

The Stony Brook

PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper

Vol. XXIX. Issue 16

"Just roll across that bridge
of hot food"

August 20, 2008

WELCOME TO THE CIRCUS

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MIDWAY

EXPO WHEEL

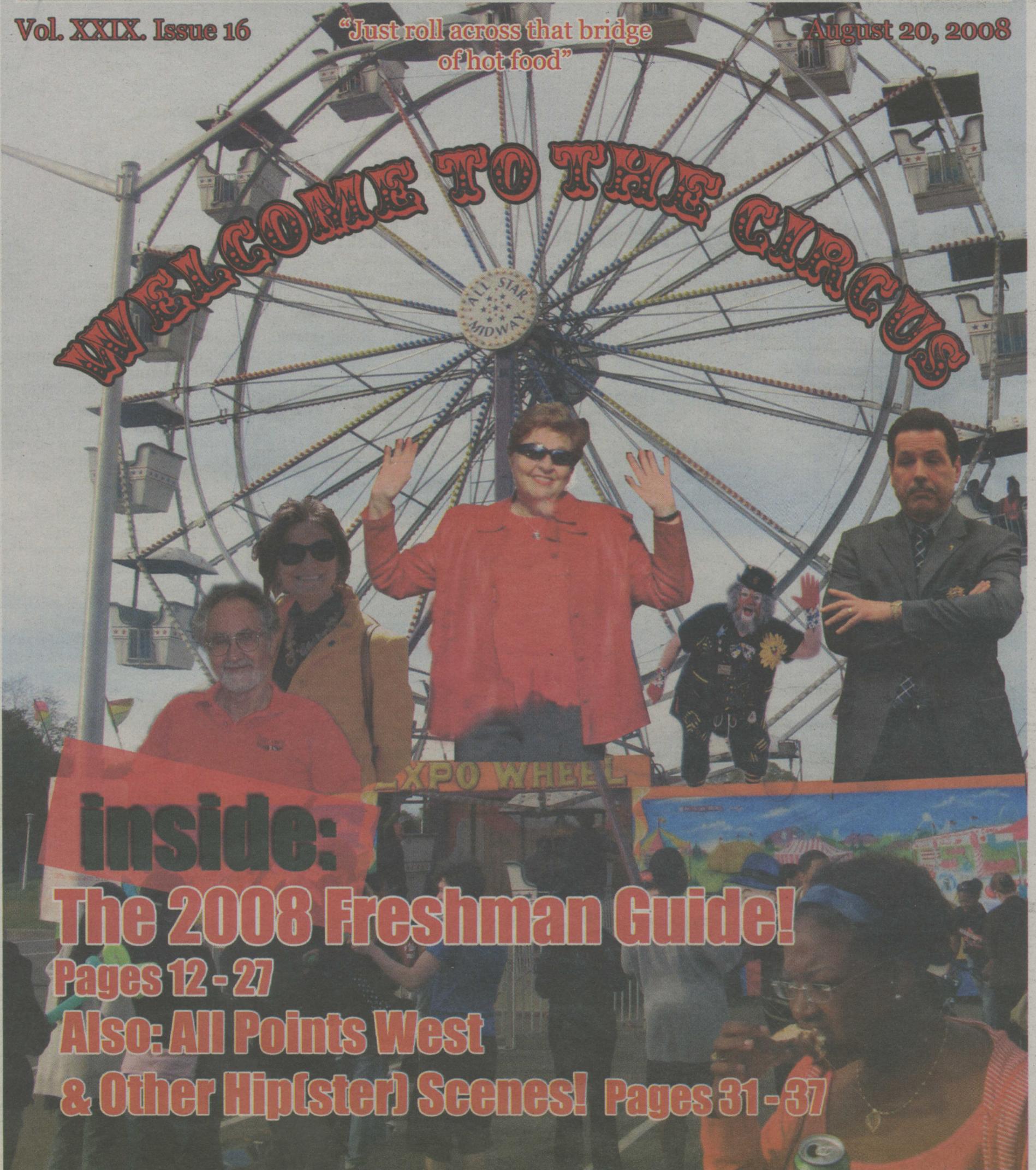
inside:

The 2008 Freshman Guide!

Pages 12 - 27

Also: All Points West

& Other Hip(ster) Scenes! Pages 31 - 37



Dear Readers,

Pages two and three of this issue feature news stories from the previous issue of The Stony Brook Press, which was released July 16. Due to the unfortunate lack of students and campus events here during the summer we felt it would be prudent to re-print the two stories so the majority of the student body, who aren't at Stony Brook during the summer, would have the opportunity to read them. Thank you for understanding.

--The Press

President Kenny Announces Retirement!

Stony Brook To See End of An Era in June 2009

By James Laudano

In a mass e-mail sent to all Stony Brook students University President Shirley Strum Kenny announced her upcoming retirement, effective June 2009. Kenny was the first female President of Stony Brook University and has served in the position for fourteen years. The announcement comes on the heels of a few particularly difficult academic years for Kenny, during which she came under intense scrutiny from New York officials for her handling of a controversy involving infant mortality rates at the University Hospital and also from hundreds of faculty, students and staff for her decision to under-fund the College of Arts and Sciences.

"I take great satisfaction in Stony Brook's achievements over these past fourteen years," said Kenny. In fact, the Kenny era can be seen as one of unparalleled expansion in our University's history. The campus expanded to include Stony Brook Southampton and Stony Brook Manhattan. Buildings such as the Wang Center, the new Humanities Building and the rebuilt Heavy Engineering Building have gone up during her tenure. However, there has been some backlash from students and faculty over the past few years when Kenny

made the choice to enroll at over 100% of the school's capacity each subsequent year. The resulting strain on dormitory and facility space has left some questioning whether Stony Brook University

main campus.

In the past, Kenny has taught at the Universities of Texas, Delaware and Maryland. She holds degrees in English and Journalism and earned her Ph.D



"See ya, suckers!"

should be expanding into places like Southampton while there remains much that needs to be done on our

from the University of Chicago. She has published five books, primarily concerning 18th century English drama.

Stony Brook has undoubtedly seen many academic, athletic and aesthetic improvements during Kenny's time as President. However, as mentioned above, her tenure did not come without its fair share of contentious issues. It remains to be seen who will be in contention for the Presidency upon Kenny's leaving office, and it is perhaps likely we will not know who will take the position until shortly before June 2009.

New Stony Brook Presidents are appointed by the State University Board of Trustees in Albany, based on a recommendation from the Stony Brook Council, a sort of local stand-in trustee board. As a result of historic student activism, students are represented by one member of the ten-person board. This seat usually alternates between the presidents of the undergraduate and graduate student governments. If that pattern holds, incoming Undergraduate Student Government President Jeffery Akita will be the voice of all students in the presidential selection process.

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Coke Killed

By Andrew Fraley

Wondering why all the Coca-Cola machines on campus are empty? This is because, as of June 19, Stony Brook University has entered into a new ten-year exclusive contract with Pepsi. As the transition is being made over the summer, new Pepsi machines are replacing all of the old Coke machines, and will be ready for the fall semester.

For the past three years, Stony Brook University has been under pressure for selling Coca-Cola products, due to the company's alleged workers' rights and environmental violations throughout developing nations. In a drive led by The Social Justice Alliance (SJA), and supported by numerous other on and off campus organizations, many Stony Brook students protested the University's contract with Coke. For more info regarding these protests, check out Issue 10, Volume 29 of *The Stony Brook Press* from the Spring '08 semester.

But this comes as a bittersweet victory to the SJA and other student groups involved in the campaign. While their ultimate goal to remove Coke from the campus was realized, the ad-

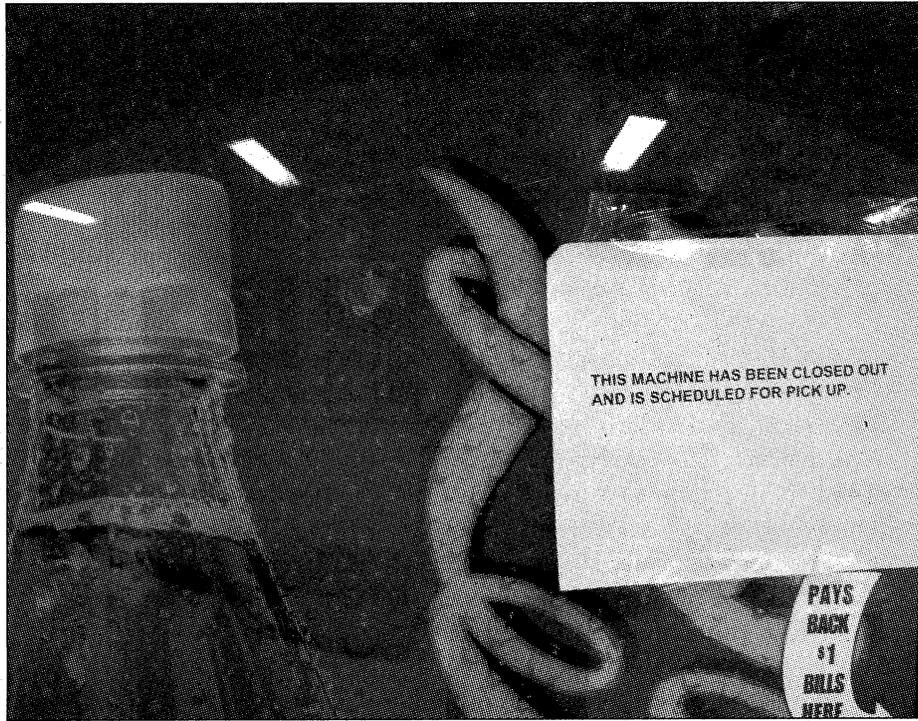
ministration refused to recognize the groups' accomplishments. "...The administration not only refused to let us take part in the announcement they

influenced this decision," said Anita Hasz, member of the SJA, Graduate Student Organization (GSO) and student member of the evaluation committee

changes. Their work with SINAL-TRAINAL led to numerous resolutions calling for the ban of Coca-Cola products from organizations, including the GSO and the United University Professions (UUP).

While Stony Brook successfully removed Coke from its campus, other SUNY schools missed the opportunity. Albany has, in fact, renewed their contract with Coke. "Albany had the same information as Stony Brook in front of them about Coca-Cola's abuses, along with a petition signed by over 1,200 students. For them to ignore the petition, the United University Professions (UUP) resolution, the GSO resolution and all the documentation of Coke's abuses raises serious questions about the democratic nature of Albany's decision," said Jackie Hayes, member of Students for Workers' Rights.

The contract is another exclusive deal with another major corporation. This is not considered ideal by the SJA and other activists involved with the campaign, but it's a step in the right direction. As Charlene Obernauer, SJA member, noted, "...no workers in Pepsi's bottling plants have requested solidarity from international human rights activists."



Coke, you've been closed the fuck out!

Roman Sheydvasser

sent out, but they also did not acknowledge the fact that SJA, and other organizations supporting the campaign,

for the new contract bid. The SJA and other groups played a vital role in pressuring the administration to make these



Coke and Pepsi finally found a compromise

Roman Sheydvasser



Transition at its basest, most animalistic, most carbonated form.

Jesse Schöepfer

...Biting Commentary.
The Press
 Where Giant Dinosaurs Roam



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editorials

Use Your Student Activity Fee, Dammit!

Hey! Guess what. Give up? Okay, we'll tell you. Every semester you pay around ninety dollars in Student Activity Fees. We say "around ninety dollars" because, in truth, the amount is usually raised a little every semester. To be precise, all undergraduates here at Stony Brook will pay \$94.25 in Student Activity Fees for the fall 2008 semester.

Now, we're not going to use this editorial to rail against the fee and trash the administration. In fact, we love this fee. We wish it were a little higher. Why? Well, that fee, which adds up to millions of dollars in total for the school each year, is what pays for most every student organization on campus. Have you ever attended a club meeting? If so, it was paid for by your Student Activity Fee. Ever go to a club-run event and eaten the free pizza they gave out? Your Student Activity Fee paid for that pizza. Hell, your Student Activity Fee paid for the newspaper you're reading at this very moment. Each issue of *The Stony Brook Press* costs thousands of dollars to produce, so we thank you for making

what we do possible by paying your Student Activity Fee.

But where are we really going with this? It's actually quite simple and basic. You all should be taking advantage of your Student Activity Fees. After all, you pay those ninety-something dollars every semester whether you do anything on campus or not. You should join one of the student-funded organizations. You'll get more value out of the money you pay, and you may even have a little fun while you do it. Or, if you don't have the time, at least utilize the fee in other ways. Read campus newspapers, watch campus television, go to club organized events (you'll even get free food that way). You have nothing to lose, and so much to gain.

Every year, during USG elections, we vote on whether or not the Student Activity Fee should be mandatory for all undergrads. Now, seeing as how this fee is so important to student life on campus, you'd think it would be voted mandatory easily every election. However, it's usually quite close. This past

spring, in fact, the election was only decided by 225 votes. Fortunately, "mandatory" won, but on a campus of over 10,000 undergrads, 225 votes is cutting it a bit too close. So just keep that in mind for the next election.

We here at *The Stony Brook Press* are going to use 32,000 of your collective dollars this year. We're far from the only club that does so, too. WUSB Radio gets \$74,000 and the College Republicans received \$27,000. Perhaps you don't agree with those sorts of figures, or with what one of the many clubs on campus is doing with your money. Well, whether you do or you don't agree, there's only one course of action that would really make things better: get involved.

Hey. Guess what. Give up? All right, we'll tell you again. If you join a club, who knows how far you'll go. Hell, you may even be one of the students on campus who decides exactly how those thousands of our dollars are being spent every year. And that's power that no mere \$94.25 could ever buy.



Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

The Fiction Space: Some Story That's Not True

Imagine some five-foot scenester girl venturing into a slowly gentrifying part of Brooklyn to meet some random guy she met on the internet. It's not that this is a true story or anything, just giving some facts.

The upscale café is next-door neighbors with bulletproof Chinese restaurants and shoe/baggy jean stores that sell Air Force Ones for \$40. Put an emphasis on "slowly" gentrifying. All the fucking scenesters inside type away on laptop computers, God knows what they're writing on them. Part of this meeting is brought to you by God, but neither of the participating parties believe in that crap.

Imagine that random guy arriving early because he has nothing else to do. He claimed to be five foot six, he's closer

to five foot five and a half. Plus he's fat, but his bad ass Aquabats shirt covered up his gut. Still, not the best time to be meeting for sandwiches.

She eventually arrives, and he still has no idea that she might as well have been raped or murdered on the subway. Just kidding, all that stuff is hype. Public transportation in the city has been safe ever since that mayor rounded up all the homeless people and gassed them to death. But that was just a conspiracy.

They sit down and talk about punk rock, shitty movies with Mike Myers and the BBC. They talked about that night's concerts, she suggested that he ought to go to one, that *he* should venture on the subway to a fully gentrified neighborhood, that *he* should go to

more shows in general. Admitting that you stay home all day and sit on your fat ass isn't exactly the greatest turn on. She was a big fan of books, but he couldn't read very well; it's been three years and he's still not past the first ten pages of *Naked Lunch*.

He couldn't even read the newspaper that he's an editor for. So after an hour of eating apple and Brie sandwiches (yuppie food) she somewhat politely excused herself from the organized chance meeting. Apparently, she was doing something with her roommate that night. Her female roommate; she still lived in some college's dorm. That left him staying in the city for the rest of the day to walk off his fat ass. Exercise is a great turn on.

So it seems we didn't get any letters for this issue. That's why we wrote that little short story up there. I guess it makes sense, what with this being the summer and all.

Either way, don't make us do that again. We love hearing from you, so please send us your hate mail. Or love mail. We promise to love you back. Hell, we even got a letter from University President Kenny in the last issue. That was downright swell of her. Anyway, let us know what you think. At the very least, you'll get your name and crazy thoughts in a newspaper. Then you can tell all your friends how cool you are for being featured in The Press.

As ever,
James Laudano
Executive Editor



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Italy for Free

By Alex Nagler

With the economy in the shape it's in, the dollar doesn't buy much anymore. At press time, a buck fifty is worth around one Euro, and gas keeps going up. Airlines keep slapping new charges on flights, charging more for checked bags and carry-on luggage and raising the fees for food, drink, and pillows. Getting to Europe has become harder for everyone, especially for those who can't simply put down five thousand dollars plus in spare cash. That's where programs like the National Italian American Foundation (NIAF) and their Voyage of Discovery come in.

The Voyage of Discovery (VOD) is a free program that sends college students between the ages of 18 and 23 and of Italian descent to Italy to experience the land that their ancestors immigrated from. All it requires is a transcript, two letters of recommendation, and two essays. It's simple enough to enter, with a quick form to fill out online and promises of notification in March for a June trip. So, with nothing to lose and a potential windfall to gain, I decided "What the hell, why not?"

Those of you who recall my Issue 14 feature on the Sicilian Crossings exhibit at the Wang Center may remember the fact that, though I don't always look or behave like it, I am actually Italian-American. My father's family is from a tiny seaside town in Sicily called Sciacca, founded in the 5th Century B.C.E by the Greeks. As my initial pleas for studying abroad at Oxford for the summer could not be accommodated (parents don't seem to like it when you spring expensive trips to London on them without any recourse on how you would financially contribute to it), my father IMed me during finals week in December and suggested that I try for the NIAF's VOD.

He learned of this program though a friend at the New York City based Congress of Italian American Organizations, CIAO. I already had a letter of recommendation on file from the head of the organization for some volunteer work I did with them back in high school, so all I needed was a letter from a professor to go with it. I asked Professor Videbaek for the second letter, knowing full well that her letters have some magical ability of getting the people who bear them exactly what they want. As for the essays, the topics were simple: Why should I go to Italy and what would I do if faced with a truncated three-day vacation. Two essays, a week worth of Yuletide revision time, and an envelope later, I had submitted everything and didn't think about it in

the months that followed.

One day in March, I returned from an astronomy class on the roof of the ESS building and was greeted by an email in my inbox simply reading "Congratulations." I would later learn that nearly 500 people applied and they accepted 40 applicants, but the ratio wasn't the important thing. What mattered now was that I was going to Italy.

Did I mention that it was free? All that talk earlier about the uselessness of the dollar wouldn't matter because I wouldn't be paying for any of it. Airfare, lodgings, transportation, food- all were covered. All I had to pay for was my own personal expenses and souvenirs. Originally, we were scheduled to go to Florence, but in May, that was changed to Naples.

Now, I was originally looking forward to Florence. The city itself is home to the Medici family and contains the tombs of many noted historical figures, such as Dante and Machiavelli, as well as one of the largest synagogues in Italy, and the David. So when the switch was made, I was at first disappointed. I wasn't initially happy about Naples, but promises of a buffalo mozzarella factory tour quickly appealed to my more gluttonous instincts and persuaded me that everything would be fine. This, and the itinerary mentioning something to do with Italian silk, but more on that later.

Term ended and the big day finally

arrived to head out to Italy. The plane left from JFK and it would take roughly eight and a half hours to get from New York to Da Vinci airport, right outside of Rome. That meant eight and a half hours of sitting in a cramped coach seat, attempting to sleep, surrounded by 39 other late teen to early twentysomethings I didn't know, and knowing my nature, would more than likely have difficulty getting along with. I didn't go into the trip with this mindset, mind you; I attempted to be nice. But my nature just seems to forbid me from enjoying myself. Ask anyone I'm friends with. Odds are the first time I met them, I did something that could be construed as mildly insulting.

As I shook hands with strangers whose names I don't recall, I tried to make nice. Really, I did. I even used the "You know, you'd think that, since they're sending a Brooklynite on this trip, they would send the right stereotype instead of sending Woody Allen" line. It seemed to fall flat. I would later learn the reason was that not many of them were versed in Mr. Allen's directorial bibliography. But at least the host, Giuseppina Spillane, was nice. Gusi, as she had us call her, was the Program Assistant for Youth at Educational Programs at the NIAF and had been roped into serving as tour guide, despite the fact that her job had nothing to do with this. She wasn't ready for 40 kids, but

she did her best to accommodate the rapidly changing plans that seemed to shift around her daily.

These plans, which were supposed to be set before we arrived in Naples, changed every day thanks to what I can only imagine was the most incompetent travel agency ever. Every morning, Gusi would have to phone Rome to find out what the days' activity was, and only then would we be told what to do. Needless to say, it made for a somewhat frustrating environment. But more on that later. First, there's a three hour bus ride into Naples to recount and the realization that maybe New York City cabbies are sane drivers after all.

Italy's highway system isn't the most clearly demarcated. Road signs only appear right before their exits, and motorscooters roam the roads freely. As you enter Naples, they become more frequent. Eventually, they outnumber the cars and the pedestrians. These motorscooters are driven by insane individuals who would most likely kill people if they drove in the States. The simple act of crossing the street was a death-defying maneuver, especially with a sandwich and bottle of wine in tow. The light system didn't seem to make any sense, and I nearly got run over three or four times in the same intersection. I've jaywalked Times Square, but never have I felt as unsafe as I was crossing at the corners in Downtown



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Naples. These motorists made New York City cabbies look like safe, sane drivers.

When we finally arrived at our hostel, we quickly took over the better part of a floor. Despite the fact there were 40 of us, there were only 11 guys. We all split up into bunkbeds and unpacked as much as the small lockers would allow us. We were only staying in the hostel for a few days, as we would all split up and be assigned host families to stay with for the rest of our trip, giving us a taste of real Italy. With the host families, someone was surely looking out for me, as I, the sole opinionated liberal male on the trip, was paired with a genuine Berlusconi-hating, event-planning, university-attending leftist. Things were

drank Italian beer, ate real pizza, and watched as a crazy old man yelled at the 400-something people assembled beneath his window at 2am and threw water on them. Life was good.

Amazingly, this crazy old man wasn't the best part of Francesco. I was in Italy for the first of the group games of the Eurocup, Italy v. Netherlands. This is the game where the Dutch slaughtered the Italians 3-0. I learned an interesting variety of Italian curses that evening and then had to explain the chronological timeline of 9/11 and the "Loose Change" phenomenon over dinner to a friend of Francesco's who was a journalist.

From here on in, the days were filled with schedule changes and amaz-

of a modern McDonalds. The areas where you could order were pictographic in nature, showing customers exactly what bang they could get for their buck.

Not all the beautiful things I encountered were Poe's "grandeur that was Rome." One of the most beautiful things was more akin to what Edgar would wear, not pontificate on (or bang his underage cousin for). These Naiadian airs were found in the Kiton factory. Kiton is a fashion house based out of Naples that still stitches every suit, tie, and shoe by hand. I had already purchased a pair of chocolate leather loafers earlier in my trip to the Amalfi Coast, but these were things of beauty. A floor of trained artisans deftly crafted the suits to order,

met with various officials in the Unions, who told us to tell our friends and family how beautiful Naples was. While yes, the city was lovely, it literally stinks: Until Naples manages to figure out how to combat La Camorra and the garbage problem, it will have a negative perspective to foreigners. As my grandmother said to before I left, "Say hello to the garbage for me."

On our last full day there, we went to Rome and did a SparkNotes guide to the Eternal City. I broke off from the group to go find Michelangelo's Moses, which has the distinction of being one of his most lifelike pieces, even if it does have horns. Oddly, no one else wanted to see this with me. Between the Vatican Plaza, Colosseum, Trevi Fountain, Spanish Steps, and Italian Parliament building, we packed a lot into one day. I still wonder how the only Cicero merchandise I saw cost 80 euro.

We left Rome the next morning, having nearly missed our flight thanks to Bush visiting the Vatican and a 40 minute bus ride taking two hours, but we all got to Da Vinci alright and made the plane. And I have my pictures and memories.

I'd be at fault if I didn't end this article with a plug for the NIAF. They're a good organization and I'd recommend their VoD program to anyone of Italian descent who wants an interesting way to go to Italy. The NIAF can be located here: www.niaf.org.

Alex H. Nagler wants his own personal buffalo. For cheese related reasons.



good. Francesco and I spent our first conversation arguing over who was worse: Bush or Berlusconi. He won on the basis that Bush doesn't own the three networks: RAI 1, 2, and 3. Technically speaking, Berlusconi's brother and best friends own those channels and it's just a coincidence they're so close to the PM.

Francesco lives outside of Naples proper in Tore Del Greco with his brother and his mother. My Italian isn't that great and his English is okay, so we got along just fine. His mother discovered that my Italian was passable, though, so I had to speak if I wanted to eat. Later on that first night, after the argument, we went to a piazza located between several academic buildings at the University of Naples' linguistics department, where he studied. There I sat and

ing things. I will never forget some of the things I saw, like the palace that served no other purpose than that of an art gallery to the Bourbon Family. I can still make out the scratched-in "Aiuto," Italian for "Help," on the wall of the Greek aqueduct, shut down in the 1800s by a French king, and used in the 1940s as a bomb shelter by the Fascist Italian dictator to shield citizens from American bombs.

Then of course there was Pompeii. I adore Roman culture, so visiting the still intact city of a Pompeii was an amazing opportunity, as it let me see what the land once was. The crumbling ruins were magnificent, and I got some cool photos of me climbing on columns and pretending to be a customer in a Roman whorehouse. The whorehouses, by the way, were somewhat reminiscent

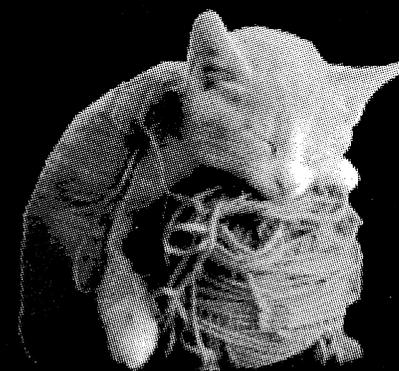
putting quality work into each stitch that you just don't see today. It was an emotional visit for me, but the emotion soon died when I realized that spending sixty euro on a silk tie, even if I had seen it created before my eyes, was a bad idea.

Naples wasn't all positives. One of the nastier aspects of the city was its ongoing garbage strike. In Naples, sanitation is controlled by La Camorra, the Neapolitan mafia. There has been an ongoing sanitation strike in the region, and outside of the city, trash piles up. Inside the city itself things are relatively clean, but a simple bus ride outside of city limits reveals massive heaps of trash alongside the sides of roads. In fact, while we were there, the New York Times published a front page story on the garbage problem. That same day, we

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The Stony Brook Press:

Where dead things and sleeping things can peacefully co-exist... and then we guess which is which

A Trip to Greece Gonzo: Part II

By Chris Mellides

Words could not describe the funny feeling in my pants when I saw this stunning femme fatale wrapped in a white cotton tee. I could just barely make out her brightly colored bikini top hidden underneath. Yet it was there, a flowery affair if I ever saw one. A chill wafted its way from the end of the balcony edge and pierced my spine. I shuddered with anticipation. My palms glistened with sweat and dirty thoughts seemed to project themselves from my mind and onto the beach towels hung to dry on the close lines of the neighboring apartment building. It was one hell of a show. A menagerie of sexy chicks and bouncing boobies danced before my eyes. There was no doubt about it. I was in lust.

