism and unanimity is the prevailing view that, without direct military action to contain and stifle Iran, the upcoming arms race between China and Russia cannot be contained effectively.

Orthodoxy of effective coordination of public interest to end the war is also a double-bind effect that is pathological in nature. Indeed, both parties of the U.S. political system regard occupation of key regional sectors in Iraq as the primary motivation behind the Second

Gulf War. There is a hidden thread behind the contradictory choices the American public faces, and that is the presumption that the national parties will effectively coordinate an effort to bring all military forces back home from Iraq. This is a paradox for which there are grave risks to American economic and military interests as well as the threat of a reactionary movement against the U.S. that will inevitably surface as a new and more coordinated effort is implemented to attack and stifle Western and Eastern diplomatic and national interests, (i.e., Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and China). These nations will suffer long-term consequences.

Such implications indicate that the interest in containing the reactionary movement in the Middle East is a vastly coordinated effort by the G8. The attempt by the G8 to expand the oil pipeline from Southeast Asia to sectors of the Middle East to Eastern Europe as sub-colonial systems is a vast and coordinated effort by the economically and politically powerful institutions to seek vital access and control of the most important strategic checkpoints in the developing world. Such attempts only mean that, if U.S. forces are finally driven out of major regions in Iraq, there will still be a limited foreign presence in sectors of Iraq that hold vital importance for the oil pipeline.

The double-bind effect means that, politically, activists are heading towards two choices with the overall same negative outcome. National media centers are communicating a false impression that the Anti-War movement is gaining new ground, and this media gives the public two choices to achieve a good outcome. Overall, the control of telecommunication and informational systems by strong and influential cen-

tralized media corporations means only a strong and widespread hallucinogenic effect of transcendental Humanism. In other terms, if the public can voice an attack against a party that the public feels contradicts the citizens' overall national interest for financial and national security, then the people choose, among a two-party system, the lesser of two evils. But the lesser of two evils, inevitably, shares the same military and political interest as the rest of the international ruling and intellectual powers, which is the movement towards vital control of the last remaining petroleum-rich sub-colonial sectors. But the intensity and openness of such global coordination will be less pronounced than its more reactionary counterpart, such that the cultural sectors will inevitably slip into a passive mode. These sectors will not realize that, finally, the double-bind has ripped and torn the boundary between public and private interest--amassing tremendous propaganda and eventually shutting down all forms of opposition to the global powers abuse and manipulation of reason and the old Humanist principles, allowing for the direct interference of foreign institutions in the name of universal benevolence and brotherhood.

A positive outcome requires a reshaping of the principles of the old Humanist ideals of transcendental moral obligations. Differing cultural systems will hold different systems of values and concerns, even among the more industrialized and advanced nations. Bypassing restrictions of information flow in the telecommunication system requires groundbreaking coordination by the civic sectors to creatively endorse pro-democratic and non-reactionary governments. In Southeast Asia, South Korea was able to elect a non-interventionist government by not giving in to

the media outlets. Indeed, the double-bind effect was broken by the public's awareness, as an independent body, that the traditional systems could not be trusted entirely. The civic population staged a massive counterattack against the traditional institutions and implemented a new era by forming an organized effort to get out the votes for a pro-democratic and non-reactionary government. It made itself a model that Japan would emulate in just the last few years.

Accordingly, the hallucinogenic effect that is forcing terrible choices on the American public can only be broken by turning against the traditional Humanist norms and forming a coordinating alliance that can quickly tear through the hierarchy of the American institutions by invoking strict and vital conditions to reform the G8 and to abandon its project to assimilate the developing world as sub-colonial units. This means, a complete and unanimous withdrawal of all forces from the developing world and complete autonomy of the sub-colonial systems to allow them to seek independent democratic reform without foreign interference, hence breaking the double-bind in international policy that has so far wrecked and destroyed the old Humanist principles, and has caused an overall instability and fear of what the future will bring to the world. Indeed, the rhizome remains the only source of hope for the anti-war and anti-occupation movement, but in a way, all the industrialized nations in the West and East share a vital responsibility to force their governments to take up the issue of change, and end the years of aggression and genocide that have displaced millions and severed the legacy of the West as the prime example of freedom and democracy.

