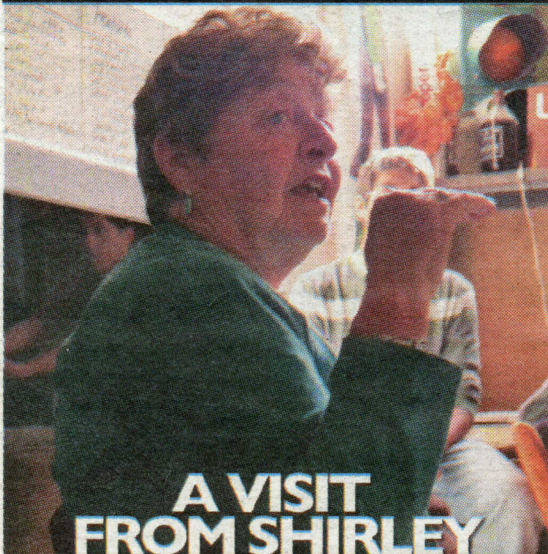


THE STONY BROOK **PRESS**

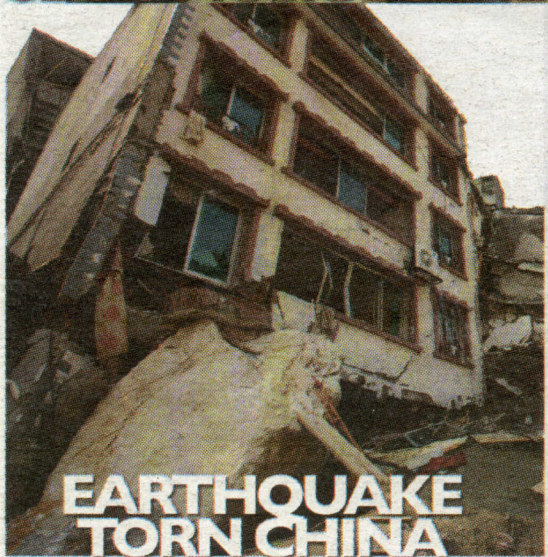
VOL XXX ISSUE 3 "HARRY COULD KILL EVERYONE FOR THIS." OCTOBER 15, 2008



**A VISIT
FROM SHIRLEY**



**REVITALIZING
SBU'S MUSIC SCENE**



**EARTHQUAKE
TORN CHINA**

NEW YORK'S INFAMOUS TUITION HIKE TONIC



**A GUARANTEED
"CURE" FOR ALL YOUR
HIGHER EDUCATION
WOES!**

**WARNING:
MAY CAUSE SUDDEN &
UNPREDICTABLY HIGH
TUITION HIKE**

**HARMFUL
IF
SWALLOWED**

AUTOMATIC ANNUAL TUITION HIKE

**INSIDE:
The NYS Budget Crisis And SUNY**

Tuition Hikes, Cuts and the Budget Fiasco

By Najib Aminy

Billionaire Warren Buffet called Wall Street's market turmoil an economic Pearl Harbor. With twenty percent of New York State's budget cemented on the rollercoaster ups and downs of Wall Street, Dan Melucci, Stony Brook University Associate Vice President for Strategy and Analysis, has called the SUNY budget cuts "lunacy."

Due to the Wall Street economic disaster, New York Governor David Paterson has called upon statewide agency cuts to remedy the projected loss of revenue. In early April, SUNY was cut a total of \$50 million, or roughly 3%. Taking its share, Stony Brook was to cut \$7.4 million from its operating budget of the fiscal 2008-2009 year. Following the April decision, a second round of cuts will be underway, of which SUNY will suffer a total of \$96.3 million. At that point, SUNY would have a net cut of 146.3 million. Stony Brook University, along with the other sixty-three SUNY institutions, are still waiting for their share in the \$96.3 cut. Melucci predicts that Stony Brook may be looking at a budget cut in the ballpark of \$9.5 million.

About a week ago, Carl McCall, Chair of the finance and administration committee of SUNY trustees, said that SUNY will absorb anywhere from \$20 to \$50 million of the \$96.3 million cut leaving the rest to be dispersed among campuses. However, Melucci said that he believes SUNY will take a \$20 million cut leaving \$70-plus million to be distributed among the campuses.

Now with both the national and global economy taking a turn for the worst, Governor Paterson has called for the NYS legislature to convene after the upcoming elections on November 18 to discuss the financial crisis looming over the NYS' budget and economy. It is highly anticipated that this special meeting will result in further cuts. According to Melucci, the Governor is faced with a \$1.2 billion shortfall in revenue. In order to assess this financial

dilemma, the Governor is looking to propose another state-agency cut to the tune of \$2 billion.

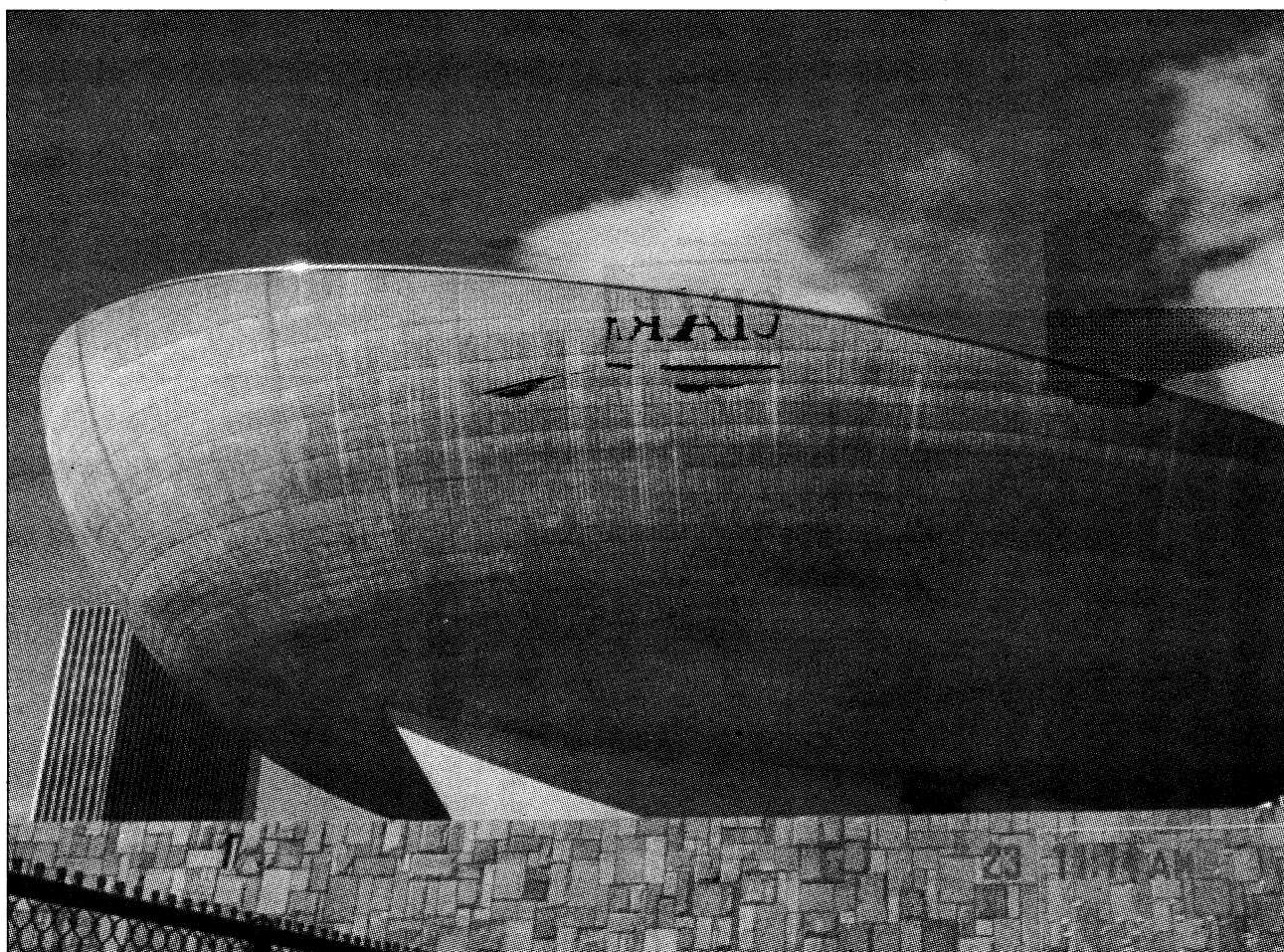
In this proposed \$2 billion cut, SUNY anticipates a third round of cuts as well as a possible tuition hike. Stony Brook has had only one tuition hike in the past thirteen years, which was five years ago. The latest tuition hike spiked to 28%, a number that may seem alarming to current Stony Brook students. A 28% increase of today's tuition would result in an in-state student paying \$5,568 from the original \$4,350, and \$13,580 from the original \$10,610 for

rather "when?" "It would be crazy if it doesn't happen," said Goodman. Melucci, who would also be surprised if a tuition hike did not occur, is worried about students who rely on the Tuition Assistance Program (TAP). This program funds up to \$5,000 for students who are the most financially needy. Melucci is worried that an unreasonable tuition hike may force students to chip in the amount of tuition not covered by TAP.

In terms of total cuts, SUNY projects to subtract a total of \$210 million by the end of the year, according to

of an educated citizenry, economic development, cultural enrichment and social mobility and therefore merits investment by the state." New York State Senator Michael J. Fitzpatrick (R) of Smithtown stressed the severity of the current economic crisis. "The dust has yet to settle," Fitzpatrick said, "[this is] the end of a consumption culture and living beyond our means." When discussing the SUNY cuts, Fitzpatrick said that higher education was of top priority, but sees the "state has been spending beyond its means for so long." As a result, cuts across the board are going to be seen, including SUNY.

The Bundy Aid, untouched by any of the cuts, aids independent and privatized universities in New York and financially supports 105 private institutions. When asked, Fitzpatrick said that the mere pointing of fingers and questioning why one group receives more than another is expected, also stating that "private institutions are equally important as state." Yet, Fitzpatrick mentioned numerous times, "a crisis is a terrible thing to waste." Fitzpatrick believes that such a crisis can result in legitimate oversight and reduce unnecessary expenditure and create a successful economy in the long-term picture.



This is "The Egg" in Albany. It's where they are hiding all of our money

out of state.

A proposed alternative to a dramatic hike in tuition, supported by Melucci and Stony Brook distinguished Sociology professor Norman Goodman, is a rationalized tuition that increases steadily and allows students to predict how much they would have to pay for their education. Goodman, also the Vice President Secretary of the SUNY-wide Faculty Senate, is a supporter of free tuition, but deems it as "politically infeasible." According to the 45-year Stony Brook Sociology professor, "the most intelligent and politically wise thing to do is raise tuition to a reasonable level and tie that to a commitment to a rational policy in the future."

It seems that the question regarding the tuition hike is no longer "if" but

SUNY spokesperson David Henahan. Under this projection, SUNY is looking to receive a \$64 million cut in the November emergency meeting. According to Henahan, SUNY is looking into long-term solutions to the chronic problem of under-funding. Solutions mentioned by Henahan include the proposition of a rational tuition plan and the revision of personnel classification allowing SUNY to hire with flexibility. This would permit SUNY to lease or sell property to generate revenue, and allow SUNY to relieve its regulatory restrictions, such as pre-audit approval of contracts.

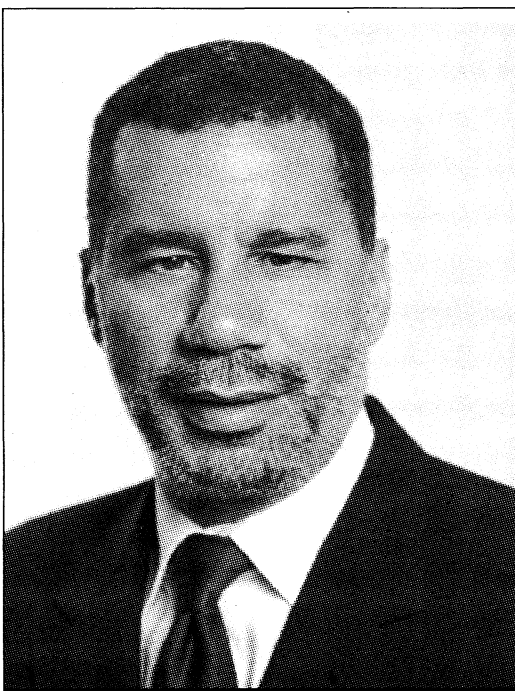
Currently advocating for additional flexibility and a tuition plan, Henahan said about SUNY, "[it] provides tremendous benefits to New York in the form

In terms of investing in higher education, the majority of State Assemblyman and Senators interviewed relayed the message that, due to troubling times, SUNY, along with all other State Agencies, are to feel some pain. State Assemblyman John McEneny (D) of Albany said that neither SUNY nor any other agency is "a sacred cow" that can be protected from cuts. When it comes to tuition, "judgment comes in a vacuum," meaning that it would be hard to vote against a tuition hike if, alongside the bill, there is a proposition ensuring heat to a New York town over the winter, as McEneny put it.

One of the few State politicians that was clear in voicing his opposition against a proposed hike in tuition was Assemblyman Steve Englebright (D) of

Port Jefferson Station. A former Stony Brook graduate himself, Assemblyman Englebright emphasized the importance of public higher education, saying "state universities should be given preferred status with cuts in other agencies." Referring to the domino effect, Englebright explained that investing into public higher education would create a long-lasting stability and build up the economy. "[Protecting SUNY] would pull us out of the recession and give confidence back to Wall Street." With a strong belief in preserving both TAP and the SUNY tuition, Englebright sees higher education as a platform worthy of investment and amidst these cuts sees a so-called "millionaire's tax" as a probable solution.

Marissa Shorenstein, spokeswoman of Governor Paterson's office, said that Governor Paterson is not looking to raise taxes, but rather to cut spending and invest wisely. Shorenstein mentioned that the November meeting



Screw you, you goofy looking putz!

was called on such a date not because of the elections but because, "it was simply the first date that made sense given all of the recent holidays, etc." Shorenstein added, "while the Governor's commitment to higher education remains strong, difficult choices will need to be made across state spending to protect the state's fiscal integrity, and every area of state spending will need to find ways to operate more efficiently."

As a result of the latest cuts, Stony Brook has recently enacted a hiring freeze. "We had to do something to slow down expenditures and to get people's attention that this is a serious issue. It makes no sense to be hiring new people now," said Melucci. He added, "we don't believe the failure of the state should be put on the back of the students in large dollar amounts. I am really worried about the health, financial health of this institution." Further cuts could result in significant and

highly visible changes for both Stony Brook and SUNY students alike. According to Goodman, the number of classes would dwindle due to a decreased number in professional staff. This would mean larger class sizes, which would result in a longer time to graduate and further raise student expenses.

"When Wall Street catches a cold, the NYS budget gets pneumonia," said Assemblyman Englebright. As a result, SUNY and its students end up being affected. An increased tuition hike can remedy only so much. With potentially more cuts on the way, it leaves administrators like Melucci crunching the remaining numbers, hoping for the best. "We run some numbers that scare the hell out of us very honestly," said Melucci, "the numbers are so scary that they are absurd."

A Place Where Palm Trees Once Grew...

By Natalie Crnosija

During a lecture on October 8, hosted by the Social Justice Alliance, Kristofer Goldsmith, a 23-year-old Iraqi War veteran, said, "I didn't shoot the kid, not because I'm a good person, but because I knew his family would retaliate and kill me or my friends."

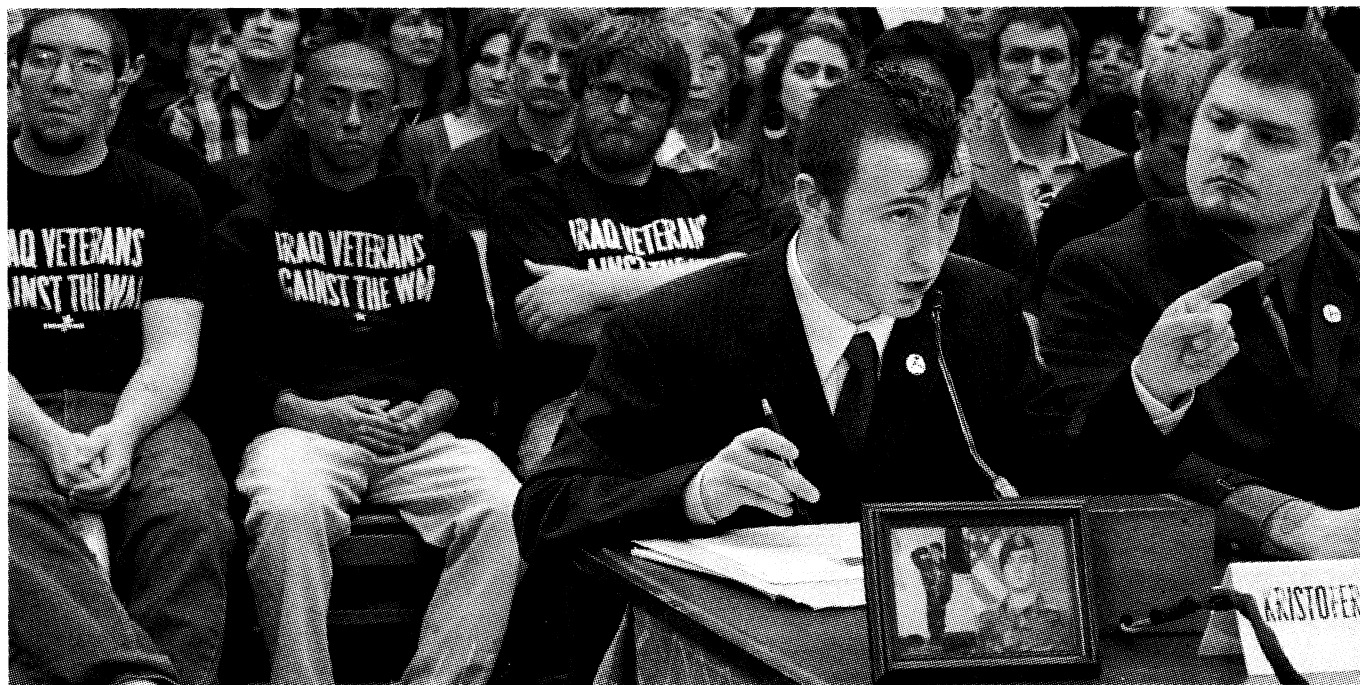
Goldsmith recounted the details of a night operation, one during which he was covering his commanding officer as an Iraqi squad executed a raid. The child, brandishing a faux AK-47 on a rooftop, was in Goldsmith's sight, but Goldsmith, having probable cause to shoot, did not. It was the Iraqi children, throwing bricks when their easily shoot-able parents could not, who made Goldsmith's "miserable experience even more physically painful." Goldsmith didn't shoot, knowing the hell that could come his way would be a greater threat than the prevailing one.

Kristofer Goldsmith, a Long Islander who enlisted in the U.S. Marines out of high school, found himself at 18, with "the God-like power to destroy anything." Acting as the right hand of the U.S.A. in Sadr City, Goldsmith found that his training with heavy artillery was not usable as the Iraqi Conflict became a game of insurgency, and he became recast as a ground intelligence officer. It wasn't the halo of bombs but the "flash of a camera" which burned indelible images into his memory. These pictures, projected onto a plain wall in Harriman Hall, were a

window into the frayed outskirts of Baghdad. The streets were brown and black: it was not sand, pavement, or the River Styx, but raw sewage flowing down the boulevard, loosed by bombs and the crush and roll of Abrams tanks down the streets during the invasion.

pictures taken by soldiers to show off their kills, much like the proto-European practice of beheading one's enemies after battle and tying the severed head to the victor's belt. My, haven't we advanced! Those further up the chain of command would snatch the pictures

smith left Iraq but followed the soldiers back. One-in-five soldiers suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), and eighteen Iraqi War veterans commit suicide every day. The death has not stopped in Iraq, where there is no accurate number of casualties, only es-



Goldsmith was ordered to a sewer, where he had to photo-ID the bodies of twelve men who had been killed and dumped. "I was walking around, totally fucked up, making it less real by looking through the LCD screen and not at their faces," Goldsmith said as he showed the pictures he took of faces abused and decayed beyond identification. "War porn" was the only thing they could be, he reasoned, as no person could be identified from the pictures he took. "War porn" is a term for

and claim them as their own and trade them like "Pokemon cards." Goldsmith stood before the bodies as flies brought the "smell of death" to his face, a smell which he could not scrub, sanitize or boil out.

"I smelled a lot of death in Iraq, lots of dead animals, and there is a big difference between that and the smell of a dead human being," Goldsmith said. "I smelled it non-stop. Food tasted like death. My dreams smelled like death."

The death did not stop once Gold-

timates somewhere in the vague sea between 10,000 and 100,000, where millions of people suffer the effects of PTSD from living in Armageddon for over six years. "I encourage you not to just care about the soldiers, but the Iraqis, and do something. Go speak to a representative and tell them why this is wrong," Goldsmith said, "Stop-loss is wrong."

The loss has not stopped. Thus, it is wrong.

Editorial Board

Executive Editor
James Laudano

Managing Editor
Emma Kobolakis

Associate Editor
Najib Aminy

Business Manager
Katie Knowlton

Production Manager
Tia Mansouri

News Editors
Laura Cooper
Jake Conarck

Features Editor
Alex H. Nagler

Arts Editor
Andrew Fraley

Photo Editor
Roman Sheydvaser

Copy Editors
Cindy Liu
Chris Mellides
Kelly Yu

Webmaster
Chris Williams

Audiomaster
Andrew Fraley

Ombudsman
Jowy Romano

Minister of Archives
Jesse Schoeper

Layout Design by
Jowy Romano

Staff

Kotei Aoki
Ross Barkan
Vincent Barone
Raina Bedford
Matt Braunstein
Tony Cai
Canteloupe
J.C. Chan
Doug Cion
Natalie Crnosija
Caroline D'Agati
Joe Donato
Nick Eaton
Michael Felder
Vincent Michael Festa
Joe Filippazzo
Amelia Fischer
Jamie Freiermuth
Ilyssa Fuchs
Rob Gilheany
David Knockout Ginn
Joanna Goodman
Stephanie Hayes
Marta Gyvel
Andrew Jacob
Elizabeth Kaplan
Olga Kaplan
Jack Katsman
Rebecca Kleinhaut
Peter Langone
Iris Lin

Frank Loiacono
Erin Mansfield
Justin Meltzer
Chris Mellides
James Messina
Steve McLinden
Samantha Monteleone
Frank Myles
Daniel Offner
Chris Oliveri
Ben van Overmeire
Laura Paesano
Grace Pak
Rob Pearsall
Jon Pu
Aamer Qureshi
Kristine Renigen
Dave Robin
Joe Safdia
Natalie Schultz
Scott Silsbe
Jonathan Singer
Rose Slupski
Amberly Timperio
Lena Tumasyan
Marcel Votluka
Alex Walsh
Brian Wasser
Matt Willemain
Jason Wirchin
Jie Jenny Zou

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

The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(631) 632-6451 Voice
(631) 632-4137 Fax
Email: sbpressnews@gmail.com

editorials

Hey, Guv'nor, CUT THIS!

