

The Stony Brook

PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper

VOL. XXVIII, ISSUE 14

"WWW.TOBYBENJAMIN.COM/WARRIA"

MAY 3, 2007

MEAL PLAN COMPARISON Cost and Facility Fees

	Spring 2007 Enrollment	Current Cost FY 06 - 07	Proposed Cost FY 07 - 08	
Bronze Plan				
Facility Fee - Chartwells		1,160.00	1,194.80	3.0%
Facility Fee - FSA		270.00	278.20	3.0%
Total Bronze Plan	2,571	-	27.00	
		\$ 1,430.00	1,500.00	4.9%
Silver Plan				
Facility Fee - Chartwells		1,260.00	1,297.80	3.0%
Facility Fee - FSA		270.00	278.20	3.0%
Total Silver Plan	3,008	-	27.00	
		\$ 1,530.00	1,603.00	4.8%
Gold Plan				
Facility Fee - Chartwells		1,460.00	1,503.80	3.0%
Facility Fee - FSA		270.00	278.20	3.0%
Total Gold Plan	433	-	27.00	
		\$ 1,730.00	1,809.00	4.6%
Platinum Plan				
Facility Fee - Chartwells		1,960.00	2,011.00	3.0%
Facility Fee - FSA		270.00	278.20	3.0%
Total Platinum Plan	6,078	-	27.00	
		\$ 2,230.00	2,324.00	4.2%

FSA Announces New

Facilities Fee

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SH Writer's Conference: The Beach Makes Writers Like Each Other

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

Creative writing is not exactly one of Stony Brook's strong suits. Luckily, Stony Brook's purchase of Southampton College has also led to the school's affiliation with one of the most widely respected writing programs in the nation.

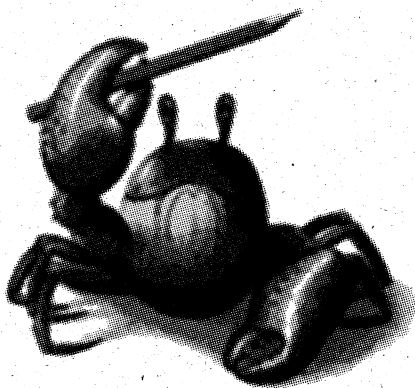
Last year, Southampton College's Writer's Conference was held in the Wang Center here at Stony Brook, and it only included a limited number of readings and lectures. This year, the Conference returns to its proper form, boasting an impressive group of writers from across a broad list of genres teaching workshops and helping students with their craft. From July 18 through 29, established and aspiring writers will gather at Stony Brook's newly acquired campus of Southampton College to participate in the newly revitalized Conference.

With Long Island University's closing of the campus in June of 2005, it was unclear as to whether or not the Conference, which has become a staple out on the East End and a stop for many noteworthy writers, would live on without a campus. Luckily, many past participants, including Pulitzer Prize winner Frank McCourt, have decided to return to the campus despite its change in affiliation.

This year's Conference boasts an impressive faculty, including a workshop in poetry writing with Billy Collins, former United States Poet Laureate, short fiction with Melissa Bank, author of *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*, and a playwrighting workshop with Marsha Norman, author of Drama Desk winner *Night Mother*, among others. Authors David Rakoff, Amy Tan, and Jules Feiffer will conduct readings as well.

In the past, participants stayed on the

campus of Southampton College, which boasts sprawling motel-style dormitories and a five-minute drive to the beach. Former Writer's Conference student Natalie Bridgeman stated that one of her favorite parts of the Conference was being able to write on the beautiful and sprawling campus. Morning workshops and afternoon lectures provided students



SOUTHAMPTON WRITERS
conference

with plenty of time to explore the shops and beaches of Southampton, as well as spend time writing "without the kids." She also enjoyed the "round table environment" of the two-hour workshops. Natalie especially enjoyed her workshops with Bharati Mukherjee, winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award. Mukherjee will be returning to this year's Conference, as well.

Workshop faculty member Roger Rosenblatt, former *Time Magazine* reporter, author of the novels *Lapham Rising*, and the Robert F. Kennedy Book Prize winner *Children of War*, teaches in the MFA program at Stony Brook Southampton and was a founding member of the College's writing program back in 1995. This upcoming Conference will be the sixth one in which he has participated, but he believes that the Conference has been around for more than twenty years.

Professor Rosenblatt described the Conference as a rarity, because, apparently, "writers like one another [at the Conference]." Although Roger enjoys the "singing and dancing" that takes place at the local bars after each reading, he stated that his favorite part of the Conference is conducting the workshops, something that he was not able to do last year when it was held at Stony Brook's campus. Rosenblatt, who teaches a workshop on the literary essay, shared a story about a nun who took the course a few years ago. He stated that at first she was afraid to "break out of the cloister," but eventually he was able to coerce her to put some of her repressed emotions down on the page. He stated that although it is impossible to become a much better writer in the time that is allotted to the Conference, he enjoys

watching his students write about "something that [they] don't want to touch."

Applications are still being accepted for the Conference, and will be until May 15th. Information concerning all applications and tuition is available at the Conference's website, www.sunysb.edu/writers. Auditors are welcome, as well.

The Writer's Conference boasts an impressive faculty, a beautiful campus, and a non-intimidating environment for all up-and-coming writers. However, if that is still not enough, Professor Rosenblatt stated that he is looking to win the "Dirtiest Reading Award," the unofficial award that is given to the lecturer who utilizes the most curse words during a reading. Interestingly enough, last year's top slot was awarded to Bharati Mukherjee. Professor Rosenblatt promised that he would be victorious this year, simply stating, "I'm gonna win it."

SB Combats Malaria

By James Laudano

On Wednesday, April 18th, the organization AIDemocracy held a basketball tournament to raise money to help prevent malaria in Africa. Co-sponsoring the event were the Stony Brook branches of The MSA and The Hillel Foundation for Jewish Campus Life, with both organizations paying for much of the event.

The tournament aimed to raise money to purchase the large bed nets that are instrumental in preventing the disease and allowing children to sleep safely each night. Malaria, one of the world's most destructive illnesses, kills over 3,000 children everyday and over 1,000,000 each year.

The tournament was between eight teams of three players, with each player donating five dollars. Water was also sold to add to the money raised, and Hillel was generous enough to purchase a few platters of free sushi for players to enjoy between games. The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, an organization that is among the world leaders in monetary aid to Africa, pledged to match the funds raised by the tournament, which would effectively double the event's accomplishments.

The tournament was played in standard, two-loss elimination style. The teams, while remaining competitive, all seemed to enjoy themselves. There were neither arguments nor hostility throughout the whole evening. One could sense that since the tournament was for charity, the players were a lot more casual and genial than may have been the case otherwise.

When all the games had been played, the team named "Shahid" won the tournament, and congratulations and hand shakes were exchanged between all involved. After the tournament and between rounds during, players, spectators and the event's organizers held informal pickup games with each other. The sense of community and pride of standing up for a charitable cause were apparent from the opening ceremonies until the last person had left the courts.

When the tournament was over, it raised enough money for 34 bed nets, and with The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation's contribution, 68 total nets were sent to families in Africa. The event demonstrated how different groups can work together for the bettering of humanity, and hopefully this will not be the last time that Stony Brook University takes to the courts to sink a few baskets in the name of world health.

If You are Thinking of Reading This Article

By David K. Ginn

Don't.



A Call to Action: SBU's Interfaith Darfur Panel

By James Laudano

The genocide in the Darfur region of Sudan has become somewhat of a mainstream topic in the United States over the past year. The devastation has claimed over 200,000 lives and left nearly three million others homeless since 2003. One of the reasons why the killing has continued up to the present, with no end in site, is the apathy and lack of action taken by the international community outside of Africa. It was with this realization in mind that the Stony Brook Interfaith Organization, in conjunction with AIDemocracy, organized a panel to discuss what can be done to help prevent further carnage in Darfur.

Last week the Sudanese government finally allowed the United Nations to begin taking action to help prevent the genocide in Darfur.

Held on April 16th, the Darfur Interfaith Panel was cosponsored by The Stony Brook Muslim Students Association and the Hillel Center for Jewish Campus Life. Each organization arranged for a speaker to present a viewpoint and possible solutions to this problem. The Jewish speaker, Stony Brook's own Rabbi Joseph Topek, presented a viewpoint focused on the humanitarian aspects and impacts of the genocide. He accented his points by

keying on certain Jewish faith foundations that center around helping fellow human beings.

The Muslim speaker, Muhsin Alidina of the Imam Al-Khoei Islamic Center, presented a geopolitical viewpoint of the crisis. He used certain religious writings and practices to emphasize the importance of ending the killings. Both speakers acknowledged that not enough was being done by either faith to make any serious progress.

Joining them was Rikki Gunton, a sophomore at NYU and co-president of the New York chapter of STAND (Students Take Action Now in Darfur). As someone who works closely with the Darfur genocide, she presented the audience with some possible solutions and ways the average, young student can help. She outlined how certain local politicians were approaching the genocide, and how young constituents can influence their decisions. The STAND website (www.standnow.org) elaborates on this information.

Last week the Sudanese government finally allowed the United Nations to begin taking action to help prevent the genocide in Darfur. However, the problem still persists and it will take more than that small step to ultimately remedy the horror that plagues the region. Through events like this panel, the next generation of ruling Americans can learn how to do their part. The speakers showed the audience that it does not take a lot of sacrifice or effort to help, and one can only hope that the apathy that has stricken the rest of the world will soon fade away, and lasting peace can once again be restored to the afflicted inhabitants of Darfur.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Wow... we have not had one of these in a long ass time. In case you are not familiar, this is how we fill dead space or in this case, space where there should be a photo. This editor's note is brought to you by the letter Q. Remember Sesame Street? Word. Hells yea. So do any of you remember our former editor Rob Pearsall? That motherfucker is in Australia, doing the grad school thing. This editor's note is dedicated to him. He used this sorry excuse for a space filler way, way too often. Are you still reading this? I congratulate you. I would think most Stony Brook students do not have the attention span to read more than a few words without drifting off, let alone this morose note. While I have your attention, let me tell you about my article. Said article is on page 16 and it is about the meal plan. Did you hear about the new FSA Facilities fee? Fucked up shit. Go on... Go to page 16 now. You know what, I'll leave a little present on the page, just for you! It is under the www.thestonybrookpress.com thing on the bottom of the page. OK, this has gone on long enough. I apologize. Peace.

USA Today Executive Editor Visits Stony Brook

By Michael Kelly

Kinsey Wilson, Executive Editor of *USA Today*, spoke at Stony Brook on April 24 about what he feels is the need for newspapers to "reinvent themselves" in the wake of a changing media world, due to Internet technology.

Wilson, described as being "one of the leaders in the country" in mixing newspaper and web outlets by Howard Schneider, Founding Dean of the School of Journalism at Stony Brook, showed an Internet video at the beginning of his speech in an attempt to show how the media world had changed.

The video, a political ad created by Phillip de Vellis in support of Barack Obama, was not released through a traditional media outlet, but rather through Internet sites such as YouTube. The ad was created by a single man on his computer, using software that anyone could put on their computer. Despite the relative ease with which the ad was created, it quickly had millions of views.

"What's changing is the connection to the audience," said Wilson, commenting on how de Vellis was able to reach millions of viewers without the help of a traditional news outlet.

Developments such as these have made Wilson's job as executive editor very different in a relatively short period of time.

He compared that merely two years ago, his schedule primarily consisted of reading newspapers, including his own, viewing a few websites, going to news and layout meetings, and long-term news coverage planning. However, since then, his schedule has become sprinkled with meetings with various technological and internet groups. "It's a sign of where things are going," said Wilson.



Wilson said that the newspaper business has become more difficult, in that it must now work harder to attract readers, or risk losing them to the web. He described how in the past the paper had everything a person could want - news, sports, and cartoons - but that the topics were very generalized. Now with more choices of news outlets, readers can get more specific information if they want more than what is in the paper.

"The key to attracting audience...is the

content itself," said Wilson. He said that the newspaper was no longer the "one-stop shop" for all things news.

Wilson also commented on the problem posed by needing to put news on the Internet- the difficulty in being able to make money in such a venture. Internet news information is nearly all free, with money coming solely from advertisements on sites.

Wilson did say that a news outlet with a "small niche" could charge for their material, and do it very successfully.

In Wilson's estimation, attempts to charge for online information have been "largely unsuccessful." He pointed to The New York Times Select promotion, which charged for things such as columns. The number of views of stories that needed to be paid for to view quickly fell dramatically.

Wilson did say that a news outlet with a "small niche" could charge for their material, and do it very successfully.

He offered the Congressional Quarterly website, which he worked for in the mid 1990's. The Congressional Quarterly covers the U.S. Congress, and when Wilson was there, charged viewers \$15,000.00 a day, while only allowing 3,000 viewers a day.

In terms of major general news, Wilson said charging viewers was just not sustainable. With so many other news outlets online, there would be no need to pay for what you could get elsewhere for free.

In spite of the challenges that the Internet has posed to the newspaper business, Wilson said that he believed the future was still bright for journalists, and that the business would survive.

"We're really trying to re-think the newspaper," said Wilson. He said it was very likely that as more people tend to read the news headlines on the Internet, newspaper writing could turn to writing that is "something deeper, more magazine-like."

Wilson stressed that the future of individual news companies would depend on how they adapted to the addition of the web to their news output. He commented that newspapers that failed to come to terms with the changing landscape of the news business would struggle mightily to compete with those who did.

"The next 10 years will be volatile," said Wilson. "Some companies will evaporate, some will thrive."

Rising India: Economic Implications Event

By Peter Grotticelli

One need not give much background on India. We know well that it is a potential economic stronghold. However, facts presented at a recent Stony Brook lecture, "Rising India: Economic Implications," dispute the claim that it is a potential economic superpower. US laborers fear that India, along with China, will conquer the world economy by employing their large populations as effectively as we employ ours, thereby becoming superpowers. US industries fear the resultant competition, and US laborers somehow link this to outsourcing. The industries have a legitimate fear, but the speaker at the event contests that the possibility of Indian and Chinese economic dominance lays in the distant future. He notes that India has one-fourteenth the GDP of the US and that China has little more than one-sixth of the US GDP. So India and China are not yet competing significantly with the US. They are a long way from the US GDP, and even further from US per capita GDP. Let us see what else the speaker said to vindicate India, and what his projections are for India's future.

But first, those who fear increased outsourcing must be ridiculed, because economic development will reduce it. It is easy to imagine the image of a new economic superpower stepping upon American laborers, but it is similarly easy to imagine that embryonic stem cells will spontaneously mutate into clones. Both of these images represent imaginary relationships. Economic development will produce greater profits in Indian industries, and since some of that profit tends to be shared with workers, their wages will rise. Outsourcing targets those who will accept low wages, so outsourcing to India and China will decrease as workers for multinational corporations demand wages that correspond to the higher domestic wages.

Some fools also suppose that East Asians will replicate US universities in their own countries by bringing home what they learn in the US. The speaker did not deny that possibility, but as he did with GDP, he held that such equalization is a long way off. Since twenty-three of the top thirty universities in the world are in the US, the speaker discounts the xenophobic idea that nations like India are packing up our universities and shipping them off to East Asia. (I cannot resist noting that these same xenophobes want to blow up the whole Middle East. They comprise the thirty percent of the population that still approves of King George III's performance).

The speaker was A.R. Ghanashyam, a

Deputy Consul General representing the Consulate of India in New York. He discussed the global economic consequences of the suddenly rapid growth of the Indian economy. A fellow ambassador who had worked with him since they met during assignments to Kathmandu in the early '90s introduced him to the audience. Mr. Ghanashyam had first taken a master's degree in physics and then acquired a potentially high-paying job in the private sector, but gave all of that up to work in the Indian Foreign Service. He has since served in twenty-two countries and has

nations do not question the peaceful intentions of Indian economic policy, while they do question that of China, for instance.

The speaker spent most of the time presenting economic figures. The gist of them was that India's economy will expand because it is going to have a very high proportion of young people in the near future, and intensive foreign and domestic education will continue to keep these youths skilled. These skills will expand high-tech industry, which is already booming. Indeed, high-tech industry has legitimated the analogy that India is to China as the US is to India. A member of the audience noted that Indians are beginning to fear outsourcing to China.

So India's economy is rising. Since a presentation of the facts used to draw this conclusion will look boring (at least this is what I conclude when articles are juxtaposed with dildos), I will distill the interesting facts for ye. India's real (i.e., adjusted for inflation) GDP per capita rose (approximately) from \$650 in 1950 to \$1300 in 1991. The nation liberalized economically around 1991, and real GDP per capita has since risen to \$4300 in 2006. It is also noteworthy that India's savings rate

because if India and China had the same carbon emissions per capita as the US, they would emit sixteen million more tons (tons of gases!) per year, enough to quickly destroy all life on Earth. This serious issue requires a serious solution. The speaker derided research on "clean coal technology," "clean oil technology," and controllable nuclear fusion, all of which have little promise. He cited MIT's plan to develop the first two technologies before twenty years have passed and noted that the last technology has been researched unsuccessfully for thirty-five years. He made these plans sound like Bush's idea of landing humans on Mars by 2016. Indeed, he implied that these plans are naught but far-out and unimportant ideas in comparison to nuclear power, which needs no abstract research, and obviates all but the most environmentally friendly techniques, which "clean" coal and oil technology are not.

India has convinced the reasonable US politicians that it does not intend to produce secret nuclear stockpiles to oppose Pakistan. Its speakers convinced the

American people, even more broadly, that there is nothing threatening at all about the rise of India. It shall only reduce outsourcing. More importantly, its rise will promote peace and scientific progress in the world. It will reduce the influence of alpha-wolves like the Pope and George Bush, like the Ayatollah and Ahmadinejad, like God and Blair and hate and stupidity. It will eliminate the pernicious group mentality to which we turn as social animals, and, in turn, will eliminate group-think and the wars that result when popes and politicians rest the fault for starting them upon the group for the assuagement of their consciences. In a scientific world, there is no worshipped man like Socrates; everyone can be as important as the thinkers of yore if he or she discovers something of equal merit. There is no titled lord; for not title, but merit, attracts respect in this world. Scientists do not vote on decisions; they do not dissent permanently like Supreme Court justices do. There are two sides to every story about abstract philosophy (i.e. bullshit), but only one right way in a scientific society. No legalese can justify war if scientific minds know that war is always wrong.

The rise of India will augment the elimination of abstract philosophy from global political decisions, which determine who gets what, where, and how. The instinctive philosophy is simple and invariable: make life happier for man and beast. What nation is better known than India for promoting peace and vegetarianism?

under-taken difficult jobs, such as negotiating with the Taliban hijackers of an Indian Airlines flight. He now looks after Indian economic interests in the US. He takes pride in this job because the US and other

has always been positive since 1950, and was 31% in 2006. The US savings rate, according to an audience member, is -1.2%. (It would be higher if the US was at peace. India has tensions with the Muslim world as well, as it is surrounded by predominately Islamic nations; yet India did not desire to invade them. India cannot have even built up secret nuclear caches for protection, because such caches would not have allowed such massive savings. These are facts. They are only the liberal facts, but what the hell? The Supreme Court justices only tend to cite preceding rulings that support their rulings, so I will cite preceding ideology that supports mine.

Of further interest are the good intentions of India. India desires clean energy with a passion greater than that of the US because, unlike the wimpy US, it hopes to expand its nuclear energy. India feels a great responsibility for the environment,

More Technology Additions Coming Soon to the Campus

By Henry Danner

With a brand new infrastructure and a new department head, the Department of Teaching, Learning, and Technology is continuing to put into action new plans to meet the growing demands for technology at Stony Brook University.

The department, which in the last year has transformed from its predecessor, the Department of Instructional Computing, has various plans for new technologies to be put into action. As every measure is taken to ensure that these plans and ideas come to life, one factor that remains the same is for whom the changes will make the most difference.

"Our main goal is to get the faculty and students to know and understand what resources are available," said Graham Glynn, the department's new executive director. This goal is being met through the services of four sub-departments: Education Technology, System Support, User Support and the Faculty Center, formerly known as the Center for Excellence in Learning and Teaching.

Glen made his way to Stony Brook via Penn State University in time for the start of the fall semester. He replaced Nancy Duffrin, the former director of the Department of Instructional Computing.

Virtual classrooms are among the list of up-and-comings from the department. They will be used as another form of the distance-learning methods like video conferencing, which are used in some courses.

In traditional courses, the class meets in a specially equipped conference room and engages in a conference-style lecture with a high-ranking representative relative to the course. In the case of a past course about the United Nations, that representative was the U.S. ambassador to the U.N., videoconferencing from its headquarters in New York City.

The bonus to video conferencing is "having access to people and resources that you don't usually have access to," Van Sise said. With new technological advances, teaching technology plans to take this form of distance learning to another level. Instead of students having to meet in conference rooms, they will be able to access the conferences from their personal computers, provided that their Internet connection is sufficient and they have a Web camera.

Glynn's department is also experimenting with other innovative ideas that they would like to bring to the vanguard by next fall. Glynn said that podcasting is a new feature that could change notetaking and reviewing greatly for students and faculty. Wikipedia defines a podcast as a

"media file that is distributed over the Internet using syndication feeds, for playback on portable media players and personal computers."

As with every great masterpiece, there is a rough draft. According to Gary Van Sise, the Director of Education Technology and Academic Facilities Management, podcasting will be used as a new form of a classroom videotaping method with which some professors have already worked. But instead of videotaping class lectures, podcast technology will allow students to receive the lectures after class through audio or video feeds on their own personal computers.

"It's a great way of reviewing the material," Van Sise said. "But it's not a substitute for going to class."

Professors will still have what Van Sise described as their "concept of intellectual personality". Simply put, the professors do not have to podcast their lectures if they do not want to.

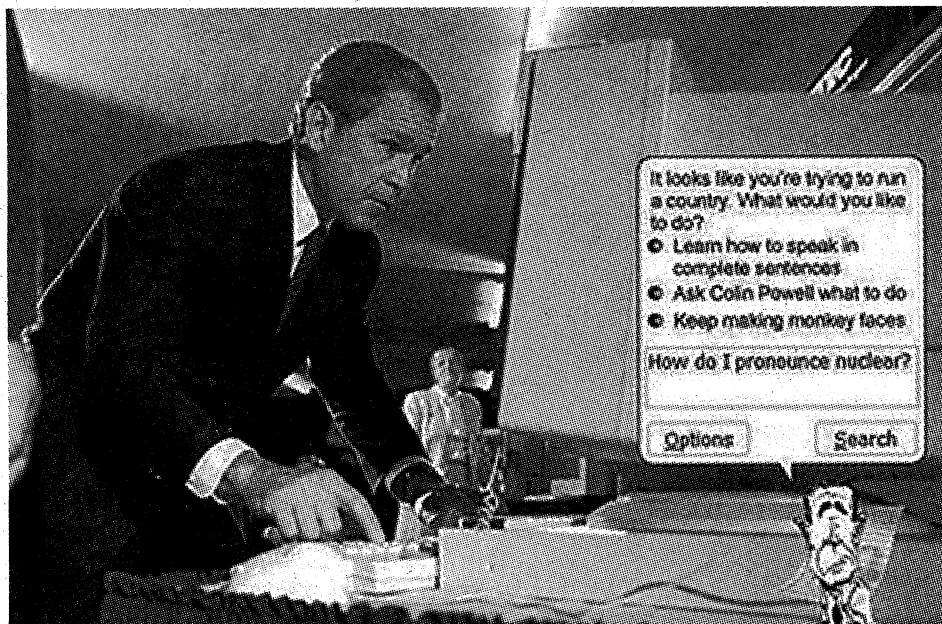
professor brings up a slide with a question. The students select an answer using their clickers. The professor gets instant results in a bar graph of the number of students who chose right or wrong answers.

"It is a great way of getting immediate feedback," Van Sise said.

User Support, which is managed by Diana Voss, is responsible for managing all of the needs of instructional computing, such organizing technology seminars. Voss is also in charge of handling issues that students and faculty have with the widely used teacher-student Web interface, Blackboard.

Of the new changes taking place in instructional computing, Blackboard will be at the forefront of the process, Voss said.

Online quizzing through Blackboard is one new method of assessment that is being tried out, and instructional computing hopes many professors will adopt in the near future. The method will be an



Bush

Botanical Gardens

Some may criticize these new methods because they allow students to abuse their privileges and skip classes regularly. Van Sise said that through past instances of trial and error, professors have noted that they saw a decrease in attendance, but an increase in comprehension.

Van Sise said other methods, such as the E-instruction system, can be used to combat this potential abuse. This system is used in many science and economics courses, and it enables professors to measure the success rate of students based on their knowledge, participation, and attendance.

To use the system, students must purchase tiny remotes commonly called "clickers," which are available at campus bookstores, and register them based on what course they are taking and their student identification number.

During a PowerPoint presentation, a

element of the web-based instruction in which professors can assign daily quizzes. "Faculty can use it to see what students learned from their lectures," Voss said.

Instead of the traditional in-class quizzes, online quizzing would be a speedier, convenient, and more productive tool for professors to evaluate how well students are coming along in the course, and it would allow instructors to make any essential changes to the lessons.

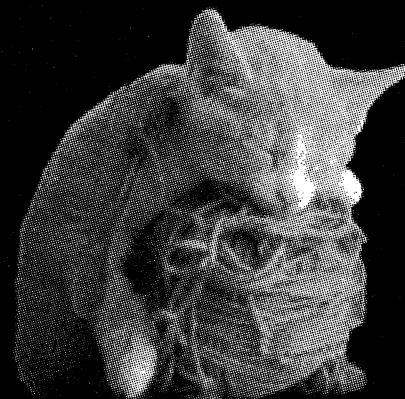
Voss said that instructional computing hopes to hold more technology workshops for students and faculty in the fall semester. By working with professors and surveying students, Voss said that her department will determine what workshops are needed most.

Voss said she hopes students will make great use of these workshops. "Our biggest problem is that we offer the workshops and nobody comes," Voss said.

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm
060 Student Union



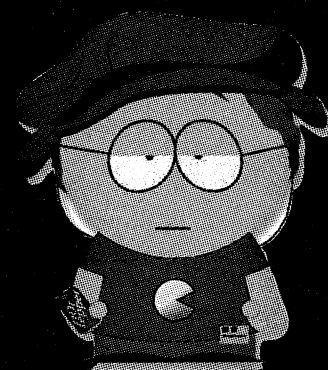
The Stony Brook Press:

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

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Retarded or Fucking Retarded"

Every Wednesday at 1pm
060 Student Union



The Stony Brook Press:

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

USG Judiciary Votes to Impeach Jean- Baptiste

By James Laudano

In what some saw to be an inevitability, the USG Supreme Court voted to impeach and remove President Romual Jean-Baptiste. Jean-Baptiste was under investigation for hanging sexist and racist posters, posters which attempted to frame candidate Joseph Antonelli, around the campus prior to this March's USG elections. The ruling, in a unanimous 5-0 vote, also barred Jean-Baptiste from ever holding office here at Stony Brook again.

One USG Supreme Court justice told us that "There was no deliberation needed in the courts decision. The evidence against Romual was too overwhelming."

The decision came down despite a spirited defense of the former President by Senator Robert Romano. Romano had to resign his position as President Pro-Temp in order to take the case. The prosecution, headed by Senators Nathan Shapiro and Ryan O'Connor, presented the case that Jean-Baptiste's was not only guilty of sexist and racist crimes, but also of defamation of Joe Antonelli's character.

The court may also need to conduct another trial investigating the role of Michael Cohan, a close cohort of Jean-Baptiste, in the poster scandal. Cohan resigned his office as Junior Class Representative shortly after the scandal broke. Considering that Cohan is due to take over as Vice President of Academic Affairs this coming semester, the court may choose to investigate whether or not he, too, was involved with the crime.



The end for Romual.

Jamie Freiermuth

For Students, Overcrowded Computer Labs Will See Some Changes for the Better

By Henry Danner

On any given day you can walk into a University SINC site and find plenty of students working diligently. The problem at the library SINC site is that at certain times of the day, there may be a bit too many students.

The number of users at the library SINC site can be especially overwhelming between noon and 3PM. Even with its 114 PCs and 23 Macs, students wait in line, relentlessly jockeying for a position to get a seat at the next available computer.

Senior Lionel Charles, 23, said that the library SINC site needs more computers. "There is an extensive amount of students but a limited amount of computers," he said.

Location is also an important factor in keeping student users satisfied. Sophomore, Khari Robinson, 19, said she does not like going to the SINC site in the Student Union building because of the dark and gloomy appearance of the basement where the lab is located.

A question one might ask is, "What is being done to ensure that these issues are solved?" The answer given by Graham Glynn, the recently appointed Executive Director of Teaching, Learning, and Technology, was "integrated support."

Integrated support combines the systems the computers in the SINC sites run on with other computers that will be added around the Melville Library. Glynn said the change would eventually "make the library a SINC site, and the SINC site a library", answering the concerns for better locations and for more computers. Some current locations of computers that will undergo the change are in the Main Reference Room, and the North and Central reading rooms. Just as they do in the SINC sites, students will be able to print based on their daily printing quotas, which are tagged to their

user identification.

Glynn also mentioned a plan to have ten to twenty laptops available for students' personal use in the library. With the Department of Instructional Computing having seen a 5 percent budget increase for the 2006-07 year, these plans have the financial backing, though the ideas are still in the strategic planning stage. Glynn said he hopes the laptops will be available by the end of the summer.

In terms of the integrated support system, "It's going to be a gradual shift over the years," Glynn said. Sherry Chang, Associate Director and public spokeswoman for the library, said that the system "will not be a complete merge."

"They will help us with the technology side to our service," stated Glynn. Noting that, printing systems will be managed and serviced by Glynn's department.

Still, the technological era has been very generous to the 14,851 undergraduates at the State University of Stony Brook.

There are twelve other undergraduate SINC sites that help to keep the university's heart pumping from a technological standpoint. They serve as the mainframe for public computer access for students, and also as alternatives to the overcrowded labs, such as the one in the library.

These SINC sites did not grow out of thin air. Nancy Duffrin, the former Director of Instructional Computing - the department in charge of managing the sites - said that they have come along since they were introduced in 1986.

Duffrin said that in the early years, there were initially only six labs located at the Melville Library and in the Engineering, Social and Behavioral Sciences, Math, Physics, Chemistry and Health Sciences buildings.

"I remember times back in the early nineties, where students had to wait four

hours to get a computer," Duffrin said. "What allowed us to expand the SINC sites was when the tech fee started around '96."