It was at this point that Jimmy (my grandmother's nephew) entered the balcony to see why I wasn't downstairs catching a soccer feature on the tube. His entrance caught me completely by

surprise and forced my fantasy world to collapse around me. I muttered something under my breath before excitedly asking him about the girl I saw in the street. He told me he didn't know who she was, but chances were that she was probably heading to the pool located just ten minutes outside of town. I thought I'd humor him by catching the broadcast downstairs before suggesting that we check out the pool scene.

We got to Jimmy's car and headed out to the spot. It took little time to get there and the place was busy with dozens of chicks and horny dudes looking for company. I fell into the second category. We found our way to a table at the far end of the pool after ordering some frappes at the counter. For those of you in the dark, a frappe is basically instant coffee that's shaken, served cold and oh so delicious.

Anyhow, there I was with Jimmy, just talking bullshit while surveying the fine Greek women. Shortly afterwards, the coffees were ready and were brought to us by who else but the bikini-clad vixen I had seen walking the streets of

Mavrochori only a few short hours ago. She was my kind of girl, man. Her hair was jet-black and slightly teased; her breasts were full, perky and natural. She had luscious thighs; a beautiful apple bottom and her legs were the best part. Anyway, she made her way to our table with our drinks on a tray. I was beside myself when I saw her, what were the chances? I asked her for her name and with a smile she told me it was Katarina.

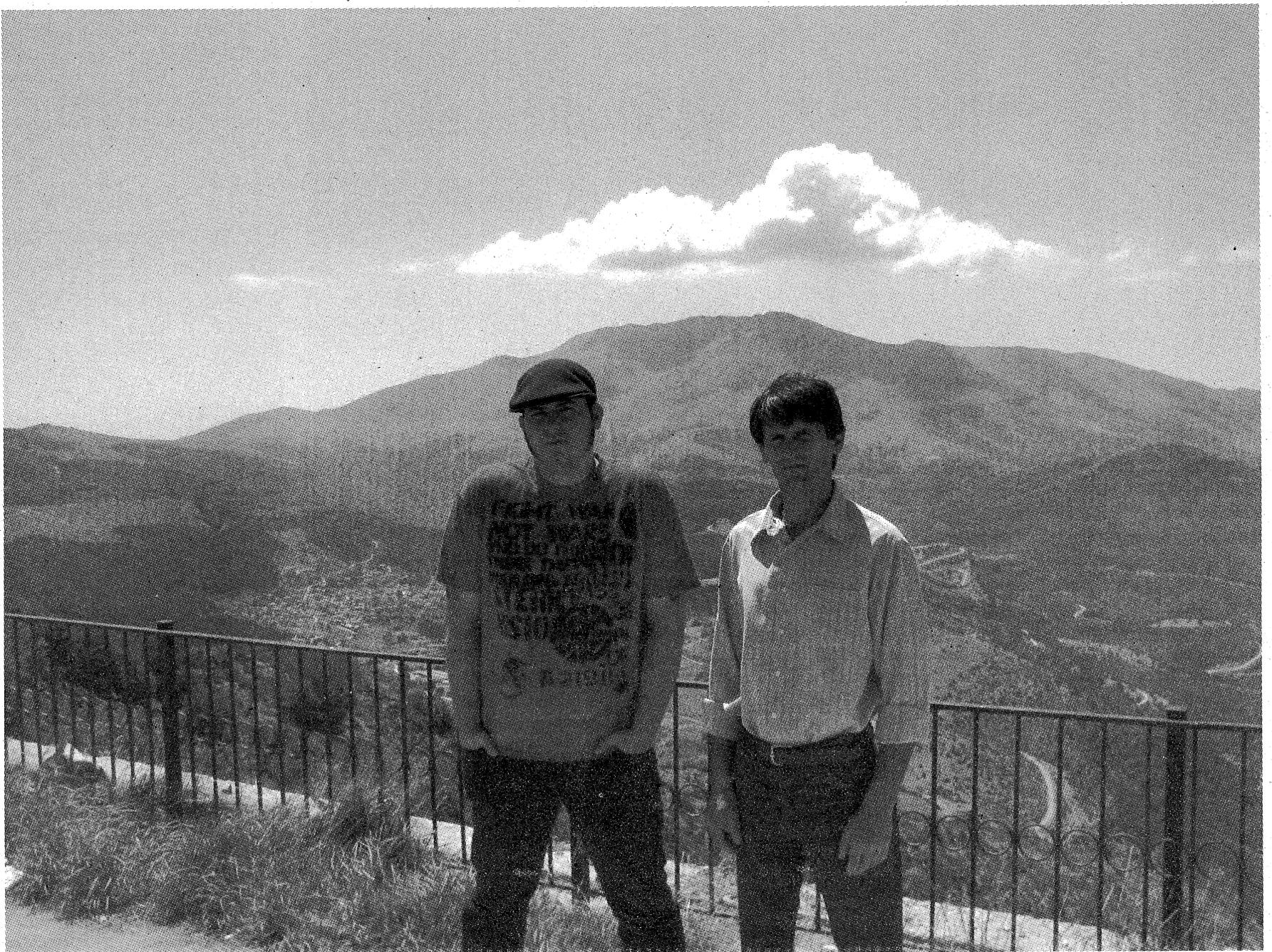
So, there I was, thoroughly smitten and enjoying my coffee. All of a sudden I had to leak the lizard so I got up and left. When I came back and our knock-out server was nowhere to be found. After nearly twenty-five minutes of no Katarina, Jimmy said he had some more work to finish at his office and we both left. That was the last I'd see of her. It was unfortunate, but when you've got luck like mine, these things seem to happen quite frequently. *Vaille que vaille.*

That night I went back to Polikarpi to a hang out with Gab. We shot some pool at the Internet café and even though I'm a shitty player I trumped

virtually everyone I was pitted against. It was ridiculous. At some point I played against a kid named Maki Bikos. He was in his late twenties and had the rocker look down pat; much like the fashion flair I'd seen kids sport on Bowery and Bleecker something like five years ago.

Maki really went against the grain when it came to fashion and after I lined up my last shot and sank the eight ball, he and I got to talking. He was obsessed with American and British rock 'n' roll, two genres I'm all too familiar with. So, I ended up taking a seat next to him at his computer and realized that he was using his purchased Internet time at the café to download an insane amount of mp3s from several popular file-sharing programs. He started by asking me for the correct spelling of a group called the Exploited. They're an old 80s band that's just about the biggest UK punk rock standby. So, I typed the band into the search field and he quickly began selecting tracks for download.

Maki also mentioned that he worked at a club and selects the music that's played over the PA two or three



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nights a week. I told him that if he was interested, I could burn him a few mp3 discs of bands that I knew of. He immediately went to the bar counter and came back with three CD-Rs. It's funny when I look back at it now. I know for a fact that there's a small group of Greek kids across the globe who are getting hip to the Ramones, the Clash, Elvis Costello and the Dead Boys and I'm the one to thank for it. It feels good to turn people on to new music and knowing this early on really affected the selection of albums I would burn for Bikos.

One day, while hanging out at this neat little bar located on the edge of the town lake, I came to the realization that I might be a bad influence. In an effort to impress me, Gab and his buddy started to smoke the occasional cigarette while in my presence. I tried to explain to them that it's a terrible addiction, that it empties your pockets and kills you slowly. At sixteen and seventeen these kids just didn't get it. There was a poor bastard who worked in the center shop inside Polikarpi who would sell us smokes and he had a tracheotomy. That should have been a sign. No ones like hanging around with a dude who has a hole in his neck. Total buzz kill.

There was a group of guys who

would play basketball at a nearby park whenever I was hanging out by the lake with my teenage pals. Following my lecture that day, one of these b-ball players asked the three of us if we were up for a game. Now, before I took up smoking I would play basketball everyday and I was an excellent center. As long as you put me under the boards I was certain to rebound the shit out of the rock. Naturally, once I took up smoking, I had to up and quit the sport. However, I was in the position to teach Gab and his friend an important lesson in the dangers of smoking by agreeing to play and thereby committing suicide on the court willingly, just to prove my point.

At first I was playing like the days of old, these runts were terrible at the game. It was about ten minutes in that my heart nearly leaped out of my chest, my lungs couldn't take it and I nearly collapsed from exhaustion. It's true that it was an extreme measure taken to prove a simple notion, but it was necessary in getting these kids off of the cancer sticks that they were so newly fond of. After all was said and done, I think that they got the point. They didn't smoke in front of me for the remainder of my stay in Greece, thanks to seeing me in my half-dead condition. Mission accomplished.

One of my last trips outside of the village was at some place high in the mountains. It was a beautiful location. There were babbling brooks and plenty of trees and what not. The whole place was paved with cobblestones, it had an old charm and there was plenty to do. It took us a while to get there but it was worth it. The first thing my group and I did was park our asses at this café under some seriously large trees. I ordered a coffee in the shade and just before I finished it I had to use the restroom.

What followed was probably the biggest shit I was to take during my entire stay in southern Europe. I ran for the bathroom and found the only one in the joint. I slammed the door behind me and my eyes immediately surveyed the room for a toilet. There was none. No, instead of a ceramic crapper there was a hole in the middle of the wet floor. So this is it, folks? Really? A marvel in 21st century plumbing, a fucking hole in the ground! Great. I pulled down my pants and boxers, squatted and carefully positioned my ass above the hole. It was at this point that my excrement and pants were caught in an epic battle of good versus evil, where the worst possible outcome was that I'd get shit and/or piss all over myself. I was successful in avoiding that embarrass-

ment and I soon joined the others for a really great day of sightseeing and multiple visits to awesome local eateries and side shops.

My last night in Mavrohori was spent with family and friends. Everyone came to the house I was staying at to see me off. It was a cool time. There was coffee and desserts being served and we all had fun just shooting the breeze. Very mellow. I didn't sleep at all that night. How could I? At 2 a.m I was driven to the airport in Thessaloniki; it took a little over two hours to get there. I checked in my luggage and waited some more. Then I hopped on a plane for Athens. It was a two-hour flight. I was in Athens for three hours before I boarded a plane for JFK International. That plane ride ate up an additional ten hours of my life.

Luckily, I had sleeping pills available to me. I snatched one from my carry-on, placed it under my tongue for maximum effect and as it dissolved I drifted into a deep sleep. I dreamt of home.

A Little Bit of Mischief in Your Hands

By David Fishman

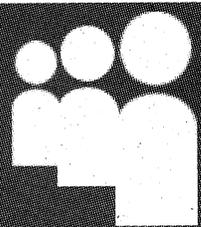
Today, I am going to tell you about a devilish little device I stumbled upon a few months ago. I had been keeping it a secret, but I finally feel I have found an audience trustworthy enough with which to share its secrets. It is affectionately called TvBGone and that's what it does, it turns a TV on or off. Exciting, right? No? But you can make it exciting; this device comes programmed with almost all TV codes in use allowing you to turn off over 90% of TV in North America. I bet you're still wondering "so, that's what my remote is for?" Well, here is where your devilish

side can take hold. Imagine walking into Best Buy and as you walk past the rows of TVs, they all begin to turn off one by one. Then imagine the dumbstruck look as Geek Squad tries to figure out the problem. They might finally come to the brilliant solution of pressing the power button, but with the press of your finger, off it goes again. The device is extremely portable and easily concealable, as long as you can get within 20-50 feet of the TV's IR port. The most famous or

maybe infamous use of this device was by Gizmodo, an online gadget blog, during the 2008 Consumer Electronics Show (CES). This is basically the Mecca of conventions for anything electronic. It makes New York's Digital Life look like a Fisher Price Convention. A quick YouTube search for TV-B-Gone and Gizmodo will reveal all the



hijinks possible with such a device. A word of warning, though: use some common sense and discretion with this device because with great power comes a heck of a lot of fun. Gizmodo was banned from CES for life for their actions, but a lot of the companies there thought it was a great joke. Now for any of you still interested you can purchase it from www.tvbgone.com. They have a \$20 keychain model (Pictured) and a \$50 model, which has twice the range, but is mocked up to look like an iPhone. To get \$2 off, use the coupon code "hijinks." In my opinion, if you have right sense of humor and feel like freaking out your friends this is a great little toy. Just please don't use it on campus. I'm in enough trouble as it is.



his space. vmfx

by vincent michael festa

120 Minutes

At the end of every season I make a mixtape on cassette consisting of my favorite songs at the time. It's an audio diary of sorts: I take 120 minutes of music and chronicle three months of my life. These songs that I put on tape help me remember stand-out people, places, events, habits, and experiences in my life. I've been doing this since middle school and haven't stopped since. It's the soundtrack of my life recorded in about 65 volumes at 120 minutes each equaling about 130 hours, with songs taken from many years of collecting and making hundreds of cassette tapes and CD-R's.

I do this because it keeps me alive. They also keep my mind swirling, not dead-sounding like a constant, continuous pitch like an old test of the emergency broadcast system. After the fact, it's a mental exercise where not only are my memories in constant check, but it also keeps my imagination going. I always have been the center of attention. I've met and associated with all sorts of people in my life, and for me to still have a good conversation with someone, these cassettes help me remember instances and reference points that keep that constant going.

Me and my cassettes have been through a lot together. We've gone through make-ups, break-ups, and five different schools. They have kept me company while walking through the neighborhood to and from Brentwood High. We went on car rides, ferry rides, and bus trips to Rochester, Staten Island, Atlantic City, rival schools and sports games together. We've taken car rides and ferries to Staten Island and At-

lantic City. Sometimes my cassettes needed fixing, so I had to unscrew the casing and reset the tape back onto the wheel when it wedged itself. I even had to splice them and tape them back together again because I was worried of losing what I had on the tape. I knew that once radio airtime went, that was it.

The stylistics of cassettes are unmatched. The quiet, clandestine nature of tape-trades to friends and seeing their hand-written track-listings made things exciting as sometimes you never knew what you could discover. Once upon a time before MP3's and file-sharing, friends went to each other for mixes from their favorite artists. Even my friends looked up to me because I was the one who went record-shopping on a very heavy basis and bought the music (remember that?), fixing them up with rare, hard-to-find songs and b-sides of their favorite artists. That was how friendships were forged.

Back in the late 70's and early 80's, cassette-tape culture was surging and it was the backbone for old-school hip-hop and the first industrial and noise recordings. Artists like the Cold Crush Brothers had their live shows recorded, copied, and circulated for that true-school feel, and even inside some street-corner breakdance boom-boxes in the 80's. The Club Moral Stock List has documented some of the early days of noise and experimental music. Through the 90's, underground labels such as DHR released their "Midiwar" tapes full of electronic, techno, and drum 'n' bass warfare and artists such as Prurient still release cassette works to this day.

Overnight tapings of WUSB's diverse programming included and was not limited to techno, rockabilly, industrial, reggae, indie-rock, experimental, and its late-night talk shows. Z100, Hot 97, Q-104 in its alternative days, the "new" KTU in the 90's, Kiss FM when they were hardcore hip-hop, 107.5 WBLS when they were hip-hop. I can't begin to tell you how much I recorded some of that that good ol' radio history I have in possession, some of which were used to make these mix-tapes.

Now, they're *really* history.

I just gotten an e-mail from a close colleague of mine containing a story of how cassettes are on the decline. According to an article written by Andrew Adam Newman, only 480,000 tape players were sold in 2007 and 1/5th of that is expected to be sold in 2012. Only 400,000 music cassettes were sold, consisting of only %0.1 of all physical and digital sales combined. Ten years ago, it was 173,000,000.

For a long time, cassettes ran against the CD and were losing steam. They were less accessible (rewinding instead of pushing a button), more fragile, and had lesser sound quality of its shiny counterpart. With vinyl records' resurgence in cool and the digital MP3's dominance in simplicity and quality, the cassette tape could finally die down within the next five to ten years commercially. That sucks, really.

There will be no more art in pressing play. The fresh, sugary smell of the cardboard insert upon opening the cellophane when playing the tape for the first time will fade. The density of holding the cassette tape in your hands and

the thickness of the reels will no longer be an issue. The sound of fast-forwarding skidding inside the tape deck will actually be considered a real nuisance now. Writing track-listings with red ink and red hearts saying "I love you!" will be thrown in the desk drawer, shoe box, or attic and forgotten about. Hard-shell walkmans with wiry headphone and orange sponge ear set-ups, the image of Grandmaster Flash boom-boxes, and the excitement of tenth-generation Metallica tapes recorded from yr best friend's garage...gone. All gone.

Lately, I've been neglecting my tape player. For some reason I haven't been recording like I used to. Maybe because I'm busy buying vinyl and spending time with my record player since the crate-digger in me needs original hip-hop samples in order for me to survive. But over the summer I was stuck at home with no car while transitioning jobs and had nothing to do except to go back and listen to my "blanks". Listening to cassettes I haven't listened to in years plus discovering a wealth of oddities I never knew I had were a blast. It's the stuff the 365 Days of Music Project were made of.

So far so good. For as long as I have these tapes, a working deck, and an urge to keep the nostalgic spirit alive, tape-heads like myself will still have a reason to listen to cassettes. Screw CD's and MP3's: they're a disposable parody of consumerism and mass-production. Cassettes are more hip than anything right now.

Want your club/organization to be featured in a future Club Spotlight?

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

Death And Destruction In Beijing!

By Jon Singer

It began with the opening ceremonies. Choreographed by Chinese filmmaker Zhang Yimou, the overly ostentatious presentation commenced the quadrennial political circle jerk known as the Summer Olympics.

Talk about pretension: the opening ceremony featured a human representation of the Beijing National Stadium, manifested in 2008. Chinese people

standing on top of each other to mimic the unique shape of the "bird's nest" stadium. Then the Chinese man who lit the torch apparently walked on the upper wall of the stadium to light the cauldron. I say "apparently" because I didn't see that part of the ceremony live. The show clocked in at over four hours, and I got sick of the commercial interruptions.

The thing is that NBC didn't broadcast the opening ceremonies live. The show began at 8 p.m. Beijing time, leaving people in Toronto to wake up at 8 a.m. to watch the show on CBC. NBC however, chose to play the ceremony on a 12-hour tape delay, to maximize the amount of American viewers in their countries prime time slot. So much for "One World, One Dream." NBC even worked with foreign media outlets to block live streaming video from reaching American computers.

I know I'm not supposed to watch the Olympics. I've heard The People's Republic of China does some bad shit, like supporting the Sudanese government's activities in Darfur. Not to mention the gross Internet censorship, leaving foreign journalists to complain that they can't reach their newspaper's websites to upload their Olympic reports. Not to mention the occupation of Tibet, and the dispute between The PRC and The Republic of China.

The ROC is forced to compete

under the banner of "Chinese Taipei," as opposed to being called "Republic of China" or even simply "Taiwan." While the International Olympic Committee recognizes the country, the United Nations doesn't.

I'm obsessed with the Olympic Games. Once every four years Americans for some reason, care about swimming, gymnastics and track and field and to a lesser extent fencing, volleyball, handball, rowing and some other

Bob Costas and Matt Lauer predicted that China would top the medal rankings, and as I write this the PRC is head to head with the USA in the Olympic Medal count. While the Americans have more medals in total, the Chinese have twice as many golds. I guess the Chinese are not used to second place. Maybe it's the state run athletic programs, which identifies athletes at a young age and breeds them for Olympic glory. That leaves little Jimmy's

thal compete in Men's Beach volleyball. This isn't the 1936 Berlin Olympics or the 1972 Munich Olympics, so I guess athletes named Sean Rosenthal are welcome in Beijing. In 1936 the Third Reich ran Germany. In 1972 Palestinian terrorists/militants took the Israeli delegation hostage, ultimately resulting in the death of 11 Israelis and the 2005 Steven Spielberg blockbuster *Munich*.

It's normal for Iranian Olympians to forfeit whenever they are placed in the same heat as an Israeli. So far in these games Russia has faced off against Georgia on a few occasions. In a shooting event a member from both dueling nations ended up on the medal podium and of all the things they could have done, they hugged each other. If it had happened during the Winter Olympics, nobody would have cared.

Based on what I can see on tape delay on NBC, the PRC is trying to prove something. Team USA's snazzy uniforms designed by Ralph Lauren? Made in China, according to Reuters. According to The Associated Press, Mongolians in Ulan Bator rejoiced over their country's first ever gold medal, won by Tuvshinbayar Naidan in Judo. The AP is also reporting that eight Tibetan activists were detained after protesting near an Olympic venue, along with the seizure of a British Journalist. Reporter Jon Ray's ITV report was syndicated on CNN and I don't think the story will show up on MSNBC. I watched as Ray flipped his shit when he was forced into a police van. He was eventually released after being questioned about his views on Tibet.

Before I finish, I would like to congratulate McDonalds on their gold medal, Coca-Cola on their silver and Visa on their bronze. After the commercial break, Lauer and Costas reminded viewers that Greece is still in debt from hosting the 2004 Olympics.

Last week I watched Sean Rosen-



Many of the members of the Croatian water polo team grew moustaches for good luck. Totally bad ass

sports.

Look at basketball and tennis: For two weeks, millionaires Kobe Bryant and Serena Williams forgo the thought of prize money to represent their country and compete for a gold medal. It would be a romantic thought, if the games weren't some big political freak show. It's too bad Serena Williams was eliminated by a Russian and that her sister Venus, was eliminated by a Chinese athlete.

mom in Michigan to wake up at 3 a.m. to drive her son to rowing practice.

Michael Phelps has won more gold medals than most nations at these games. How about Zimbabwean swimmer Kristy Coventry? She's white and attends Auburn University during the year, but for a while she united the white minority with the black majority in her home country with Olympic medal wins. Then a civil war broke out.

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The Stony Brook Press

Meetings + Wed + 1 PM + Union 060

The Stony Brook Press Presents:
FRESHMAN GUIDE

Hello, new fishies, and welcome to Stony Brook University! This place will be your conduit for knowledge, new relationships and countless memories for the next four to ten years, and all it'll ask for in return is a bunch of your cash and small bits of your sanity.

Contrary to what many out there say, it's quite possible to have an enjoyable time here so long as you know how to "play the game," so to speak. It shouldn't take long for you to catch on to the little nuances – some good, some bad – that make Stony Brook what it is. And, if you want to catch on even quicker, you would be wise to read through the next few pages, which includes our 2008 Freshmen Guide. We're all about you here at *The Stony Brook Press* and we're out to help you get acclimated to this new, scary environment. Remember, we were freshmen once, too. We know it can be confusing and often frustrating. So, please enjoy what follows, and hopefully you'll learn something. Oh, and in the immortal words of Douglas Adams, "Don't panic."

Hugs and kisses,
The Stony Brook Press

**Freshmen Guide
 Contributors:**

- Najib Aminy
- Andrew Fraley
- Allison Goldberg
- Andrew Jacob
- James Laudano
- Cindy Liu
- Tia Mansouri
- Alex Nagler
- Jonathan Singer
- Kelly Yu

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Stony Brook's Presidential Profile



Name: Shirley Strum Kenny

DOB: Unknown.

Age: 73

Eyes: Blue. We're not sure. If you're close enough to look, you probably didn't sign that petition last year.

Hair: Blonde.

Marital Status: Married.

Undergraduate: BA, English and Journalism, University of Texas

Masters: University of Minnesota

Ph. D: University of Chicago

Area of Expertise: Restoration and Eighteenth Century British Drama

Entered Stony Brook: 1994, President.

Leaving Stony Brook: 2009, Ex-President.

Will She Leave Sunwood After She Retires: We're not sure.

Baller: Most definitely.

By Alex Nagler

President Shirley Strum Kenny is President today, but won't be President the next time we make a freshmen guide. President Kenny is now officially a lame duck, with plans to retire at the end of the 2008-09 academic year, announced earlier this summer. The search committee to replace her is being lead by Richard T. Nasti, Class of '78, though the final say lies in the

hands of the SUNY Board of Trustees. But, like a terminally ill patient lying in bed, she's not dead yet, so we're not ready to count her out. President Kenny's accomplishments include raising Stony Brook's admissions standards, purchasing two new campuses, and increasing the size of the student body. Buildings constructed in her tenure include the SAC, LaValle Stadium, and Charles B. Wang Center for Asian American Cultural Studies. The sole academic building in her 15 years

is Humanities. She is also responsible for rallying nearly 300 professors against her in a petition of no confidence, sinking Stony Brook to the Number One Least Happiest School ranking (now number three), and censoring her own art show to appease a benefactor.

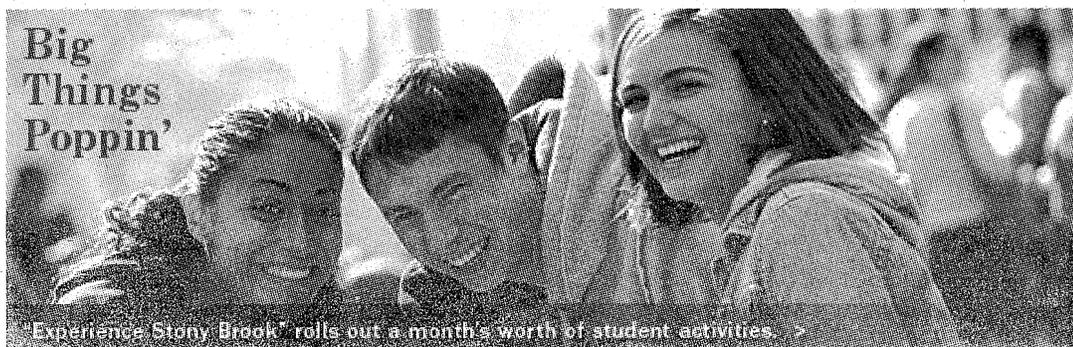
What lame duck activities she will partake in remain to be seen. Perhaps like the Bush administration, she could attempt to make condoms unobtainable in an attempt to criminalize

abortion, or open season on the campus geese while scrapping the endangered species act. Pardons could potentially be granted before she leaves, exonerating the Pizza Gunman, the Gravity Knife assailant, and Karl Rove on her way out. Or, there's always the possibility she could actually channel some money towards a new academic building or two and leave herself with a legacy that doesn't revolve around Division One sports.