We're sure you've heard the news by now. Yes, Stony Brook University, along with most of the SUNY system, will have to suffer through an additional budget cut next month. This comes after the government in Albany slashed the SUNY budget late this summer. As a result, there will be a hiring freeze implemented here at our school. That means no new professors, no new graduate assistants, no new major hirings at all. However, we're not going to go into the details here. For the full rundown of the damage and reactions from Albany, see Najib Aminy's article in this issue. What we're going to do right here is shed some light on just what else New York is spending our money on in the hope of giving you some perspective on the whole screwed up situation.

Many of you are aware that both local professional baseball franchises, the Yankees and the Mets, are opening new stadiums next spring. The new

Yankee Stadium received 235 million taxpayer dollars. This despite the fact that the Yankees have more money than most African nations. The stadium will also only create a mere fifteen new permanent jobs on top of the jobs from the old Yankee stadium. The Mets are not without fault, either. Their new stadium, Citi Field, will receive 180 million in taxpayer revenue. This despite being one of the richer franchises in professional sports and receiving twenty million dollars per year from Citi Bank just for the naming rights of the stadium.

If we look within the realm of education here in New York we also find some bizarre budgetary bullshit. Cornell University, one of the Ivy League schools in the northeast, has a sort of half-SUNY, half-private status going for it. As such, it receives state funding on top of its six billion dollars in endowments and Bundy Aid money from being a (half) private university. In ad-

dition, due to its Ivy League status, it is unlikely that Cornell will receive nearly as many SUNY budget cuts as schools like Stony Brook, Buffalo or Binghamton. What the hell, Albany?

These are just two examples of the mishandling of our state's budgets by those in Albany. The only branch of public funding to get cut harder than SUNY is state corrections. Think on this when you go into the ballot box on November 4. Sure, the race for President of the USA is important, but you'll be shocked to find that the local and state elections you vote for have a much heavier impact on your daily lives.

In a recent meeting, University President Kenny said, "We've taken the hits more than anyone else. It's just not rational." You're completely right, President Kenny. It's just not rational and it sucks.

Shirley Strum Kenny Moment Number 12!

For this Shirley moment – number 12 on our list – we're reaching back to the late 1990's. In 1997, Shirley was holding four part time jobs. On top of earning \$170,000 per year for her services here at Stony Brook, Kenny was a member on the Board of Directors of Toys 'R' Us, on the Advisory Board of Chase Manhattan and the Scholarship Committee of Seagrams. However, perhaps her most noteworthy part-time job then was as a member of the Board of Directors of Computer Associates.

(CA), which is based here on Long Island, has made numerous donations to Stony Brook over the years. In March of 1996 they donated a sizeable sum of money to expand the Computer Sciences department. That's not to mention Charles Wang's (who was CEO of Computer Associates at the time) donation to build the structure which bears his name here on campus. However, this raised many alarms at the time since it

seemed CA was simply pumping money into our university to groom the next generation of office drones to work for them. Years later, in 2006 and 2007, Charles Wang would wind up in hot water for other shady dealings here on the Island.

However, where does our President

interest in running Stony Brook, which is a state agency. If Kenny were heavily invested in CA, she would obviously be more inclined to assist the software company in its quest to increase its influence here on campus through the above-mentioned donations. Well, it's a good thing the state put a stop to it. But

wait! Kenny actually went around the Ethics rule and wound up with over 6000 stock shares not long after earning her spot on the Board. At the time, she had roughly \$430,000 invested in the company!

Well, fortunately for the students in the Computer Science department, CA fell on some hard times along with their CEO and

their influence isn't nearly as pervasive here at SBU as it was in the late 1990's. While she didn't step over the line of blatant conflicts of interest with her involvement in CA, the evasion of the Ethics rules remains a sorry stain on President Kenny's time here.



**Been real,
Sucker!**

fit into all of this? Well, as a member of the Board of Directors, she earned around \$30,000 per year, and was offered 2,000 stock options. Due to an NY State Ethics Commission rule, she was not allowed to accept the stock options. The reason for this was to discourage any sorts of improprieties or conflicts of

Congratulations to the Stony Brook Press on their success and years of Student Journalism. I was involved in the papers photography space from 1979 to 1981 and never would have imagined that this is where it would be today. Obviously since I graduated in 1981 the Press has been guided by steady hands and leadership. I fondly remember the early years with Chris Fairhall, Eric Brand, Melissa Spielman, Scott Highman, Jeff Zolden, Parkish Mishra and my photography mentor of sorts Dana Brussel.

It was a lot of work back then in late 1970's early 80's in the photography dark rooms on campus. We had to borrow space in the Student Union dark room and a Student Organization dark room in the bowels of Benedict College. We had no equipment or budget to speak of, many a time I had to use my own paper to develop black and white prints for the weeks production.

But it was fun and well worth it, I'll never forget going to Hofstra University in 1980 for the Jimmy Carter Presidential Campaign rally. I actually spoke to Carter who said he'd like a copy of the picture I had just taken of him drinking a glass of water in front of a huge American flag that was used as the back drop for the stage he gave his campaign speech on. He said "hey young man send me a copy of the picture OK", I responded it "we'll have to charge you for that Mr. President". Carter responded to me, "heck the New York Times wouldn't even charge me for a photo request". I proudly responded, "the Stony Brook Press is a better newspaper than the Times". Carter being the good sport he was responded, "you got a point there" and then went on about his business.

Even though I sold out and joined the ranks of Wall Street after 1981, I enjoyed my Stony Brook Press experience. I was enriched by it and I know you will be too.

Sincerely,
Vinny McNeece

Wow, thank you very much, Vinny. We always love hearing from old school Stony Brook student journalists. While things have certainly changed, we'd like to think we still keep it real like you guys did back then. We're glad you keep up with the times here on campus and especially glad you enjoy the paper so much.

Rock on,
The Stony Brook Press

To whom this may concern:

My name is Yotam Arens and I'm a freshman here at SBU. I recently read the Fall 2008 edition of *The Comrade* and wanted to respond to the article titled "If you really know Israel." I admit that I am unfamiliar with *The Stony Brook Press*, and more specifically the Communist subsection, so I am not exactly certain what the tone these articles are supposed to take. That aside, I read the article written by John Tucker regarding Israel and the Arab-Israeli conflict. I fully support the paper's right to free speech/free press, but I think a line has been crossed with the article. John Tucker is most certainly entitled to his opinion, but he must keep in mind that he is writing to a largely uninformed readership. The analogies that he draws (Netanyahu Concordia incident to Ahmadinejad UN incident, kidnapping Israeli soldiers to Arab prisoners) are not based on facts; they're based on a distortion of the truth, a distortion that most readers will not realize.

I would like to write a response to Tucker's article so that SBU students will be aware of the facts that the author twisted and distorted. It is only fair to the readers of *The Stony Brook Press* to be presented the facts first, and then hear an opinion.

I hope to hear from you soon,
Thank you,
Yotam Arens

Dear Yotam,

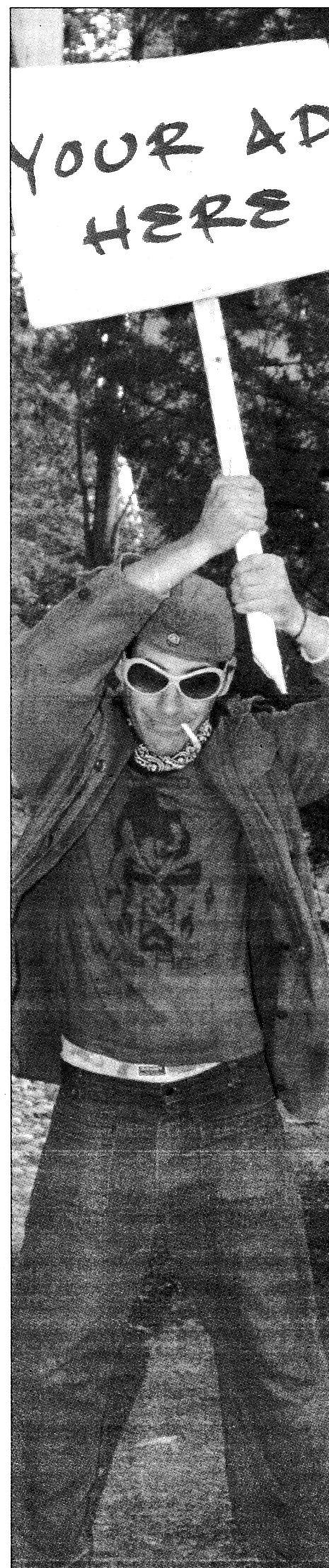
Those renegade writers for *The Comrade* sure screwed things up, didn't they? Personally, we've never actually met this John Tucker guy. He's not in our staff box, that's for sure!

However, in terms of the "line [being] crossed" we disagree. We here at *The Stony Brook Press* don't believe in lines. We also believe that the readership, while not as informed as you perhaps, deserves more credit than you give them. We also fail to see how the issue of Israeli and Palestinian prisoners Mr. Tucker draws is not based in fact. There is little difference between the captures of Mr. Goldwasser and Regev and those of the thousands of Palestinians over the last few decades. The one most notable difference, we would say, is that Israel had the means to fight a war in response to the incidents two summers ago.

We do invite you to write anything you like in response to the article. We will publish it, I assure you. After all, there is that whole free speech/free press thing you mentioned. Whether or not you choose to respond, one thing is certain: John Tucker Must Die! As well as his misfit friends Ferris Bueller and Gilbert Grape.

Best regards,
The Stony Brook Press

Correction: We would like to apologize to Ethan Fox for miscrediting his photo essay in the previous issue. We credited it to Nick Fox. We're very sorry. We don't blame you if you're mad at us, Ethan. We only hope that you find it in your heart to forgive us. For what it's worth, it was an awesome photo spread!



Request an ad packet:
sbpressnews@gmail.com

More Room For Stretching

Will the new Recreation Center live up to its promises?

By Jie Jenny Zou

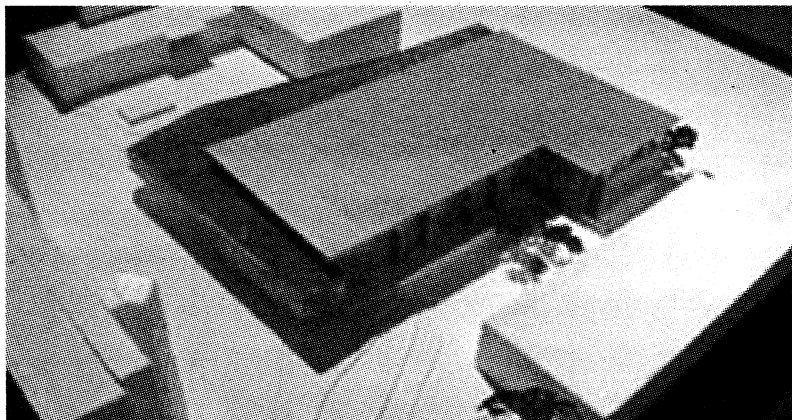
Is overcrowding at the SAC Wellness Center getting you down? Are short weekend hours cutting down on your flextime? Gym rats, fear no more.

In a press conference on Wednesday Susan DiMonda, Dean of Health, and Marie Turchiano, Campus Recreation Director, confirmed the University's plan to build a new recreation center. Slated to open in 2011 for the incoming class, the center will cater to the needs of the long-ignored intramurals, sports clubs and the typical SBU student who wants to forgo the "freshman 15." The specs for the two floor plus basement center boast nearly 50,000 square feet of space to exercise to your heart's content; that's five times the size of the current Wellness Center located on the 3rd floor of the SAC.

The plan to build comes in light of the growing demand for workout space. With the Sports Complex mainly serving the Athletics Department and the SAC viciously overcrowded, focus will be put on open recreation and non-committal programs. The center will in-

troduce a multi-court arena with room for basketball, indoor soccer, badminton, floor hockey (with ability to "play off the walls") and an overlooking

extend through the weekend and late weeknights, making the center open for use 18 hours a day and 7 days per week. 3. Amenities include a wellness suite



How are we supposed to alleviate overcrowding with a building that small?!

one-tenth mile track.

The Obvious Positives:

1. New fitness studios will be able to accommodate 40-50 people as opposed to the SAC dance studios current capacity of 20-25 people. This will allow for both a greater range of class programming and for multiple classes to run simultaneously.

2. The projected hours of service will

with a possible computation site, free daily use of lockers, TV monitors, showers, a lounge area with wireless internet, a storage area and a laundry service specifically designated for Sport Clubs.

The Not-So-Pretty:

1. The projected cost is \$37.5 million. That's your student activity fee and then some. Consider this in conjunction

with the planned budget cuts. 2. The recreation center is slated to open in 2011. We all know how good Stony Brook is at keeping its promises; Roth Food Court anyone?

3. Location: Between the pool and right next to the Union. Will require you to go through the Stadium parking lot to get to its single, card-swipe entrance.

3. The current Wellness Center in the SAC will be transformed into a series of dance studios to house Stony Brook's currently un-housed dance groups. This may or may not be as a bad thing.

4. A unisex changing room. \$37.5 million couldn't purchase a dividing wall?

5. As usual, undergraduate students will have access to the center for free, while graduate students and faculty members will have to purchase memberships. Expect the same cardio machines, free weights and circuit training of the SAC, just on a larger scale. I'm sure all of you reading will be ecstatic come June for the ground-breaking ceremony, especially since many of us will no longer be here (God willingly) to see this project come to fruition. That is, if the global economy does not collapse before then.

The Park Bench Returns

By Cindy Liu

In the heart of what has been a complacent, frustratingly placid community for ages, Jeff Capri is reviving the Park Bench at 1095 Route 25a, one of the few spots in the area that had once alleviated the Stony Brook University student's desperate need for a practical escape from campus.

Capri—who at one point ran Dewey's Flat Iron and Croton Reservoir Tavern, situated in Manhattan—hopes to expand the family-run business on Long Island. Once a bartender at the old Park Bench, he saw the local bar at its height; attracting residents and students with its dance floor, bar area, and outdoor barbeque. When the bar's past owner had stepped aside, other bars occupied the space left behind, virtually all of them eventually being cited for serving alcohol to underage drinkers.



Sit on this.

Roman Sheydvasser

When asked about the building's history of hosting those who served alcohol to patrons under 21 years of age, Capri immediately replied, "Can't have it. It's a \$12,000 fine for the bar and for the bartender it's \$1,500 and a night in jail." He added that he will have off duty cops in the bar to be on the lookout. Also on the management team are Peter Vafeas and Sean Chamberlain, who is a graduate of Stony Brook University.

Though the bar is slated to open the week of Monday, October 6, the new Park Bench is still undergoing its finishing touches, which includes training the staff and installing a total of 22 television screens. Along with its massive number of television screens, the new Park Bench will offer pub food with what Capri calls a "New York City twist," along with customized alcoholic beverages, such as Bench beer and Bench Chardonnays. The place boasts a comfortable and casual atmosphere in which one can sit back and have a good

drink, but at the same time it hopes to project itself as a friendly and inviting place in order to attract patrons of all ages. "We love Stony Brook and we want to set up a good relationship with everyone," Capri said. In an effort to reach out to the rest of the community, the Bench will have a shuttle service transporting people from the University Hospital to the bar (and eventually the main campus, he added) and back. He will arrange special events such as "Nurses' Night," which offers drink specials for hospital employees, and a plan is in place for the night of Halloween. The Bench will also serve as a venue for live music—and will host DJs, as well.

There is a lot of faith in future projects that the return of the Park Bench goes well. The Park Bench looks to be a cool, multi-faceted place that will not only provide a temporary escape for Stony Brookers seeking it, but a sense of home for those who are removed from it.

NY Senate Majority Hinges On A Solitary Race

By Nick Eaton

Though not spoken of with the fervor of this year's presidential election, the New York State Senate election is still supremely important. For the first time since 1965 New York Democrats have an opportunity to seize control of the Senate. With the Assembly and Governorship already under their control, the Democrats would be free to write state policy how they wish. The Republicans currently hold a majority of one solitary individual and for many Long Islanders on either side of the party divide, the majority hinges upon

New York's 3rd district.

Caesar Trunzo, incumbent Republican candidate for New York's 3rd district, has held the office as such since 1973. His challenger, Brian X. Foley, served fourteen years in the Suffolk County legislature and has been Town Supervisor of Brookhaven since 2005. The main political device disputed in this election is a cap on school taxes, which Trunzo supports and Foley will only support in conjunction with a tax reduction (similar to Barack Obama's) for families earning up to \$250,000 annually. Despite sharing a common interest in this prominent issue, each campaign sees this particular race as vastly important for different reasons.

When reached for comment, Nate Marks from the Trunzo campaign expressed concern with the focus of a possible Democratic leadership. Marks believes that Long Island and Upstate interests may be overshadowed by city leadership as established by a Democratic majority in the Senate. The current governor, David Paterson, and Speaker of the New York State Assembly, Sheldon Silver, both represent New York City constituencies. In the event of a Democratic majority, Malcom Smith of Queens would replace Dean Skelos of Rockville Centre, which Marks believes will tip the scales away from Long Island interests.

Ibrahim Khan, Communications

Director of the Foley campaign, argued for the importance of fresh ideas, denouncing what he called the "status quo leadership" of the New York State Senate. Calling Foley "one of a new generation of leaders," Khan focused on Foley's record, stating that, as Town Supervisor, he had eliminated waste and corruption by ending no-bid insurance contracts. In essence, Khan presents Foley's candidacy as a call for change.

In a time of harsh cuts to SUNY schools, it is obvious why this election holds particular importance to voters. This pivotal race has tectonic potential to shift policies in either direction on par with that of the higher profile presidential race.

Thank You For Coming
by Shannan Lee Hayes
September 5-15



Photos by Roman Sheydvasser

Guide to Being a Hipster Douchebag

By Najib Amini

Are you a twenty-something and still find yourself amused by outdated seventies sitcom shows? Would you travel to a neighboring town to buy your groceries in an organic market? Have you just watched Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth* and are riled up about the environment, but have no idea where to spark change? Well, grab a pack of some delectably imported Parliament cigarettes, button up a plaid jacket, and head to the nearest dive bar to join the passive aggressive fight against the establishment.

But before one can attend a dive bar, one must prepare to jump into the realm of hipsterdom, essentially signing one's email address to receive Oxfam America spam or creating a Myspace page, with intense mental and physical preparation.

First, for one, Hipsters, according to the Nationmaster's online Encyclopedia, originated in the 1940s Jazz era. Back then, most hipsters had been white jazz enthusiasts, and later in the fifties, they grew fond of African-American culture and avant-garde styled art. The sixties, sparked by pot-smoking, tree-hugging, non-bathing liberalism, resulted in the transformation of the word, "hipster," into "hippies."

Nearly fifty years later, hipsters have unintentionally hit the scene again. A socially accepted view, according to *The Hipster Handbook*, of a hipster is "one who possesses tastes, social attitudes, and opinions deemed as being cool by the cool. The hipster walks among the masses in daily life, but is not a part of them and must shun or reduce to kitsch anything held dear by the mainstream. A hipster ideally possesses no more than 2% body fat."

Thus, one must appropriately dress, eat, think and act in a specific manner before raising one's black glove against conglomerate America.

The first step one must take before saving the environment or learning trivial information, such as the stepmother of Marilyn Monroe's third hairstylist, is to get the look down. For one, kiss comfortable clothing goodbye; nut-chaffing jeans for males traditionally mark the look for any impartial hipster and potato sack dresses with spandex leggings for females. Wearing either presents the

image of, "I am too busy scoffing at mainstream America to care if I stand out like a sore-thumb on any lunch line."

Generally, to become a true hipster, one should refrain from wearing anything that represents the norm. Rather, they should create the norm and then abandon it like a bastard child as soon as it becomes a trend. One can find his or herself ahead of the curve by shopping at their local thrift store, closing their eyes, and selecting a wardrobe, of which hipster colleagues and associates will inevitably feel compelled to compliment. It is important to remember that being a hipster is not for everyone. One must sacrifice the comfort of breathing room for one's genitals when wearing skin tight pants or adapt a new breathing style when accessorizing an 18th century French corset salvaged from the Bastille.

Aside from general clothing, accessories allow oneself to further express individuality and stamp "Anti-norm" on one's style. For one, non-prescription thick-rimmed glasses allow one to look into their pocket mirror and remember the hipster revolutionaries, like Buddy Holly and Elvis Costello. With the resurgence of confidence, one may prevent a cool draft to their neck and cleavage area by sporting an unintended (or is it?) political statement called the keffiyeh.

Worn by Yasser Arafat, the late former leader of the Palestinian Liberation Organization, the keffiyeh is a symbol of Palestinian struggles against Israeli oppression. Daytime television cooking host Rachel Ray caught headlines when she wore a white and black keffiyeh in a Dunkin' Doughnuts commercial after Fox News commentator Michelle Malkin said the keffiyeh symbolized "murderous Palestinian jihad." Dunkin' Donuts retracted the ad, yet the keffiyeh has now become its own symbol of hipster douche-baggery. Whether in support of Palestine's efforts against the puppet-controllers of America, Israel, or against the media baron Rupert Murdoch, the keffiyeh lets people know that you are well aware of current events and choose to express it by wearing a keffiyeh; and that you choose to prevent being cold around your neck area despite wearing an ironic graphic small-fit tee. Or perhaps it signifies that you, too, are the fashion bastard child of St. Mark's Street and Beacon's Closet.