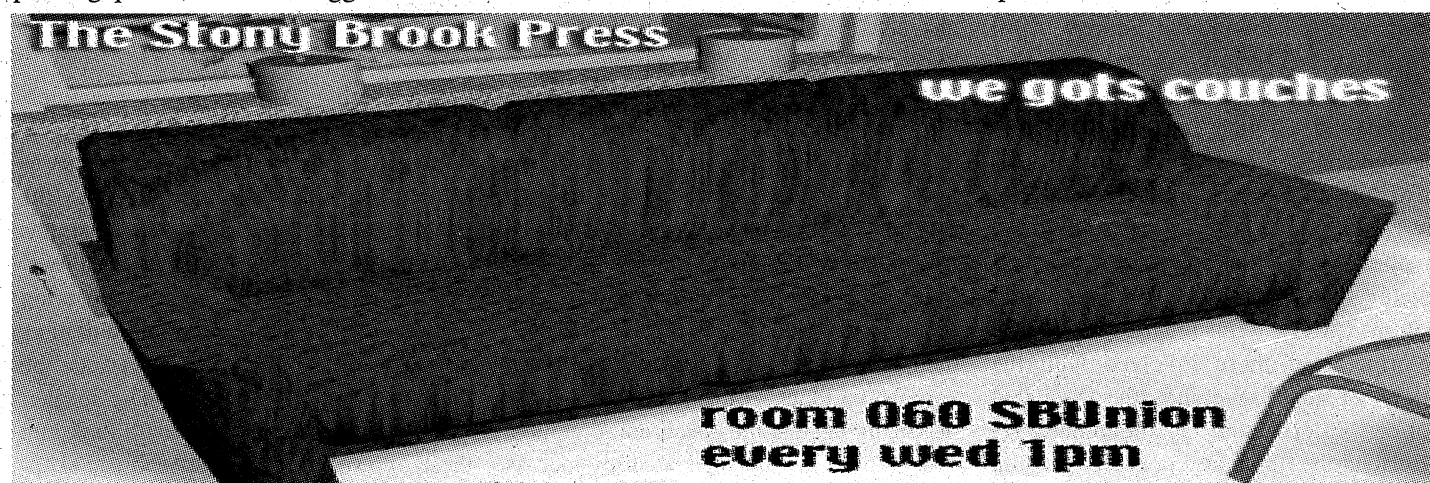
The fee is currently \$165 a semester. It accounts for \$3.7 million of Instructional Computing's budget for the 2006-07 year and, over time, has helped the SINC sites expand to thirteen locations on campus, with a total of 709 PCs and 83 Macs.



A major factor in the successful operation of the SINC sites, Duffrin said, is the students who run them. "If it wasn't for the student employees, we would not have the hours to operate," Duffrin said. "We currently have 100 students employed. Some of them are federal work-study, but most aren't."

A student employee who serves as an Instructional Computing consultant, who preferred to stay anonymous to avoid any form of biased interpretations, said his job is to "maintain an orderly fashion in the Sinc sites." This is accomplished by assisting users with problems, such as setting their passwords, or fixing a paper-jam in one of the printers.

This employee, a graduate student, has been working mainly in the Library and Engineering SINC sites for about a year. As for rating the importance of student employees at the SINC sites, he said, "On a scale from one to ten, I would choose a ten because they can't open without us."



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SBU: A Virginia Tech Waiting to Happen?

By David Becerra

In response to the fear mustered from the events at Virginia Tech, the SBU staff found a noticeable demand for a Town Hall meeting. To calm the public and strengthen pride, the senior administrators stated a myriad of compliments to the emergency system of Stony Brook. The focus of the matter at hand is drawn between present and future. The Senior Administrators seemed caught up in the now instead of having a definitive plan for the future.

The lecture began with a proper moment of silence for all of those lost at Virginia Tech. Shirley Strum Kenny began by stating her opinions on the safety of Universities and the effect of tragedies on policies. Kenny showed her confidence in the university with her statement "Every university is now doing what we're doing to keep our universities safe." The events of 9/11 were also recollected with the intent of drawing a parallel between the tragedies. Kenny finished her speech with the benevolent statement "I want you to have the information the panel has."

The Assistant Police Chief of the Stony Brook Police, Doug Little, followed Kenny. Little introduced the Emergency Operations Team, which he described as professionals that come together in order to make decisions. He also stressed the importance of this team based on understanding and communication. Finally, the team was visualized as a hospitable group that has a plan. Not only is this plan effective, but also if needed, the group members work afterwards in order to ensure the efficiency of the plan.

To allow for a more in depth evaluation of the Emergency Task Force (EMT), an expert on emergency management by the name of Gary was incorporated. Gary gave a vivid description of the ETF as well as the different levels of emergencies that occur. According to Gary, the ETF was built as an all hazards plan structured around the framework of what is known about all types of emergencies. Level 1 issues are described as commonplace which mostly go unnoticed. Level 2 issues are more significant. An example given of a Level 2 emergency was the storm which occurred on Sunday, April 15th. Level 3 issues, though not discussed, are extreme occurrences like what happened at Virginia Tech. Gary assured the audience of our safety and involvement with all levels of protective services. He mentioned both state and local involvement such as teleconferences and meetings with the New York State organization CMO. With regards to Gary's description of those involved with the safety of the university, the Assistant Police Chief made a statement. He described the university police as a team.

He also emphasized the university police's dependence on the Suffolk Police and the quality of their service. The assistant chief further stated that only a big need requires the intervention of the Suffolk Police Department. Stressing the importance of the campus email for emergencies, he concluded by telling the audience to go to their website (ws.cc.stonybrook.edu/police/).

Jerry Stein, the Dean of Students, followed with a brief look at future events. Stein stated that there will be a letter of support sent to Virginia Tech, as well as a banner made by the craft center. Dean Stein continued by stating that since the events of Virginia Tech Stein himself has alerted all advisors so that counseling is available as soon as possible. Stein concluded with his description of the Behavioral Assessment Committee which evaluates distressed and disruptive students. Someone must be recommended to the board in order for them to receive the full psychological review, but it is a great tool in preventing actions from mentally ill students. Students can in fact be mandated to be seen by the committee; it is not an optional meeting.

A supporting speaker followed up with the references made by Dean Stein who gave a description of the array of available campus support. She affirmed Stein's statements about free counseling and stated that free psychological help is available on campus, and said that they are in fact "readily used". Although the services are set up to be voluntary, if someone has been referred to receive a psychological evaluation, they can be mandated to come. Teachers most likely tell the counseling center about any extremely violent writings. Once or twice a year, the university advises people to take a medical leave of absence. In order for a student to return from such a league of absence, they must be able to display that they are in a fit mental condition.

Dean Stein then added a few interesting statements that were unfortunately not delved into very deeply. Stein hailed that Stony Brook was one of the first places to set up a program like the Behavioral Assessment Committee. More interestingly Stein described Stony Brook as a school that prides itself on diversity. He then merely mentioned a concern about certain incidents of backlash that are occurring against the Asian communities. This topic was brushed to the side, as

cases were thoroughly investigated, but if some real act of violence would occur couldn't it likely be something stemming from this "backlash?" Stein concluded the lecture portion of the meeting with powerful words showing his pride in the university. He said that we are among the top in safety but still wants to reorganize the policies to make the University even greater.

The end

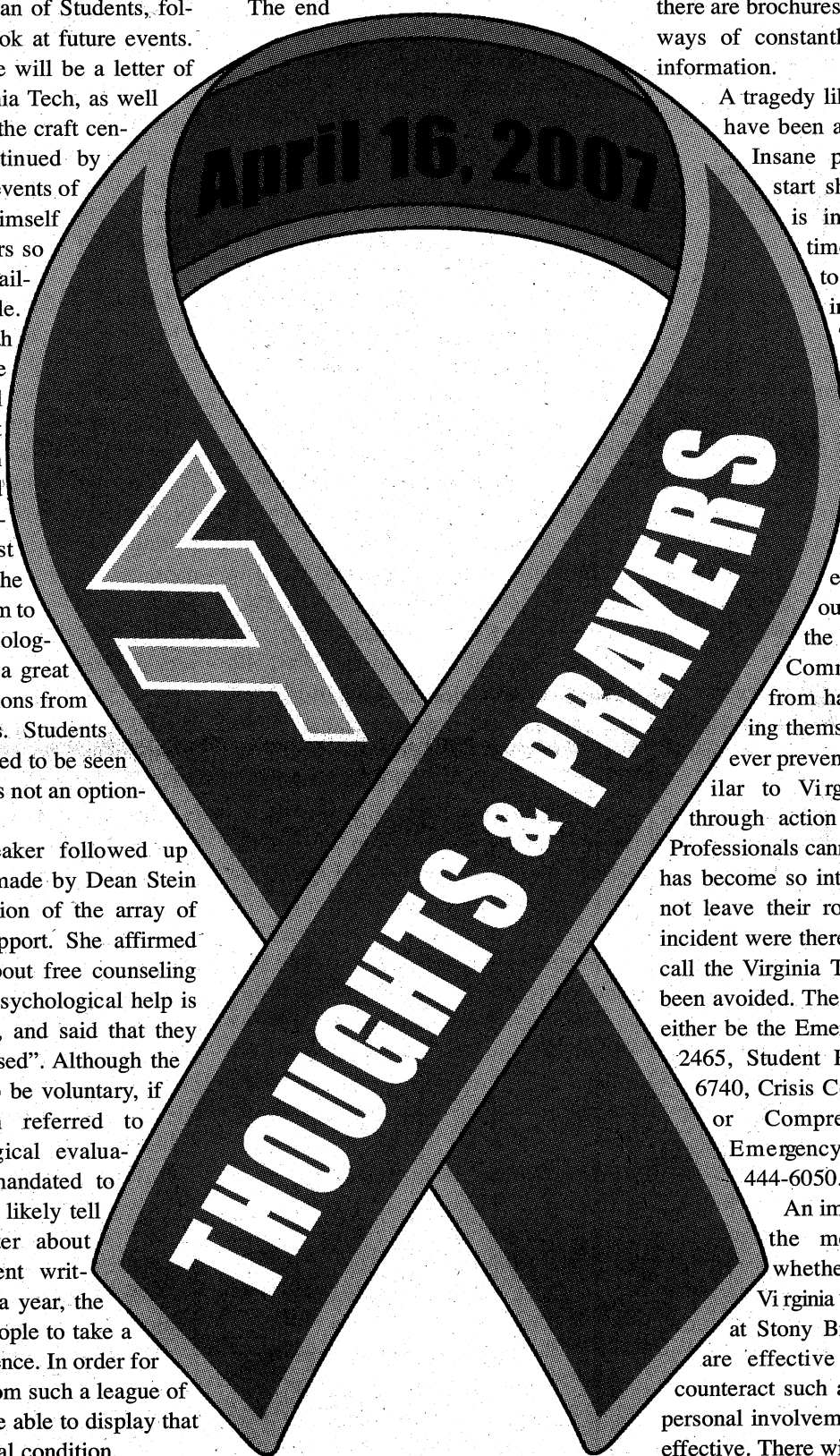
icism as to how effective the current system would be if a real emergency were to occur. The administration defended itself saying that putting any of the said methods of improvement into action is not as simple as it sounds. A student finished off the town hall meeting asking how the committee is notifying people about all of the services that Stony Brook has to offer. The retort offered by the panel was that there are brochures, the website, and other ways of constantly trying to publicize information.

A tragedy like Virginia Tech could have been avoided in many ways.

Insane people do not simply start shooting; a disease that is insidious takes a long time in order to progress to levels capable of causing a level 3 disaster.

The most important thing we can do to avoid these kinds of situations is to speak out when we see something out of the ordinary. If someone is seen suffering to levels of dysfunction, they ought to be mandated to the Behavioral Assessment Committee to keep them from harming anyone, including themselves. The only way to ever prevent a kind of tragedy similar to Virginia Tech would be through action of the personal sort. Professionals cannot assist someone who has become so introverted that they will not leave their room. The signs of the incident were there, had someone made a call the Virginia Tech disaster may have been avoided. The numbers to call would either be the Emergency Service at 444-2465, Student Health Center at 632-6740, Crisis Counseling at 632-6720, or Comprehensive Psychiatric Emergency Program (CPEP) at 444-6050.

An important question which the meeting explored was whether or not events like Virginia Tech could take place at Stony Brook University. There are effective systems in place to counteract such an event, but they take personal involvement in order to become effective. There will always be a possibility for a tragedy like Virginia Tech if people do not react when warning signs are present. It is yours to decide whether you think Stony Brook University has the potential for such a disaster or not. To repeat an adage that was spoken at the meeting, "you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." As cliché as this may be it, offers a very valid point. Whether the staff is doing all they can be doing is also yours to decide. Do you feel safe?



of the meeting consisted of an open question and answer session. Many suggestions and concerns were raised and areas of improvement were introduced to the panel. Some of these ideas were a campus wide broadcasting system, mass text messaging, scrolling text boards, lowering high handles on doors in certain buildings to allow the use of desks to blockade the doors, and more televisions. The speaker responded swiftly that he would look into these areas. Some students showed skep-

THE STONY BROOK PRESS



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HER BACK, COME AND GET HER.**

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Where Science and Technology Accomplish Goals

By David K. Ginn

[illegible][illegible]

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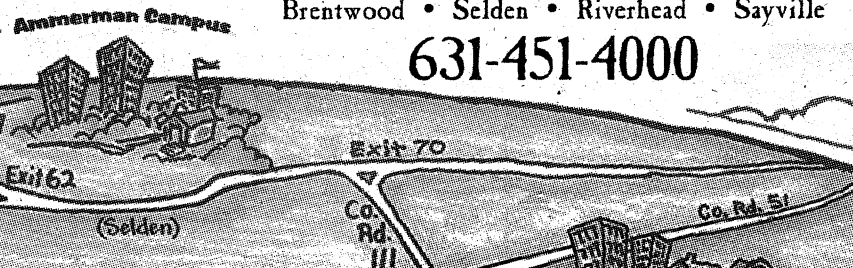
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The Stony Brook Press is published fortnightly during the academic year and twice during summer session by The Stony Brook Press, a student run non-profit organization funded by the Student Activity Fee.

The opinions expressed in letters, articles and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of The Stony Brook Press as a whole.

Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (631) 632-6451.

Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact the Business Manager.

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EDITORIALS

Wake Up, Stony Brook!

Wake up, Stony Brook! One of the things that bothers us most here at *The Press* is the inherent pall of apathy that plagues this campus. Now, most of our readership is likely to be at least somewhat involved on campus, so many of you probably are not guilty of this. However, if you've gone to a number of events on campus this semester you know what we are talking about.

The USG Presidential elections this past March garnered a paltry 700 votes out of 15,000 undergrads. That's a 4.6% voter turnout, folks, and not only is that pathetic, it's also the lowest percentage the university has ever had. There was a basketball tournament fundraiser to fight malaria this past week. And while there were enough teams to fill the bracket, only two of them were made up of Stony Brook University students. For God's sake, not even the allure of free food draws a crowd anymore.

There are numerous events here every day. Yes, it's understandable if students forget about one, but one certainly cannot claim that the university or student clubs do not hold enough events. What happens when word gets out to the rest of the aca-

demic community and our school gets a reputation for these cold, dull responses to guest speakers and events? The administration probably won't want to spend the money to hold these events if we don't start showing up soon. It's not like it's hard, either. All you have to do is actually be aware of your surroundings for once and read the fliers around campus. We know you all have a lot of work to do, and so do we. Hell, we even put out a newspaper every few weeks in between our schoolwork, and yet we still have time to attend the occasional school event.

This campus used to be known as the "Berkley of the East" during the 1960s and '70s. Stony Brook stood up for the major issues in the world, and students attended the rallies and events here. Anyone who reads the newspaper today will realize that these sorts of issues still remain with us today. Unfortunately, the will and drive has not seemed to linger. If you are one of the involved, caring students, here we salute you. This campus needs more like you. And we here at *The Stony Brook Press* simply ask one thing of you: next semester, drag a few friends along to some events. Who knows, they may even thank you for it. And, personally, we here will thank you for it, too.

Horse Porn, Redux

Newly-appointed Executive Vice President Nathan Shapiro once likened the Undergraduate Senate to "a soap opera." While sitting in the gallery of the April 17th and 24th meetings, it was easy to see just how well this analogy fits.

It was soap opera madness. No, actually, it was worse. It was like the WW Fucking E. We laughed so hard we shit our pants and then kept laughing. Isn't USG supposed to exist for the benefit of the student body, not to ignore those who are actually interested and informed enough to sit through their incestuous legislation sessions? We don't fucking care. They suck so hard.

It might sound like we're bitter. We're not. We really have no reason to be. However, we feel truly offended when a senator threatens to walk out of a committee because his own personal version of the budget wasn't passed without amendments. We also feel the offense that the student body chooses not to feel when the President-elect motions to close a meeting early and blocks members of the gallery from speaking during open agenda. The only thing worse than one person motioning to shut students up is that the majority of the Senate

agreed with it.

We're done writing. No USG editorial. Stop going to us for updates, you baa-ing, sheered sheep. Go watch the meetings and see for yourselves, because maybe then you'll actually care enough to get involved and make changes.

That's right. We, *The Stony Brook Press*, are blaming you, reader. You are the cause of all this bullshit with the student government. You are the reason these retarded assholes all ran unopposed. Your inaction has fucked you over, and you'll never fully understand the extent.

Stop reading. Right now, stop. Put this issue down and find out how USG is fucking you over by giving you a weekly variety show in place of a working student government.

Go now, and start reading again when you give a shit.

P.S. - We really wish that Amy Wisnoski became President a really long time ago.

P.P.S. - Nathan Shapiro slammed that gavel down like a motherfucker with vengeance on his mind.

Wanna Know Where You Can Stick Your Opinions?

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

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or website-it-up big time at

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LETTERS

Dear Editor,

As I was pondering the recent change in weather, I wondered about our good friend. No, not God, but the sun. You know, that big ball of fire and gas up in the sky no one really worries about. Well, I got to thinking...

Our sun is yellow. Anyone that is not color blind can see that. Now, I know some liberals out there do not listen to our media and know of the other planet that has sustained life. That is right, I speak about the planet Krypton. As you, the editor may or may not know, Krypton was bathed by light from their red sun. After their planet was destroyed, everyone here on Earth tried to cover it up. Lo and behold, one of the Kryptonians arrived on Earth. You guys might know him as Superman, but I know him as Dad.

But anyway, back to the topic at hand. I have been doing studies on how Earth would react to a giant red sun, instead of a wimpy yellow sun. Think about it, Superman went from red sun to yellow sun, and gained a bunch of bitchin' powers: flying, muscles, laser vision, super speed, etc. So, if we were to trade our sun with any number of red suns, would us Earthlings get inverse Superman powers? Would we be able to fly through the Earth instead of above it? Would lasers shoot into our heads, instead of out of our heads? That would most certainly fry our brains, resulting in many a dead Earthling. Perhaps we would grow negative muscles. Biological systems consisting of antimatter, with so much mass our bodies would smash into each other, destroying every organism in one swift moment. Would we move super slow? That would totally suck.

So, what is the deal NOAA? You guys say you are "looking into the matter", but then never call me back! Sounds pretty shift to me. So red suns, editor. You of all people must know the incomprehensible power that red sun's yield. So enough of the pussyfooting and let's wrangle one and get some interearth flight! Bitch!

Love always,
Superboy

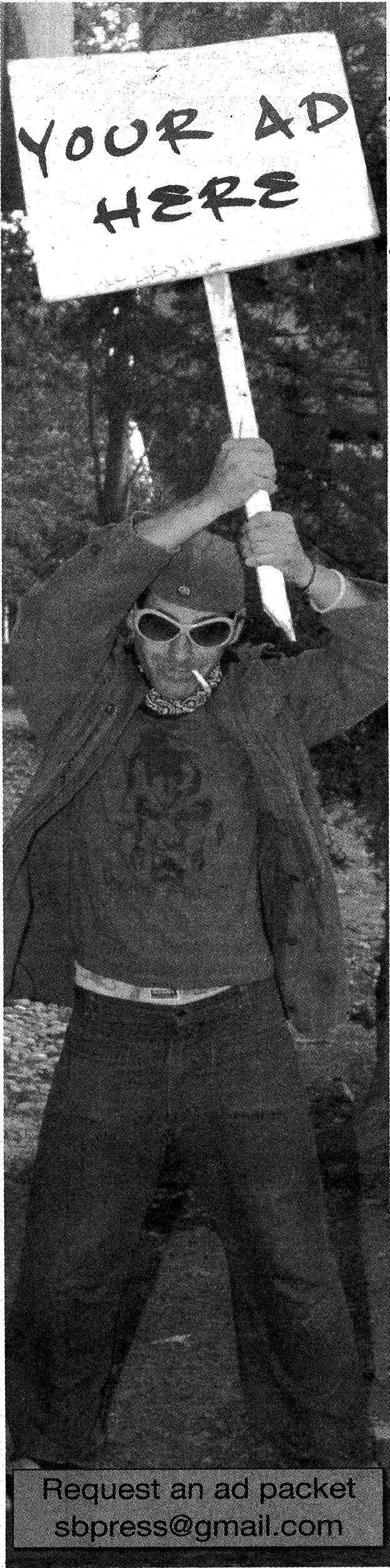
We at <i>The Stony Brook Press</i> are in fact well aware of many facts about this ball of gas <i>you</i> call a sun, and as a result we will now sing a little tune by <i>They Might Be Giants</i> :			
The sun is a mass of incandescent gas	Atomic energy	inside	Atomic energy
A gigantic nuclear furnace	The sun is a mass of incandescent gas	And yet, it is only a middle size star	Scientists have found that the sun is a huge atom smashing machine
Where Hydrogen is built into Helium	A gigantic nuclear furnace	The sun is far away...	The heat and light of the sun are caused by nuclear reactions between Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Carbon, and Helium
At a temperature of millions of degrees	Where Hydrogen is built into Helium	About 93,000,000 miles away	
The sun is hot, the sun is not	At a temperature of millions of degrees	And that's why it looks so small	
A place where we could live	The sun is hot...	But even when it's out of sight	The sun is a mass of incandescent gas
But here on Earth there'd be no life	The sun is so hot that everything on it is a gas	The sun shines night and day	A gigantic nuclear furnace
Without the light it gives	Aluminum, Copper, Iron, and many others		Where Hydrogen is built into Helium
We need its light, we need its heat	The sun is large...	We need its heat, we need its light	At a temperature of millions of degrees
The sun light that we seek		The sun light that we seek	
The sun light comes from our own sun's	If the sun were hollow, a million Earth's would fit	The sun light comes from our own sun's	

To The Undergraduate Students of Stony Brook University,

I would like to take this opportunity to apologize to each and every student for my seemingly wrongful action of motioning to adjourn the last USG Senate meeting 45 minutes early. In moving to adjourn, I made a judgment call on what I deemed was getting out of order. There was much back and forth between the Senate and the gallery members and I did not feel this was the proper forum to address the issues given the fact that only a few senators (including myself) had extensive knowledge on the budget. I have no problem speaking with students about concerns they have

with the budget. I am always accessible through e-mail (jtanone@notes.cc.sunysb.edu), as well as in person in the USG suite. I can be found there almost any time that I am not in class or meeting with an administrator to address student concerns. I encourage any student who has any concern at all about how their club budget was determined to get in contact with myself to discuss the issue. Thank you for your understanding in the issue and I look forward to continuing my service to the undergraduate student body.

Sincerely,
Senator Joseph Antonelli



Letters - May 3, 2007 - The Stony Brook Press

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NEWS-IN-BRIEF

Compiled by James Laudano, Steve McLinden & Andrew Pernick

Congress Passes Iraq Withdraw Bill

The Democrat-controlled Congress passed a bill on April 26th that aimed to begin a withdrawal of American troops from Iraq starting on October 1st. However, President Bush, upon learning of the bill, vowed that he would veto it. The bill is unlikely to garner the two-thirds majority support in Congress to overturn the White House's veto. The President's deputy press secretary released this message: "I think the bill that they sent us today is 'mission defeated.' This bill is dead before arrival." The war has cost over 3,300 American lives and countless Iraqi ones. Many Republican members of Congress who opposed the withdrawal bill stated that if the tide does not begin to turn in Iraq, they too will turn their support towards a pull-out bill.

Boris Yeltsin Dies

Boris Yeltsin, the first President of democratic Russia, passed away on April 23rd. Though he was a longtime member of the Communist Party, Yeltsin played a major role in reforming the USSR during its dissolution into a democracy. He served almost two full terms, from 1992 to 1999, before resigning. It is believed that Yeltsin died from congestive heart failure, but many reports have alleged that he was suffering from alcoholism. As for the future of Russia, the legacy he leaves is in question.

Many historians now say that perhaps Yeltsin brought too much of a shift towards the free market, considering runaway corporate power and corruption, as well as the proliferation of organized crime. His legacy is also in danger at a time when President Putin is taking numerous anti-Democratic measures, such as taking away provincial executives' elections and converting them to appointee positions. The last independent radio station in Russia was taken over by the state in April, and the Kremlin has been criticized on the international scene in the poisoning death of a retired Russian spy and the questionable deaths of investigative reporters.

Spitzer Pushes NY Gay Marriage Bill

Keeping his campaign promise, Governor Eliot Spitzer has unveiled a bill to the state legislature that would legalize gay marriage if passed, making New York the second state after Massachusetts to permit the marriage of same-sex couples. The

measure, by all accounts, is not expected to pass. "I do not think there is a realistic shot that it gets passed, but I will submit it because it is a statement of principle that I believe in and I want to begin that dynamic," Spitzer stated. Newsday reported that one New York lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender civil rights organization only sees 60 assemblypersons and eighteen Senators who would vote for the legislation, well short of half of both Houses.

Spitzer, a Democrat, was elected governor in November 2006 with a whopping 69% of the vote. New Jersey, Connecticut, Vermont, and just recently New Hampshire have legalized same-sex civil unions. Our Senator, Hillary Clinton, also a Democrat, has said that she does not agree with gay marriage but would support civil unions, as does New York's senior Democratic Senator, Chuck Schumer.

US Department of Veterans Affairs OKs Wiccan Pentacle

Following a lawsuit, the Department of Veterans Affairs reached a settlement with the eleven families who had sued the Department to add the Wiccan Pentacle, a five-pointed star enclosed in a circle, to the list of "emblems of belief" that can be used on government-supplied headstones for deceased military personnel. The settlement requires that the pentacle be added to the grave markers within fourteen days of the settlement, reached on April 23rd. In addition, the Department agreed to pay over \$225,000 in legal fees. Selena Fox, High Priestess for the Circle Sanctuary in Wisconsin, said, "I am glad this has ended in success in time to get markers for Memorial Day."

Democratic Presidential Candidates Debate

In a sign of how long and early the Presidential election process has become, eight Democrats debated at South Carolina State University on April 26th. The debate, held by MSNBC, and while Iraq was the main topic, plenty of other issues came up as America got its first impression of the candidates more than nine months before state primaries begin.

Frontrunner Hillary Clinton focused on what responsibilities the 44th President would face, and Barack Obama harped on the fact that he was against the Iraq war from the start. John Edwards went with a populist theme, while New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson pushed his plans on international relations. Ohio Representative Dennis Kucinich, who has been considered too liberal, made his name known and represented the immediate-withdrawal-from-Iraq school of thought. Along with the colorful former Alaskan Senator Mike Gravel, Kucinich attacked Obama saying that he and the more well-known candidates were itchy to use nuclear weapons against Iran. Many analysts said that Delaware Senator Joe Biden appeared "the most Presidential" and that Chris Dodd of Connecticut did not have a notable showing.

The Republican hopefuls will debate on MSNBC on Thursday, May 3rd.

Press Staffers "Drowned" In Deluge of Content

It began innocently enough: brash editors bragged during the week of cracking 100 pages for the final issue of the semester. However, the staff soon realized the folly of their goal. By Saturday evening,

The Press' G-mail account had collapsed due to a veritable flood of submissions. Some blame the "Lit Supp," while others blame the incoming journalism students. However, this much is sure. The consequences were dire. Half of the copy editing corp. was wiped out by Sunday morning, while the survivors envied the dead as they were left alive to suffer. No word has yet come in as to how long the issue will be. Yet the staff now agrees that 100 pages simply aren't worth the cost paid this weekend.

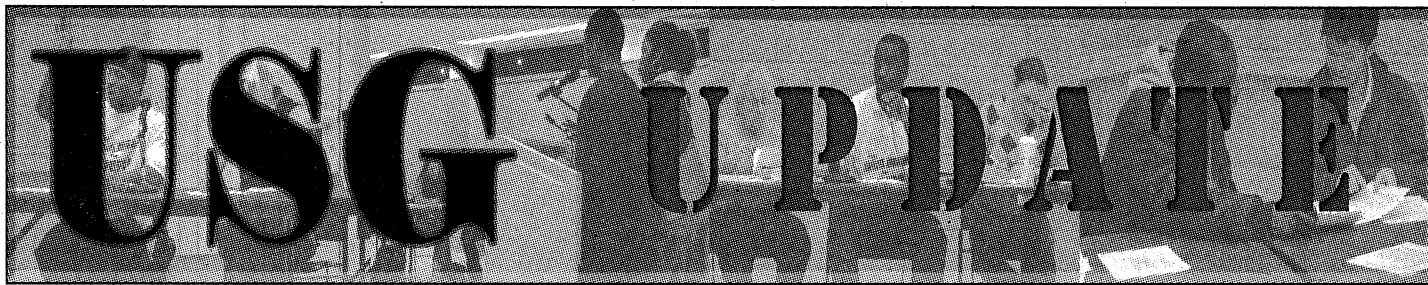
Oh Yeah, and Roth Regatta Was Postponed.

The University was sad to announce that the Roth Regatta, originally planned for Friday, April 27th, had to be postponed until the following Friday, May 4th. The administration cited the imminent threat of Viking longboats pillaging and burning the participants of the race as the reason for the delay. No word yet as to how one week's layoff will help stop said massive Viking invasion.

Steven Hawking Is In Space....Almost

Steven Hawking, the world's most renowned physicist, is in space! Well, not quite outer space, but still close enough to allow him to float around. Hawking has battled ALS, more commonly known as Lou Gehrig's Disease, for over 40 years now. The trip to space gave the scientist the chance to not only finally leave his wheelchair, but also to finally travel to the celestial heavens about which he so often wrote.





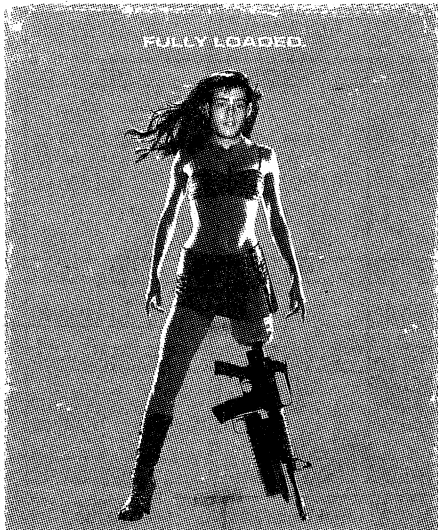
Your Student Activity Fee: Hard at Work, or Hardly Working?

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

The end of every spring semester is a hectic time for the Undergraduate Senate. The Budget Committee scrambles to create a budget for all of the organizations that are funded by USG. The budget was already voted down once during the meeting of April 10th, and tensions flared in the following weeks concerning the finished product.