Hell's Kitchen

By Derek Mordente

Did you ever walk into one of the dining halls (or *cafes*) on campus and just simply think to yourself, "What...the...*fuck!*!!" I'm going to assume yes, as the dining halls on this campus royally fucking suck. I've been inspired to rant like all holy fucking hell by the series of unfortunate events I experienced on one fateful night trying, *yes, trying*, to get dinner. As if getting dinner was some sort of fucking epic and nightmarish adventure. It all started when I realized I was hungry. The time was approximately 8:45 PM. Can't go to Roth, as that's under construction. Okay. Fine. Dandy, actually. They're trying to make the university better. Moving right along. Can't go to the SAC, that closes at 8:00 PM. Can't go to the Union, which arguably has the best

food on campus. I mean, it's the *Student Union*. How the fuck is the Student Union closed? Who remembers *Boy Meets World* where Cory, Eric and Shawn hung out *and ate* in the Student Union into the wee hours of the night? I guess not. Can't go to Jasmine either, as that's closed as well. Pretty stupid, as one of the main dining halls happens to be closed, but okay, there are other options. Or so I thought. So I head down to the Tabler Arts Center Café, which is supposed to be augmented to make up for Roth being closed. Whoever calls shitty pizzas that are hardly *ever* made, an extra cash register that is *never* used, and a supposedly nightly dinner special that *sucks* and is *taken away* after about three hours a substitute is *fucking missing chromosomes*. Seriously, if whoever is in charge of this shit happens to be reading this, *wake the fuck up*. Okay. So after I get pissed off and leave that fuckhole I decide to go to the

Kelly Dining Hall. Hey, it's open twenty-four hours this year and has the widest variety available. Well, according to the wonderful entities in charge twenty-four hours means half of Kelly closes at 9:00 PM. Huh? If something is open twenty-four hours, how then does it close at 9:00 PM? It's a pretty twisted mind-fuck, isn't it. Well, to further the greatness, the only two things available were the Pizza and the Deli, both of which had lines stretching over the hills and far away to fucking Guantanamo Bay. I mean, I guess I could have waited a half hour for a fake piece of shit pizza. But I'd rather jerk off in a cup and add chocolate syrup. At least that would be high in protein and has a shot at tasting somewhat decent with the chocolate. The other option was the Deli, where someone who speaks some indiscernable language asks forty times if you want lettuce on your sandwich. I'll give them that the sandwiches are decent and edible. But

they're not worth a twenty-five minute wait. So then I decide to get one of those pre-made sandwiches from the open fridges. This fridge happened to be turned OFF. I mean, I'm all for saving energy, but not when it comes to spoiling my goddamn food. The cheese on the bologna sandwich I picked up was *melted*. That sort of defeats the whole idea of cold cuts, right? So there I am, broken, hungry, pissed and *like "omg wtf"*. So I did what any poor-ass college student does when he or she needs food: I went to Taco Bell.

But I shouldn't have to go to *fucking* Taco Bell to get food. And neither should you. I mean, this is bullshit and not only is it fucking bullshit, it is out of hand and inexcusable. If you're reading this and think to yourself, "Holy fuck, shit like that happens to me too," let's fight the fucking power. Rock on.

"Infinity's hourglass will measure all, measure all."

Belgium: What You Should Stop Asking

By Ben Van Overmeire

Writing a first article about one's native country is without a shadow of a doubt the most cliché thing to do as an international student. But this international student is getting sick and tired of answering the same questions, of dispelling the same assumptions, and of wading through the same bullshit time and time again. Hence, behold some common facts of my country. You probably don't give a shit. Good decision. So stop bothering me with it.

First and foremost and remember this for all time: Belgium is not a chocolate country. We don't gorge ourselves on chocolate blubber flowing freely in the streets of Brussels, we don't have chocolate for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Some people in Belgium produce decent chocolate. That's about it. There are other countries with chocolate-producing people. Bother them with your cravings.

We don't speak "Belgian". Throughout our history, we've spoken a great number of languages, but there was never a single one spoken throughout the area that would later be known as Belgium. Thus, no "Belgian" unique language. In that sense we're like the Swiss, with even less distinguishing landmark features. Except the Atomium, a composite of iron balls supposed to represent some kind of atom. The view's nice though.