With the look covered, the next step is becoming cultured and amused by only life's most vintage and artistic cultures. Appreciation for art many years senior to one's generation hits the message home that one enjoys only the finest things of life, such as avant-garde oil canvasses of umbrellas or polar bears. Shifting from art to television, one must become familiar with popular seventies and eighties pop-culture and sitcoms (if, as a hipster, you believe in television at all, given that many hipsters avoid TV altogether). A good idea would be to watch VH1's *I Love the 70's* and *I Love the 80's* until there is no more valuable information left to saturate one's brain, usually after the first five minutes. It is important to withhold such valuable knowledge as hipsters, despite knowing so much about nothing, tend to spend more time reading or knitting their own clothes than watching television.

Clothing, finger paint art and "Welcome Back Kotter" are just a few of the things that draw the outline of the hipster. Yet, musical tastes are the crayons of neon yellow and puke green that color in the substance of any hipster. If a band is well known, then one must refuse to listen to it and may bash the band for growing soft and mainstream. Of Montreal, whose song, "Wraith Pinned to the Mist and Other Games" was used for a popular Outback Steakhouse commercial and quickly resulted to the decline of their popularity among hipsters. In the eyes of a hipster, listening to the radio is similar to pouring molten steel through one's ears, unless it's a college radio station that plays unknown Indie music. Popular hipster bands tend to have obscure names and will generally be unheard of forever. Every once in a blue moon will a hipster band go mainstream.

With the look and ideology set, it is important to have the mannerisms down. For one, everything that is controlled by Corporate America is to be avoided at all costs. A fixed gear bicycle



A typical hipster. Stench of irony not included.

with a pad-lock should be the number one choice of travel, as this leaves the smallest carbon-footprint, with the second choice of travel being public transportation. When it comes to food, organic food is the purest form of nourishment. After adhering to the hipster diet for a month, one will find nothing more appetizing than mashed-up chic peas with a side of dry lettuce three times of the day. Aside from eating, one should only smoke for social reasons rather than easing one's stress for this presents the image that one has friends and looks important yet is very discreet about it.

Coffee is an essential part of daily existence that every hipster must accept. One thing that every hipster must have memorized, besides British Imperial history, is the menu at any local coffee shop. One can jeopardize his or her character when ordering a hazel-nut flavored cappuccino with a double shot of espresso on a hot summers day or making the mistake of having a blended mocha frappuccino during the winter time. Other than the menu, coffee shops allow hipsters to congregate and discuss very important issues such as the best vegan dessert at loud decibels among a chic atmosphere. If for some reason one

is alone and in need of a third or fourth coffee a day, coffee shops are number one in accommodating room for hipsters. With enough elbow room for Queen Victoria and her twelve knights, tables in coffee shops allow one to work on their MacBook Pro or read the *Styles* section of *The New York Times*.

After spending one's college loan on outlandish clothing, four copies of the *Rosetta Stone* to four different European languages, and album purchases of bands no one has heard of, one can find him or herself among completion of becoming a hipster. But how does one know if they have completed becoming a hipster?

Simple, if one is accused of being a hipster, one is a hipster. The common reply, "I am not a hipster, those people are hipsters, not me," warrants that you are in the first stage of denial and have successfully transformed into becoming a hipster. If one's reply is yes, one would

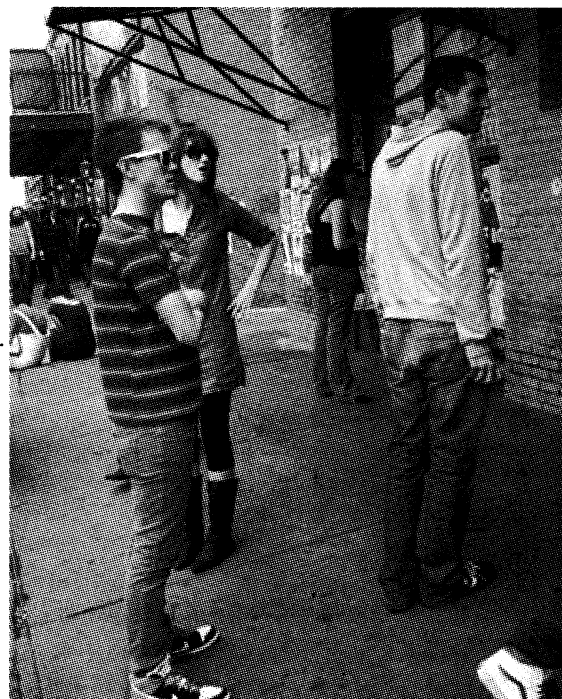
be considered a hipster amongst others, but is considered less of a hipster than the hipster who says he or she is not a hipster.

Through hipster practice, one inevitably acquires distinguished self-absorbing perception of oneself and knowingly expresses menacing glares at those deemed unworthy, essentially everyone outside one's circle of hipster friends. Upon gaining this enlightened vision of thinking, one may enter a dive bar, drink some Pabst Blue Ribbon and have intercourse. Afterwards, one can discuss it over coffee before entering another dive bar and experience the Hipster cycle. Periods of time between drinking coffee and attending dive bars can be filled with listening to no-name Indie music, attending some liberal arts class, or getting high.

But before you commit yourself to being the poster boy/girl for stuffwhite-peoplelike.com, realize that you may

one day find yourself wandering Williamsburg or the lower east side, starving and alone, with naught to com-

fort you but an empty trust fund and an ironic but useless chip on your shoulder.



THE HIPSTER BUDGET, A STUDY DONE BY MARIE CLAIRE ON WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A HIPSTER... OTHER THAN YOUR DIGNITY

ASYMMETRICAL HAIRCUT WITH BLUNT BANGS: \$450/YEAR

UNIFORM (NEON RAY-BANS, CHECKERED SCARF, AMERICAN APPAREL TEE, RAG & BONE SKINNY JEANS, VANS): \$574

SCHWINN CRUISER: \$240

PARLIAMENT-AND-PBR HABIT: \$100/MONTH

NAUTICAL STAR TATTOO: \$70

COLLEGE LOANS ON STUDIO-ART DEGREE: \$200/MONTH

IRONIC CHIP ON SHOULDER: FREE

ANNUAL COST: \$4934

What You Don't Know About Furies

By Jonathan Singer

The freaks are taking over. With its "Geek Squad" technical support service, Best Buy advertises the hipness of being a nerd, while hipsters walk around wearing thick rimmed glasses to keep up with the latest fashion trends. The dreams of these nerds become reality on a steady basis. Forty years ago they put a man on the moon, then Reagan had the audacity to name it "Star Wars," and today, militaries develop mecha suits that let people lift 400 pounds with ease.

There are Live Action Role Players, hackers, Trekkies, Nerdcore rappers and sci-fi novelists. Then there's the duo of Paul Calhoun and Barry Levin, two Stony Brook University students with a knack for nerdy subcultures

And according to these two, now it's the furies that everyone's looking down on.

People have their rumors, and it's the job of Calhoun and Levin to quell speculations. Those involved in furry fandom have a thing for anthropomorphic mammals, and thus some of them go as far as dressing up as exactly that. Think of a person wearing a Wolfie costume, only they enjoy it and don't get paid for it.

Along comes Rule 34, a meme that suggests that if it exists there is porn for it. That would imply there is porn for *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and *Battlestar Galactica*, along with furies who proceed to fornicate in their suits.

"Like everything there is a spec-

trum," says Levin. Calhoun goes as far to admit that he identifies as a furry, but "the difference between me and the full suit is money," he says. "And I have no yippie tendencies."

way," says Calhoun.

As colleagues, Calhoun and Levin created a group to deal with these issues. While they're yet to receive USG recognition and thus funding, the Ad-



Yes, some people find this attractive. Get over it.

For the record, "yippie" is a word for sex. Like many, many other furies, Calhoun enjoys the craftsmanship involved in designing and making fur suits, just like other fanboys and fangirls enjoy the craftsmanship involved in forging and wearing knight's armor or dressing as their favorite X-Man. "It's like the fashion industry in a different

vanced Civil Rights Organization (ACRO) is working on creating a forum for stigmatized subcultures. And as long as both parties consent, the two officers (and so far the only members at Stony Brook) support the rights of sexually charged furies.

For some reason, in a recent interview with Levin and Calhoun the sub-

ject matter would commonly shift to furies, as opposed to Live Action Role Players or Trekkies. "The human society tends to run very significantly into the anecdotal system," says Calhoun. To put things into context, Levin asks, "if you consider it, what's Bugs Bunny?" An episode of *CSI* that falsely portrayed a furry convention as being based around sex certainly does nothing to help fix stigmas. "I know a couple of people who have boycotted *CSI* just because of that," says Levin, although both he and Calhoun admit they have never seen the episode.

But other nerds still have their fair share of problems, and ACRO is an inclusive organization. For example, Calhoun asks the question, "How much of a weapon is a concealed buffer sword?" For a live action role player, the right to bear arms becomes a significant legal issue. "We support the rights of LARPer in public," says Levin.

The I-CON science fiction and fantasy convention is only once a year, and is not returning to Stony Brook in April. But these people, whom some consider "freaks," are active all year round. Some of them choose to have sex, just as some of them choose to joust like it's the year 1423. "We're okay with consensual violence," says Levin.

But both are willing to admit that, unlike nerds, no technological advancement would make furies an integral part of society. So while some people spend their weekends shooting foxes in the woods, others spend their weekends dressing up as foxes in the suburbs.



MY LIFE AS A SEX WRITER W/ DICK DELICIOUS

"I saw the e-mail, Dick," said Sean. He was positively baffled, that much was certain. I knew what his next words were going to be even before he uttered them. I took a deep inhale on my cigarette and my ears strained to hear my guitarist friend over the booming sound check. "Look man, I read the first issue of Dick Snot, okay. I guess I could see some similarities between your fanzine and Jimbo's, but is it true what he said?" he asked.

Sean was in a long-running local punk outfit that would occasionally play my former editor's parties at the CBGB Lounge. I told him that Jimbo was fucking crazy and everything his mouth spewed was false and completely unfounded.

"Shit, Dick" continued Sean, "I'm through with that kid too. I'm never playing another one of his gigs. Did I tell you what he did to my drummer at the Knitting Factory?" My buddy went on to say that when his band mate, Jim, was standing in line outside of the venue, Jimbo was there handing out flyers. When my former editor tried to give a flyer to Jim, he declined and told him to give it to someone who'd actually attend the show. At that, crazy Jimbo pulled out his blade and yelled, "I'll fucking cut you, man!" Then he was chased away with flyers and knife in hand.

Anyway, my ex-editor's ridiculous e-mail fell on deaf ears and only helped soil his reputation. No one cared about his beef with me; he was perceived as a crazy kid with an acute obsession for painkillers and china white. Despite the whole mess, I started work on Dick Snot. It was a huge success. Nine years ago, when the local punk scene was positively hopping, there were a lot of different fanzines in circulation. Around the time I started my career in independent publishing, there were zero rags being distributed. Naturally, Dick

Snot became a staple in the community and was well received by a fairly wide readership. We even attracted some advertisers in Pennsylvania where my fanzine was also popular.

Before releasing my first issue, I had to employ a staff of trusty dirt-bags who shared my seriously warped views on life and liked porn, drinking and getting into trouble with the law. I remember thinking that this was going to be tough. Who could I turn to? And what the hell would the content of my first fanzine even look like?

Around that time I was drinking, a



lot. One time, I was at this bar pounding beers with a co-worker from my job in retail. He called himself Bismarc; a name he chose based on an obscure reference to German pornography, and was your run-of-the-mill metal head. Generally, metal heads and punks rarely ever get along, although a bottle of Jack and some primo cigarettes are continuously proven to remedy such a situation. Anyway, we were drinking pretty hard that night. That was when I told him about Jimbo's threat to stab me in a back alley and leave me dead and bleeding.

"So, look man," I began "I'm starting this fanzine. I don't know what it's going to be called, but I really want to

piss people off with outrageously offensive content. Are you in?"

"Dude, I can't fucking write," said Bismarc.

I told him that I didn't care and that with his help we'd make something unique and explosive—much like a bottle of petrol stuffed with a lit rag begging to be thrown.

Bismarc was in and we went back to his place to chalk up some ideas for the first issue. We were drinking 40 oz. bottles of Bud, and he had his portable stereo playing tunes in the background. Between Iron Maiden and Motorhead

pornography at his disposal. I remember being drunk when I called him. I told him about our new zine and that we wanted him to review adult films; I ended the call by saying that I'd give him some time to think it over and that he could call me back when he made up his mind. Roughly forty-five seconds later he called and said, "Fuck it! I'm in!"

With that, I told him that there would be no way I'd assign the name "Bob" for his byline. It was too boring. I suggested we call him Rob and then I blurted out, "Rob. We're going to call you Rob Smut." And so it was.

Unlike Bismarc, Rob was a cracker-jack writer. His porn reviews were punchy and absolutely hilarious. He cranked out around ten reviews for the first issue and I picked five of his best ones.

He mostly commented on good films. Some of those reviews were so interesting and entertaining. Naturally, I wanted to see these movies for myself. Rob's critiques were just so persuasive that I couldn't help myself from being completely drawn in. He sold the product and should have been awarded a medal for his efforts. And that's when I first started building a porn collection. It was hardly anything to get excited over. It was a small lot of films.

Within days of releasing Issue One of Dick Snot the inbox of the e-mail address I created for reader mail bulged with e-mails from people who loved Rob's stuff. He made it seem so easy.

I thought to myself, "Hell, I could do it too." I wanted in on the sex industry and I had a very real desire to fill my pockets in the process, if I could. I immediately scoured the net for online publications that dealt with adult film reviews and I feverishly began sending out employment inquiries.

I was to become a part-time sex-writing pervert.

*Do you want to know how
I got these scars?*

By joining **THE PRESS**

UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME



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

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

Punk Rock Is Law, You Are Crime

By Jonathan Singer

There's no crime in punk rock, but "Random Punk Kid" still wishes to remain anonymous. At least he lives up to his punk name by volunteering at one of the few remaining do it yourself (DIY) scenes left in New York. Coming to ABC No Rio, a "collective of collectives" in Manhattan's Lower East Side on Saturdays, is the highlight of RPK's week where he donates his time to keep the movement alive through six dollar shows that feature punk rock.

Real punk rock.

The music may be fast moving and aggressive, and some of the patrons may sport interesting hairdos, but ABC No Rio pre-screens lyrics to ensure no racist, sexist or homophobic bands take the stage. "This is a safe environment," says Camilla Gonclaves, a 20 year-old volunteer in ABC No Rio's Hardcore/Punk collective.

"Punk is about bringing people together," says RPK, who is quick to make the distinction between skin-heads (the Jamaican ones) and skin-heads (the Nazi ones). "It's about unity."

That unity is echoed throughout ABC No Rio's space, a four-story building located at 156 Rivington Street. With Times-Up!, a New York City bike collective losing its rented space a few blocks north and west on Houston Street, it's good to be a landowner on the Lower East Side. While Times-Up! has made the basement of ABC No Rio its makeshift home (bicycle repair workshops are Tuesdays and Thursdays), ABC No Rio, a 501(c)(3) organization, has owned 156 Rivington street since June 2006.

Before ABC No Rio purchased the building, the organization still rocked out with punk shows, a dark-room (film is punk rock), a zine library, computer center (open source software is punk rock), and a Food Not Bombs chapter. It was also somewhat controversial, as 156 Rivington Street was home to squatters in a time before gentrification took over the Lower East Side.

The building was a ramshackle, but the city sold the space to the collective for one dollar, provided they renovate and keep their activities community oriented.

"So it can't become a bar," says volunteer Nat Meysenburg. ABC No Rio

hardcore/punk matinees are all ages and alcohol free, but over the past few years bars, as well as designer shoe stores, have taken residence on Rivington Street, next to and across the street from ABC No Rio. "We're not the loudest thing on the block anymore, at least," says volunteer Bill Quattromani.

Renovations are another issue, as the building has not changed since 2006. From the revenue collected by the six-dollar concert charge, ABC No Rio receives around thirty percent. There is

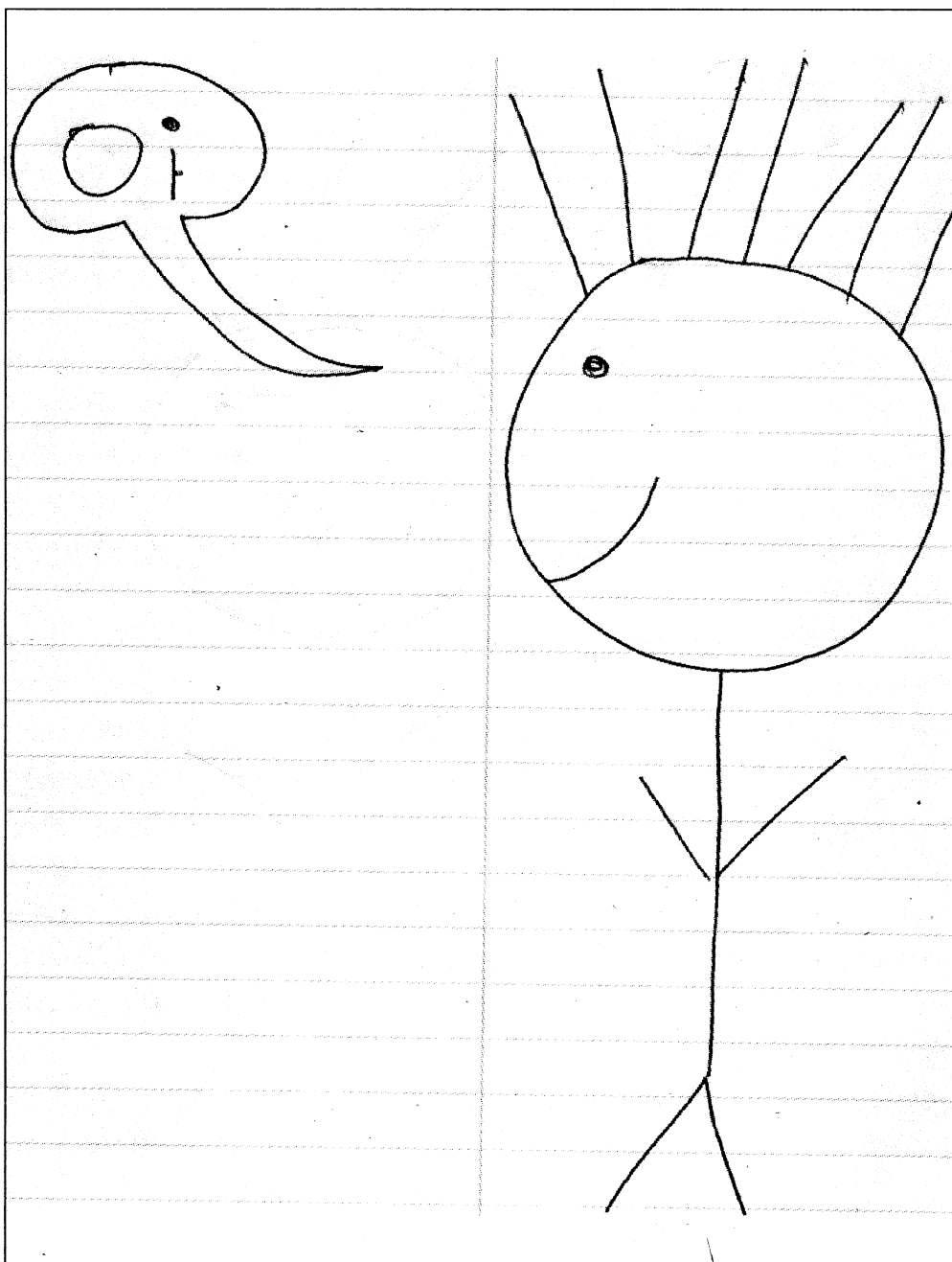
recycled paper). Since the original building is beyond repair, plans call for demolition and the construction of a new space, which would cost \$2.6 million. This new building, however, will be a physical manifestation of the DIY ethos, albeit somewhat more complicated. Designed by architect Paul Castucci, it will feature a solar photovoltaic system, a planted green roof, and a heat recovery ventilation system, among other measures. "Although at the moment it is both technologically and eco-

ican Hardcore" didn't film at ABC No Rio, three months ago the popular/mainstream rock band Alkaline Trio requested to film a music video at the space. (Maybe it's because in true punk fashion, the stage at ABC No Rio is on the same level as the floor). "A lot of people want to start riding our coattails," says Meysenburg.

Instead, ABC No Rio books bands like Polka Madre, who tour the US in a yellow mini school bus. "I miss New York in the 70s, even though I didn't know it," says lead singer Eric Bergman. Unlike the other bands who played last Saturday, Polka Madre is not punk or hardcore, but, of all other possible genres, closer to neo-klezmer, a Yiddish folk music style. Members of the hardcore/punk collective are actively seeking to book independent bands from other genres, and a recent matinee show was Polka Madre's fourth or fifth time performing at ABC No Rio, or enough times that Bergman lost count. "We didn't even play our most Jewish song because it's a punk show," says Bergman.

But that doesn't mean the assembled crowd wouldn't be open to more klezmer. The bands at these shows come from as far as Argentina and Spain, and the fans who come to watch come from all over the New York City area. "I mostly hang out in the dance scene and not the hardcore scene," says Robin Frantz, who recently attended his second ABC No Rio Saturday matinee. Frantz's parents, Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth of the new wave band, Talking Heads, made a name for themselves playing as a non-punk at the more popular (and more for profit) punk venue CBGB. But the younger Frantz, 25, still has a knack for DIY. "You shouldn't wait for approval," says Frantz, who was born into a record industry that he says was more family oriented in the 1980s, when Talking Heads was at the height of their popularity. "You guys know about Clearchannel and how fucked up they are," he says.

In step the "bookers" at ABC No Rio, who work for no pay but still keep real punk in New York City. Outside of ABC No Rio, Random Punk Kid also volunteers as an EMT and at an animal hospital. "Instead of donating my money, which I don't have, I donate my time," he says. "I like helping people out. To me, that's what punk is about."



This is "Random Punk Kid"

Jon Singer

also a plea for makeshift donations. A collection jar is passed around the floor at the end of the concert. Since volunteers cut cap admission at 150 heads (the first floor gallery space's legal capacity is twenty six), every dollar counts.

According to a brochure printed by the organization, ABC No Rio has already raised over \$400,000 through donations (using vegetable inks on

nomically prohibitive, our future goal is to use renewable energy sources to power 100% of our energy needs," says the brochure.

The new building would also double the size of the gallery and performance space.