During the Senate meeting on April 17th, Treasurer Stephen Hui presented the Senate with a letter from Peter Baigent, Vice President for Student Affairs, giving the Senate another extension in passing their final budget. However, the extension was met with many dissenters, and instead of focusing on the contents of the budget, most of the meeting was spent in debate concerning whether or not the extension should be utilized.

Many senators, including some who serve on the Budget Committee, believed their voice was not adequately utilized in creating and amending the budget to fit every organization's specific needs. The problem was that only two senators, Senator Matthew Maiorella and Senator Nathan Shapiro, overhauled the budget on April 15th around 10 pm during an unofficial meeting. They claimed that they looked over all of the budget applications, which must be submitted by every USG-funded organization, because nobody else on the Budget Committee believed that a budget could be made in the allotted time, which was approximately three days before the April 17th Senate meeting. Senator Shapiro claimed that an extra week to



David K Ginn

"He's been waiting his whole life for that gavel"

look over the budget once again would only create a "hack-slash bonanza" and would not be beneficial.

Many members of the Senate, including those who serve on the Budget Committee, were concerned that only two people compiled the budget. Senator Diana Etienne, who is a member of the Budget Committee, claimed she was not invited to help Senators Shapiro and Maiorella overhaul the budget. "[Budget Committee] shouldn't be comprised of only two members," said Senator Etienne. Senator Heather Rayburn echoed her statement; she claimed that, as a commuter, it would not have been feasible for her to work through one night on such a project.

Other senators questioned a few of the budget alterations, including the College Republicans' jump from approximately \$10,000 to \$30,000 (Senator Shapiro is Vice President). Senator Matthew Maiorella assured the Senate that they tried to create a budget that was "viewpoint neutral", and that Senator Shapiro did not participate in the final decision of the College Republican's budget. Although both senators agreed that they adhered to "set criteria" for every club, Senator Jonathon Hirst stated that Treasurer Stephen Hui's "personal experience" with clubs could have been instrumental in creating a more effective budget.

The Senate ultimately decided to take the extension in order to have more time to properly look over and amend the budget. During the meeting on April 24,

the budget passed quickly, but without any input from gallery members that wished to be recognized. With about fifteen more minutes during Open Agenda, a rarity at Senate meetings where the floor is officially opened to gallery members, Senator Joseph Antonelli promptly motioned to close the meeting, and the Senate ultimately blocked gallery members from speaking once again.

In other Senate related news, former President Romual Jean-Baptiste's role was filled as Amy Wisnoski stepped into his place for the remaining weeks this spring semester. Senator Shapiro filled President Wisnoski's role as Executive Vice President, allowing him to practice before he officially fills the role next year. President Wisnoski addressed the Senate about the impeachment, calling it

Other senators questioned a few of the budget alterations, including the College Republicans' jump from \$10,000 to \$30,000

"emotional and painful," but a "step to real efficiency [within USG]".

Senator Robert Romano also stepped down from his role as President Pro Tempore because of his decision to defend Jean-Baptiste during his impeachment trial. He drafted a resolution against himself for the April 17th meeting, but Senator Shapiro struck it from the agenda. Senator Jonathon Hirst was elected to serve as President Pro Tempore for this semester's remaining Senate meetings.

Senator Hirst also presented his Student Life Council Act, which creates a student committee that acts as a liaison between the administration and the student body. Its purpose is to "organize students to go to committee [meetings]" and report back to the Council with their findings and recommendations. Senator Hirst stated that he tried to keep it "flexible" enough to compensate for the influx of students next year. The bill passed unanimously.



**USG
Senate
Meetings**

It's a madhouse! It's a madhouse! It's a madhouse!



**Where
is
Your
God
Now
?**

**Union
060
Weds
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1 PM**



USG UPDATE

UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT GOVERNMENT 2007-2008 BUDGET

*Based on Student Activity Fee of \$94.25

14,000 Students (FALL), 13,500 Students (SPRING)

REVENUE	2003-2004	2004-2005	REVISED 2005-2006	REVISED 2006-2007	ESTIMATE 2007-2008
F.T. FEES FALL	\$1,149,975.00	\$1,082,250.00	\$1,285,000.00	\$1,290,000.00	\$1,330,000.00
LESS: WAIVERS WD	\$-14,200.00	\$-9,600.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$6,500.00
NET FALL FEES	\$1,135,775.00	\$1,072,650.00	\$1,285,000.00	\$1,290,000.00	\$1,323,500.00
F.T. FEES SPRING	\$1,124,325.00	\$999,000.00	\$1,190,000.00	\$1,210,000.00	\$1,280,000.00
LESS: WAIVERS WD	\$-14,200.00	\$-9,600.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$6,500.00
NET SPRING FEES	\$1,110,125.00	\$989,400.00	\$1,190,000.00	\$1,210,000.00	\$1,273,500.00
TOTAL FEES	\$2,245,900.00	\$2,062,050.00	\$2,475,000.00	\$2,500,000.00	\$2,597,000.00
AUXILIARY INCOME					
A/V Services	\$23,000.00	\$27,000.00	\$45,000.00	\$35,000.00	\$35,000.00
Event Security	\$30,000.00	\$22,000.00	\$18,000.00	\$25,000.00	\$25,000.00
Ticket Office	\$7,000.00	\$8,000.00	\$7,000.00	\$8,000.00	\$8,000.00
PRINT SHOP	\$0.00				
PRIOR YEAR RELEASE					
TOTAL AUX INCOME	\$60,000.00	\$57,000.00	\$70,000.00	\$68,000.00	\$68,000.00
INTEREST INCOME	\$8,028.00	\$18,000.00	\$15,000.00	\$15,000.00	\$15,000.00
TOTAL REVENUES	\$2,313,928.00	\$2,137,050.00	\$2,560,000.00	\$2,583,000.00	\$2,680,000.00
Allocated From Reserve from 04-05			\$124,841.00		
Allocated From Reserves		\$271,376.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
Allocated From Reserves		\$60,000.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.00
TOTAL BUDGET	\$2,313,928.00	\$2,468,426.00	\$2,684,841.00	\$2,583,000.00	\$2,680,000.00

REGULAR CLUBS	Budget 05-06	Grant 05-06	Budget 06-07	Grant 06-07	Fall Revision 06-07	Amount Requested 07-08	Budget 07-08	Grant 07-08
Advent Youth Ministries			\$992.44	\$0.00	\$625.00	\$3,250.00	\$2,025.00	
African Students Union	\$12,000.00		\$8,932.00	\$0.00		\$10,255.00	\$0.00	<- Not eligible
American Sign Language						\$1,350.00	\$275.00	
Amnesty International			\$4,714.11	\$0.00				<- No application
Animated Perspective	\$2,000.00	\$1,000.00	\$1,984.89	\$0.00	\$5,160.00	\$8,500.00	\$6,891.00	<- No application
Art4Everyone	\$1,100.00		\$1,091.69	\$0.00				<- No application
Artemis Hellenic	\$1,500.00		\$1,836.02	\$0.00		\$2,500.00	\$2,200.00	
ASEAS AAS	\$2,000.00							<- No application
Asian American E-Zine	\$3,320.00		\$3,275.07	\$0.00		\$3,275.00	\$935.00	\$0.00
Asian American Journal			\$7,939.55	\$0.00		\$8,000.00	\$8,000.00	
Asian Students Association (Alliance)	\$8,700.00		\$9,924.44	\$0.00	\$2,000.00	\$15,000.00	\$13,000.00	\$0.00
Athletic Training	\$2,000.00		\$1,984.89	\$0.00		\$5,000.00	\$2,021.00	
Badminton			\$2,022.60	\$0.00				<- No application
Ballroom Dance	\$12,300.00		\$15,730.24	\$3,200.00		\$25,689.00	\$19,651.00	\$200.00
Bhangra Team						\$3,250.00	\$450.00	\$1,370.00
BASIC						\$1,900.00	\$1,630.00	
Belly Dance			\$5,458.44	\$1,625.00		\$2,500.00	\$2,200.00	
Bengalis Unite	\$2,000.00		\$5,726.40	\$0.00		\$11,500.00	\$5,550.00	
Biology Club			\$4,962.22	\$0.00				<- No application
Biomedical Engineering Society			\$1,687.16	\$0.00		\$1,687.00	\$1,177.00	
Black Women's Weekend	\$22,000.00		\$21,833.77	\$0.00	\$3,000.00	\$28,922.00	\$26,229.50	
Black Women's Weekend Play Writer's Guild			\$2,481.11		\$1,000.00	\$5,205.00	\$2,998.00	
Black y Latine Women's Leadership Commission				\$0.00		\$45,030.00	\$269.50	
Blackworld	\$20,000.00		\$23,818.66	\$0.00		\$8,765.76	\$2,924.00	
Blood Drive	\$10,800.00		\$11,413.11	\$0.00		\$11,413.00	\$5,005.00	\$0.00
Breaking Away from Tobacco						\$4,231.00	\$2,634.50	
Business and Law Club						\$16,149.66	\$1,255.00	
Cadence Step Team						\$19,500.00	\$2,651.00	
Capoeira						\$2,024.75	\$904.45	
Caribbean Students Organization	\$12,000.00		\$27,788.44	\$0.00	\$15,000.00	\$45,700.00	\$27,200.00	
Cat Network	\$1,000.00	\$1,224.00	\$3,969.78	\$0.00	\$4,000.00	\$14,057.31	\$2,646.00	
Catholic Campus Club			\$1,339.80	\$100.00		\$10,645.00	\$869.00	
Center For Womyn's Concerns	\$2,563.00		\$2,543.63	\$0.00		\$2,815.00	\$2,815.00	
Chabad Student Club			\$8,584.64	\$0.00	\$5,000.00	\$31,375.00	\$8,751.40	
Cheerleading	\$10,000.00	\$1,200.00	\$16,375.33	\$0.00		\$41,940.00	\$15,949.50	\$0.00
Chemical Engineers Society			\$2,178.42	\$0.00		\$2,540.00	\$2,105.00	
Chess Club	\$1,275.00							<- No application
China Blue	\$1,650.00		\$4,793.51	\$225.00		\$6,430.00	\$3,547.00	
Chinese Literature Club			\$1,587.91	\$0.00		\$3,000.00	\$0.00	<- Not eligible
Chinese Association of Stony Brook	\$9,563.00		\$10,768.02	\$0.00		\$15,000.00	\$11,366.00	
Christian Student Services			\$1,488.67	\$0.00	\$2,500.00	\$3,700.00	\$2,980.00	
CIAO	\$1,700.00		\$1,488.67	\$0.00		\$1,500.00	\$1,275.00	
Club Om	\$1,500.00		\$4,962.22	\$0.00	\$3,250.00	\$7,672.00	\$4,088.56	
Coalition	\$4,000.00		\$7,939.55	\$0.00				<- No application
College Republicans			\$9,924.44	\$0.00		\$35,893.72	\$29,364.00	
Company of Archers			\$2,147.65	\$0.00		\$1,140.00	\$1,117.20	
Crew Club	\$22,000.00	\$6,494.00	\$24,811.11	\$0.00		\$31,000.00	\$22,537.75	\$0.00
REGULAR CLUBS	Budget 05-06	Grant 05-06	Budget 06-07	Grant 06-07	Fall Revision 06-07	Amount Requested 07-08	Budget 07-08	Grant 07-08
Cricket Club						\$3,637.00	\$2,007.00	
Culinary Club						\$660.00	\$660.00	\$0.00
Dance Team	\$7,000.00		\$0.00	\$0.00	\$10,000.00	\$10,000.00	\$8,015.00	
Debate Team			\$496.22	\$0.00		\$850.00	\$550.00	
Déjà Vu Dance Troupe	\$1,500.00		\$1,836.02	\$0.00				<- No application
Economics Honor Society	\$1,000.00		\$3,473.56	\$400.00		\$5,000.00	\$0.00	<- Not eligible
Enduring Freedom Alliance	\$1,500.00		\$6,847.87	\$0.00	\$3,777.00	\$40,139.00	\$5,790.00	
Entrepreneur's Club			\$1,637.53	\$0.00				<- No application
Environmental Club						\$6,000.00	\$3,096.50	
Equestrian Club	\$9,000.00		\$11,909.33	\$0.00		\$60,262.00	\$20,019.45	
Essence of Praise	\$0.00		\$744.33	\$0.00		\$744.00	\$489.42	
Feminist Majority Leadership Alliance	\$2,000.00		\$3,969.78	\$0.00		\$3,970.00	\$0.00	<- Not eligible
Fencing Team	\$4,000.00		\$9,428.22	\$4,000.00		\$29,138.00	\$18,925.50	
Film Studies	\$1,100.00							<- No application
Fine Arts Organization			\$744.33	\$0.00		\$744.00	\$650.00	

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FOCUS					\$606.00	-		<- No application
Gospel Choir	\$9,000.00	\$800.00	\$11,413.11	\$0.00		\$16,070.00	\$13,937.00	
Haitian Students Organization	\$7,500.00		\$8,435.78	\$0.00		\$9,603.00	\$352.80	
Handball			\$11,860.70	\$0.00		\$15,000.00	\$8,508.00	
Hillel	\$6,200.00		\$7,145.60	\$0.00	\$1,750.00	\$8,100.00	\$4,755.00	
International Cultural Exchange Buddy			\$3,188.40	\$750.00		\$6,213.35	\$4,717.00	
Ice Hockey	\$31,000.00		\$86,345.23	\$6,750.00		\$98,313.79	\$83,818.23	
Intervarsity Christian Fellowship						\$4,000.00	\$2,574.00	
Japanese Cultural Association	\$5,500.00		\$4,962.22	\$0.00				<- No application
Jubilee						\$2,693.00	\$1,538.00	\$0.00
Korean Life Media	\$1,500.00		\$2,977.33	\$0.00		\$3,345.00	\$2,120.00	
Korean Student Association	\$0.00		\$4,535.47	\$300.00		\$4,535.00	\$4,085.00	
Kumdo Club	\$4,500.00		\$11,065.75	\$0.00	\$2,500.00	\$18,900.00	\$10,900.00	
La Table Ronde - French Club	\$3,063.00		\$3,076.58	\$0.00		\$4,390.00	\$2,461.00	
Latin American Students Organization	\$11,000.00		\$15,134.78	\$0.00		\$20,000.00	\$16,900.00	
LGBT	\$4,063.00	\$2,500.00	\$4,032.30	\$0.00	\$2,500.00	\$6,532.00	\$6,382.00	
Marine Science			\$3,503.33	\$0.00		\$3,120.00	\$3,086.00	
Martial Arts Club	\$750.00							<- No application
Math Club	\$1,500.00				\$2,600.00	\$5,000.00	\$1,950.00	\$0.00
Men's Rugby	\$15,000.00		\$32,750.86	\$7,000.00	\$125.00	\$54,085.25	\$47,780.25	
Meteorology Club						\$1,060.56	\$969.00	
Minorities in Eng. & Applied Sciences	\$5,000.00				\$3,600.00	\$7,450.00	\$385.00	
Minorities in Medicine - MIM	\$5,500.00		\$5,656.83	\$0.00		\$6,460.00	\$4,004.00	
Minorities in Psychology	\$750.00		\$744.33	\$0.00	\$900.00	\$1,644.00	\$1,160.00	
Motor Sports					\$16,500.00	\$86,335.00	\$0.00	
Musicians Alliance for Peace	\$1,000.00		\$13,398.00			\$10,000.00	\$8,745.00	
Muslim Student Alliance			\$3,969.78	\$2,000.00	\$6,000.00	\$25,000.00	\$6,600.00	
Neuroscience Axis	\$1,100.00							<- No application
Organization of Actuarial Studies			\$1,265.37	\$0.00				<- No application
Pep Band			\$1,488.67	\$0.00		\$1,100.00	\$1,100.00	
Persian Cultural Association	\$1,000.00		\$4,962.22			\$4,962.00	\$4,682.70	
Philosophy Club			\$2,481.11	\$0.00		\$4,309.77	\$2,124.00	
Philippine United Students Organizat	\$4,500.00		\$6,996.73	\$0.00		\$17,000.00	\$5,467.00	
Pocket Theatre	\$1,000.00		\$3,316.75	\$3,909.00		\$3,317.00	\$3,310.00	Grant
Pre-Dental						\$494.92	\$383.00	07-08
Pre-Med Society	\$6,000.00		\$5,954.67	\$0.00		\$5,990.00	\$4,395.00	
Pre-Physical Therapy	\$2,000.00		\$1,836.02	\$0.00		\$2,730.00	\$1,270.50	
Pre-Physicians Assistant	\$3,023.00		\$2,583.33	\$0.00		\$3,373.00	\$1,306.80	
Press	\$32,000.00	\$2,950.00	\$34,735.55	\$0.00		\$35,000.00	\$32,450.00	
Public Speaking Forum	\$1,500.00		\$1,984.89	\$0.00				<- No application
Recreational Softball						\$895.94	\$776.53	
Rifle Club						\$6,489.00	\$5,516.00	
Robot Design Team	\$3,000.00	\$5,750.00	\$7,765.88	\$0.00		\$7,766.00	\$7,266.00	\$0.00
Roller Hockey			\$10,841.70	\$0.00		\$53,060.00	\$27,476.00	
Russian Club			\$2,481.11	\$0.00		\$3,750.00	\$935.00	
Science and Society Council						\$1,500.00	\$1,170.00	
Science Fiction Forum	\$6,500.00		\$6,450.89	\$0.00		\$6,500.00	\$4,250.00	
Scuba Club	\$2,500.00	\$569.00	\$8,615.41	\$0.00		\$12,820.28	\$11,788.59	
Shades of Afrika	\$1,000.00							<- No application
Sikh Student Association			\$1,984.89	\$0.00				<- No application
Ski and Snowboarding						\$15,000.00	\$0.00	
Social Justice Alliance			\$1,488.67	\$0.00	\$2,500.00	\$8,000.00	\$4,125.00	
Society of Physics Students	\$800.00		\$793.96	\$0.00		\$2,000.00	\$0.00	<- Not eligible
South Asian Students Alliance	\$7,000.00		\$8,088.42	\$0.00				
Sports Club Council						\$10,000.00	\$1,375.00	
Squash Club	\$1,700.00		\$1,687.16	\$0.00		\$2,200.00	\$1,265.00	
Students Taking Aim at Challenges	\$3,000.00		\$2,481.11	\$0.00		\$3,250.00	\$1,325.00	
Table Tennis						\$4,000.00	\$660.00	
Taiwanese Student Association	\$750.00		\$793.96	\$0.00	\$706.00	\$1,000.00	\$750.00	
Tennis Club						\$7,840.00	\$1,635.00	
Thai Student Association	\$1,000.00		\$1,488.67	\$0.00	\$200.00	\$1,689.00	\$1,689.00	
Thillana	\$1,000.00		\$7,542.58	\$0.00		\$21,800.00	\$8,680.00	
Undergraduate Anthropology	\$3,500.00		\$3,721.67	\$0.00		\$4,395.00	\$1,276.00	\$0.00
Undergrad Chemistry	\$750.00		\$744.33	\$0.00				<- No application
Undergrad Geology						\$2,400.00	\$1,280.00	
Undergrad Pharmacology	\$3,200.00		\$4,664.49	\$0.00		\$4,600.00	\$1,495.00	
Uniti Cultural Center	\$10,000.00		\$10,916.89	\$750.00		\$15,400.00	\$6,270.00	
REGULAR CLUBS	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
Veteran Student Organization	\$1,500.00		\$7,840.31	\$0.00		\$10,932.82	\$7,482.41	
Vietnamese Students Association	\$5,000.00		\$5,508.07	\$0.00		\$5,165.00	\$4,430.00	
Visions Worldwide	\$1,500.00		\$5,954.67	\$0.00		\$1,500.00	\$1,375.00	
Women's Lacrosse			\$1,500.00	\$0.00		\$8,305.00	\$7,645.00	
Women's Rugby	\$15,000.00	\$2,750.00	\$23,929.82	\$0.00		\$36,313.00	\$19,274.44	
Wrestling & MMA			\$2,481.11	\$0.00		\$3,000.00	\$2,948.00	
WUSB	\$67,000.00		\$66,493.77	\$15,000.00		\$73,025.00	\$72,860.00	
TOTAL REGULAR CLUBS	\$495,920.00	\$25,237.00	\$789,748.92	\$46,009.00	\$95,799.00	\$1,491,171.88	\$808,904.48	\$1,570.00
DIRECT PAYS	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
Campus Recreation	\$125,000.00		\$136,957.31		\$3,650.00	\$152,314.50	\$152,314.50	
NYPIRG	\$150,000.00		\$148,887.00			\$150,000.00	\$125,000.00	
SB Volunteer Ambulance Corps	\$75,000.00		\$104,207.00			\$104,000.00	\$91,450.00	
Statesman	\$30,000.00		\$4,962.00		\$25,038.00	\$30,000.00	\$26,835.00	
Stony Brook Child Care	\$37,500.00		\$37,217.00			\$40,000.00	\$40,000.00	
University Response	\$25,000.00		\$24,811.00			\$25,000.00	\$25,000.00	
TOTAL DIRECT PAYS	\$442,500.00	\$0.00	\$457,021.31	\$0.00	\$28,688.00	\$501,314.50	\$460,599.50	\$0.00
CAMPUS-WIDE EVENTS	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
Homecoming	\$8,000.00		\$9,924.44			\$18,000.00	\$11,000.00	
Opening Week Activities	\$8,500.00		\$9,924.44			\$12,000.00	\$10,000.00	
Roth Pond Regatta	\$14,500.00		\$19,858.81			\$20,000.00	\$15,950.00	
TOTAL CAMPUS-WIDE EVENTS	\$31,000.00	\$0.00	\$39,707.69	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$50,000.00	\$36,950.00	\$0.00
USG AGENCIES	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08

USG UPDATE

ALIRRT					\$27,456.00	\$54,800.00	\$54,800.00	
Audio Visual	\$35,000.00		\$34,736.00			\$34,736.00	\$34,736.00	
Communications	\$5,700.00	\$1,200.00	\$0.00		\$9,015.00	\$15,000.00	\$0.00	
Elections	\$3,000.00		\$6,277.21	\$1,000.00	-\$1,277.00	\$6,000.00	\$5,000.00	\$0.00
Events Staff	\$18,000.00		\$18,856.44			\$19,000.00	\$18,400.00	
Freshman rep	\$1,000.00		\$0.00		\$1,283.00	-	-	<- No application
Inter-Fraternity Sorority Council	\$12,000.00		\$13,894.22			\$9,600.00	\$0.00	<- In SSC Budget
Junior Rep	\$1,000.00		\$0.00		\$1,000.00	-	-	<- No application
PASS					\$27,000.00	\$37,000.00	\$37,000.00	
Student Activities Board	\$200,000.00		\$218,337.74			\$350,000.00	\$220,000.00	
SBU-TV	\$60,000.00		\$54,584.44			\$55,000.00	\$34,000.00	
Senior Week	\$8,000.00		\$7,939.55		\$2,917.00	-	-	<- No application
Sophomore Rep	\$1,000.00		\$0.00			-	-	<- No application
Specula	\$45,000.00		\$37,712.88			\$42,910.00	\$0.00	
Special Services Council	\$40,000.00		\$19,848.89		\$11,750.00	\$30,000.00	\$25,000.00	<- \$13,000 for IFSC
REGULAR CLUBS	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
Ticket Office	\$64,000.00		\$63,516.43		\$5,884.00	\$70,400.00	\$70,400.00	
Large Concerts	\$120,000.00		SAB		SAB	-	SAB	
TOTAL USG AGENCIES	\$613,700.00	\$1,200.00	\$475,703.80	\$1,000.00	\$85,028.00	\$724,446.00	\$499,336.00	\$0.00
Large Concerts	\$120,000.00		SAB		SAB	-	SAB	
TOTAL USG AGENCIES	\$1,312,400.00	\$2,400.00	\$916,671.60	\$2,000.00	\$142,600.00	\$1,359,356.00	\$909,136.00	\$0.00
LEG	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
Amman	\$1,100.00		\$1,092.00	\$380.00		\$1,472.00	\$1,472.00	
Barauch	\$1,100.00		\$1,290.00			\$1,300.00	\$1,274.00	
Benedict	\$1,940.00		\$2,382.00			\$2,400.00	\$2,400.00	
Cardozo	\$1,100.00		\$1,092.00			\$1,850.00	\$1,650.00	
Dewey	\$1,070.00				\$1,175.00	\$1,175.00	\$1,175.00	
Douglass	\$1,080.00		\$1,087.00			\$1,200.00	\$1,200.00	
Dreiser	\$1,100.00		\$1,528.00			\$1,625.00	\$1,625.00	
Eisenhower	\$1,090.00		\$1,042.00			\$1,500.00	\$1,042.00	
Gershwin	\$1,100.00		\$1,340.00	\$350.00		\$1,700.00	\$1,700.00	
Gray	\$1,100.00		\$1,092.00			\$1,500.00	\$1,445.00	
Greeley	\$1,500.00				\$1,400.00	\$1,850.00	\$1,850.00	
Hamilton	\$1,100.00		\$1,588.00			\$2,500.00	\$1,588.00	
Hand	\$1,125.00		\$1,290.00			\$1,500.00	\$1,500.00	
Hendrix	\$1,100.00		\$1,389.00	\$380.00		\$1,450.00	\$1,425.00	
Irving	\$1,625.00		\$2,183.00			\$2,650.00	\$2,650.00	
James	\$1,450.00		\$1,588.00			\$2,250.00	\$2,250.00	
Keller	\$1,500.00		\$1,750.00			\$2,000.00	\$2,000.00	
Langmuir	\$1,500.00		\$1,985.00			\$3,150.00	\$1,985.00	
Mount	\$1,100.00		\$1,489.00			\$1,580.00	\$1,548.40	
O'Neill	\$1,625.00		\$1,489.00			\$1,489.00	\$1,489.00	
Sanger	\$1,100.00		\$1,191.00			\$1,400.00	\$1,400.00	
Schick	\$1,100.00		\$1,092.00			\$1,596.00	\$1,596.00	
Stimson	\$1,500.00		\$1,489.00			\$1,489.00	\$1,489.00	
LEG	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
Toscanini	\$1,100.00		\$1,290.00			\$1,200.00	\$1,200.00	
Wagner	\$1,500.00		\$1,489.00			\$2,069.00	\$1,969.00	
Whitman	\$1,100.00		\$1,092.00			\$1,092.00	\$1,092.00	
West Apts.	\$5,480.00		\$4,218.00			\$6,500.00	\$6,300.00	
TOTAL LEG	\$38,285.00		\$38,557.00	\$1,110.00	\$2,575.00	\$51,487.00	\$48,314.40	
CSA	\$46,210.00		\$45,652.44			\$49,500.00	\$48,750.00	
HSCSA	\$17,052.00		\$12,405.55			\$15,600.00	\$6,230.00	
TOTAL LEG + CSA + HSCSA	\$101,547.00	\$0.00	\$96,614.99	\$1,110.00	\$2,575.00	\$116,587.00	\$103,294.40	\$0.00
ADMINISTRATION	Budget	Grant	Budget	Grant	Fall Revision	Amount	Budget	Grant
	05-06	05-06	06-07	06-07	06-07	Requested 07-08	07-08	07-08
ADP Payroll Processing			\$17,500.00			\$5,000.00	\$5,000.00	
Auditors fees	\$18,000.00		\$3,000.00			\$18,375.00	\$18,375.00	
Computer Consultants	\$0.00		\$1,500.00			\$1,500.00	\$1,500.00	
Computer Equipment	\$2,500.00		\$3,000.00			\$4,000.00	\$4,000.00	
Computers/Software	\$13,000.00		\$6,000.00			\$7,000.00	\$7,000.00	
Copier Leases	\$6,000.00		\$7,000.00			\$12,000.00	\$12,000.00	
Council Programs	\$9,500.00		\$12,000.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Depreciation Expense	\$12,000.00		\$0.00			\$1,500.00	\$1,500.00	
Disability	\$0.00		\$0.00			\$39,272.00	\$39,272.00	
Early Move Ins	\$2,700.00		\$1.00	\$59,999.00	\$5,586.00	\$144,000.00	\$144,000.00	
F.S.A. Mgmt Fee	\$258,787.00		\$183,988.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Accounting Office Salaries			\$0.00			\$77,500.00	\$77,500.00	
FICA	\$0.00		\$30,828.00		\$1,000.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	
Fringe	\$30,828.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Furniture	\$0.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
GA Position	\$0.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Health Insurance	\$0.00		\$1,000.00			\$3,200.00	\$3,200.00	
Information Tech (website)	\$3,200.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Judiciary	\$1,000.00		\$35,000.00			\$35,000.00	\$35,000.00	
Legal Fees	\$35,000.00		\$112,000.00			\$116,000.00	\$116,000.00	
Liability Insurance	\$151,000.00		\$500.00			\$1,000.00	\$1,000.00	
Miscellaneous	\$5,472.00		\$15,000.00			\$11,000.00	\$11,000.00	
Office	\$25,000.00		\$100.00		\$4,100.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	
Pres. Discretionary Fund	\$1,000.00		\$1,500.00			\$1,500.00	\$1,500.00	
Recruitment Advertising	\$0.00		\$106,000.00		\$8,000.00	\$115,300.00	\$115,300.00	
Salaries	\$116,036.00		\$500.00		\$650.00	\$1,000.00	\$750.00	
Senate	\$1,000.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$11,808.62	
Senate Emergency Grants			\$8,500.00		\$1,490.00	\$9,990.00	\$9,990.00	
Senate Parliamentarian	\$7,000.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Statesman Advertising	\$0.00		\$60,000.00		\$54,281.00	\$121,400.00	\$121,400.00	
Stipends	\$55,000.00		\$0.00		\$2,256.00	\$0.00	\$0.00	
SUNY Student Assembly			\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Taxes	\$0.00		\$10,000.00			\$12,000.00	\$12,000.00	
Telephone	\$15,000.00		\$4,500.00			\$4,500.00	\$4,500.00	
Training	\$4,500.00		\$1,500.00			\$3,750.00	\$3,750.00	
Travel	\$3,750.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
Worker's Comp. Ins.	\$0.00		\$0.00			\$0.00	\$0.00	
TOTAL ADMINISTRATION	\$777,273.00	\$0.00	\$817,589.00	\$59,999.00	\$77,363.00	\$757,787.00	\$789,345.62	\$0.00

Seawolves Men's Soccer Fall To Powerhouse, UCONN

By Antony Lin

The UConn Huskies would defeat the Stony Brook Seawolves by the score of 1-0 in the preseason affair at LaValle Stadium. The visitors would hold off the Seawolves following a goal by O'Brian White late in the match.

"We played a quality team tonight and we hung with them step by step. We had our opportunities and so did they," stated Seawolves head coach Cesar Markovic.

The home side would have the majority of possession for the duration of the first half, while the Huskies bunkered and waited for the counter.

Stony Brook would threaten first in the 17th minute. Michael Palacio's left footed shot from 26 yards out would sail just wide of the right post.

