

THE STONY
BROOK

PRESS

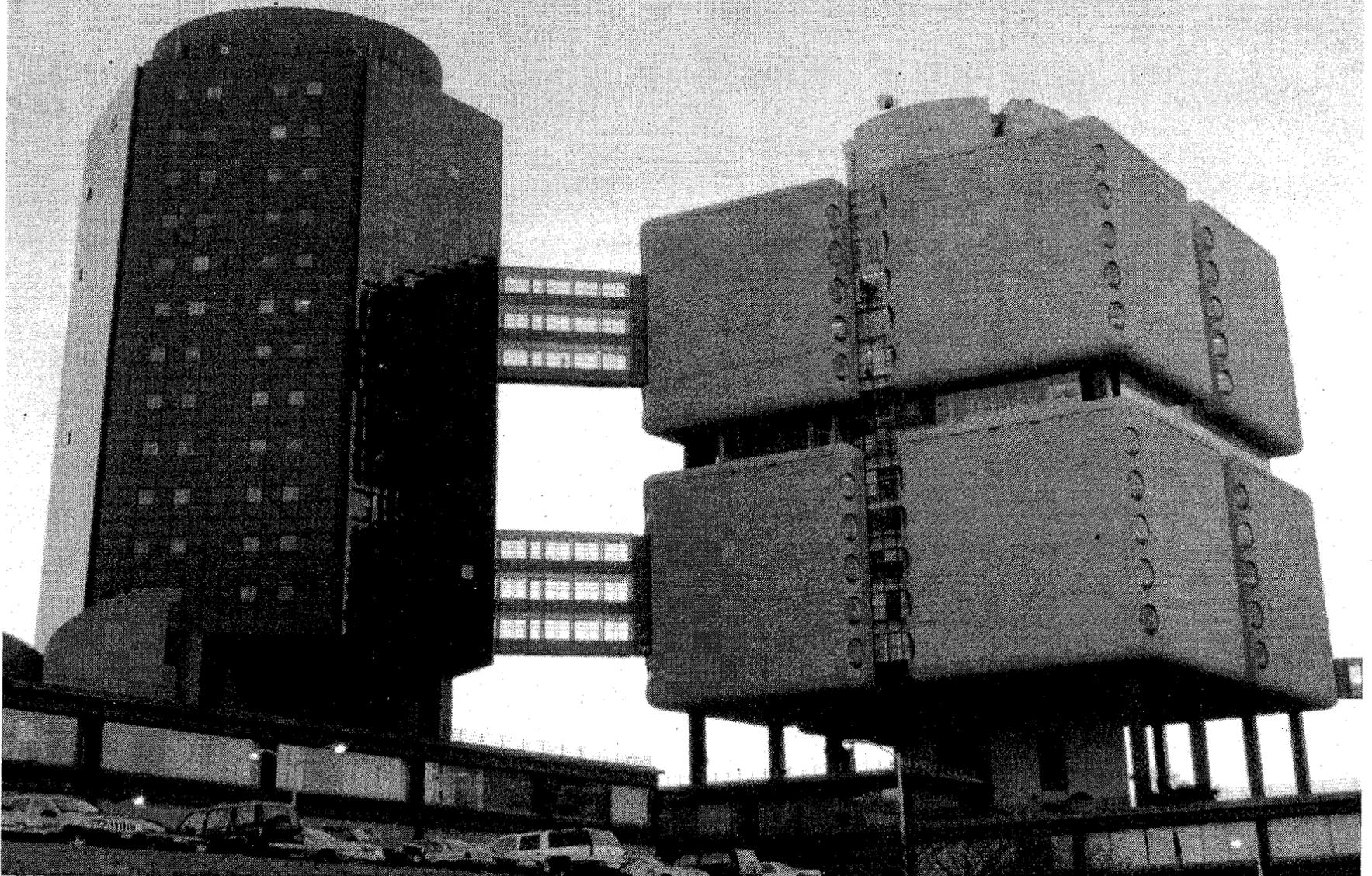
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"The University Community's Feature Paper"

February 8, 2002

Infant Dies In Stony Brook Hospital Mishap

pg 3



Enron: After the Power's gone

By Jonathan Gelling

Last Wednesday I had an interesting experience at the campus bookstore. The security people there believed they noticed some kid trying to steal a textbook, and as they were asking him about it he broke out in a dash for the door. Obviously, he didn't want to face the consequences of what he had done. As it turns out he didn't have to, since even though he was practically skipping his way out of there it was easy for him to get away from the out-of-shape guards in the store. Now, besides this being a good lesson for anyone that wants to shoplift from Wallace's, it reminded me a lot about what happened at Enron. The top executives there made a similar dash for the door, and it may be they'll get away just as easily before it's all said and done.

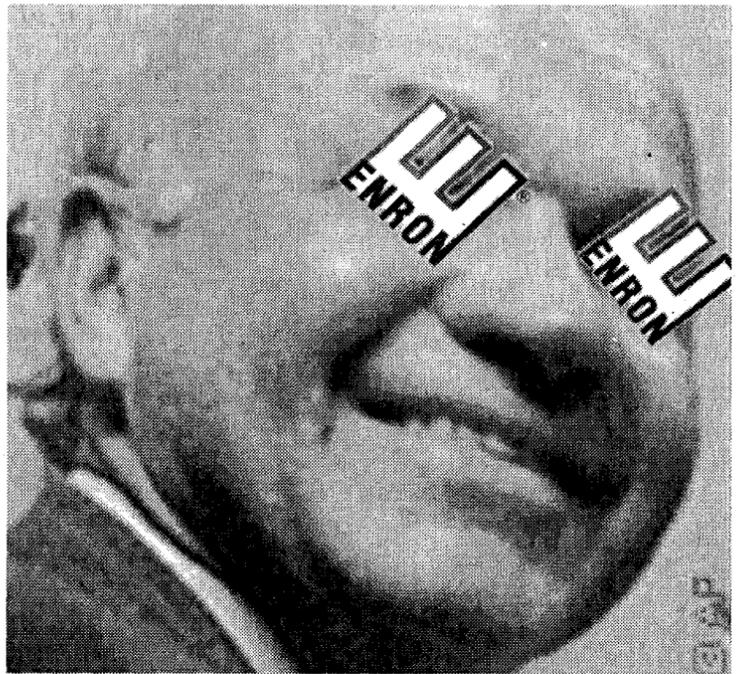
The story of the Enron Corporation is a lesson about greed and corruption in high places. A greed that reached outward from the energy giant's headquarters in Houston, to the halls of government in Washington D.C., and the seat of economic power in New York. It is also yet another example of the hysterical frenzy that swept Wall Street into madness between 1998 and 2000, when even conservative, well-established companies like Enron, which has a history dating back to 1985, jumped head first into the new dot-com culture. In the process of doing so Enron changed its character from a traditional producer and distributor of energy to a company that made its money speculating on future energy prices.

Enron made bad bets, structured bad partnerships (many in the Cayman islands to shelter them from taxes) and then tried to hide everything after the fact by misleading the investing public with falsified numbers. Along the way, their friends in Washington helped them by blocking all attempts at regulating their business, with the result that investors learned very little about Enron's speculative activities. Many also believe that Arthur Andersen shielded the company by signing off on financial statements that exaggerated their profits,

mostly through the use of illegal accounting tricks. It wasn't until just last November that the extent of their fraud became apparent; it was then that Enron was forced to admit that they had earned \$600 million less since 1997 than they had previously reported.

The man that will perhaps be held most responsible for this \$60 billion corporate collapse is Enron's former Chairman and CEO, Kenneth Lay (who was only very recently dismissed long after his failures became apparent). Earning over \$100 million a year at his peak, about 3500 times what the average American might make in a year, he oversaw the transition of the company from energy producer to energy broker. Literally, Enron became the equivalent of a day trader in the energy business, buying and selling energy like dot-com stocks and hoping to make money off of the price swings. They paid out handsome gifts of money to friends in government, the media and academia. They paid \$100 million for Enron Field in Houston. Over the last four years, Enron donated \$2.3 million to the national Republicans and \$700,000 to national Democrats. Arthur Andersen over that same period gave \$413,000 to Republicans and just \$27,000 to Democrats, which may turn out to be a poor investment for the company. No amount of political bribes could save the company from ultimately collapsing, but it certainly helped them go on a lot longer than they might have otherwise.

The fall of Enron brings to a head a lot of issues that have been brewing for some time. Everyone has heard the proverb that the rich get richer, but shouldn't there be limits to what corporate executives are allowed to pay themselves? In



Enron's case, the Board members paid themselves obscene amounts of money while they were running the company into the ground. The cash they took may very well be untouchable by any efforts to recover money for the victims of Enron's collapse, the company's own employees. Those 20,000 people that worked for Enron lost not only their jobs, but over \$1.3 billion from their retirement accounts, and this was made worse by the fact that many of them were prevented from selling the company stock as it plummeted, even as the Board members unloaded their own holdings.

So, as a lesson to all (especially to my friend from the book store), if you're going to steal, be sure to do it wearing a suit. You'll always be able to get away with more that way, and it'll take a lot longer for people to chase after you.

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Overdose Cause Of Infant Death At SB Hospital

By Thomas Osborne and Beverly Bryan

Anna Vargas and her husband Giovanni, who was an iron-worker recently laid off from the World Trade Center site, knew that their baby had a heart valve problem while she was still pregnant. But the doctors at the Stony Brook University Hospital assured them, that the child would be all right.

When their son was born on January 30, he weighed around eight pounds, and except for the heart defect, was otherwise healthy. They named him Gianni and the doctors opted to wait until February 3, to operate. The fairly commonplace heart procedure was successful and Gianni was going to be fine.

In the early morning hours on Tuesday, February 5, hospital staff mistakenly administered a fatal dosage of Potassium Chloride (KCl) intravenously to Gianni due to a decimal point error and he died a few hours later. He had apparently received ten times the recommended dosage of Potassium Chloride (KCl). The dosage would have been high for an adult. The prescribed dosage was 3.5mm but the decimal point was overlooked and 35 mm were administered. Gianni Vargas died even though Stony Brook University Hospital has a system of safeguards and crosschecks to prevent disasters like this. Despite the fact that medicine changes hands several times at the hospital before it reaches a patient all of those crosschecks failed.

According to the Journal of the American Medical Association, which published a study on June 16, 1999, "Investigators concluded that screening and replenishing a patient's serum potassium is a low-risk, low-cost intervention that should be considered on a case by case basis for all cardiac surgery

cases."

According to the Vargas' legal council, Mr. David Raimondo esq, the hospital said that it was a "disaster of major proportions" for them, and that they have acknowledged that they made a mistake. But Raimondo's law office will be filing a notice of claim on Friday, February 8, on behalf of the parents.