Some of those donations came from artists in other cities who have never stepped foot on Rivington Street. Although the documentary film "Amer-



Death City: Beichuan, Sichuan, China

A Photo Essay of an Earthquake's Aftermath
by International Student Hao Li

On May 12th, 2008, at 14:38, an 8.0 magnitude earthquake struck near Wenchuan, a city in the province of Sichuan, China. By July 24th, 80,000 people had died. Beichuan, a city 130 kilometers from the epicenter, was the most destroyed. From a population of 20,000, only 4,000 survived.



Beichuan is a city in a river valley surrounded by high hills. Until the earthquake struck they were lush and green. When the buildings began falling the residents

could not stay inside and were left with only one choice – to go to the mountain side of the city.

But that turned out to be worse. The earthquake caused rock slides which rushed down the mountainside killing people and burying the town. Parts of the riverbank collapsed. Wherever the people of Beichuan ran, they faced death.

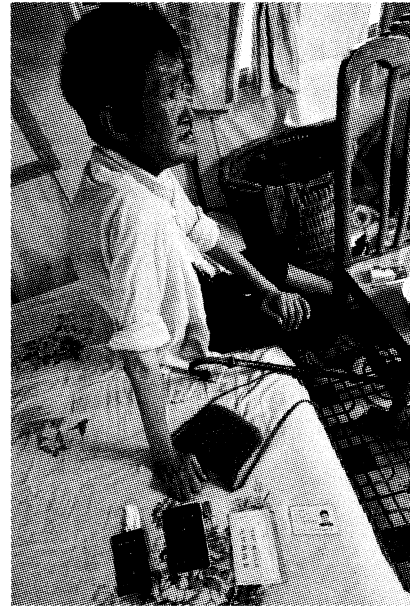
For the rest of this article I will tell the story of my trip to Beichuan in the summer after school ended. I went into Beichuan with several friends who are also photographers two months after the earthquake. On the way there were already houses in ruins but their owners were not willing to leave the land that their grandparents had left them. So they set up their tents beside the remains of their homes. Others settled in the nearest public square.

I had a very interesting and ironic story. It was the home of a famous traditional Chinese poet Li Bai or Li Po. Beside his home are two squares of open land so the government settled the survivors there. At the right side of the square survivors were making their lunch when we got there. They were preparing corn taken (fallen) from the ground.



The little girl in the picture is having her summer break but she has to spend all of her time searching for food.

The old man in the photo has lost everyone in his family - his two sons and his wife. What he had now was himself and a disabled leg. He told me that he was supposed to get the equivalent of \$30US per month from the government. This was now the third month and only now was he starting to get anything - \$10US and a half package of rice when he was supposed to get a full one. The reason for



the reduced amount, the government told him, was that since there was only him, he did not need that much money or that much rice. So many other people are busy trying to rebuild their homes but for this old man, he has no money and cannot take out a loan because he has no collateral. There was no possibility for him to ever move out from this hot tent. When people like me with our huge cameras went into his tent, maybe he thought we were journalists and he give us bottled water because he really wanted us to help him and water was all he could offer. When I looked around I saw that he drank the boiled

river water. I asked him and he said he didn't like bottled water. He was lying. When I left his tent I was drinking his water and crying. I was not a real journalist and I could not help him.

The lady in this picture came back from somewhere far away. Her home was all cracked but she was lucky – no one had died. All her savings in the bank were spent to buy food so her family of 3 could only eat 1 potato and a small bunch of green vegetables for lunch. They could only eat meat twice a month. The tent they lived in was unbearably hot – 120 degrees F. Even if they could have afforded a fan, there was no electricity.



When we went to leave and we saw there were many people on the left side of the square. When I got close I could see they were giving out water, rice and oil. I know it is just a show by CCP because they had flags all over the place and so many people stopped me from taking photos. They said that without government papers, you cannot take photos. When they were not paying attention I would take photos by holding the camera on my arm and not bringing it up to my face.

I was thinking that on opposite sides of the square there becomes a heaven and a hell. Anyway, we can't do anything. We had to continue our journey towards our destination, Beichuan.

Most of the roads towards Beichuan had been destroyed and all the



bridges were dangerous. Engineers built bypass roads to go around the bridges.

Beside the road you can see the tombs of workers who died rebuilding the roads. The aftershocks brought more rocks down, crushing the workers.

We thank them for guaranteeing the road by losing their lives. When we got closer and closer to Beichuan the same story happened again. On both sides of the road, one side is tents and one side is houses.

Lunchtime these two old men sitting beside the house were eating huiguorou (famous Sichuan dish, twice cooked pork). But on the other side of the road they were only eating packaged noodles.



We kept going. There was 4 wheel drive car half buried on the road. As the two mountains slide together it formed a lake and buried everything. The army bombed the dam to reopen the road. The floodwaters covered the buildings with the bodies inside. This poisoned the water making it unsafe. The temporary water system was just built.

We were upstream where the dead bodies were and downstream was the capital city of Chengdu. The government said the water in Chengdu was safe but that was a lie.



At last we finally got to Beichuan. The police set up a poison skull sign to warn people that you could be poisoned from the decaying remains of the thousands who had died. We were told not to touch anything, not even to sit on the ground.



This picture represents something that only China has – the birth planning department. I really wanted to ask, in the earthquake time – you guys control birth, but who controls death?

After we were out of the policemen's sight we got into the city by climbing the mountain. We were shocked when we first saw the city because the beautiful city had no signs of life at all. Silence. Like a ghost town in a movie. I felt cold. A broken advertising sign blowing in the wind made a metallic screeching sound that was scary.

All these roads had been flooded by the waters so all the people who had survived the earthquake died from the flood. We were told not to touch the silt because it was contaminated too.

Some of the roads were buried when the buildings collapsed and we could not pass through.



This couple had just been married and were having their wedding when the earthquake happened. I don't know if they are alive. It is hard to imagine that the day they married is also the day they separated forever.

So many buildings were like the following one. The first floor could not handle the pressure and collapsed from the upper stories. So many people were in the first floors and when they tried to dig people out, the buildings collapsed even more. The policeman told me that on the first day there were so many people screaming for help but it was too dangerous so they could do nothing. The yelling became fainter and fainter as people died.

Three buildings were under construction. What is critical is how much corruption was involved in the building process. One collapsed totally, one partially, and one did not collapse at all. How did those bad business men who used shoddy construction get approvals from the government? Bribery?



Here comes our main point – the school. Look at the building on the right. It seems nothing was damaged but you never know how students were buried on the ground floor.

When you take a close look at this

building you will find that they tied all the sheets and clothes together. It brings us back to that moment. Students are screaming. Desperate to live they came up with any means to try to get down from the upper floors. The stairs had collapsed. If students could not get down as soon as possible, who knew if the building would survive the aftershocks?

The army has already taken out all the bodies it could but there were also many bodies in the ruins so the army disinfected each ruin with chemicals. They would spray paint each building to tell which had been done and which had not. Two months later the air still smelled of rotting flesh.



Parties, STDs and Jesus? Sounds Like a Debate Locale to Me!

By Kelly Yu

Every choice a presidential candidate makes reflects their stance on certain issues: what tie to wear, what chips to eat, which baby to kiss. But what seemed like one of the lesser choices the candidates had to make was which college campuses to hold the presidential debates. This year, the three colleges chosen were University of Mississippi in Oxford, Belmont University in Nashville, Tennessee, and Hofstra University in Hempstead, New York, not too far from Stony Brook. The first thing one would think is, "Yeah cool! Wait, where are these places? Belmont, isn't that a horse racing track or something?" These universities have their own individual merits, but one must wonder what makes them worthy of hosting some of the most important debates in our lifetime.

The first stop was down in Oxford, at the University of Mississippi, or as it is affectionately called, "Ole Miss." According to the U.S. News and World Report, U. Miss. "is one of the oldest public institutions in the South." The school was founded in 1844 and described itself as "the flagship university of the state." The university had a total enrollment of 17,323 students for 2008 and charges \$4,932 for in-state student tuition and \$11,436 for out of state student tuition. With an eighty-four percent acceptance rate, sixty-nine percent of the student body are from Mississippi and nineteen percent are minorities. While Ole Miss has an amazing football team, everything else screams Christian values by day, Greek party scene by night. According to the Princeton Review, Ole Miss is ranked the second biggest party school in the nation. On top of the party scene ranking, the school is ranked number four for the "Students Study the Least" category, number five for "Lots of Hard Liquor," number eight for "Lots of Beer," and ironically number six on the "Most Conservative Students" list. So not only do these kids love God, but they party with closets full of kegs. Not surprisingly, U. Miss. is not even ranked on the U.S. News and World Report. It is listed as a Tier 3 school, however that doesn't keep their students from staying. According to direct quotes from Ole Miss

students on College Prowler, a lot of students love the campus so much that they stay for additional degrees. "I loved Oxford so much that I stayed!" said one student. "You'll find that most students take their time when it comes to graduating, because Oxford has so much to offer." What with all the beer and active Greek life, it's a wonder that any students from U. Miss. graduate at all. I'm betting the Joe Six Pack at Ole Miss was excited when Vice President Candidate Sarah Palin gave him a shout out.

The second stop for the Town Hall Presidential Debate was Belmont University in Nashville, Tennessee. Never heard of it? Not surprising as it was only renamed Belmont University in 1991. According to the university's website, "Belmont University is a student centered Christian community providing an academically challenging education that empowers men and women of diverse backgrounds to engage and transform the world with disciplined intelligence, compassion, courage and faith." The school started as Belmont College, an all girls school that taught from the elementary level to junior college level. The school eventually became coed and claimed to be "one of the fastest growing Christian universities." Today, their total enrollment is 4,991 and a tuition rate of \$10,035 for undergrads. According to a student quoted in the Princeton Review, "The campus looks like an indie band concert." The independent minded students on campus do not dilute the huge



90% of these Ole' Miss students are drunk, according to US News and World Report

Christian influence on campus. According to the U.S. News, this school isn't even nationally ranked for its undergraduate program. Although, the school has been called "One of the south colleges to look out for."

The last stop for Obama and McCain is Hofstra University in Hempstead, New York (38 miles from Stony Brook). Hofstra is a private university on Long Island, founded in 1935. They have an undergraduate enrollment of 7,718 students and a total of 12,600 students. The average class size is twenty-two students and has an acceptance rate of 54%. According to a quote from a Hofstra student on Princeton Review, there are two categories of students, the

kind that work hard and study hard and then there are the Long Island kids. You know, the ones who walk in late with their Marc Jacobs sunglasses and Ugg boots talking about the most awesome party last night. However, another student was quoted as saying, "Eat me Hofstra! I'm finally done, and I'm not coming back. Don't get me wrong, this is a cool place to party, but I can't wait to get the hell out." While most people don't know much about Hofstra, one prominent reputation that they hold is having the highest prevalence of STDs on a college campus. The reputation spread so far that Hofstra students themselves got the idea that a special disease called "Hofstra Red," a special strain of herpes, only affected Hofstra students. The myth has been busted and the reputation still stands even though much ickier college student bodies have far surpassed it.

These schools were chosen to host the presidential debates for one of the most pivotal election years of our time. While the universities do not represent the candidates in any way, the choice of these universities over other more deserving or appropriate schools gave younger voters the motivation to listen and get involved. Whether it be toasting their solo cups to McCain and Palin or waving their Obama shirts in the air, college students are becoming more aware and getting more involved because of the debates being hosted at college campuses.



75% of these Hofstra students have STDs, according to Princeton Review

RockYourFaceCase: A Mouthful of Music

By Kelly Yu

It started with a drum kit. But before the arrival of the drum kit, the music scene at Stony Brook had long been deserted since acts such as Jimi Hendrix and The Who played on this campus. Students on campus lacked an adequate musical outlet on campus for quite some time and the Open Mic Night, previously held at Kelly Quad, was disappointingly lackluster. "The Open Mic Night's are terrible, done poorly and there is not enough support," said Junior Patrice Zapiti.

She and a friend did something about it. Patrice and fellow junior student musician Carlos Parreno shared the same desire to build up the music scene on campus. Both musicians agreed that there needed to be a catalyst to inspire the student body to create and express music. What was needed was a decent practice room for students to play and drums. "There's a lot of false free time [on campus]. It gives people time to meet each other," says Parreno.

They approached Norm Prusslin, one of the two faculty advisors for RockYoFaceCase. "I was like, Norm, get me some drums. Please. And he was like, here's \$2,000. And I was like, thanks," said Parreno. And a drum set they received. This set lives in a dark practice room in the Tabler Arts Center and is open to public use by anyone. The drum set was in place so that students could jam and create a complete band. Still, they both attended Open Mic Nights on campus and found a desperate need for an alternative outlet. Patrice was able to move the event from Kelly Quad to the Tabler Arts Center, but this still wasn't enough.

"Stony Brook needs a kick in the butt," said Zapiti. Parreno and Zapiti got together and proposed the concept of the ACH and SSO Council's Battle of the Bands. Zapiti found that the problem with bands on campus was that they could plan, but had no outlet. If the bands were not given deadlines to follow, nothing was going to get done. However, the success of the Battle of the Bands exceeded any of their expectations. "It got people excited," said Zapiti.



Parreno mentioned that their success was attributed to the fact that what people liked was they could see people they recognized on campus playing the guitar or singing with their band. With their first event a huge success, the duo wanted an arena where bands can get better, get exposure, and make the Tabler Arts Center a consistent venue for bands to perform. "We needed to put on shows!" explained Parreno.

What started with a drum kit evolved into putting on one big kick ass show and trying to make it into a consistent event. Zapiti and Parreno came together again and thought of not a monthly Battle of the Bands, but a showcase where bands on and, possibly, off campus could show the student body what they could do. "What comes next sometimes is energy gets zapped" said Prusslin in reference to events on campus such as Battle of the Bands. "The challenge is to find a mix and balance of excellent students to organize events." According Prusslin, what was needed to make RockYoFace a successful event was a great idea, logistical skills, and the administrative skills to pitch and follow through with the idea. And that was exactly what Zapiti and Parreno had. They set up meetings with faculty and sent proposals about their

idea. With the initiative of the two, RockYoFace became a reality.

They have already received a lot of submissions, half from bands on campus and the other half from bands off campus. Parreno and Zapiti hope to make RockYoFace a monthly event at the Black Box Theater at the Tabler Arts Center. Their Facebook group, "RockYoFaceCase! - a monthly showcase series for local music," has all the information for people looking to submit a music sample to play at the showcase or just information about when the event will be. The band list for the first showcase will be released on October 15 on Facebook and the first RockYoFaceCase will be on October 22. One can reach Carlos and Patrice at their gmail account, RockYoFaceCase@gmail.com.

It started with two people who had an idea and followed it through. "There is a need for an event like this," says Zapiti. "If students want something to happen, they shouldn't bitch about it." "Start a band," implores Parreno, "that's what we did." So tell all your friends, the Stony Brook music scene is rising from the dead and it's going to rock yo' face.



"I fucking haxOred your mom's ASS last night."

-Shirley Strum Kenny, on her impressions of the Press' new website

TheStonyBrookPress.com



Against Me! And Ted Leo Live at Webster Hall

By Steve McLinden

With photos by the author

Someone once told me that once I reached drinking age, I'd be too cool for all-ages shows. And while I appreciate the Minor Threat standpoint on all-inclusiveness, I'm a little too sore the morning after seeing Against Me! at Webster Hall on October 11 to be doing that too often. Webster Hall, located just south of Union Square in Manhattan, is typically an 18+ venue, but either the band or the Bowery promoters realized that it might not be a sold-out show if they didn't let the high school kids from Long Island in to "that punk rock show."

My brother and I arrived early to make sure we saw Future Of The Left, of whom two-thirds come from McLusky, for those readers who haven't kept up with the Welsh noise rock scene. Future Of The Left played a thirty-five minute set with pounding drums and the shouting of their repetitive and none-too-meaningful lyrics like, "I don't wanna wave wave wave wave, I don't wanna wave at them." Bassist Kelson Mathias, who used to play in the short-lived Jarcrew, was highly energetic. He handled his four-stringer more like a guitar, and played the leading riffs on a few songs. The Welsh boys really knew how to get a crowd into the show, making jokes through their heavy accents like, "Thanks to Against Me! and Ted Leo & The Pharmacists for having us here, great bands. Great bands but absolutely horrible people." "Yeah, when ya fall asleep, Ted pours Sprite down your ass... but at least he lets it go flat first." While noise rock is not for everyone and vocalist/guitarist/keyboardist Andy Falkous' harsh voice can most easily be compared to that of Mark E. Smith, the crowd really enjoyed their opening performance.

Ted Leo & The Pharmacists may not have been listed as a headliner, but it's safe to say that almost half of the crowd was there just to see them. The Washington D.C. based band has developed a cult following for their mix of '80s hardcore punk energy, traditional rock 'n' roll stylings, indie sensibilities, and power chords. Ted complained a couple of times about how he was losing his voice, but it didn't seem to affect his ability or intensity to belt out the lyrics – although, clocking in at just under an hour, I wonder if their set had to be cut short a bit. For anyone else who saw TL/Rx open for Pearl Jam this year in those halfhearted half-hour warm-up sets (after which on one night at Madison Square Garden, an anonymous SMS critic texted to a novelty display board aside the stage, *TED LEO = EPIC FAIL*), this more recent performance was a lot more enjoyable, with a more active crowd singing along (which Ted appreciated) and clapping to every song.

Before Against Me! came out is when things started getting ugly. Everyone wanted to get close to the stage, photographers who hadn't anticipated the impending mayhem whined about protecting their cameras, and drunken kids blew cigarette smoke on everyone around them while the house lights were still up (where were the militant straight-edge kids when you need them?) I noticed in looking around that, while all the staggering drunks wore their orange bracelets like a badge they'd earned, I only sported it because it was more convenient than having a magic marker X on each of my hands.

Upon entering the stage, Against Me! unfurled their gigantic panther banner; the cat is emblematic of their origins from Gainesville, Florida. Over the past decade, the swamps of Gainesville have given rise to the folk-punk scene with the likes of Plan-It-X Records setting up base in the city,



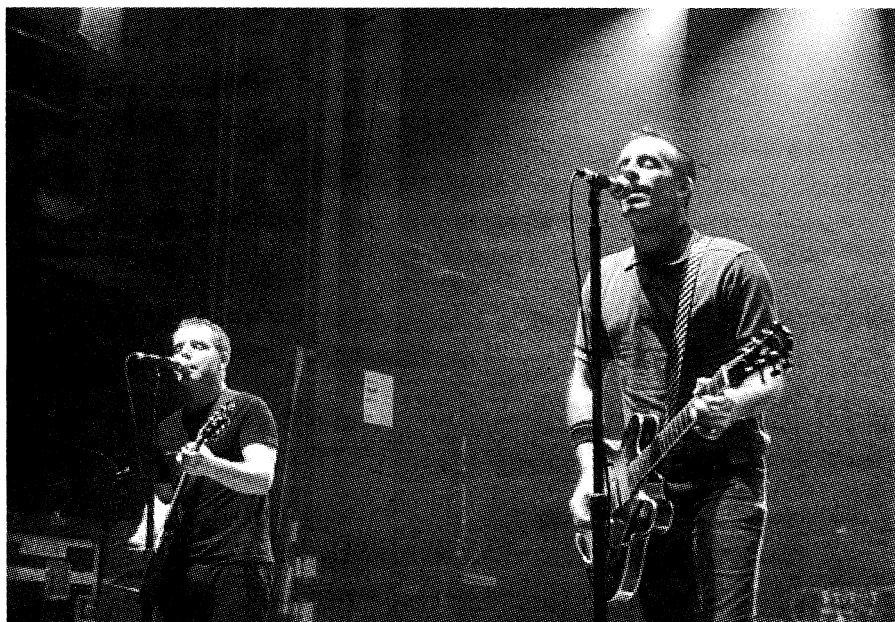
doing for folk-punk bands what Wasilla, Alaska did for meth. Pretty early on after taking a stage-diver's kick to the face, I realized that my glasses belonged in my pocket, but the crowd was extremely *posi*, not just helping up fallen kids in the moshing, but also keeping the floor clear for whoever had been so unfortunate as to lose their spectacles or their flip-flops. (Please note, more secure footwear is recommended for shows like this. Also, just because it's 2008 and you have an iPhone doesn't mean you have to take pictures the whole time, or update your Twitter with the entire setlist.) I normally lament security ruining things, but the lack of a barricade or security that night meant stupid kids who were too drunk to stand for the night would crowd-surf to the front and stand on stage until a roadie finally made them stage-dive.

The set was heavily-based in material from their latest album, the major-label debut *New Wave* on Sire Records released last year. When I saw AM! eleven months ago, it was even more biased towards the stuff that has a more rock feel than the grating folk-punk styles they came up on. Last night, it seemed that most of the crowd either had come to terms with the new style and learned to love it, or they had only gotten into the band since they hit it big. "Stop!" sounded a hell of a lot better than I do playing it on Rock Band with my Xbox Live friends. "Thrash Unreal" has been the single in heavy rotation for almost a year now, so that was an obvious choice for the last song of the main set. Quite a few songs from 2003's *As The Eternal Cowboy* made the cut, including "T.S.R.," a great live song in "Don't Lose Touch," and one of my favorite coming-of-age songs "Sink, Florida, Sink." Both times I've seen them, I was really impressed with how they make the more minimal songs that are heavier on folk than punk into pounding rock songs, and make the

newer alternative rock kind of songs sound more high-energy punk, and string them together so seamlessly. Some complain that the band's set rarely goes much longer than sixty minutes, but they play fast, they don't bullshit with anything more than "we're Against Me! from Gainesville, Florida, thanks for coming," and they play so damn well.

Before the encore began, Tom returned to the stage (still shirtless) to debut a song from his upcoming solo EP. Unfortunately, this meant the end of the tradition of a crowd sing-along to "Baby, I'm an Anarchist!" with Tom. Much more on the folk side than his material with the band, the song was entitled "Cowards Sing At Night" and with a chorus like, "Johnny, trudge back home to Vietnam," it's a pretty safe bet that this is an attack on John McCain. Shortly thereafter, the rest of the band returned to the stage for a couple more songs.

During "The Ocean," a couple of guys climbed to the stage and shared the microphones with the band. At that point, chaos descended, about a hundred people including my brother and I climbed to the stage, where I elected to dance like an idiot and take pictures instead of partaking in the sing-along. One of the most exciting things about all-ages shows, I say at the ripe old age of twenty-one, is that high-schoolers who can't even drive yet have this bright-eyed yearning for freedom and an energy and the idea that they can overthrow their government that the sedentary and stoic pushing-thirty crowds at indie rock shows just don't have. Every once in a while, getting roughed up at a concert is worth it, and Against Me!'s intensity is something I could enjoy every time they come to town. So remember, my fellow grown-ups: don't let anyone ever tell you that you're too cool for an all-ages show.