Editor's note:

----->
*"Big things poppin'?"
 What the fuck?*

**Big
 Things
 Poppin'**



Experience Stony Brook rolls out a month's worth of student activities. >

**STONY
 BROOK
 UNIVERSITY**

Stuff You Should Know Before Starting

You get two dollars a day, or forty pages, for anything you need to print out. The money rolls over during weekdays. All you need is your NetID and password.

Spending all your meal plan points? You can check your balance at campusdining.org

Or, instead of spending all your meal points, scope out student run clubs for meetings and events with free food. We're experts at doing exactly that here at The Press.

Too lazy for Blockbuster? The library has DVDs, and there is a video rental machine in the Student Union.

Blackboard is your friend. Checking it will typically let you have access to lectures before class, check office hours and updates from your professors.

You can check what textbooks you need for classes early by typing in "Stony Brook University" into the search engine here: <http://bncollege.com/col->

lege.aspx. While the University Book store will have the books, finding them early will give you time to shop around online and in person (for example,



there's a bookstore right on the other side of the train tracks called Stony Books).

Stony Brook is rather large when it comes to most schools. You will get lost early on.

Facilities are your friend. SINC sites let you do work, print and access useful programs on school computers. There are gyms in each quad on campus and

at the SAC, and there are free Wellness Center classes for yoga, spinning and the like throughout the week.

You don't have to leave campus to go to the movies. The Staller Center has great films (among other amazing performances) showing almost every week; big

movie buffs can see all of them for a flat fee.

There are ATM's located at the Union Building and in the SAC for when you inevitably run out of money here on campus.

Check the University's event calendar frequently. You will learn when there's a free movie showing or event on campus and if there has been any changes to the academic schedule.

Need a place to crash for a while? The Library's Commuter lounge is open 24 hours in case you need to take a nap or whatever.

Relax. Everyone gets stressed out at some point during this whole higher education thing. If you're working too hard just go lie down on the Staller steps or get some coffee with a friend.

There's plenty more you'll be sure to pick up within a few weeks. Good luck!

People To Avoid On Campus

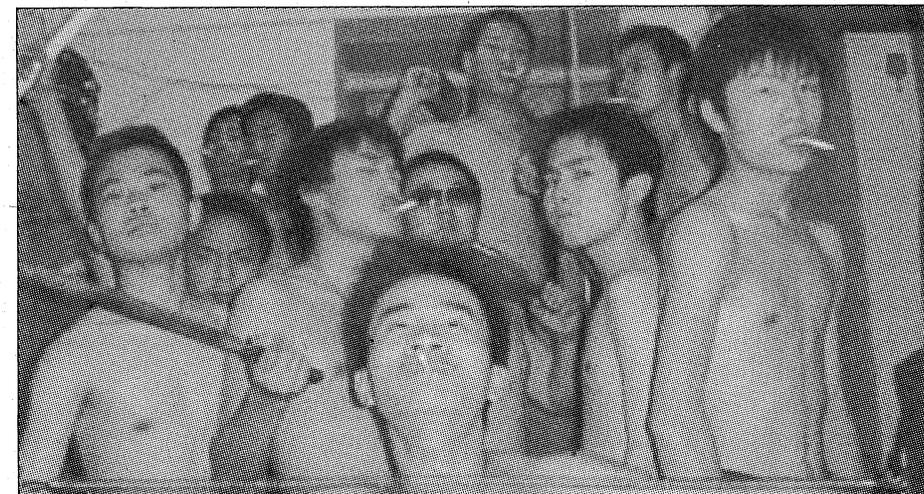
By Tia Mansouri

College is a great opportunity to make valuable friendships, connections, and discoveries. But let's face it: not everyone is worthy of friending on Facebook. Here are some examples.

"The Promoter": Walks around with cards and flyers for various seedy, unappealing off-campus nightclubs. You can find him or her by following the trail of chalk he or she leaves behind after scrawling fruitless advertisements on chalkboards, buildings, and sidewalks. If the club is your scene, that's fine, but just make sure the next time some club claims they'll release thousands of dollars from the ceiling into the crowd, they won't make you drunk enough not to notice it's actually Monopoly money.

"Asian Gangster": Can be seen sporadically across campus; some say he appears on the day of every seventh full moon, or is only seen by those with the purest of hearts. You can spot him practicing his dance/fighting moves on a corner of the Staller lawn, or being a germaphobe in the North Reading room. Essentially the epitome of cool,

he's only on this list because if you fight him, he will hit you so hard, you'll wake up in 1992.



Stony Brook's own, one true "Asian Gangsta" isn't above. But he could totally beat these wannabes up

Cigarette Hunters: If you smoke, do not do it outside the Melville Library. I am not advising this for my own health, or yours. I merely say this because you will be harassed to no end for a cigarette no matter how aloof, poor or pissed off you look. These hunters long for a cigarette like a babe would for his mother's teet.

"Staller Stalkers": Anyone who talks to you on the Staller Lawn should be treated with caution. He might look like a hipster cutie, or perhaps he will look

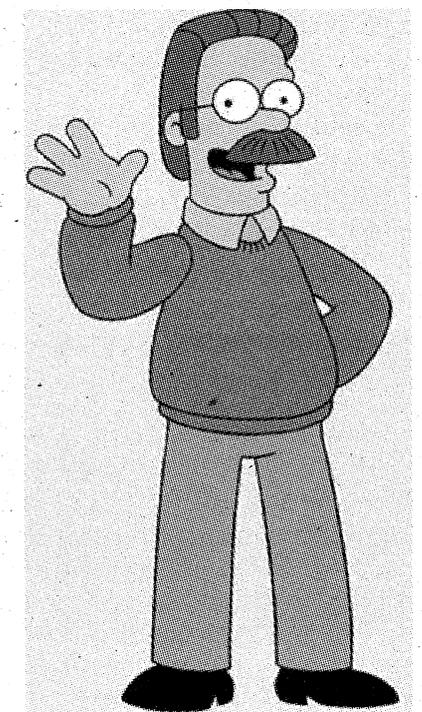
appealing without a shirt, but here is a 55.76% chance that the fellow chatting you up is a creeper. With these odds, go

there wearing sunglasses so you have an excuse not to acknowledge him or her. Do not make eye contact, and do not give out your number.

"Religious Nut": To be clear, I've absolutely no qualms with religion. I've merely got no sympathy for the folks who want to talk to me about their organization for the rest of my natural life. So when someone who smiles a lot approaches and or sits down with you to talk about their religious charity, if you can feel yourself getting older with

every passing second, run. Run away.

Credit Card/Bank Representatives: You'll quickly get very used to these guys. They set up shop in the Union or SAC lobbies and assault passing students with offers for low-rate credit cards or free checking accounts. I've never actually investigated their offers in depth, so they may actually be good deals. But they're so annoying, and they have to be hoping that us silly college students piss our money away into their banks and go deep into debt.



Eating On Campus

Jasmine

The Jasmine dining hall, located in The Wang Center, is Stony Brook's source for all foods Asian. Serving Chinese, Indian, Thai and Japanese foods, the Wang Center has the potential to be an enjoyable contrast to the run-of-the-mill pizza and grill foods located elsewhere on campus. They also serve Bubble Tea, which we recommend you try at least once. However, Jasmine also tends to be a mixed bag when it comes to quality. Depending on the time you arrive, the food can either taste wonderful and fresh, or stale and dull. That, combined with absurdly long lines at times, prevent Jasmine from being all that it could be. That being said, it still is one of the better places to eat on campus.

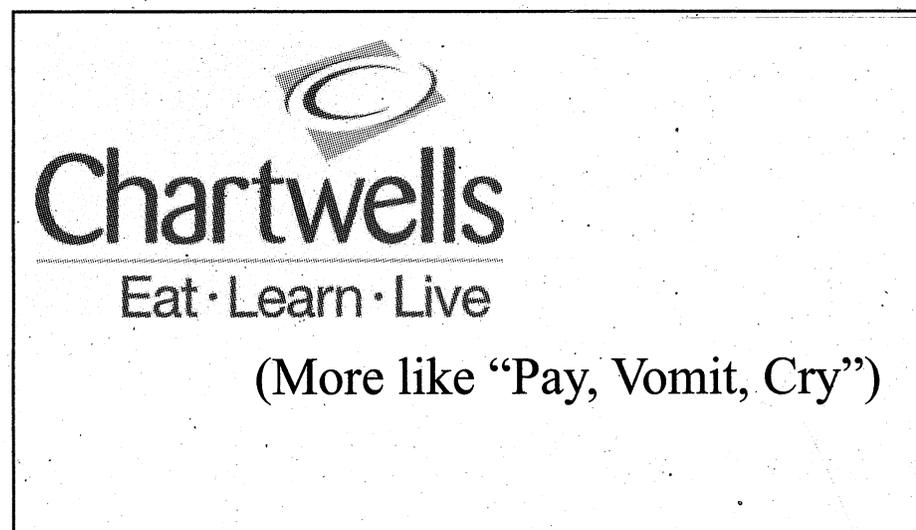
Kelly

Stony Brook University is an institute of higher learning, emphasis on "institute." Just look at Kelly Dining Hall. Serving college standards like cardboard crust pizza, the campus eatery is now open 24 hours, making said college standards available at 3 am. Breakfast is the meal of the day, though, and Kelly serves made-to-order egg sandwiches and other breakfast fare. Then there's the campus famous Kelly brunch available on weekends starting at 10:30 am. Try the Belgian Waffles, as they are probably the best thing offered then. And like at any other college dining hall, stay away from the breakfast meat. Downstairs there is the coffee house, which serves the standard café fare and smoothies. At least there is a convenience store there, too, where one can buy a box of cereal and carton of milk. Yay!

SAC

Many reviewers complain about the

high prices and the long lines at the SAC and we'd have to agree with them. Go there and order the pizza, which is apparently good enough to try to steal and create a campus-wide panic. Or, if that's not your thing, you can get a grilled cheese that's neither cheese, nor grilled. Really, if you're hungry you might as well take the walk to the Union Building and grab some food there. The SAC can be expensive, and really isn't worth the long wait or the cash. It's a wonder why so many students wait on that obscenely long line everyday.



Union

The Union has a number of dining options for you to choose from. There is the Union Deli, which serves freshly made sandwiches and not-so-freshly made soups. The Deli is nice for convenience if you are working in the Union, and is open later than most other eating establishments, however it can be very pricey. A drink at the Union Deli is sometimes priced at a dollar more than elsewhere on campus. Delancey Street is another deli style option in the Union, providing kosher meals for the University's Jewish students. The food there is relatively high quality, and there is almost never a long line. So, take our advice, try it out sometime. The only downside to Delancey is that it

closes very early in the day. Go for lunch.

Of course, the Union was also recently renovated and contains the new Union Commons, which offer many different dining options. The food there is pretty good, and you can grab a 32 ounce drink for a nice price from the fountain soda machines. In addition, the University added a Starbucks last semester. Located on the second floor of the building, the Starbucks is pretty much what you would expect, but had *mega* long lines last semester. Expect

more of the same this year. If you want a latte or frappucino, by all means make the trip. But if you just need a quick cup of coffee to warm up in the winter or get a caffeine jolt, just go to the Union Deli downstairs. Finally, there is Wolfie's Grill, previously known as The End of The Bridge. This sit-down style restaurant has always had a reputation for crappiness, and often lives up to exactly that. We rarely go, and when we do, they are often sold out of the best options. If you go towards the end of the semester, don't expect much to be available.

Tabler Café

Food at Tabler can be summarized in two words: walking shoes. There are only so many times that you can enjoy

Freschetta pizza and cold packaged sandwiches that have been left refrigerated for days on end. If you are lucky, you can catch the lunch and dinner specials, which every once in a while will make your day. Nonetheless, Dunkin Donuts is the diamond in the rough at Tabler. Amidst an ever-present group of cigarette smoking and cannabis-puffing students, lies the fifty-foot walk to freshly brewed coffee, which serves a luxury that leaves many other students envious. And for you health nuts, Tabler Café offers overly priced fruits. For a good five or six dollars worth, you can enjoy two apple slices, four cantaloupe chunks, a grape, and if lucky, a small piece of peach. Though service is reliable in getting coffee and such, the food there is sometimes not worth the wait or the calories. Tabler Café has a nice lounge area that can make any scoundrel appear as a young college intellect. Grab a scarf, sip your coffee, and converse about the ignored genocide going on in Darfur, and you will feel a bit of the cliché college experience.

Benedict

Benedict, which is located in H Quad, holds a plethora of fine dining, exquisite foods and Taco Bell. From a number of meals to choose from, you will feel like you are in heaven, momentarily. The one downside to this reliable dining area is that it only opens in the late afternoon around 5 pm and is closed on the weekends except for its Sunday morning brunch. The prices aren't too bad at Benedict, and with a giant seating area it's quite rare you won't find a seat. From ice cream to soups to moderately tasty steak, Benedict serves as one of the top places to eat on campus. In addition, Taco Bell serves as the best bang for the buck. With cheap prices, one can indulge in some of the finest foods ripped off from Mexican culture.

Eating Off Campus

For some, on-campus food options tire quickly. For others, the thought of giving this rapacious, exploitive university another cent of their hard-earned dough really grates on their nerves. Either way, you should know that there are other options. Most places offer a student discount when you show your card. So even if you don't drive, the section of 25a near the train station offers some appealing choices. Here are three of the best.

Strawberry Fields Gourmet

Strawberry Fields is pretty much one of the best places around. They have an extensive menu of really tasty stuff, from sandwiches to smoothies to burgers. Their forte of course is breakfast – go with the homemade pancakes, which are far better than even the diners. The prices are pretty reasonable – similar to the shit in the SAC, without the lines.

Cosmos Café

Cosmos is a pretty standard Greek pizza and gyro place. The pizza is mediocre, and the Italian dishes overpriced for the quality. So go with the Greek menu, especially the gyros. Six dollars for a damn good gyro is a quality lunch. Remember to show them your student ID for a discount.

Green Cactus

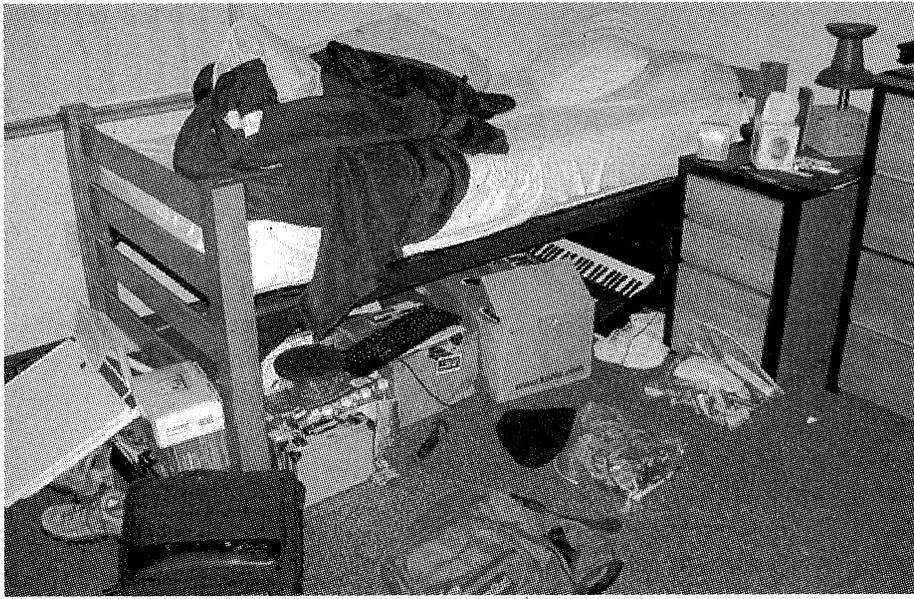
We eat here all the time. Located a little further down 25a, near Stonybooks, this is the best Mexican food you'll find in the area. Go there. Girthy burritos and towering nachos are prepared fresh to order with fresh ingredients. The prices are rough for some items, but it's totally worth it if you've got a few extra bucks lying around. We figure it's much better to spend seven dollars for a huge burrito and nachos than five dollars for a crappy, stale meal at the SAC.

Kelly Quad

Hello, and welcome to the wonderful world of being a resident at Stony Brook University! We hope you find our reviews of each dorm helpful. Each review was written by a student who has had the misfortune -- er... we mean pleasure -- of living in the particular residence hall. These hardened former occupants provide expert analysis into the subtle intricacies of dorm room living.

Residing at Stony Brook is very much a mixed bag. You can be placed in the lovely, roomy suites of West Apartments and enjoy every moment of it. Conversely, you can find yourselves trapped in the cold, broken down caverns of Roosevelt or Kelly. (By the way, did you know that the architect who designed Roosevelt made his name building prisons?)

Either way, we hope you can find something enjoyable about your time living here. And remember, if you find a rat, grab the sucker. It'll certainly be a cheaper meal than eating anywhere campus.



Kelly Quad is known for its food. The quad's 24 hour eatery gives students a great outlet for weight gain. Other than the un-fine dining amenity, Kelly can be considered the shanty of Stony Brook University.

The Quad's buildings are yet to be renovated, leaving cleanliness and aesthetics up to the students who fill the rooms. Students are challenged to find creative ways to cover up Kelly's cracked walls.

Each suite is equipped with a balcony, which is small yet large enough to get an illegal smoke in. Since the quad is filled with students too lame to live off campus and too stupid to get the GPA needed to live in West Apartments, marijuana use is kept at the "Hooray!" level.

Kelly Quad is also home to the Undergraduate College of Human Development, so expect lots of freshman interested in human development, whatever that is. RAs in Kelly patrol like it's their job, probably because it's their job to patrol Kelly. Filthy bathrooms result in write-ups, as do menial things like the placement of a couch that poses as a fire-hazard. (Given the aforementioned rate of smoking, perhaps those write-ups are good things.)

Every quad has some 24-hour quiet buildings, but that doesn't keep Kelly from being loud as fuck. Drunken students yell from their balconies and find creative ways to annoy those who pass below (invest in a pellet gun if you're a dick).

Many students who were placed in Kelly express interest to leave the quad as soon as possible, revealing the fact that very few students actually choose to live in the quad. Transfers who don't know better, and those who go through room selection last get a Kelly dorm as a last resort. If you're reading this and are a freshman who was placed in Kelly, *The Stony Brook Press* expresses sympathy towards you. Unless you are genuinely interested in Human Development. In that case, develop on, babe.

Mendelsohn Quad

Welcome to Mendelsohn Quad. We sincerely hope you can amuse yourself, because Mendelsohn is perhaps the most bland and boring residence hall on campus in terms of aesthetics and features. Not much separates Mendy from its next-door neighbor, H Quad, and Mendy lacks the dining hall that the other quad can claim.

However, if you like noise, Mendy can sometimes be endearing. It's almost a guarantee that you'll have some loud people in your hall at all hours of the day. Whether it's the obnoxious anime geek that watches cartoons at 3 am, the football star playing Madden on his extra loud speakers or the fraternity/sorority member having a loud party, Mendy won't disappoint.

Mendy does have some relatively large double rooms, at least compared to the rest of the campus. As mentioned, though, there isn't much to look at, besides your roommate, if that's your thing. Cover your walls with colorful things from Bed Bath and Beyond if you're a girl, or posters from films like *Godfather* or *Scarface* and pictures of girls making out if you're a guy. Wait... isn't this the case with every residence hall on campus?

In terms of dining, you'll have to make the short walk to H or the Union. We hope you like Taco Bell. Oh, speaking of Taco Bell, you'll also have to share bathrooms with all the other students in your hall. So don't eat too much Taco Bell. We can't have you creating a pungent, sewer stink in the bathrooms every night.

Overall, Mendy isn't too bad. It could certainly be worse (you could, for example, be living in Roosevelt or Kelly). It's difficult to have a party in Mendy, but you could always make friendly with some folks in West Apartments and go to their parties. Rock on.

Roosevelt Quad

Roosevelt Quad contains an interesting mix of people. On one hand, it contains people foolish enough to agree to join the freshman college of Global Studies. On the other, it contains all the foreign exchange students that don't fit in anywhere else. This might explain why it's the quad for the college of Global Studies. It's clever.

The fire doors make an extremely loud sound when closed improperly, and they are often closed improperly. Foreign exchange students like to dump their noodles down the sink, and the shower drains often clog with hair if you're a girl and with something far more unpleasant if you're a boy.

There is a tall building being constructed between the quad and roads leading away from the quad. We're pretty sure it's another unpleasant prison-style dorm building to squeeze in more students. It won't be finished before most of you graduate, so have fun looking at construction for as long as you live there.

Kelly Quad is adjacent to Roosevelt, and their 24-hour dining hall makes it convenient to eat whenever you want. But the sidewalks within the quad tend to flood easily, so you may not be able to pick up your pint of ice cream without a cold, wet trek. Roosevelt has no dining hall of any sort of its own; otherwise we would mention it, and not Kelly's.

Your bed is height adjustable, but it requires some hard work and ingenuity to adjust it. You have to flip it over and repeatedly kick it until the legs come off the frame. Then you can adjust it, and repeatedly kick it until the legs are back in place. Or just buy bed raisers; they're pretty convenient.

People have said that this is the worst quad on campus. Buck up though, campers, it's only as bad as you let it be. Make friends on your floor and party often, you'll forget you're living one step up from the state penal system.

Roth Quad

If you enjoy a man made ecosystem in your backyard, then Roth Quad is your new home. The regular sight of spewing water from a hose into a lake that houses so many random animals, you'll feel like you are living in your own aquarium (but do not pet those turtles...they bite...we know from firsthand experience).

Each building in Roth Quad is suite style and every suite bathroom is cleaned once a week by the cleaning staff, so leave the cleaning bleach at home. Each suite in Roth has either a common room or kitchen that connects all three rooms, but either room can get messy really easily. Bring a vacuum, a mop and a shitload of Fabreeze. You're going to need it.

The individual rooms at Roth must have been constructed when humans were but the size of elves. It is difficult to live in a Roth room with just two people, let alone three. Freshmen who are tripled will have to allocate who gets what furniture since they still only get two of everything, including closets. Be ready to have your personal space violated.

The Roth Quad Café has been closed for the past year and construction hopes to cease before the year starts, but it seems extremely unlikely. When it opens, it will have a Wendy's, made to order pizzas, sandwiches, a rotating menu of foods, and a coffee house. In the mean time, the SAC is five minutes away and the hike to Tabler is definitely not worth it for stale doughnuts and frozen pizzas.

Of course, Roth Quad is home to the Roth Regatta every Spring when every club makes a cardboard and duct tape boat and paddles across the dirty pond. Sometimes people fall in, so that's kind of cool. Either way, your home will be the most popular spot on campus for one day each year. Something to look forward to, we guess.

Parties can be found anywhere as long as you are looking. Most people have suite and floor parties, but some find their way to the roof of the buildings and just chill outside.

Tabler Quad

Perched upon a hill, Tabler Quad is home to the College of Arts, Culture and Humanities. The absence of concrete and asphalt allows students to soak up the sun and enjoy the weather on comfortable fields of grass maintained by our friendly neighbors to the South.

Tabler is a suite-style living quad and provides a common area that compensates for the small size of its dorm rooms. Though the sizes of individual rooms are more accommodating than other quads, it is most wise to take advantage of the first opportunity to de-triple. The common room provides great space to host parties, study intermediate algebra, and even work on your croqueting skills.

Like any room, it is best to decorate your pale walls with posters that honor mass media culture and adhere to societal norms. There is nothing more motivating than having a scantily clad woman looking down at you while finishing up an essay or a poster of a marijuana enthusiast that subliminally sends the message of: "stay in school."

At one point in life, you've probably come across the phrase "location, location, location." Well, whoever developed Tabler Quad probably cut architect class that day. Enjoy ten to fifteen minute walks to get to class. And after a long day of classes, learn to embrace the smile of a cruelly designed set of stairs on a defiant hill that will at points of the semester question your inner soul and existence. Though it may seem like you are a lazy and worthless tub of lard, take the bus and relax for a three-minute ride that will save you a five-minute walk covered in geese feces. Though you may not have ninety-nine problems like an outlandishly rich hip hop artist, learn that the Tabler steps will be one.

While a good portion of the campus is hauled away into white excursion vans for the clubbing scene on both Tuesday and Thursday nights, Tabler is known to hold its own parties. Presumably the kitchen suites at Hand are best for traditional college festivities such as throwing a ball into a cup filled with a beverage drink. Parties range from crowded infestation of one's suite and own room to casual hangouts and occur often.

Overall, once you get accustomed to the whole 54 steps, you won't mind the trek and pretty soon, gain affection for contorted metal displayed as art.

West Apartments

While all the cool kids live off campus, all the somewhat cool kids live in West Apartments. Halfway between the real world and college dorm life, West Apartments are at times known as the place to party on campus. One has to be an upperclassman in good academic standing to live in the Apartments, so alcohol is easy to get, albeit "good academic standing" may imply party pooper.

Think of these Apartments as a segue into the real world. Instead of overbearing landlords, you're paying over \$3,500 a semester to the corporate fat cats who run Stony Brook University for a single room. Miss your mother? West Apartments is patrolled by high GPA students working for the Residential Safety Program. If you ever end up living in West, remember to not invite your RA to your party. Also keep in mind that apartment RA is somewhat of an oxymoron.

Students are not required to purchase a meal plan if they live in West, as the apartments are furnished with kitchen appliances. While there's no dishwasher, students are given a range top, oven, refrigerator/freezer and microwave. Miss your mother? Learn to cook like her, instead of paying money to the corporate fat cats who run Chartwells.

The apartments are situated at an edge of campus, creating a sense of privacy but also posing a challenge in getting to class. Single and double rooms are small (110-161 sq. feet) but air conditioned, and the suites they're in are large. With an exceedingly long waiting list to obtain a West Apartment, getting into a suite with your buddies is close to impossible. The long wait list suggests that these apartments are the best place to live at Stony Brook.

West Apartment's popularity could be because they offer freedom while still keeping a sense of college dorm life. For the record, I never attended any of those lame RA run activities. I chose to live in West Apartments to escape that shit.

H Quad

Like Mendelsohn next-door, H Quad features corridor style housing. You'll become fast friends (or hated enemies) with the other fools in your hall. Studying isn't easy here since you'll inevitably have a bunch of hall-mates up until 4 am, blasting music or having sex or whatever.

You should also make effective use of your closet space and invest in a bed raiser. You will need all the space you can get. H Quad sports rooms with more space than, say, Kelly Quad, but you'll still always be somewhat starved for personal room, especially if your roommate is in the dorm 24/7.