Raimondo said that the dosage was "so outrageous that any reasonably prudent person in their position would know it was too high." Raimondo said that while it is known how this has happened it is not known why. The family doesn't know who is responsible for the child's death or why they failed to notice their mistake in time to avert tragedy. Potassium is essential for the body to maintain a normal heart

the American Medical Association 1999)

Potassium chloride can either be taken intravenously, as in Gianni Vargas's case, or it can be ingested orally, in medications such as K DUR, KLOTRIX and K LOR-CON. Potassium chloride is used in carrying out a death sentence by lethal injection, and has also been used by Dr. Kevorkian to euthanize many of his patients. (<http://www.hospicepatients.org/questionable-death.html>). It is a powerful and dangerous drug at high concentrations, and in the recent years has not been stored on patient floors of many hospitals unless diluted, or in emergency or intensive care areas.

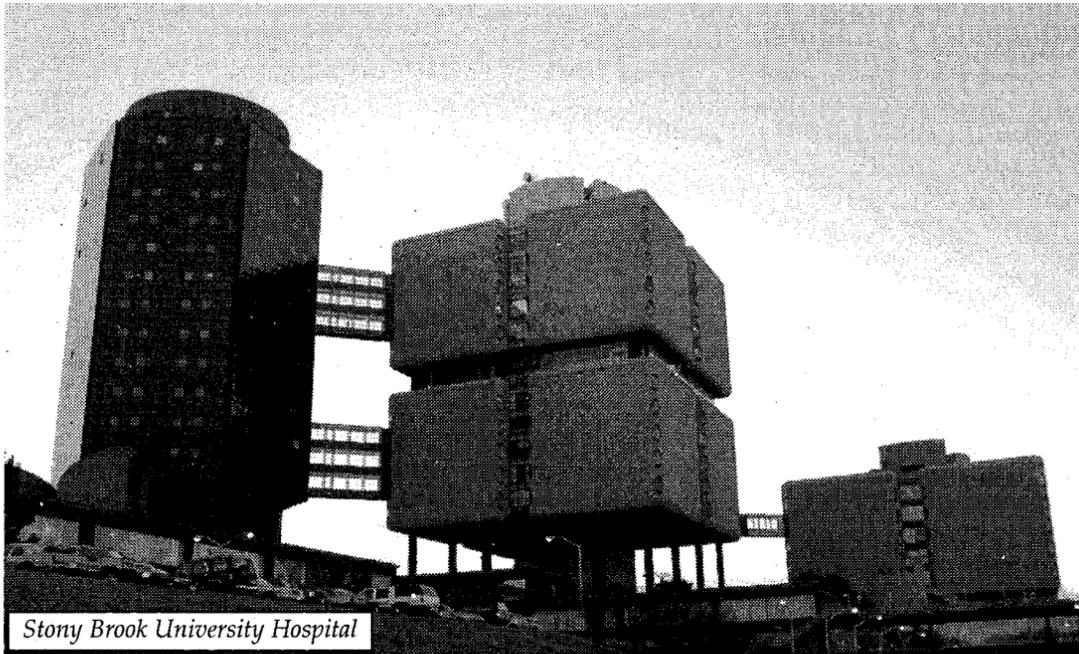
"In 1991, after 40 or 50 deaths had been attributed to concentrated potassium chloride, the federal Food and Drug Administration

required distinctive black tops and inner closures on all potassium chloride vials. Both the top and the inner closure carry a 'must be diluted' warning label in white letters." (<http://www.iatrogenic.org/fatalerr.html>)

But it is a fairly commonplace procedure for heart surgery patients to receive Potassium Chloride, both pre and post-op as it is used to treat Hypokalemia, which has been linked to heart arrhythmia and death. Hypokalemia means low serum potassium (low blood levels

of potassium). Young infants are especially at risk for death from hypokalemia.

The University Hospital was unavailable for comment. Sources within Stony Brook Hospital say that members of the hospital administration met with Shirley Strum-Kenny about the child's death. It's said that she is very upset and that jobs will be lost.



Stony Brook University Hospital

rhythm, and to remain in control of its voluntary and involuntary muscles. It is also responsible for the conduction of nerve impulses and muscle contraction.

The ratio of potassium outside the cell to that inside the cell maintains polarity, allowing an electrical charge to conduct along a row of cells, causing the heart to beat. (Journal of

the spot

open thur-sat
6pm-mid
music+beer+cabaret

2nd floor
fannie brice thtr.

Editorial: Goddamn Kiddy Skateboarders

Today I left my class in Javits and saw some kids skateboarding all over the sides of Javits. I never really thought much of them until today. Actually, I used to respect them for some reason. I suck at any form of skating, and watching the professionals on TV is kinda cool. I thought it was cool that these kids were attempting something I could never do.

But I looked at them today and I hated them. I hated these pretentious little "I'm a skater and I'm cool and I can do whatever the fuck I want on this campus." Seriously, get the fuck off my campus. It's because of these little brats that our campus looks so ugly. You ever see that brown stuff on the curbs? That's skate wax. You ever wonder why the cement walls are broken around Javits and the dorms? Thank the skaters for that.

They just think they own the goddam place. Today outside of Javits, I saw one kid get so mad that he couldn't do an ollie (that's skater for jump) that he threw his board across the ground. Oh, angry youth, you are so cool. I want to skateboard and throw my board across the ground.

Then there's the times I see these kids skating on the platform of the LIRR train stop- as the train is coming. Fucking morons. I don't want to see some poor little brat get hit by a train. His friends will freak out and then I'll feel guilty I didn't tell him to not skateboard when the train is coming.

Sometimes these little shit rags wake me up in the mornings on Saturday because they decide to grind

my quad to pieces. You know what? I feel like all those stupid old people who told me to stop being a pain in the ass when I was a kid. But I was being stupid in my own neighborhood. Not a college campus. These kids don't live around here. This is a different story.

Next time you see a pack of these little bastards, yell at them. Seriously. They won't do anything back to a bunch of college students older than them. If that doesn't work, go up to them and push them off their stupid skateboards. Then pick up the skateboards and beat them with it. That will teach them a lesson.

If that's too extreme, just throw stuff at them. Stuff you find on the ground, the trash, your pockets, anything. Fill water balloons and to hit them with. Spray the bastards with a Super Soaker. They will play it off and act all hardcore, but the next morning, your victims will (hopefully) have a nice cold.

I'm not kidding about this. Ok, maybe I am kidding about the go and beat them up part; I'm sure there are legal repercussions. Let these fucks know they are not welcome. Think about it. When they come here, they make our campus look like shit. They go home to their un-skated on house and we go back to a ghetto shit hole. Then we bitch to the school administration to put money into fixing the campus. That's less money for something else we could be bitching about.

I hate those goddamn kiddy skateboarders. And you should, too.

Editorial: My Generation has Shit for Brains

Last weekend, many people my age went out in the rain to make fools of themselves. I, however, have a job.

My economic forum is my wallet, and I never protest its contents. Rather, I am in a constant act of trying to preserve its contents. I certainly can't afford to take a day off of work, spend money on the Long Island Rail Road, waste more on the subway, and stand out in the rain to protest... something. On top of all the wasted time and money, the weather would've no doubt encouraged some micro-organism to move in on my shit, resulting in medical bills I can't afford to pay; I have no health insurance.

So, what does this scenario portray, you might ask? Hmm, could it be that a majority of the young college student protesters are rich or upper-middle class well-to-do, bored motherfuckers with nothing to do except bitch about the system that allows them to happily exist in their current state of bubble-boydom? Maybe there exists a severe problem with the rules pertaining to the expense account that Daddy allocates, what with the minimum GPA requirement and all. That insolent bastard deserves to be embarrassed by his heir, that stingy fucker.

So, what exactly was protested? Was it Nike? Was it Pat Sajak? Maybe the whole thing was an attempt by a multiplicity of special interest groups to steal publicity from an event that actually mattered. Several gripes were expressed live via placard, each totally unrelated from the others. Some people want to free Mumia, some want to stop war, some want to stop money from "controlling their lives," and I want an aspirin. The whole protest was a farce, you worthless, jobless, little socialist tree huggers.

Kiss my ass.

What have you to complain about? Really? Did you not get enough attention as babies? Is this a cry for help, or are you just trying to make the rest of us look bad? 'Cause you know some people deserve the money and lifestyles that they do have. They've done something beyond your grasp; they've EARNED it. If your problem is globalization, leave the globe. If you don't want people in Somalia to starve, YOU go feed them. Please stop urging your Senators to spend tax dollars (that people who HAVE jobs contribute to) on people that don't deserve it.

Whatever I have to say about this issue doesn't matter, because it has nothing to do with my life, nor does it impede on my happiness. I am just expressing a minority viewpoint (mine), that is not necessarily anywhere close to the sentiment of the rest of the staff here at the Press, but who listens to those fuckers.

Nevermind that, all I'm sayin' is that there's plenty of shit wrong at the macro level, and there's PLENTY wrong with Stony Brook, perhaps even a plethora of wrongs, a plethora Heffe. For instance, why is the administration urging student organizations to raise funds for Habitat for Humanity when construction on campus is still going on? Howsabout Habitat for Undergraduaty? Ask Shirley about her future plans for her own accommodations and you'll know why there are plans to build a charitable "Stony Brook House" for some poor bastard who DOESN'T get paid a quarter million a year to mismanage a university.

Maybe you should shoot a lobbyist.
Do all that and get a fucking job.

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Letter: Get me a Dictionary

After an inspection of the most recent edition of the press I figured I would complain. The first thing that caught my not so critical eye was the lack of a god cover. If the cover doesn't relate somehow to one of the better articles in the paper (which I found none) at least it could be shocking and funny. The press has been known for its witty articles and shocking covers, you guys spent

The Press would ordinarily try to avoid a drawn-out comparison between ourselves and the Statesman. There is a rule of journalistic decorum not to challenge the proverbial "one-legged man" to the proverbial "ass-kicking contest."

Since, your "not so critical eye" is taking it as a task for our job at the Statesman on our cover, (although it wasn't terribly shocking, it was rather funny. Trust me) we should bring it to your attention that the issue in question was done as an experimental intersession issue (worked on between the holidays, New Year's and

way to much time bashing the statesmen. And not enough time worrying about the quality of your work. And my two cents at the moment is that the Statesman is better!!!! For the mere fact that there is a small drop content in it.

Brian Fix

our families missing us) so obviously it was a little more skimpy content-wise than one of our regular issues. So let's look at it this way:

If the average issue of the Statesman can make a better impression on you than the work we put out while we're on god-damn vacation, then good for them! They deserve a gold star!