The visitor's would come with a series of threats later on, with the first threat coming in the 33rd minute. O'Brian White's shot towards the empty net would be flicked over the bar by a sprinting Yahaya Musa. Just a minute later, UConn nearly took the lead once again. Robert Brickley's shot of 5 yards out from a tough angle would sail wide to the far post.

Stony Brook's goalkeeper Rich Skoblicki would continue to manage the shutout for the first half by parrying

away Akeem Priestly's hard shot to the near post in the 38th minute.

The second half would see both sides evenly possess the ball.

The Seawolves' best chance would come in the 55th minute. Collecting an outswinging cross from the right, Sebastian Villa's one-timer would be brilliantly denied off a diving stop.

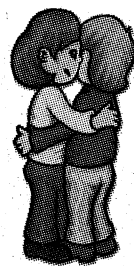
UConn would finally score in the 80th minute off an unmarked White. White's shot from 8 yards out would hit the far left post and bounce in, leaving no chance for Skoblicki to make the save.

The Huskies would hold off a barrage of attacks by Stony Brook in the final minutes.

"I was satisfied with how our players played against a team of UConn's quality, which is definitely a top ten team in the country," said Markovic.

The two teams would face each other again for the regular season on the 2nd of September in Connecticut.

"Some of the freshmen played particularly well today. Sebastian Villa and Diego Acero both played well," mentioned Markovic. "Michael Palacio also played well as usual. Our two central defenders (Yahaya Musa and Mahamadou Simpara) were very good, as well as, James Palumbo on the left side."



Ask a Lesbian



By Ilyssa Fuchs

News - May 3, 2007 - The Stony Brook Press

Well folks, we've made it through another successful semester here at Stony Brook. Congratulations, to all those who are graduating and good luck to everyone on their finals. Although this will be the last issue of the paper until September, questions can still be submitted throughout the summer by e-mailing me at AskALesbian.SBPress@gmail.com, I will gladly answer them in upcoming issues.

Dear Ilyssa,

Why do all lesbians hate men?

Sincerely,
Curious Joe

Dear Curious Joe,

Stereotypes, stereotypes, stereotypes. We all hate to love them but still love to hate them. I think it is a myth to say that all lesbians hate men. In fact most lesbians that I know don't hate men at all. Yes, there are always exceptions in either direction so I will respond to this question in a few different ways.

First off, you have your man-hating lesbians. However, do not confuse the man-haters with the feminist lesbians, unless you are willing to take on an angry mob getting ready to beat you over the head with their Ani DiFranco CD's. (Oops, did I just play into a stereotype?). Not all feminists are man-haters and not all man-haters are feminists. Most lesbians who hate men do not hate them just because they do not enjoy their equipment. They hate them because they have been a victim of some kind of sexual assault. This is not to say that all women who are victims of a sexual assault hate men or to say that women who are victims of sexual assaults are all lesbians (just wanted to make sure I covered all my bases, but I think you are getting my point).

The fact is that some women who were raped, molested, or sexually abused do become lesbians because they never feel safe with a man and these are the majority of lesbians who are man-haters, but that is not always the case. Some lesbians never had a stable male figure in their life growing up and therefore just do not trust men whatsoever, which leads to their hatred. Remember these are all just generalizations, so what is true for one person may not necessarily be true for another, but this group of man hating lesbians is actually generally small.

Most lesbians that I know fall into the second category: lesbians who believe they were born gay and do not hate men at all but aren't into the whole penis thing. These are lesbians who were most likely the tomboy growing up, had lots of male friends, and are basically considered "one of the guys." In my experience these lesbians actually love men because they understand to some degree what is going on in a guys head. They relate to men because of their love of women which gives them lots to talk about, (hint, hint: "Hey check her out, she's out of this world"). As for me, I have lot of male friends, straight, gay, and bisexual (greedy - only applies to men bisexuals though) and I love them all dearly.

The point I want you to take home from this all jokes aside, is that stereotypes are bullshit. Certain people hate other groups of people for all sorts of different reasons and it is very un-cool to place people in categories based on labels and biases. Now I know you are all sitting there wondering, "Ilyssa, didn't you just stereotype lesbians into all different categories and now your going to turn around and say that stereotypes are bullshit? Way to be a hypocrite."

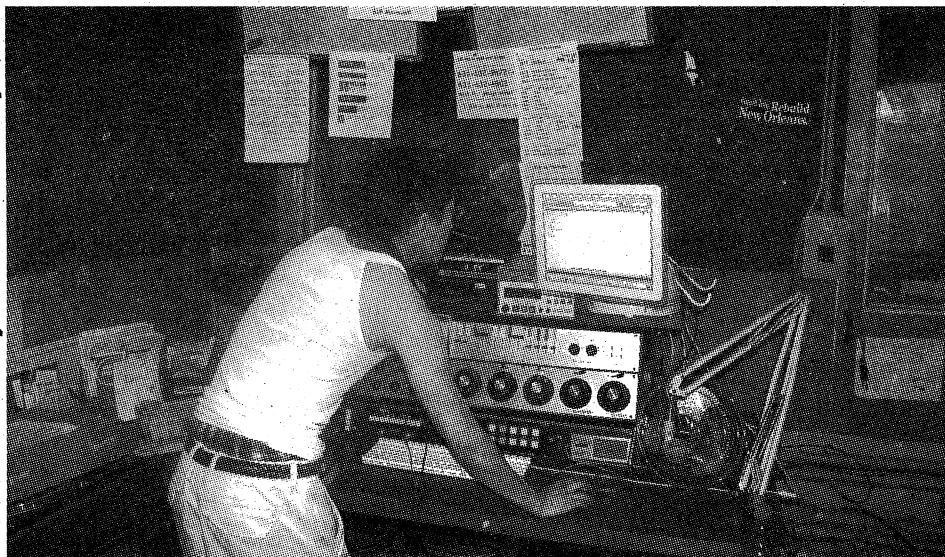
Yes, I did place lesbians into different stereotypical categories, but I did it for a reason: I did it show you fools how stupid and ignorant it is to stereotype people into different categories. Re-read this over from the beginning when you're done and really think about how stupid I sound calling some lesbians man-haters and some lesbians tomboys and so forth. You'll realize it not only sounds bad, but it *is* bad.

I hope everyone reading this takes it with them and thinks really hard about all of the people they stereotype without even being conscience of doing it and realize how stupid it actually makes them look. So the next time you go to stereotype someone before you meet them, get to know them, and pass judgment on them, remember what your mother always told you: "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say it at all."

Until next time,
Ilyssa

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

The Not-So Guerilla Radio



Jamie Freiermuth

China Blue, one of the few student-run programs on WUSB, rocks the 9 PM spot Sundays.

By Bryan Hasho

Steven Snyder's piece "Something special on the air," was featured in the entertainment section of April 19th's *Newsday*. Maintaining the paper's surface-scratching, fluff-filled reputation, Snyder told the tale of the changing face of college radio, most notably 90.1, WUSB.

Snyder described the station's past, condescendingly narrating the progression from a station full of "vinyl-spinning, pot-smoking, war-protesting jocks," to its current stature, mature and diverse.

Amidst all the familiar *Newsday* hot air, a sole sentence makes up the fifth paragraph, where Snyder professed, "College radio has grown up." Unintentionally, he was actually correct. The station, as well as the DJs, has grown up. In fact, some might say it's not a student-run radio station anymore.

It's 6 PM on a Wednesday night. The campus is altogether pretty vibrant. The Roth Regatta is coming up, and students seem pretty relaxed; there are a few weeks until finals start to hit. It's peak hours for campus radio, as the bulk of classes are over and many students are making their way home.

In WUSB land, however, it's Bluegrass Time. For the next two hours, Stony Brook listeners are treated to 54-year-old Buddy Merriam's "best in traditional and contemporary bluegrass." SBU-TV's Brandon Blinderman was asked what he would enjoy listening to on Wednesdays at six o'clock. "Anything but bluegrass," he said.

All together, out of 110 unique shows on WUSB's schedule, current students host eleven—one out of every ten hosts are students. Out of those eleven, four are on between midnight and 6 AM.

Despite its current Country Kitchen ensemble, WUSB has a rich tradition as

one of the most established and diverse free-form radio stations in the region. The station is going on 45 years now; it's 30th anniversary as an FM station is coming this June. In its heyday, WUSB showcased many prominent rock artists, oftentimes on air. Jimi Hendrix's appearance on the station is legendary.

The station is mainly funded by the USG—meaning it's funded by Stony Brook's student activity fee. For the 2007-2008 school year, WUSB was allocated over \$73,000, making them the second most funded club on campus and the recipient of over nine percent of total USG resources. In addition, the club was awarded a \$15,000 grant last year to purchase new equipment.

There is a concern that the number of students involved in the club is far from reflected in the amount of money received from the collective undergraduate fee. According to WUSB Treasurer and host of *Impulse*, Danny Rosen, there are currently fourteen students on the air and nine demos pending. The number of inquiries to join the station, however, is a cause for optimism. "At the involvement fair last year, 110 students gave us their email addresses," said Rosen. Unfortunately, rarely do those inquiries result in contributing staff, as the training process and succeeding months in overnight slots proves overwhelming. "Students don't have the push to do it," said Rosen.

This isn't the case with all students. According to Nick Fox, the recently resigned Vice President of WUSB, many students who make it through the process aren't given a deserved opportunity. Even some experienced student DJs at the station currently broadcast from post-midnight hours. Oftentimes the overnight hours actually coordinate with the content of the show, but more common is the case that shows which are exceedingly popular

with students aren't given peak hours with larger audiences.

While there are some student-held showtimes during the day, the bulk of these positions are held by alumni, and, even more regularly, various community members; the aforementioned Buddy Merriam is exemplary of this. Worse yet, older members have been known to 'squat' in their schedule positions, insistent of their status at the station regardless of incoming DJs or relevant circumstances. "There's been issues with time slot squatting," said Rosen.

Many of the squatting DJs are members of the station's PDAC, or the Program Directors Advisory Council. The PDAC is comprised of former program directors still active on staff. The purpose of the group, according to Isobel Breheny-Schafer, the station's second-year general manager, is to serve as a support group for the current program director, Vincent Michael Festa. Their alternate purpose, claims Fox, is to push the direction of the station in the board's preferred direction.

"Christina and Mike [PDAC members] are a dastardly duo and exert a lot of control," said Fox. He claims that at least three students this year have gone through six months of training, submitted a demo tape, and heard no word back in regards to a show. "I was asked on several occasions by the three students what was going on, but I had no control in programming and had no answers."

Despite those assertions and manipulative implications, the fact exists that the program director has final say on all scheduling decisions. Although he wants to give as many students as possible a legitimate opportunity, Festa is aware of his PDAC influence. "I might be too reliant on the PDAC," he said. In support, Breheny-Schafer has stated her desire for the program director to take control. "I've been against [Vince] making decisions by

getting approval by the PDAC," she said.

The club's charter states that the "Program Council is responsible for planning, for coordinating, and for carrying out programs and operations within policies established by the Executive Board." The Program Council consists of the Executive Board (the four officers), as well as the undergraduate student staff members.

Despite this, the weight of the PDAC is rooted in the structure of the club, as officer positions are appointed in large part by the council. For the coming year's elections, out of sixteen prospective votes, nine are members of the PDAC. Three of the remaining seven are former club officers still currently on staff. Fox has said that PDAC members have suggested the station sway away from student involvement to further their goal of being a more professional radio station.

Asked if he could and would make critical scheduling renovations, Festa said, "[I] could do it, but before I would make any major decisions like that of course I would consult my PDAC."

"That's really what it's about. The university wants control over what it owns. That radio station is a huge piece of university history...it's been around since the '70s...it's a property of the university. You know, the Stony Brook Foundation has a part in it," said Rosen. "The first thing I said was that the Board of Directors of SBU oversees the rules of the radio station."

What is undisputed is that, for the most part, students are dissatisfied with much of the programming, yet the USG Constitution notes "students served by the funded activities of the club" as a primary justification for receiving funding.

The station has said that currently there are a lot of intriguing spots for students on the schedule. "I want to give more students the opportunity," said Festa.



Free Ad for WUSB

Jamie Freiermuth

Kids On the Radio

By Jonathan Singer

Broadcasting from Fordham University, WFUV's signal, located at FM 90.7, is strong enough to reach Suffolk, Fairfield, Westchester, and Bergen counties. The station has become famous for serving a niche audience, bringing artists like Cat Empire, The Decemberists, and Yo La Tengo to the lucrative New York Metropolitan Area radio market.

FUV is a professionally run public

sional news credentials while reporting in the field. "They report side by side with the other New York Radio Stations," says on air personality John Platt, meaning that students who volunteer at FUV have the chance to work on the same level as journalists from news stations WCBS and WINS. Other students work alongside professionals in music production, engineering, and membership promotion. "They get a sense of what it is like working in a New York radio station," says Platt.



Fitter, happier, more productive...

Jamie Freiermuth

radio station. National news is pumped in from NPR, and only 5% of the station's funding comes from Fordham University, where the station's studios are located (they don't pay rent). The rest comes from the government (10%), Corporate Underwriting (20-25%), and contributions from listeners (operators are standing by). The fact that it's a non-profit organization makes the 60+ mile broadcast radius even more impressive.

But Kathleen Reddington is confused. As the station manager of Hofstra's WRHU, she is completely surrounded by students. Not only are RHU DJs students, but most of the executive board is made up of students, and the programming, all 24 hours of it, is produced by Hofstra University students. "If you think about it," says Reddington, "it's a college radio station."

She can't understand why FUV decides to put professional on air talent in place of student DJs for most of the station's programs. Some of those DJ, like Daren Devivo and Dennis Elsas, are real New York radio icons, at least among adults age 25-54 years old, the demographic that the station's content is aimed at.

FUV does have student involvement, even though after considering the factors, it technically isn't a college radio station. There is a student staff of about 70, and most of them work behind the scenes, some of them working as News Reporters. Being employed by a major New York City Media outlet gives Fordham Radio students the opportunity to receive profes-

"Some administrations don't want kids running the station in fear of them screwing it up," says WRHU DJ Greg Overhuls. With FCC violations available for countless offenses, putting young adults on the airwaves is an enormous risk. That's why Hofstra puts their students through a rigorous semester long training course before they can even qualify to go on the air.

Reddington says that 300 students sign up for the program, and only 40 end up on the radio. Those who pass score over 90% on a written test and a technical exam. "It's really important that we don't just let anyone on the air," says Reddington. "We make it so we know we're not taking a risk."

WRHU's signal has a radius of about 35 miles. "[A college radio station] isn't just inside the schools," says Overhuls, who hosts *The Ska Show* at 7PM on Mondays. "It sends a message to the world."

New York City and Long Island schools are located in what is arguably the largest radio market in the nation, meaning that a Fordham University radio show is broadcast to millions of people in the New York Tri-State Area. Platt observes that other college stations in major cities have adopted the status of NPR affiliate, like Boston University's WBUR, and The University of Pennsylvania's WXPB.

85 miles north of Fordham, SUNY New Paltz student Tim Light is laughing at the situation downstate. His station, WFNP, broadcasts artists like The 88, Kaiser Chiefs, and Arcade Fire, all featured on

shows that are fully produced by students. Both FUV and RHU classify themselves as public radio stations, meaning that while some of their funding comes from the university where their transmitter is located, the majority of the money comes from listeners. "We're just like WFUV," says Reddington, "we just so happen to be student run."

WFNP is a student club, and all of their funding comes from SUNY New Paltz's mandatory student activity fee. The school has ways of keeping costs down. FNP's signal has an impressive 60-mile radius, according to Light. The school does this by sharing a transmitter at the top of Mount Illinois with WRHV, a classical music station based in Poughkeepsie.

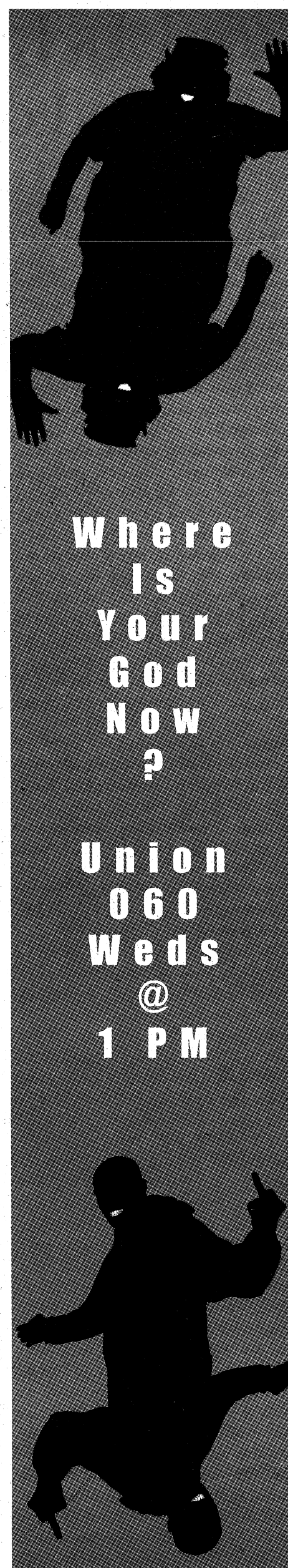
During the day, FNP is heard on campus television and on their global webcast. FM broadcasts at 88.7MHz commence at 7 pm on weekdays and 10PM at weekends. They last until 5 am, when the station resumes its programming via the Internet.

FUV, RHU, and FNP all stream simulcasts on their websites. In the case of FNP, more than half of the day's programming is online. Light knows about Hofstra's infamous training regiment, but training at his station is less stringent. With no FCC rules governing Internet radio broadcasts, the risks of production are less than the risks involved in terrestrial radio wave propagation.

Original programming on RHU includes *Aggressive Edge*, "Long Island's only living hard and heavy commercial free metal show." Other shows on the station feature punk, ska, and house music. "We have 42 different music formats, and nobody else in the Long Island area is playing Punk Rock," says Reddington. But playing punk rock is a risk in itself. "You can't really have these niche markets when it costs money for an FCC license," says Overhuls.

Both Reddington and Platt call their student programs career training paths. Platt admits that his station isn't the best place for an aspiring Disk Jockey, but for other positions, "[There's] probably no better place to learn than WFUV." Here's the trade off: WFUV is judged up against commercial radio stations in a lucrative market. But the Hofstra University School of Communications offers an undergraduate degree in Audio/Radio Production. Overhuls, who is a sophomore in this program, had to work 3 am shifts the second semester of his freshman year.

During one 3 am shift during his first winter break, Overhuls was in the studio playing *The Phenomenauts* when the CD started skipping. He realized the error and quickly changed over to another song, sending the bloopers out to all of Nassau County. Then I asked him how many people were listening. "No one," he said.



For LI's Iconic Ruins, The End of an Era ... And Then Some

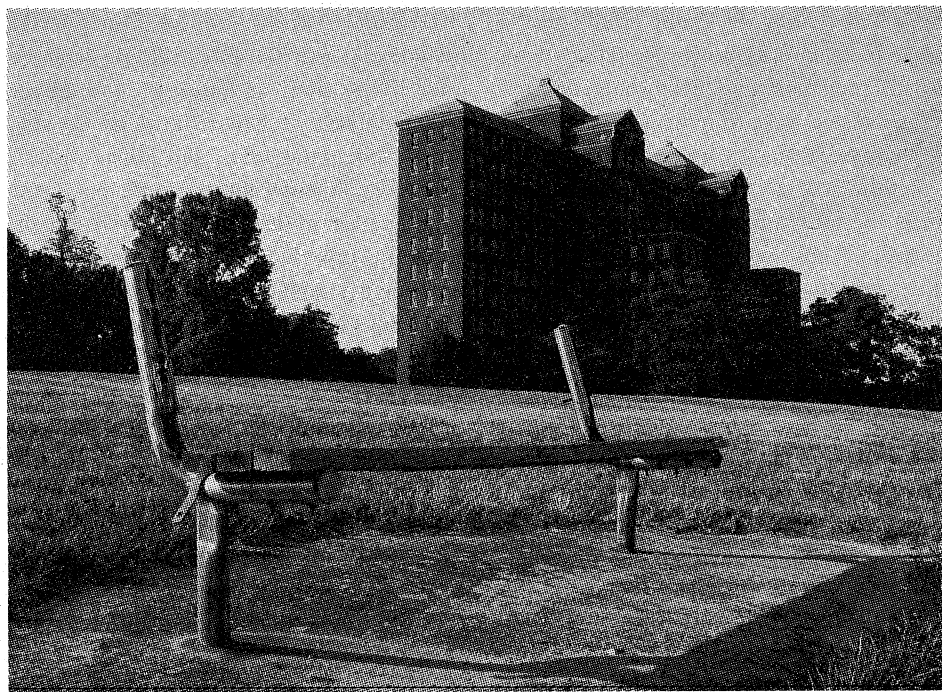
By Brian Wasser

Whenever someone asks me why I like exploring abandoned places, I start listing more reasons than they bargained for. Expanded, the issue is a fairly recent one in terms of human history- the ability to create something whose relative physical immutability surpasses the purpose deemed upon it by the society that continues to change at an ever-increasing rate. But pause for a second, and there's something unexplainably intriguing about large, silent buildings considered useless by mainstream society, a place where the past, with all its residual energy, can be experienced firsthand, without the one-dimensional middleman of books, legends and pamphlets. Not to mention the aesthetic appeal of buildings that time and nature are slowly reclaiming. No flashy colors, no advertisements, just the worn edges and muted tones of old boards, crumbling brick and organic decay, the haphazard, illogical bridge between human society and the natural world. On a philosophical level, it's something to be cherished, not feared and rejected as a profitless nuisance, not something to be destroyed and forgotten in a fit of societal A.D.D. The real nuisances are the cheap excuses used to downplay what old architecture represents. The real eyesores are the strip malls and the condos which replace them. These are the current issues facing the largest old landmarks here on Long Island.

This replacement, in the name of progress, is what has been happening, for at least the past ten years, to arguably the most notorious of all American ruins - the three Long Island psychiatric centers. Looking at a map of Long Island, the "Big Three" form a line down the center of the island. The oldest, Kings Park Psychiatric Center, first established in 1885, is located near the mouth of the Nissequogue River and still has many of its buildings still standing. Central Islip Psychiatric Center, built shortly afterwards, has almost entirely been replaced by condos, shopping centers, office buildings, courthouses, a sports stadium, a golf course and NYIT. Pilgrim State, built in 1929 in Brentwood to relieve overcrowding at the other two, was the largest hospital of any kind in the world. To this day, Pilgrim's size has never been exceeded by any other facility. In fact, the three largest such facilities in history are listed, in order, as Pilgrim State, Central Islip and King's Park, all on Long Island, all within mere miles of each other. These vast, state-run institutions, now a decimated shell of their former selves, dominated the landscape and the economy of the area. Pilgrim, at its post-War peak in the early 1950s, topped out at 4,000

employees and 14,000 patients spread out over almost 2,000 acres. The other two weren't far behind, bringing the total number of patients to around 40,000. Not only were the buildings immense, so were the properties. Pilgrim, for example, was so large that it reached into four Suffolk townships - Huntington, Babylon, Smithtown and Islip- and had two major state roads passing through its bounds. It was a close-knit, self-sufficient community with its own police and fire department, courts, post office, LIRR station, power plant, library, agricultural fields, livestock, cemetery, water tower and houses for doctors, psychiatrists, and asylum administrators. A vast maze of underground tunnels, still around today, was used for routing steam pipes and other utilities. This was indeed the golden age, so to speak, of immense, state-run facilities, with some pretty interesting architecture to boot.

All this may sound a bit morbid, considering the unhappy nature of these places. Anyone who has walked these grounds knows the feeling of the energy (not always negative) still in the atmosphere. Many people, for example, have admitted that in Pilgrim, it feels like someone is always watching you, and Building 93 at Kings Park is a nationally reknown paranormal hotspot. This isn't surprising, con-



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sidering the number and nature of these enormous, multi-story, sagging buildings with endless legends and phenomena within their walls. These places were home to people with all kinds of mental and physical illnesses, from TB to schizophrenia to supposed Renfield syndrome. They were lobotomized, insulin and electric shocked and sometimes, according to anecdotes, abused by guards. There were even German and Japanese prisoners of war. For many, these institutions were prisons through which they were herded everyday.

But the history of these places isn't so one-sided. For many, such as former NYC prostitutes who had no one to take care of them, they weren't jails, but refuges. For a society which tends to shun and hide mental illness, putting them all in one place was the accepted solution of the day, and probably a better solution than the current pharmaceutical craze, which has resulted in corporate profits and a pill-popping fanaticism at the slightest indication of distress. Originally, the Long Island asylums were conceived as a new, revolutionary way of dealing with patients in New York City - send them out to the countryside to get fresh air, to work on farms, and to do something with their lives, in a nice setting. In many ways, this was a brilliant idea, but it quickly became unfeasible as more and more patients came, and the nature of the "farm colonies" evolved from fresh air and farmland, to large complexes with small cells housing patients who were routinely experimented upon, in the middle of an encroaching suburbia, an encroachment which is playing out to this day.

With all this to consider, with this intense history saturating the air, not to mention the sheer number of people who have died in these places over the years (about one per day at Pilgrim), what could be the appeal of these places? Why not

es with each threat to its existence. This is the current issue, distilled into one rhetorical question, an issue which parallels the individual philosophies comprising the "cult," for lack of a better word, of those explorers, mostly local high school and college students, who find something worthwhile in the existence of these structures. Exploring these places (places which are not exactly popular to begin with) is,



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first and foremost, punishable by jail time. But they are still intrigued, and people continue to ask: what's so fun about exploring these places?

One reason: If something is illegal but not immoral, you will be well off to do it if you think you will enjoy it in any case. Chances are it has been deemed illegal by some old guy in a suit with ED who has long since forgotten how to have fun. If you see a sign that says "No Trespassing," remember that the Judeo-Christian definition of evil has always been synonymous with disobedience. Fences are meant to be hopped. The only offense you will commit is to disregard the "conventional wisdom" that exists to stifle your natural instincts to playfully satisfy your curiosity about the world. Monuments of business, and the parking lots that insulate them, have confiscated our commons. Mansions have stolen our views of the coast (case in point, Old Field and Belle Terre). You know, the things that eat your imagination. Unfortunately, many people go through life oblivious to the countless, free wonders around them, and instead fall into the patterns of consumption which validate the selling of their time to their boss. Too many of us only notice the safe and sanitized things that come with a banner of solicitation, a price tag and a temporary glimpse of comfort. No wonder we feel let down as we amble through the maze.

Another validation of these places is an aesthetic value like no other. For an artist (not just traditional art, but art in all senses of the word - artists of living, of exploring,

Continued on next page

For LI's Iconic Ruins (...continued)

Continued from previous page

of freethinking... you know, the people who'd have been institutionalized), a place like this feels like home. Finally, something remotely interesting, as groups like "Ars Subterranea" understand. Places few other people see. For photographers, it's the ultimate place to discover and create new subjects. Outside and in, these places are beautiful in their own way, and often more so than most things anyone will ever come across. "Looking around at how the buildings were left, some places are still fully furnished as if the people just got up, walked away and never came back," says one Kings Park explorer. In general it is a blatant representation of what all artistic ways of living should embody: something new, something to be uncovered, something to work towards seeing, something that brings you to a different place, something that moves you, something that is risky, something that you will remember, something by which you don't have to concede any aspect of your imagination, something that is both transient and symbolic, and yes, something that is above description. And besides, sleek equals boring; when all the predictable modern office buildings are abandoned, when the office parks of Melville comprise a decaying landscape rather than a maze of enraged agenda culture, no one will have as much fun exploring them. Glass doesn't age as beautifully as brick. And, in many ways, this modern obsession with renovated permanence, in the form of never letting anything age or disappear (including ourselves), is the antithesis of Art with a capital A, that which is one and the same with everyday life. As Alan Watts said, "the paintings are vanishing into the walls: but they will be marvellous walls. In turn, the walls will vanish into the landscape: but the view will be ecstatic. And after that the viewer will vanish into the view."

Another reason to explore is simply the rush. "It's an adrenaline rush. Just like speeding, doing drugs, breaking something, it's a high almost. Also exploring new things is fun. You get to see off limit things that no one else gets to see. The tunnels amaze me. Almost like an underground city that could exist for 100 years and no one ever know about. I really can't even begin to explain it," says Sean, of Kings Park.

Other explorers share similar sentiments of the indescribable feeling of escaping, of venturing into the unknown in the midst of a society where everything is known, studied, reported or quantified. The place is an escape, where, seeing time suddenly stopped, one's own curiosity becomes tangible. Seeing what most others can't or won't, seeing what was left behind, finding remnants of the past, discovering history; considering all the risks, "It's a rush being where you're not supposed to be and seeing what is behind a boarded up window. You meet a lot of new people from it too.

It's basically just a good time," says Adam, from Medford.

Yet it's not always about the rush. There is adventure to be had, but there is also a calming energy here which in many ways complements the eeriness. Such a feeling is basically impossible to find on Long Island and it is in many respects more profound than the peacefulness of a completely natural landscape. "I think Kings' Park is a very beautiful place to be," says a fan. "It's very tranquil and beautiful, and whenever I feel bad, a trip to the water tower by myself is so relaxing and the view is amazing. Very surreal during a full moon, and nothing is better than sitting on a rooftop with the sun or moonlight shining. I love

Yet it's not always about the rush. There is adventure to be had, [...] in many ways complements the eeriness.

the whole place and get this weird feeling like no other everytime I visit. It's beautifully sad and draws you in even while being forbidden." Buildings have personality just like people. And as the saying goes, still waters often run deep.

There is also a more philosophical rationale for exploring, and for the "let it be" position on at least some buildings in society. The general Urban Exploration and psychogeographic rationale, especially relevant on Long Island, was originally conceived by the Situationists, a group of French intellectuals associated with the 1968 student revolts, who critiqued the ways in which modern society reduced human creativity, spontaneity and adventure into boring patterns and routines, converting us into drones raised and educated as such to be mere validations for institutions and prevailing paradigms. They focused on breaking out of the constraints of the "machine," but also on finding continuously evolving and self-reinventing methods of transcending and seizing the "everyday." Noticing how we are shaped and put in our place by everything from ads to the physical layout of cities, and addressing those forces directly became a perpetually evolving art form. Envisioning ways to take our lives and our cities back and make them exciting, became a daily practice. Simply put, our surroundings mold our thoughts. Especially in modern times, everything that is built is built with this in mind. Companies make their offices in a way that subconsciously increases productivity on the inside, while deterring nuisances like "loitering" on the outside. On a larger scale, cities (and society in general) are laid out, whether intentionally or not, so as to induce us into certain behaviors over time. This has implication for the types of mind control that comprise the

more rationale theories associated with other such Long Island facilities as Camp Hero. Regardless, there's no denying that we are shaped by what we experience, including such things as private property, which acts as a sort of psychological conditioning whereby we feel like we have no place in society unless we have a physical place of our own. There's no room for explorers (urban or rural) or vagabonds, especially since we are partly conditioned also to think that temporal (in addition to spatial) movement needs to have some set goal (usually monetary). There's no room for chaos, illogical or non-linear thinking, so the result is that, in a sense, we are patterned to carry out our lives, and our consciousness, in very narrow, prepackaged, uninspiring and uninspired grid-like avenues. There is nowhere to go but along the road to selling your time, your life, your adventures, in order to procure your space, to feel like you belong in a society which has completely dissolved the component of communality and adventure (which really go hand-in-hand). Creativity is reduced into predictable forms and hobbies, leisure and work become poles on the same monotonous magnet (subject to parallel rules, norms and boundaries), and those momentary glimpses of something more fun get quantified and swallowed up into the obsession with the practical.