Dining won't be a problem, though. The Benedict College is home to a solid dining hall with pretty good prices and a Taco-Bell. As of this writing, it remains the one place on campus where you can get Normal Guy corporate style fast food (although Wendy's should be opening up in Roth sometime soon). H Quad is also as close as you'll get to the North Entrance gates here at Stony Brook, so you won't be far from 7-11, Cosmos Deli and Green Cactus.

H Quad actually has clean bathrooms, too! Yeah, you heard right. Unlike Mendelsohn, the H Quad bathrooms seem to be staffed well and always stocked up. Of course, if you're a slob, you can ruin all of that for everyone else. So clean up and don't be a dirty fuck.

Parties are a rare thing here. Unless you have a really cool RA who lets you par-tay down, you'll probably have to go elsewhere to let loose.

H Quad is pretty solid. As long as you can deal with staying up late and sharing a bathroom with everyone else, you should be fine. However, it'll always have the dumbest fucking name of any quad on campus. Oh well. I guess you can't have everything.

Where To Poo: Revisited

By James Laudano

Two years ago, Press staffer James Messina wrote a piece for the freshmen guide called "Where To Poo." The article was incredibly popular with the incoming freshmen and we still have students telling us how much they loved the piece. So, while we don't intend to try to top Mr. Messina's great work, we will at least provide you incoming Freshies with the invaluable knowledge of the best places to poop.

We will tell you three of the best on campus, and three of the worst. The ratings will cover location, privacy and amenities on a scale of 1-5. You would be wise to heed our advice if you want to enjoy your time here at Stony Brook.

The Best of Stony Brook's Restrooms

3) Third Floor Library

Location: Around the corner from the Main Stacks. In the library, so it's pretty central and convenient. Rating: 3
Privacy: It's a somewhat high traffic area, but its still moderately private. Rating: 3
Features: Rather bare bones. Nothing special, so we're going to be harsh. Rating: 1

Side Note: There has actually been quite a bit of magic that's happened in this bathroom. Former Press editor Alex Walsh actually found a student sleeping in this bathroom who was still there when he checked three hours later. So, if you want a funny story, check it out.

2) Humanities Bathrooms

Location: Humanities. Duh. Rating: 3
Privacy: There are three floors in Humanities. If you want to get a really nice private pooping experience head up to the third floor. Not many people even know the third floor exists, and the bathrooms are rather empty most of the day, especially early in the day. Rating: 4.5
Features: Pretty nice, actually. The doors are automatic, the bathrooms are clean most of the time, and the temperature control is spot-on. Rating: 4

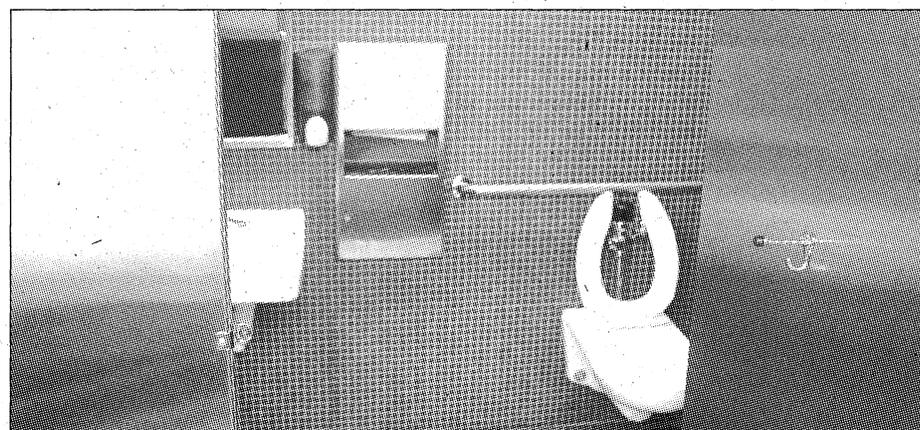
1) Wang Center Bathrooms

Location: There are numerous bathrooms in the relatively new Wang Center. Plus, the Wang Center is more or

less central to campus, so good marks here. Rating: 4

Privacy: You'd think with a good amount of people in Jasmine that this bathroom would be rather crowded, but it's surprisingly not. Hell yeah. Rating 4

Features: The features in the Wang Center make these bathrooms one of the most pleasant areas to hang out (with your Wang out, ha-ha-ha). In fact, the handicapped stalls in the Wang Center actually have their own sinks and mir-



Perfection, thy name is Wang.

James Laudano

rors, inside the stalls. It's a bathroom inside of a bathroom. Magnificent. You can have your friends over to play a game of cards in that stall. Not only that, but the toiletpaper is double-ply and silky. The rooms have air fresheners, and the rooms are warm in the winter and cool in the summer. This is how Stony Brook does perfection. Rating: 100!



The door isn't supposed to open outward like that.

Andrew Fraley

The Worst of Stony Brook's Restrooms

3) The Union Basement

Location: Not exactly ideal. First, they're in a basement, so you're forced to run around the building just to get to the damned place. Plus, the elevators are creaky and old, and the stairwells al-

ways smell like crap. However, if you're going to be working in the Union SINC site, our hanging out at one of the many clubs in the area, you'll probably be crossing paths with this bathroom. Rating: 2

Privacy: Pretty bad. Like we said, there are plenty of clubs and a SINC site down there, so it is often a high traffic area. Don't expect to be alone. Rating: 2

Features: Downright crappy. The men's room in the Media Club hallway is ac-

feel. Rating: 1.

1) The Library Lobby Bathrooms, During Finals Week.

Location: Not bad, we guess. Rather central, and its on the main floor. So, okay. Rating: 3

Privacy: Non-existent. Think about it. It's finals week, you're studying at the library SINC site, Central Reading Room or Main Stacks. Uh-oh, time to go to the bathroom. But wait! There are three thousand other students studying in the same area. You'll be guaranteed to wait in these rooms during finals week. Rating: 0

Features: Whatever. The bathrooms themselves aren't too bad, but during finals week they are sure to be disgusting due to the high levels of traffic. Rating: 2

There you have it. Just remember, after eating all that Benedict Taco Bell or Jasmine Asian food, make sure you find a good place to nest and answer nature's call. Good luck.

usually falling apart, and the toilet stall door doesn't even close properly. Avoid it at all costs. Rating: 1

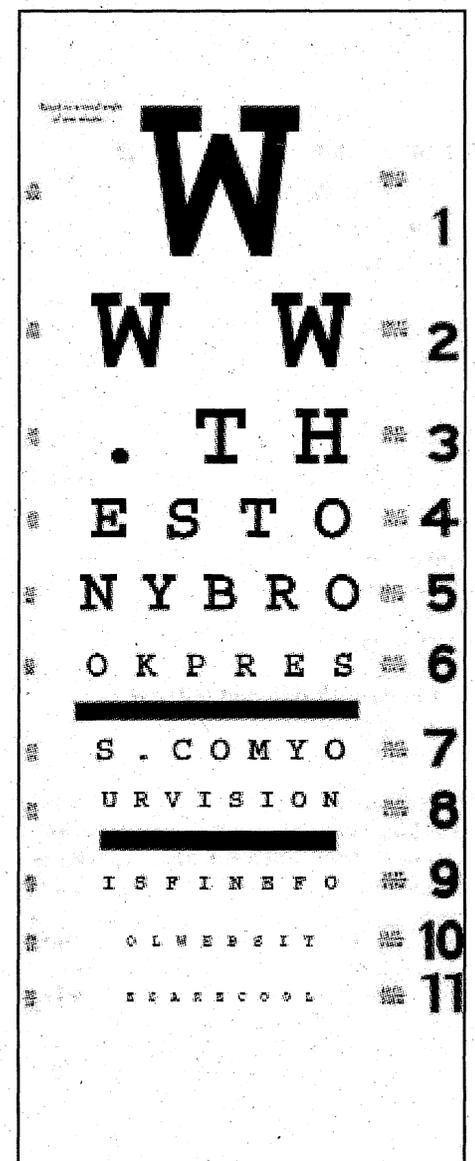
2) Kelly Bathrooms

Location: Out of the way. Kelly isn't exactly centralized here, and the only reason you should be going here is if you want food or live in the damned place.

Rating: 1

Privacy: Not too bad, really. But it may be somewhat private because it's a downright horrible bathroom overall. Rating: 3

Features: Ewwwww. The bathrooms are usually filled with puddles and they have a damp, dank feeling to them. They also often have lightbulbs out, creating a dirty, "drug addict bathroom"



How To Drink Coffee While The World Is Ending

By Cindy Liu

The other morning I woke up and leapt out of bed and was like, “hey, this is Stony Brook University, it has grown on me so much that I will share my Brookophilia with our precious incoming freshmen and write about all the fantastically marvelous places to go in the area, so Fantastically Marvelous that it makes you smile real wide and gives you that tickly tummy feeling of Oneness with everyone around you and think to yourself, *yes!* I am having a sophomore philosophical realization and all is well in the world!” But first, I desperately needed a cup of coffee, seeing as how I had expended my energy supply (which had been slowly synthesizing in the three hours I had slept) in the past five minutes by having a frighteningly intense moment of resolve, and the sky was almost literally falling. Mindful of this apocalyptic phenomenon, I grabbed my umbrella and headed out the door, shouting over my shoulder, “Sorry, Ma. No breakfast today, Apocalyptic Seawolves Country waits for no one.”

With my superior skills of rationalization I ruled out all the coffee vendors on campus and figured that the best of all possible places I could get coffee to start off my late day with was the Tic Toc Café, located on 410 Lake Avenue in St. James, a good forty minute commute from Hicksville, my town of residence, but a pleasant five minute stroll from the St. James train station.

But why, Cindy Liu? Why *not* get coffee on campus, one might ask? And I might say, if you like your coffee weak (Dunkin Donuts), burnt and over-roasted (Starbucks), or stale (various brewers of Seattle’s Best), or don’t mind the fact that the coffee sellers at Seawolves Marketplace do not know the first thing about steaming milk (but granted, Green Mountain coffee is not so bad), then by all means, drink up! However, if you seek to escape the at-times metaphysically abrasive campus while still maintaining the possibility of studying (for all places listed below provide free WiFi), then read on.

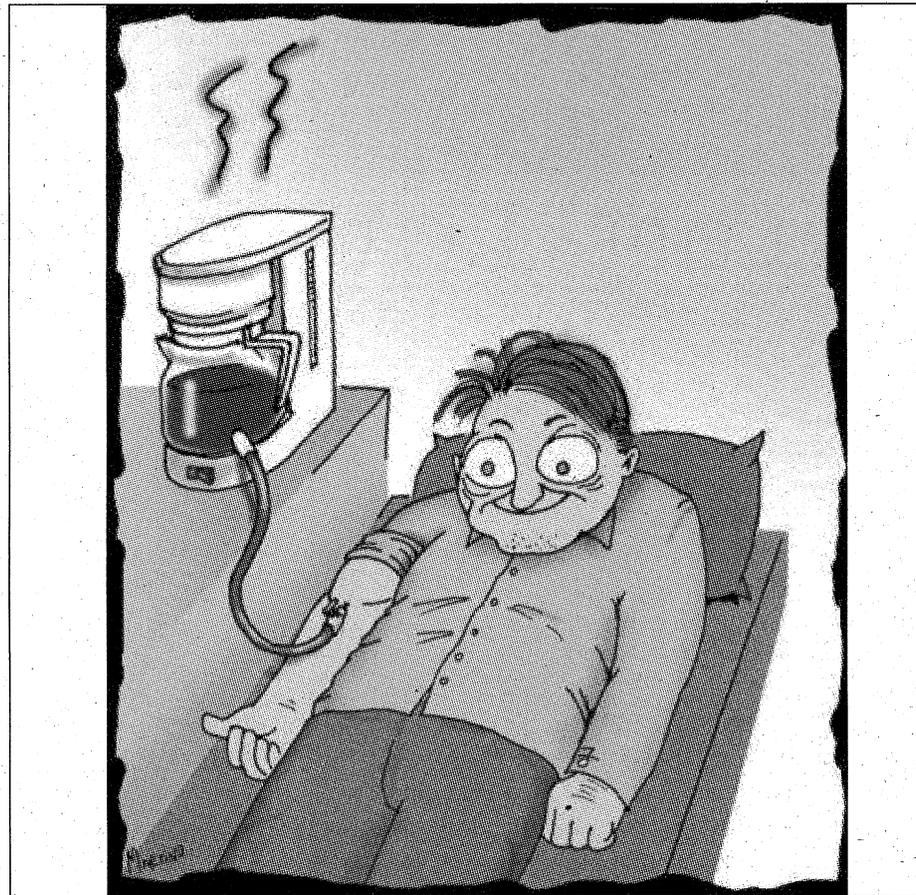
I arrived at 12:45 pm at the café just in time for precisely 841 customers to pack themselves on in there and order ahead of me. Upon entering this tiny, magically packed neighborhood establishment, I studied the décor—a clock hanging just outside the entrance, the photos hanging on the wall by local photographers, their motto of “time well spent.” I had many questions in

mind that I regret never asking, like, “What is a Toc-accino?” “Can I order from the Kids Menu?” “Am I—Am I sitting in a church pew?” Okay, okay, I’ll get the Toc-accino. I ordered the mystery espresso drink. I also had a hankering for a grilled chicken salad on a sundried tomato wrap with a side of potato chips. Miraculously, they had *exactly* what I was craving! After the delicious, telepathically predicted meal, I asked the young ladies at the counter about live music. They looked at each other, then looked at me, then looked at each other, and told me that they host live musicians as well as cater for Deepwells Mansion on Thursdays for

my already soaked body as I ran into the welcoming, calm, thoroughly air-conditioned embrace of the coffeehouse. I flopped and shuddered and dragged my feet all the way to the counter. The barista had not finished asking how I was before her eyes proceeded to pop out of her sockets at the sight of me and turned the air conditioner off. She was thoughtful. I liked her. When she came back I asked if the place had any signature drinks. She told me that they didn’t, but since they were blessed with such a wide assortment of flavors, she would whip up whatever my tastebuds fancied. I asked what the majority of customers tended to order and,

day lights. Maroon and marigold walls faced a giant mural painted straight onto the surface—a café scene: A female server, striking an odd resemblance to owner Patricia McCarthy, and the rest of the interior of Cool Beanz. As I nervously eyed the world coming to an end outside, the girl at the counter, whose name I later learned was Elise, told me about the coffeehouse’s various activities throughout the week. Cool Beanz hosts Psychic Thursdays in which, at 6:30 pm, customers are willing to pay Julie the Psychic \$30 for fifteen minutes of tarot card evaluation. On Tuesdays they have an Open Mic, night catering predominantly to the high school and college crowd, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays they host an all-ages Open Mic. On Fridays they host a featured performer. And, like her neighbors at Tic Toc, Elise directed my attention to Acoustic Long Island at Deepwells Mansion just down the road. Before I left, Elise made me a latte, and back I went into Armageddon, which, unbelievably, had become even more Armageddon-like since I sought refuge in the coffeehouse.

It was off to King’s Park next, to the Brown Dog Café. Why there is a café named after a brown dog, I will never know, because when I got to 14 Main Street, a Ralph’s Italian Ices existed in place of it. Because parking on Main street permitted only one hour per car and because I, being the empirical person that I am, was absolutely determined to squeeze every drop of enjoyment out of this quaint little street. I walked in and ordered an ice in the midst of a torrential downpour that actually poured sideways. The previously consumed Toc-accino, café au lait and latte were starting to kick in, and as I strolled down this flooding road in a caffeinated frenzy, I partook in each and every activity that it had to offer. Despite the fact that the earth opened up and swallowed the Brown Dog Café, spitting up a Ralph’s Italian Ices in its place, a visitor in King’s Park can still make the most out of the area by visiting one of the Fantastically Marvelous attractions! You can visit the laundromat, get a manicure, buy a fishing rod, eat Chinese food, eat more ice cream, get a haircut, groom dogs, eat raw sea creatures with your bare hands, drink a shot of espresso, run across the street to Carvel’s for another ice cream, consume a slice of pizza, have a delicious sandwich, visit the other laundromat at the other end of the street, get another manicure, buy five pounds of salami, eat another delicious sandwich, get a tattoo at Tormented Souls, get a manicure, get



This is what we need to do prior to producing each issue.

Acoustic Long Island. I looked at them, looked at the sky falling outside, looked at them again, and said, “Okay! Thank You! This was indeed “time well spent!” Have a good day!” And returned to the chaos outside, sans umbrella due to forgetfulness. Luckily, I had parked my car across the street.

Not so luckily, there’s a leak right above the driver’s seat of the car, and so all the way to my next stop, Cool Beanz at 556 Route 25a, also in St. James, the apocalypse was dripping onto my left arm. As I got out and made the run for it across the parking lot, earthquakes of rumbling SUVs sent the miniature lakes on the roadside flying up into walls of mist that towered over me. The St. James tsunami only managed to graze

yet again, she elusively replied that each individual customer was awfully picky with their drinks. Finally, I asked her what her preferred drink was, and she told me she liked banana chocolate and then I inconsequentially ordered a café au lait. I took a seat at a table with a lamp that I could have lit if I had wanted to, but I didn’t, because when I tried to turn it on it didn’t work and so I pretended like I could jot down notes in the dark so as not to embarrass myself. I surveyed the place and decided that it was pretty damn cute—not cute in the sense that it reminded me of infants, but cute in that its odd arrangements and adornments were strangely charming. Toward the front of the store were big windows adorned with decorative holi-

We know parking here sucks. In fact, *The Press* has been barking about it for years. There are too few spots, the tickets are too punitive and most parking lots are located much too far from the main academic buildings. If you're a commuter, parking will be a concern of yours many mornings here at Stony Brook. Anyway, here are our rankings for each major lot. Good luck, and make sure not to let that bastard in the other car cut you off and steal the parking spot from you on those cold December mornings.

North P Lot

Accessibility To Campus: 2

You'll learn quickly that the commuter lots aren't exactly in ideal locations on campus. You would think that they would give commuters – the students who always need to have a parking spot and spend upwards of an hour getting here – the best spots on campus. But no. You're a commuter, you'd better get used to walking. This lot is no exception and you can expect about a fifteen-minute walk to your classes in the morning, unless you take the bus, which is rather inconsistent at times. If you're late for a class, you may want to try sneaking a spot in a closer spot with the plan to move your car after class so you don't get ticketed.

Chance You'll Be Ticketed: 1

Considering how far the lot is from the center of campus, it's pretty odd that anyone would park illegally here. The cops know this, and, as a result, we've never seen a car with a parking ticket on it in North P.

Availability of Parking Spots: 3

It used to be that you'd never have any trouble finding a spot in North P. However, since SBU has been over-enrolling new students for the past two years it can be quite difficult finding a spot here, sometimes. If you come after 10 am, Monday through Thursday, you may need to go elsewhere.

Stadium Lot

Accessibility To Campus: 5

You want a sweet parking spot? The stadium lot is where to go. Located behind the Student Union basement, it's just a skip from the gym, library, Staller Center and a few of the science buildings. Hell yeah.

Chance You'll Be Ticketed: 5

While the stadium lot is wonderful for getting to class quickly, it's probably the most frequently patrolled and monitored lot on campus. If you park here in the late morning or early afternoon without a stadium pass you're fucked. Be prepared to pay \$30. However, the lot goes public at 4 pm, so once it hits that hour you're free to park here at your leisure.

Availability Of Parking Spots: 1

It used to be difficult to find spots here during peak hours. This fall it's going to be even more difficult because the administration reduced the student spots in the lot, increasing faculty and metered spots. Oh, by the way, they also had the balls to call that, and many other similar changes, a parking "improvement." Ridiculous.

Side Note: A permit to park in the stadium lot costs \$150 dollars, and the waiting list is over 1000 students long to get one. So if you really want one you should seek to buy one directly from another commuter student, rather than from the University directly.

Gym Road Lot

Accessibility To Campus: 4

This lot isn't far from the stadium lot and has the wonderful perk of being open to commuters. This is the one spot where a commuter can be happy to park. It's primo parking for physics and chemistry majors and just a short walk from the SAC.

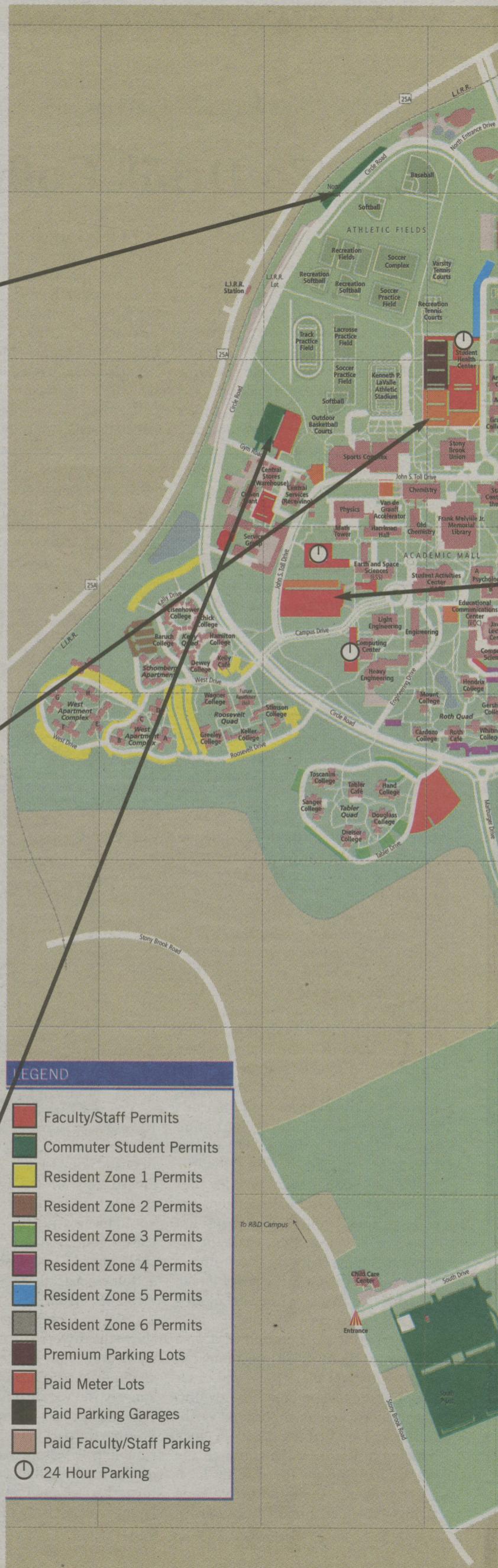
Chance You'll Be Ticketed: 3

The cops have been known to patrol this lot, so be careful if you're a resident trying to

park here. We can't imagine anyone with a faculty or stadium pass parking in this lot, so ticketing isn't much of a factor otherwise.

Availability of Parking Spots: 1

Yeah, right. Good luck. This lot is sardine sized and is usually filled by 9 am or so during the semester. If you have an 8:30 am class, you should totally go for this lot though. But forget about it, otherwise.



LEGEND

- Faculty/Staff Permits
- Commuter Student Permits
- Resident Zone 1 Permits
- Resident Zone 2 Permits
- Resident Zone 3 Permits
- Resident Zone 4 Permits
- Resident Zone 5 Permits
- Resident Zone 6 Permits
- Premium Parking Lots
- Paid Meter Lots
- Paid Parking Garages
- Paid Faculty/Staff Parking
- 24 Hour Parking

Mendelsohn Lot

Accessibility To Campus: 4

This is the one resident lot that can rival the stadium and gym lots for proximity to central campus. Right next to the Wang Center, Student Union and Melville Library it's ideal for those of you who have some extra-curricular plans on campus.

Chance You'll Be Ticketed: 4

A few years back you would never get ticketed here. In fact, one Press editor parked here illegally for the entirety of the Fall 2006 semester without once getting a ticket. However, those days are gone. Due to the increased popularity of this lot, you stand a

good chance of getting a ticket here if you park illegally during mid-day.

Availability of Parking Spots: 3

Like the ticketing, good ole' Mendy has lost some of its allure when it comes to availability. You can still be confident that you'll find a spot before 10 or 11 am, but after that the lot doesn't clear out until around 5 pm. So try to get there relatively early.

SAC Faculty Lot

Accessibility To Campus: 5

This lot rocks this category pretty hard. If you're running late for a show or meeting in the SAC, you can't beat this grove of spots. Keep on keeping it real, SAC Lot.

Chance You'll Be Ticketed: 5

Like the stadium lot, you're really tempting fate by parking here. This lot is for the Faculty only, so most of you reading this would be parking illegally in this lot. Another down side is that this lot doesn't go public until 7 pm, as opposed to 4 pm in the other lots. It's also basically in the center of campus; so any lazy parking service worker can mosey on over if he wants to net a few tickets. Don't risk it if you don't have to.

Availability of Parking Spots: 0

Hahahahaha! Fat chance, fools. Even though this lot is heavily ticketed, there is rarely a spot available between noon and 7 pm. One of these days, there will be an all out brawl for the parking spots here. Bring popcorn and wait for the punches to be thrown.

South P Lot

Accessibility To Campus: -100

Accessibility? Do you see the map? South P is practically in Lake Grove. If you park here you're pretty much forced to take a bus, unless you arrive an hour or so early for class. And even then, this lot is about a mile hike from the center of campus. Oh, speaking of the busses, this lot is especially brutally in the fall and winter when everyone here piles into the waiting area, and then the shuttles, to escape the cold. You'll be packed into the bus, most likely forced to stand, listening to Chatty Kathy on her cell phone, all the while being squished up against someone's fat ass next to you. Fuck this lot.

Chance You'll Get Ticketed: 0

Ticketed? Who the hell would be stupid enough to park illegally in South P? If you're

going to risk getting a ticket, at least park somewhere near Stony Brook University.

Availability of Parking Spots: 4

It's pretty much guaranteed you'll find a spot in this lot. Even at peak hours during the week there's always a few spots in the back remaining. Although, that may change this year with the number of students increasing yet again. Anyway, the only real redeeming quality of this lot is that sometimes the Commuter Student Association comes down there to invite you to little get-togethers with free coffee and bagels. Make sure to take them up on their offer since you'll need something free and cheerful after parking in this slab of concrete shit.



COFFEE continued from page 22

another hair cut, and buy an old beat-up book, all while finishing the Italian ice you purchased at Ralph's and all in your allotted parking hour!