Streetlight Manifesto Shows LI How Ska-Punk is Done

By Katie Knowlton

Streetlight Manifesto kicked off their "Four Out of Seven in Three Before Nine" tour Wednesday night playing a sold-out show at the Crazy Donkey in Farmingdale.

The relatively young crowd danced and sang along to every song in Streetlight's hour-long set, which included ones from both of their full-length records, *Everything Goes Numb* and *Somewhere in the Between*, and from the Bandits of the Acoustic Revolution e.p., *A Call to Arms*, much to the pleasant surprise of the audience.

They opened with the first single from *Somewhere in the Between*, "We Will Fall Together," a perfect example of how Streetlight mixes punk rock with ska horns and beats. The song features quickly-sung, almost spoken, lyrics and an insanely fast tempo made for moshing or skanking, staples of Streetlight Manifesto songs.

Tomas Kalnoky, founder and only remaining original member of Streetlight, led the band through an extremely high-energy set, taking only brief pauses between songs. Kalnoky sang with his signature rough passion, giving added urgency to the already speedy songs. The downside to was that, unless the listener already knew the words, it was hard to follow along and really experience the deep lyrics. Songs like, "Here's to Life" and "A Better Time, A Better Place" lose their anti-suicide message in the chaos of live performance, but that did not seem to bother many members of the crowd.



The only songs that slowed the pace were "On and On and On," a track originally from Kalnoky's old band, Catch 22 and "It's a Wonderful Life" from the Bandits of the Acoustic Revolution. "On and On and On" was originally on Catch 22's seminal ska-punk album, *Keasbey Nights*, which was re-recorded by Streetlight in 2006. The song was slowed down significantly from its original incarnation, and it had almost a reggae feel to it, which also allowed the perpetually moshing audience to rest. It was grouped with "It's a Wonderful Life" and the obnoxiously-titled "They Provide the Paint for the Picture-Perfect Masterpiece That You Will Paint on the Insides of Your Eyes," both tracks from BOTAR, a side project featuring members of Streetlight and numerous other musicians. For these songs, Kalnoky switched to an acoustic guitar and Pete McCullough, the bassist, to a stand-up bass, hence the "acoustic" part of Bandits of the Acoustic Revolution. Both songs were slightly slower than the rest

of the set, and were well received by both new and old fans of Streetlight.

Featured prominently on all of the songs was the horn section, obviously. Comprised of Jim Conti, Mike Brown, Mike Soprano, and Matt Stewart, Streetlight's horn section is one of the tightest in the genre. Not only do they play some of the most complex lines to be found in ska, they play them nearly perfectly when live. Often ska horn players don't harmonize well on stage, despite whatever sound they may have recorded, but the men of Streetlight play with almost CD quality perfection, a sign that the band is at the forefront of 3rd wave ska.

The entire band played strongly through the entire set, closing with "Somewhere in the Between," the title track from their last album. After leaving the stage, the crowd began chanting "One more song," which quickly turned into "Ten more songs, please!" The band reemerged to play two more, the combo of "A Moment of Silence" and "A

Moment of Violence," closing out one of the strongest ska sets most of the young audience had likely ever seen. The only unfortunate part of the evening was that they did not play the fan-favorite and former set staple medley of "Point/Counterpoint" and "Keasbey Nights." But overall, it was an amazing show, performed by some of the most talented guys in ska.

Opening for Streetlight Manifesto were The Homecoming Queens, The A.K.A.s, The Swellers, and the Fear Nuttin Band. This reviewer did not purchase tickets beforehand, and therefore was outside when The Homecoming Queens and The A.K.A.s were on, but apparently they were both very good.

The Swellers, from Flint, Michigan, brought their brand of infectious, straightforward pop-punk. Though relatively unknown by the crowd, they were well received and likely made many new fans. They offered up catchy hooks, relatable lyrics, and beats suited for circle pits.

The Fear Nuttin Band was an interesting mix of reggae, hip-hop, and hard rock. Featuring dual vocalists, FNB mixed rapping and straight singing. They also interacted the most with the crowd, asking who "smoked ganja" and initiating more than one call and response. Again, they appeared to be rather unknown to the audience, but they tried their hardest to get everyone into their music and succeeded spectacularly.

This tour is not to be missed: it offers up an interesting and diverse mix of musical acts with widely varying styles, all of which are highly talented and energetic.

"no1 understands me.
2 much pain
inside...never
good enuf..."

Hear2Help

ONLINE Crisis Counseling

Monday through Friday from 3:00 pm- 9:00 pm

www.ResponseHotline.org

Hotline (631) 751-7500

BROOKHAVEN
NATIONAL LABORATORY

Response
of Suffolk County, Inc.



arts&entertainment

A Resounding “Meh”

By Katie Knowlton

Disconnected, the debut full-length album from England's Beat Union is an average pop-punk album by today's standards, but there are moments on the record that show the potential this young band has.

Like many up and coming music acts, Beat Union is a mix of pop-punk and dance-rock, a combination of catchy hooks, stadium filling choruses, and danceable drum beats. Beat Union makes things a bit more interesting by throwing in a bit of '70's UK punk influence, especially in the vein of The Clash. Quite a few of the tracks have hints of reggae and ska, and this manages to set Beat Union apart from seemingly thousands of similar sounding pop-punk acts, if only by a little.

"Disconnected," the opener and title track is a catchy song. It's filled with power chords and an easy to sing along to, gang vocal backed chorus. The

song is fairly representative of the rest of the record: fun to listen to, but not all that memorable.

The main problem with this album is that most of these songs would not sound out of place on an All Time Low or Amber Pacific record. In fact, the opening of "My Heart Stops Beating" sounds almost exactly the same as Amber Pacific's song "Follow Your Dreams, Forget the Scene." There is not necessarily anything wrong with sounding like either of those bands, but like All Time Low or Amber Pacific, Beat Union is overproduced and of little substance.

A number of the tracks feature extra instrumentation, such as strings or keys, which really seem unnecessary. They went with the "everything but the kitchen sink" method of producing this record. It would have benefited from some self-editing on the part of the band and the producer, John Feldmann, of Goldfinger. Without these extraneous elements, the album would have had a more raw and fresh feel to it, in-

stead of being a retread of the same thing that's already been produced hundreds of times now.

Lyricaly, *Disconnected* is also average at best. Songs of love and loss fill this record and there are few instances of complex use of language. They are straightforward, easy to understand, and radio friendly. The themes explored are nothing new, including the almost standard song about music as a savior, "Can't Stop The Radio."

There are a few things going for *Disconnected*, which keep it from being an entirely bad album and making it instead an average album that had potential to be good. The slight reggae feel in a few of the tracks is much more pronounced on "Pressure Zone," "Dancing In Our Sleep," "Don't Have Love" and "Can't Stop The Radio." The Clash's influence shines through, making these tracks breaths of fresh air. Also, front man Davey Warsop's distinctive vocals are more suited to this style of music than the glossy pop-punk that fills the rest of the album.

Feldman deserves some credit because even though this album is extremely overproduced, it is mixed very well. Normally on these sorts of records, the vocals and guitars are mixed way too high and overpower the rest of the band. In this case, the drums of Luke Johnson and the bass playing of Ade Preston are allowed to shine just as much as the guitars and vocals. This is great because the bass and drum work is the most interesting aspect of the music. Johnson and Preston show a fair bit of talent, but not enough to save the record from mediocrity.

Disconnected will give Beat Union their fifteen minutes of fame with the under-twenty Warped Tour crowd. There was the potential for greatness in this album, but unfortunately the producer had far too great a hand in making it, leaving it overproduced and bland. It's good for a mindless listen now and then, but *Disconnected* will not be on any "Greatest Albums of All Time" lists anytime soon.

Of Montreal and Men

By Andrew Fraley

Semi-nude atop his rock-and-roll stallion, Of Montreal frontman Kevin Barnes marshaled the audience into a frenetic frenzy of fanaticism. The psychedelic indie-pop supergroup played a rousing show on October 10 to accompany the October 21 release of their new studio album, *Skeletal Lamping*.

Formed in 1997 in Athens, Georgia, Of Montreal hit the scene with their debut album, *Cherry Peel*. Part of The Elephant Six—the indie rock collective responsible for some of the most innovative bands of the late 90s—the band has released nine albums since their inception eleven years ago. The group moved out of obscurity and into the mainstream in 2005 with their acclaimed album, *The Sunlandic Twins*. Their song, "Wraith Pinned To The Mist (And Other Games)" will forever be immortalized, for better or worse, as the Outback Steakhouse song. This indie *faux pas* aside, the band continued unfazed, releasing 2007's *Hissing Fauna, Are You The Destroyer?* Widely regarded as one of the best albums of last year—certainly one of my favorites—*Hissing Fauna* was a brilliant concept album. The album chronicles the transforma-

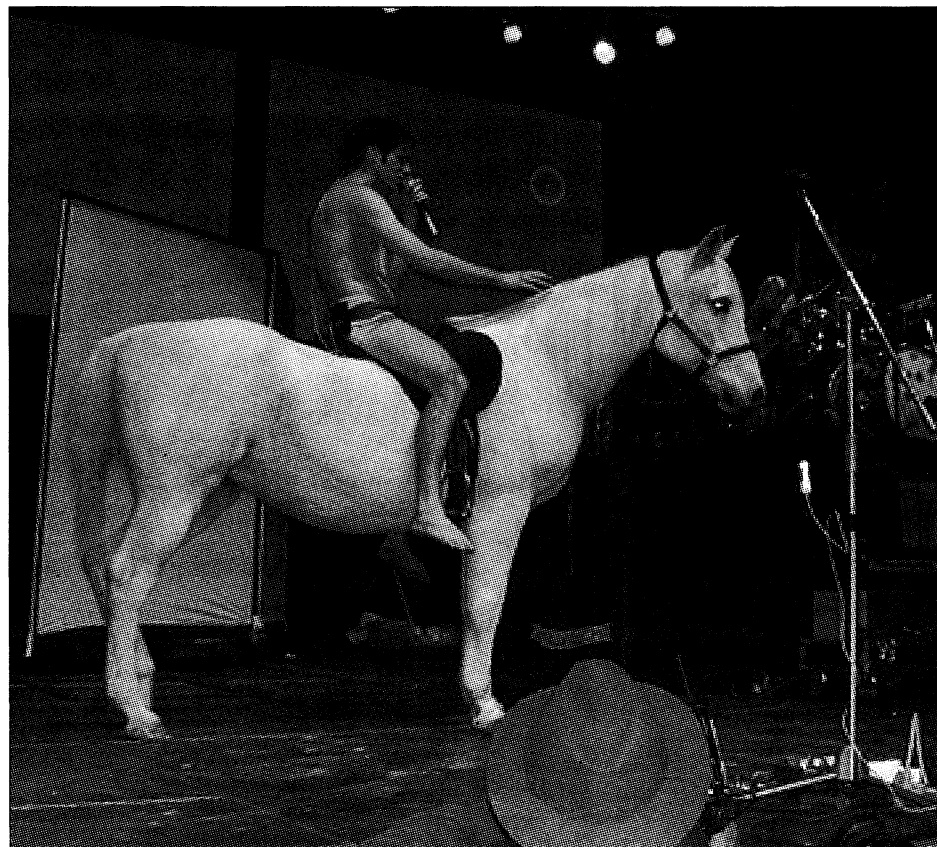
tion of Barnes into his alter ego stage persona, Georgia Peach. The juxtaposition of dark, depressing lyrics with catchy pop melodies, along with its thematic, transformative progression, made the album a pinnacle of the band's

career. How would *Skeletal Lamping* stack up to such excellence?

Skeletal Lamping, ultimately, can't really be compared to *Hissing Fauna* or *Sunlandic Twins*. The album is almost a complete departure from the estab-

lished style of their previous two albums. While the previous two albums had a certain cohesion to them, *Skeletal Lamping* seems to bounce all over the place. It contains fifteen tracks, and many tracks contain multiple parts. Styles ranging from 70s-style electro-funk to hyperbolic tweak give the album its disparate feel. *Lamping* gives the impression of a "fuck you" to their familiar structure. At first I didn't like this album too much. As I've listened to it more, however, it's started to grow on me. I still prefer *Hissing Fauna* and *Twins*; there is no "Heimdalsgate Like A Promethean Curse" or "Wraith Pinned The Mist" to give *Skeletal Lamping* its stand-apart sense. It is definitely worth listening to, for its innovation and directional change.

The best thing about Of Montreal, however, will forever remain their live performances. They put on more than just rock shows; they put on vaudevilian theatrics. October 10 was no different. At the Roseland Ballroom in the heart of midtown Manhattan, Of Montreal came on after the opening band, Love Is All. The Swedish pop-indie punk band played on some very overloaded audio equipment. They were very shrill. The lead singer, Josephine



Did you think the horse thing was some sort of metaphor? We were totally serious.

Andrew Fraley

OF MONTREAL continued on next page

OF MONTREAL continued from previous page

Olausson, seemed an amalgamation of numerous female indie vocalists; she never seemed to exceed any one of them, though. She reminded me of Karen O's goofy Swedish cousin. Their set was, for the most part, unremarkable (I can't even remember the famous 80's pop cover they played), but who ever comes to see the opening act? Of Montreal was the main attraction and they did not disappoint.

Entering the tiered stage—the two drum kits, the bassists, backing guitars and keyboards all played on elevated platforms—through a rotating screen in the middle, the band began their two-hour, unrelenting set. Accompanying the band was a troupe of dancers and stagehands to aid in Barnes' theatrics. Dressing up as different characters, the stagehands, along with two projection screens, helped create a thematic presence that changed with the songs. Ranging from the bizarre—a Mayan statue theme for "She's A Rejecter"—to the surreal—an anthropomorphic tiger in a

white jacket getting beat up by masked stagehands—the atmosphere flowed energetically throughout the show. At one point, Barnes stripped down to his underwear and mounted an actual horse. Why it didn't freak out at this loud rock concert, I'm not sure. It must have been sedated or something. Barnes would later dress up as a centaur. He was also carried out for the last song in a coffin filled with shaving cream. It was a totally insane, wacky and brilliant concert.

At the end of the concert, before the encore, the band had the audience do a chant about pizza. "The best so far has been in Asheville," said one of the drummers. They never said if we were louder but I'd like to think we were.



Ben Folds: On The "Way To Normal"

By Laura Paesano

On September 30, the day that Ben Folds' new album dropped, I had the good fortune to see him at Terminal 5 in Manhattan. I've been a fan of his since he was praying *Whatever and Ever Amen*, but if the last thing you heard Ben Folds sing was "She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly," you're missing out. The man's had four solo releases since he subtracted the Five and he's just warming up.

This tour, his shows start with an opening set by singer/songwriter Missy Higgins (Australian for chick music). She's sort of like the less angry, Down Under version of Ani DiFranco. If you like barefoot girls and breathy vocalizing, give her a listen. Then the man who rocked the suburbs in 2001 came onstage to meet his crowd of adoring, slightly drunk, hipster fans.

A Ben Folds show is always a blast because he gets his crowd involved. He'll get you to participate far more readily than any professor in a Javits lecture hall ever will. As any concert-goer knows, there's a balance that must be kept among songs that an artist plays: new shit vs. old shit. Folds treads the fine line between promoting his new music and satisfying the old school fans who came to hear "Song for the Dumped."

Ben Folds' onstage performances normally include keytars, a ferocious attack on a helpless piano and some white boy dancing. On this tour, he doesn't

having to explain which of his songs are real, and which aren't actually on the album.

The real record is called *Way to*



Laura Paesano

disappoint. His new sets, however, feature something they never have before, a bunch of fake songs. Back in July, Mr. Folds recorded an album of fake tracks and leaked it himself to throw the record sniffers off the trail. It worked, both fooling and satiating the hungry hipster horde. What he's left with is

Normal and it's in stores and on iTunes now (and even on vinyl for you music snobs out there). It is a cohesive and fluid geek rock rollercoaster complete with love songs, hate songs and Folds' patented brand of sarcastic wordplay. It's also less depressing than 2005's *Songs for Silverman*, so you can put

away your hankie. The most radio friendly track may be "You Don't Know Me," featuring the vocal stylings of cocaine addict Regina Spektor and a video directed by and starring Tim and Eric of Adult Swim's *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job*. The least radio friendly but definitely the most fun, is "Bitch Went Nuts," a song about the rampage of a pissed off ex-girlfriend. "Cologne" is the song you can weep to when you just need a good cry, or if you're feeling philosophical, you can tune into "Frown Song," an up-tempo diatribe about spiritual wannabes and America's hypocritical hippy subculture.

All in all, *Way to Normal* is a quality album from a unique and talented veteran musician who still has something new to say with every release. If you're an artsy boy with black-framed glasses and tight pants, check him out. If you're a girl with big sunglasses who wears scarves in the summer, you'll love it. If you're that band geek who plays trombone and always wanted to say "fuck you" to your dad, jump on the Ben Folds wagon. And if you're the Asian Gangster, well, you probably won't like it, but it might do you some good. God only knows what you're listening to under that shadowy hood. If you ever want a musical re-education, my friend, I'll be happy to make you a mix tape. See you in the Commuter Lounge.

RED

RINO

CIRCUS

Where Your Video Games Go to Run Away from Home

By Joe Donato

Sex, Lies and *Viva Piñata*

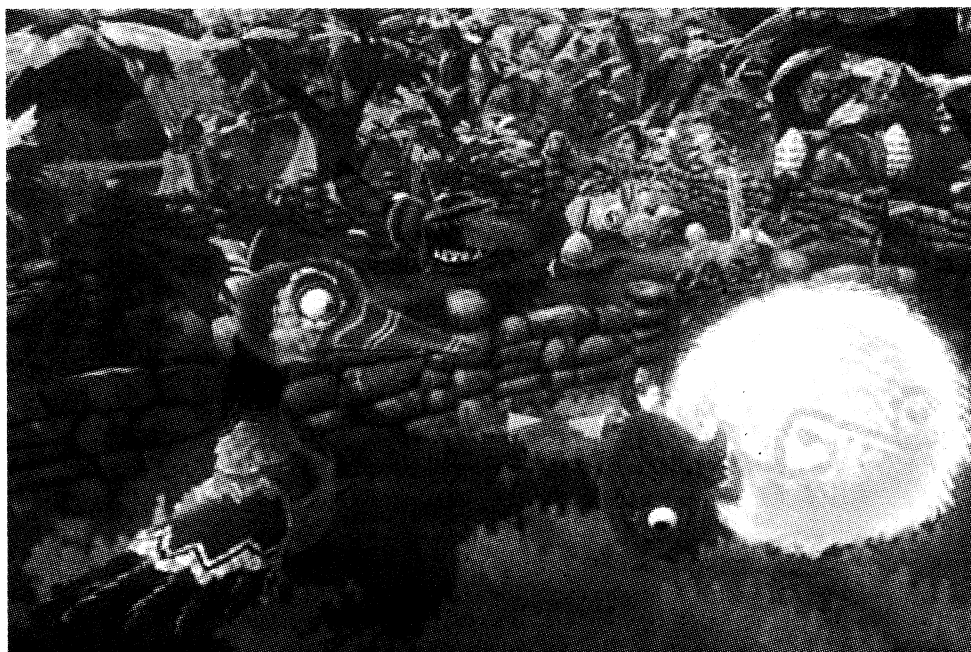
Viva Piñata is not the family-friendly game Microsoft colors it as - at least, not the way anyone seems to play it. Yes, the basic goals of the game are to attract fluffy piñata creatures into your garden, and yes, you can name them and dress them up and call them your own. But, I've yet to meet a single person who doesn't play it as an opportunistic piñata baron.

There's an intrinsic detachment to raising creatures made of paper, no matter how full of life they appear. Cheery deaths, complete with the sounds of happy children and an explosion of candy, only reinforce my apathy towards piñata existence. The kindest of hearts will find themselves pinching chocolate coins, with the ever present "sell" button beckoning them. Even their most noble efforts will be quashed by evildoers, poisonous weeds and the realities of the pinata food chain. Before long, piñatas become nothing more than currency. Each new species is merely a stepping stone towards bigger and better species.

In a way, the *Viva Piñata* series is a pyramid scheme masquerading as a life-sim. Like a dungeon crawler or

MMO, the games tease endless carrot-on-a-stick enticements. Each new goal is rewarded with experience that brings in new piñatas, each with new goals, and the cycle continues. You're typically so inundated with things to do that you don't even have time to feel bad. Is a piñata sick and too expensive to heal? Smash it and sell off its candy. Is a wild piñata causing too much trouble to tame? Beat it senseless until it leaves. Sure, there will be especially cute piñatas you'll grow attached to, but they never compare to the endless breeding and selling you'll inevitably do.

But you're probably wondering, is it fun? Does all this greed and manipulation of papery creatures really detract from the game? Well, yes and no. It's certainly fun, I'd even go as far as saying *Viva Piñata* is one of my favorite game series. I couldn't ask for a better portable time sink on the DS, and the Xbox 360 sequel adds enough features to go beyond its expansion pack-esque looks. Cooperative play adds a whole new dimension to the game, and the social/family aspect is too endearing to write off. It's just that, like last month's



Too Human, or *World of Warcraft*, or *Pokémon*, I feel a bit manipulated. I essentially "run the treadmill like everyone else," to quote *Braid* developer Jonathon Blow. It's a nearly endless quest for the next shiny thing, and while it's impeccably designed, I feel like more games should go beyond being simple addictions.

Maybe it's a treadmill, but it's a

charming, colorful, well-designed treadmill. The portability of the DS version means you'll probably play it with the intention of killing time anyway. On the 360, there's so much there that it never gets boring. There are so many ways to spice things up, it's your own damn fault if you get bored. Invite a significant other to join you. Hop online with up to three other players and speed up the pace. Play "Just for Fun" mode and enjoy infinite money and zero threats. You can even take advantage of the quirky Piñata Vision feature, which allows you to print cards online, hold them up to an Xbox webcam, and essentially skip anything that's giving you trouble. If there's any major fault I have it's that the 360 version hides away hundreds of secrets that require brute force experimentation to reveal - it's nothing but a lame attempt to sell more strategy guides.

Perhaps *Viva Piñata* isn't for kids. I frequently wonder who this game's intended audience is. But there's a large audience of man-children and their girlfriends who will eat this up. There's the gamer dad, that elusive being who can't play *Gears of War* when the kids are awake. There's the closet Pokémon freak, the misguided furry, and the obsessive compulsive looking for a new fix. There are few who won't love *Viva Piñata*, despite its innuendo and its cold, calculated path to victory. Just don't go into it looking for something that will change your life.