-Editor

Letter: Inter-web Pundit Offers up Expert Criticism!**Stony Brook Sucks.com****Re: Why The Press sucks.**

Posted by Bored on 12/14/2001, 2:10 am, in reply to "[Re: Why The Press sucks.](#)"
24.185.81.179

I love all of you who hate the Press! Piss on the press-- Literally. Take it into the bathroom, piss and crap all over it, then stick it to their door in the union so that it slides down, ever so slowly, leaving a trail of your excrement that resembles a hand giving them the middle finger on their door. The press is not worthy of being a tampon for herpes infested Beijing prostitute. I would let my dog use the paper as a place to defecate but I would be afraid that it might catch something from that dirty, dirty rag. I would like to fold that paper into a long, pointy spear and shove it into the eye of that spineless twit Russell Heller (I'm not sure if I got the name right...he's an editor I think...not that it narrows it down since everyone on The Press staff is an editor) so that he jiggles and convulses like the fat security guard in Terminator 2 when the T-1000 puts his finger through his eye near the Coke machine. I would then like to challenge them to a debate where I could bludgeon them with a hammer every time they said something stupid. I hate them all individually and their paper. They suck camel. I could come up with more witty and engaging articles by dropping a fuc*ing scrabble game on the floor and seeing what came up. Their comics suck testicles as well. The Press is a festering welt on the ass of shock journalism. They have the creativity of cottage cheese. If I had a time machine, I would go back in time to when their parents were pregnant and shove hangers in them until their wretched, evil little bodies spilled out onto the floor like a dingleberry that you must shake your ass on the toilet to detach. As my fellow colleagues have pointed out, you will all graduate, receive no job in journalism, and write for a school newspaper for the duration of your miserable, empty, shallow, worthless, lives. Bravo. I'm sure every time you come home for break from college your fathers slap your mothers in the face and tell them that they should have swallowed that load. If that had happened, you would have been crapped out and flushed down the toilet where you belong! Ok. I've had enough.

Dear Bored,

A vitriolic harangue such as this reminds me of how people on the Press write. It's the type of writing that most often leads to intelligent people criticising this paper. Carrying on the way you do, I'm surprised you aren't a bigger fan.

You do seem to have quite a knack for imagery so why don't you come join the press and maybe we can

help you use all the hostility to actually make a point. You obviously spend more time thinking about this newspaper than I do and it looks like you could use a healthy, creative outlet for your angst.

Just a little tip: Shake your ass on the dance floor; WIPE your ass on the toilet.

-Editor

Nintendo is Bigger than Jesus

By Jamie Mignone

The world is now a better place since the advent of this thing that is Nester-DC version 3.0. All of my childhood dreams are now fulfilled. You may ask yourself, "Of what is this madman speaking?" Well, I now have access to a library of Nintendo games as extensive as the pope's mailing list. Holy fucking shit.

On a single CD is stored an emulator of the NES and thousands of ROMs, each of which is a different game for the greatest console gaming system in history. The strange and possibly unsettling thing about this disk is that it runs on a fucking Dreamcast. It plays on a fucking SEGA Dreamcast. It seems that the Dreamcast runs on some form of windows, and this allows every programming loophole and glitch to be exploited for all kinds of copyright infringement. Several games for the Dreamcast are available online for download and copying to disc, but this is a commendable feat. Acidjunki, whoever you are, I thank you.

The disc loads like any other DC game, with the "product under license of SEGA," but it is followed by the message, "I am forced to display that message, but it is completely untrue." This disclaimer is followed by the alias, "Acidjunki," who although he has violated copyright law, has been canonized in my mind.

Nester-DC's got Contra, Bubble-Bobble, every Mega Man, Castlevania, and Super Mario Bros., as well as their Japanese counterparts. I now have the means to prove that these games are fun even when you can't understand a fucking thing about them, what with the Japanese characters spelling out what may well say, "Americans are stupid and lazy and uncoordinated," or, "western culture makes you fat." For all I care, it could all be in Martian, as long as I can still hit Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right, B, A, B, A, Start before the title screen appears in full, I'm going to be the happiest geek on Long Island.

The games are listed alphabetically on a

menu that takes a mighty long time to scroll through. Certain abbreviations are listed in the game titles, like the letter "J" for Japanese version, and some titles are just too long and require abbreviation. Some are just disturbing. I encountered a ROM titled "DICK_DUG" and I was apprehensive, but unfortunately not enough to stop my curiosity. I then found myself in control of a character that had the ability to mine into the earth in search of evil. My mission was to destroy monsters underground, much like the classic "Dig Dug" but instead of the masked hero who wielded a pump to pop the evil, I was controlling a phallus with testicles capable of locomotion, and my weapon against the evil was my own semen.

Another disturbing game was titled "FOXDESERT" on the menu, but the title screen and the game are devoid of English words or characters. It played like a strategy/RPG, kind of like the board game Risk, where players move their cannons, in this case tanks, to attack the enemy. After getting a grip on the controls of the game, I encountered a giant swastika at what appeared to be my headquarters. Perhaps the Japanese think it's fun to play games as their former allies, the fucking Nazi's, and their famed "Desert Fox," Field Marshall Rommel.

One nifty modification I came across was an alteration of the classic "Legend of Zelda." It was titled "ZELDAMAR" and starred the one and only Super Mario as the hero. The title screen calls the game "The Quest for Link" thus implying that Mario is saving no princess, but rather the former protagonist of this game. The enemies are those from Mario's



own games, but the game plays entirely like the original "Zelda" game. Pretty damn novel if you ask me.

The disk has every game you can remember and more. Unfortunately, some titles bring a glitched mess onto the screen, or a message of "unsupported rom". This was much to my dismay the case upon selecting the "DBZ" and "DBZ2" titles.

Despite the bugs, this disk is an essential game for any Dreamcast owner and finally gives your parents an excuse to throw all your old broken shit away. It's been sitting in the basement since you left for college and it misses you. Put it out of its misery.

If anyone has information regarding updated versions of this and where to find a hard copy of said this, contact the Press immediately. You will be rewarded...

There Ain't Nuttin' Goin' on Out Here

By Anthony Campbell and Jermaine Richmond

Does anyone out there think that this university has become really boring over the years? Trust me, if you do feel this way, you're not alone. Let's see, it's Friday night and so far it seems as if the only things to get into are the usual activities, which don't seem as appealing as they used to. Face it, this university is just about as exciting as a thirty year-old marriage, everything there is to do seems to have been done and you're damn right when you say that the thrill is gone. What happened to the spontaneity of this university, the appearance every so often, of a person that actually had to have money spent on them or in laymen's terms, a star. As a matter of fact, my mistake we did have some stars, but their shows were all mediocre and left nothing that really turned heads or made a big buzz. For example, Funkmaster Flex headliner Jadakiss. Then there was the Sugar Ray, oh "weeeee!" hope you see the sarcasm.

Ok now, let's step back a minute and analyze this. The point is loud and clear and it is a fact that this university has no anything. Excuse the horrible use of prose, but whichever term anyone out there would like to use as substitute for "anything" is more than acceptable and would definitely suffice. Whether the word be pulse or vibe or excitement, whatever term that fits, this university has absolutely none of it. Now this is not to knock or place blame on any of the various organizations out there, because they do try and their efforts do not go unnoticed, but something is seriously not clicking here. This campus is really depressing and dreadfully predictable. For one we haven't had any other event but

the usual Friday parties in a while and quite frankly its getting old. Almost nothing happens during campus lifetime and I don't think people on this campus even acknowledge the concept of a weekend. Consider the mass exodus that takes place every Friday afternoon on this campus. Half the residential student population packs their rolling bags or backpacks and heads to the Long Island Rail Road or Route 347 (depending on their mode of transportation) and the reasons could not be more obvious. When was the last time there was an event that took place on a weekend on this campus? I honestly can't even remember and just in case I forgot that, itself is a testament to how bad it must have been. Case in point, the two main factors of this university's events are wack or non-existent; its one or the other. Furthermore Lakesides is quickly replacing Planet Dublin as the club to go to see everyone from your class in Javitz 101 that same morning. If Polity was smart they would put some of that budget into Lakesides and get some support simply for endorsing a venue that serves alcoholic beverages.

Many opinions can be generated about parties, events, or campus life at Stony Brook. I have been to a fair share of events on campus during my three years here at the brook. We have all been through that phase (that is if you have been here long enough to remember) when it was a big thing to go to a Stony Brook party. There was a level of excitement and satisfaction from attending one of these

events. Obviously this has changed dramatically since then and I am trying to find the spark needed to bring a new level of excitement to Stony Brook campus life. It was not too long ago that this school was regarded as one of the top party schools in New York. When I arrived in the fall of 99-campus life was poppin. There was a hell of a lot more to do on campus, ranging from club-sponsored events to fraternity/sorority-based events. It was not a question of going home that weekend, it was what weekend should I go home because I couldn't miss that particular event.

However, I am not here to just to bitch about campus life and not offer any solutions. In fact, I have a couple of suggestions for all the clubs and organizations that plan these events. One adjustment that could be made that would generate better results would be to have some more variety. Everything about campus parties can be predicted. For example, anyone on campus can tell you when the most popular songs of the day are played; at the end of the party, when the lights are already on (now tell me the sense in that). Also the choice of DJ's could be more creative. When was the last time this school had a good professional DJ at a party-Flex and DA bombs don't cut it.

More variety. More variety. That is what the people want. Surprise us a little.

We don't even have to stop at my opinion. If you, the reader, have any suggestions, any comments, we invite you to share them with us. Your opinion will be heard!

THE B E A R R E R

*My Fat Fei Long Style
will wreck you quick, into the
emergency room*

*My Shien Kyaku is
beautiful and deadly like
assassin Geisha*

*Come to the Arcade
and bring your whack fighting style
so I can house you*



mon-sat
6-11

pool
games
butt-
kickins

**Basement
Student Union
Building**

Animal Destiny

By Andrea Leeson

Bats can save lives. This article is dedicated to one bat in particular who saved my life. This bat was named Batard. It was the first day of the semester, and I was overwhelmed by stress. I was having trouble staying calm and taking things one step at a time. Then I was introduced to Batard. Batard, who I named, was hanging out behind a bush next to the Staller Center. There he was, amidst all the chaos of the start of a new semester, just relaxing and sleeping away the day. Batard reminded me to relax, and to just hang out and enjoy life. After each class I would visit Batard, and pet him on his tiny furry back. But as the day ended I noticed that Batard was moving less and less. Yes, Batard was dying. By the evening of January 24th, Batard was dead. I miss him, but am thankful that I was able to spend his last moments with him. And I am thankful that I got to know the mellow, fuzzy Batard. So this is for you Batard, because you taught me something about bats, and about life too.

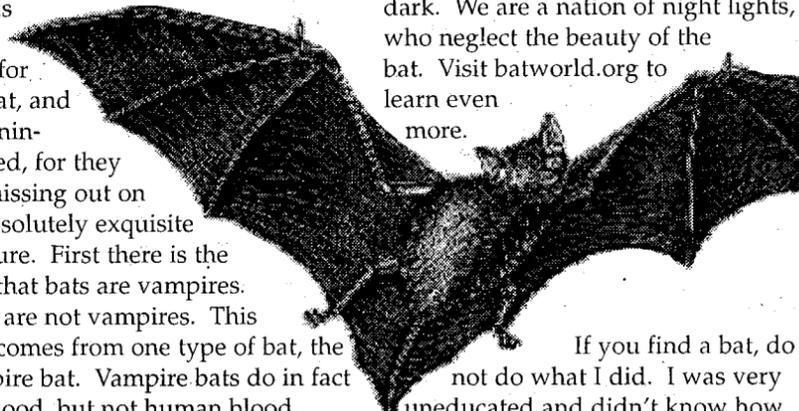
Bats have a bad reputation. This is sad both for the bat, and the uninformed, for they are missing out on an absolutely exquisite creature. First there is the idea that bats are vampires. They are not vampires. This idea comes from one type of bat, the vampire bat. Vampire bats do in fact eat blood, but not human blood, only animals, and are very small. Vampire bats do not attack humans, and they are only three out of over 1000 species of bats. So most bats eat insects.