Wet and jittery and desperately wanting to sit in a warm, dry place I drove along the characteristically woodsy Fort Salonga Road in Northport and arrived at Batata Café. The first thing I noticed upon entrance was the Virginia Woolf quote scrawled across the wall: "One cannot think well, love well, sleep well, if one has not dined well." Batata Café's menu offers thinkers, lovers, and sleepers alike a fair chance at good dining. Offering a creative se-

lection of sandwiches, wraps, paninis and salads with a side of chips and salsa or sweet potato fries, it indirectly promises that if you eat their food, you will be super-smart, become phenomenal in bed and sleep like a baby afterward. Being the purposefully inconsequential person that I am, I ordered a Jungle Juice smoothie, made of strawberries, mangos, and pineapple juice. Also, half-expecting yet another reference to Deepwells Mansion, I asked about the live music. Surprisingly, there was no mention of Deepwells Mansion. Batata does open up the platform in the corner by their floor-to-ceiling windows for

Open Mic performers, though, and the next Open Mic will take place on September 12. I was delighted to see that a good one-third of the café was actually a Barister's chocolate shop. I had a good mind to purchase some Cherry Cordials until I remembered that I don't even eat Cherry Cordials, and I probably would have puked myself into an explosion of espresso and chicken and strawmangapplejuice upon consumption.

I left Batata's casually cultured atmosphere and the sun came out. And as I got back into my trusty leaking car, I reflected on the day's adventures and re-

alized that it wasn't so different from my freshman year at Stony Brook—you arrive in search of something, you become incredibly confused and disillusioned, you cross paths with a few good people and you learn how to squeeze what very little enjoyment there is out of doing everything at once, all while your world is being deconstructed before your very own eyes. And if you can survive the day while still enjoying a cup of coffee, then I'd say you're doing just fine and all is well in the world and you'll have a good year and alright I think I'm going to go throw up now.

AND NOW, THE STONY BROOK PRESS PRESENTS: THE TOP TEN MOST DANGEROUS SPOTS ON CAMPUS

10. Train Tracks

The train tracks are a perfect place to get away from your roommate who doesn't shower or constantly blows at playing the guitar, yet this steel path is one scary place. You may find yourself crossing to go to Stonybooks or 7/11 when suddenly decide to tie your shoes and then all of a sudden, Boom! You forgot your money and you have to walk all the way back so by the time you come back to cross you are so careless that you are now physically riding the train. Whoo Whoo!

9. Library Stairs

It is highly likely that you will hike these stairs at one point or another due to the constant repair of the Library elevators. Yet, with a vacant five flight of stairs to trek, one slip going down and you can kiss your expensive laptop goodbye or, better yet, your life. While the commuter lounge is filled with an abundant Asian population at all hours of the day, these stairs experience little traffic at night. It would be best to just avoid the Library all together. Besides, who reads books anyways?

8. Behind Staller Center

Construction equipment and abandoned art projects litter this area behind the Staller Center. Overall just a strange, creepy place which serves no true purpose other than to smoke a quick fat one with your friends during everyone's favorite anime convention here at SBU, who knows what sort of weird, drug-crazed fiends lurk in the darkness and shadows of this area. Just to play it safe, remember to use the buddy system, kids.

7. Stairwell to Nowhere by Mathematics

These stairs are so dangerous that while scoping this area out the police came. Probably home to criminals and gangstas of some sorts, the walls were desecrated with what city kids refer to as "graffiti". Walking down these two sets of stairs will lead you to a door with no knob. Legend has it, that if you go in through this forbidden door, then it was probably opened because there is no doorknob. Duh, stupid.

6. Roosevelt Quad. Period.

Need to walk to Kelly Dining because you enjoy devouring a 10000-calorie cheese pizza drenched in drums of oil? Well avoid Roosevelt, if possible. With dim lighting that would suit one's "sexy time," Roosevelt has been referred to as the ghetto of the campus. However, a walk through Roosevelt is no "sexy time," but rather a meeting with Death himself. Filled with some of the university's rather eccentric characters, it wouldn't be a bad idea to hone up on your third-degree black belt in Mongolian bare-knuckle combat fighting, just as a precaution.

5. Library Stacks

When climbing the endless steps to find something in the upper stacks of the Library, one is immediately reminded of the scene from Ghostbusters where a crazy librarian ghost attacks two of the team, leaving gross ectoplasm everywhere. That being said, the stacks are definitely haunted by the ghosts of lost dreams from Pre-Professional students and the many dead rats that are probably up there somewhere. Endless books, movies and files fill the area.

Many students have gotten lost doing research and never returned. Avoiding libraries is a good policy at the college level, and basically for life in general, anyway.

4. Anywhere the Geese Are

These sons of bitches shit on everything. So if you are rocking your exotic alligator suede shoes that light up every time you step, watch out. Oh, and if you are driving, prepare to stop like there is a sign, because you sure as hell aren't going to plow through a caravan of arrogant geese, not with your father's European-made SUV, you won't. As you can probably tell, the geese at Stony Brook have gained a reputation of not giving a rat's ass about the human species. However, like little Suzie who has gained a reputation as the whore of her fourth grade class, geese will come flocking to you if you pull out some bread or food. Once you run out, you'll be lucky if they even look back at, or even acknowledge, you.

3. Life Sciences Library Path

Sometimes, the most dangerous feeling is that of too much loneliness. As you tread this path you will feel, well, too alone. In fact, as you continue walking, you will become delusional and look all over the place to see if anyone is around you. In fact, you will probably see a maximum of two or three people the whole semester walking this path while you are on it. It is just one mindfuck that you should try and avoid, unless you are not a bitch.

2. Kelly Bridge

A little known path lies between the Faculty parking lot and Kelly Quad

through the surrounding wooded area. At first the path seems calm and tranquil, a serene babbling brook made up of rain water flows through the path, with a little bridge available to cross over it. At night however, shit gets crazy. Completely dark path, rocks and fallen branches are everywhere; the moon is the only light source over the bridge and the stream. Everything gets about ten times more scary and intense. Very few people even know about the path, so the place seems perfect for an assault of some kind. Also, the stream washes away all evidence there. There's really no reason to go down this path at all, so just stay away from it.

1. Rape Hill Path

Don't let the name confuse you. No, really, because that would be a bad thing. This hidden path that connects Tabler Quad to Roosevelt guides its travelers with duct tape. One must ask, why is there duct tape in the middle of a secluded path in the woods? Whether your destination is Tabler or Roosevelt, a steep incline welcomes any traveler who dares enter this neck of the woods. During the daytime, one can see broken bottles of beer, an empty mashed potatoes container, and some half-filled Powerade bottles. During the night, one would be lucky if he or she saw anything at all. Someone once said it is best to walk the path less traveled. Can you guess why I don't know his name?



**NUMBER
TWO:
KELLY
BRIDGE**



**NUMBER
SEVEN:
MATH
STAIRS**

AND NOW: THE TOP TEN PLACES AT STONY BROOK TO GET RAPED (FIGURATIVELY. NOT REALLY. RELAX)

10. Express Bus

The bane of every commuter's existence, this bus can be compared to the boat that brings dead souls across the river Styx into Hades. It always seems as if there are four express busses when you don't need one, and absolutely none for twenty minutes if you're already late to your first class. Once on the bus itself, one is often greeted by one of the many motley drivers that always seem to be either creepy or absolutely soulless. Some will speed around with a bus full of standing people, some will close the doors in your face, others will refuse to open the second door to have a more efficient flow of people on and off, opting rather to make everyone stand awkwardly waiting for the one slow person to make it off the bus. Unfortunately, due to the sub-par parking situation on campus, riding the Express Bus will be something that every new commuter will come to hate.

9. Tabler Steps

For people residing in Tabler, who have a caffeine addiction and crave Dunkin Donuts, or love eating the world's unhealthiest personal pan pizzas, the Tabler Steps is one giant hurdle that will momentarily hinder your pleasures. Think of it as a huge cock block that comes up every day and leaves you with the feeling that someone just kicked you in the nuts fifty-four times. Fifty-four steps that will both physically and mentally wear you down. While walking up these stairs, you may think you've reached the top, only to realize that you either have another hill to climb or another 300 yards from your dorm building. You may be reading this and see yourself fit for the challenge, but after walking up and down this stairway of hell for weeks on end, you will become complacent with your current location and stay within the walls of whatever room you are in. In fact, you may become so depressed that you join the handful of students in chain smoking outside the Tabler café, whether it is ninety degrees or twelve. Honestly, who builds a quad on a fucking hill?

8. SINC Sites

Have some time to kill before your next class? Why not go to the Library SINC Site and scroll through your Facebook while there are lines of people who need to print out lecture notes or a term paper. Oh wait, first one has to look for an open computer portal just like an old man at the beach with a metal detector, except the old man is nude. Yeah, well

that's how you will feel after circling around and not finding anything. What is even more depressing is that you will keep searching and searching and notice someone who just walked in and found an open spot like nothing. Finally, someone gets up from the computer and now you can frolic away at whatever your little heart desires. All of a sudden, you wish to print some notes or paper, and you learn that you get to print up to forty sheets of paper a day. So you click print, and you feel like you are doing the right thing by printing notes before class, only to realize that you printed the wrong set of notes. Time flies by and you have five minutes before the beginning of your next class and you are intent on printing out these notes. After waiting for a 74-page thesis to be printed by the person in front of you, the printer all of a sudden breaks and you are late for class and depressed about the fact that you suck at life. Get used to it, some one has to be catcher.

7. Chem 131

A lot of freshman will take Chemistry 131 as the first step in thinking they will go to medical school and become a doctor. After the first week of classes, you will realize that you don't really have to go to lectures and that the recitation classes are pointless. You realize this because, upon attending lectures, you learn nothing, and after reading the textbook time after time, you want to think that you learned something, but still, you know nothing. You will work on a bunch of online quizzes only to realize that all the answers are posted on Yahoo! Answers. From time to time, you will stop doing the quizzes altogether. So, after not going to class, not doing the quiz, and attempting to read the textbook and learning nothing, test time comes. You try to study everything and learn every little bit of knowledge. You put in all the information you think would be on the exam onto your calculator. Then you hear of this great guy named Jason! He provides you the same material you would receive in all the lectures you missed and recitations you probably never paid attention in. Only, here's the best part, he charges you an obnoxious rate and makes it seem like you are benefiting from a great deal. Test time comes, you feel like you are prepared, you just dished out \$160 bucks on five days of "intense" tutoring from a guy who has bleached hair (wtf?). You take the test, feeling good, asking everyone what test form they had and what the answer to problem fourteen was. You go on blackboard to see that you got a 38. You become ex-

tremely depressed only to realize that your good friend got a 24, and you feel better about yourself and proceed on your daily routine of not caring about chemistry except when test time comes. In conclusion, expect to wake up sore four times from taking this class.

6. USG

The USG is something that, on the outside, seems like it should help the students who attend this University: an undergraduate government for the people, elected by the people. However, due to the overwhelming student apathy here, this establishment quickly runs wild with absolutely crazy agendas. Cutting budgets left and right, amending the Student Constitution wherever they see fit to benefit them and their friends, many USG leaders seem to have a blatant disregard for their constituents. Coincidentally, they're also mostly members of the College Republicans. Just be sure to actually read up on candidates (although many run unopposed), pay attention to when elections are, and read your favorite on-campus newspaper to learn more about the goings-on of the USG and perhaps this organization won't be as bad as it has been in the past. You are the future, you can make it happen.

5. Rainy Weather

If I had a dollar for every time that I stepped out of my car into a puddle about four inches deep, I would be a slightly wealthier person. Many of the storm drains in parking lots on campus get clogged up and overflow way too quickly. Rain is the enemy of every college student, because it causes one to actually stay inside and do some form of work rather than tossing a Frisbee at the quad or riding a bike around to avoid the colossal weight-gain one will experience one's first semester. Also, walking from building to building on campus in the rain is awful. Everyone is already un-happy because they have to go to class. Throw in a downpour, awkward umbrellas, wet shoes and a ten minute walk from building to building. Put 100-200 people who have all experienced this in one classroom and it's not good at all. During the winter, snow has the same effect, but about twenty times worse due to icing and poor plowing jobs early in the morning.

4. Javits 100

Probably the largest lecture hall on campus, this room is Stony Brook's equivalent of Hell. Chances are if you're a

freshman, you'll have at least one 100 level class in this room. Chances are if you're a science major, you'll practically live in this room. Professors never seem to know exactly how to work some of the equipment. Since it seats over 500 students, distractions are everywhere, many night tests are taken here, many of the desks are wobbly, the chairs are often dirty, the list goes on and on. Every experience you will have in this room will probably be an awkward one. The only good thing about it is that it has a second floor where everyone goes to take naps during class. Overall, being in this room is a necessary rite-of-passage for almost everyone here at Stony Brook.

3. Parking

If you are a commuter, you basically have two choices of lots to park in without getting a ridiculous fine or paying absurd meter fees. One lot is very out of the way and only has about 50-70 spots. The other lot is one mile away from everything on campus and has probably close to 500+ spots. Keep in mind that commuters make about 75% of the population at this campus. If you do the math, there just isn't enough fucking parking at this school. South P is basically a sea of pavement. At the center of this sea of pavement, there is an island where dreary students wait for busses at 9 am every morning *en masse*. There is always an awkward shuffling to get onto one of the express busses, even though there are often two, but one driver refuses to open the doors to alleviate the congestion of people. The speed bumps in South P feel like they are seven inches high and every time you go over one, you feel like your car's suspension will fail miserably, a very unneeded addition to the lot over the past semester. At least they are painted to let you know where they are now. A ticket for parking in a completely empty Faculty lot will run you \$30, with that price increasing if not paid within two weeks. Meters now cost \$1.50 per hour rather than the standard \$1. Residents can only park in certain "zones" near their dorms. All these plans have been made in order to "improve the parking situation on campus." As a freshman commuter, you will soon learn about the terrible parking situation on campus.

2. Admin

All crazy ideas about campus spawn from the depths of this building. Policies, fines, payments, a dinosaur and a small food stand, which does not take

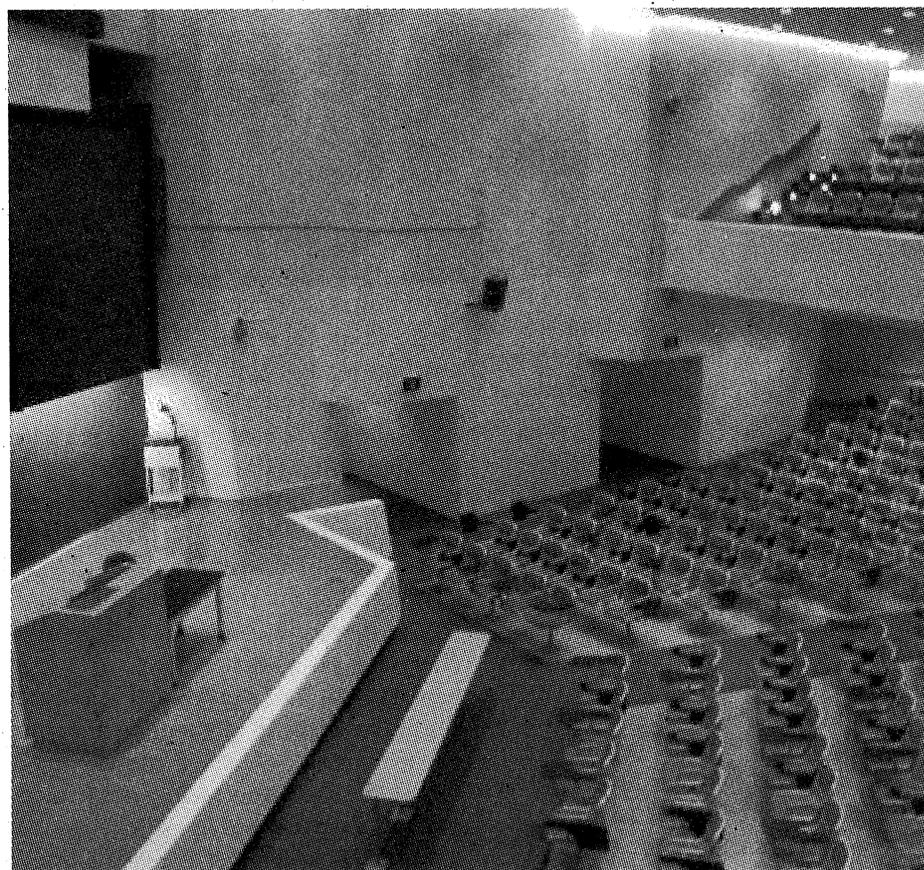
the meal card, can all be found within the walls of this building. As a freshman coming in, the place you will probably most often be will either be the Registrar, where you can plan out your next semester of torture, or the transfer office, where you can sit around and hope that your AP credit will be accepted for something that's actually worth more than "elective credits." Avoid this building as much as possible unless you enjoy dealing with angry people or if you like to pay lots of fines at the Bursar.

1. Food

Just when you thought that paying \$8 for a hamburger from a school cafeteria was just a thing of legend and science fiction, it becomes a reality. If you thought to yourself that you could live off of \$200 a semester, you will be sorely mistaken. An average meal costs about

\$7 on campus, multiply that by the 5-6 meals you will probably eat a day out of boredom and procrastination, and you will soon find that a more reasonable amount of money to put on your meal plan is "too fucking much" dollars and "a shitload of" cents. Another thing that really angers us, personally, is that many of the "combo deals" at campus eateries exclude water as a choice for a drink. Rather than just charge you the combo price, they'll just charge everything a la carte and you'll just wind up spending way more in the end. So just remember kids, drinking water is good for your health, but bad for your wallet. Aside from a lack of choices, long lines at horribly inconvenient times, giving you the shits, finding a place to sit, paying too much for too little food and many other factors make eating here dreadful at times.

Number 1: Food



Number 4: Javits 100



Number 3: Parking

Kitchen Suite Horror

By Kelly Yu

As an incoming freshman, I was just as anxious as the next person. I was checking the Class of 2011 Facebook group religiously just to see if people got their room assignments. That was the only thing that mattered: my room assignment. I requested to be in Roth Quad (Science in Society) because I knew I would be in suite-style living, but mostly because I wanted to take that one in five chance that I would get into Gershwin College. Why Gershwin? Because that was one of the few buildings on campus where underclassmen could live in a kitchen suite. I would suffer the unbearably cramped rooms for the somewhat private bathroom (although, I did have to share it with five other girls) and the coveted corner kitchen. Each kitchen at Gershwin includes an electric stove and oven, a microwave, a sink, cabinets, a semi-long table and really comfy booth (my friends would stay over and sleep on

those booths). I thought about how amazing it would be to cook some of my meals and really hone my culinary skills, or lack thereof. I would have Friday dinners with my friends and we could cook together. We could be a corny cooking family.

The day finally came. I checked my new school address and I saw that I was residing in Gershwin College for my freshmen year. I let out a little scream and thought about all the possibilities. Who cares if I was going to be tripled? Who cares if my roommates were sisters in the same sorority? I still had a chance to get a kitchen suite and I was happy about it. I say "chance" because the only Gershwin kitchens were in the corner suites. When I moved in, I found out that I was luckily not tripled and that I was indeed in a kitchen suite. I was so excited to get the year started so I could start using my kitchen. I thought that I was going to have so much fun. I was sorely mistaken.

I soon found that I did not really have enough time to cook, nor did I ever have enough patience to wait for

the bus to go to Pathmark every Sunday. In fact, most of my time was happily spent outside of my suite and my other suitemates used the kitchen more often than my roommate or I combined. We were happy to surrender the kitchen to them because within a week, the kitchen became the part of the suite that we avoided the most. However, eventually we were forced to go in there because it held my refrigerator hostage. My suitemates used the kitchen, but it seemed that only once a week, someone took out the trash or cleaned the floors, table, and dishes. Whenever my friends would walk into my suite, I would tell them to divert their eyes from the kitchen and just walk into my room. It was disgusting. There were dead bugs lining the table because of our open window, grime lined the floor, and a tower of unwashed dishes that could have been seen from my room across the way. My roommate and I knew it was not because of anything we did. We would walk straight to our refrigerators, heat up our food in the microwave and walk back to our rooms to avoid touch-

ing anything else.

The problem got so bad that we, as a suite, needed to have a meeting to schedule who would take out the garbage, and when. By this point, my dreams of kitchen grandeur were smashed and I just wanted to have a clean kitchen. That, I found, other than trying to not burn anything, was the biggest obstacle about having a kitchen suite.

I am pretty sure that every freshman that has a kitchen suite for the upcoming year is probably foaming at the mouth right now because you are the few and probably the dirty. Be ready to clean shit that is not yours and that you did not cause. You will have to bear with dirtiness...everywhere. But if you cause the mess, own up to it and clean it because I promise you, it definitely will not go unnoticed and you *will* get bitched out for it. So while you are using your coffeemaker to boil the water for your ramen, remember that you have a kitchen suite, but using a pot is just too much of a hassle.

Oh The Places You'll See When You Leave The University

By Tia Mansouri

In keeping with certain essential Stony Brook traditions such as apathy, hopelessness and wearing red on Fridays (if you wish to be a model Stony Brook student) you will be courteous enough to vacate on weekends like the rest of the student body. It helps maintain the image of being abandoned due to a zombie apocalypse. We're going to tell you some of the best spots for off-campus excursions. Since we're sympathetic to your transportation woes, we'll provide locales: one for those with cars, and some for those without.

Home: LOL GTFO

Historic & Regular Stony Brook: Ever wonder what's beyond the train station? Why, civilization, that's what! There are Zagat rated restaurants such as the Country House, tea rooms such as Robinson's, lovely places to spend an afternoon like Avalon Park & Preservation, and even a beach on Sand Street (called, surprisingly, Sand Street Beach). While it's easier to drive, most are within a 1-2 mile radius, so there's no excuse why you can't just walk if the

weather is nice. Given the obesity problem in America, y'all could probably use some exercise.

To the East: There, you'll find pumpkin

and you'd hit that place called Europe), all within an hour's drive from campus. For those with cars, look into directions, but for those without cars, look out for

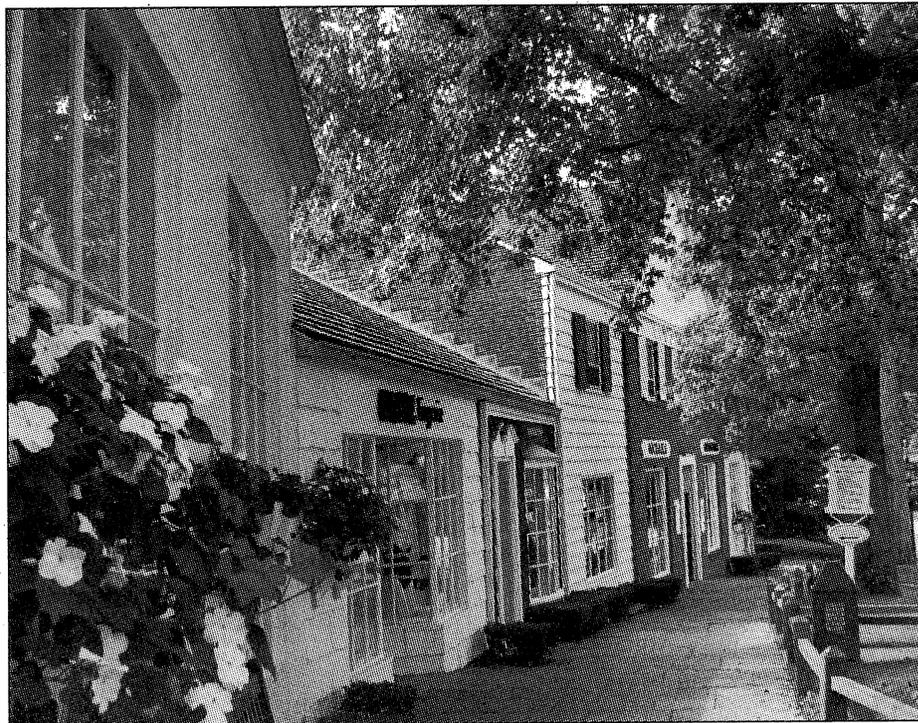
Tanger Outlet Mall.

NYC: Use Stony Brook's very own train station to go to Huntington Station and transfer to a train going right to New York City. On Fridays there are even trains that go right on through without stopping at Huntington. If you're patient enough to wait on a ridiculously long line outside the SAC box office on the first of every month, you can get tickets for a reduced price. As for what to do in New York City, good luck with that.

Wherever The Bus Takes You: I do not condone just getting on any random line, because of what happened to Press Editor Cindy Liu, who got on the bus to go to Smithhaven Mall, and was not seen for seven issues. Check lines before you board 'em.

Port Jefferson: A ferry to Connecticut, docks ready to be backdrop to your Myspace photos, and a Charles Dickens festival every December are just some of the perks of this adorable and accessible port town. Shopping and fine dining (including restaurants with complicated names like Pasta Pasta and Salsa Salsa) round out the package. Plus, you

don't need a car to get there, provided you don't get on the bus to Guam.



Lovely historic Stony Brook

picking, vineyards, shopping centers, and Montauk Point (any further East planned trips happening on weekends that will bus you to locations such as

Stony Brook's Political Arena

By Alex Nagler and Allison Goldberg

This being a Presidential Election year we decided to let the two major student-run political groups at Stony Brook explain their goals to you here. Get involved and make Stony Brook a vibrant political scene in the weeks leading up to November. Enjoy.

In today's media, liberal has become a dirty word, but it shouldn't be that way. Most college students today are liberal in their political leanings. They feel that the government should maintain a strong defense but a smart offense, foster a culture of investment, and protect the exercise of inalienable liberties.

We at the Stony Brook College Dems believe these things too and are committed to upholding these beliefs on campus. We're here to help you sink your teeth into the political world if you want to become active in politics or serve as a place to discuss the world's events if you just want to talk about politics.

This year, we plan to assist in both national and local campaigns, helping the New York for Obama organization and Brian Foley's run for the 3rd State Senate district. We hope to hold a dinner in the fall to raise funds to potentially bring a speaker in the spring.

We meet on Tuesday evenings at 6pm in the Union Court View Lounge (upstairs, above the dining hall). This will hopefully change once we get an official room. We'll host an open house on September 16 with everyone's favorite college treat, free pizza. Hope to see you there.

Contact us at StonyDems@gmail.com or look us up on Facebook at "College Democrats at Stony Brook"

Or, if all else fails, you can contact your friendly College Dems President at Alex.Nagler@gmail.com.

See you at a meeting

In this day and age, being a Republican, especially on a college campus, is not the most popular thing to be. But people often misunderstand what being a Republican is. We at College Republi-

cans unite under the ideas of personal responsibility, limited government and the importance of a free market economic system.