So, naturally, there are people who stop and think that, maybe, "space" should be taken back, that it should not be owned or used for the purposes of reducing human spontaneity and exploration. To picnic in unfamiliar landscapes, or in familiar landscapes in unfamiliar ways, is the first step towards experimenting on better ways of feeling alive. To satisfy your thirst for at least some kind of adventure in a society that leaves very little room for it, especially for those without disposable income, is to begin to feel like you're not entirely passive. This is the philosophy behind exploring abandoned places. They seem so pointless, but for the time being, it doesn't matter...and that's where the fun lies. It's the same thing as doing something completely unexpected, or just spending a day wandering aimlessly... it's a sort of transcendence from the routine. You know, something more than the empty, gentrified excursion played out by the citizens of domestic practicality and town-tied itinerary.

These reasons explained, if I had to choose, I'd take a nice forest over asbestos and crumbling morgues any day. But that's not to deny the fascinating nature of these places. Perhaps the fascination stems from their transience, the bittersweet token of those who are neither historical preservationists nor developers (though one is better than the other). In other words, these places were abandoned only recently, and soon they will either cease to be abandoned or simply cease to be. This is the window of time which inspires a slightly more

intense mode of experience. More dangerous, yes. But that's only half the story. The rest is to see something rare, something that can be considered profound and interesting, something three-dimensional, something which most people only see on screens, something which screens, dare I say, cannot capture.

But there are many historical reasons why these places evolved from the bustling necessities they once were, to the ruinous sources of inspiration they now are. First and foremost has been the continual development and increased dispersal of psychiatric medication (Thorazine being the first), a trend which actually coincided with the obsolescence of the agricultural nature of the colonies, and which goes hand-in-hand with the recent rise of privatization. Cultural phenomena have played their part, resulting in the cliché of mental hospitals as the ultimate places for horror movies. Other books and films portrayed the potential for inhumane treatment of the mentally ill. Regardless, by the early 90s, Kings' Park was operating as a ghost of its former self, with many buildings being shut down or reduced in usage. The trend was nation-wide, though nowhere more drastic. In 1996, Central Islip and Kings' Park closed, and the remaining patients went to what was left of Pilgrim. And so, as with everything, changes in the landscape reflect changes in the way we think, as much as, if not more than, landscape affects the way we live. Nothing, especially on a finite island whose projected "build-out" is within less than a decade, can be left for very long, lest it be a nuisance or a hazard to "quality of life" by those who see bums, wanderers, loiterers and skaters as eyesores. Last year, New York State bowed to the fears of the surrounding community and aborted the sale of the Kings Park property to Cherokee/Arker Companies. But it's only a matter of time before other "ecstatic views" must be sought, so get there while you still have the chance...but be respectful.

So as it goes, the forces of attention deficit developmental disorder- and their quantifying siblings, Economics and Politics- are slowing making their way through these sleeping walls faster than water ever could, rendering more prescient the experiences of those who have, one way or another, been crazy enough to behold them. Soon we will be left only with the adventure stories, the YouTube videos, and such lines as these from Ginsberg "I've seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness...who were given the concrete void of insulin Metrazol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong and amnesia,...returning years later to the visible mad man doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East, Pilgrim State's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul...

FSA Holds Meal Plan Informational

Compiled by Jowy Romano

This past Wednesday, April 25th, the FSA (Faculty Student Association) hosted a meal plan informational in the SAC. Several matters were discussed, including the facility renovations at the Union and Roth, next years dining hours, and future plans for both FSA and the campus food provider, Chartwells.

The event suffered a very low turnout, likely due to its time slot, which was in the middle of Campus Life Time. We, at *The Press*, feel it is important to share with our readers not only what we learned, but, in addition, many of actual documents FSA handed out at the event. Over the next few pages you will find these documents along with some highlighted statistics we feel are especially note-worthy.

Compass Group North America
Profit & Loss Statement Combined by Location
Report ZPAI-001
Period: September 14, 2005 - August 31, 2006

	Total	ADMIN	SAC	ROTH	KELLY	H CAFÉ	EOB	DELI	CATERING	BLEACHER	DELANCEY
Total Sales	17,300,280	8,253	5,081,791	1,972,000	4,571,790	1,279,463	233,608	1,673,105	1,239,488	1,076,220	164,572
Net Product Cost	7,911,100	(16,232)	2,306,488	874,317	2,092,831	580,407	89,731	814,003	562,236	514,863	92,456
Gross Profit	9,389,180	24,485	2,775,303	1,097,683	2,478,959	699,056	143,877	859,102	677,252	561,357	72,116
Total Personnel	7,424,913	722,088	1,832,696	1,010,931	1,406,828	536,855	144,124	407,781	578,848	655,065	127,697
Total Other Costs	4,707,458	3,090,646	331,949	286,368	280,101	132,633	43,316	92,600	293,255	137,201	19,369
Profit (Loss) Before Fee	(2,743,181)	(3,788,249)	610,658	(199,636)	790,030	29,568	(43,563)	358,721	(194,851)	(230,909)	(74,950)
Facilities Fee	3,261,906	3,261,906									
Net Profit	518,725	(526,343)	610,658	(199,636)	790,030	29,568	(43,563)	358,721	(194,851)	(230,909)	(74,950)

Chartwells
only made
\$518,725?

Where the hell
does this
\$3 million go?

Meal Plan Informational: Conclusions

What everyone with a meal plan should know

By Jowy Romano

Not too long ago, *The Press* put together a large feature dealing with concerns regarding the campus food services called "The Meal Plan Spread." In it, we discussed a history of extremely high prices, going back multiple food providers. Because of the vicious cycle that seemed to go hand-in-hand with these large corporations, *The Press* suggested that the system should be totally restructured, and the facilities should be rented out to smaller businesses, creating competition and ultimately lowering prices. When we brought this up at the informational, the first thing said by the present administrators was that bringing multiple businesses on campus would likely raise prices—the same thing President Shirley Strum Kenny said when we brought this up to her in a previous interview.

The other response we got regarding this matter was from Peter Baigent, Vice President for Student Affairs. He said that smaller businesses tend to go out of business more easily, so the university uses the larger food vendors in order to prevent a situation where part of the campus loses food service. While this answer makes a lot more sense than the previous, it still isn't completely satisfying. You be the judge of this one.

Something else we learned at the

informational was the addition of a new Facilities Fee next semester. On top of the existing fee, which every residential meal plan includes, there will be a \$27 FSA Facilities Fee. This fee, we are told, will go straight toward facility renovation efforts such as those planned for Roth Cafeteria.

FSA must find a way to distribute this burden equally amongst everyone...

When we learned about this, we had to ask: if this fee is going towards the renovations, then where does the other Facilities Fee go? The answer is: straight to Chartwells. The fee apparently helps them break even. According to the 2005-2006 Profit and Loss Statement, found on the next page, Chartwells would be losing money without this fee. The administrators present admitted that the name of the Facilities Fee is misleading.

According to the same Profit and Loss Statement, Chartwells made \$518,725 in profits between September 14th, 2005 and August 31st, 2006. This is a number much lower than one might expect given the extremely high food prices along with the substantial Facilities Fee.

To preface the next point, here are some facts about the Facilities Fee. This year the fee was \$270 for all residential meal plans. Every student living in a non-cooking building (most buildings are not cooking buildings) on campus must purchase a residential meal plan. Commuters and apartment residents can choose to purchase a special

meal plan which includes a fee of \$25. Others, who pay cash, are charged no fee on top of the regular cost of food items. The question this leaves is: why are campus residents the ones that must bear the burden of ensuring Chartwells' profit through the Facilities Fee? The FSA and the other administrators present said that there is no good way to charge commuters this fee and that this has been a problem they have been trying to deal with for a long time. FSA must find a way to distribute this burden equally amongst everyone purchasing food on campus if they want to create a fair system.

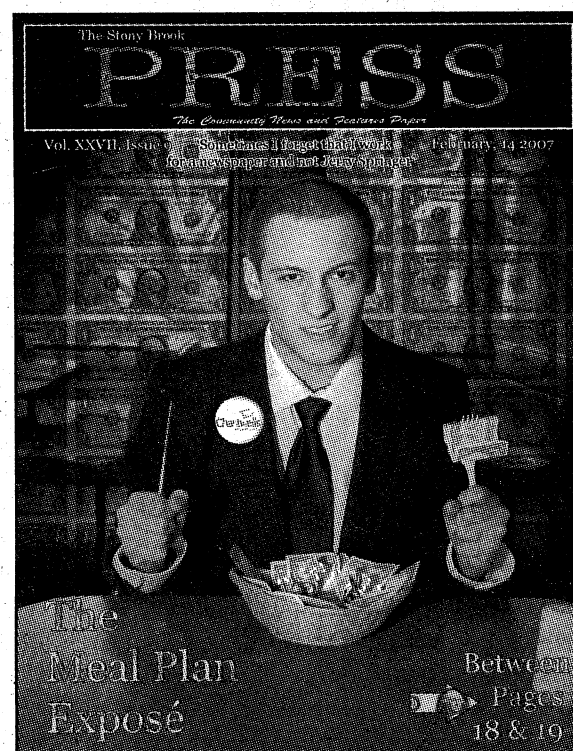
Students should also be aware that the cost of residential meal plans and the Facilities Fee, along with all the food prices, will be facing a contractual 3% increase next year. This brings the cheapest meal plan available to residents, the Bronze Plan, to \$1500 per semester.

Another topic discussed at the event was the renovations at the Roth Quad Cafeteria. The dining hall is scheduled to be closed from May 2007-September 2008 for extensive renovations. According to FSA, the total cost of the project will be over \$11 million. The administrators insisted that such a costly amount of renovation is necessary to ensure service and quality in the future. Again, you be the judge.

A result of the Roth renovations will be extended hours at many of the other dining halls on campus—most notably the Kelly Convenience Store will be

open 24 hours a day on weeknights and the SAC will now be open till 10pm on weeknights. Tabler Café will offer additional food choices, as well as hours extended to midnight.

The informational was indeed quite informative. As I have covered the meal plan in the past for *The Press*, it is safe to say that I have an above-average knowledge of the campus' food situation. The event clarified a lot and answered many of my questions. They actually did a decent job of informing the attendees, but the fact that even I, being more informed on this topic than the average student, had so many questions and doubts in the first place is quite alarming. It means FSA is not doing enough to inform students. If they have nothing to hide, then they should do more to inform us.



Meal Plan Comparison/Roth Renovations

MEAL PLAN COMPARISON Cost and Facility Fees

	Spring 2007 Enrollment	Current Cost FY 06 - 07	Proposed Cost FY 07 - 08		Per Semester Total Facility Fee - FSA
Bronze Plan		1,160.00	1,194.80	3.0%	
Facility Fee - Chartwells		270.00	278.20	3.0%	
Facility Fee - FSA	2,571	-	27.00		\$ 69,417
Total Bronze Plan		\$ 1,430.00	1,500.00	4.9%	
Silver Plan		1,260.00	1,297.80	3.0%	
Facility Fee - Chartwells		270.00	278.20	3.0%	
Facility Fee - FSA	3,008	-	27.00		\$ 81,216
Total Silver Plan		\$ 1,530.00	1,603.00	4.8%	
Gold Plan		1,460.00	1,503.80	3.0%	
Facility Fee - Chartwells		270.00	278.20	3.0%	
Facility Fee - FSA	433	-	27.00		\$ 11,691
Total Gold Plan		\$ 1,730.00	1,809.00	4.6%	
Platinum Plan		1,960.00	2,018.80	3.0%	
Facility Fee - Chartwells		270.00	278.20	3.0%	
Facility Fee - FSA	66	-	27.00		\$ 1,782
Total Platinum Plan		2,230.00	2,324.00	4.2%	
	6,078				\$ 164,106

Roth Cafeteria Renovation Project Costs - Design, Engineering, Construction & Equipment As of April, 2007

Period	Entity	Expended To Date	Budgeted	Total
May 07 - September 08	FSA	-	\$ 5,813,000	\$ 5,813,000
May 07 - September 08	University	-	3,000,000	3,000,000
May 07 - September 08	Provost	-	122,000	122,000
May 07 - September 08	V P Stud Affairs	-	919,000	919,000
March 04 - August 05	FSA	293,000	293,000	293,000
September 06 - March 07	FSA	565,000	1,000,000	1,000,000
September 05 - December 05	University	5,000	5,000	5,000
		\$ 863,000	\$ 11,152,000	\$ 11,152,000

The renovations
in Roth with cost
an estimated
\$11 million

FSA Budget Information

**Faculty Student Association
Capital Budget Summary
For the Year Ending June 30, 2008**

1 Safety and Security Upgrades (includes additional external refrigeration at SAC and Union Deli to increase food safety)	\$ 217,000
2 Routine Equipment and Facility Replacement (includes facelift of SAC Food Court Servery: counter replacement, painting, etc.)	148,750
3 Upgrade of Facilities and Equipment	53,000
4 Kelly Doors and Windows (proposed cost split)	20,000
5 Corporate Security Upgrade and Routine Facility Replacement	12,500
20% Contingency on above items 1 through 5	90,250
6 Lockers for Student Union Basement	30,000
7 New Modular Furniture for Student Health Insurance Office	20,000
8 New Snack and Drink Machines including Card Readers for Vending Expansion	25,000
9 New Front Load Washers and Dryers to Replace Old Machines	26,550
10 Seawolves MarketPlace Stockroom Shelving/Desk	27,000
11 Seawolves MarketPlace Electrical Work for Safety	13,500
12 Roth Cafeteria Renovation	6,003,000
13 Southampton	1,700,000
Total	\$ 8,386,550

**FSA
CASH FLOW PROJECTION
ALL CAPITAL PROJECTS & OPERATIONS**

4/18/07

	7/06 - 12/06	1/07 - 6/07	7/07 - 12/07	1/08 - 6/08	7/08 - 12/08	1/09 - 6/09	TOTAL
ROTH CAFÉ (CONSTRUCTION)	\$ -	\$ -	\$ 2,400,000	\$ 2,400,000	\$ 1,013,000	\$ -	\$ 5,813,000
ROTH (ARCHITECT/ENGINEERING)	409,947	400,053	190,000	-	-	-	1,000,000
5) SOUTHAMPTON	41,000	300,000	1,200,000	500,000	-	-	2,041,000
KELLY CAFÉ (DOWNSTAIRS)	-	-	-	-	600,000	-	600,000
6) OTHER - DINING SERVICE	500,000	500,000	1,200,000	1,000,000	500,000	500,000	4,200,000
OTHER - NON DINING SERVICE	75,000	75,000	75,000	75,000	75,000	75,000	450,000
CONTINGENCY FUNDS	55,900	14,100	57,500	57,500	57,500	57,500	300,000
CASH OUTFLOW FROM CAPITAL	1,081,847	1,289,153	5,122,500	4,032,500	2,245,500	632,500	14,404,000
NET INCOME FROM OPERATIONS	550,000	550,000	378,000	378,000	250,000	250,000	2,356,000
DEPRECIATION AND AMORTIZATION	525,000	525,000	525,000	525,000	925,000	925,000	3,950,000
1) LOAN FROM CAMPUS OR BANK	-	-	6,000,000	-	-	-	6,000,000
2) LOAN AMORTIZATION	-	-	(373,000)	(373,000)	(373,000)	(373,000)	(1,492,000)
3) CHANGE IN INTEREST	-	-	36,000	12,000	-	-	48,000
4) FACILITIES FEE - FSA	-	-	162,000	162,000	225,000	225,000	774,000
CASH INFLOW FROM OPERATIONS	1,075,000	1,075,000	6,728,000	704,000	1,027,000	1,027,000	11,636,000
CASH FLOW BY PERIOD (NET)	(6,847)	(214,153)	1,605,500	(3,328,500)	(1,218,500)	394,500	(2,768,000)
CASH FLOW CUMULATIVE (NET)		(221,000)	1,384,500	(1,944,000)	(3,162,500)	(2,768,000)	
NET ASSETS (UNDESIGNATED)							
AS OF 6/30/06 - \$5,307,994	\$ 5,301,147	\$ 5,086,994	\$ 6,692,494	\$ 3,363,994	\$ 2,145,494	\$ 2,539,994	

FSA is planning on taking out a \$6 million loan

- 1) Assumes FSA will borrow \$6 million from campus or bank @ 4.5% over 10 years.
- 2) Loan amortization includes principle and interest.
- 3) The change in interest estimate is primarily based on the loan, loan amortization & Student Union renovation.
- 4) Based on a new FSA Facilities Fee of \$27 per semester in 07-08 & another \$12 per semester in 08-09.
- 5) The Southampton budget estimate is very uncertain.
- 6) The Student Union renovation was budgeted at \$1,200,000 in 06-07 & will carry over to 07-08.

Dining Hours Comparison

2006-2007 Dining Hours

Location	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Union							
E.O.B.	6pm- 10pm	6pm- 10pm	6pm- 10pm	6pm- 10pm	6pm- 10pm	Closed	Closed
Deli	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	11am- 11pm	11am- 11pm
Bleacher	11am-4pm	11am-4pm	11am-4pm	11am-4pm	11am-3pm	Closed	Closed
Delancy Street	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	Closed	Closed
Roth							
Tabler Café	5pm-10:30pm	5pm-10:30pm	5pm-10:30pm	5pm-10:30pm	Closed	Closed	5pm-10:30pm
Deng Lee's	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	4:30pm- 12am	4:30pm- 12am
Burger King	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	12pm- 12am	12pm- 12am
Front Lunch	11:30am- 2pm	11:30am- 2pm	11:30am- 2pm	11:30am- 2pm	11:30am- 2pm	Closed	Closed
Front Dinner	5:30pm-9pm	5:30pm-9pm	5:30pm-9pm	5:30pm-9pm	5:30pm- 9pm	Closed	Closed
Pick-Up	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	Closed	7pm- 12am
Delivery	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	7pm- 12am	Closed	7pm- 12am
Campus Conn.							
H-Quad Lunch and Sandellas	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	Closed	Closed
H-Quad Dinner w/ Grill	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 10pm
H-Quad Taco Bell	5:30pm- 11pm	5:30pm- 11pm	5:30pm- 11pm	5:30pm- 11pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 11pm
H-Quad Brunch	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	10:30am-3pm	10:30am- 3pm
Kelly Dining							
Kelly Bkfst	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	Closed	Closed
Deli	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	4pm- 12am	4pm- 12am
Pizza	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	5pm- 3am	5pm- 3am
Zona	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	11:30am-12am	5pm-12am	5pm-12am
Origins Lunch	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	Closed	Closed
Origins Dinner	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	Closed	Closed
Kelly Market (Chicken)	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	11:30am- 12am	5:30pm- 12am	5:30pm- 12am
Harvest Moon	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	Closed	Closed
Kelly Brunch	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	10:30am- 3pm	10:30am- 3pm
Coffee House	5pm- 12am	5pm- 12am	5pm- 12am	5pm- 12am	5pm- 12am	5pm- 12am	5pm- 12am
Carts							
Administration	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	Closed	Closed
Life Science	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	Closed	Closed
S.A.C.	7:30am- 8pm	7:30am- 8pm	7:30am- 8pm	7:30am- 8pm	7:30am- 8pm	12pm- 9pm	12pm- 8pm

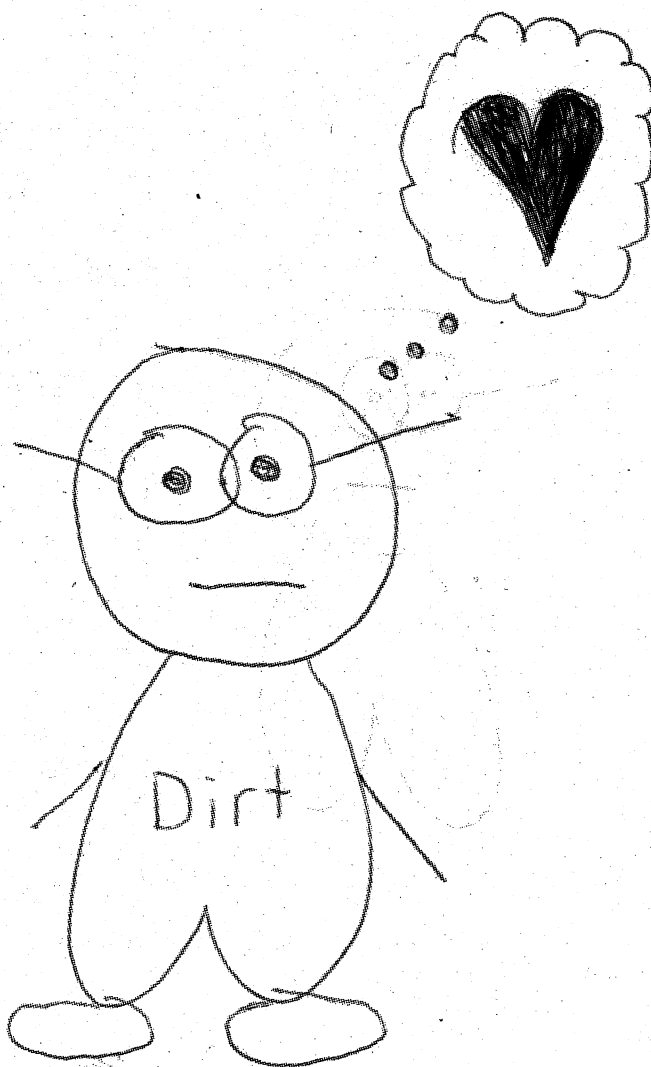
2007-2008 Dining Hours

Location	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Union							
Wolfies Lunch	12pm-2pm	12pm-2pm	12pm-2pm	12pm-2pm	12pm-2pm	Closed	Closed
Wolfies Dinner	6pm-10pm	6pm-10pm	6pm-10pm	6pm-10pm	6pm-10pm	Closed	Closed
Deli	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	8am- 11pm	11am- 11pm	11am- 11pm
Union Commons	11am-8pm	11am-8pm	11am-8pm	11am-8pm	11am-8pm	Closed	Closed
Starbucks	11am-10pm	11am-10pm	11am-10pm	11am-10pm	11am-10pm	Closed	Closed
Delancy Street	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - 7:30pm	11:00am - Sundown	Closed	Closed
Tabler Café							
Freschetta's	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight
Dunkin Donuts	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight	11:30am -Midnight
Lunch Entrée's	11:30am - 2:00pm	11:30am - 2:00pm	11:30am - 2:00pm	11:30am - 2:00pm	11:30am - 2:00pm	Closed	Closed
Dinner Entrée's	5:00pm to 9:00pm	5:00pm to 9:00pm	5:00pm to 9:00pm	5:00pm to 9:00pm	5:00pm to 9:00pm	Closed	Closed
Campus Conn.							
H-Quad Lunch and Sandellas	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	11am- 2:30pm	Closed	Closed
H-Quad Dinner w/ Grill	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 10pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 10pm
H-Quad Taco Bell	5:30pm- Midnight	5:30pm- Midnight	5:30pm- Midnight	5:30pm- Midnight	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- 8pm	5:30pm- Midnight
H-Quad Brunch	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	10:30am-3pm	10:30am- 3pm
Kelly Dining							
Kelly Bkfst	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	7am-11:30am	Closed	Closed
Deli	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	4pm- Midnight	4pm- Midnight
Pizza	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	11:30am- 3am	5:00pm- 3am	5pm- 3am
Zona	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight
Origins Lunch	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	11:30am-2pm	Closed	Closed
Origins Dinner	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	5:30pm- 9:00	Closed	Closed
Kelly Market (Chicken)	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	11:30am- Midnight	5:30pm- Midnight	5:30pm- Midnight
Changing Plate Lunch	12:30pm - 2:00pm	12:30pm - 9:00pm	12:30pm - 9:00pm	12:30pm - 9:00pm	12:30pm - 9:00pm	Closed	Closed
Changing Plate Dinner	SUSHI 5:30pm 9:00pm					Closed	Closed
Kelly Brunch	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed	10:30am- 3pm	10:30am- 3pm
Coffee House	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight	5pm- Midnight
Kelly Convenience Store	Open 24 hrs	Open 24 hrs	Open 24 hrs	Open 24 hrs	From open to 3am	3pm-3am	3pm onward
Carts							
Administration	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	8am- 2pm	Closed	Closed
Life Science	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	8:30am- 2:30pm	Closed	Closed
S.A.C. Full	7:30am-10pm	7:30am-10pm	7:30am-10pm	7:30am-10pm	7:30am-9pm	12pm- 9pm	12pm- 10pm

Kelly will be
open 24 hours
a day!

The Pizza Company

by Jonathan Singer



(...maybe we can meet later
for a cup of coffee
or something.)

(516-641-2772)

(kaboom)

Errorism

By Nick Eaton

In case you haven't heard, America has lost the war on terror. The reason, though, has been the subject of much debate—especially between the 2008 presidential hopefuls. Catch-All Democrats such as Hilary Clinton are attempting to captivate liberals with anti-war sentiments as well as moderates by painting Iraq as a good intention but poor execution. Other candidates prefer to look ahead. They express remorse for the troops and Iraqi civilians yet refuse to condemn the officials who knowingly mislead the public. Only a fraction of the candidates have chosen to succinctly denounce the war, accuse those responsible as well as offer up a solution to the current conflict. Mike Gravel (D-AK)

"This war was lost the day that George Bush invaded Iraq on a fraudulent basis."

Mike Gravel
Democrat - Arkansas

is of the latter group.

Here, Gravel has focused not only on the main reason behind the loss of the Iraq war, but also on the solution. It's on the tips of everyone's tongue, but no one (not even Gravel) has had the sense to say it aloud. "George W. Bush and the current administration has never had the intention of defeating global terrorism." While this may appear obvious to some, the public merely has the idea that Bush Jr. has botched the campaign. No one (generally

speaking) has any idea that perhaps the war on terror was never intended to combat terrorists. But I digress. The topic of this article is not the true reasoning behind the war, but rather the true solution to terrorism: money.

It's unfortunate that all parties involved are wearing blinders when it comes to solving the terrorist problem. Bush has walked us down a dead end street and rather than doubling back and trying a new road, Democrats have decided to take a seat on the curb right beneath the bright yellow "Dead End" sign. It's as if they feel that this road was the only road to victory. The good news here is that this is not a one-way street. With some ingenuity we can create a new framework for the war on terror that encompasses less casualties and results in an Iraqi population that embraces America. The answer is good old fashion diplomacy. To quote Christopher Dodd:

In order to defeat terrorism we must begin to understand terrorism. Why do terrorists act the way that they do? What has made them so enraged as to sacrifice their own lives for a greater cause? It's simple for the ignorant to point to Islamic extremism and primitive culture as reasons for devastating terrorist attacks. It's very easy to claim that America is dealing with madmen and that there is no logical solution except to eradicate them. It's harder, though more sincere, to point to terrorism as a somewhat logical response to foreign pressures on an already chaotic and impoverished country. This is not to absolve the perpetrators nor to decriminalize terrorism, but rather to understand that if the reasoning behind terrorism is foreign pressure then foreign pressure obviously is not the answer.

In 1990 the United Nations imposed strict sanctions upon Iraq in the hopes of removing Saddam from power. The plan was that, according to the New York Times, "By making life uncomfortable for the Iraqi people, [sanctions] would eventually encourage them to remove President Saddam Hussein from power." The issue here is that America fell directly into Hussein's hands. By imposing these sanctions, America gave Saddam the ability to point to America as the greedy foreign power who was ruining life for the Iraqi people. He was able to displace much of his own blame onto America, creating an anti-American sentiment among the Iraqi people. The extreme poverty and deaths

"This administration treats diplomacy as if it were a gift to our opponents; a sign of weakness, not a sign of strength."

Christopher Dodd
Democrat - Connecticut

that resulted from the actions of the UN (which were vigorously supported by the US) fueled the first generation of disgruntled Iraqis who were nearing their breaking point.

What would push the Iraqi people over the edge? Perhaps continued accusations of ties to terrorist organizations? Increased racism towards Arabic people as a result of Islamophobia and generally anti-Muslim media coverage? How about, I don't know, the country that you believe crippled your country's economy in the first place invading and kicking your doors down? Taking your brothers, fathers and uncles in the

middle of the night and inciting greater violence in the streets of your usually calm and quiet neighborhood? The fallacy is that terrorists existed in Iraq before the occupation. The truth is that the terrorists organized after troops landed in Iraq. Iraqi terrorism is very different than that of Al Qaeda. It has less to do with an organized effort to destroy America and more to do with getting America off of their backs and out of their homes. America is the straw that broke the camel's back.

Understanding that, what is the solution? The solution is to become the good guys again. The solution is to become diplomatic and generous. The solution is to form an international community dedicated to reconstruction in Iraq without the use of military force. Why is it that Germany has become such a strong democracy since World War II? The answer is diplomacy. The way in which the world aided Germany in getting it back on its feet is the way in which we can win in Iraq. Instead of pumping rounds into Iraq we need to pump funds into its economy. Ironically, this may end up being less costly than waging war. The terrorists are bombing their own towns and killing innocent civilians only because Americans are present. If we pull our troops out, apologize for botching the campaign and redeem ourselves by actually attempting to end terrorism we may have a chance to reclaim our status in the international community again. It will be much easier to track down terrorists when there aren't explosions going off at every corner. It will be much easier to track down individuals when the people in the neighborhood aren't afraid. It will be much easier to rebuild Iraq with the Iraqis and the world on our side.

Rally Against the Supreme Court Ruling

By Anna Aguilar

On Wednesday --April 18th the Supreme Court upheld the Congressional law banning certain kinds of known as "partial birth" abortions. In a 5-4 with the majority decision written by Associate Justice Anthony Kennedy, the court found the 2003 Partial Birth Abortion Ban to be constitutional.

Associate Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg wrote the dissent, stating "In candor, the Partial-Birth Abortion Ban Act, and the Court's defense of it, cannot be understood as anything other than an effort to chip away at a right declared again and again by this Court — and with increasing comprehension of its centrality to women's lives. A decision of the character the Court makes today should not have staying power."

A week later on April 25th, a rally sponsored by the Wo/Men's and Gender Resource Center and Co-sponsored by Planned Parenthood Hudson Peconic, was held in protest to the Supreme court ruling in front of

the Stony Brook Union.