What we do speak in Belgium? Dutch, French and German. No, not many of us speak all three. In fact, the country is divided mainly into a Dutch-speaking part (Flanders: flat, rich, right-wing, has a lousy beach) and a French-speaking part (Wallonia: hilly, poor, left-wing, has all the pretty girls). And then there's Brussels, the city that is more known than the country it's the capital of. Brussels is the big spot in the middle of small Belgium, constitutes the

headquarters of NATO and EU, and harbours more languages than any other spot in the country. It's a great city, alive with all the beauty and conflict that make me love my country despite the fact that it's crap in so many ways. I adore it all the more because the Flemish extreme right doesn't. Which brings me to our politics, something tied to our history.

After innumerable occupiers, after Napoleon saw the last of his ambitions for empire dispelled by the blood of two consecutive defeats, what would become Belgium was given over to Dutch control. Most of us liked our new masters, something not improbable for a country of which more than half of the population spoke some dialect, estranged form of Dutch. The other, smaller half occupied the southeast of the country. There, French was spoken. To cut historical nuance short, the Dutch were only in power for some fifteen years. Then my countrymen, for reasons still somewhat moot (matters religious and economical), decided that the performance of a lousy opera was the ultimate occasion to start a rebellion. Not much happened: crowds ran wildly through Brussels, Dutch officials and soldiers were driven away. A small militia was assembled, and Belgium declared itself independent. The Dutch assembled an army to reconquer us, but they failed, partly because the French just don't like anyone except the French. And why would you blame them? Their wine is sublime, maidens intelligent and country beautiful. Anyway, the French discouraged the Dutch ambition of quelling the Belgian rebellion.

Our nation drew up a constitution, decided to be a monarchy, and picked an idle prince from Germany as its rightful king. And it was good. Especially the southern, French-speaking part of the country quickly industrialized, using considerable charcoal reserves to power its exploding industry. The northwest however, became

poorer than it ever had been before. Up to the 1900s, Flanders displayed most features of what would now be called a "third-world country". Because of these economic developments and an encrusted tradition of the ruling classes, French was the main official language in Belgium for a very long time. Another reason for this was that the tongue spoken in the northwest was very hard to recognize as Dutch: because the country was reigned by a long succession of foreign oppressors, who often preferred French for communication, the Flemish people had become alienated from "their language", something which is all the more ironic because the development of the earliest Dutch took place mainly in Flanders. But those medieval heydays were long gone.

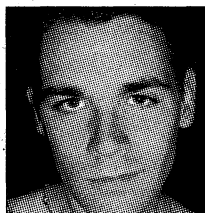
Anyway. Things have changed. After World War II, as the factories and coalmines of Wallonia collapsed due to availability of cheaper alternatives elsewhere, the balance of power began to shift towards Flanders. Before and during the world wars, advocates of "Flemish" had already become more and more active, demanding official recognition of their language. Sometimes this led to deep involvement with the German occupiers, a fact that most French-speakers have still not forgotten. But as the nation went into the second half of the twentieth century, Flanders became a service economy (meaning offices, banks etc.), as Wallonia lapsed into poverty and unemployment. With the power distribution so radically shifted, the discriminations in the past were not easily forgotten by some Flemish-speakers, who associated "Belgium" with the bygone French oppression. In the Eighties, this led to adaptations in the Belgian state structure. With it, the country became federal: the respective regions got their own limited control, still within the framework of a unified state. Everybody should've been happy. That should've been

the end.

But it wasn't. In the 90s an extreme-right nationalistic party whose founding members had strong affiliations with fascist movements, began gaining more and more votes in Flanders. They preached the very abolishment of Belgium, immigrants, gays, etc. Their seemingly uninterrupted ascent to power frightened many, be they Flemish or Walloon. Nobody knew or knows exactly why this party got so powerful (they now have about 25% of the Flemish voting population). But we still have to deal with it, and its rhetoric aggravates the problems between Dutch-speakers and Walloons (who have a strong socialist constituency). This all led to the current small impasse: after the federal elections this June, a Flemish Christian-democrat who made some questionable remarks about the Walloons, got the highest number of votes. Traditionally, it should thus be he who assembles a government. Except that the Walloons won't have anything to do with him. Hence no government up to now, hence cries on the Flemish side to split Belgium, hence a lot of political gobbledygook over a problem that could be resolved simply if one would approach it diplomatically instead of polarizing it in every possible way.