Stony Brook College Republicans is the main group on campus that upholds these beliefs. While our members' views may vary slightly on different issues, we share the common values of conservatism. Since our founding six years ago, we have been dedicated to promoting the principles of the Republican Party on campus and in the surrounding community. We do this by assisting in the functioning of the Republican Party and the election of its candidates at all levels of government. Furthermore, we pride ourselves in developing the political skills and leadership abilities of our members in preparation for their future involvement in both the political and local communities.

This coming year will be a big one for the SBU College Republicans as we prepare to assist in local and national election campaigns. In addition, we will be hosting conservative speakers in the fall and spring, as well as attending CPAC, the Conservative Political Action Conference, in Washington D.C.

Our club meets on Thursday

evenings at 7 pm in SAC 305. Feel free to come down during any of our meetings; we're always open to new members. We will be hosting an open house meeting on September 18 with free pizza. We hope to see you there!

Our club email:
SBUCRS@gmail.com

You can also check us out on our Facebook group, College Republicans



DATES TO REMEMBER

Semester Starts (Mon-Fri Classes) September 2
First day of classes.

Drop/Withdraw Deadline: September 15
Last day to drop a course without a "W" recorded on your record. Also last day to switch between full and part time student status.

Rosh Hashanah (Observed) Sept. 29 - October 1
No classes after 5 pm on Sept. 29. No classes all day Sept. 30 and Oct. 1

Yom Kippur (Observed) Oct. 8 - Oct. 9
No classes after 5 pm on Oct. 8. No classes all day on Oct. 9

Pass/No Credit Deadline: November 3, 4 pm
Last day to switch a class to Pass/No Credit. In addition, last day to withdraw from a course (with a "W" recorded on your record). Full-time students are limited to 8.0 credits of P/NC and part-time students are limited to 4.0. NOTE: If a student exceeds these limits, a course will be switched back to "Undergraduate Graded" status automatically.

Thanksgiving Break: Nov. 27 - 29
No classes.

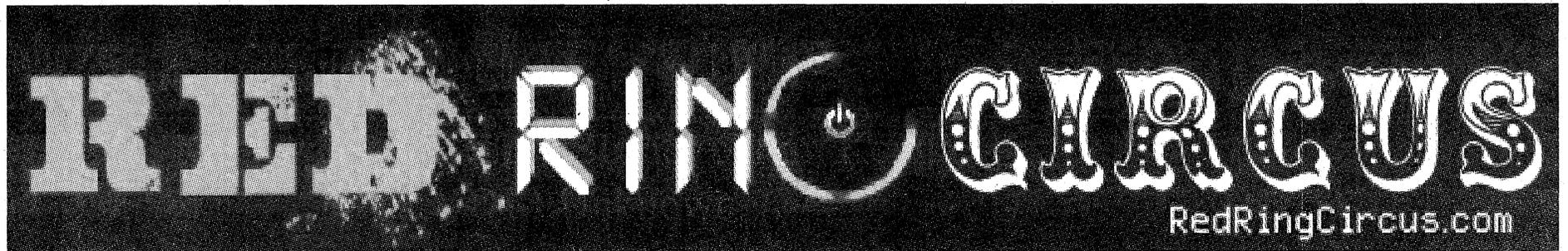
Last Day of Classes: December 15
PLEASE NOTE: This day follows is a "Correction Day" and follows a Thursday schedule.

Reading Day: Dec. 16
No classes

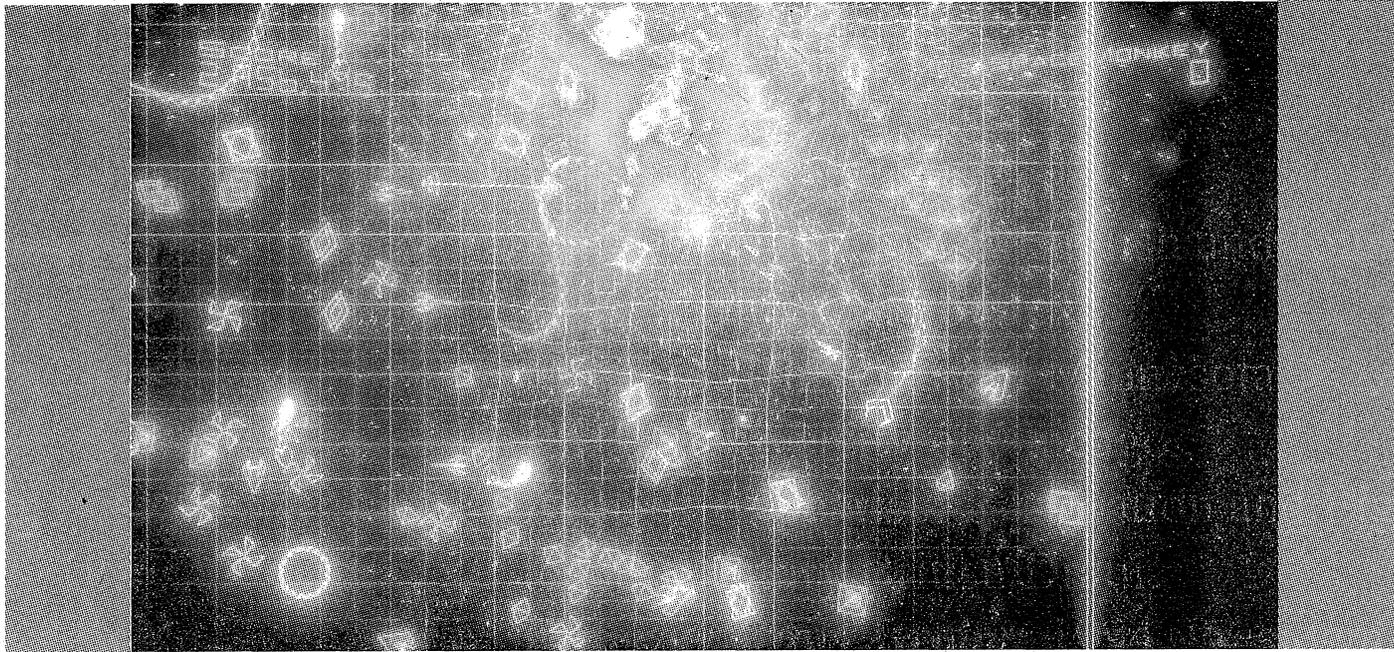
Finals: Dec. 17 - Dec. 23
Finals held for Monday-Friday courses. For finals schedule, go to link at Registrar's Website. www.stonybrook.edu/registrar

Fall Graduation: Dec. 21
University Graduation Ceremony

End of Term: Dec. 23
End of semester. Last day of finals.



Zen and the Art of Dodging Polygons



As I deftly navigate my way through hundreds of geometric shapes, blasting a path through the mobs closing in on all sides, I enter a state of heightened concentration. Time slows down, and like Neo in *The Matrix*, I've learned to bend the world to my will. But unlike Neo, I, as the tiny crescent-shaped ship in *Geometry Wars: Retro Evolved 2* for Xbox Live Arcade, will never truly win. I'm overwhelmed by the onslaught, and brought down once more.

All forms of media attempt to simulate human experiences. We're drawn to great story-telling because we want to feel something; a romance will make us feel love and warmth, the death of a main character in a TV show may make us sad, even mourn the character. But games are an active media, and with that comes a different set of sensations. Imagine an Olympic athlete, focused on nothing but winning, or a soldier running up the beach at Normandy and actually making it. The purely simple, instinctual concentration on winning and survival is something only games like *Geometry Wars 2* can evoke.

As games become more modern, they tend to shy away from primal simplicity. Most big-budget games attempt to mimic cinema, providing a deep story with emotional moments. Casual games are typically so sedated that your grandmother could play them. Have you ever had a heart-pounding experience with your Wii? Multiplayer shooters like *Halo* are complex enough that you'd have to play at the professional level and essentially be an Olympic ath-

lete anyway. Even the niche Japanese 2D shooters that inspired *Geometry Wars* are so punishingly hard that nothing short of rote memorization and discipline can conquer them. The magic of this game is that it makes unbelievable moments fueled on pure instinct attainable by a large audience in a simple \$10 package.

The recipe behind Bizarre Creation's game is simple: refined controls, clean visuals, balanced gameplay, and hundreds of enemies. The controls couldn't be more basic; move by aiming the left stick, shoot with the right, and the triggers activate emergency bombs. The visuals are more vibrant than ever, with vector graphics providing a vibrant

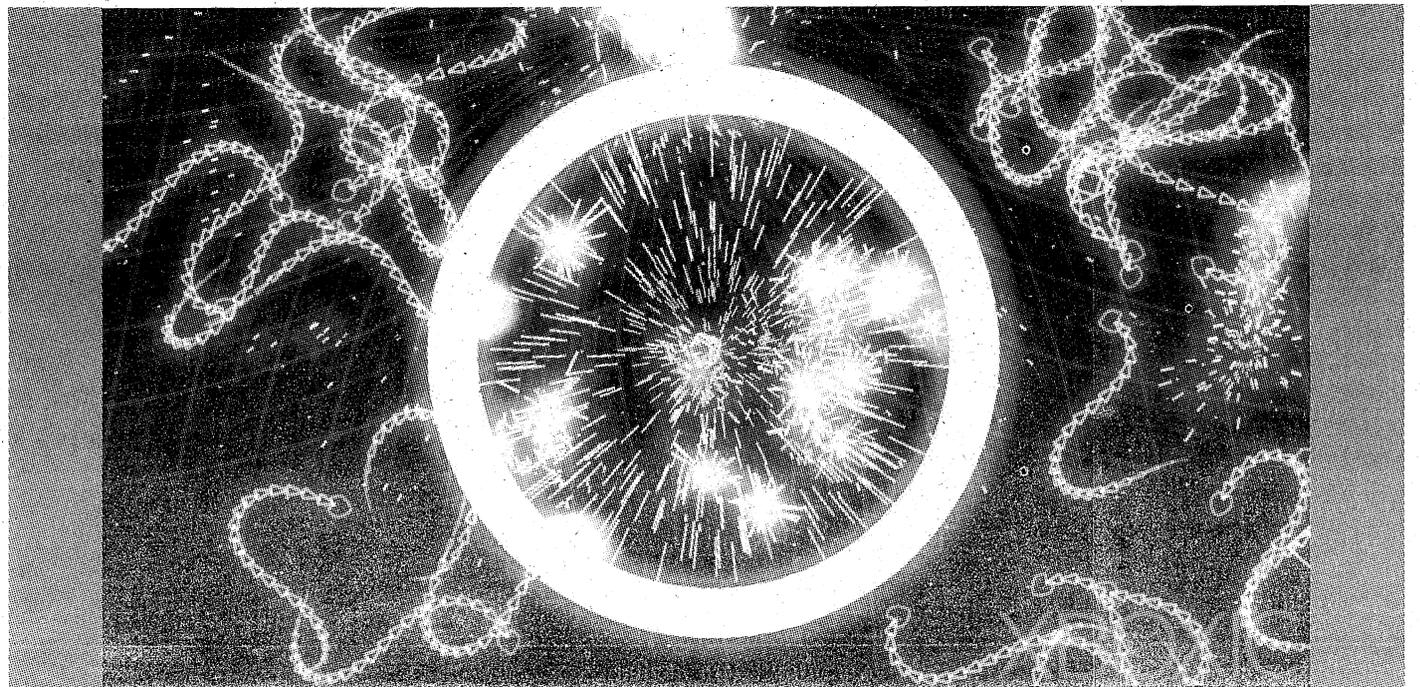
laser light show/fireworks display. The music is fantastic, with catchy remixes of music from past *Geometry Wars* games and subtle effects like the sound warping when you die. With six unique modes, cleverly prominent leaderboards, and some very cool achievements to unlock, there are enough options that anyone can find somewhere to excel.

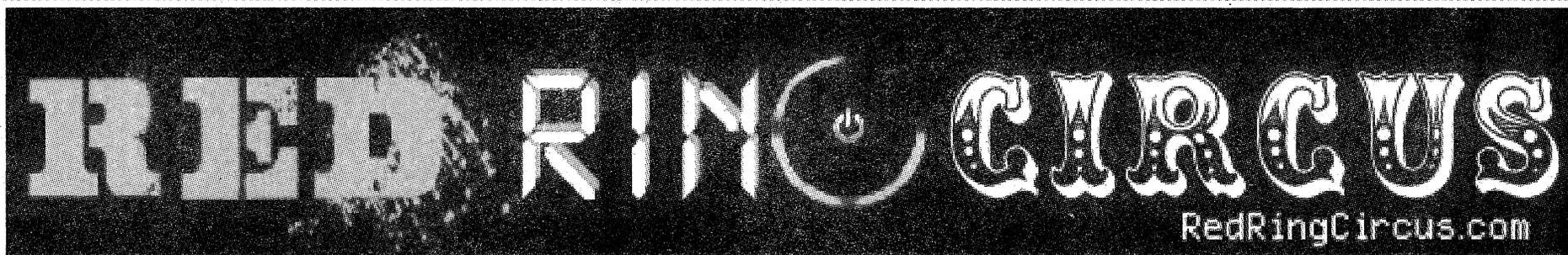
But while the checklist of features is as solid as ever, it's the design that really shines. The game can throw hundreds of enemies at you, with several unique patterns, and yet it never feels unfair. At the same time, it never makes compromises - it's actually far harder than the original *Geometry Wars: Retro Evolved*,

and it spends less time holding your hand. It's in the variety of the six different game modes that newcomers will get through the learning curve. In 'Deadline mode,' dying goes unpunished, and beginners can enjoy the full three minutes of increasing challenge. In 'Pacifism,' the player cannot fire, and is forced to hone their dodging skills. 'Sequence' throws twenty different challenges at you, and it's in this gauntlet that you'll develop tactics for each unique enemy.

That you can do all of this with four players simultaneously is simply icing on an addicting, drug-laced cake. Sure, there's no online play, but it's understandable considering how much is happening - the slightest lag would completely ruin the game. My only complaint is a lack of leaderboards for multiplayer, as most of the drive to play comes from besting your friend's high scores. I found myself taking turns in single player more often than playing cooperatively.

Geometry Wars may be a simple game, reminiscent of the days of *Pacman* and *Galaga*, when videogames were shunned as little more than flashy time wasters. It's certainly flashy, and maybe a time waster, but in a sea of games attempting Hollywood storytelling and mostly falling flat, it's nice to see something come along that's this pure. There's no plot to *Geometry Wars*, just pure gameplay, inciting the simplest of human instincts: survival.





Two Million Souls Can't Be Wrong



Back in 1999, I forged friendships playing the original *Soul Calibur* on Dreamcast. Some came and went as interest for the game waned (after nearly two years), and some remain good friends today. Memories were made, friends grew closer, hell, even a real fight broke out. I look back on those weekends, those hundreds of *Soul Calibur* rounds, not with rose-tinted glasses, but crystal clarity. See, *Soul Calibur* was a truly amazing game. It is as timeless as *Super Mario Bros.*, as pure as *Street Fighter 2*, and rarely matched, even in its own sequels.

Nine years later, *Soul Calibur IV* arrives to a legacy of disappointment. *Soul Calibur II* did little to expand the series, introducing arenas with walls, a handful of new fighters, and some retooling of old ones. Its most noteworthy addition was the "guests": Todd McFarlane's Spawn, Zelda's Link, and Tekken's Heihachi were introduced as fighters in the Xbox, Gamecube, and PS2 versions respectively. The multiplatform advertising gimmick paid off, as the second

entry in the series went on to sell millions of copies. Unfortunately, *SCII* was little more than a small evolution of the first game, *Soul Calibur: Turbo*, if you will.

It wasn't until *Soul Calibur III* that we saw a mild revolution. As a PS2 exclusive, I personally never had an opportunity to play it, though it's known for its deep character creator. It's also known for being less balanced and having more technical flaws than any game in the series. Combine that with abysmal sales and it seemed the series dug its own grave.

Enter *Soul Calibur IV*, a buffet for fans, almost too much to take in, and at times, far too desperate to please everyone. New gameplay features include armor that smashes to pieces, incredibly rare and flashy instant kills, and new "Just Frame" attacks that require split-second timing to pull off. No fewer than three single player modes attempt to satisfy purists, newbies, and obsessive compulsives. More than 34 characters appeal to anime dorks, perverts,

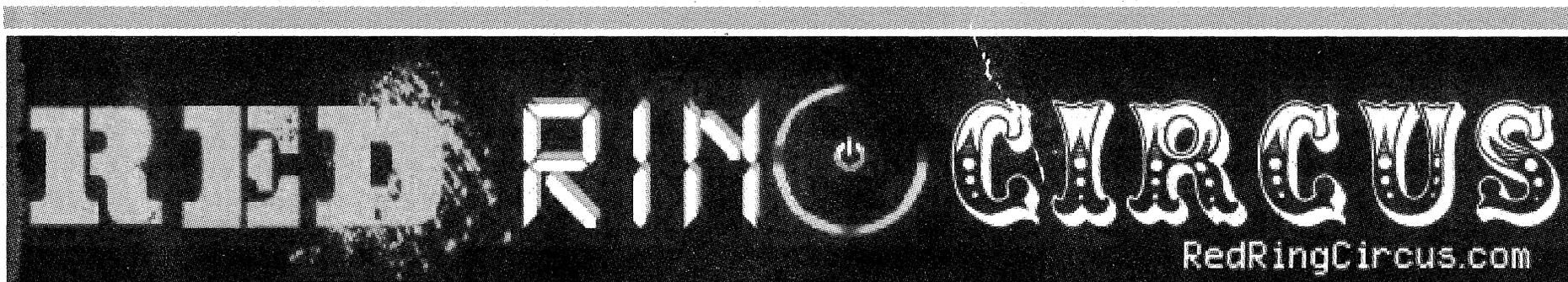
fetishists, and even *Star Wars* geeks. The beautifully smooth graphics present a world of over-accessorized, shiny, pointy warriors with absurd bouncing breasts and light sabers. A deep character creator begs the question, "Could Ronald McDonald beat Thor in a fight?" In the words of the great Clifford B, it's, "Bigger, better, and more badass." Those with a penchant for subtlety will be left out in the cold.

Soul Calibur IV is about picking out the good from the bad, and ultimately your purchase is going to depend on what works and what doesn't. The core gameplay hasn't changed much since the original. Attacks flow naturally, requiring only simple button combinations. A good match feels completely tactical and psychological. It's possible to play mind games with your opponents and punish them for being too predictable.

It's in the attempts to expand on the original formula that the game falters. "Just frames" are moves that must be executed within an exact frame of anima-

tion. A kick, followed by a second "just frame" kick must be dialed in within 0.0167 seconds of each other. Aimed at the most devoted players, who count frames of animation and speak in code, "just frames" do nothing but needlessly complicate the game. Certain characters, like Setsuka, would be powerhouses if their best moves didn't require robotic precision to pull off. Not to mention Critical Finishes (one-shot kills that can be landed on opponents who guard too often) are rarely seen, so rarely seen that I question their existence.

Thankfully, many additions are welcome. The character creator is not only one of the more robust editors out there, but the attention to detail showcases the kind of dedication rarely seen outside Japanese studios. Eastern developer Namco has gone out of its way to make various outfit combinations mesh well. It leads to some hilarious moments in combat. Warriors lose their hats, exposing gigantic afros, or go into battle in full teddy bear costumes. Each item



comes with its own stats that lead to Diablo-style loot gathering and RPG elements in the single player modes. While I couldn't skip the abysmal cut scenes fast enough, the hunt for apparel and a glorified version of dress-up kept me occupied.

Being able to take my blaxploitation-era Pam Grier (wielding Astaroth's giant ax) online is what has ultimately

made *Soul Calibur IV* such a treat. The search for an opponent can be frustrating at times, but matches under good network conditions play wonderfully. After several failed attempts at online fighting games, this is the first game to nail it. With the *Soul Calibur* generation nine years older, it will give many of us an opportunity to reconnect with long-distance friends.

Extra characters like Yoda put *Soul Calibur* in the mainstream spotlight. Custom characters add to the fun with some truly absurd creations. *Soul Calibur IV*'s attempts to be taken seriously, with dark, overdone characters, and "hardcore" gameplay additions fall flat. For *Soul Calibur V*, if there ever is one, I hope Namco sticks to what they do best. A game that maintained the core

gameplay, with lots of crazy guest fighters, more customization, and smooth online play, could compete with *Smash Bros.* for the party fighting game crown. In the meantime, this mixed bag will do just fine.

Now We Are All Sons of Bitches

There are some that will call *Braid* pretentious. The latest Xbox Live Arcade offering certainly wears its artsy-fartsy nature proudly. The graphics evoke a watercolor painting, a classical score sets the mood, and a multi-layered plot hints at a metaphor for some-

a hunt for puzzle pieces. *Braid* is a quest to save the princess. *Braid* is the story of a man trapped in a marriage, regretful of his mistakes, endlessly searching for the girl of his dreams. *Braid* is all of these things, and yet it may ultimately be a metaphor for the Manhattan Proj-

and not treat its audience like idiots.

Braid is a game that wants to win everyone over, without ever compromising itself. Yes, it presents its plot in large text bubbles, a storytelling technique incongruous with the videogame medium. This plot is, though, entirely

justly. The heart of the game is trying to find the way to each puzzle piece. Players can rewind time at any moment, with further time manipulation abilities offered later on. Each ability is worked into the puzzles in brilliant ways, which plays with your expectations. While even at their most mind-boggling, these puzzles are entirely workable, and all the more rewarding. Finding every puzzle piece in the game opens the final level, and just when you think a simple plot of love (with elements that anyone can relate to) will come to a close, this braid unravels further. When the game asks you to think through its various brainteasers, in the end it gives you bits and pieces as a reward. This deeper plot is itself a puzzle, with the pieces all there before you and it is, again, entirely optional.

We need more games like *Braid*. As the industry expands, I can only hope there is a place for something like this. In movies, this would be the equivalent of a David Lynch film - a simplistic concept surrounded by a mess of seemingly disconnected elements, and yet they all come together to be something more. This is powerful, smart stuff, on an entirely unpretentious level, allowing anyone to get *something* out of it. Funny how the last time I felt the power of storytelling in gaming was in *Call of Duty 4*, watching my character die of radiation poisoning in the aftermath of a nuclear detonation.

thing more sinister than anyone would have guessed. This is a game that will get you thinking to some degree. *Braid* is a simple, *Mario*-esque, 2D platformer that mixes time-related gimmicks with

ect and the creation of the nuclear bomb. Pretentious? Sure, if pretension is the label we put on anything that attempts to set a mood, be more than the sum of its parts, push you to think a bit,

optional. In fact, most of the game is entirely optional. One could skip the plot, blow through any levels that stump them, and still find something to love. Those that dig deeper will be rewarded



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The Press heads to ALL POINTS WEST

By Andrew Fraley
and Laura Cooper

The year was 1969. With the success of Woodstock earlier that year, many people eagerly anticipated a festival of similar success on the West Coast. It looked as though the Altamont Free Concert, held December 6, 1969, was going to be the "Woodstock of the West." Held in the then unused Altamont Speedway, about an hour outside of San Francisco, the festival was to feature such super groups as Santana, Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead and headliners The Rolling Stones. The festival organizers, however, decided to tempt fate by hiring the Hells Angels as

bodyguards, and tragedy could be the only possible outcome. What followed were multiple injuries to spectators as well as performers (Marty Balin of Jefferson Airplane was punched in the head by the Angels), threats on the life of Stones' guitarist Keith Richards, and the death of four spectators, including the brutal stabbing of a would-be Mick Jagger assassin. The events at Altamont would symbolize the death of that scene, the end of the "Woodstock Nation." Jefferson Airplane became Jefferson Starship, Jerry Garcia is dead and we all know what's happened to The Rolling Stones.

Fast Forward to 2008. The long-running successes of three day music festivals, such as Coachella, Lolla-

palooza and Bonnaroo, have prompted a similar attempt here in the Tristate Area. The first ever All Points West Music and Arts Festival was held on August 8, 9 and 10 in Liberty State Park in New Jersey, about an hour outside of New York City. APW was set to be the "Coachella of the East." But with the past working against it, and history's tendency to repeat itself, was this festival doomed to end in tragedy? Was this festival to be the end of the hipster scene as we know it?

As it turns out, it was just the opposite. All Points West was a huge success. Featuring some of the biggest bands of the hipster scene and an interesting array of art installations, the festival presented spectators with a three day feast

of the senses. Liberty State Park acted as a near perfect venue for the event. Hoboken's transit system was ill equipped to handle a mass exit of thousands of hipsters. It took about an hour to get to Liberty State Park; it took nearly two and a half hours to leave. Also, being a state run park, there was a very strict and inconvenient alcohol policy (although this may have contributed to the prevention of the aforementioned "Hipster Altamont").

Those minor caveats aside, All Points West was the greatest thing to happen to the New York area all year. We here at *The Press* were ecstatic to be a part of history. Here are some highlights of festival:

Mates of State: You were seriously underbooked.

I hadn't really listened to Mates of State before checking out their set. I was very pleasantly surprised, because the Mates of State are really cool. A bare-bones band, with singer/keyboardist Kori Gardner and her husband/drummer/singer Jason Hammel, Mates of State has a good sound, lots of spunk and plenty of devoted fans. This is always the sign of a great band. Since this was one of the first sets of Friday on the tertiary stage, the bouncers let us hang out in the photo pit for the whole set. We got to sit in front of the amplifiers as Gardner pumped up her keyboard's volume for "Ha Ha." It was fantastic. Not even the mid afternoon rainstorm could dampen this crowd's spirits.



The New Pornographers: Music and popular culture references

The New Pornographers were great. They were energetic and merry, easily switching from the pop powered songs of their earlier albums to the mellower songs of their most recent albums, *Twin Cinema* and *Challengers*. They also had a great rapport with their audience, joking about their primary demographic. "Look at that guy with the glasses...look at that guy with the glasses," said Carl Newman about the hipsters who made up most of the crowd. Their set was kinda short, and made even shorter by their jokes about *Cloverfield* and *Wall-E* during instrument changes. Next time they should plan on a pit crew for faster song transitions, or something.



Underworld: You know, the guys who do that *Trainspotting* song.

Underworld is one of the biggest techno groups in Europe, and over the past couple decades has provided major influences for many other major bands, including (as they mentioned in their Friday set) Radiohead. They are relatively obscure in The States, but that didn't stop a sizeable crowd from gathering for their set. And their performance was one of the more powerful ones of the festival. Even the hipsters who don't really dance found themselves grooving to Underworld's driving trance beats and hypnotic ambient tones. And sure enough, their penultimate song was "Born Slippy," of *Trainspotting* fame. The crowd found themselves shouting "Lager! Lager! Lager!" right along with them.