RED**RINO****CIRCUS**

Where Your Video Games Go to Run Away from Home

By Joe Donato

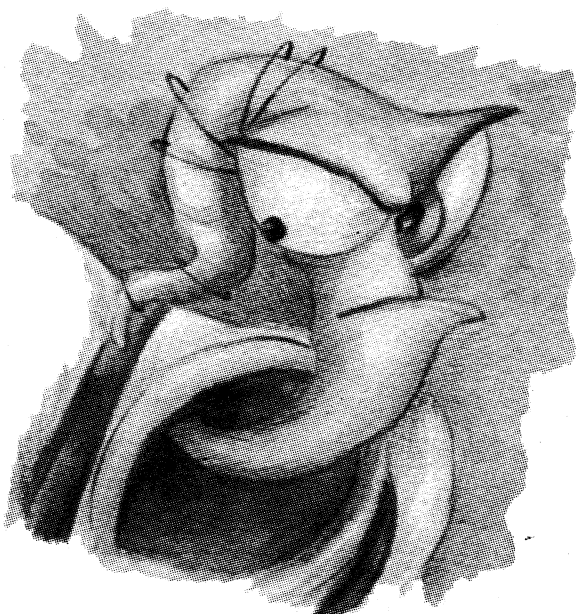
Fallout For Six Bucks? Sign Us Up!

If I learned anything in computer science, it's that computers are finicky bastards. There's always something wrong with them, and they never do anything right the first time. But it's those rare moments when everything works that keep me coming back to my PC everyday. Yesterday was one of those rare moments, downloading *Fallout* from Good Old Games, a new website offering digital distribution of PC classics.

A little history - I hate PC gaming. It has nothing to do with the games. I've played some amazing stuff like *Half-Life*, *Serious Sam*, and *Deus Ex* over the years. My hatred stems from all the finagling with driver updates, patches and video card settings, from the fact that I can't run any of the cool games that come out without a major upgrade, and that I could buy a \$2000 PC and still have some dumb incompatibility that would prevent me from playing the latest and greatest games.

What Good Old Games offers may not be the latest and greatest, but it works. Oh, does it work. After a ten minute download of approximately 550 megabytes, I clicked "NEXT" a few times and I was playing *Fallout*. It ran impeccably without the need to even adjust a single graphics setting. How I wish PC gaming was always like this...

That's not all though. It's not just that the games work fine on XP and Vista machines - PCs that won't run older stuff without lots of tweaking. Everything purchased on Good Old Games is copy-protection and DRM-free. I've never had this sense of legitimate ownership with zeros and ones before. I own *Fallout* now, it's mine. Sure, it's just an installer file on my computer, but I can put it on a disc and keep it forever, let my friends borrow it, even delete it completely and redownload it anytime I want. You get to own the games, not some license agreement - unlike even my favorite console serv-


**EARTHWORM
JIM**

ice Xbox Live Arcade, there is no need to be online, or call anyone up and prove you bought the game. Good Old Games is the only digital distribution services where I don't feel like a convicted thief, guilty before proven innocent.

Did I mention the games are only \$5.99 to \$9.99? If you've ever tried running older games on new machines then you know skipping that is worth the price of admission. Good Old Games even offers a bunch of extra goodies we expect with retail games. PDF manuals, reference cards, wallpapers, mods and more are included with each purchase. Top that off with a growing library of classics like the aforementioned *Fallout*, its sequels, *Freespace*, *Giants: Citizen Kabuto*, *MDK*, *Kingpin*, and more.

While it's still in beta, you can sign up for a code right now and join in. Honestly, if this service doesn't take off you can all quit your whining about invasive copy-protection in games, because it's probably not going anywhere. Here is where you speak with your wallet, and play some good old games.

Good Old Games Catalog (as of 10/9/08)

- * 1NSANE
- * Conquest of the New World
- * Descent 1 + Descent 2
- * Descent 3 + Expansion
- * Die by Sword + Expansion
- * Earthworm Jim 1 + 2
- * Earthworm Jim 3D
- * Evolve
- * F/A-18E Super Hornet
- * Fallout
- * Fallout 2
- * Fallout Tactics
- * Freespace + Expansion
- * Giants: Citizen Kabuto
- * Hostile Waters: Antaeus Rising
- * I.G.I. 2: Covert Strike
- * Invictus: In the Shadow of Olympus
- * Jagged Alliance 2: Unfinished Business
- * Kingdom: The Far Reaches
- * Kingpin: Life of Crime
- * Lionheart: Legacy of the Crusader
- * M.A.X. + M.A.X. 2
- * MDK
- * MDK 2
- * Messiah
- * Original War
- * Perimeter
- * Redneck Rampage Collection
- * Sacrifice
- * Second Sight
- * Shattered Steel
- * Shogo: Mobile Armor Division
- * Soldiers: Heroes of World War II
- * Stonekeep
- * TOCA Race Driver 3

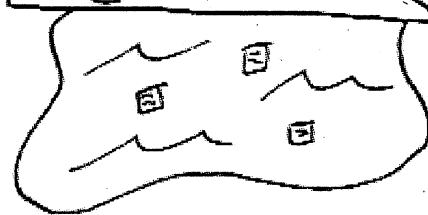
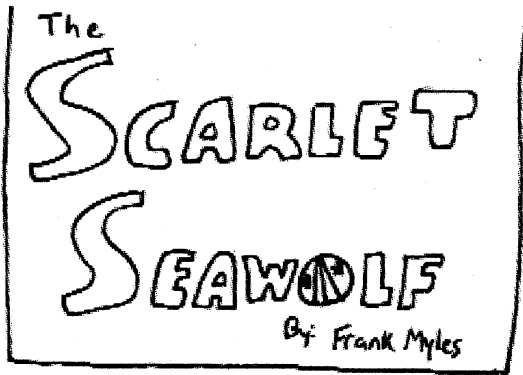
Coming Soon (as of 10/9/08)

- * Battle Chess Special Edition
- * Colin McRae Rally 2005
- * Operation Flashpoint GOTY



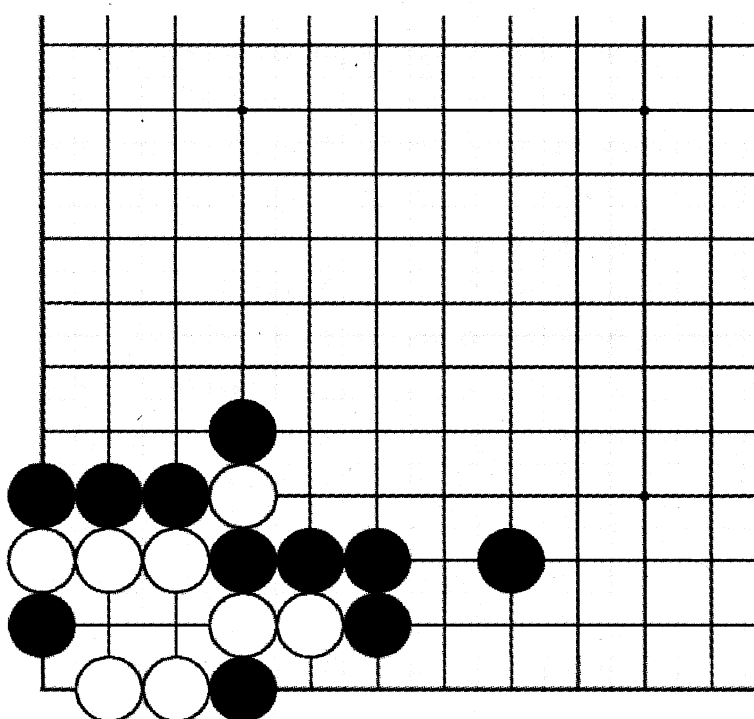
THE COMICS SECTION

AND NOW, THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF...



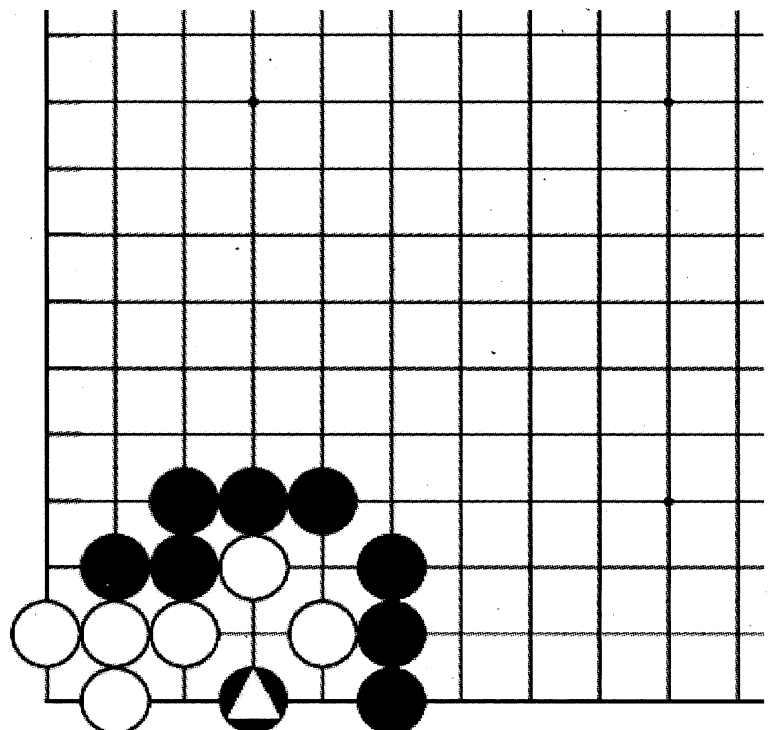
I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

Go For It, Man!



Black to move, kill Whitey!

Go Club meets every Tuesday and Thursday at 7pm in the Library Commuter Lounge



Issue 2 Solution

THE COMICS SECTION

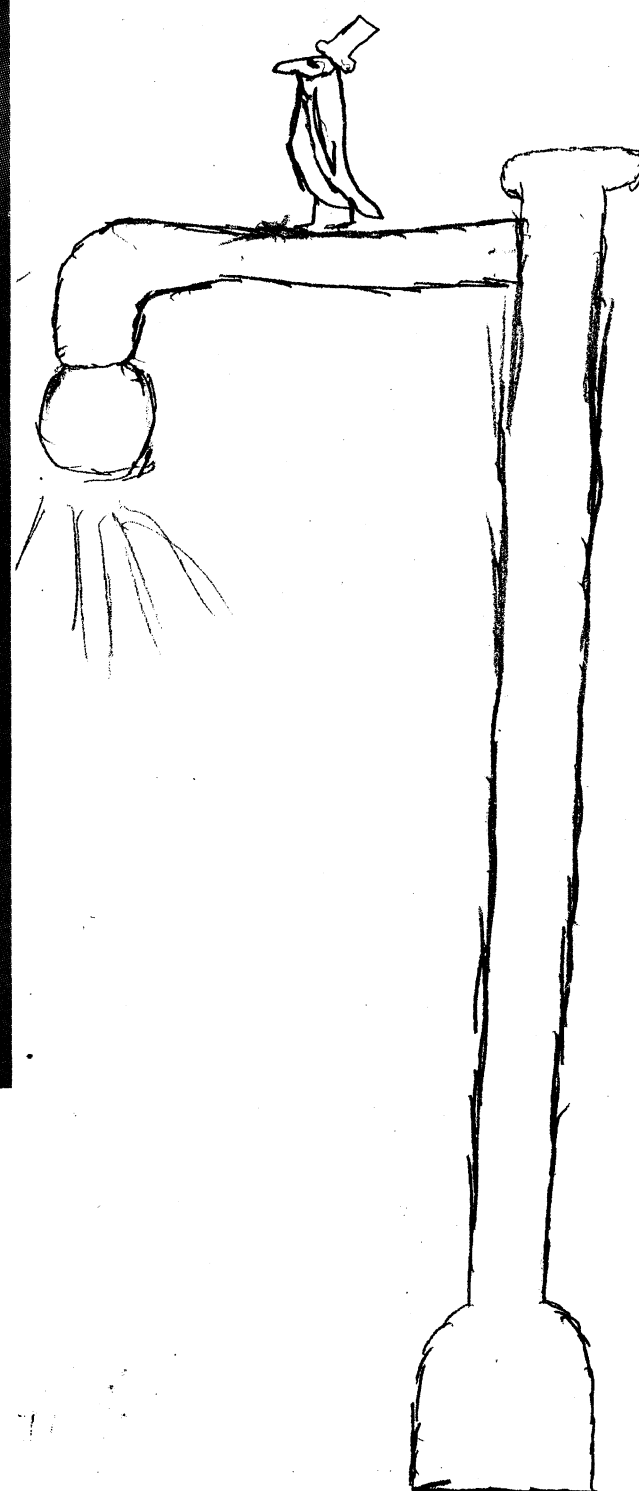


by Tia Mansouri

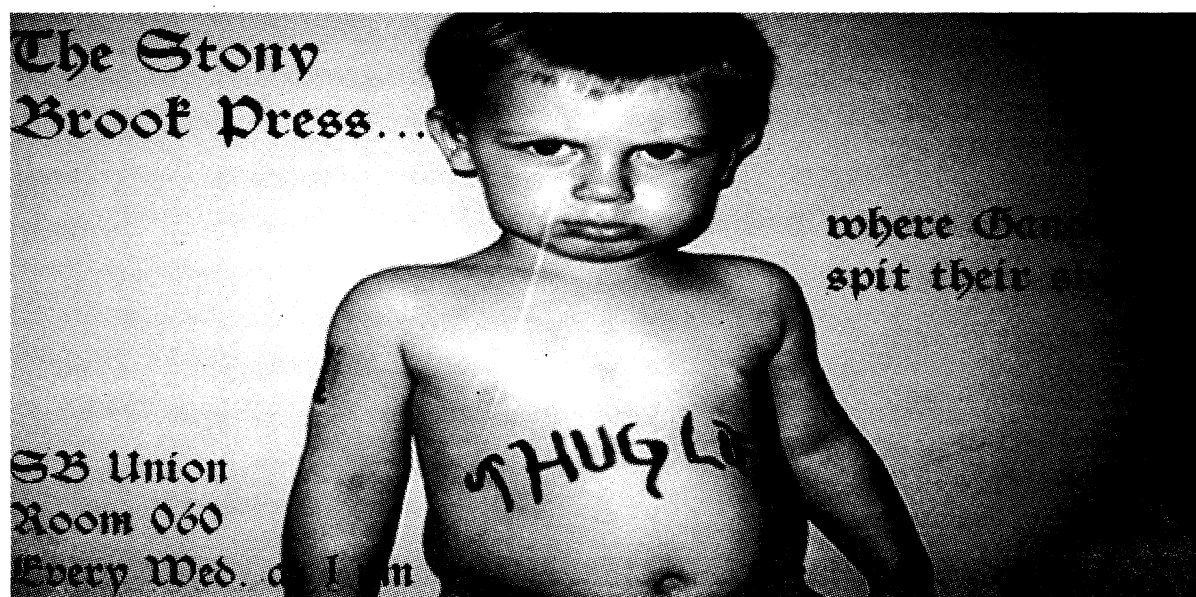
We have a riddle for you:

If you see five bowling balls and someone removes four of them, how many bowling balls can you see?

Answer: None, because you're Governor of NY State! Go have sex with your other wife!



. It makes me feel tall...



Poetical Poesy

Precede Such Sweet Dreams

Samantha Monteleone

All is sound and sleep. A sun beginning to set. Prepare.
I'm a salt leaf disk plant trap fan blade trip nausea.
Folks may ask the weather but get the news.
Isn't it always the news? You're breaking up.
I don't want to tell the difference between this tree and me.
This mountain game, we climb for Zen
And haiku's and peach cobbler on a Tuesday.
It's not fair when quiet comes in a box.
A canned giant. Stuffed in a mouse. He is already so small.
He deserves it all.

Haiku Attack!
By James Laudano!

This issue has poems
Yes, there are many of them
Let's fill some space now!

Why is it that when
We don't have enough content
We write some Haiku?

Da one with da legz
Juicy Campus provides fun
Ha-ha-ha, Emma!

The Color of Smoke

By David Robin

A mellow welcome

A horrific goodbye

A temporary escape from responsibility

A permanent reminder of fragility

A satisfying conclusion to a long day

A tragic beginning to a horrific day

A burst of uncontrollable laughter after a joke that smoke made funnier

A burst of uncontrollable crying after a scene that smoke made sadder

Government mythmakers preach the illegality of both

They present the illusion of complete control

Opposite colors create opposite moods

Which color is more harmful?

Dark or light?

Good or evil?

the modern marble Marvel

Samantha Monteleone

step into my vat
this vast, deep bath
bring all the dirt you can muster
the thoughts, the grime
your hands. go ahead.
the feeling feels fine, melt away.
fault, regret, fear, ... fold.
let go of your grip, your hold.
worry, shame, jealousy, anger
the joyous puddle of tears.
please, step in.
one foot, another, till you're in
I will drain you, wash away.
No more muscle
No more fat
No more hair
No more sex
You're now unique
You're now the same
You're now dripped clean
So clean, flawless
Elastic, erased and faceless.
It's ecstatic, my tub.

Light Stomper

by Laura Cerrato

some would say she deserved better

some would say she got what she deserved

she said nothing

just flung her arms around his neck

a halo of flesh dripping loose like a noose

around the neck of the undeserving angel

pressed her hot tamale lips against his ear

and licked deep into wax and a blanket of black

tongue spelling a song

dyslexic alphabet of lust lust lust

he wiped off her spit

shook loose her arms

and scoffed

smashing starlight to stardust

with just his eyes

Write poems?
Draw comics?
Hear something
crazy on
campus?
We want it all!
Send your sub-
missions to:
sbpressnews
@gmail.com

My Life
By Alana S.

I hate blank pages, don't you?
Their emptiness brings promise
Unfulfilled blossoms of ideas,
Nothingness bringing on thousands
upon thousands
Of pen marks and pencil scratches
Just waiting.
But this waiting,
This promise,
This falseness
Is just sick anxiousness of time.
Blank pages say nothing to you
Give no sparks and only ensure
sweaty palms and dizzy brains.
So promise not your blossoms
And bring not your etchings
Blank pages are vacant,
completely devoid of an idea
of where you are headed.

OVERHEARD ON CAMPUS: THINGS WE'VE HEARD THAT WE WISH WE HADN'T.

Girl One: I always thought Pearl Harbor was here and that Long Island got bombed. Pearl harbor... Cold Spring Harbor... sounds the same to me.

Girl Two: I know!

Girl On Phone: Yeah, yeah, I know. So I just let him put it in my ass.

German Physics Professor: Yes, yes, I love you, but I won't make love to you.

Boy One: Is that an American flag in your pocket?

Boy Two: In my what?

Boy One: Dude, you have an American flag in your pocket. What, are you waiting to whip it out at the right time or something?

Pre-Med Girl: Do you mean to tell me that I have to go through Bio 203, Orgo, study for MCATs and survive medical school just so I can tell some stupid kid to take a Tylenol? What is this shit?

Idiot Student: I've got this story that I wrote and I'm sure you'll think it's awesome.

Normal Student: Oh yeah, so what's it all about then?

Idiot Student: It's about pedophilia (laughs).

Normal Student: ...

Idiot Student: So yeah, what do you think? It's right up your alley, right?

Normal Student: Are you saying that I'd find amusement reading about dirty men touching kids' uglies?

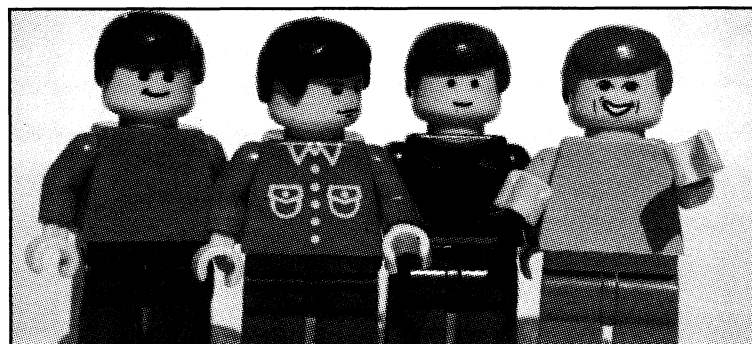
Idiot Student: Yeah?

Normal Student: Dude, you're a load that should've been swallowed. Go stop a truck with your face.

White Guy [to Egyptian guy]: I would put a paper bag over your head and fuck you, that's how much I love Egyptians!

TOP TEN

Reactions by *Stony Brook Independent* editor, Rohma Abbas, after hearing that Death Cab For Cutie is coming to Stony Brook



The Band Members (true to size)

- 10 Seriously?
- 9 You're lying.
- 8 Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my-
- 7 *Smiles a lot*
- 6 *Pulls hair out of ponytail*
- 5 (after 15 minutes of contemplation)
Death Cab? Really?
- 4 My screen name is
"I like Gibbard A lot"
- 3 Do you think he'll impregnate me?
- 2 Ghkkgghgh. (Jumps up and down)
- 1 (after hearing they're not coming)
Awww Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan

Barack Obama Made You A Mixtape!

By Ross "Typical College Student" Barkan

Oh my God, oh my God, Barack Obama is on the TV! There he is, yo, get your Obama t-shirts and pins and hats and other assorted Obama shit ready, we gotta cheer really loud! Yeah! Go Obama, Go Obama! Tell those re-tards in the other suite to shut the hell up, Obama's gonna speak.

We got some beer, some chips, and a lot of self-righteousness. Nice. Yo Brad, throw me an Obama towel. I need it to wipe the Obama anticipation sweat from my Obama boxers.

Yes, douche, I saw him speak live. Like ten times. Maybe six. Three. One. Whatever I go to his website all the time. Stick it to the old white men, Obama we love you!

Wait, *what*? Rich, you're telling me you're not voting for Obama? The fuck are you talking about? Didn't you see everyone's "Yes We Can" sweatshirts? Jesus, did you even see the dude on *Oprah*? I mean, Barack Obama is one of us, man. I saw him play basketball on Sportscenter. Huh? Nader? No, fag, I'm not wasting my vote on some other douche who can't even repeat awesome

shit really loudly.

Obama said something! I sorta heard it! Yeeaaaahhhhhhh!