When I found my dear Batard I was warned not to touch him because I would get rabies. This is just another ignorant thought about bats! Less than one half of one percent of all bats contract rabies. Of course Batard was ill and not in his little cave, so it is possible he was sick. But bats are not.

Bats are extremely important to nature. They eat millions and millions of tons of insects per year. They eat away millions of mosquitoes. And mosquitoes need to be eaten. Bats also help to pollinate rainforests, accounting for 95% of land regrowth. Bats are trying to save the rainforests humans destroy. Nectar and fruit bats are responsible for keeping many life-sustaining plants and trees alive with their pollination. We need to thank these bats. They do a job that saves our lives.

Bats are extremely intelligent, with complex social relationships. And they squeak. Ah... the sound of squeaking bats... Bats are closer to primates than rodents, and are not blind. I am not sure where this stereotype comes from, but they certainly don't fly into hair and get tangled. Possibly because bats navigate using sounds. With their little ears they can detect a human hair in complete darkness. Bats are so unique, they are the only flying mammals. Yes I know, we all think of the flying squirrel or the sugar glider (!), but they glide, my friends. And if somehow you did manage to put a bat in your hair, don't worry, because they are very clean and resistant to disease.

If you visit batworld.org you can learn about what great mommas bats are. They breast feed and sometimes adopt each other's young. You can also learn about how in China, bats are omens of good luck, and to some Native Americans bats are seen as protectors. They are not scary and spooky. Americans are severely mistaken and are probably just afraid of the dark. We are a nation of night lights, who neglect the beauty of the bat. Visit batworld.org to learn even more.



If you find a bat, do not do what I did. I was very uneducated and didn't know how to handle the situation. Call (631) 287-5428. This is a bat rescue center in South Hampton. Or you can call the Bat World Sanctuary at (940) 325-3404. It is best not to touch the bat. I was wrong in petting Batard. Bats are very tiny and may be very afraid of a big human. Don't scare them by getting too close, or by getting hysterical. Be slow and calm and peaceful. If there is no immediate care available you can care for the bat for up to 24 hours. Line a box with cloth or a t-shirt so the bat can hang from it. They love to do this. It is the most precious thing to see! Make sure there is room in the t-shirt for the bat to hide in. What sneaky little creatures! Put water in a tiny food jar, and if you touch it, you should wear thick gloves. Don't let kids or other pets near the bat. And hurry up to someone who is qualified to help the bat!

Friends, it is time to become educated. It is time to allow our lives to be enhanced by the wonder and love of a bat!

The Press' Top Ten Favorite Funny Websites

(In no particular order)

www.fatchicksinpartyhats.com: This is quite possibly the funniest site EVER. This site features pictures of people (not necessarily obese women) with captions below each one. These captions are written by a seventeen year old Mexican with only two years of English experience. At first look, you may not think much of the place. But give it some time. Soon enough "melty creature," "eat attack," and "retardeds" will dominate your vocabulary. Also don't forget to check out the Miguel web filter (Miguel is our Mexican prodigy) or the hate mail (with Miguel's responses). Damn, we can talk for hours about this place, so check out the funny on your own.



where is my sleeping bag?
OH! THE FATTY WEARS IT FOR PANTYS!!!! you may keep it didra babe. it now smells like porkfart.



a america adventure happens!
liberty fatty sneaks the butter-steak to the aerplane.

from Ann Davis

The way you spell I am suprised that you even know how to operate a PC (do you know what that means? it means computer.) P.S.- Go ahead and call me fat and mac on me - nobody cares dude- here's a quarter - call Jenny Craig!

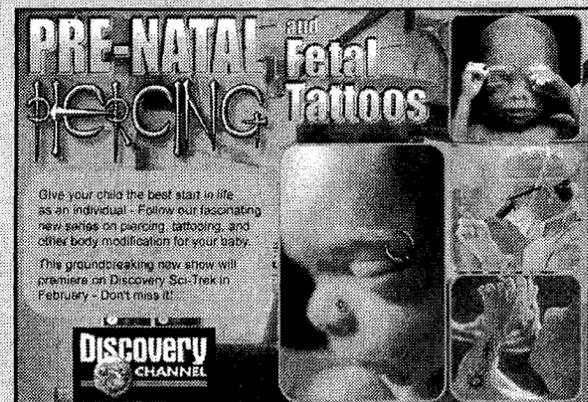
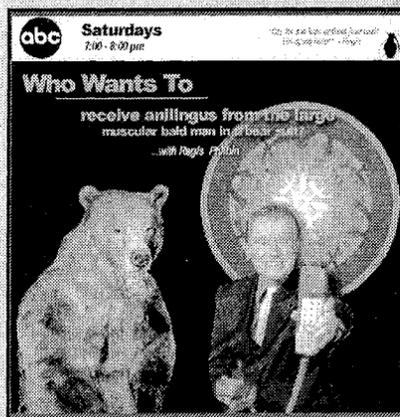
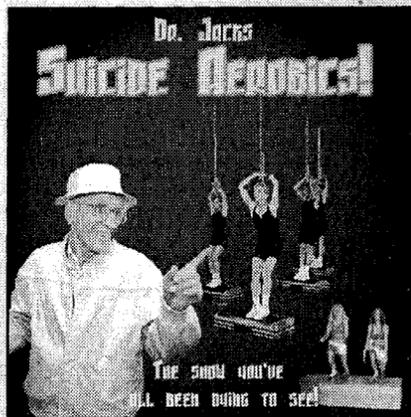
HERE IS YOUR NOTE:

1. you say you have surprised i have a computer. OKAY BUT I DO NOT CARE. EMAIL IS FOR "GO BACK TO MEXICO" ONLY.
2. you ask if i know a PC is. YOU DID TELL ME! I GET NO CHANCE TO THINK THE ANSWER!!!!
3. you say call you fat. OKAY FATTY. EASY. YOU ARE A PILE OF PORK SLOSH.
4. you say here is a quarter. YOU DID FORGET TO GIVE A QUARTER. YOU ARE THE LIE FATTY. IT IS OKAY IDID NOT NEED IT MY PHONE NEEDS 0 QUARTERS FOR A PHONE CALL. IT IS NOT A PAY PHONE. IT IS A DUCK WITH NUMBERS ON THE BELLY AND NO HOLE FOR QUARTERS. why did you not only say in the note "I AM ANN DAVIS A RETARDED STUPID-SHIT!!! DO YOU KNOW A PC IS COMPUTER? BYE BYE! P.S.- WHAT DOES P.S.- MEAN? OH I WILL LOVE TO TELL YOU! IT MEANS I AM A FUCKING DUMB FUCK"

www.english.com: This site revolves around the misspelling of the English language in Japan. It seems in Japan they love the English language, yet they seem to misunderstand how to translate it. This is funny, but we have all seen this before. Check out a grade school girl's book bag. Surely she will have a pencil case or a notebook with a silly english quote on it. If that doesn't seem familiar, you may remember the silly "all your base are belong to us" fad that went around the Internet a while back. Check it out if your still confused.



www.somethingawful.com: Wow, this place has a lot of stuff. Someone named Cliff Yablonski has some space on this site and all he does is make fun of people's pictures, sort of like Miguel from the fat chicks site, except Cliff speaks perfect English and just seems like such an asshole. This site also has some funny email and ICQ pranks. Have you ever been sitting online when someone you don't know sends you an instant message? Well these guys love to mess with those people's heads. Another funny thing on this site is the "Battle of The Photoshop Titans."



www.memepool.com: This is a simple site that basically has only links on it to other sites. Sites that feature things like "professional cheese racing" and other stupid things you never heard of. They also catalogue all sorts of silly internet phenomena like the "all your base are belong to us" (we talked about that before) and all the pictures with that dude who happened to be on the top of the Twin Towers on September 11th. Ever want to know what its like to be a schizophrenic? You can listen to a .wav file and find out for yourself!



TOP TEN

Battle of the Century

Lord of the Rings
pornographic adaptations

Quitting Smoking

VS

Death

10 Lord of the Cock Rings

9 The Two Towers

8 Get Your Gand-off 3

7 Sauron My Face

6 Elijah's Wood

5 The Brown Star of Earendil

4 Do You Gollum or Smeagol?

3 The Mines of Maria

2 Dildo Shaggins

1

Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.
One Ring to rule them all,
One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all
And in the darkness fuck them
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

Health

Saves money

Keeps you inside and away from that nasty sun

Free nicotine inhalers

You can put the batteries back in the smoke detector

Repeatedly attempted by Stony Brook Press staff

No painful death

No trips to 7-11 at 6a.m.

Afterlife?

You get to haunt stuff

No longer living

You've quit smoking

Eternal life with Jesus

Glory of God?

"We melvined Death!"

No anxiety

Life Insurance (saved money)

Station

You get to meet Elvis

PRO

Can no longer "Get the gear"

Insanity

Lingering oral fixation

Anxiety

Missing patches of hair

Repeatedly attempted by the Stony Brook Press staff

Asshole that says, "Betcha'd really like to smoke a cigarette, dontcha, dontcha!"

No more, "Hey baby, got a light?"

Afterlife?

Eternal damnation

No longer living

Missing patches of hair

Eternal life with Jesus

Repeatedly attempted by the Stony Brook Press staff

Fuck that! I ain't dyin'

Still can't shake that geek curse

No 7-11

CON

Fucking people, man...
 I'm going to add my political and economic opinion to every statement that I will have this semester.*



*translated to actual meaning

I also intend to use very large words as to confuse others and to fool them into thinking that I'm an intellectual.



This process is beneficial to me because I also fool myself into thinking that I'm an intellectual.



And although I know it's not true, I'll also think that "chicks" will "dig it".



After class, I'll return home to my humdrum routine of watching the Discovery Channel and eating Cheetos.



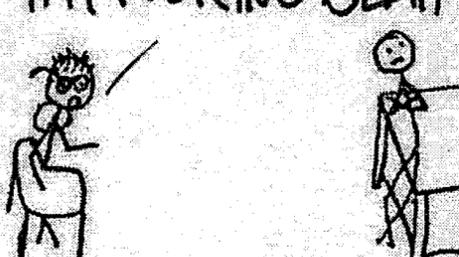
Which I eat directly from bag to mouth.



Upon completion of forementioned cheetos I will masturbate... Aaah, discovery channel.



Thus, leading one to believe that, having arrived at the conclusion of
 BLAH BLAH FUCKING
 YAY FUCKING BLAH!