Girl Talk: The juxtaposition of multiple established songs never sounded so good.

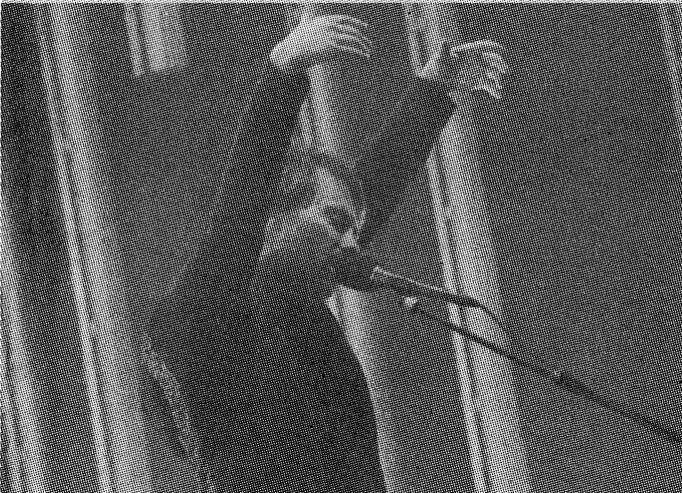
Girl Talk, or Greg Gillis, an electrical engineer turned mash-up DJ, also had a strong set at APW on Friday. He brought enough props to drown the crowd in beach balls, glitter confetti and toilet paper. This being due to a leaf blower equipped with a toilet paper holder that blew about one hundred rolls and its dust onto the dancing crowd. Gillis filled the stage with three tables, two fake cops to blow out the toilet paper, and two laptops to play his now relatively popular mash-ups. About ten minutes into the set, the stage filled with a group of interestingly dressed people that I found out were handpicked by Greg to dance on stage with him. Girl Talk shows typically begin with the crowd rushing the stage themselves, but security stopped anyone who tried to jump the fence and make the five-foot climb to the stage. This to dance alongside a transgender African American man in a white leotard who later in the set removed his top and played to the cameras, pouring a water bottle all over himself.

There is no other way to describe Girl Talk shows other than as a giant dance party. Blow up inner tubes, octopuses and huge rectangular balloons came into the crowd as Gillis stayed close to his Dell, dancing and,



The Press heads to ALL POINTS WEST

at one point, jumping around and ripping his shirt in half. Towards the end of his set, Gillis got on a blow up mattress, jumped into the crowd, and surfed his way across the dancing fans until he was dumped into the mob and somehow managed to fight his way back to the stage to finish his set. Girl Talk mashes together everything from Elton John to the new Lil' Wayne. A very tan woman behind me in the crowd raved of Girl Talk, "It's like re-living my childhood," she said, "I saw him last week at Lolla and he just blew my mind!" Girl Talk's music can appeal to anyone because it includes such a wide cross-section of popular genres that anyone can, and will, dance at a Girl Talk show.



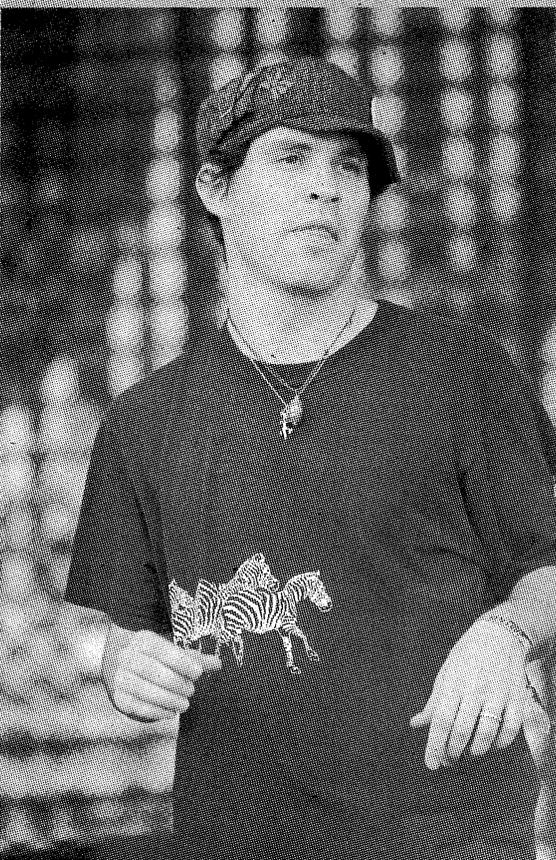
Radiohead: What more is there to say?

Their sets were a good balance of old and new. They played the entirety of *In Rainbows*, but they mixed in just enough of their classics to keep it fresh and exciting. About halfway through their two hour set on Friday, they played "Idioteque," which really got the crowd pumped. On Saturday, it was the second encore. So they did repeat some songs in each set, but having to play four original hours will tax even the most talented artists. You can't really fault them for that.

The stage itself was a visual masterpiece. Comprised of three large LCD screens and a grid of hanging, dynamic light posts, the stage acted as a visual accompaniment to Radiohead's set. These posts had a wide range of functions, including displaying neon rainbows, words, oscilloscope waves and anything else Radiohead is fucking genius enough to think of. The combination of this and Radiohead's established style of play created an extraordinary bombardment of the senses. Apparently this performance, however, was not entirely unique to APW. They did almost the exact same thing the previous week at Lollapalooza. Even Radiohead has a limited number of innovations I suppose. After seeing them, it's understandable why Radiohead is so damn popular. Leaving afterwards was a nightmare, but it was well worth it.

Metric: Making Fashion Faux Pas Sexy

I was originally looking forward to Metric's performance more than Radiohead's. And I wasn't let down. They cleaned house. The Toronto-based dance rock group played a flawless 45-minute set. The only problem was that it was too damn short. This was another band that was severely under booked. Emily Haines was stunning. In her shiny gold romper, she looked like a sexy baked potato. Her angelic vocals and energetic stage presence make Haines a hipster idol. During "Empty," Haines did her trademark hips-grabbing headshake between lines of the chorus. It was phenomenal. Then, after "Monster Hospital" (a song which repeats the chorus "I fought the war and the war won't stop for the love of God"), there was a brief emotional moment before the band went into a slow version of "Live it Out" and Haines went crowd level to greet her fans. It was all very poignant, and refreshing to see a band emotionally attached to their music. Did I mention that I'm madly in love with Emily Haines?



Animal Collective: Weird, but pretty awesome

Another band I hadn't really listened to before the festival, Animal Collective was an odd aural experience. The songs of their set were extremely hypnotic, and I found myself quickly zoning out. It was a good feeling, brought on by the band's experimental tones and style. At one point, I was snapped out of my reverie by one of the Collective's drumming. It was a steady beat that he maintained for nearly ten minutes, all the while he stood ready to switch back to his synthesizer at any minute. It was all very impressive. Their set all blended into one continuous experimental noise ballad. If you think that sounds bad, then you're clearly not ready for Animal Collective.



The Press heads to ALL POINTS WEST

Cansei De Ser Sexy (CSS) made their first New York area appearance in a year. The band, originally from Brazil, is best known for their song featured in an ipod commercial entitled, "Music Is My Hot, Hot Sex." CSS has steadily gained attention since that extremely prosperous publicity opportunity and released their second album, *Donkey*, this year. The band took the stage a half hour late to a crowd full of balloons in front of a black backdrop with "CSS" printed in silver letters behind them. An Australian man came to the front of the press fence to the fans squeezing in as close as possible to the stage with balloons for us to blow up and throw into the crowd (its all about the mood!).

CSS took the stage with their full band and two background dancers equipped with wigs and neon leotards that looked as if they were from an 80's Jane Fonda workout video. Their main singer wore neon as well, throwing sparkles onto her face that stuck to the sweat that formed after running around the nearly full stage. CSS, in my opinion, was the best set of the day. Even the many spandex clad hipsters on hand for Girl Talk's set, which followed CSS, couldn't help but show some enthusiasm. CSS's particular brand of entertainment brought the standing crowd to a frenzy. Not only was it a miracle that the rain had stopped and blue skies seemed near, but that CSS was an unexpected and welcomed asset to the festival.



CSS's Cynthia Susan Swathmore, commonly known as Lovefoxxx

"These People Are Weird."

By Laura Cooper

All Points West, a hipster's paradise? Think again.

The inaugural year of APW, a New Jersey based festival, brought in a wide cross-section of concertgoers, most of them looking for Radiohead. The most cost effective way to the festival was the LIRR, Path and lovely little bus-train contraption called the New Jersey Light Rail. It was charmingly compact and the line for tickets (which no one ever checked) seemed longer than the line at the festival itself. The line consisted of neon wayfarer wearing girls, many with a common question: "are you going to the Radiohead concert?" Only once did a traveling group of people on the Port Authority Train ask me and the people I was traveling with if I was going to the All Points West Festival. Yes, APW—there's more than one band playing at this festival.

The misguided "tourists," who took a detour into the realm of indie rock found themselves in front of the main stage for eight hours, soaked in rain and

sweat just to get a glimpse of Thom Yorke. A waste of money in my opinion, but talk on the light rail centered mainly around the two-night headliner who had played Liberty State Park years before.

The backdrop itself was beautiful. The park faced the back of the Statue of Liberty, but from a distance it'd be easy to say you could make out lady liberty's chiseled face, rather than her back. Right on the water, facing the Jersey and New York City skylines, the location was perfect. Every band I saw that day recognized its proximity to the grand scene unfolding in front of them.

APW was not Coachella, it wasn't Bonnaroo, and it most definitely wasn't Reading or Glastonbury. The park's curfew was eleven pm, and we were all expected to find our way home, preferably by way of mass-transit. Just an hour shy of midnight, the surprisingly frightening park police had reason to get out their night sticks if you stayed late. APW was billed as an eco-friendly festival, one tent gave out reusable bags as "prizes" for recycling, another provided "free water," better known as a hose with

a long line of people not wanting to pay the four dollar a bottle to stay hydrated.

Jack Johnson helped curate the festival; he also had a tent there. The lonely bearded man who occupied Jack Johnson's booth however didn't bring in crowds of people to hear the gospel of green. Hopefully, it was better for him Sunday, the day Jack Johnson was actually headlining.

APW was a three-day festival. I only got to attend one day since a single day pass cost me \$112 on Ticketmaster after service charges. However, getting your money's worth out of the festival meant different things to different people. As I sat outside the crowd of people watching Radiohead, falling asleep on the moist grass, a random guy who called himself John approached me.

"Why aren't you watching the show?" John asked.

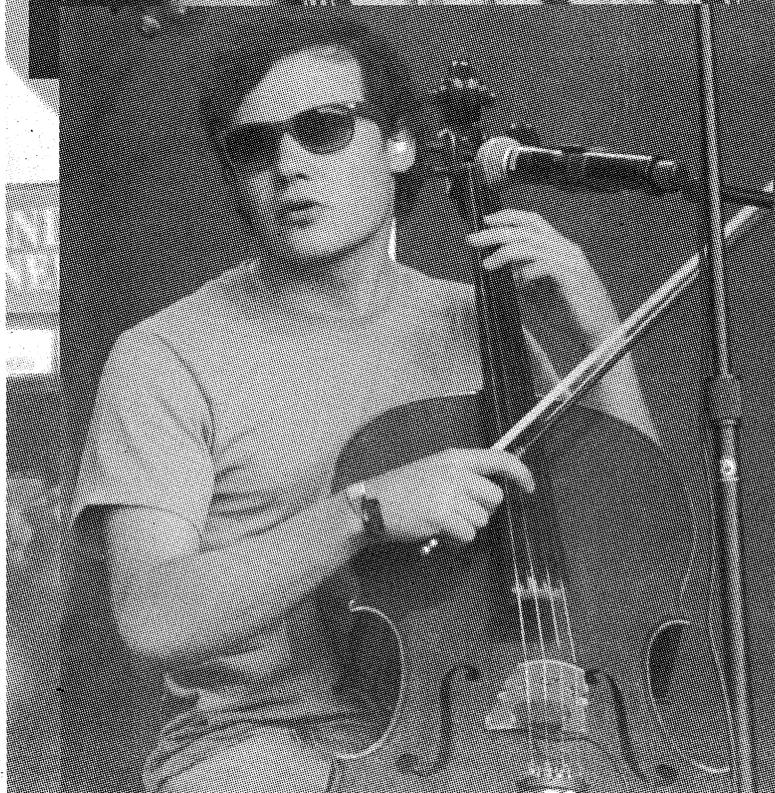
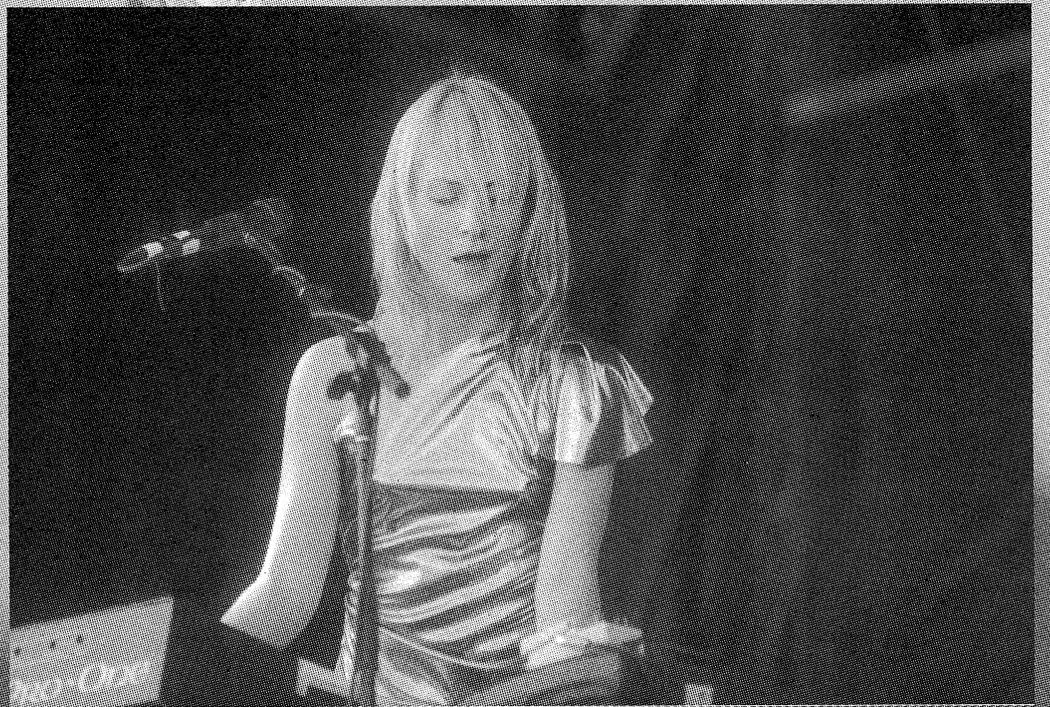
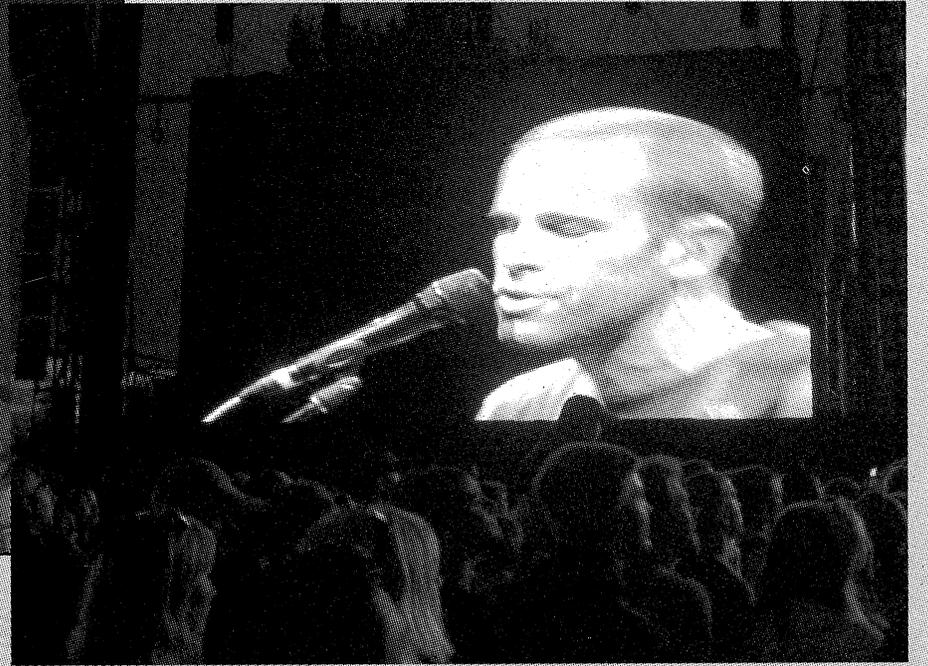
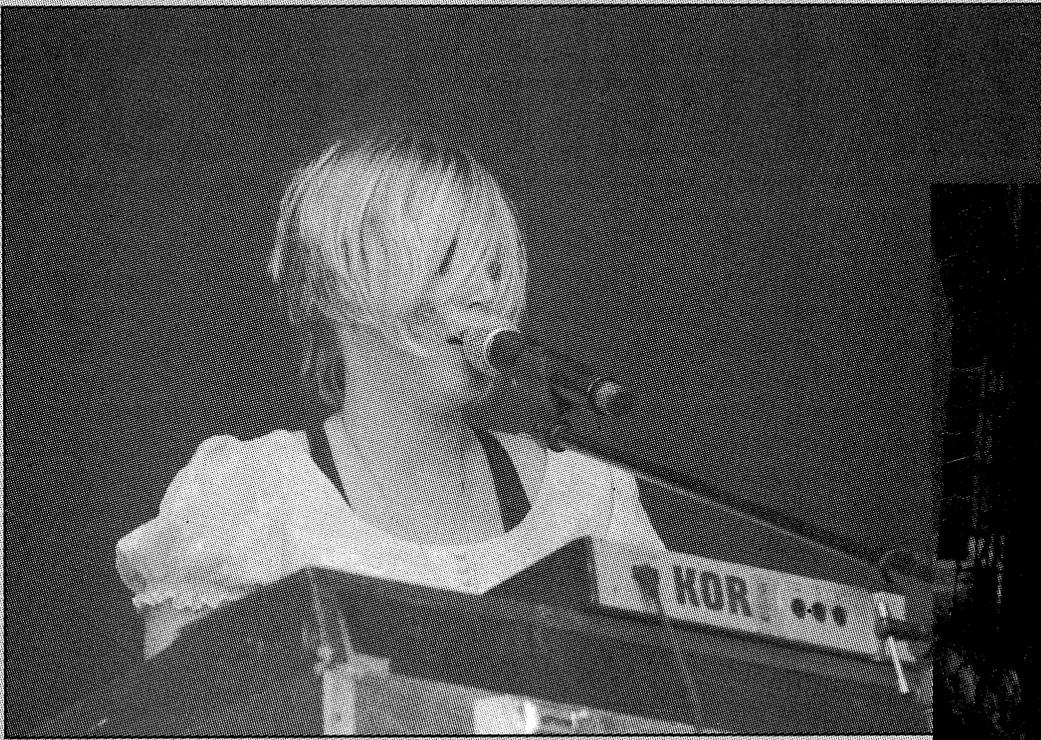
"I don't like Radiohead," I replied, staring blankly at the grass.

"I built this stage," John said, "I've been here since 7 am yesterday and I'll probably be here until 7 am tomorrow. I guess I wanted to see what we were doing this for."

When I asked him what he thought of Radiohead's set he said, "Eh, all these people are weird."

I had a relatively positive festival experience. The food was surprisingly palatable and cheaper than expected, the rain didn't take all the fun out of the day, and the porta-a-potties weren't full of vomit from the clearly intoxicated concertgoers around me. All together, I saw eight bands, Radiohead being one of them. Acts at All Points West ranged from Brazilian jam bands to Jack Johnson—as encompassing and neutral as music can get. APW was a good experience and I look forward to next year—but advice to future concertgoers: make the most of the festival and see someone different. You might be pleasantly surprised.

arts&entertainment



The 20th Anniversary Be-In

By Rob Gilheany

The Be-In has been happening in Suffolk County for the past twenty years and went for the big time this year. They got the band shell in Shorefront Park. They booked bands that have followings on Long Island, like Reckoning. Twelve bands were booked at Shorefront Park in Patchogue. Some of the acts were False Alarm, the Sceevotz, George and Julius, Kinky Porcupine, Reckoning, the Dex Orphan and several others.

In the past few years the Be-In crew had used their events to benefit charities. The event aimed to benefit "Friends of Shorefront Park." This charity is to upgrade Shorefront Park and keep it handicap accessible. Tim Restivo, the Entertainment Director of the Be-In organization, said that "Shorefront Park is one of two public parks in Brookhaven that is handicap accessible."

The Be-In is inspired by the original Be-Ins that took place in San Francisco in 1967, the Summer of Love. There were Be-Ins in Central Park and Tompkins's Square Park in the late 60s. In 1988 Scott Peterson organized a Be-In in Wildwood State Park. For several years Tim Restivo and Jessica Fernow, organized Be-Ins in Wildwood Park. They took a section of Wildwood in an unofficial manner and did the Be-Ins for years at that site. They gathered and did face paintings and started inviting acoustic acts to play. They have booked some popular acoustic acts at the Wildwood site. They have booked folk music duo, George and Julius. They do labor and Anti-Bush songs. George is a Stony Brook alumni, Tent City activist, GSO officer, former *Statesman* editor and Buskin Award winner. Julius Margoilin is a 91 year old union activist and ornery troublemaker. They booked radical, gay, folk singer, David Brown, along with the acoustic group "The Delicious Trees."

Over the years, the Be-In has experimented. It has been at South Haven Park and Privet Property. It has been at the Presbyterian Church in Yaphank. That was the year they went electric. Acoustic singer/songwriter Jay Mankita, and several bands such as the Blue Stream, the Dex Orphan, and Bonny Sexton's band, 1973: They blew the joint away!

Last year, the Be-In was at Cathedral Pines Park, and it went very well. This year is the twentieth anniversary of the Be-In. They wanted to go big. Sun-

day, August 10 was the Bandshell in Patchogue. As the date approached it looked like the weather may impact the Be-In for the first time. Ticket proceeds were split with Friends of Shorefront Park. The Be-In has gone from being a small happening in Wildwood Park, to a concert featuring local Long Island bands. The weather started out nice. This year the Be-In was dedicated to the memories of Susan Blake, a peace activist and organizer, who passed away this past year, Mikey Layne a great singer/songwriter and musical arranger, who has played past Be-Ins, and Jerry Garcia, front man for the Grateful Dead.

Bill McNulty, a local peace and justice activist and WUSB FM Radio host was the M.C. of the first half. Between acts he would spread his wisdom. The first act of the Be-In was False Alarm.

False Alarm is a rock band out of Mount Sinai. They did a number of original songs and covers of "Twist and Shout" and the Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop." Joey Valino is the front man for False Alarm. Joey plays the guitar and sings well. They opened the Be-In by rocking out. False Alarm also opened up for the Sloarfest. Tim and the Be-In organization booked the acts for Solarfest this year.

Kinky Porcupine (KP) took the stage next. They are the Be-In crew's house band, of sorts. Three of the four musicians are leading members of the Be-In organization. Kinky Porcupine plays original grunge music. Bassist Jessica Forman sings many of the band's songs. At one point during their set, the band's guitarist and drummer switched instruments, and Erica sang her song "Nicotine." KP also has a new member of the band, lead guitarist, Brian Baru. Brian sang an original song called "Mikey's With the Angels," a tribute to Mikey Layne, who was the lead singer and front man for Mikey and the Merry Pranksters and Mikey and the Angels. Mikey passed away in January, 2006. I managed Mikey's Band for several years.

They also had guest speakers at the Be-In. Some of the guests were former Stony Brooker, founding member of the Red Balloon and member of the New York Green Party Mitchell Cohen, Aaron Kay, the legendary Yippy Pie thrower (aka "Pie Guy") and a speaker from Iraqi Veterans Against the War. Mitchell Cohen spoke very well. He made valid points in his criticism of the Democratic Party, he said that since they took over Congress, they have kept voting to continue funding the war in Iraq. Mitch ripped both political parties for funding the war and pushing nu-

clear power as a solution to the global warming crisis. He said that solar energy as a big part of the solution, pointing out that solar energy can be done in a decentralized way. He warned of Exxon's attempt to get patents on centralized solar energy to own the methods of beaming solar energy via satellite from outer space. "They want to beam microwaves from space to metal plates in the dessert," he said. He went on to say that the market system is incapable of providing the environmental solutions that we need.

Aaron Kay, the Yippy Pie Guy, is known for publicly putting pies in the faces of CIA director William Colby, NYC Mayor Abe Beam, San Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Anita Bryant, Andy

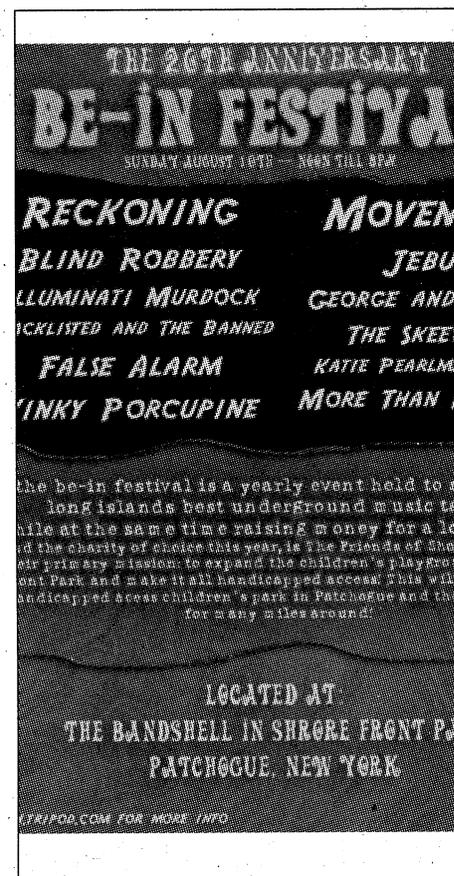
"The Death Drugs," Kay calls them. He said that the government stole \$1,500 from Dana Beal that was meant for promoting Ibomogane. At one point in Kay's talk, an officer from the Be-In crew went on stage and said something to him. He said that he was told to tune it down. Pie Guy has free speech, he was not doing anything illegal, and was invited. He has actually mellowed in his old age. Pie Guy ended his talk by asking the crowd for rent money went on about his landlord.