The rally stated out slow, with very little rallying going on. The student who volunteered to collect signatures for the petitions went straight to work asking just about everyone who walked by to sign. Those with the signs just stood there till one protester took action and started shouting "Not the church. Not the state. Women must decide our fate."

Gina D'Andrea Weatherup, the Community Affairs and Advocacy Manager of Planned Parenthood Hudson Peconic, told the group to raise their voices. The rest of the protesters then joined in and the next chant they began to shout was, "5-4, 4-5, these decision change lives."

News about the rally got out through Facebook and emails. "We're expecting a big turnout. Facebook has allowed use to utilize people."

Members of the National Organization of Women (NOW) joined the rally too. "We wanted for ever to be with people on campus," said Nora Bourrut, Vice President of the Mid-Suffolk division of NOW. "We didn't have

what you guys have."

"We have to express ourselves," said Grace Welsh, President of the Mid-Suffolk division of NOW. "It's sad there aren't more people here."

"Politicians shouldn't be making decisions for generals, but it's ok for doctors," said Karen Weisberg, Assistant Director of Computing Services and friends of the NOW members.

"I think it's atrocious that they aren't considering the women's health," said Jeanie Romero, one of the student volunteers collecting signatures. "She's the carrier of the fetus. It's great that we're doing this bit, before they go too."

After the group rallied in front of the Union for a little while, they then crossed the street, walked up the stairs between the Staller steps and the Library and made their way to SAC.

Once out side the SAC the group began to shout, "Not the church. Not the state. We decide our fates."

Spectators watched while they ate their lunch. Jorge G. a student who watched the

rally said "It's not right. It's the woman's choice. It goes against women's rights."

A female student, who wished to be anonymous, said "It's a good effort, but I don't think it did anything."

The protesters then created a protest circle chanting, "5-4, 4-5, these decision change lives" and "2, 4, 6, 8, we're the ones that ovulate." Oddly enough a male protester was the loudest shouter of the last chant.

Before the rally a group of protesters got together to create signs while eating pizza and chocolate. Some signs said "Save Roe," "This about a choice your choice" and "Not the church not the state! We should decide their fate!"

Once the rally was over, the group head back to the Union. We have an estimated 100 to 120 signatures, which is fabulous said Weatherup. "The rally was to mobilize anyone who is pro-choice."

"I felt the rally was success, there was a group of vocal supporters and people came and joined the rally and sign the petition," said Weatherup.

Big Problems Come in Small Packages

By Brian Wasser

Everywhere you turn, there's talk of global warming. There are books, TV shows, movies, Congressional hearings, endless news articles and conferences (though, maybe, not enough). Like Al Gore says, "At stake is nothing less than the survival of human civilization and the habitability of the earth for our species." He's pretty much right, but that's beside the point. There's a problem with such cultural phenomena as movies and television networks, which make their decisions based on the profitability of widespread interest, co-opting issues which need to be taken very seriously over very long periods of time. The issue as a direct event of which we must be consistently, immediately aware of in everyday life becomes somewhat misinterpreted as a trend, even if subconsciously. It hollows, becomes cliché, induces cynicism, and fades away as a nebulous concept that has nothing to do with our own reality. One only has to note the suggested solutions to see the idiocy of the mainstream contextualizing of the drama: this momentous threat to the survival of our planet can be solved, they suggest, by slight modifications in our consumption patterns. Oh, you just bought a hybrid and energy star light bulbs? Ok, you've done your part, you're "green." It seems to have become simply a matter of packaging products, both literally and figuratively, in a green way.

Here's another problem with "mega-issue" obsession—the trivialization of the small issues which comprise it, as well as all other concerns, related or not. This goes hand in hand with the downplaying of the necessity for changing the way we think before we change how we buy. The trivialization, perhaps, explains why news of the latest crisis, and one which we will undoubtedly hear much more about in the coming years, is being taken so lightly at the present. I mean, after we've been told over and over that the face of the entire planet is changing too fast for almost all natural systems to adapt (a true statement, by the way), after we've fallen into the shadow of "the only thing that matters," how important could a bee possibly...be?

As it turns out, very. Bees are one of those universal species whose ecological niche is very predominant, and very far-reaching in its impact on other species, especially us. In fact, bees are "responsible," in a way that is irreplaceable, for a large percentage of our diet. In the U.S. honeybees are used to pollinate more than \$20 billion worth of produce annually. "If the bee disappeared off the surface of the globe, then man would have only four years of life left. No more bees, no more pollination, no more plants, no more animals, no more man." We will probably be hearing this Einstein quote a lot more in the near future because, guess what, the bees are disappearing. In massive numbers. All around the world. And if this claim sounds alarmist, if you think this is a hyping of the bee's importance, that it's just a matter of figuring out some way to artificially pollinate the plants, think again. That's been tried. For a lot of what we eat, only bees work. And they're not

working. It's called Colony Collapse Disorder, when the hive's inhabitants suddenly disappear. And even if they do figure out a way to artificially pollinate, how does a doubling of food costs sound? Either way, something is happening, and if the problem isn't mitigated, we will all feel very ominous effects.

Here's what we know. Late last year, a trend of diminishing bee numbers was noticed in the U.S.. Many commercial beekeepers reported finding their hives bereft of foraging worker bees, with only the queen and the immature insects left. Since then, it has been noticed in Canada, all over Europe, and Brazil, among other regions. Billions of bees have vanished, leaving the fields they are supposed to pollinate. But even worse, it's not just bees anymore. Other pollinators are dying off as well.

We have also learned that the bees are disappearing essentially because they are getting lost while they are away from their hives. Something is preventing them from returning. Something is interfering with their navigational systems, which are extremely complex, fascinating and well-studied. One of their navigational methods is the use of the Sun's movement across the sky, which the bees actually learn dur-

North America, one whose presence has increased exponentially in the past few years? The obvious, though still unproven, culprit is wireless technology. This explanation, which has rapidly gained momentum and convinced skeptics, especially since Britain's announcement, a few weeks ago, that it too is experiencing this bizarre phenomenon, is by no means a crackpot theory. Research has long shown that bee behavior changes near power lines (for that matter, human behavior does as well). A recent study at Landau University found that bees refuse to return to their hives when mobile phones are placed nearby. What's more, the potential effect of cell phones on bees has been known since a study was conducted back in the 90's.

If this theory holds water, the current crisis has a long list of serious implications not even related to bees. For one, it is a wake up call with regards to the ways we are "invisibly" altering the planet, animals, and ourselves. Any minimal understanding of the experiments of Nikola Tesla, Wilhelm Reich and those involved in the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program, for example, shows the alarming implications of EM fields on biological clocks, on mood and brain function, and

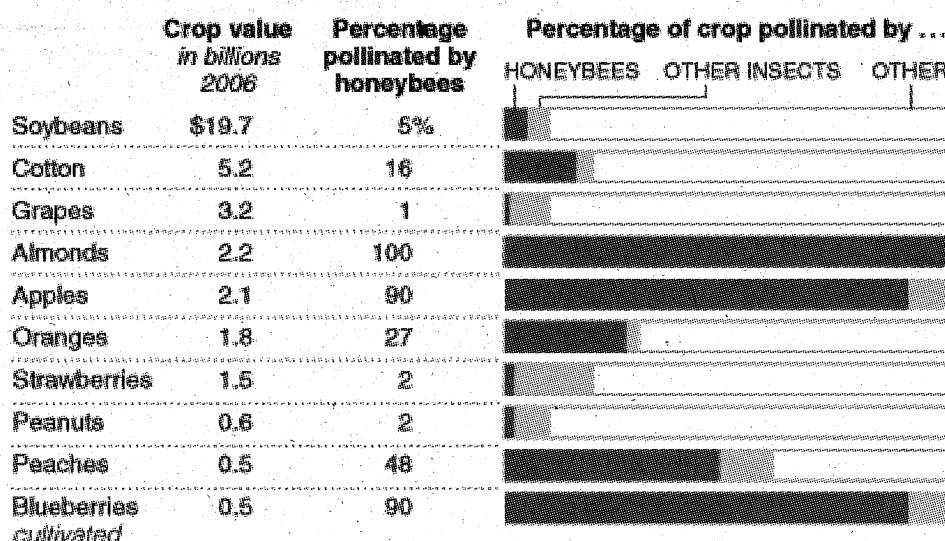
migraine-ooze of electromagnetic hum. That ringing in the ears when next to a monitor, that depression one feels after sitting near a dryer for too long, the countless cases of depression caused by EMF leaks in and around a house (ask the Ghost Hunters). All that will be the ubiquitous norm. And get this: I recently saw an ad for a car which surrounds itself with an EM field to deter dust particles. This is representative of the defining trend of this new century, and if ever there were proof that capitalism creates false needs, this feature is it! And if ever there will be a pill for "OCD," I hope that car company has to subsidize it.

There are many other possible reasons accounting for declining bee numbers. Varroa mites, artificial insemination, monoculture, climate change, and direct stress from over-harvesting are all potential causes. Theories have even been proposed that precipitates from chemtrail weather modification experiments for global warming mitigation (when is the last time you saw a deep blue sky?) have adversely affected the immune systems of many species. Another, more common theory is the obsessive-compulsive use of pesticides and herbicides, both industrially and domestically. Bayer's imidacloprid, banned in some countries, has already been proven to destroy bee populations. In a related fashion, genetically modified crops have likely been affecting the species with which they come into contact. However, since natural processes are incredibly complex, any single event, like the decline of a species, most likely stems from a myriad of interconnected causes. Whatever they may be, we are seeing an immediate threat to our livelihoods. But the problem is that there's an entire world out there which is suffering because of us and 99.9% of the time, it doesn't affect us enough to warrant attention (and where would we find the time for that attention anyway?). That is why the recent obsession with the doomsday scenarios of climate change, with all their profitability for those who are "spreading the word," seems to be cultivating in us a blasé approach to issues unless they become major, immediate threats to "our" survival... which is a rather arbitrary and futile distinction.

Indeed, even if this whole thing is just an alarm, it should perhaps be a lesson to us that everything we do has an effect on the "outside" world. And these effects, more importantly, echo right back towards us. Only when we respect and embrace the inescapability and oneness of this transaction will we begin to see that the path of "progress" isn't as simplistic as we'd like it to be. Only then will we realize it's not an issue of "bee versus cell phone." At that point only will we be able to start solving these problems, because the more damage we do, the more difficult it will be to progress, as a society, at all. In the meantime, the next time a bee stings you... stop, think, and remember... you probably deserve it, especially if you're one of those insecure types who couldn't possibly leave the house without your cell and the hands-free earpiece that comes with you everywhere you go, advertising to the world how important you are.

Relying on Bees

Some of the most valuable fruits, vegetables, nuts and field crops depend on insect pollinators, particularly honeybees.



Besides insects, other means of pollination include birds, wind and rainwater.

Sources: United States Department of Agriculture; Roger A. Morse and Nicholas W. Calderone, Cornell University

ing "childhood." On overcast days, bees actually remember the correlation between changes in sunlight angles and landmarks to navigate their way to and from the hive. They also calculate distance traveled based on their energy expenditure, as well as on the "optic flow" of the landscape passing across their visual field. Perhaps most importantly, the cyclic fluctuations of Earth's magnetic field are used by bees to maintain their internal clock. It has been experimentally shown that subtle magnetic disturbances can disrupt the bee's time-keeping abilities among other things.

Of these, the most likely factor is abnormal changes in electromagnetism. And what large-scale source of EMF radiation is found predominantly in Europe and

on physical health and immune systems, for both individual organisms and the living earth system as a whole. When it comes down to it, all we are is a vibration. We have evolved to survive in as specific an EMF environment as a chemical one, and we are beginning to see the effects of our manipulation of all three. There's no easy solution. If they are the main culprit, cell phones aren't going anywhere, and I doubt anyone will give them up, even if they cause brain tumors too. But, hey, I guess we can all start writing more letters!

But even if cell phone use is curbed, there are countless other wireless products developed every year. As far as we can see, it is the future, and we will undoubtedly continue to sink deeper into the

The New York Times

The Cats of Mirikitani

By Yina Chun

If you have a story to tell, what would you say in it? How do you start to tell someone about a personal story that is so important, that upon waking up, the last thought you had before sleep is all that you think about? In the Cats of Mirikitani, Grand Master Jimmy Mirikitani at last was able to tell the world about his story which has haunted him since the end of World War II. Although the pain scarred Jimmy, this short yet charismatic man did not let the unforgettable pain cripple him. It did however take everything else away.

The lonesome man has been without a home, living on the streets of NYC from day to day with his art for more than 20 years. Linda Hattendorf, a saint and a film editor, passed by him and took interest in his art. She took him into her house during the chaos of September 11th and eventually directed the movie, The Cats of Mirikitani. The film is about Jimmy's unforgettable story which includes his stay in the internment camp, racial discrimination, and loss of his American citizenship, which led to the loss of his job that made him a homeless man. To the world he seems lost and alone, small and delicate but the resilience of his personality and his art is what brings him to the top of humanity. A true artist with a true heart, he raises the peace sign to say "Make peace, not war".

With Linda's enormous help, Jimmy was able to go back to Tule Lake Camp where he was interned for more than two

years. It was a emotional journey going back to where a close friend died, his sister was separated from him altogether, and he was forced to renounce his citizenship from the United States. Their year long journey was short compare to the homeless roads Jimmy traveled by himself, what he has seen and what he was able to survive on.

Today Jimmy lives in a elderly home on 46th street and 10th avenue in the middle of NYC. While he still works tirelessly, showing and telling the world about his story, today he is free of much of the hostile pain that he was experiencing before. Linda's generosity helped him find his sister and family members. Isn't it amazing how just by a small window of opportunity, we can do so much for another person?

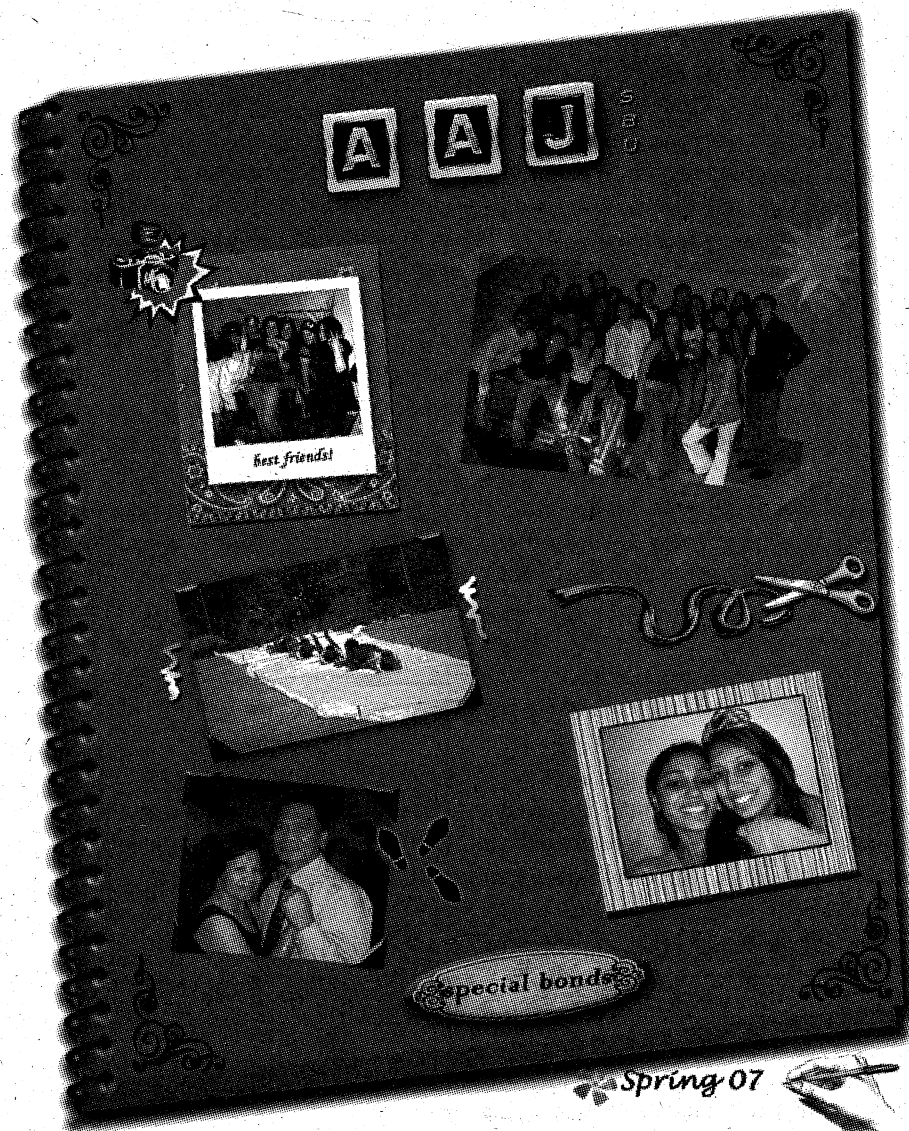
The movie was deeply emotional. The audience for the film would agree how much they were moved by the story of Jimmy Mirikitani and Linda Hattendorf's warm heart, how together they have shown the world what is it like to truly help someone, to erase pain from their heart. Jimmy Mirikitani not only has an outstanding personality to stand firmly under the roughest conditions but believed in the greater part of mankind. Like many other great idols we admire today, Jimmy Mirikitani has certainly moved me to humanity.

About the film:

<http://www.thecatsofmirikitani.com/aboutFilm.htm>



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Coming randomly near you!

UN Ambassador's Club

By Maria Ng

The United Nations is an intergovernmental organization with headquarters based in Manhattan, New York City. Currently this organization is composed of 192 Member States. The United Nations' goals include preserving global peace, maintaining equal rights and the equality of nations, and promoting individual human rights and freedoms. These goals must be obtained harmoniously.

The individuals that compose the core of the United Nations are generally people with years of experience in their particular fields. However, some of the staff members have recognized that the future of the UN rests not in their hands, but in those of the younger generation. As a result, The Ambassador's Club at the United Nations was formed, holding its first conference in 1998.

The Ambassador's Club is a voluntary association comprised of UN ambassadors and senior UN officials. The purpose of the Ambassador's Club is to create a better understanding of the United Nations and its programs among students in universities

and other research and academic institutions. In order to spread awareness about the UN and its programs, UN ambassadors and senior officials host frequent video conferences and make personal presentations to the involved universities and institutions.

Stony Brook University comprises one of the academic institutions that are currently part of the Ambassador's Club. Stony Brook University offers a three-credit class, cross-referenced as POL 374/SOC 374/ HON 401, whose curriculum centers around weekly video conferences with Ambassador Kamal, the Former Permanent Representative of Pakistan to the United Nations. This unique course allows students to interact with representatives of the UN and provides an opportunity for students to question and discuss current problems, poli-

cies and issues in the UN. Ambassador Kamal invites prominent guests based on the current week's discussion.

One of the discussion sessions held in a Spring 2007 conference dealt with the International Criminal Court. The featured guest was Professor Lee, the Executive Secretary to the International Criminal Court Conference. He was one of the founding members of the International Criminal Court (ICC). The ICC was designed to be a permanent global tribunal founded to

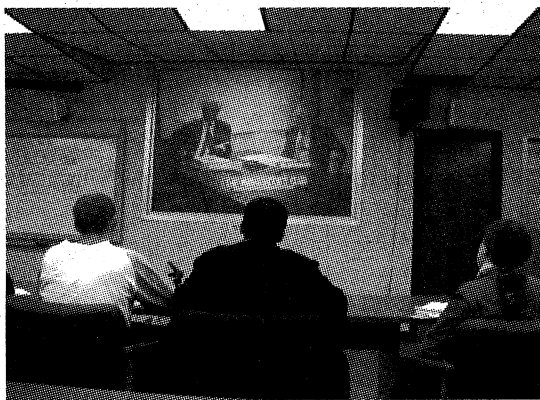
ensure the fair prosecution of individuals for committing genocide, crimes against humanity, war crimes, and the crime of aggression. The court is fairly new. It came into effect in 2002 after the required 60 states had ratified the Rome Statute. The Court currently has four pending cases. The

ICC was a huge step towards global justice. In contrast to the International Court of Justice, the ICC is compulsory and is not part of the United Nations though it is a product of it. The ICC was a huge accomplishment.

Each of the other featured guests had similar accomplishments. These individuals included Ambassador Dzundev of Macedonia and Randy Rydell, Senior Political Affairs Officer of the UN Under-Secretary-General for Disarmament. These representatives were experts in the discussion topics of diplomacy and disarmament and global security, respectively. Additional conference topics include Human Rights, Environment and Change, and UN Reform.

The Ambassador's Club provides a way for individuals to access and question the inner workings of the UN. It offers contact with important United Nations representatives. The Ambassador's Club offers the first step to solving current international issues by providing its members with a first rate source of information.

United Nations Associations:
<http://www.unausa.org/site/pp.asp?c=fvKR18MPJpF&b=260414>



Climbing Rocks and Such

By Derek Johnson

"Use your feet!" Dave yelled from 30 feet below.

I was shaking from head to toe. It was my first time rock climbing and I was attached to a line climbing a large boulder in the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming. I was scared of heights and I hadn't received any training beforehand. But my guide, Dave from Boston, was down below holding the rope that would keep me from falling to the ground and cracking my head and everything else.

Let's go back to the beginning. I had heard of the expedition back at my high school, the High School for Environmental Studies in Manhattan, in 2003. The Career Center advertised for the expedition, which was three weeks long in Wyoming that summer. It was being held by the National Outdoor Leadership School, a group that sponsors and joins in on expeditions around the country. The National Outdoor Leadership School is also involved with ice climbing, horseback riding, backpacking and mountaineering. It is based in Lander, Wyoming, a charming little cowboy town with one main road. I was joined by at least ten other experienced and inexperienced volunteers of all ages. It was a hiking, backpacking and camping adventure that changed my life.

In Lander, I met everyone, and then we all met our expedition. Two of the leaders were J.R. Plummer and Jamie Selda, two young guys who had done this for a while, traveling all over America, climbing and teaching scared climbers like myself about the wilderness. I remember J.R. and I were both fans of Guns 'N Roses and would hike together trying to remember lyrics and sing them out loud.

At the base station in Lander, we packed our backpacks for the three-week trip. First, we had to get used to the weight; each double-pound backpack was half of our weight. We had to carry camping equipment, tent parts, cooking utensils, medical kits and a lot of water, clothes, toiletries and other supplies. Neal Kumar, who goes to University of Notre Dame, also went on the trip: "It gets you physically in shape, the backpacks," he said. "It made me mentally stronger, being in the wilderness. It was an awesome trip."

It was awesome. The weather was beautiful, the sun was blazing, and the vast open wilderness is full of huge boulders, valleys, streams and high mountains. We had to hike everywhere to get somewhere. There was no technology, no computers or cell phones to help us. There were mountains so high that snow was still on the ground. You could see for miles and there seemed not to be another soul in any direction.

Our first spot to climb was really intimidating, considering I had never done the sport before. We were broken into teams, and some people looked as if they had no fear. I was shaking in my climbing shoes.

My belaying partner, Dave from Boston, had climbed rocks before. The belaying partner stayed on the ground and controlled the rope connecting a bolt in the boulder to a carabineer on my belt. If I fell but held the rope, I stopped from falling any farther. When I yelled "Slack!" from high above, he gave me more rope to work with. The further I went up, the more slack he gave. When I was lowering myself, he would do a stop-and-go pulling motion with the rope so I wouldn't fall like a bungee jumper.

"That doesn't look too bad," I said to myself as I saw everyone else climbing.

When I started climbing, though, my legs were as shaky as a newborn colt's. My hands were covered with chalk dust to give more friction while I was grasping the edges above me. The higher I got, the more I forced myself not to look down. By the time I reached a point where I couldn't get a hold and go any higher, I was trembling all over.

I kept closing my eyes, wishing it would end.

I was one of the big guys on top of the heap with my arms spread out, spreading the funk.

"Oh, Derek! You smell!" With that the group unpeeled.

It was exhausting, and everyone was yelling mumbo-jumbo that I couldn't make sense of. They all could see what my options were, but I was up there with no clue.

"Dave, tell me what to do," I yelled. I didn't want any more confusion.

J.R. took over and told me to move my left hand there and do this and do that. My body felt weak, and at one point I was swinging like a pendulum on the rope.

But I made it to the top, and I was exhilarated! I slid back down, bouncing off of the rock. That also took some time getting used to. I was basically hopping backwards vertically between the air and the rock. When I got to the ground, my knees were banged and bruised, my arms felt like they were going to fall off, and my legs were sore. I felt like I had walked a thousand miles.

Kumar could relate his first rock-climbing experience to mine: "I was a little bit scared. I had to trust my feet on the rock and get the right hold."

I didn't exactly conquer my fear of heights at that moment because that was obviously a gradual thing. My proudest moment - the time I felt I really conquered my fear - was when I climbed a 500-foot mountain with two team members, Jamie and a girl named Brittany Crow from upstate New York. Jamie was the leader, so he climbed up, setting bolts in the rock for the rope to go through. All three of us were attached to the same rope going up. Brittany went in front of me, and both of them would rest at a point and tell me what to do, even though I had the idea already: I had to follow the rope.

I came to a point where an edge in the rock was in front of me, and I could not see past it as I was climbing up. There was nothing for my hands to grip, but my feet felt strong and in place. My arms and hands were slipping and sliding, and blood was trickling down, but that made me even angrier because of the pain.

Amazingly enough, or weirdly enough, the more beat-up I became, the angrier I became, and I was even more determined to go on.

Jamie and Brittany could obviously hear me from above, and told me that it was a hard spot.

"What's the problem?" Jamie said. "I know it's hard."

But there came no real solution from them; they wanted me to do it on my own.

I struggled and strained, trying to go around the edge to the left, that didn't work.

"Do you want me to come down and help you?" Jamie asked.

"No, I got it."

I really didn't, but I was determined to do it. Sweat and blood was coming off me, but after several pushes and numerous exclamations, I got above the edge of rock. I found a hold to grab onto on top after using my feet to support me on the adjacent rock. I pulled myself up and continued climbing like the others. The rest was a piece of cake compared to what I was doing before. That made me feel really good, and I felt I accomplished a lot doing just that.

When we reached the top of the 500-footer, I apologized to Brittany for the hold-up. "It's okay," she said, "I had the same trouble with it, too."

My prize for my effort was walking back to our campsite across the plains, with a beautiful sunset in the foreground with purple and orange colors and the last of the rays hitting the ground beneath our feet.

One of those things that was also taken for granted was the showering aspect. None of us took showers for three weeks. When we got back to Lander, we took group photos. In one of these pictures, all of us laid on top of each other like a pile of dirty clothes. And that's what we smelled like, too. I was one of the big

guys on top of the heap with my arms spread out, spreading the funk.

"Oh, Derek! You smell!" With that the group unpeeled. The long-awaited shower made me feel like a new man.

When I came back home to New York City, I really felt like a new man. I learned about teamwork, about the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains, and I learned how to rock climb. I conquered my fear of heights, and I got to meet great people.

I still talk to Kumar from Notre Dame. "Being able to make it through the course was one," Kumar said while discussing his accomplishments. "I climbed a 500-foot boulder was another, and the times we hung out and got to know each other."

I wish I could go do it all over again, and I wouldn't do anything differently. I came back buff, tan and looking a little wild. According to my mother, I looked like a "mountain man." I agreed; I was a Rambo who needed a shave and a haircut badly. They were the greatest three weeks of my life.

On Stony Brook's campus, a Recreation Center between the Union Building and the Sports Complex has been proposed. A rock wall could be part of it.

"It's in the sky," said Susan DiMonda, the Director of Campus Recreation. "It will be the premier recreation facility in New York State. No other New York State University Campus has a facility devoted to solely a recreation center."

First, DiMonda has to have the contracts signed and approved by Albany to begin construction. "The contracts have been in Albany for four to five weeks, and we're waiting on them; I've talked to architects about the site," DiMonda said. "We'll hear from Albany any day, and it will take nine months of planning and drawing the plans, including bids for contractors." It will take two and a half years to construct.

After the green light from Albany, DiMonda will meet with a committee of students who will advise the architects on what they want. This advisory committee of students will represent all students, giving the architects requests for what they want in the Campus Recreation Center.

"[We want] basketball courts, running tracks, studios for dance and karate," DiMonda said. "A lot of facilities are in high demand. Athletic teams and clubs need space to practice." Some of the ideas she listed were a three-court gym, indoor soccer field, and rink for rollerblading and skating.

As for a rock climbing wall, DiMonda said that "a rock climbing wall was in the original plan. If budgets become a problem? It may be cut. Rock climbing is a luxury. If it is between that and a dance studio, we'll put in the dance studio."

A Bug's Strife

By Derek Johnson

"I feel so alone..." "I wish I was never born..." "I feel so dead inside..." "Nobody would miss me if I were gone..." "I wish my life was over..." "Promise you won't tell anybody..." "What do you think it feels like to be dead..." "I'm going to kill myself..." "I want to go to sleep and never wake up..."

Help Them Get Help

"They'll be sorry when I'm gone..." "I want to die..." "Soon the pain will be over..." "I won't see you again..." "Nothing matters anymore..." "No one cares if I live or die..." "I'm going to

If Someone You Know Is Thinking About Suicide, Listen To The Clues - Take Them Seriously

end all..." "Life isn't worth living..." "I want to die..." "I'm better off dead..." "I can't do this anymore..." "What do you think it feels like to be dead...?" "I want to go to sleep and never wake up..."

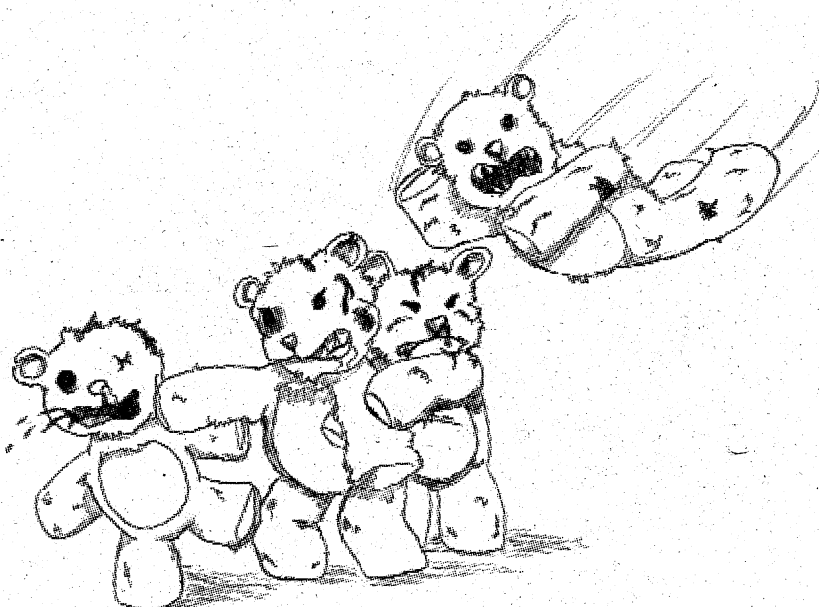


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"They'll be sorry when I'm gone" "Soon the pain will be over..." "I won't see you again..." "Nothing matters anymore..." "I hate myself..." "No one cares if I live or die..." "I feel so alone..." "No one cares if I live or die..." "Promise you won't tell anybody..."