*back to actual rant

Bob says:
 😊 I rant and I talk shit...
 😞 BUT AT LEAST I KNOW I'M A DICK **THE END**

By Glenn "Squirrel" Given

Cinema: *Brotherhood of the Wolf (Le Pacte des Loups)*
Director: Christophe Gans



My relationship with all things borne of France is Love/Hate (As in I love to hate them. Guffaw! Guffaw!). While the French blithely test nuclear weapons (Hate) and infiltrate otherwise tolerable segments of Canada (Hate) they also provide welfare for struggling musicians (Love) and make films like *City of Lost Children* (Love) and *Leon: The Professional* (Love). Now they bring us *Brotherhood of the Wolf*, a film so enjoyable that it jeopardizes my ability to make fun of the French.

Maybe you remember Director Christophe Gans from the direct to video H.P. Lovecraft's *Necronomicon*, *Book of the Dead* (which is available at your local video store on the same shelf they put Steven Segal movies), but most likely you do not. Putting this past aside, Gans' *Brotherhood...* is a sparkling gem of a horror/karate/mystery/politico-religious-intrigue/period-piece. Now I know what you are saying, "but jeez Glenn how could this horror/karate/mystery/politico-religious-intrigue/period piece be any better than the 50 horror/karate/mystery/politico-religious-intrigue/period-pieces that came out last year?" To answer your question; it just plain is.

In *Brotherhood...* (based, extremely loosely, on a French legend which was based on actual events) the Chevalier de Fronsac and his Native American travelling companion Mani are dispatched by the king to the province of Gevaudan to investigate the hundred or so slayings in said province that have been committed by a big nasty beastie known as The Beast. Fronsac and Mani pursue The Beast and through a combination of New World wilderness know-how and science only to discover the secret behind the unstoppable woman-and-child-only killing monster. During their time in Gevaudan, Fronsac becomes embroiled in the local aristocracy (having fallen in love with the captivating Marianne de Morangias, sister to the smarmy and cunning Jean-François de Morangias), the mysteries of courtesan Sylvia and the religious vs. political tension that so defined 1786 France.

To sum up the plot for those of us who have more neck-meat than brain matter, Mani kicks a lot of people (karate), Fronsac investigates the murders (mystery), the local aristocracy and religious figures chime in (politico-religious-intrigue), the Beast stalks and kills a lot of people in gruesome ways (horror) and all of this is set in 18th century France (period-piece). To top off this banquet of story elements the film just looks great. *Brotherhood...* is beautifully filmed in the French countryside (or a passable facsimile of it) with wonderfully kinetic camera work, lush vistas, elegant special effects and one of the best dissolves involving a naked woman and a mountain range I have ever seen.

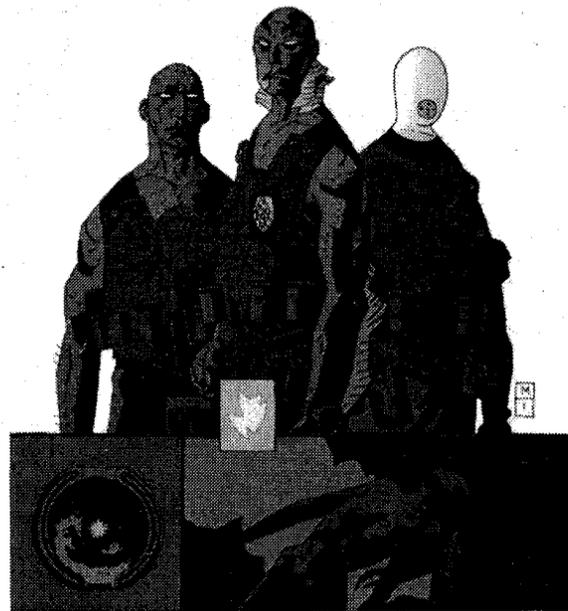
I whole-heartedly recommend this film to anyone who A) does not mind reading dialogue, B) is in desperate need of a change of pace from pre-packaged hollywood-isms, or C) wants to see an wonderful film.

Comic: *B.P.R.D.*

Publisher: Dark Horse

Mike Mignola has an unassailable track record of making good comics. Most famous for *Hellboy* (from which *B.P.R.D.* is a spin-off) Mignola creates pulpy folklore esoterica with robust-imaginative protagonists to populate his visually striking, minimalist worlds. For a bit of back-story: *Hellboy* (a Sam Spade-ish demon summoned by Nazi occultists, liberated by the Allies, and raised by American and English governments) works for the Bureau For Paranormal Research and Defense traversing the globe checking out various spooky happenings (many of which have ties to a group of Nazi ne'er-do-wells trying to bring about the 4th Reich and/or the Apocalypse). In the course of his job he discovered numerous disturbing facts about his own existence and was royally peeved when the people he worked for put a bomb in a buddy of his "for security purposes" - as a result he left the employ of the *B.P.R.D.*

This is where *B.P.R.D.* spins off. What we get is a intriguing look into the business of the supporting cast of *Hellboy*. Drawn Ryan Sook (which is a virtual replication Mimicry of Mignola's style with a smattering of Troy Nixey (*The Doom That Came to Gotham*)) *B.P.R.D.* looks as stunning as anything that Mignola ever did. All of your favorite *Hellboy* characters get some attention as we discover the fate of the former *B.P.R.D.* pyroki-



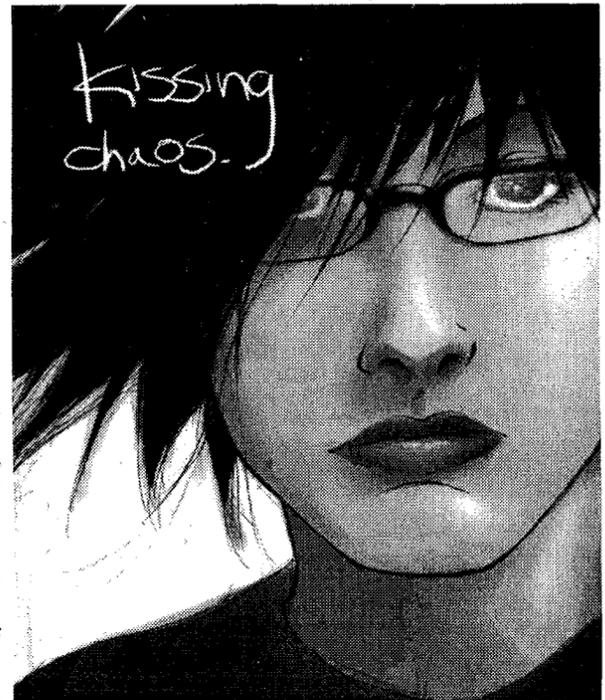
netic operative, Elizabeth Sherman.

Yeah this is one of those books where, even with the flashbacks and explanatory dialogue, you would do good to have read all the earlier *Hellboy* issues. Which isn't to say that the book is lacking or can't stand on it's own. In fact, accounting for the infrequency of *Hellboy* comics, *B.P.R.D.* is a great way to get in on one of the best comic mythologies around. But when all is said and done *B.P.R.D.* is *Hellboy* without *Hellboy* and that costs something. For the enthusiast *B.P.R.D.* is a cracking² read and I have faith that Mignola will be able to unfetter the book from it's *Hellboy* roots and infuse *B.P.R.D.*'s characters with the same life that made *Hellboy* such a great protagonist.

Comic: *Kissing Chaos*

Publisher: Oni Press

Kissing Chaos is obviously a labor of love. Creator Arthur Dela Cruz wears all the hats on this book. Printed in a precious without being precocious small format (6"x9") *KC* is a True Romance style tale of young fugitives (except *KC* has no



dread-locked Gary Oldman, or am I thinking of Kalifornia?) Damien and Angela and the equally aged Raevyn (jeez! there's a Goth pseudo-name if I ever heard one) as they fugitate from the law who wishes to un-fugitivise them in the arrest-style. What *KC* is really about is the delicate dynamic between pushed to the edge Damien, the apparently mute Angela, and Raevyn the girl who thinks the whole *The Bandit vs. Smokey* thing is the bees-knees. Through dream-sequences and snippets of conversation we begin to understand why Damien and Angela are one the run in the first place (Damien apparently killed somebody is now guiltily taking care of Angela who has a deep affection for him). Thankfully the uncovering of history, plot and motive is handled with a light touch so as not to smack to heavily of regular comic book hookeyonimy³.

Cruz's art has a blissful dreamlike quality to it, almost like the whole book was done in etchings and then shaded with a careful mastery of Photoshop 6's gradient tool (but like good). It complements the story and characters well. The combination leaves the reader thirsting for more "in-between-Soap-Opera-and-pretty-damn-realistic dialogue" fueled suspense as the law stalks our protagonists.

Kissing Chaos has a few minor flaws. First, the book is short, each issue is only 16 pages of the aforementioned mini-format (although there are no ads). Secondly, even though it's small it still costs \$2.25 (my guess is that the size and price are the direct result of the no ads thing). It's not a bad trade-off, but it may leave you feeling a bit shirked with your purchase until you look back and realize that your story has not been interrupted by a fucking Cheetos ad. *KC* is certainly worth a look although you may have to wait until the Collected edition comes out as the back issues (currently it's at ish. 6 of 8) are going to be hard to find.

Film: *Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*

Director: Peter Jackson

(I'm not gonna recap the plot of *LoTR*; if you want to know, go on the Internet or to the Science Fiction Forum, or READ THE FRIKKEN BOOK! So, don't ask.)

If film adaptations of famous novels are a tricky subject, then adaptations of cult classic novels are lethal breed of minefield-clog-dancing. If you are too true to the novel then your film will alienate the masses, to loose and fast with the book and you have pissed off your core audience. All in all bringing a cultural phenomenon like *J.R.R.*

Continued on next page



Tolkien's Lord of the Rings to the big screen is an exercise in walking the proverbial "fine-line." In '78 when acclaimed animator Ralph Bakshi (Cool World, American Pop, Wizards) attempted LoTR, he dropped the ball by stuffing half of the three novel (comprised of six books) epic into a two-hour film. An unprofitable film at release Bakshi's LoTR was never to be completed due to financial woes.

Move to 2001.

Enter New Zealander Peter Jackson. O.K. he did The Frighteners (a hell-a-fine Michael J. Fox movie) and Dead Alive (a.k.a. Brain Dead a.k.a. the goriest movie ever made) both of which I thoroughly enjoyed, as well as the critically acclaimed Heavenly Creatures -- suffice to say he has got the

"chops" to make good flicks. But this is Lord of the F-ing Rings!

Well it's good, damn good! Nothing seems out of place, Middle-Earth is a complete package with no detail overlooked, the characters are preformed brilliantly (even if the dialogue causes traumatic Jr. High school Dungeons and Dragons flashbacks) by a host of superb actors (Ian Holm, Ian McKellen, Elijah Wood, Viggo Mortensen, Liv Tyler, Christopher Lee, Hugo Weaving, Sean Austin from the fucking Goonies, Cate Blanchett and Dr. Arturo from Sliders as a smack talking dwarf) and the special effects are orgasmic.