Your average Belgian won't be bothered by political problems that much. He has his beer. Because that is a cliché that rings true. In my country, the beer is delicious, cheap, and allowed from the age of 16. It's a tradition both halves of the nation gladly share, be it over in a shadowy, loud, smelly café, or outside with the sun playing upon the dome of the proud gothic church that prides over its bustling market square. Boisterous laughter erupts everywhere on those days, especially from the Bruxellois (inhabitant of Brussels) who knows that, despite all, it's great to be a Belgian.

9/11 – A Modest Proposal



Marcel Votlucka

Something that's bothered me for a long time now is the incessant propaganda and increasingly-elaborate conspiracy theories surrounding the events of 9/11. I've had quite enough of it.

Now, I don't know what really happened on 9/11 – and neither do you. (Frankly I doubt the US Government does either.) At least I admit that I'm not

omniscient; I do not have all the facts of what "really" happened that day at my immediate disposal – because they are impossible to independently determine at this time, or because they are concealed by design, or whatever. As a sane, rational, *thinking* person, I will not accept anyone's theory or story for 9/11 without first being accompanied by a big box of back-that-shit-up.

That said, I have no reason to believe the "official" story on 9/11 because, frankly, the US Government has never been in the habit of telling the truth. Viewed objectively, the official tale

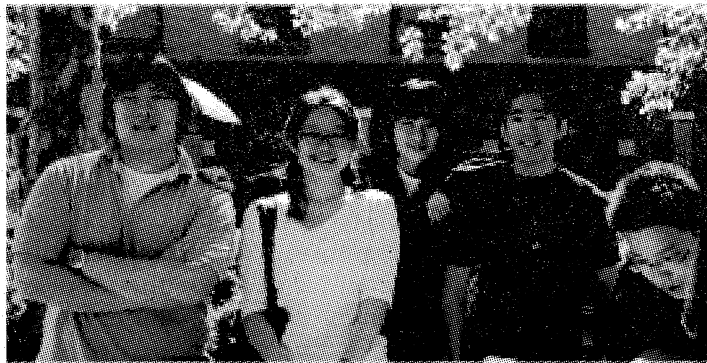
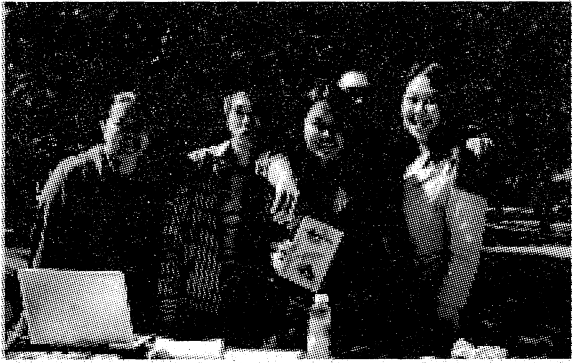
sounds like something out of Hollywood. More critically, they've shown they're not above using conspiracy theories (such as Iraq developing, owning and intending to use nukes) and cherry picking facts in order to justify invading Iraq.

As for alternative theories, while I am generally sympathetic to the 9/11 Truth Movement (and while I have as big an axe to grind against the ruling powers as anybody), I've always prided myself on using facts, logical argument, and intellectual honesty for my purposes. A lot of the competing theorists have never

heard of these things.

Therefore, until further evidence is presented and verified, the most rational position is that the "official story" on 9/11 is nothing more than an unsubstantiated conspiracy theory, and should be relentlessly questioned on every front.

It follows then, that the most rational policy for any proposed theory should be: "*prove it or lose it!*" This certainly includes the US Government's official story as well as alternative theories proposed by sectors of the 9/11 Truth Movement.