No, what Rich? I don't wanna hear from you anymore. You're a racist. It's the 21st century man, we've moved beyond all this stuff about white people being president. We're ready for change, man, change. Do you even know what that means, you stupid racist? Go back to the South with your slaves and let us enjoy the most awesome president ever. Obaaaammmaaaaaahhhh!!

Yo, this is so cool. Obama knows me, man, he's gonna do stuff! Like...things. Super fucking awesome things. Like I heard, on the web I think, that health care might be free sorta kinda. Sorta kinda free! Woooooooohh! My buddy Rob said Obama used to say stuff even awesomer but now's gotta back down to win over all those douchebags in the Midwest. Who gives a fuck about Idohoma or whatever anyway. I mean—he just said "Yes we can" again on television. Yeeaaahhhh!!!!!!

Let's go Obama, let's go, c'mon everybody clap, except faggot Rich the racist. I mean, if you like Obama, you're automatically not a racist. Saw it on some real political blogs and things. I read on Wikipedia that Obama used to

organize shit in the community, so Brad and I decided that this summer we might actually drive into a black neighborhood and maybe roll down the windows. *Maybe*. O-BAM-A '08 bitches!

Ok, now he's talking again about other stuff. Kinda boring. Yo Brad, wanna go get some burgers? I think the Giants are on later. Eli Manning is the shit, man. Like the Obama of football. Then we can drink beer out of little red cups and post the photos on Facebook and make sure the cameras caught our cool Obama hoodies. Definitely.

Hold on, Brad, I checked your Facebook yesterday and it doesn't even say you've added the Obama fan page to your profile. Damn, do you even care about politics like I do? I have *eight* separate Obama applications. Holy fuck you don't know anything. Read a fucking newspaper's front page for five seconds and claim to know some shit



about black people problems, *c'mon*.

Rock the vote '08, yeah, everybody vote for Obama! Obama! Obama! Dude can I put a really big Obama sticker on your car? No? Racist! VOTE FOR BARACK OBAMA HE'S REALLY COOL C'MON!

Uh, Brad, some black dudes are sitting at the table next to us. Maybe we should move.

Magic Pop: A Wafer Even Non-Catholics Would Cherish

By Vincent Barone

What is it?:

Magic Pop is a crispy wafer disk mostly comprised of wheat flour and vanilla corn pellet. It's kind of like a rice cake from the future. Someone has found a way to mix and compress these ingredients into a melon-sized disk of satisfaction. Magic Pop will punch you in the face with it's crunch, then massage your palate with an inadvertent, subtle taste of a perfectly burnt marshmallow. So if you are a fan of roasting some 'mallows, but are reluctant to start a fire in your dorm, go and get yourself a bag of Magic Pop (\$2.99). And for all those calorie counters out there, these majestic disks are only 15 calories each, so feel free to crack a bag open with your grandma for some good eats and quality time.

My First Time:

Everybody remembers their first crunch on a Magic Pop, it's just that invigorating. Mine was around 11:30 p.m. in the Kelly Dinning Hall. I had

just finished some work and I was starving.

11:28: I walked past the cashiers and it struck me that I had not really assessed what I wanted for my next meal. When in doubt, I stick with convenience. The deli line was long as always - fuck!

11:30: I strode over to the pizza place and peeked into a box. The glare from glistening grease was blinding. Upon regaining my visual clarity, my eyes were aiming at a metal bin with bags of Magic Pop piled up to the top. I said, "What the hell," and grabbed a bag (I am a notorious impulse buyer).

11:32: I bought my first bag of Magic Pop.

11:33: After finishing my first bag, I went and bought four more, a supply that would last me the next four days.

The Do's and Don'ts of Magic Pop:

Do's:

Magic Pop is the LeBron James of snacks. It's versatility welcomes any

kind of spread that you have in your dorm - whatever your heart desires. It's the perfect snack for creative eaters. I personally think jelly complements the wafer the best, peanut butter kicks ass as well. Combined, they are a snack to be reckoned with. Also try Nutella, butter, ranch and vegemite for all you Aussies on campus.

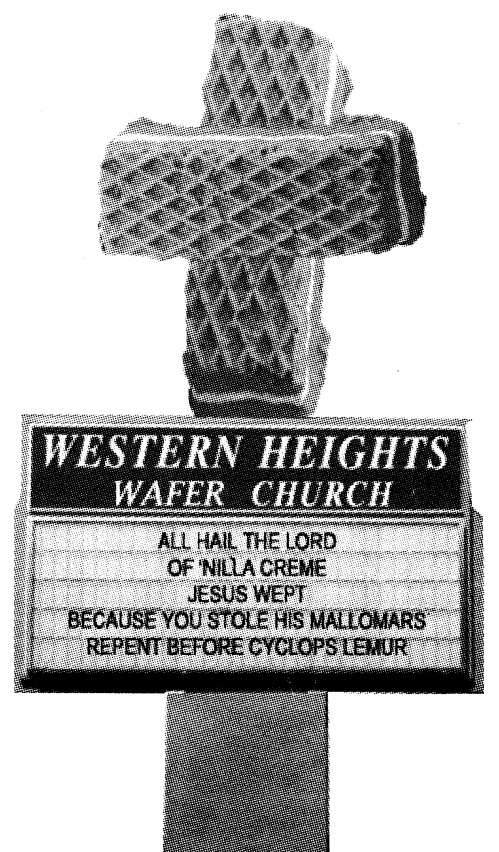
Don'ts:

I have learned that there is a certain etiquette when it comes to eating Magic Pop. For instance, if your roommate is studying in solitude, do them a favor and ease up on the Pop. Those bastards are crunchy and can easily irritate a pissy roommate.

Also, have a napkin present! Along with a crispy crunch comes an army of crumbs that will take over your dorm's carpet or laptop's keyboard.

Location:

Take the trip over to the Kelly Dinning Hall or the Stony Brook Union Deli and indulge on the snack that is way too often overlooked.



Holy Shit! Sarah Palin Is a Mom *and* Likes Hockey?

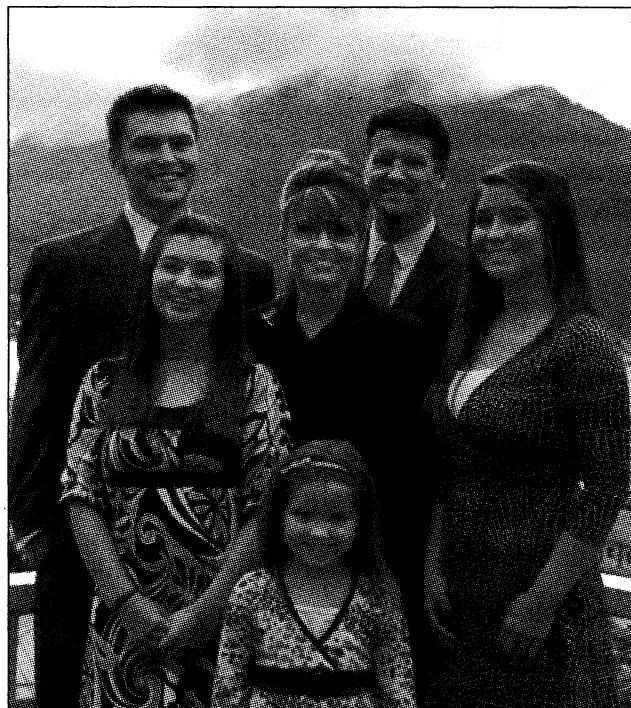
By Ross "Middle Class Vöter" Barkan

I'm sitting down with a bag of Cheetos, big bag I tell ya, extra cheese, and I calls to the wife. I say, "Hey wife you know what I heard on the tube?" And she says, "What, you already told me about them pills that make your diddly hoo hoo better." And I says, "No, sweet baby Jesus, I heard our future Vice President Sarah Palin is a hockey mom!"

The missus ignores me, but I continue. "She likes some good old hockey and she's a mom. My word, sweet super Jesus, that's a woman I want in the office!"

Ok, so I'm watching these debaters debate things. The older fella, Joe Biden, is borin' me with his talkity talk. Saying stuff about "taxes" and such. Load of horseshit if you ask me, going up there and not even mentioning stuff that's important to me. I mean, he says nothin' bout fixing my damn flat tire or gettin' that fat cat-fucking sack of doughy horseshit Mildred Cummings to keep her cats and her damn hose offa my lawn. Offa I say! But then this Palin, who's almost as nice on the eyes as the ladies in my magazines, starts talkin' about the real issues. And I mean hockey!

I love me some hockey. When I was a boy, we would take a skate on the ol' pond every morning. Choose up sides



Sarah Palin, Todd Palin, and their children Bippity, Boppity, Boo, and Wilbur (the youngest). Not pictured: Pythagoras, her newborn.

and play till it got dark. We would take breaks for some lunch and some beatin' of brown-colored folks, but then it was back to the rink. I been a fan of the Red Wings since my pa was passed out drunk at my 5th birthday in a Gordie Howe jersey. I says to pa, "If ya like Gordie, so will I!" and then he burped up some green-lookin' stuff.

God damn ya Mildred keep your fuckin' ugly shit-licking cats off my lawn or I'm gonna come out there with the wrath of black Jesus and shoot them all to hell!

So as I says, I find out in the debates this Palin loves her some hockey too. Sweet Jesus an' Moses, what a wonderful thing it is. She almost ruined it when she mentioned soccer moms though. The missus and I don't like soccer and we forbade our boy Billy from playin' such a sinful European sport that celebrates homosexuals. I seen me some soccer. Nothin' but two-timing Spaniards sliding on grass with their boyfriends. Ain't for me or any good American.

As I finish my Cheetos I hear her talkin' some more. She mentions stuff about oil and health care and I don't really listen. My pop didn't need no government to clean the beer offa his pants after he throwed-up at my seventh, eighth, and twelfth birthdays. Or wipe off the sticky from his trousers after he canoodled with the arithmetic teacher at my high school graduation. Naw, good Americans just need some gas and some chewin' tobacco. And them magazines wit' the boobies, I fuckin' love those.

The missus likes Palin 'cause she's a mom and has a kid who don't think

good. Billy is kinda slow too. Slow 'cause he's fat porker who eats even more goddamn Hot Pockets than I do.

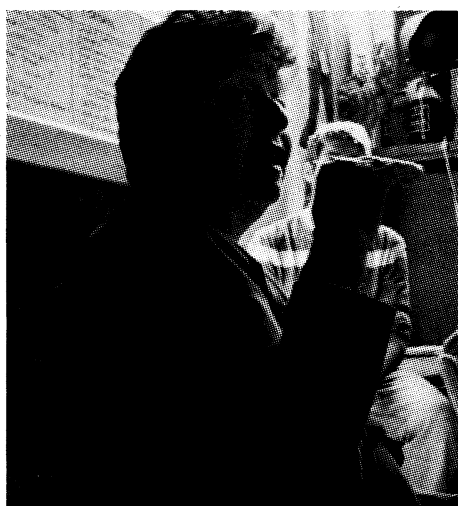
Jesus Mary Fuck An Octopus Mildred, get your damn cats away from my John Deer I will bust Whisker's ass so hard he won't know what year it is if cats could know such things.

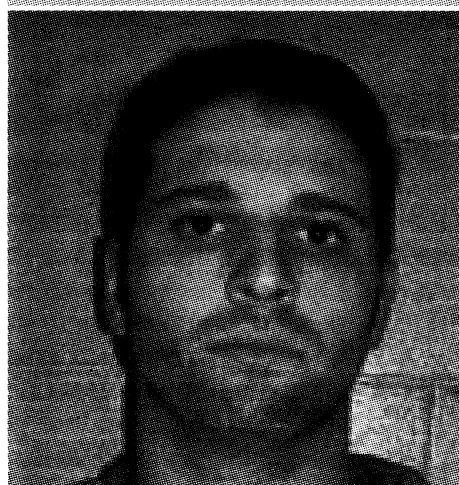
So this Palin doesn't know everything, so what? She knows 'bout hockey and momming. And she's right up those commie Russians' tails bein' from Alaska and all. Of course, she loves Jesus as much as the missus and I pretend to. I been to church every Sunday this year. Ok, other Sunday. Three weeks ago. A month. Since the football season started. Go get 'em Romo my boy the Cowboys will rise agin!

So the missus and I was on the fence 'bout McCain who's got a liberal streak and don't seem to hate the gays enough. But Palin sealed it for us, I tell ya, she hates them gays and them blacks and hopefully will keep the towelheads away from McDonalds down on Pine Street. She knows what it's like to be from a small town and not do good in school or know about fancy terms like "geopolitics" and 'bout all them confusin' naming countries in the Middle East. Pakiran or whatever, it don't matter, as long as we blow them to hell so Ol' Glory can fly forever. Yup, Sarah Palin is the right vice presidential candidate for our country.

Also she's got a fine ass.

The Stony Brook Press got a visit from President Kenny! Come on down to our meetings and see the other famous people we hang out with! Wednesday, 1 pm Union 060



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

COLIN BRUMSTED

JUNIOR HISTORY MAJOR FROM COLUMBIA, MARYLAND. BRUMSTED PLAYS DEFENSE AND HAS SPENT OVER TWO HOURS IN THE PENALTY BOX DURING HIS 63 GAMES OF PLAY AT SBU. WEARS #6.

FAVORITE MUSICIAN: KENNY CHESNEY.

MOVIE LAST WATCHED: SUPERBAD

FAVORITE TV SHOW: ENTOURAGE

FAVORITE BOOK: (LAUGHING...) I DON'T READ THAT OFTEN

FAVORITE ATHLETE: ALEXANDER OVECHKIN

SPORT BESIDES HOCKEY YOU WOULD PLAY: LACROSSE

SUPPORT WHAT CANDIDATE: MCCAIN

FAVORITE THING ABOUT SBU: THE HOCKEY TEAM

WHY SBU: THE HOCKEY TEAM

ONE THING YOU COULD CHANGE ABOUT SBU: PARKING

FAVORITE QUOTE: "DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?"

SHOUT OUT TO: EVERYBODY ON THE HOCKEY TEAM AND OUR FANS

Seawolves Caged by Liberty University

By Alex H. Nagler

On Saturday October 11, the Stony Brook Seawolves took on their first division rival in Liberty University. Liberty, the defending Big South champion, having been favored to win again this year, returned to their home field with a 5-0 season. Stony Brook ventured south for the first time in hopes of stopping their 1-5 season skid.

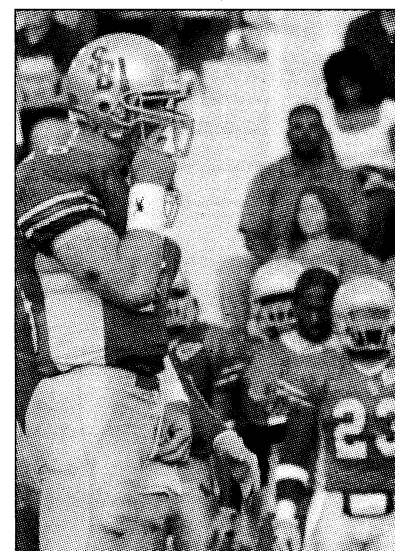
Sadly for the Seawolves, this game would be as disastrous for them as their previous five games had been, falling to the Flames 33-0. Stony Brook was outrushed, 91 yards to 299, were penalized nearly twice as many yards, 95 to 55, and failed dismally at converting on the third down. Bested by all measures, the Seawolves were held scoreless for the first time this season, falling to 1-6 and 0-1 for conference play and elevating the Flames to 6-0 and 2-0 for conference battles. Seawolves freshman running back Edwin Gowins (Bellport, NY) ran for 55 yards, with quarterback Dayne Hoffman (Ada, Michigan) passing for 142 yards.

Even more depressing than the loss was the fact that it was to Liberty University. Liberty is the brainchild of the Reverend Jerry Falwell, father of the Moral Majority, and staunch opponent of secular public schooling. Falwell was

also instrumental in expanding the rights and protections afforded to newspapers regarding parodies of public figure in the landmark case *Hustler Magazine v. Falwell*.

Among his more notable quotations are "AIDS is not just God's punishment for homosexuals, it is God's punishment for the society that tolerates homosexuals," "I really believe that the pagans, and the abortionists, and the feminists, and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People For the American Way, all of them who have tried to secularize America. I point the finger in their face and say 'you helped this [the attacks of September 11] happen,' and 'Labor unions should study and read the Bible instead of asking for more money. When people get right with God, they are better workers.'"

But these quotes are not the most frightening part of the Seawolves loss. The real fear is in the numbers. The Seawolves are now 1-5 having played six games. Through the past 15 quarters, they have gone without an offensive touchdown. Over these six games, they have been outscored 177-85, yielding an average difference of 15 points per game. One plus five games, one plus five quarters, one plus five points. Six six six. In their loss to Liberty, the Seawolves have brought about the events that will



Najib Aminy

Give me liberty or give me loss!

lead to the reanimation of Jerry Falwell. Any sightings of a Zombie Falwell in the Lynchburg, Virginia area on Halloween may not be costumes.

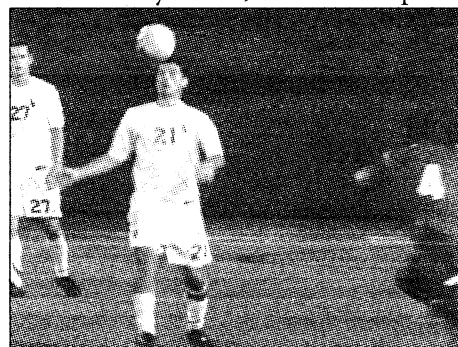
So, Seawolves, you're 1-6 going into Homecoming. Cheer up. Next week you play at home in front of your biggest crowd of the year, who'll be cheering for you regardless of how you play, even if it is just the alcohol talking. At least our biology department doesn't believe that "there is now mounting evidence that man and dinosaurs did indeed live on earth at the same time." Always remember: We're a real school. They're not.

Men's Soccer Keeps Losing Streak Alive

By Najib Aminy

The Stony Brook men's soccer team extended their losing streak to seven games on Wednesday, October 7, losing to Boston University, 1-0. With numerous missed scoring opportunities, the men's soccer team failed to produce any goals and recorded their ninth shutout loss of the season.

With a strong crowd cheering for the Seawolves, most notably a combination of the Stony Brook swimming and cross country teams, the match-up be-



Najib Aminy

Look what I can do!

tween Boston University and Stony Brook was heated. The score was tied at 0-0 at the close of the first half. Boston University was unsuccessful in shooting nine times, and Stony Brook was equally unaccomplished in firing eight. Stony Brook came close to breaking the stalemate when sophomore midfielder Greg Tinari (Holbrook, NY) fired the ball only to have it deflect off the post. Stony Brook did manage to pull three corner kicks, yet this resulted in very little that could change the outcome of the game.

As the second half began, Boston University intricately worked their way up the field, which allowed Terriers own freshman midfielder, Michael Bustamante (Chelsea, MA) to score on Stony Brook's senior goal-keeper Dawid Ditrich (Gdansk, Poland) during the 46th minute of game play.

With ample time left to score, junior defenseman Collin Geoghegan (Lindenhurst, NY) and junior midfielder Petar Rakovic (Kragujevac, Serbia) each

fired away five times; two shots from each were on target, but failed to produce a goal. Amidst a strong offensive effort, Lady Luck was not on Stony Brook's side when, in the 64th minute, when freshman forward Jherret Maroney (Cincinnati, OH) shot the ball past an occupied goalie, only to yet again, have the ball hit the post and travel away from its intended destination.

With ten minutes remaining in the game, Stony Brook had four chances to score, but the shots were either off target or saved by Boston University's senior goalie Hrafn Davidsson (Reykjavik, Iceland).

The game improves Boston University's record 4-5-2, and 1-1 in American East play, while Stony Brook adds another tally into the L column. Stony Brook is 2-10-1 and 0-2 in conference play. The Seawolves will tackle an away game against Albany on October 15 and return home to face Maine on October 19.

Editors Note: From here on out we will be featuring two athletes for each issue in our "Athletes of the Week" focus piece. So you know what that means, folks! Start making the plays on the field and you can get your face in print. That's great fridge material!

sports

Women's Soccer Scores Past UMBC

By Najib Aminy

The Stony Brook women's soccer team scored their way past the Retrievers of the University of Maryland: Baltimore County, carrying momentum into the last stretch of their regular season play. Winning three of the last four games, the Lady Seawolves recorded two shut outs against both Hartford and Vermont, winning 1-0, and defeating UMBC 2-1 on Sunday, October 12.

The Seawolves found themselves behind very early in the game when UMBC sophomore forward Morgan Warrington (Magnolia, DE) shot a header into the goal off a parallel pass from Retrievers' freshman Danielle Kell (Willards, MD). Determined to beat the low-tier "other" team from the University of Maryland, the Seawolves answered back in the twenty-fifth minute of the game when senior forward Trine Allenberg (Roberts, WI) fired the ball off a corner kick to the boot of fellow senior forward Brooke Barbutto (Syracuse, NY) who then shot the ball past UMBC's goalie for her third goal of the season.

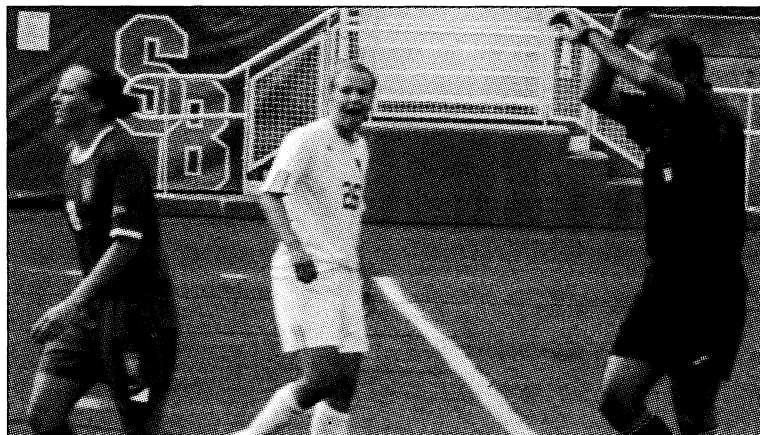
It appeared that the Lady Seawolves took the first half as practice, out shooting UMBC 11-5 and taking five corner kicks to UMBC's nil. Despite the high number of shots taken by Stony Brook, the score remained at 1-1 heading into the second half.

Nearly twelve minutes into the sec-

From that point, the Lady Seawolves' defense took over allowing UMBC to fire only three times in the remaining thirty-five minutes of the game. The Lady Seawolves out shot UMBC a total of 16-9, of which nine of their shots were on target. The Seawolves also had seven corner kicks to UMBC's one.