Jackson has put together a film destined to inspire an eternity of message board debates between Frodo-philes and Star Wars junkies (I am tempted to say that SW wins because the Australian census now recognizes Jedi Knight as an official religion). He treatment of the source material is maturely and meticulously faithful in every place that it needs to be. Thankfully Jackson doesn't molly-coddle the script; he omits the "only-filkers-appreciate-them" songs and creates an amalgam of two side-characters in order to shoe-horn a strong female into the films first half. Both of these alterations (as well as the place-setting introduction) are good ones, they tailor LoTR just

slightly enough that it becomes approachable without "dragging-teeth" on the novel of origin.

So, it's good, really good, exciting see it twice or thrice style good.

I don't need to write this review. If you are even reading this article, you are some kind of a geek, and if you are any kind of geek, you've seen it already. Now don't be all like "Shit, Glenn I ain't no gosh-danged geek, I'm [choose from "a hard-assed mofo," "an artiste, or "Joe Six-pack"] and you've got no place sullyng my pristine reputation with your libelous assertions of my geekitude." Just swallow your pride and see the film.

1 "Dragging-Teeth" refers to the horrible, horrible mangling of an otherwise tolerable bout of oral sex in which the recipient of oral-pleasures has their genitals tortured by all-to-frequent tooth to genital impacts/scrapes. This is not pleasant.

2 "cracking" English (as in British) slang meaning "good" or "excellent" as in "Cracking good toast Gromit" from Wallace and Gromit

3 "Hookeyonimy" pertaining to the really blunt realizations of critical information that are spelled out to the reader at the last moment in order to justify some action or another. Sort of like how the Bond villain will always reveal his stupid ass plan, or Batman will explain to Robin how he new previously-unrevealed-factoid-A about Villain B that allowed him to "foil" Villain B's nefarious plot.

Concrete Blonde: Group Therapy

By Derrick Prince

For the musically challenged, Concrete Blonde may only be a one hit wonder, portending 1990's hit single "Joey," from the *Bloodletting* album, as their only claim to musical fame and success. They are vastly more than that, having produced a deep and wide-ranging body of work that has, by and large, been neglected by the music community. So what the hell happened? Where did they go and why has no one heard anything from them except what has become that god awful single? How about the legacy of the band? A legacy that has spanned 20 years, produced seven albums, one greatest hits compilation and at least three side projects.

Until a few years ago, I too was ignorant to the genius of Johnette Napolitano, I mean I loved *Bloodletting* since it came out and have listened to *Still In Hollywood*, but despite that, it's all I really knew of the jaggernaught of musical talent that is Concrete Blonde. Upon downloading some mp3's off the net, I was awakened to exactly what I was missing and saw Concrete Blonde as one of the most elusive bands in rock'n'roll. They had no official website, their cd's where quite difficult to find and I was in a wanton heat for more Napolitano. As it turns out, Concrete Blonde disbanded in 1994 and aside from Napolitano's side projects, including 1995's *Vowel Movement* and *Pretty Twisted* (featuring Marc Moreland of Wall of Voodoo).

Nothing's been heard from them since.

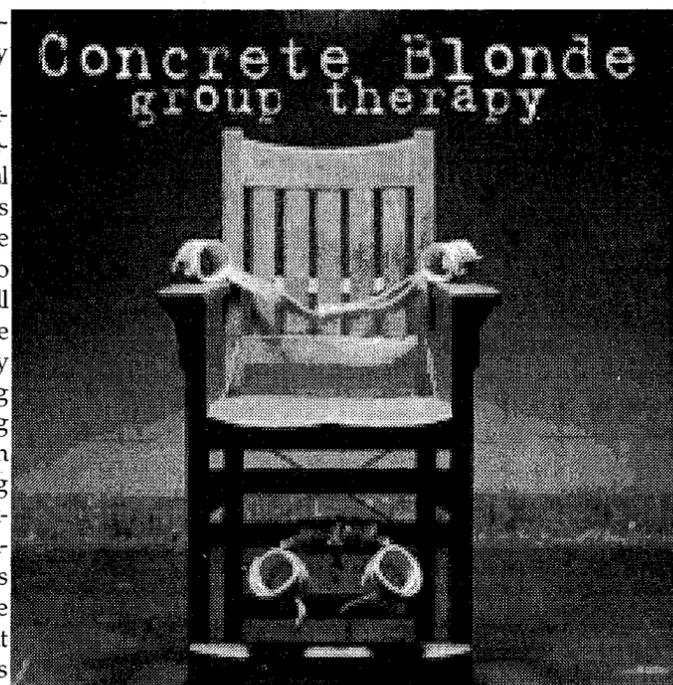
Until now that is. James A. Mankey, Johnette Napolitano and Harry Rushakoff have reformed The Blonde and released their first studio album, *Group Therapy*, in over eight years. They've even gone as far as to get off their asses and launch the official Concrete Blonde website, www.concreteblonde.org, which looks as if it will become a worthwhile extension of the band (hell, I managed to dig up the fact that they got to tour due to the generosity of Harry's parole officer).

I'd love to say that *Group Therapy* picks up where 1993's *Mexican Moon* left off, but the fact is, it doesn't. Now don't get me wrong, it is still Concrete Blonde, but it's a much more stripped Concrete Blonde than we've grown accustomed to in the years spent pining away for this release. The sound is there, the music is there, the voice is sure as hell there, but there's something slightly

different, more introspective and even more sublime (and believe me, they've always been very sublime) than anything they've done to date.

What would have been slightly distorted and mildly chaotic expressions of angst on previous albums have become beautiful musical endeavors into the souls of the writers. It comes complete with all of the twists and turns one would expect in dealing with three people who are still trying to live out rock'n'roll life-styles well into their thirties and forties. Whether it be the slight discordances within "Violent," the seedy swagger of "True, Part III," the noisy yet soothing bounce of the bass driven "Tonight," the spiraling torment of "Valentine," the soundtrack of Mexican mysticism that is "Your Llorona," the dizzying slide guitar within "Take Me Home," or the darkness of the seven and a half minute long tumultuous journey that is "Angel." Concrete Blonde is back and the only reason you'll be able to ignore them this time is because you'll never hear of it anywhere but here (and that is a loss that is yours and yours alone because Napolitano doesn't care anymore).

With age comes experience and with experience comes knowledge, knowledge whose sharp steely observations Napolitano has turned on her self instead of the others around her. There's no "Joey," "Caroline," "Wendy" or anything about the unnamed being urged to "Run, Run, Run." Napolitano seems to be in the middle of what's most likely a midlife crisis and her lyrics reflect a self-questioning and ambivalent acceptance of her role and age. She knows her days in the top twenty have come and gone and she doesn't seem to mind. As she confesses in "I Was a Fool," with a pen that has remained sharp as a razor for twenty years, she's aware that you liked her better before she knew who and what she was. You liked her better when (as accompanied by a haunting musical climax) she was a fool. Within the lines of that same song she address her unwillingness to accept the American dream. With the blatant and unmistakable tones of abhorrence and disgust in her cires, Napolitano rejects any idea that would require she "surrender and



give up my dream / for a brick in the wall and washing machine / grow up and get real / have a kid in their teens / who won't care what I've done / what I've been what I've seen," she adds this to the chaotic musical equation that is "I Was A Fool" resulting in a sensory assault leaving the listener as confused and lost as Napolitano felt during it's composition.

Group Therapy is a testament to the fact that older bands can actually reform and do something worthwhile. That reunions don't always have to be a pathetic attempts at regaining the spotlight and or refilling dried up bank accounts via retirement from retirement tours a-la early nineties glam rock. You owe it to yourself to pick up this album, listen to it three or four times until you get it; and once you do, you'll know that Napolitano will be with you for good. There is substance left in Concrete Blonde, you missed them once, don't fuck up again. *Concrete Blonde* will be playing the Knitting Factory in NYC on Feb. 13th, tickets are on sale now for an intimate evening with this band.

Batman strikes again, but should he?

By Joseph Hughes

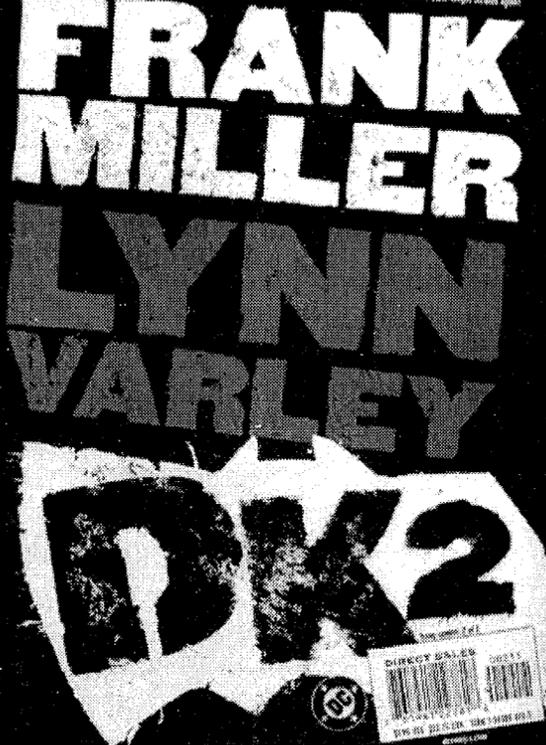
As any comic book geek (like myself) knows at this point, Frank Miller, perhaps the greatest writer the comic book industry has ever known, and DC comics have released *The Dark Knight Strikes Again*, also known as DK2. It is the sequel to the 1986 epic *The Dark Knight Returns*. Over fifteen years after its original release, this futuristic story of the Batman is still considered the greatest story ever told of perhaps the greatest comic book character ever created, and arguably the greatest comic book story of all time. So naturally, the news that a sequel was finally being released left most nerdy fan boys drooling, prompting many of them to leave the dark corners of their parents basements and come out into the light and celebrate with their peers, a miracle indeed. But we weren't all celebrating. Some, like myself, had reservations about this release. Let me explain.

The Dark Knight Returns (we'll call it DK1 from now on, mainly because I'm just too damn lazy to constantly type out the whole title) takes place roughly 20-25 years in the future. At the beginning we are introduced to a 55-year-old Bruce Wayne, who has long ago retired his alter ego, the Batman. In his absence however, Gotham City, the city he calls home, has gone to hell. Crime, violence and political corruption overrun it. Bruce sees all of this and tries to ignore it, but the spirit of Batman won't allow him. It tears at his very soul, begging Bruce to release it. Until finally he can no longer fight it, and Gotham's guardian, the greatest hero the world has ever known, is born again. Bruce once again dons the cape and cowl of the Batman, determined to pull his city out of the depths of hell. But he is older now, and physically not the man he once was. What he lacks in strength and speed though, he makes up for in strategy and, more importantly, viciousness. He still does not kill, but some of the crooks he encounters upon his return probably wish he did. He uses tactics he never would have in his prime, from crippling one man who puts a gun to his head to shooting another while he has a child as a hostage. All of this leads to his final battle with the Joker, an all out war with the Gotham City Police Dept., and the battle everyone always knew had to happen someday, Batman vs. Superman, to the death.