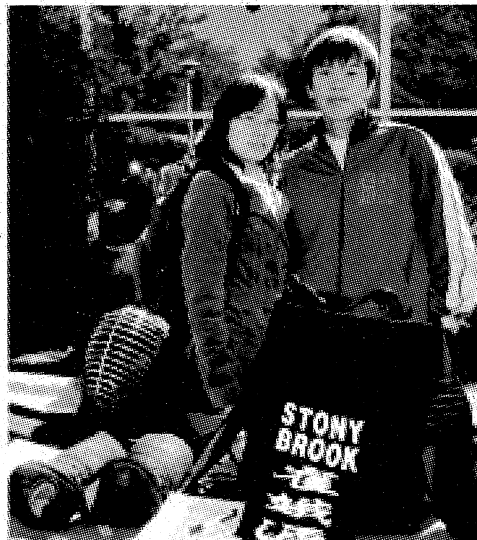
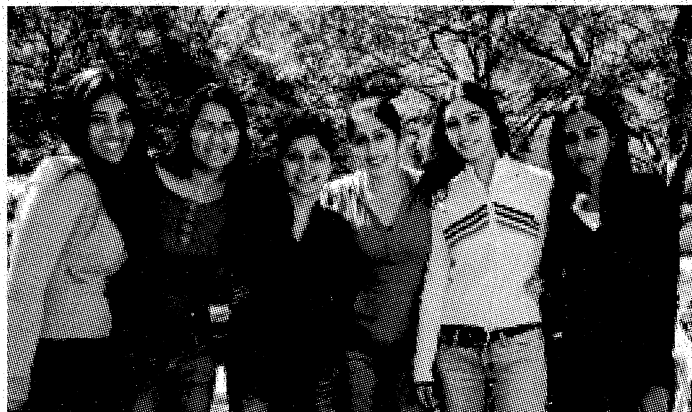


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TOP TEN

Explanations for This Thing



10 The Love of a Beautiful Woman

9 Royalties From Sales of
Canadian Bacon

8 Gary Busey

7 Polka Music

6 Parliamentary Democracy

5 Brooke Shields

4 Funky Buttlovin'

3 Raping Twelve-Year-Old Boy at
"Camp Candy"

2 Religious Fasting

1 Candy



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GRADUATES
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3RD

AT

WALL STREET DAY

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Presentations by alumni on current hot topics in finance

4:00pm – 6:00pm

Student Activities Center Auditorium

Networking reception

6:15pm-8:00pm

Student Activities Center Auditorium

"Working on Wall Street" Panel Discussion

With recently graduated College of Business Alumni

Moderated By Professor Michael Nugent

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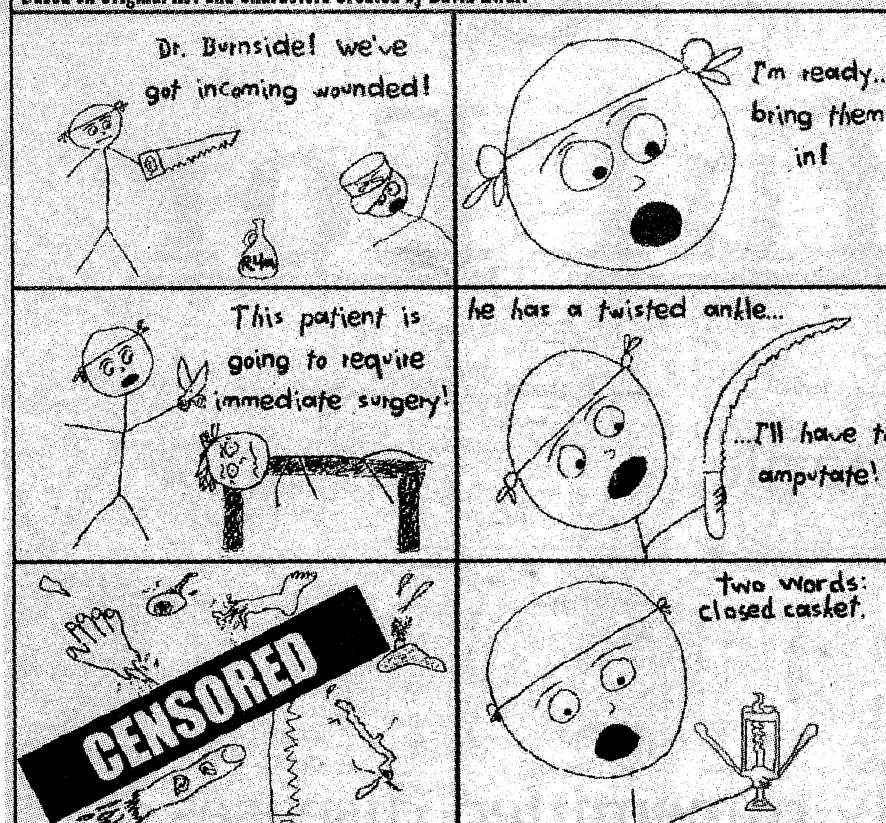
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Dear President Kenny,

Photos courtesy Gennadiy Ryklin

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The Stony Brook Press