They come crawling out of the cracks and crannies, out of the caves that they travel through. On all six legs and with their antennae twitching for signals and scents, they form a single-file line. Ignoring everything else and keeping their focus on the mission, they head for a breadcrumb or a small piece of sugar or a splatter of honey on the kitchen floor.

These are the ants of Stony Brook University, the place that many students call their home away from home but the ants and other bugs of the campus call it a meal ticket.

As a spider is busy weaving its web in the corner of the bathroom, for example, people are going to the bathroom and taking showers, either ignoring the spiders or freaking out with fear. If there are terrified responses, the spider usually finds itself belly-up or flat.

"There was a spider, like, two years ago," said Blanca Carrasco, a senior who lives at H-Quad on-campus, "that was living in my window and I didn't know about it." Carrasco went to sleep that night and woke up with a surprise. She said, "It actually bit me one time in my sleep, and I had this big bump on my arm. And you could actually see the two bite marks it left me."

This is part of life for students who live in such a wooded area. This is Long Island, the country, suburbs, or whatever else you want to call it. The creepy crawler neighbors do not mind if there are obstacles such as dormitory buildings, cars, or the feet of

students heading to and from class.

Students, however, have to decide what they want to do when they come face to face with spiders, roaches and other insects. "It was near the shower," said Emily Kogan, a sophomore who lives in Douglass College Tabler Quad, "It was like a beetle." And how did she react? "Well, I screamed...and someone else killed it." Can't anyone just say "Let It Be?"

There are students who try to prevent such encounters from happening again. "I never saw it," said Carrasco, the senior who was bit by what apparently was the spider in her window, "but I put Windex all over the spiderweb and all around the window frame because I got paranoid."

Not that many people would take the time to just observe these bugs. There can be swarms of ants near the garbage bins in the kitchens of Hand College in Tabler Quad or the West Apartments. In the bathrooms of West Apartments Building A, there are both live and dead ants that

appear to hang in mid-air in the corners of the bathrooms near the floor. In fact, they are trapped in a spider's web, waiting to be devoured in the next feast.

The ants come out mostly at night, but not to keep the students company in the bathroom; they are out for food, or they are just traveling from one place to another. They are invisible to some students and a nuisance to others.

"Call the Quad Office, who will call the exterminator," Alexis Nivens, an RA for West Apartments Building A, said, if you

"There was a spider, like, two years ago," said Blanca Carrasco, a senior who lives at H-Quad on-campus

have bugs. She added that the residents usually go to her first. "They should try to clean up before coming to me to complain," she said. "Don't wait two to three weeks later either; call the Quad Office immediately, buy bug spray."

Nivens said she follows the exterminators sometimes when they go into suites. "They spray the kitchen, put down glue traps, a roach motel," she said. "They can't spray in the rooms because it gets on clothes and the beds."

For some students it doesn't make a difference having spiders and roaches around, but for some it does.

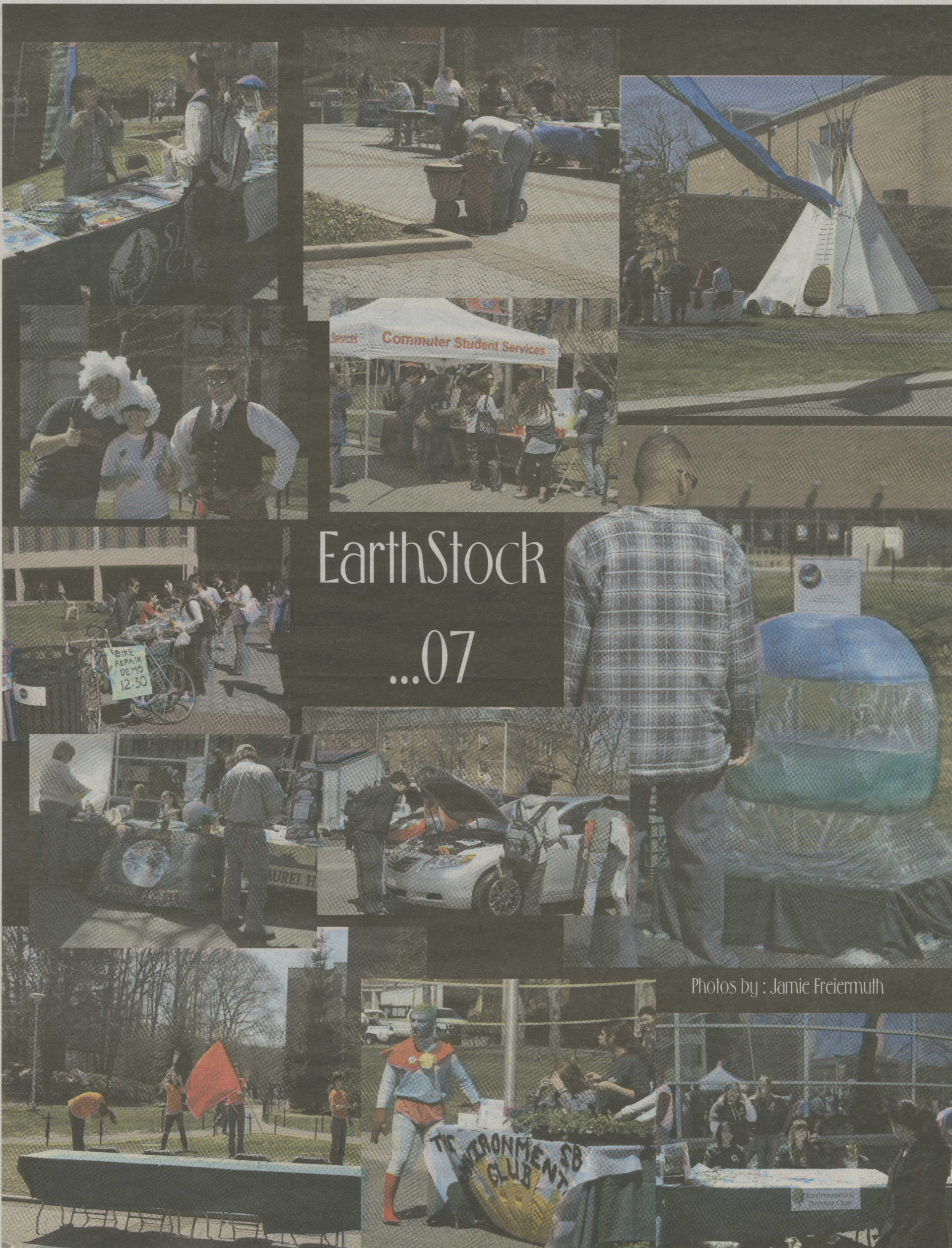


Some students kill them to prevent them from ever showing up again. "I've seen them in the hallways, especially on the first

floor," said Thea Lenna, a junior who lives in West Apartments Building D. "The ants I leave alone, but the roaches I kill....I don't want them in my suite. I just stomp on them."

There are students like Lenna who can make peace with the insects, as long as they don't bother her. "I generally leave spiders be if they leave me alone," she said. "They are usually small spiders that don't bite. I don't like spiders, so I usually just spaz (CQ) out but leave it alone if it's living in my corner or something and not bothering me, then I leave it alone."

There are students who feel bugs in the buildings are a big problem, and there are students who feel it is not one at all. "It's not a huge problem as far as what I see," Lenna said. "As long as there is no food laying around, most bugs stay away."



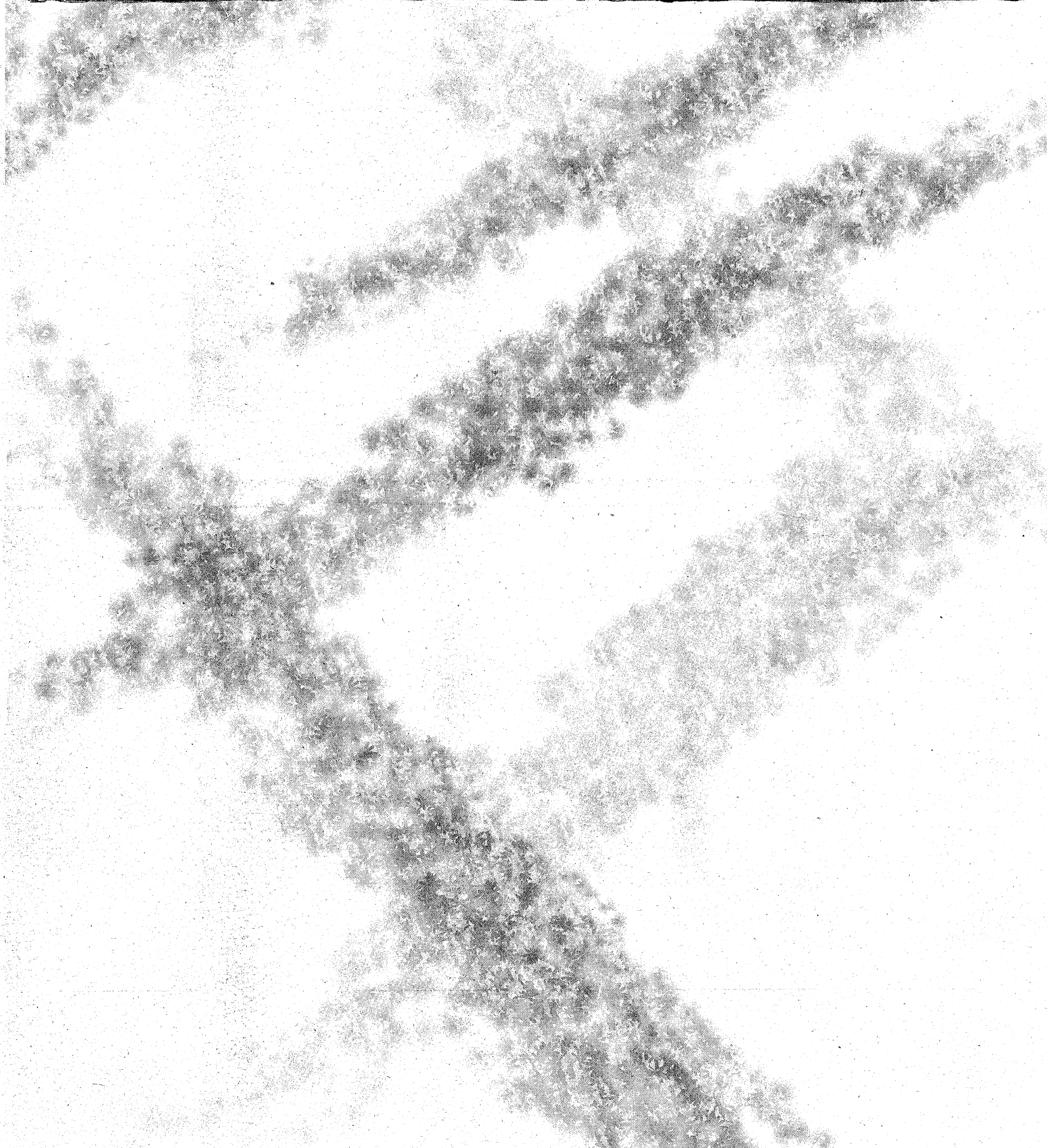
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The Stony Brook

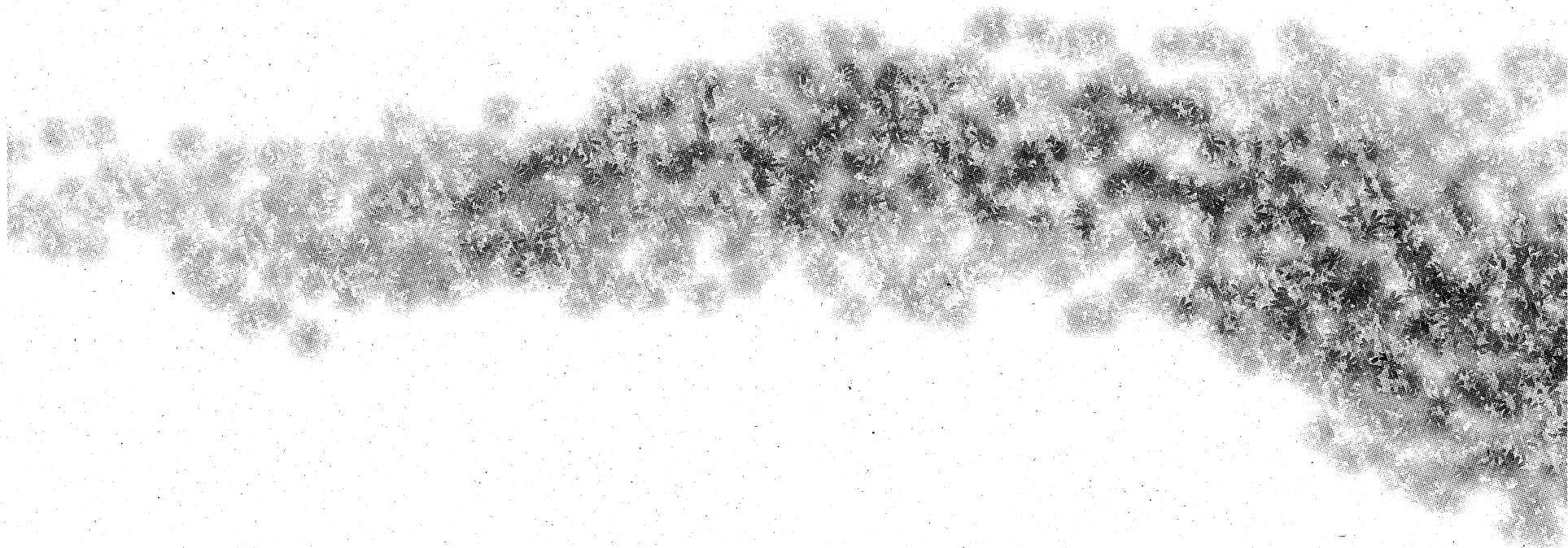
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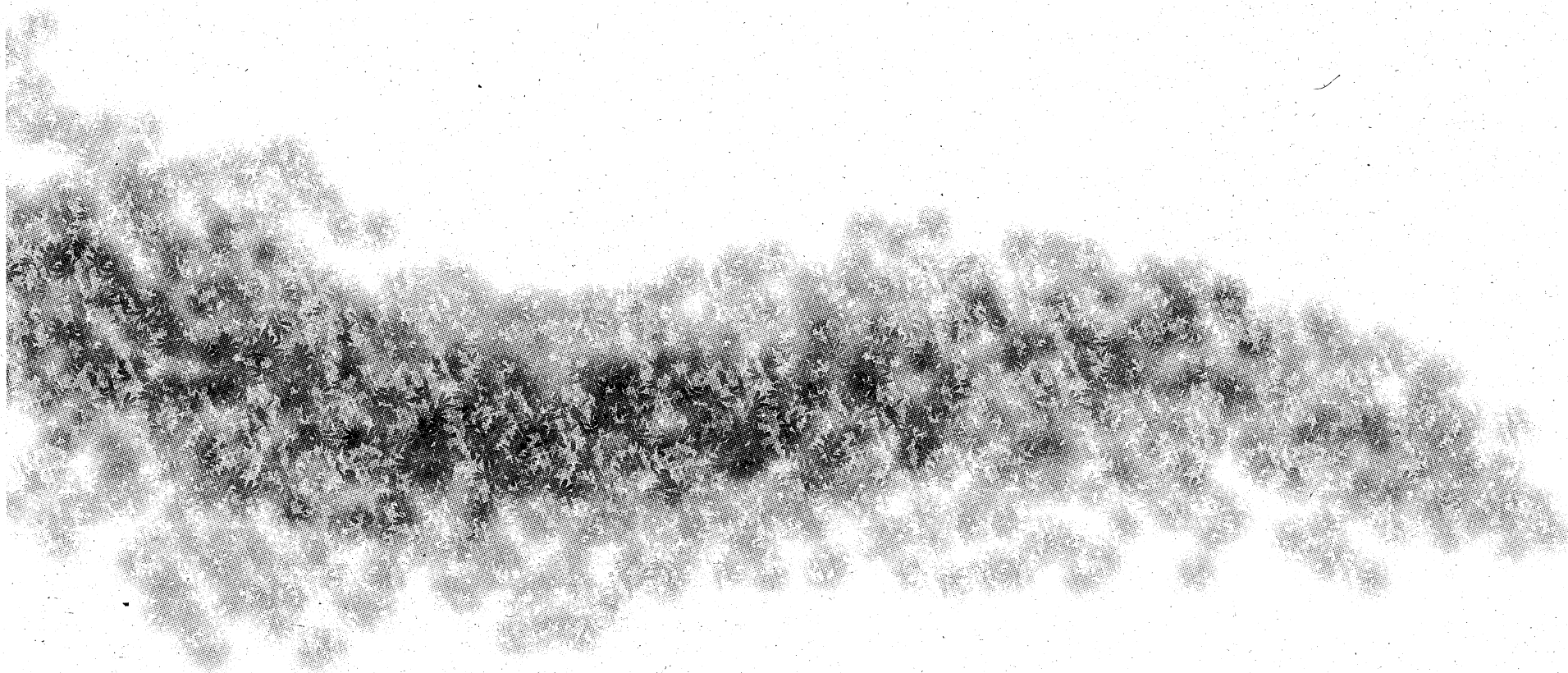


Designed by
Joy Round

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Poems

Undifferentiated

By Billy Shear

i woke up this time knowing i didnt yet leave
the sky was dark with a bright red glow
illuminating half the dream, half the room
with a strange, blushing warmth
that made me realize why the trees turn color
and i felt like an illusion that just wanted to sleep
in the dark forever
but being too much, as i got up,
the red in the leaving part
made me think of the other only in distances
and what got me there in the first place
and now, sweet, tired, domestic,
that small, slow grin of the half
and that slant of light after me again
I have to run. it cant be safe.
admitting that theyre everywhere and yet.
I had to get out
found a way to creatively unprepared
as if the outlet could have cared
ran again, each time less well
still hid in the autumn field near a fence no one's seen
except the earliest sunrise where that slant of light
speaks so much, like the house being numb,
and why to stay, and why the show had lost its way
and why fields make me run
while making my day.
then slowly in my brain,
another sky, infra-red through the pane
showing things would never be the same
in a balancing act of a forgotten soundtrack
of the measured life of an everyday game.
and all the words, squinted at night,
disappear with the ocean's ghosts whose hollow
life slips back to tepid gray.
what would i have to say when isolation seeps in at the slightest touch
whats left but cold, cloudless resignation when my brain is ablaze
with the intimation of a change in the overrated figure of idle static,
barely held back as its noise fills my cage.
the sound of the coast,
if we're quiet.



Sit

By Billy Shear

I have too long been unconnected,
Unreflected in chaotic fields.
I have so far seen imperfected
Insurrection signs surreal.

I have too long felt roaming over
Gloomings cover obscurified,
Masking lasting deepened castings,
Impressed upon an inner tide.

I am for now too prone to tracking,
Lacking older thoughts too soon,
Fading into deeper shading,
Waiting for a newer moon.

I have too long been unprotected
From the ironies of time,
Who have so far been unneglected
From the temporalities of mine.

I have so far forgotten
How to be surrounded,
Endlessly going around a line.

Sunrise

By Billy Shear

like glass offers whirlpools of mist into which entrance is fully possible. the sky grows in complexities in color, shape and feel, towards an old coast as so many thoughts never lost, blue white and gray are fresh and crisp, like the morning moment those of the day only hope for. and to the back, the illuminations never before seen, perhaps the manifestation in my mind of that which ive only had to indirectly glance, the hidden spot, from angles and with emanations that induce questions of "why never before," or "this is needed more than is done." a brilliant, sparkling display whose welcome is its transience, the streaming emanation off everything its greeting. rippled air moves over the swirls of what has collected in the vaguest moments of the night so short as to be hardly hide-worthy at all, a night whose beginning still retained and then without knowing when it happened, though witnessing the change, the herald of everything that will be, as this, lived, observed, participated, and whose motion always just slow enough as never to be perceived, like and for everything else, in their way, and the ways in which no substitute for the experience is rendered endlessly. and yet, helped, just a little, by 4am disappearant dreamlikenesses, and that to which there is no deeper, longer-standing, more infused connectivity, rendering the longest glimpse possible, now. and yet, murkiness being just begun, for it comes back in the lush coveredness of refresh and oldness, complimenting of the brilliance of fully momentarily existing potentiality of the half where action in the way, where life and living and livingness is both simple and here, and what is needed where the philosophies are converted to spontaneity as the penultimate embodiment of that which is reflected back onto that of which, and by which, that embodiment is. leaping through, projecting forth through that without which cycle is simple ended line, devoid of fullness, being alone is being alive is being alone is moment-by-moment-to-moment unfulfilled potential. the embarking so often dreamt of is to begin, for the coming descent parallels that whereupon which we are released into ourselves. and who knew the day would feel like two. it couldnt be just the nap, rendering it a dream of several days ago. magical is the word, like a brilliantly colored, misty, ethereal tunnel that is from and of me, for the dual participation is that of an observation i just can't get out of my mind, and which carries a depth that went far into the night. for it is almost as if none of this is ever taking place.. yet. not just dream-like, but of a hidden quality entirely, like that whose other-dimensionality can only be accessed with the removing of layers that can only be done with the hazy confusion of half-sleep, dozing-off, and staying-up, and attempts to comprehend the timelike framespace of the dark duration in the context of the glow-saturation. and that is the true experience, one of origins, pasts, emotive momentness, via intensity only, as paralleled, symbolized by the glimpse, undescribed and indescribable, but never lost with the necessary trigger of association, the feel that is its own inability to be grasped or retained. But the moment was there, with true depth and meaning present... glowing embers all day, of the unpredictable underlay, focusing ingrained attention as never before.

Love

By Billy Shear

horizon. entirety. vague vision of parachuting in a crisp brilliant
sky above a fresh spring-drenched field scattered by windy light
with a girl i can't believe is real and her mind...what's in it? she was
hiding in a house that become a multi-level tree then came with me
in search of nothing left to lose.

A Friend Where Ever She May Be

By Shawn Baumann

I never thought how different my world would be without her
One day she was here with me and then gone in a blur
Actually I never thought she would ever leave
At first I didn't know how to feel but now I can only grieve
Now she stays within the doors of white light
Knowing that she's there for me every night
Looking upon me with her beautiful eyes
While she stays up above in the heavenly skies

It all started back in the summer years ago
We were friends right away from the world hello
When I met this girl I knew she'd make me complete
There would never be someone else that could compete
It came to a point where we liked one another
But we soon realized we were like sister and brother
After a day of being with each other we saw it wasn't right
Although it didn't work we soon thought being best friends just might
Summers and summers of a great friendship that would never end
We were so close to one another no one else could contend
After the summer of '02
She told me something I couldn't construe

The biggest shock in my life was told to me
IT took her from me, like a man taken out to sea
After time went on I thought things were fine
But IT wasn't gone IT stayed and was so malign
That morning I'll never forget that call
I couldn't believe it, not at all
I wouldn't let it sink it for she was too young for this to come
There was nothing I could do I just felt so dumb
I wanted her back but I knew things would never be the same
Acceptance was not a choice, there had to be someone to blame

After so long I finally understood
I had to live my life like I should
Where ever I go I know she is with thee
Whether up above or in my heart she is with me
With many memories that won't be forgotten of
I send from me to her all my love

a thought

one time when the rain came
and said stop,
i danced amongst the drops of desperation
in a grey photo
with nobody but the moon watching,
who laughed and wished
and missed the sun.

By Sadie Feathers

Cloud

i loved this cloud, now gone
absorbed by a tree out of spite of its beauty
and then at once when day turned night
I saw my love again, a ghost
Walking over water, through birds who dance
And love too the misty mood
OF days lost and nights drawn longer
Hopeful of the breaking dawn, I look

By Sadie Feathers

Romeo Oh Romeo

By Dave Bouklas

Fists explode like firecrackers
in the usually quite streets of Millbury.
Millbury, PA.
Home of the Millbury Marauders.
Hell of a game those boys played, by the way.

1962 and after all these years,
all those Millburrians can see is
black and white.
Millburrians are what we call folks from Millbury, PA, by the way.
If you didn't know.

Race riots continue for the 3rd day in a row,
this time, over a mixed couple.
A young boy and girl.
Such a cute couple, by the way.
Always stop in and say "hi" whenever they're around, specially on the weekends.

God plays a modern Shakespeare here tonight,
as the couple meets in secret behind that old barn off Main St.
to take shelter in their love and block out their future.
By the way, old man Jenkins built that shed with is bare hands.
Good man, that Jenkins.

Knowing they can never be together, the young black man runs to the crowd just a block away,
Runs to the men who want him dead, and they get just that.
A shot from the crowd, and our young prince falls to the pavement dead.
.44 pistol did him in.
Just like the ones in those action pictures, by the way.

He died in her arms that night.
Was they only way to keep that love alive.
She sees a glimmer in the bushes, after the crowd has left.
It's 3 A.M and that .44 is staring her in the face.
She's done with this world too.
And so she takes her life, the young pretty white girl
lands limply in her lover's arms.
Which, by the way, were very muscular and toned.
Workin' on that farm built 'em like a horse.

I see it all the time. Different people, similar outcomes.
S'a real shame, these poor young kids.
So young, so beautiful.
Who knows what the future holds for em.
So, by the way, you ever see them Marauders play?
Hell of a team, them Marauders, by the way.
Hell of a great team.

Poems

Deadline

By Alex H. Nagler

Holy shit. That's due now?
It's Friday at two already?
Oh goddamit.
Why didn't anyone remind me of this when
I was drunk last night?
What possesses me to sign up for so many
articles every Wednesday?
It's not just that, come to think of it
Same goes for papers
Am I just a neurotic over achiever?
Yes. Yes I am.

My Angel

By Wally #234

I lie awake on this night so cold,
Counting shadows and wishing for dreams so bold,
Hoping that somehow this pain may go,
Upon my dreams may her image glow.
I glance into my picture frame,
And find the face behind my angel's name,
Hoping that as the night grows deep,
That she may visit me as I sleep.
My eyes close with quiet tears,
Just a glance will hush my swollen fears.
I drift and fall into a dream alike,
And hope that my angel may breathe tonight.

I found myself surrounded by endless light,
And my eyes witnessed a heart so bright.
"Is that you my love?" I slowly spoke
And hoped that it was not my eyes that merely wrote.
A smile took my place,
As my angel stepped forward and revealed her face.
There she was beautiful as ever,
And once again we stood together.
"Oh my love" she uttered,
And witnessed my heart flutter.
"There is so much I wish to say" I whispered,
And could not resist the urge to kiss her.
When our lips finally met,
My heart was soon to vent.
"I love you more than anything, with each day and each passing week..."
"Quiet", she said and kissed my cheek.
"I know my dear it's hard to say, but I watch over you with each passing day.
I know how much you love me."
She said in a face that bore no wrinkles,
"Just remember the days when it was all so simple.
The day when you wrote your first poem and confessed your love, the way I ran to you,
The way we hugged."
She held my hand and I could do nothing
But love her as we looked over that kind day of our loved filled summer.

Every Day's Forgotten (E.D.F.)

By David K. Ginn

Every day's forgotten
Just a blur in my memory
Why is it all forgotten?
Why can't my mind's eye see?
There's a hole in my life where I should have succeeded
But it's wasted to this endless game
All the warnings from loved ones I should have heeded
Do nothing to ease the pain
They were right, they were right
It's time to break away
But I know I'll fall back in the cycle soon
So that my future will be nothing but knowing
That
Every day's forgotten



I & me

when i am between you and i
im cold and numb
and i ask why must we be
two or one and one, not love
not here or there
but an infinite now
forever changing by staying the same

is it I stuck in a circle
droning around ambient sighs
or am I Maybe always caught
between Yes and No
who gets headaches reading
between the lines, and
practicing cognitive dissidence

one day can we meet in a field
and make mirrors of ourselves
seeing and perceiving nothing
our third eye doesn't know
and then have a picnic
where no one wins at tug of war
but wins
at
losing
self

By Sadie Feathers

Verbose

By Chris De Lao

I sing the body eclectic
That's right, eclectic!
Not electric- I leave that to Walt
Only he knew how to sing
The body Electric

But I know how to talk
I know how to speak
I know how to chat, converse, discuss, chitchat,
Lecture, orate, address, whisper, gossip,

I know how to chew the fat, shoot the breeze, shoot the shit,
Have a heart to heart, A tête-à-tête, a rap session, a dialogue, a one-to-one,
Mano a mano, brother to brother, sister to brother,
Hell, sister to sister!

I know how to blather, pontificate, wax poetic,
Eavesdrop, rattle on, spout drivel, sound off,
Have my say, mouth off, jabber on, speak out, speak on,
Take a stand, raise my voice, exclaim, explain and extrapolate

I know how to say my piece, speak my mind
I know how to be direct, how to beat around the bush, share and how to be frank
By the way, why is it called being Frank? You think there was a guy named Frank
who was such an asshole they just had to name some stupid piece of speech after
him?

I know how to improvise, hypothesize, theorize, reflectisize and any
Other ize you can think of till you're crying from your eyes!
I know how to babble, gibber, jabber, prattle, nag, whine, complain,
Insult- Oooooooo boy do I know how to insult!

I know how to respond, badger, pester, plague, harass, hassle,
Irk, disturb, annoy, exasperate, exhaust,
Aggravate, wind you up and drag you down,
Madden, cheese off, hack off, bugger off, provoke,
Incense, rile, beleaguer,
Did I mention I know how to pontificate?

I know all the platitudes, clichés, inanities,
The tired expressions, the commonplace banalities,
I know how to tell you that "One in the hand's worth two in the bush,"
"Go onward and upward", "Love of money is the root of all evil," and "we're movin'
on up to the East Side!"

I'll let you know if I'm looking for a needle in a haystack, and if I think
The guy's slippery as an eel; I'll tell you if it's a slam dunk or not to judge a book by
its cover, whether you knocked it out of the park or if she ran faster than Rosie
O'Donnell at coupon night at the Sizzler
I'll inform you if it's like shooting fish in a barrel, and I am not above saying,
"It's not you, it's me."

I have all kinds of chestnuts, anecdotes, truisms, axioms,
Adages, proverbs, sayings, mottos, aphorisms, tenets,
Principles, truths and wisdoms

In other words, I'm a bullshit artist
But that's why I sing the body eclectic
I sing the body electric, because I know how to listen.

What Time Is It?

By Alex H. Nagler

What time is it? 12:30? That means it must be November 8th. Everything should be over, but it's not. That doesn't matter, though. It's the day after. A change has come, we're just not sure how big it is. But that's all finished, nothing left that we mere mortals can do. It's time to take a step away from all the electioneering and become human again. We're not talking heads. At least some of us aren't, yet. We're still human.