In my mind, this is the greatest comic book ever written (although anyone who's ever read Alan Moore's *Watchmen* or Garth Ennis' *Preacher* is really gonna argue with me on this one). It is the story by which all other super hero stories are



After fifteen years, the long wait for the sequel to *The Dark Knight Returns* is over! Frank Miller and Lynn Varley — the multi-award-winning team responsible for the original series — have united once again to set an astonishing new standard in comic book entertainment.



judged, and to speak badly of it at all is considered blasphemy amongst comic book fans. And this is exactly why I didn't want to see a sequel. Sounds crazy, right? Well I may very well be crazy for a number of reasons, but my theory isn't. Think of all the basketball fans out there, myself included, who didn't want to see Jordan come back to the NBA. Many of us feared he'd make an all around ass of himself every night, chasing around talented young all-stars like Allen Iverson and Kobe Bryant, huffing and puffing as he made his way up and down the court, his ego and asthma inhaler the only two things keeping him from collapsing to the floor. A similar theory applies to DK1, at least in my mind. Why risk sullying this incredible story by writing a sequel? Would Salinger write a sequel to *The Catcher in the Rye*? Of course not. What if it simply doesn't measure up? Why raise the spirits of all of geekdom, only to send them back home hanging their oddly shaped, pimple-faced heads in disillusionment because the sequel wasn't worthy of the legacy the original left?

At this point I have now read the first two parts of DK2, a three part series. I was too in shock ini-

tially to make a judgement, but after having read each issue about 20 times (no, seriously, I really did) I can honestly say I like it. In fact, I like it a lot. I'll reserve making a full judgement, and giving a full review, until the entire series is done, but from what I've seen it isn't going to be as good as the original. But it's good enough for me to now say it was worth the risk.

The final chapter of DK2 won't be released for another 6 weeks from the time I'm writing this article, and like so many others I can't wait to see how it ends. But for now I suggest to all of you impatient souls out there that you sit down and reread the original epic, the story that started it all. And as for those of you who never have had the pleasure of reading DK1, I highly recommend it. The next time you're leaving class, just go up to that geek who sits in the front row for every lecture, because his 10 inch thick bifocals still aren't enough to help him see the board from the back of the class, tap him on the shoulder (gently please, we bruise so easily) and ask him if you can borrow his copy of *The Dark Knight Returns*. Trust me, he'll have one.

The Stony Brook Press, harboring fugitives for 23 years.

Define the truth with us.

-Is shaving your head and beard punishment enough for treason?

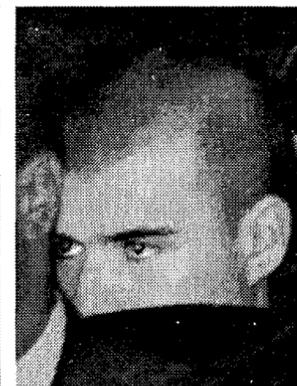
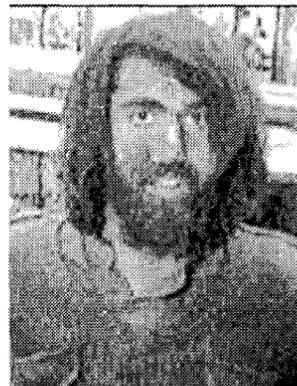
-Why did the Taliban buy up 30% of the world's pretzel stocks on January 1st?

-How did Pat Buchanan's book *Death of the West* end up amongst the flyers dropped on Afganistan?

-Which one of the girls in Hanson did I have sex with?

-The Shirley Strun Kenny-Enron connection (c'mon, you know there has to be one).

-Where do we go? where do we go now, Sweet Child, Sweet Child, Sweet Chieeeeild of mine?



John Walker Lindh, Staff Writer. Come join him in our cold and wet basement room. Follow the stench of the corpses to room 060, basement of the Union. Submissions-letters-complaints: stonypress@hotmail.com

Number 6 Fumbles

By Andrea Leeson

So there's this chick, Beck, in this book *Number 6 Fumbles*, by Rachel Solar-Tuttle and life is alright for her. Alright, predictable... and typical. She's a student at Penn State, straight-A's, money and all that healthy stuff. But there is this point in her life, actually at the exact moment football player #6 fumbles the football, when she starts to question things. Not the big things, like war and hunger and capitalism, but the regular things in her life. Her roommates and their frat parties begin to seem odd, and her parents like strangers. Through this book, Beck is trying to figure herself out; she is trying to know herself, to save herself, almost.

I want to complain about how she seems to think the answers are in frat parties and random sexual partners, but yet it all seems somehow sacred and scholarly. I respect her quest for meaning through endless vodka and grapefruits and sarcastic bar conversations.

Maybe it's the situations Solar-Tuttle puts Beck into that I can relate to. As a woman, a student, and as a mild fuck-up at times.

"Why did I ever come here? Please, God, let me out of this room and I swear I'll stop doing this stupid shit- all this drinking, all this flirting, all this going places with guys I don't know. This- alone with strangers, nobody knowing where you are- is totally how women get raped."

She's got a friend, Phoebe, who sometimes spurts out wise therapist words of experienced wisdom. I found it slightly unreal, like Solar-Tuttle was obviously trying to get her own point and moral lesson across through Phoebe. But sometimes it works. She figures out sex for all of us.

"I just think that you can't think of it in such monumental terms. It's just movies and soap operas

that make it all seem so softly lit and perfect and important. But it never is. We're not even twenty years old. We're just stumbling through. Having experiences."

Beck does learn through other experiences of other women.

"I don't know what to say because I can't imagine letting some guy hit me. But then I think about Ryan and how I let him suck me in just because I felt alone, and about Plaid Shirt and that moment when he stood in the doorway and wouldn't let me leave. It's not so different."

So she stays out all night and hooks up with many different guys. Throughout the novel I am not even sure what she is looking for. But I understand her... I get what she's going through. I understand when she talks to her father on the phone, and somehow it always turns into a harsh argument.

"How do these phone calls get so super-charged and out of control? Why is it that he can pull just the right string, the one that makes me completely unravel?"

This book isn't about alcoholism, but the blurry line between college binge drinking and what one day might become a real problem. She starts out going to bars and parties on the weekends, but quickly her daily life becomes a messy mixture of bars, early classes, sleeping during the day and waking up to get ready for the night. It is her wonder at her own behavior that is so interesting.

"The first sip of the drink is like the moment you realize your migraine is gone. It scares me a little, not necessarily because it's alcohol, but just to need anything so much, the instantness of the relief."

She remembers her uncle, a former successful Penn State graduate who died of a heroin over-

dose.

"He was a kid who went to Penn. Just like me. And I can't help wondering, what made him crack? What made him fall apart... Maybe he just got tired. Fumbled the ball."

I'm not telling if she comes to any conclusions. This book is about the journey, not the place she ends up.

If anything, it reeks of college. The conversations, the imagery, are all perfect for explaining, examining, and revisiting life in college. We've all been there. "My parents, the house where I grew up, just isn't my home. My old bedroom looks fake, like a doll-house bedroom... They took down my bulletin board, where I used to hang all the Absolut ads and movie posters that they wouldn't let me hang on my walls..." Beck is caught in the confusion of two worlds colliding, and her temporary capture is intriguing and sometimes beautiful.

"It doesn't fit, thinking that my parents even exist, here in this place where I do all these shot and show strangers parts of me my parents will never see."

Her journey is an unexplainable one, and one that possibly many of us need to experience, if only in the 242 pages of Solar-Tuttle's honest, intense writing.



Capcom vs. SNK 2

By Michael Prazak

In early September an event occurred, that would shape the world forever. The reverberations of this cataclysm would affect nearly every American and the way they live. Almost no one has escaped its pervasive presence on our society, and to many it remains a topic of much difficulty to discuss. I seek to tear away this burden of political correctness, and furthermore, to attempt a detailed and effective analysis of this profound event and it's all-encompassing effects on society. The dramatic event of which I speak is, as most of the readers may have guessed, the arcade console release of *Capcom vs. SNK 2* in America. Check your emotions at the door and prepare for an abrasive study of the human condition as only this video game can bring about.

A dramatic and intentionally misleading introduction aside, this game has become an activity of near religious dedication and zealousness for some. For those unaccustomed to this game a brief introduction is necessary. *Capcom vs. SNK 2* is the progeny of the *Street Fighter* genre of games, having its roots in the standard two dimensional, two-fighter method of play. If that presentation was not sufficient then I present it as thus; two guys beat each other up on the screen, you hit buttons on your controller, eventually someone dies. Although, me using that representation for the game would get me skinned, neutered and crucified in most arenas where the game is played.

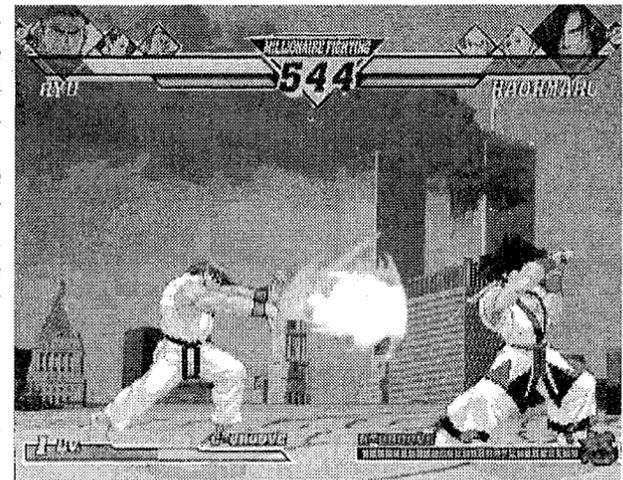
It is war plain and simple, two enemies locked in mortal combat to determine the superior and the dead. Is it pent up geek-fueled rage? Or is it unfulfilled sexual repression manifesting itself? Perhaps it is submerged psychological traumas ris-

ing to the surface? the reasons for the battle matter not to the combatants. All that matters is the fight to them, and nothing short of defecating on themselves from atrophied anal muscles could tear them away from the battle once it has begun.

It was this call to battle that afflicted the hearts of many a *Street Fighter* addict in early September this year. The cry had gone out and the warriors began their sacred journey to the one place where they could tests their skills. They came from North, South, East and West, all for the chance of glory awaiting them in the sacred shrine of *Street Fighter* in the Eastern US. The scene was Chinatown Fair in New York City, the virtual Mecca for many a 2-D fighter fan, and the worshippers had come far to pay homage and whoop some ass.