Seawolves junior goalkeeper Amanda Hemme recorded a total of four saves indicating UMBC's failure to acknowledge where the goalie was. With a valiant effort that proved to come up short, UMBC's Bacinski recorded six saves.

The win improves the Seawolves record to 7-6 and 3-1 in American East conference play while UMBC dismally falls to 2-13 and 1-4 in American East play. The Lady Seawolves finish the remainder of their season against all conference teams, of which they are currently placed as third. The Lady Seawolves have their next home games on October 23 against Binghamton at 7 pm and their regular season finale against Maine on October 26.



D Generation XI

Najib Aminy

ond half, the Lady Seawolves took advantage of another corner kick as Allenberg rocketed a pass to sophomore midfielder Sarah Dwyer (Laurel, MD) that was blocked by UMBC's senior goalkeeper Christine Bacinski (Hampstead, MD). It was off Bacinski's block that Stony Brook red-shirted freshman midfielder Holly Razzaghi took advantage and fired a shot above Bacinski to break the tie.

Women's Volleyball Loses Two

By William Dunn

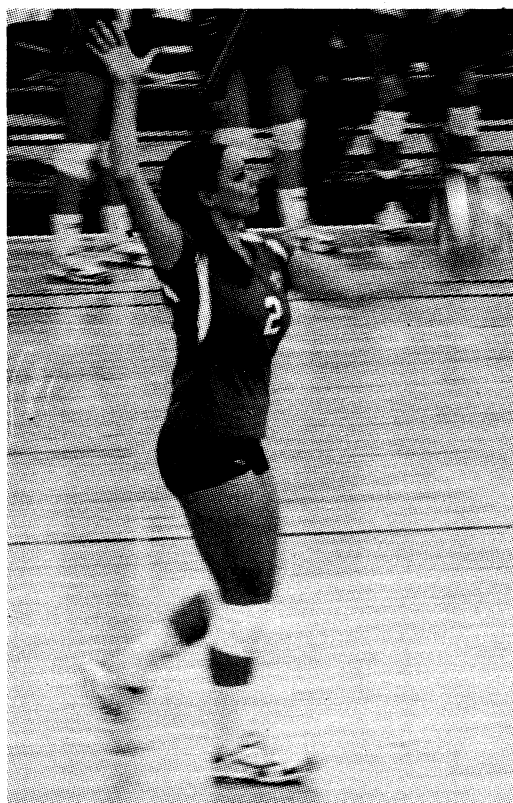
The Stony Brook Women's volleyball team fell to 9-12 after losing two straight games to the University of Albany on October 14 and the University of Maryland: Baltimore County on October 16. The final score in the loss to Albany was 3-1. However, the game against UMBC proved to be a little different as the Lady Seawolves were shut out, 3-0.

Stony Brook played with Albany for every point, rallying in the third game to win 27-25. Leading the team with an impressive 20 kills and 13 digs was senior outside hitter, Gulce Nazli Dikecligil (Istanbul, Turkey). The Seawolves caught up in the third set to prevent a shut out. Junior transfer libero Michelle Burrola (Glendale, AZ) assisted the Seawolves effort, with a game-high of 21 digs alongside sophomore swing hitter Alicia Nelson (Apple Valley, MN). The Lady Seawolves came together to make great

plays, but it was not enough to defeat the Albany Danes. Stony Brook lost in four sets, 25-17, 25-22, 25-27, 25-21. Albany improved their record to 10-8, 3-0 in American East conference play.

UMBC, despite being "that other school of the University of Maryland," proved to be unstoppable, winning in three sets, 25-19, 25-17, 25-18. The Retrievers had a game high 17 kills of which the Lady Seawolves never found their groove. Nelson led the team with 11 kills, while Burrola recorded the team high of 14 digs. The win for UMBC keeps them undefeated in American East play at 4-0 while they are 14-6 overall.

Now below the .500 mark, the Lady Seawolves close off their regular season on the road against Maine on October 17 and against New Hampshire on October 19. The Lady Seawolves are 0-3 in American East conference play.



EDWIN GOWINS

FRESHMAN RUNNING BACK
EDWIN GOWINS LEADS THE TEAM IN RUSHING YARDS AND RUSHING TOUCHDOWNS. HOLDS TEAM HIGH OF LONGEST OFFENSIVE DRIVE WITH A 72-YARD RUN. WITH 63 ATTEMPTS, AVERAGE RUSH PER CARRY IS 7.2 YARDS. SPENT ONE YEAR AT BRIDGTON ACADEMY IN MAINE. FROM BELLPORT, NY. DONS #23 AND IS AN ARTS/SCIENCES MAJOR

FAVORITE MUSICIAN:

MOVIE LAST WATCHED:

FAVORITE TV SHOW:

FAVORITE BOOK:

FAVORITE ATHLETE:

SPORT BESIDES FOOTBALL YOU WOULD PLAY:

SUPPORT WHAT CANDIDATE:

FAVORITE THING ABOUT SBU:

WHY SBU:

ONE THING YOU COULD CHANGE ABOUT SBU:

FAVORITE QUOTE:

SHOUT OUT:

Stony Brook Hockey Melting From the Start

By Daniel Offner

As the newly bleached blonde Liberty University Flames men's ice hockey team got ready to face-off against the Stony Brook Seawolves, they began to bang their sticks against the boards in a foreboding manner of what was to come.

Over 200 people crowded into the cramped bleachers at The Rinx in Hauppauge, New York to watch the Seawolves lose 6-3 to the team from Lynchburg, Virginia; very few Stony Brook students were in the crowd. The first game of the 2008-2009 season started off well. Within 32 seconds, number 8 of the Seawolves, Angelo Serse, got a breakaway and the first goal of the game. Soon after, the Flames caught up with a goal of their own. Halfway through the period, number 40, John Langabeer, had a penalty shot brought on by a hook on a breakaway. However, goalie Derek Stevens was able to make the save. Not too long after, Seawolves' number 23, Mauricio Torres, scored the go-ahead goal. At 3:40 left in the period, the Flames' number 27, Zac Bauman, scored a goal by deflecting the puck into



The Liberty Flamers prove too hot handle, yet again.

Daniel Offner

the net. This goal made the teams even at two goals a piece into the first intermission.

In the second period, the Flames scored a goal at 16:06 and got the go-ahead goal. That was quickly snuffed by a bad angle shot through the five-hole by Serse again. Following this, Serse skated to center ice and did a Bobby Orr

style dive. However, all this enthusiasm was snuffed at 4:33 in the period when the Flames' player, Dave Semenza, scored on a breakaway.

After Semenza's goal, two more followed. The first was shoved in by Zac Bauman, who also knocked the net off the moorings shortly after. Since the puck crossed the line in the goal crease

before the net came off, this resulted in a goal along with groans from the fans. The second goal was scored in the third period from the slot, the area right in front of the net.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the game was how few students actually came out to the game. One student, Elizabeth Harmon explained, "It's a good turnout, but there can be many more students. People should really get the word out. There is free transportation and sometimes free tickets and it's lots of fun."

Unbeknownst to many, Stony Brook has five ice girls that skate in between periods and hold activities for the fans to take part in. During the first intermission they brought three kids onto the ice and let them shoot at the net from three points on the ice, the furthest blue line, the red line and the closer blue line. Throughout the game, the ice girls sold pucks for everyone to toss. The winner who got the puck in the bucket would get a prize.

At the beginning of the game, people were holding banners that read, "Go Seawolves! Extinguish the Flames!" But the Flames refused to be snuffed.

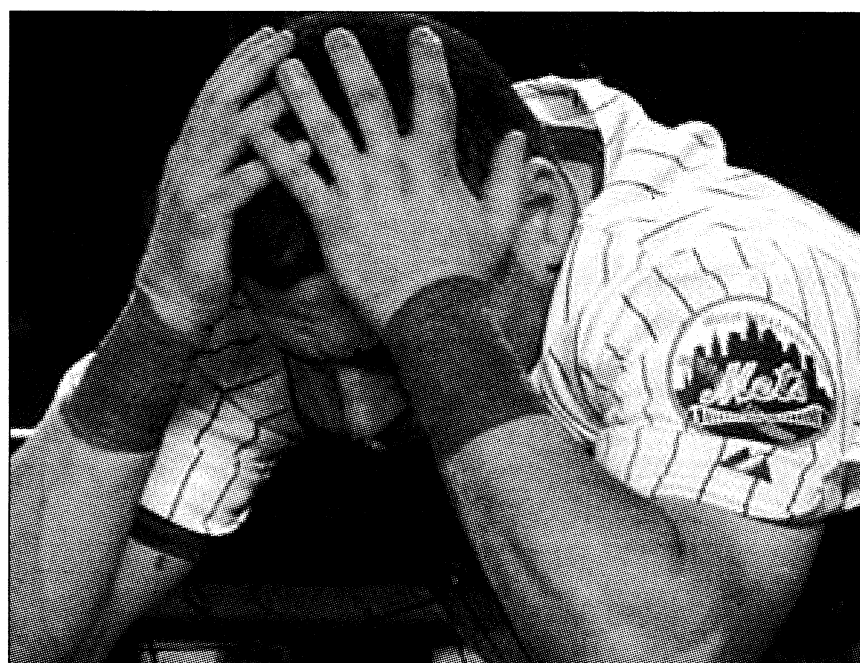
Amazin' Malaise

By Jason Wirchin

For those of you who read my *Shea Goodbye* article, you probably noticed the sentimental approach I took in describing the stadium's historic tenure in New York. I was more reflective than disheartened, and felt as if a proper sendoff was in place. After all, even though Shea was closing, the Mets were in the playoff hunt and I, along with millions of other fans, was in a generally good mood. Maybe we thought this year would be different. Maybe after 2007's bitter collapse, the team could muster one more miracle to keep Shea open for just a little bit longer. We wanted October. We wanted it badly. Funny how we all got excited only to be disappointed...again!

As another Mets-less postseason surges ahead, the best we can do is sit back and sulk. With a bunch of low-market clubs vying for a championship, we might as well shut off our TVs and save some electricity. That's about the only good that can come out of these playoffs. Seriously, were you really tempted to see nine innings of classic Red Sox - Angels baseball? How about that sleep-inducing matchup between the Rays and White Sox? Even better, who wasn't yawning in excitement

when they heard about the Cubs and Dodgers?! As if things couldn't have gotten any worse, just thinking about that Brewers - Phillies series makes an orgo midterm sound like fun! Eye



openers? More like eye closers! Try to enjoy a single pitch of these games and you'll reach REM faster than if you were to swig a bottle of NyQuil.

Such is the fate of modern Mets fans. We're left with the remnants of a wasted season and cannot help but wonder, "Why?" See, we never know what to expect because we never have anything to expect. Following The Col-

lapse of last year, our hopes for a better tomorrow were in limbo. Not surprisingly, this year's team dragged us on a loopy roller coaster ride, only to send us crashing at the end. They brought us

sheer joy and much needed optimism, but they plagued us with utter confusion and downright anger.

Why even stick with these losers? Why bother? It's what Mets fans...do...that's why. Sure it would be easy to have your team make the playoffs every year and win all the time (cough, Yankees fans, cough). But that's just the thing - it's easy. Sometimes the

best decisions are the hardest decisions. Tell this to anyone who bleeds orange and blue and they're bound to say, "I hate it when you're right."

Nevertheless, we should not allow the 2008 "Dud Squad" to move into Citi Field scot-free. Remember, they did hold a 3.5 game lead in the division with 17 games to play. And every fool in that horrendous bullpen couldn't hit the side of a barn even if it killed him. These were the Mets of a babyish Reyes, an un-clutch Wright, two petty Pedros, and a general manager with the wits of a Jell-O mold. They died the way they played - immaturely, inconsistently, and in no way a reflection of solid baseball. So, with the final words on the final season at Shea Stadium, here's a little ditty you may recognize:

Meet the Mess, Meet the Mess,
Teams come to the park to defeat the Mets,
Bring your catcalls, bring your spite,
Guaranteed to have a miserable night,
Because these '08 Mets stink as you can see,
Half of the team is on AARP,
Alou is a bum, Castillo's a joke,
I've seen better hands on a snake,
So to Omar, Fred and Jeff Wilpon, hiring Jerry Manuel was a mistake!
Enjoy the winter, folks! We'll see you at spring training!

We apologize to any and all Rex Grossman fans for our repeated criticisms at his expense. We also would like to express our empathy to any Rex Grossman fan, for obvious reasons.

Love,

The Press

North

Pittsburgh Steelers (4-1)

Despite a crummy O-line and Roethlisberger getting hit more than a disobedient wife, this team avenged their playoff loss to Jacksonville and took their division lead into a bye week.

Baltimore Ravens (2-3)

Flacco played wacko and their supposedly strong D was easily picked apart by a resurgent Peyton Manning.

Cleveland Browns (2-3)

This team is given new life with a dominating win over the previously undefeated G-Men. Now will someone please give them new uniforms?

Cincinnati Bengals (0-6)

What happens when you start a Harvard grad QB on a team filled with criminals and drug abusers? You lose. For the 6th time in a row. Donde esta Ocho Cinco?

South

Tennessee Titans (5-0)

The Titans remain the only undefeated team in the league, but they may have a QB controversy brewing between an unexciting Kerry Collins and an emotional Vince Young.

Jacksonville Jaguars (3-3)

This team is going nowhere fast in a jumbled and competitive AFC playoff picture. If they have any post-season hopes, they better get their shit together.

Indianapolis Colts (3-2)

Manning is back in top form and the defense played well despite the absence of mighty mouse Bob Sanders. When they get their all-pro MVP safety back from injury, watch out.

Houston Texans (1-4)

They finally got their first win on a QB draw from Matt Schaub in the final seconds of the game. Against the Dolphins. Don't look for any big turnaround in Houston this year.

East

Buffalo Bills (4-1)

The surprising Bills come out of their bye week still leading the AFC East. Will they be able to keep up their superb play? Being dumped on by Arizona in week 5 doesn't help.

New England Patriots (3-2)

A crushing defeat to San Diego has fans wondering if a playoff spot is even in the cards for this ex-dynasty. Tom Brady continues to drive convertibles and bathe himself in Stetson cologne.

New York Jets (3-2)

The NY Bretts squeezed out a win against the lowly Bengals and RB Thomas Jones finally got more than one touchdown in a game, much less a whole friggin' season.

Miami Dolphins (2-3)

First they beat the Chargers then they lose to the Texans. Ricky Williams scored his 1st TD in two years, and in both games they lined up Ronnie Brown at QB. WTF?

West

Denver Broncos (4-2)

Many are touting Jay Cutler as the best QB from the 2006 draft. Leinert and Young, both drafted ahead of Cutler, aren't even starting, so can anyone really argue?

San Diego Chargers (3-3)

This is a very talented team that plays down to the competition far too often. They lost to the Dolphins and beat the Pats the next week! They better figure out their identity before it's too late.

Oakland Raiders (1-4)

The rabid fans of the black hole demand the public sacrifice of decrepit team owner Al Davis. If he's not busy crapping his diaper or forgetting what day it is, Davis is fucking up his team.

Kansas City Chiefs (1-4)

So far, last issue's prediction of no more wins this season has been completely accurate. Then again, you don't have to be the Schwam to see how much this team sucks.

North

Green Bay Packers (3-3)

Aaron Rodgers shows a Favreian effort to play through his shoulder injury but it only seems to work half of the time. The Pack needs better defense if they want to rise above 500 football.

Chicago Bears (3-3)

Forget Atlanta's last second heroics and victory. A strong D, clutch O, and commitment to keep Rex Grossman on the bench have this team thinking division champs.

Minnesota Vikings (3-3)

They were able to squeeze out two close wins in a row, but this team is still playing far below their potential. How far do they plan to go with a QB named Gus?

Detroit Lions (0-5)

Man they suck hard, rotten, hairy, salty, balls dripping with shmegma. Right now Texas or Alabama could dominate this squad.

South

Carolina Panthers (4-2)

This team looked to be back on track to its former superbowl status until it was pounded in the ass by the Buccaneers' defense. Where will they go from here?

Tampa Bay Buccaneers (4-2)

Another QB switch from old fart Greise back to old fart Garcia resulted in a dominating win rival Carolina. Can anyone question the wisdom and boyish good looks of Jon Gruden?

New Orleans Saints (3-3)

With the exception of Tampa Bay the Saints have not beaten any team worth bragging about and are bumming around at the bottom of a mediocre NFC South.

Atlanta Falcons (4-2)

Michael Vick is nothing more than a distant memory as rookie QB Matt Ryan continues to play like a seasoned vet. This team is one of the nicer surprises of the season.

East

New York Giants (4-1)

The Giants are no longer undefeated. They got Burrell back but were beaten handily by Cleveland on Monday night as Eli Manning returned to his doofy ways and threw 3 interceptions.

Washington Redskins (4-2)

The poor Redskins. They were doing so well in their tougher-than-nails division before giving up a win to the absolutely pathetic St. Louis Rams. This team has nowhere to go but up, or do they?

Dallas Cowboys (4-2)

Romo the Homo broke his itty bitty pinky, Pacman got suspended again, and T.O. whines like a bitch just as good as he cries like a bitch. "That's my Quarterback!" Awwwww, poor babies.

Philadelphia Eagles (3-3)

Much like the Jaguars and Chargers, they are drifting in mediocrity while playing in a hard division. It won't get any easier while versatile RB Brian Westbrook is out with broken ribs.

West

Arizona Cardinals (4-2)

Who would have picked this team as the division leader before the season? Head coach Ken Whisenhunt has turned this team around and savvy vet Kurt Warner is getting MVP attention.

San Francisco 49ers (2-4)

They showed a flash of hope at 2-2 but were quickly brought back to reality with two crushing losses to Philly and New England.

Seattle Seahawks (1-4)

Their season just keeps spiraling out of control. They have as much a chance of making the playoffs as recently injured QB Matt Hasselbeck has of ever growing back his hair.

St. Louis Rams (1-4)

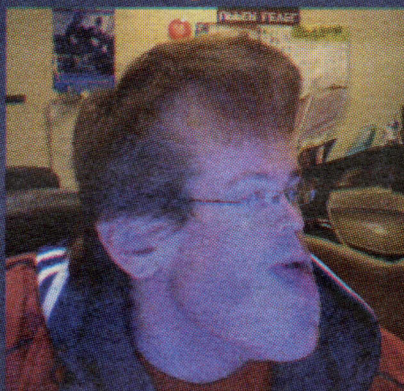
They did win a game but they still suck so bad that this is all we will write about them.

The Press Children's Fund

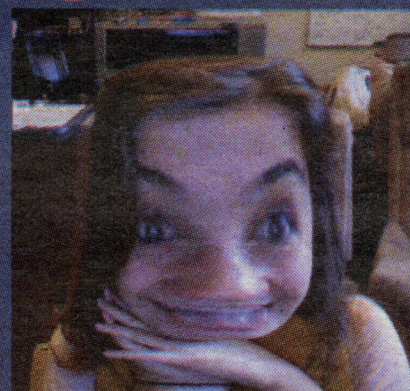
Do you have an immeasurable moral debt to pay off to society? Adopt one of our lovable, wayward orphans! Prices are negotiable. We will literally take anything.



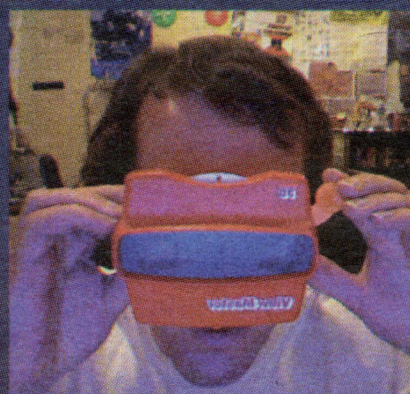
Billy has a small head, but a big heart.



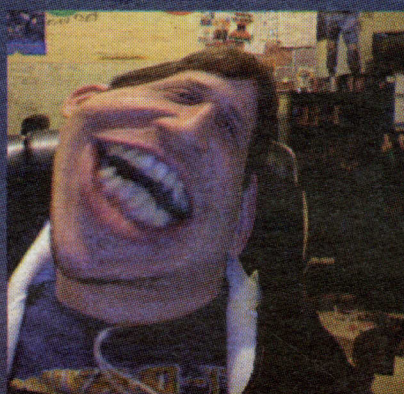
Charles has the jaw of a great thinker.



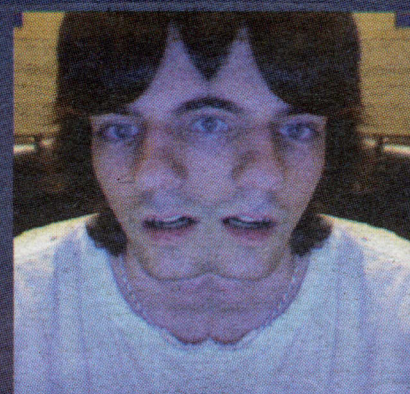
Svetlana recently stopped eating glue! Hooray!



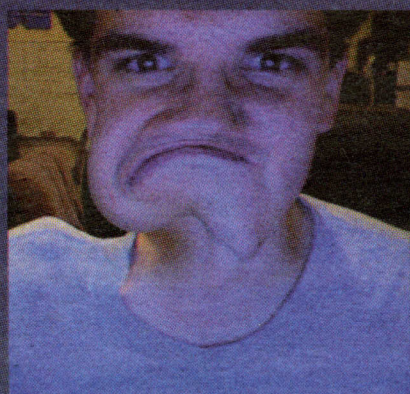
Timmy uses special goggles to see. His imagination is wild!



Don't you just love Reginald's winning smile?

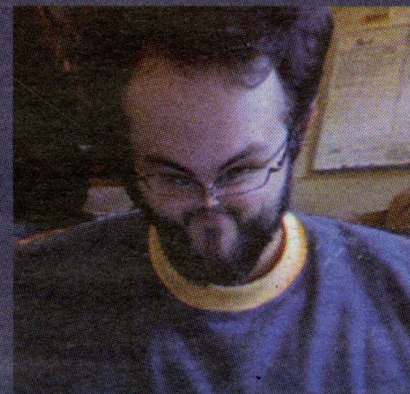


You'll get twice the love if you choose Hector & Alphonse.



Gilbert eats tons of spinach, just like Popeye, his hero.

Or, if you can't pay, at least come to our meetings.



Wanda's brain is so big, she's headed for 1st grade!

Every Wednesday at 1, Union 060