Blacklisted and the Banned took the stage then. This is Sonny Meadows's band. Sonny Meadows is a Vietnam veteran turned peace activist. He does bluesy and folk rock songs. His songs have heavy messages and are delivered with great humor. Sonny sang a song about choices young people had to make during the Vietnam War. He told the crowd not to make the mistakes he made. Sonny sang "Sixty thousand of us died/ two million of them did fall/ the only way we make sense of it all/ is by writing names on walls." He also said, "When it come to tolerance, we are weak," so he did his song called "Assholes Are People, Too."

Our old friends George and Julius took the stage, again. They opened with an IWW song book standard, "The Preacher and the Slave" George did one of his many songs about George W. Bush, a parody of "O' Susanna" that rips into Dubya. I guess George is going to have to get a new batch of songs in five months.

Then it was time for some rock and roll. The Sceevots took the stage. They played a strong set of good rock and roll music. Their drummer back in the 70s played in a little band called "The Bay City Rollers." Illuminati Murdock also played and they did their great Jame trippy set. The crowd danced in front of the stage.

The weather that was going to threaten the event was later poised to do just that. If Snoop Dog were there, he would have his umbrella. It was drizzlin'. Thunder was on the horizon and the decision was made to cut the Shorefront Park event short and take it to Fadeley, a bar in Patchogue. They were planning to go there later on for the after event festivities. People were heading to the bar but I only had twenty-five dollars in my pocket. I went home.



Warhol, William F. Buckley, Randall Terry and many others. Pie Guy's talk took a more rambling quality to it. He called the two major candidates for President "Obamanation" and "Elmer Fudd." He said it was nice to be out in "Sore-Fuck county" and that every four years it is more of the same. We have to make demands, he said, and that his personal demand is that every one who has been arrested, ticketed harassed or otherwise put through the system for marijuana, get reparations. Pie Guy spoke of his friend and fellow yippy traveler Dana Beal, who is a long time proponent of Ibomogane. Ibomogane, some say can break the addiction people suffer from heroin and cocaine.

arts&entertainment

Hip: McCarren Pool (7/27/08)

By Jonathan Singer

After hanging out with punks at an ABC No Rio Punk/Hardcore Matinee, I thought I'd hang out with hipsters at a McCarren Park Pool Party. The show in Williamsburg was free and the bill included The Ting Tings, Black Moth Super Rainbow and MGMT. I packed my pair of Wayfarers and hopped on the 'L' to Bedford Avenue.

Arriving at 12:30 a.m. was a good idea; entry to the venue was granted on a first come first serve basis. Apparently hipsters have no regard for rules, because a "rogue line" formed on the other side of the pool's entrance, creating two lines that would funnel patrons into the abandoned pool turned music venue.

I didn't mind the wait, or the lengthy lightning delay that occurred after a set of dark clouds moved in from New Jersey. After all, it was a "scene" to be at one of these Pool Parties, and I was able to be a "scenester," albeit for just one day. I made friends with a group of hipsters, offering to share some of my umbrella space, but not in exchange for marijuana.

For some reason everyone put their

umbrellas away when The Ting Tings took the stage. I guess it's fun to get wet at a concert, although I don't go to enough concerts to begin with. At a larger (and not free) event one month earlier, the guy from Modest Mouse almost got struck by lightning.

The girl from The Ting Tings, along with the guy performed a solid power-pop set, reminding me that the UK definition of "pop music" is vastly different from the US definition. As a two-piece, the singer was visibly uncomfortable through numerous technical errors on stage. But the drummer was as chill as ever. Decker out in red Wayfarers despite the cloud cover, he had no trouble keeping a beat to whatever pre-recorded tracks they would play.

It wouldn't hurt the band if they got some more members, as relying on canned back up music is lame. A Ting Ting's record is a multi-track success, mixing catchy vocals with drums, guitars and synthesizers. Why not hire some more musicians to play Moogs on stage? You can dress them up as chickens if you wanted to.

On the subject of analog synthesizers, I was looking forward to the second act, Black Moth Super Rainbow. The

Moth's use 1990s synthesizers. I don't know where they get their equipment from, and the band took a risk by playing on a day with rain. Or, perhaps, they shouldn't have played at all.

I had seen Black Moth Super Rainbow before at an album release party for Dandelion Gum. That show was a lot less boring than Sunday's McCarren performance. Some kids put in a good effort when they started dancing, but the crowd wouldn't respond. It was hard to dance when every song sounded the same and this was the point that I realized. Every Black Moth Super Rainbow song sounds the same. The band's singer sings into a voice modulator, making him sound like a robot on every single song. Perhaps the band's lyrics are deep, but a lot of people can't understand them.

But, hey, at least I stayed for the headliners, MGMT, formerly known as The Management. I have a bad memory, but I saw The Management more than two and a half years ago, and their top song was their current mainstream hit, "Time to Pretend." I left before they got to play that song. When I saw Management the first time, they opened for Of Montreal as a two-piece. Unlike the aforementioned Ting Tings, MGMT

pulled off the two-man show with style, turning the stage into a mini-studio, showing the audience how to make beats on a drum machine while playing with multiple instruments.

I must have missed the memo when MGMT tuned into a psychedelic rock group because that's who ended up taking the stage on Sunday afternoon.

Once again all the songs sounded the same, except for their hit "Electric Feel," which sounded like radio single. I found myself waiting patiently for the set to end, figuring that it would be disrespectful to leave in the middle. I was also part of the sea of people gathered in front of the stage and mobility was kept to a minimum.

But when I saw two guys plowing through the crowd with "excuse me," I followed them out. I got a chance to explore the rest of the pool party, which featured advertisements for Scion, Red Bull, Fuze and some open space shit. I didn't even buy a t-shirt on my way out and I love t-shirts. That gave me the rest of the day to enjoy being a scenester in Williamsburg.

Hopefully my review of Sunday's concert wasn't too pretentious. I can't wait for my freedom scarf to arrive.

Hipster: McCarren Pool Part II (8/3/08)

By Jonathan Singer

Rock the Pool

Apparently I'm cool enough to score press credentials to the upcoming (free) Black Lips concert at McCarren park pool. Special thanks to **** ** for setting up the deal. If no one is bluffing, here are some questions I have for the band. Feel free to comment with your own questions, I just might end up asking them.

-Last summer you guys took a trip to Israel/Palestine, and apparently the merch sold on your website is sold in pounds. How popular are The Black Lips overseas, compared to your popularity in the US? Why is it that many American indie rock bands become popular in Europe before they garner mainstream success at home? What's it like to be part of that scene?

-You're playing at McCarren Park in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, arguably the Mecca for hipster culture. Today's show is free, and is supported by (insert companies on concert day). What do you think of the commercialization of this subculture?

-You're from Atlanta, a city more known for southern rap than for garage rock. What's it like to be a garage rock band from Atlanta?

More questions to be posted...

makes them VIPs at the McCarren Pool Party. Now I find myself in some high-class area where beer costs two dollars instead of six. In a neighborhood where everyone thinks they are better than

I see groupies with funny sunglasses; I think they'll have more access to black lips than the amount I get. The problem is that I don't really know what the black lips look like. All these people look the same.

Roman and I interviewed some of the hipsters waiting outside before the show. "We're not pretentious, we come for the artists," said one patron. "I don't think anyone should try to outcool anyone else," said another, a 25-year-old resident of Williamsburg who rents her living arrangements as opposed to owning them.

More on this scene later...

Some Time Later

It's some time later and the VIP area is as packed as ever. King Kahn is currently on stage to the right of me. I know that Kahn is Persian, but the rest of his back-story is messed up. One guy told me it's Kahn's first US performance in 12 years. A fellow VIPer said that he recently performed another show here in New York City. According to Kahn himself, the singer is from Montreal.

He performs like a madman. Sure, he encourages the crowd to throw garbage on stage, so that King Kahn and his shrines (the band) get pelted with



Hipster musician with COOL SUNGLASSES

The VIP Area

Apparently a lot of other people were cool enough to get on the list that

everyone else, I feel better than all the suckers who had to wait on the long line for regular admission. But the concert is free to begin with.

plastic beer cups.

The music is reminiscent of James Brown, but with more cursing. Then again, I wasn't around for James Brown. At least in 40 years I can say I was at one of those McCarren park pool shows in Williamsburg...

Deerhunter

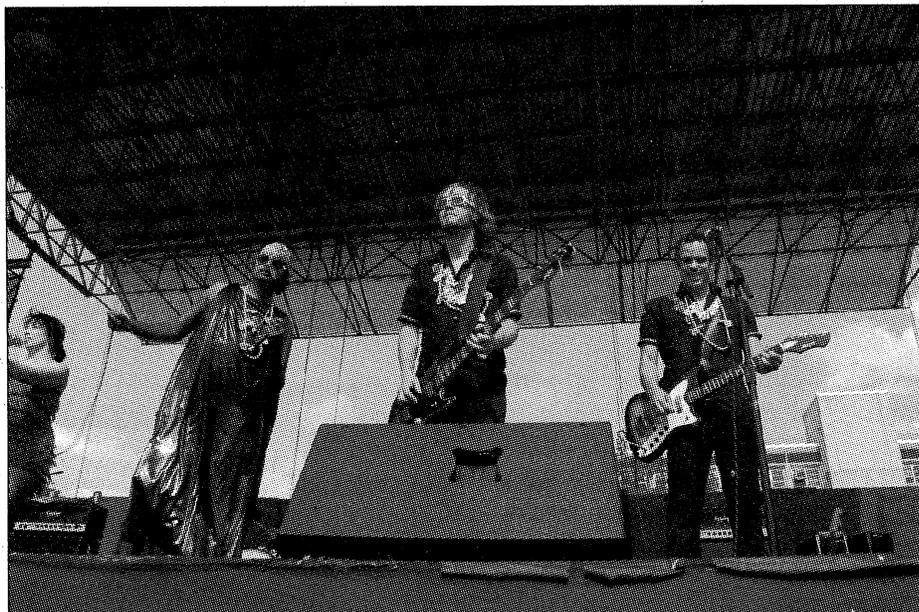
Apparently this article that I'm writing is more about the scene at this concert than the music. Deerhunter just finished their set, and (gasp) they have a girl in the band! Like any larger outdoor venue, the sound quality isn't the greatest, but I was still able to hear Deerhunter's ambient grooves. In fact, some of the music made me zone out, and I found myself wandering aimlessly around this municipal pool turned concert venue. By the time I snapped out of

Lips are up next, and I will try to bag a hipster girl before this show is over.

Black Lips

This is the last season for McCarren pool parties. According to some dude who spoke on stage, next year the city's going to fill the empty pool with "some sort of liquid." Since they gave out VIP creds like crazy, I wasn't sure who the dude was:

But for the time being, I have Internet on my phone, which means that I can update this journal AS THE BLACK LIPS ARE PLAYING. While I won't have the chance to ask the band my Atlanta question, I don't think it matters because ONE OF THE GUITAR PLAYERS WEARS A GRILL ON HIS TEETH, just like a true ATL gangsta.



King Kahn (left) and two of his Shrines.



The "scene" at the concert

it Deerhunter had upped the ambience for their finale, doing that hip thing where you play your electric guitar directly in front of the amplifier. Then the girl guitar player did cartwheels and flashed her underwear. That peep show made me feel bad to be single. Black

And the music doesn't suck either. The grill player commented about rock music having synthesizers, priding the fact that his band is two guitars, bass and drums. No turntables...

Thanks Kip

The "media credentials" I thought I was going to get ended up being bullshit. So I didn't get to interview any of the bands, although I did have a quick run in with King Kahn: He snubbed me off because he was late for sound check. Then he handed me a flyer for some after-party that I obviously didn't go to.

Sorry if I seemed delusional for the past few days, I genuinely thought I had something going when I created a really fancy letterhead and sent a professional sounding e-mail to some guy named Kip. Kip put my name on the VIP list, which gave me access to the VIP area. But the talent was confined to an area within the VIP area, a space that was guarded by very un-hip looking jacked security officers.

That left me wondering how all the other people got into the VIP area. Two of the people I talked to claimed to be freelance journalists/photographers.

Maybe Brooklyn Vegan was there, but I don't know what Brooklyn Vegan looks like. At least Roman got access to the photo pit in front of the stage. But

he couldn't get on stage like some other photographers.

For some reason I found Damon in the VIP area. What's up, Damon?

The concert itself was mediocre; The Black Lips were really fucking loud but played some pretty catchy tunes in style. Maybe it was because they had a good amount of hot chicks on stage with them. I have no idea how those women got passes to be on stage. I don't want to call today's McCarren Pool Party one big hipster circle jerk, but today's McCarren Pool Party was one big hipster circle jerk. Fuck you and your fucking scene, but at least it was fun to go into Brooklyn on a Sunday. Maybe my writing talents will land me a high paying job so I can afford one of those new half million dollar condos that are being built in Williamsburg. Hooray

Photos by Roman Sheydvasser



The "scenesters" that make up the "scene"



Hip/expensive condominiums in Williamsburg

The 2008 SB Film Festival

A Not-So-Comprehensive Overview

By Andrew Fraley and Iris Lin

I came into this film festival with extremely low expectations. I saw only one movie at last year's festival, called *All the Days Before Tomorrow*, or something stupid like that. You will not have heard of this movie, because it was awful, and has most assuredly been lost in the abyss of mediocre, unreleased garbage. Needless to say, I wasn't particularly looking forward to this year's festival. My opinions quickly changed within the opening scenes of the first movie I saw, a little known movie from India called *Amal*.

The movie revolves around the titular character, Amal Kumar, the last honest autorickshaw driver in New Delhi, maybe even India. Scratch that; the *world*. Inheriting his autorickshaw from his late father, Amal has dedicated himself to a life of trustworthy autorickshawing. With his magnanimity and uncompromising integrity, Amal is a favorite among autorickshaw drivers, and keeps busy with his list of regular

customers, including a young shopkeeper, Pooja, with whom he's madly in love.



This is an autorickshaw, in case you didn't know.

Enter G.K. Jayaram, an old wanderer who seems to have dedicated his

life to acting as a karmic test for everybody he meets. Basically he just acts like an asshole and sees how the person will

react. You find out later that G.K. is an eccentric millionaire, and on his deathbed he bequeaths his entire fortune to the unknowing Amal.

What follows is the engrossing race to notify Amal of his new circumstances, before the 30-day deadline. The machinations of Jayaram's kids, Amal's chance encounters and every event's seemingly fated interconnectedness all culminate in an ending that felt tragic, yet surprisingly satisfying.

Writer/Director Richie Mehta does an excellent job of setting the scene in this film. I often had the feeling that I was riding in the back of Amal's autorickshaw, in the busy streets of New Delhi. The cinematography immerses viewers in the heart of New Delhi, and gives the city a close personal feeling. Maybe it's the absorbing nature of the city, but it is a pretty badass place. The acting also helps make this endearing film so believable. Rupinder Nagra is perfect as the loveable and noble Amal, and the other actors lend their talents to the film's credibility. If you can, I highly recommend getting a hold of this movie. It's a good'un.

The next movie I saw came as the third movie of that day, the first being *Amal*. I opted to skip the in-between movie, *Children of Glory*, but that was a serious misjudgment. *Children of Glory* won the audience choice award for the best feature of the festival at the closing awards ceremonies. *On Broadway*, the movie I saw instead, didn't win anything.

On Broadway is about a young Irish-American in Boston who, inspired by the unfortunate death of his uncle, decides to write a play about Irish wakes. It stars Joey McIntyre of New Kids on the Block fame, and an equally famous supporting cast. At first glance, the movie appears to be a new addition to the tried-and-true genre of the Irish-American experience. Much like *Good Will Hunting*, *Gone Baby Gone* and, to a lesser extent, *Celtic Pride*, *On Broadway* makes a similar appeal to the niche audience of the Boston Irish-American brotherhood experience movies. But somewhere along the way, it sort of misses the point. It falls short of being the next *Good Will Hunting*, or even the next *Celtic Pride*, for a number of reasons.

The first was the acting. While Joey McIntyre was an excellent early 90's pop icon, he can't really hold the lead role of

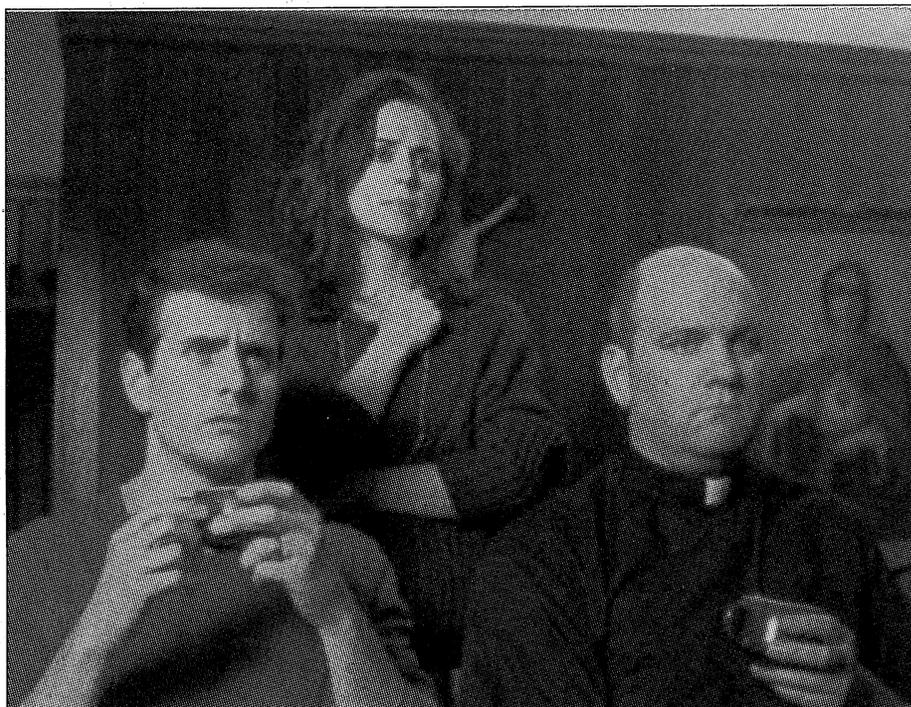
Jack O'Toole on his own. Helping him is Eliza Dushku, as Lena Wilson. She conveniently arrives in the bar O'Toole frequents and just as conveniently offers to be in his play. Her performance

unbelievable was the Barry character, another actor who magically appears at the bar to offer his services. Played by Peter Giles, an Alan Tudyk wannabe, Barry was probably the worst character

welcome reliefs included O'Toole's brother, Rolie O'Toole (the catholic priest), played by *Guts'* Mike O'Malley, and cameo appearances by Will Arnett and Amy Poehler.

The second was the play itself. They showed parts of it all throughout the movie, and a soundless montage towards the end of the movie, and it just didn't seem believable. In the end, you're left wondering why everyone made such a big deal out of a very lackluster play. The production faced all the usual trials and tribulations, including Barry not learning any of his lines. Yet, all the pieces fell together at the very end; the bar where they were holding the play packed full of people, Barry instantaneously learned all his lines and everyone had a grand old time. It all just seemed very contrived.

In all, *On Broadway* had its moments. There was the occasional funny scene from O'Malley or Arnett, and every so often the dialog would hit its intended mark. But these moments were few and far between, and it was hard to reconcile them with the glaring flaws of the movie. There was a reason *On Broadway* didn't win any awards: it wasn't particularly good.



Even the actors look distressed over their poor film.

seemed phoned in, and her character was completely unbelievable. Equally

in the movie. O'Toole's wife was also unremarkable and forgettable. The few

This was one of the movies I eagerly anticipated. Starring the younger member of the prodigal Fanning family, Elle Fanning, *Phoebe in Wonderland* looked as though it would be the next new addition to the childhood fantasy drama. Phoebe (Fanning) is a child suffering from severe childhood angst, living in a world all her own that seems constantly to clash with the real one. It seems that Phoebe suffers from something, but the movie refuses to reveal what. These clashes lead to outbursts, spitting and weird obsessive rituals. Gosh, this seems familiar; nervous tics, vocal outbursts, if only the movie would let the audience know what plagues poor Phoebe. The one escape Phoebe finds is in a school production of *Alice in Wonderland*, where she lands the lead role of Alice. Her efforts in the play, and the guidance of her unconventional drama teacher, provide brief moments of sanity. Her problems, however, eventually

lead to her family nearly tearing itself apart, her classmates hating her and her

drome. As if this wasn't completely obvious by the very stereotypical way they

anyway? It was such an anticlimactic letdown when the resolution was, "hey, guess what? I have Tourette's." This revelation seemed to solve all the problems too, almost magically. She lost her nervous tics! The other children aren't mean and excluding; in fact, now they're as nice and helpful as possible! Her family isn't completely falling apart anymore! It was hard to enjoy this movie when it seemed like a high school student did a Google search for Tourette's syndrome and then decided to write a movie about it.

Phoebe did have its moments. Elle Fanning lives up to her family name and plays the very believable part of a young girl with severe Tourette's. Bill Pullman also makes an appearance as Phoebe's father. Pullman does an excellent impression of George C. Scott, which was great. If only he'd said, "Ow! My groin!"



Tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic, tic.

drama teacher getting fired.

Spoiler alert: it's Tourette's Syn-

portray the disease in this movie. And why was this revelation the movie's twist

Broken bonds and betrayal are themes commonly explored in films. *Blood Brothers*, written by Alexi Tan, Dan Jiang and Tony Chan and directed by Alexi Tan, tests the strength of brotherhood between three young men: Ah Feng (Daniel Wu) and his two friends, the brothers Da Gang (Ye Liu) and Xiao Hu (Tony Yang). The three friends, dissatisfied with their simple lives out in the countryside, decide to leave their cozy predictable homes to seek their fortunes in Shanghai. They are quickly disillusioned as they find themselves working menial jobs, pulling rickshaws and waiting on tables. However, disappointment only lasts until drastic events take them down a path they would never have imagined. Violence and vengeance escalate in an unstoppable

cycle until the "brothers" are destroyed.

Neither is the story that unique nor are the characters especially intriguing.

The friendship between Feng, Gang and Hu is only briefly developed in the beginning and not firmly established. As

a result, it is difficult to appreciate the ties they share and the full impact as those ties are broken. At times, the characters are predictable but the actors do a good job keeping audiences attached.

Stylistically speaking, the film is beautiful in terms of costume and set design. The setting is Shanghai in the 1930s and the glamour and glitz is easily visible, all the while concealing darker and dirtier aspects of the city. The final shoot out scene is certainly eye catching and very dramatic.

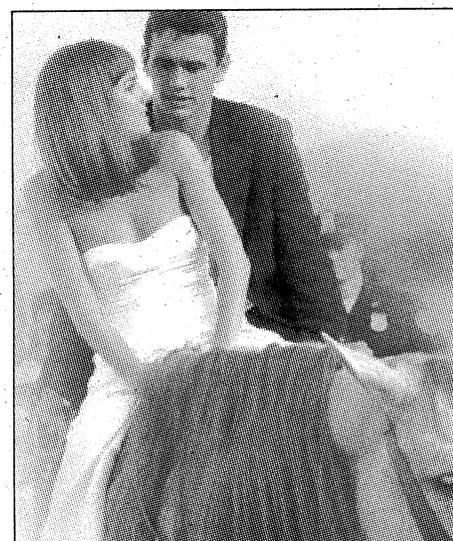
It's interesting to note that the original Chinese title of the film is *Tian Tang Kou*, literally translates to "Gate to Heaven." The night club where the three brothers eventually meet their downfall is called Tian Tang, which also translates to "Paradise."



His name is Mark, don't fuck with him.

Camille, the closing film of this year's Stony Brook Film Festival, is certainly a multifaceted movie. On the surface it appears to be a bizarre fantasy with rainbow colored horses and girls with hot pink hair. However, the film is not easily defined as it also falls into the horror, comedy and romance genres. Written by Nick Pustay and directed by Gregory MacKenzie, *Camille* is a story about a young newlywed couple on their way to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. At the start of the film the two main characters are rather one-dimensional. Camille (Sienna Miller) is a blushing bride full of perky smiles and a buoyant cheerfulness that can't be contained. Unfortunately, her husband, Silas (James Franco) does not share her enthusiasm about their honeymoon. In fact his dour expression and frequent grimaces suggest that he has little en-

thusiasm for their marriage. Eventually, Camille catches on to Silas' attitude, but refuses to give up Niagara Falls, believ-



Her hair is red and the horse is blue. Loco!

ing it will magically strengthen and save their marriage before it's barely begun.

Although their characters don't display much depth at this point in the film, Miller and Franco play their parts well. Miller radiates innocence and sweet sincerity, but adds just enough self-absorption and superficiality that we find Camille's upbeat energy grating at times. It's understandable why Silas is disgusted and frustrated with Camille's constant chatter. Franco conveys this exasperation with pained, yet humorous facial expressions, which at the same time make Silas seem harsh and uncaring.

Over the course of extraordinary events, which involve polaroid pictures, motorcycle helmets with tiger ears, cowboys, formaldehyde, wigs and police chases, the characters grow and mature. Camille and Silas endure through

the incredible and unlikely circumstances thrown at them. I didn't know what to expect when the film began but by the end I was smiling and left the theatre feeling good.

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1 2 3 Next

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SUNY Stony Brook 08
24 mutual friends
- Alex Walsh**
SUNY Stony Brook 08
28 mutual friends
- Matt Willeman**
SUNY Stony Brook 08
27 mutual friends
- Marcel Votluka**
SUNY Stony Brook Alum 03
New York, NY
18 mutual friends
- Vincent Michael Festa**
SUNY Stony Brook Alum
23 mutual friends
- Joe Donato**
SUNY Stony Brook Alum 08
Suffolk County, NY
21 mutual friends
- James Laudano**
SUNY Stony Brook 08
Japan
29 mutual friends
- John O'Dell**
SUNY Stony Brook 08
21 mutual friends
- Tia Mansouri**
SUNY Stony Brook 10
New York, NY
20 mutual friends
- Jesse Schoeffer**
SUNY Stony Brook 08
SUNY Suffolk Alum
Suffolk County, NY
25 mutual friends

Is life empty? If so, don't delete it. Make something of it! Take Facebook's advice and find some friends at...

The Stony Brook Press' Open House!

Wednesday, September 10th, 2008

1:00 PM, Student Union Basement, Room 060.

If you're interested in writing, comics, poetry, show reviews, photography or anything else, we want you aboard. Come for the **FREE PIZZA**, stay for the free speech.