For some, this was a journey, years in the making, a lifetime of dedication and grueling training. To others, this was their chance to break onto the scene and establish themselves as one of the best. Still to some more, it was simply the exhilaration of playing against the greatest. No matter the reason the congregation had begun to gather, as people milled about the entrance of the legendary arcade room awaiting the gates opening. Conversations we're struck up amongst the revelers. It was then that I had a chance to speak to this multitude, and to hear from there own words how they viewed their obsession.

"I came here for the fight, that is all that matters," said one teary eyed youth as he played his hand-held version of the game awaiting inside. Another older gentlemen rose from his sitting position like a man just awakened from a deep sleep. "I



have not shaved or bathed in days due to training," he said as everyone slowly backed away. This was one of the fabled *Street Fighter* Ascetics, so great was their dedication to the game that they often forewent basic social graces in order to squeeze in extra hours of play. They were viewed with a combination of fear and awe, and were usually only viewed upwind.

As the gate opened the gatherers formed ranks and began the move inside, turning a corner they were greeted with the sight they had journeyed long and hard to see. Some wept, some held each other, but all eyes were fixed on its monolithic form. The crowd slowly moved forward until they were upon its great form. Then, play began, and all the superficial reverie melted away as they harnessed the beast they had come here to tame. Hearts were broken, spirits dashed that day, but all we're glad they had come. This was there time to fight. This was there time to live!

Learn That Dog Right

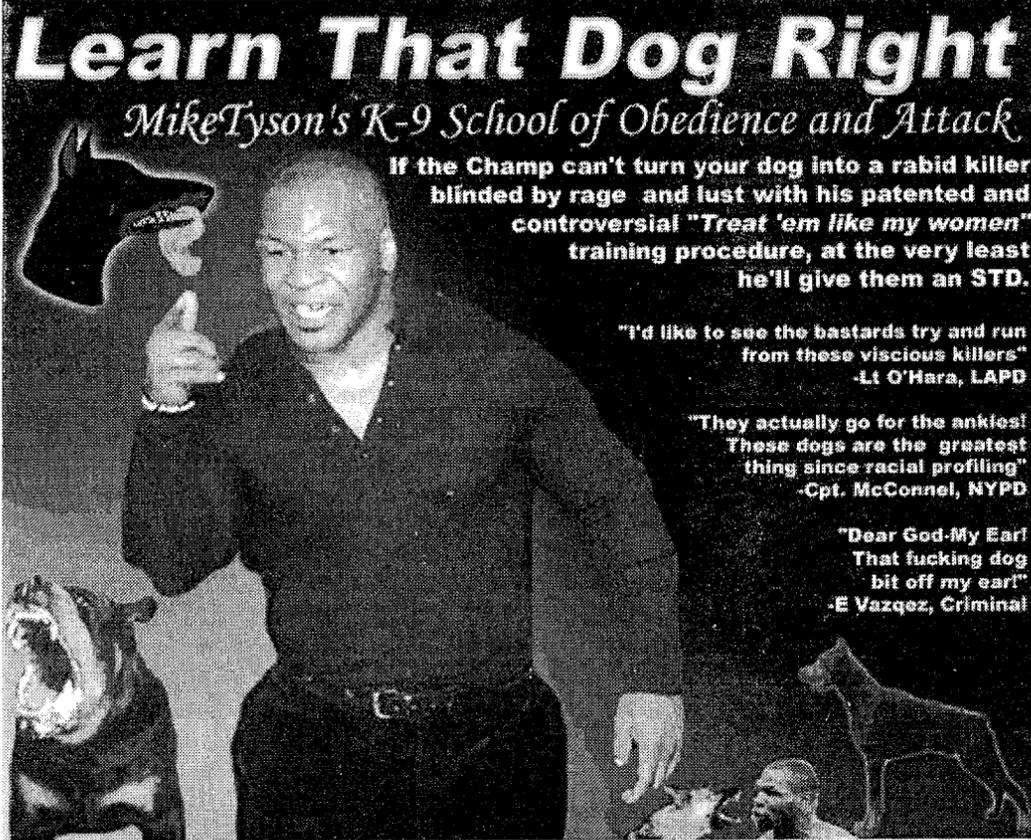
Mike Tyson's K-9 School of Obedience and Attack

If the Champ can't turn your dog into a rabid killer blinded by rage and lust with his patented and controversial "Treat 'em like my women" training procedure, at the very least he'll give them an STD.

"I'd like to see the bastards try and run from these vicious killers"
-Lt O'Hara, LAPD

"They actually go for the ankles! These dogs are the greatest thing since racial profiling"
-Cpt. McConnel, NYPD

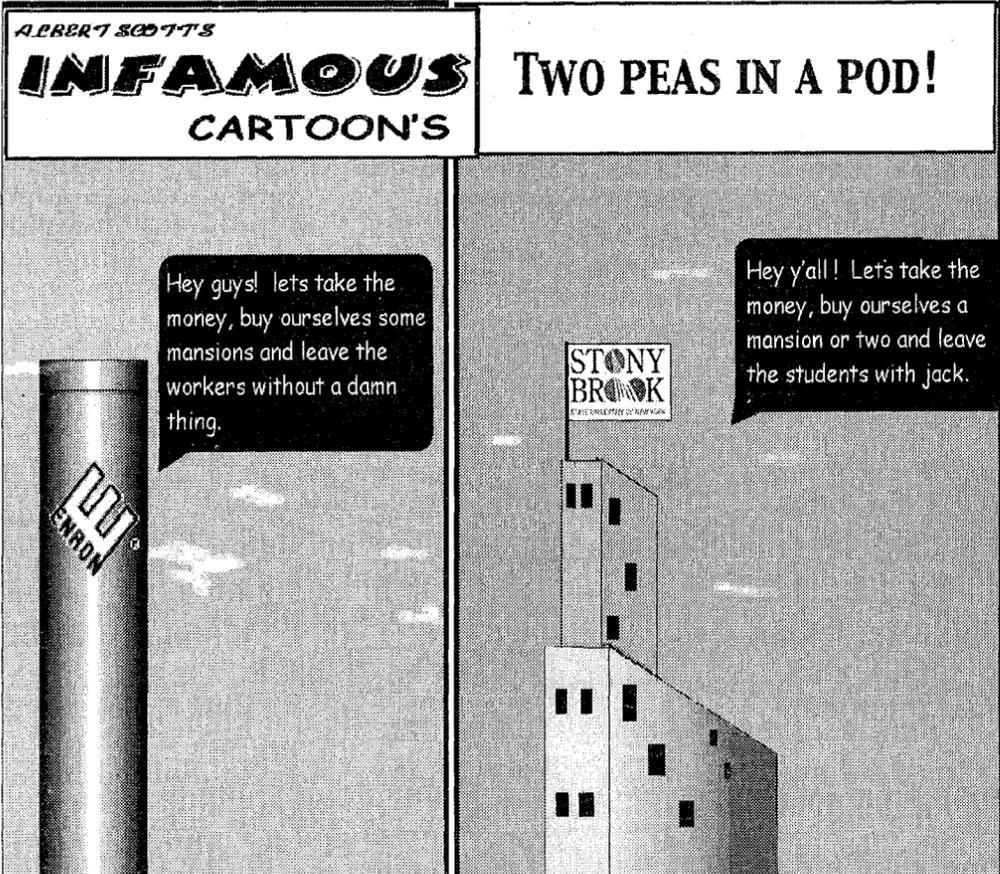
"Dear God-My Earl! That fucking dog bit off my ear!"
-E Vazquez, Criminal



ALBERT SCOTT'S

INFAMOUS CARTOONS

TWO PEAS IN A POD!



Hey guys! lets take the money, buy ourselves some mansions and leave the workers without a damn thing.

Hey y'all! Let's take the money, buy ourselves a mansion or two and leave the students with jack.

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Former Enron CEO available to help you raise your company to levels never before dreamed of, then watch as it crumbles around you while you get rich. ScrewYourCompany@hotmail.com

Clean up your city or town!
Former Mayor of NYC available to restore dignity to your area at the low low cost of excitement, night life and fun. Remember, socialism is a great idea! Contact Rudy Guliani. fashistMayor@hotmail.com

Mental Lab Rats
The SB Psychology Dept would like to offer up it's undergraduate student body to the highest bidder for any rigorous and potentially mentally damaging experiments. We will add it to their requirements for the major and they will have to do it. Contact 632-7802

Escort Service
The combined council of SB Sororities has began it's first annual screw for cash fund raiser-Fixed rates for straight sex! Extras include multiple girls, and remember, they may cost you more, but kickliners and cheer leaders can do splits! COME GET SOME! No number required, just proposition any girl wearing sorority letters.

Announcements



**** NOTICE****
All students who ate the fish at Roth cafeteria on Feb.1 must report to the infirmary immediately for mercury poisoning testing, as well as hepatitis A vaccination.

-Campus Dining Services
To Campus Residences
Please be advised that in the Hendrix building, the heat is high enough that people's fish tanks have begun to boil. Please turn it down a bit!

From Network Operations Center
Attention all resident students! Campus internet is now three times faster than before. Of course, this means that in addition to MP3's, you are forbidden from having any Avi's, Mpg's, Divx, Mov's, or Wave files. E-mail and html files are also prohibited. More Info:632-6120

Got Balls?
Anarchists and protestors wanted by Federal Government to test security at the location of the up coming Winter Olympics in Salt lake City. You will need a ski mask and a plastic gun, nothing that can hurt the MP's.

One Way airfare provided (cause you aint coming back).
-Dept of Homeland Security

Hey Radical!
Burnt out hippies, wannabe freedom fighters, and anyone who may have been involved in the NYC WEF protests wanted by T. Durder to start Phase One of operation Mayhem. Just 2 rules: Never Speak of this Ad. Never Speak of this Ad.

Employment



Menial task opportunity!
We've just built a \$42,000 zebrafish habitat, and we need someone to feed our little darlings. Physics doctoral candidates preferred.

Extra!Extra!Extra!Extra!
The Statesman is sending members of it's staff overseas to the Afganistan/Pakistan region to cover the front line combat first hand. Permanent positions will need to be filled. 632-6479

Vehicles



Ice Cream Truck For Sale
Bears the name Mr. Woooopee. Great condition, working fridgerators and full stock of ice cream bars and contraband. Includes two stars and remoted detonation bomb. Minor aesthetic imperfections including bullet holes and smashed windsheid. Mail: mistawoooopee@lycos.com

2001 FORD EXPEDITION FOR SALE
Asking 67K, low milage, room for 20. I bought this cause I wanted to be like the rest of the Island but soon realized that A) I didn't even know enough people to fill the vehicle to capacity and B) I needed a second job to pay for the gas cause this shit box only gets 3 miles per gallon. I give up. contact suvidiot@yahoo.com

Seeking?



Seeking
Feminist lesbian to recite muslim anti-female rhetoric in the nude while fondling herself during my daily masturbation/beer hour. Contact 632-6636

Sex N Ambition?
You: 38-24-32, hunger for university-wide power with absolutely no morals whatsoever. Me: Vice President of Student Affairs at SB wielding power that will bring you to your knees-ya dig? 632-6700