Take a step outside with me. The rain should cool us all down. Feel the drizzle? It's a nice change from hunched over a laptop with a box of Dominoes Pizza, rapidly refreshing a thread with up to the minute election results. No spinsters here. No Dean or Melhman, no FOX, CNN, or MSNBC. Just the rain and the fresh air. Smell it? It's America, the America that people voted for today.

Sometimes, things need to be cleansed. The rain cleanses things, washes them out. It wets the earth and makes the planet undergo a rebirthing process. Plants bloom, animals are born; it's a healing process. That's what we need now, healing. The rain washes all the blemishes away. It can destroy mountains, reshape continents, force change upon the unwilling.

Kids Will Be Kids

By Dave Bouklas

MY FATHER SAID
NO MORE
AS I COOLLY
PLAYED
WITH MY
CARTON
OF MARLBRO ULTRA-LITE CIGARETTES
IN FRONT OF AN
AUDIENCE
OF JUVENILE JURORS.

HE HAD CAUGHT
ME BY SURPRISE,
FOLLOWING ME SINCE 113 W
AND BROADWAY
WITHOUT MY KNOWING.

HE WAS ALWAYS GOOD LIKE THAT.

Our Fearless Leader

By Dave Bouklas

Mary didn't just have a lamb,
she had a whole darn flock of sheep.
And everywhere that dun Mary went,
them sheep were sure to go.

The slaughter house.

And boy, were they willing.

After all, how could them critters come to any harm,
followin their fearless leader.
She keeps em fed, warm,
and keeps out dem dang foxes.

After all, they's who you want ta watch out fer.
Dern foxes will getcha every time.

Those young'uns that resisted?
Ah, they just calves.
Can't appreciate our fearless leader.
The one who keeps dem foxes out.

"She's sendin us to die!"? "She's the enemy!"?
Radical punks...Commies...Liberals.

After all, dem foxes can't even preciate the joys of hannukah.
And dat just aint right.

How Long?

By Dave Bouklas

I'll be gone for a second,
That's what she said,
Now honey, please, just go on off to bed.
I saw that this was just not true,
deep in those eyes of china blue.
I had that feeling that once she was gone,
Never again would I hear the song,
Of bluebirds on a sweet spring day,
And all of my happiness would just fade away.

Poems

title; content
by jonathan singer

manipulate electrical currents to produce sound
kaboom

sgt jonathan singer
damn straight

The School Lunch Pogrom
is my favorite punk band

My Favorite Punk Band
is The School Lunch Pogrom

i am in love with a sandwich
they say it'll never work out

señor self destruct
all my friends are dressed as pears

the social dean's list
i miss mary

this is very bad
i had to purge all my files :(

Answers on Page 36
A Pogrom is a mass killing of Jews
The School Lunch Pogrom is a mass feeding of
gentiles.

*Yesterday I Decided to Stop Designing Amusement
Parks*

After my first love moved away, I decided
to get a new pair of shoes. She wanted to save the
seals, so I got a fine pair of canvas sneakers. Those
shoes were full of ideas.??

I probably killed 1,000 bugs in my first
month of wearing them. But for some reason I did-
n't care. Death seemed so trivial at the time. ??

I had just finished my first wasted year and
was a few weeks into the second one. Since I slept
half the day I considered my self half dead. At least
I still had my dreams.??

One night I dreamt I was a door to door
pirate. In this dream five of us pirates would knock
on doors and threaten people with swords and guns
and shit. We didn't get much money. People who
saw us would say "not interested," and would then
slam the door in our faces.??

I must have had the dream because she
always looked cute in a pirate outfit. Or a cowgirl
outfit, but it's not like that mattered anymore. The
truth was that she was gone and I was never going
to see her again.??

Yesterday I decided to stop designing
amusement parks. I was in my favorite coffee shop,
pouring sugar into my cup. I pretended to read, but
I wasn't fooling anyone. That's because alternative
newsweeklies always lie.??

My second love was there, but I was too
nervous to look. Apparently she was drinking a can
of guava nectar. Or so I heard. I was desperately
seeking someone to tell my decision to.

?Someone in the booth behind me was
playing a piano. He was playing a nice upbeat
number but when I turned around to look no one
was there. My attention span was always too short
anyways. I could listen to music, but I couldn't
actually "read" it.??

On my way out I considered talking to my
second love. Not that I had anything to say, but she
did live down the block from me. As I approached
her I tried not to look but I couldn't help but listen.
Apparently she had an interest in pirates.

(oh shit)
i don't know why I cut my right arm. i guess i do
some things left handed.

i'll make it a kiss for the movie version

allen ginsberg eats dirt for the pizza company

*Then The Real Nirvana Will Begin: The Stony of a
Viennese Dessert Table*
I've actually seen an old lady get up from her
wheelchair and fight for the last cream puff.

11 april 2007
straightedge
this morning I decided to stop designing amuse-
ment parks
(i have a big fucking headache)

kike
even my mother makes mistakes

you're going to get blown up
i'll wear a helmet

A.K.A. I-D-I-O-T
shaped like a pear and oblivious

beyond emo
(beyond emo)

freethought zone
the entire world's population came from six peo-
ple, you dumb fuck

STEP one two
into the soft shoe
and cue-
tip clean
fax-machine mean
big boy world of
business.
Of lollipops
and gumdrops
no more.
Of sharp cut suits
and tempers to match.
That's the catch:
be mean, aggressive, tough,
don't love another too much,
because
hey,
where's the profit in that?
Welcome to the world
of cheap thrills
and empty bottles of
Jack Daniell's finest
malt liquor
laying on the floor
besides your favorite
lampshade,
or party hat,
or whatever you want to call it now.
Where dreams always come true,
for \$8.75 plus tax,
not counting the popcorn
or medium sized
beverage
of your choice.
Speedy cars
and fast girls,
cute little mammas
with big red curls,
and all the money in the world,
and it's all yours
till the clock strikes 12.

Here's the climax of the novel,
in case you didn't see it coming.

You have all anybody could want.
Anybody but you.

All you want is your old world back,
with that old, beat up, rusty Catalac
and the love of your life
riding shot gun on a gorgeous summer day,
with a big beach hat
and shades just a bit too big for her
pretty little head.
You want to hustle and sweat
for the team,
making barely minimum wage
in a burger shack
next to Joey's on Manhassat Ln,
saving up for that big upcoming date
to the best falafla joint
in town;
just you
and the woman you love.

Old smelly shoes
that never fit right,
and that blue Knicks blazer
that was always a tad too tight
around the waste,
but hugged your shoulders
perfectly,
and made you feel like
David Hasslehoff from Baywaytch,
if you squinted real hard
and didn't count your crew cut.
Denim jeans
with a hole in the crotch,
and an emo band t-shirt
that your nipples stick out of,
even when it's 75 and sunny
as hell.
These are your treasures.
These are your prized possessions,
when everything else loses interest
in the life
you always thought
you always wanted.

Hundreds of women,
and liquor and booze
up the wazzoze,
is not your cup of
English Tea.
Be
yourself, who you used to
be.
Love your life,
get it back,
then you'll see
that it's the little things that count
when you're lying awake
with a hole in your heart
that nothing in the world can fill.

Except for her.

Ode to Hector Walking Arm

By David R. Ginn

Oh Hector, why do you hurt us so?
We kill the ants
We kill the spiders
We kill the crazy ships
But you come around
And with that eerie sound
You shake your metal hips
Oh Hector, oh Hector, why do you cause us pain?
The world goes black
For your purple smack
And nothing is ever the same

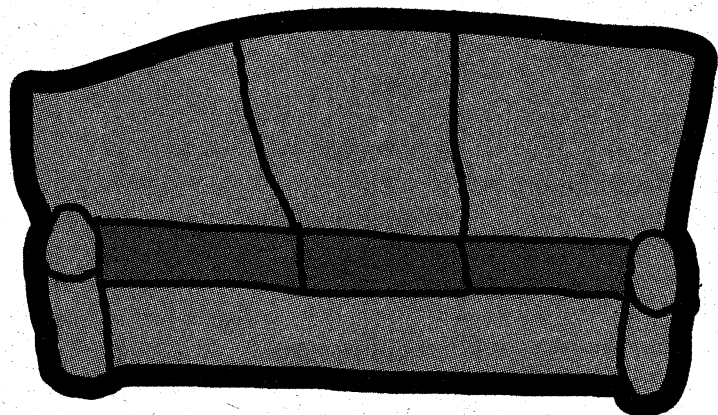
The Couch

By Ilyssa Fuchs

We sit quietly on her grey couch. It's starting to wear now. The navy blue stripes have faded in the sunshine. The fabric is pilled up. There are small tears in the seats from years of use, it is a living timeline. She snakes her arm behind my head. Her fingertips gently graze the small patch of skin behind my ear. I giggle, she laughs too. We are alone now. Years of people getting involved in our business, it feels good to sit just with her. She mutes the TV and whispers something to me. I look back at her and comment on her whispering. "We are alone now," I say, there is no one here to hear. She knows, I know, but we've had to whisper for so long, our voices are permanently soft. She pulls me closer and runs her hand over my stomach. The little hairs stand up like small soldiers waiting for command. I feel we've waited forever for this moment. I lean in and our mouths meet, like they have so many times before. The hills and valleys of my lips fit perfectly, like a jigsaw puzzle, in between hers. I want to stay in the moment forever. I run my fingers through her jet black hair. It is as soft now as it has always been. We kiss passionately, her lips pressed tightly on my own. Her hands caress the small mounds which protrude from my chest. My arms wrap around her back, she shivers, and I shiver too. It seems as if we are in a perfect moment, but it only lasts so long. I hear a phone

ring and
awake in
a cold
sweat. I
sit up
and real-
ize I am
still alone
in my
own bed.
Hundreds
of miles

away from her grey couch, with those faded navy blue stripes, and it's pilled up fabric, with tears in the seats.



reincarnation

skies hung in corners
remind me of the dying day
(coming soon)
when like a breeze i'll dissipate
a cloud in the atmosphere
no memories forgotten
(only lost)
(only time)
rain upon a distant field
with scattered light
and dancing leaves
trees becoming

By Sadie Feathers

Reality Check

By Ilyssa Fuchs

One door closes another opens,
Like grains of sand,
My heart's still broken.
A frozen pond that cracks and streams,
And runs away with all my dreams.

To let go is to die,
To go out silent in the fight.
Fire burns bright,
Deep twilight fills the night.

To hold on is to suffer,
Immense, repetitive pains.
Blood boils,
Heats up in the veins.

Rejection turns to regret.
Regret to despair,
And fills up the mind,
Till there is nothing else there.

And no where to run,
And no where to hide.
I've made my own choices,
I'll hold on and survive.

How many satirical haiku's can one write in a half hour?

By David Becerra

This worldly pleasure
Using others for leisure
Just does not get old!

I just hurt myself
The color is so splendid
Who has a band-aid?

A healthy dessert
I still can't fit in my shirt!
Trimspa didn't work!

Insidious dream
Why can't reality be
A sweet fairy tale?

To keep one's smile
Is a gift greater than all
How're your insides?

Philosophical
Metaphorically speaking
Who gets anything?

I saw this movie
It was really deep and stuff
Really made me think

Did you see that show?
It's just like reality!
My life is thrilling!

I need me a map
To find various fast foods
What's a Canada?

Poetic license
How do I apply for that?
No D.M.V right?!

Let's stop complaining
Really, let's all just agree
Nationalism!

Poems

Your Words

By Alex H. Nagler

Smell of rain

soft clouds yield the smell of rain
black and white mixing to yellow
sleep
pink hands in the sky candy color
tasting the change in season
feeling the coldness of numbers
advancing of restrictions
but the green (turning red) leaves ease
offering hope where there is no
such thing

By Sadie Feathers

Social Diet

By Wally#234

A break from the phony and the fake
Return to the real
Lock them in a box and air tight that seal
See how much better us normal people will feel.
Forget the yachts, benz's and bling
And J-Lo's 4 million dollar ring
We are all brainwashed; we need to shut the TV and turn the fame off
Healthcare, welfare and taxes –
This is what I grind my axe with
I couldn't care less about celebrity obscurity... I am definitely concerned with
national security
Tummy tucks, facelifts, and bleached blonde hair – being forced to see this just
isn't fair
I know they make it easier to stare, but take those sunglasses off when you're
indoors
There's no sun, so how can there be glare?
I still can't find enough quarters for the city bus fare
Not being able to bring food to the table, I don't need to see your houses or
cars... I already know you're financially stable
Commercial and meaningless music – blow my bloody nose is how I use it
Grab your brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles, join hands around the world to
boycott fashion, trends and fads.
Believing the enquirer... that is pretty sad
Celebrities and politics, how did that door get open?
You got a nose job? I'm sorry, it just looks broken
You must be joking. HOW MUCH FOR THAT SUBWAY TOKEN?
So, shut them down cut them down
Hillary Duff... wish I never heard that sound
If you're looking for talent, there's none to be found.
Talent-less rappers like Nelly and Ludacris
Maybe Jessica Simpson really did have chicken in her tuna fish
We need a working class revolution
To rid ourselves of this social pollution
Paris Hilton, I would attend that public execution
Paying money to see those movies... they owe us money... some retribution
Why can't any of you see that reality TV is as fake as can be?
I'm not selling anything. You don't have to buy it
Social diet. I'm not asking you to give up carbs
So why don't you try it?

These are your words sir, they will bury you.
I wasn't sure what this meant, but then Ariana Huffington
Found Barack Obama's college poetry.
What would these articles say about me?
What would the things I've wrote do to my future?
Would they harm me? Benefit me?
Could my words incarcerate me?
Would swearing too much do me in at a later date?
I'm a politician. What does all this swearing bode.
"Fuck Resnet." Will it fuck me?
What is the price of a fat portfolio?
I have no idea.

Tumultuous existence

By: Dave Becerra

Bar code babe
Intensity shade
Abnormal cell
The path to hell
Through dust and grunge
Innocent hung
Warranted arrest
Lonely recess
Brevity
Humanity
Visage not steady
Choking poison
Asbestos corrosion
Love found in loathing
Rage found in showing
The strength of the steel
The earth and the bone
Screams and moans
Regime overthrown
The piles of corpses
Being trodden by horses
You can't hear their voices
They burn more in churches

SOMA

By Vincent Michael Festa

That was her.
That was her picture.
And I can't bear to look
because right now
I feel neglected.

Because I can't bear
to see the one person
you don't have
in your possession.

I'm just a little sad right now
because of this.

I'm very sorry.

SOMA v.2 (ending)

By Vincent Michael Festa

Right now
I feel sad
that she's
not around

anymore.

Maybe one day
she'll come
from the sky

...and I'll catch
her...

again..

Prose

past/present/future

Decembre 28, 2006

This afternoon I was cleaning out my basement because the whole house is under cleaning. It was when I found a lot of old papers of typewritten poems, novelties, amateur writings, scribbles, marginal notes, print-outs, and other fun things that I saved over the years.

It takes me back during the Brentwood and Plainview days, when a lot of names and reactions came up. All these papers and notes are a document of where I was, who I met, what I was doing, and how I really felt at the time. I found an old group photo, some written works, former interests, names once forgotten, and references that can only be compared to that era and only that era.

I went through my old issues of The Compass, my first newspaper from the Selden/Hauppauge era. I hate to say that almost nothing good had ever come out of that Selden era. The people had made that all possible. Had I known now about them and the scene now what I didn't before, maybe things might have been a little different. I'd like to know if the opposite sex in that vicinity are as sporty, deviant, and edgier now than when I left 6 years ago.

I have two other boxes full of memorabilia I'm not parting with: various pictures, invitations, holiday cards, phone numbers, calling cards, packages of handwritten letters sent in with poems and their pictures, etcetera. Some pictures I can't even look at because it's just a reminder of what isn't and what never was. That's the saddest part, when you have a possession that burns that image into your head.

I'm in Huntington right now with peace and quality time to myself, just thinking about the past 10-12 amount of years that have transpired. If the chance were ever handed to me, yes. I do feel like wanting to go back to take in everything a little better, to have been better prepared and to have seen better around me because I know it could have been better since I didn't realize back what was really at stake.

I try not to give away my age, though it's very obvious when you see it. People do tell me I look five years younger than I really am, sometimes seven. Good. I'm going to take advantage of that and roll twelves for as long as I can.

What can I do with this, what was the past and what I have taken from it? What is inside me that just makes me want to feel like going back, to ignore the boundaries and just go for it? Is it still possible to even connect to the past anymore?

Even now, I'm trying to do as much as I possibly can because I felt like I never had enough of what I wanted to have or do. I don't think I can.

I am going through old pictures, comparing "then" to "now". Even sometimes I'm trying real hard not to kick myself.

-Vincent Michael Festa.

Prose

The Master Illusionist

By David K. Ginn

I'm pretty sure I've reached the end.

Six months ago I discovered I have the ability to override other people's senses. At first I didn't understand it, but after a while it became clear how awesome it was. Smell came first. I was with my friend Ox, telling him how bad my brother's feet had smelled the night before. I wanted him to suffer like I had, although I don't know why. Maybe it's because Ox is so cool, or maybe I'm just an asshole.

Whatever the case, he started freaking out. Apparently, I'd made him smell it without even realizing. It was pretty cool. I felt good.

I toyed with that for a while, but it got pretty boring. Luckily, I developed the ability to manipulate hearing. That was much cooler. I fucked around with everyone, making them hear noises and strange whispers. A lot of people were genuinely freaked out, and understandably so.

When my ability to alter touch and taste came around, I began to mix the four. At first, I made the people in my English class feel spiders crawling over their shoulders. That was fun. Next, I added the sound of hissing snakes. As they were running to the doors, I added the smell of gasoline and the taste of cranberries.

Class was cancelled due to the "strange illness" that had plagued the students, and for the first time I became aware of how powerful my gift was. I immediately began self-training, waking up early every morning to try and understand the skill better and thus be able to use it expertly.

Telellusionism is the ability to telepathically alter another's senses by way of connecting with his or her brainwaves and transmitting a new signal. Most telepathy has involved the reading of minds or the occasional future-seer, and since all of these gifts involve the connection of the brain to an alternate "network", they can usually be inverted. This type of inversion has only ever been performed by messing with parts of the mind that are more beyond our understanding than the telepathy itself. Examples have included sleep-deprivation, hypnosis, trauma and even psychosis. Whether these examples were controlled tests or recorded anomalies, the result has almost always been disastrous.

Cases of telekinesis and various forms of mental invasion have, for the most part, proven to be much more successful. Most people who are reported to have possessed these skills have disappeared, likely bought out by sinister corporations or the government.

This, like all the other information I've read, is incomplete. There seem to be large powers in the world trying to keep anything related to this a huge secret. My goal is to stay below the radar, and do whatever I can to get the most from my skill.

There was a man in Nebraska who could, my slightly-crazy book tells me, alter other people's sense of sight. Now that's awesome. He was an illusionist, as were many like him. They could make people see or hear things, but it was always clear that it wasn't real. Swinging a hand through a vision of chocolate bunnies will prove its non-existence, as will seeing that the radio is turned off even when you can still hear music.

None of the books talk about what would happen if someone could combine these talents. What if someone swung their hand through the chocolate and felt it slap against them? What if they could smell the sweet combination of sugar and cocoa? What if they could taste it, hear the crunch as they bit it, and feel it go down to their stomach? How far would that be from the chocolate really being there?

A few weeks ago, I developed sight. I've barely slept since.

I was sitting in philosophy class last Tuesday when my thoughts began to turn away from pranks and onto more practical applications.

Marybeth Winnings is, in my opinion, the hottest girl on campus. I'm pretty sure there aren't a lot of people who agree, but they'd at least say she's damn cute. She has short black hair, a soft, friendly face and eyes that trap me every time I see her. She was sitting a few rows away from me that Tuesday, and as I stared at her I couldn't help wishing my power worked on myself.

I thought about what it would be like to kiss the soft skin on her neck, which was always exposed, as if calling out to me. I had, over the past few months, learned how to bottle my abilities when I needed to. The longer I stared at her neck, watching her hair bounce over it every time she moved, the harder it got to control my power.

Minutes went by, and then I made a daring move. I sent out the feeling of my lips against her neck, then quickly turned back to my notebook. I glanced over at her and saw that she'd gotten the signal.

Knowing that she'd felt it was too much to bear. I kept the signal going, making her feel my tongue below her ear as it slid down to her shoulders. She shifted a lot, rubbing at her neck half-heartedly to figure out what was kissing her.

I had never been so excited in my entire life. I made her feel my hand on her breasts, then along her stomach, and finally on the base of her thighs. She became extremely rigid and crossed her legs, something she obviously didn't want to do because of her skirt.

I made her feel my hand between her legs, and she let out a gasp.

Some of the other students looked at her, and I knew I was causing a scene. If I didn't do something, my fun would end too soon. I concentrated immensely, pulling the entirety of my training to the surface. I opened my eyes and saw that it was working.

Everyone in the room was witness to the vision of Marybeth getting up and walking out the door, complete with the sounds of her shoes against the floor and the brush of wind as she walked by each person. I maintained a running vision of Marybeth's empty desk, and I prayed no one would go near it. It would be too much work to convince someone that they weren't touching her, especially since I'd have to make them see their hand on the empty desk. I began to question whether or not there was an internal nervous sense that would allow someone to be aware of what they're doing with their own body.

That didn't matter now, though, since I seemed to be in the clear. I made Marybeth feel my tongue between her legs, and she gasped louder. She jumped in her desk as I continued, trying desperately to keep her calm so that no one noticed. She gasped even louder, and was surprised that no one was turning around. As I went to work on her, she began to relax, letting the feeling take over and becoming more and more sure that no one was going to notice.

Her gasps turned into moans, the moans into screams. She slouched in her chair, threw her head back and came violently, gripping the sides of her desk. She breathed heavily and looked around the room, suddenly aware once again of the other people around.

Her eyes were wide with disbelief when she saw that no one had even flinched. I'm not sure if she

convinced herself it was a dream, or that it never really happened, but she turned her eyes back to the professor and resumed taking notes, her hand shaking just a little.

I was in my room yesterday, making Dawn McKenzie believe she was suddenly naked, when there was a knock on my door.

The spontaneity of being inexplicably naked had begun to wear Dawn's sense of judgment, and I was about ten minutes away from getting her to sleep with me. As you can imagine, I did not want to be interrupted.

I didn't know who it was, but I made sure they saw a police car arrive, followed by an officer getting out and telling them to leave.

Dawn and I sat closer to each other, and I could tell it wouldn't take much more for me to get to her. I made her see us on a hotel poolside, naked and ready to make love. She asked if she was dreaming, and I told her she was.

There was another knock on my door, and this time I was angry. I closed my eyes and made the person hallucinate an earthquake. The knocking stopped. I smiled and turned back to Dawn.

There was a loud crash, followed by the sound of someone running through my living room. I made the person see a wall, then feel it as they crashed into it. The footsteps didn't stop.

I sealed Dawn's hallucination and automated the activities I clearly wouldn't have the chance to physically participate in. I turned to my door and saw a young man, not much older than I am, standing with a very angry expression on his face.

"Can I help you?"

The man looked over to Dawn, who was on my bed, squirming as she worked herself to an orgasm. "What the hell are you doing, you sick fuck?"

"It's none of your business."

The man grabbed my neck and held me against the wall. "You killed my brother. You made him think he was eating. Fast food, chocolate, whatever the hell you made him think. He died, asshole. He fucking starved to death. I hope you're happy with yourself."

I closed my eyes and made him see me disappear. I knew it worked, because for a second he was disoriented. Then he spun around and screamed.

"I know you're still in here! Why don't you face me, asshole?"

As he turned around I saw the gun tucked into his jeans.

I made him see me in the doorway, scared, pleading with him to be reasonable. He took out his gun and pointed it at the vision.

"I know what you can do. You have to be stopped."

I let him feel the vision's throat in his hands, made him smell the sweat of my body.

Then I made the vision run.

The man ran out the door after the vision, and I did nothing to stop him. Even as I heard the car slam on its breaks, and the thud of his body against the pavement, I did nothing.

I turned to my bed, where Dawn was running her hand through her hair and smiling.

"That was incredible. You ready to go again?"

I didn't sleep last night. I've been practicing.

I don't want what happened yesterday to happen again. I never wanted to hurt anyone. I'm in my room, alone, staring at the blank T.V. screen. Marybeth Winnings called me twice, telling me how weird it was that she keeps dreaming about me.

Everyone in the town is hallucinating. I thought I could make them overlook the deaths of two people, and I may have been right, but there are consequences. I'm learning now that there are consequences for everything.

I tried to massively connect with them, but it was too much. I concentrated so hard on the signal that they're all connected. They're all feeling everything I feel, seeing whatever comes to my mind.

I hear them screaming outside, running from pink elephants and saber-toothed tigers. I know they can feel the jaws on their bodies, and the animal's hot

breath as it pounces on them. I keep trying but there's nothing I can do to stop it.

Marybeth is going to call again soon, and I'm afraid to know what twisted sexual fantasy I've made her live this time.

I'm losing control.

The T.V. screen is black, except for my reflection. Now is the time to practice the one skill I was always afraid to try: turning it on myself.

I try to make myself see what everyone else is seeing, and there's nothing. I try smelling something simple, and it doesn't work. I know if I can only make myself hallucinate, I'll be able to convince myself that I don't have this power. If I do that, the chaos stops.

Now I'm running out of my room and onto the front yard, needing to know what I've caused.

There's fire, there's wreckage, and there are

bodies. It's not enough. I need to see it all.

I'm climbing to my roof, desperate to get a good luck at the apocalypse I've caused. I'm at the top now, looking over, and I see a carnival.

There's no death, no madness, no chaos. It's a carnival, and it's the happiest place in the world.

I've done it. I've made myself see. I've made myself hear. I made myself taste and touch and smell.

It's no wonder I'd convinced myself that this power was the answer to everything; it's so goddamned beautiful.

I make myself see a lake in front of my house. I look at my feet and notice that I'm standing on a waterfall. I know that if I close my eyes and dive, I'll be underwater. Once there, I'll be free.

I jump. I definitely haven't reached the end. Not yet.

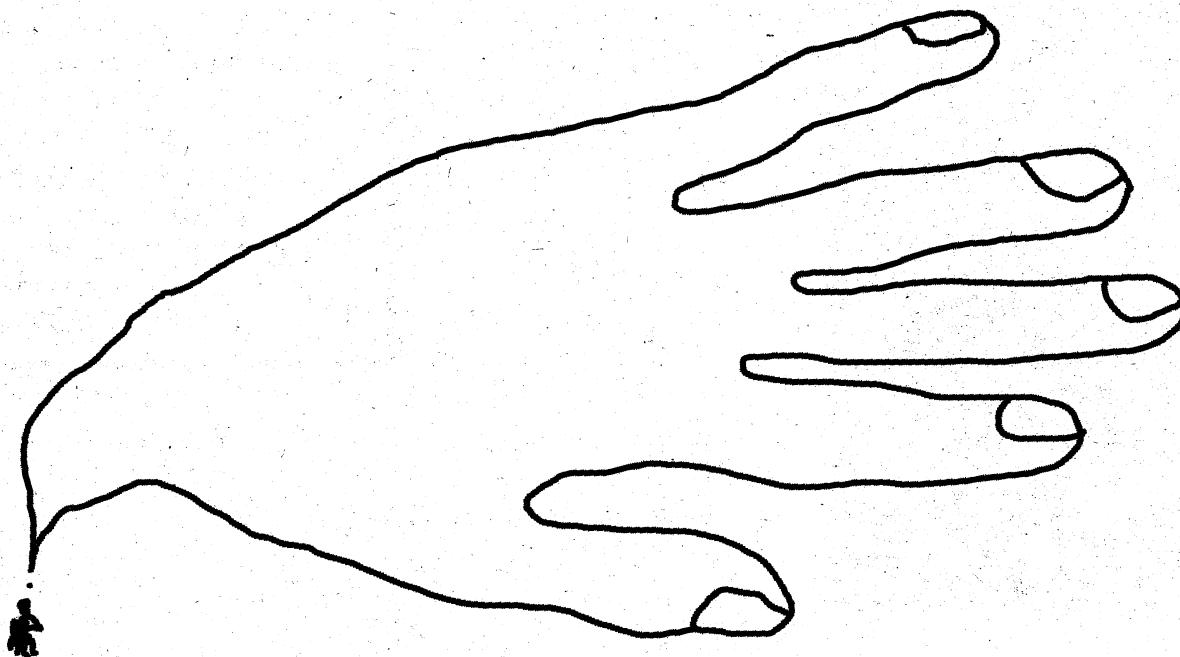
A Pause

By Christopher Di Niso

My fingers stand still. I give them an order and yet they've frozen, they've gained independence from my commands. My fingertips feel balmy; the word alone makes me think of how many times I've seen it in connection to a dead body in a murder mystery. There's no summer heat yet I feel sweaty, and tired as if the sun had taken a bat to my ribs. The bandage on my left pointer keeps unfolding, bending outward towards the keyboard at rest underneath. I let my hands fall, the moisture on my palm smacks right into the plastic of the laptop's casing. I can't figure out what to type, my mind draws a blank. All I can do is piece together random words that make about as much sense as a psych patient's manifesto. I back off for a moment, my back touching the seat for the first time in hours. I'm trying to release my tension, trying to center myself on something calm, something quiet where I can lose my thoughts in the ether. My cheek rests on my knuckles as my eyes travel around the room. Another boring night full of blank white walls and the fear that sleep is days away. My hand starts tugging at my jeans, I can't think of a word that quite explains how it feels pinched between my fingers. 'Does it matter?' I ask myself. My eyes move toward some unremarkable place on my desk in-between the computer and my iced tea. It's just the fake pattern of wood in a red hue, nothing special. I think to myself how amazing it is that almost anything natural tends to be boring nowadays. So

in love with the artificial, it hurts to love I guess.

I look at the crowned heart held by two white golden hands, it's the last thing I'd ever part with in this room. There's no special inscription on it, it wasn't made up to the standards of royalty, for all intents and purposes it's nothing more than an ordinary ring. I breathe through my nose heavily; I know that's not true though. There's the sentimental attachment that makes it significant yet worthless to anyone else but her. I play with my ring for a minute, taking it off and rolling it in my open palm. Feeling it almost tickles and with my thumb I push it back towards my middle finger. I've gotten used to wearing it nowadays, weird for someone who's never worn a piece of jewelry in their life. I feel like turning to someone and saying "I miss her you know," but there's no one else left in the office to say it to. Three whole days, that's as long as I could last before that same feeling creeps back into my heart and fully claims it again. I don't know how it infects me each time, maybe through my ring, or from the satellites where I pick up her voice. Maybe it's been latent in my heart to begin with, hidden somewhere in the muscle's walls waiting until it knew she had been gone much too long. I still can't think of a love story to write, but right now I'd settle for just about anything to regain control of these fingers again.



Garden Poetry In Loving Memory of Lenore Silverbush

She Blooms! By Lenore Silverbush

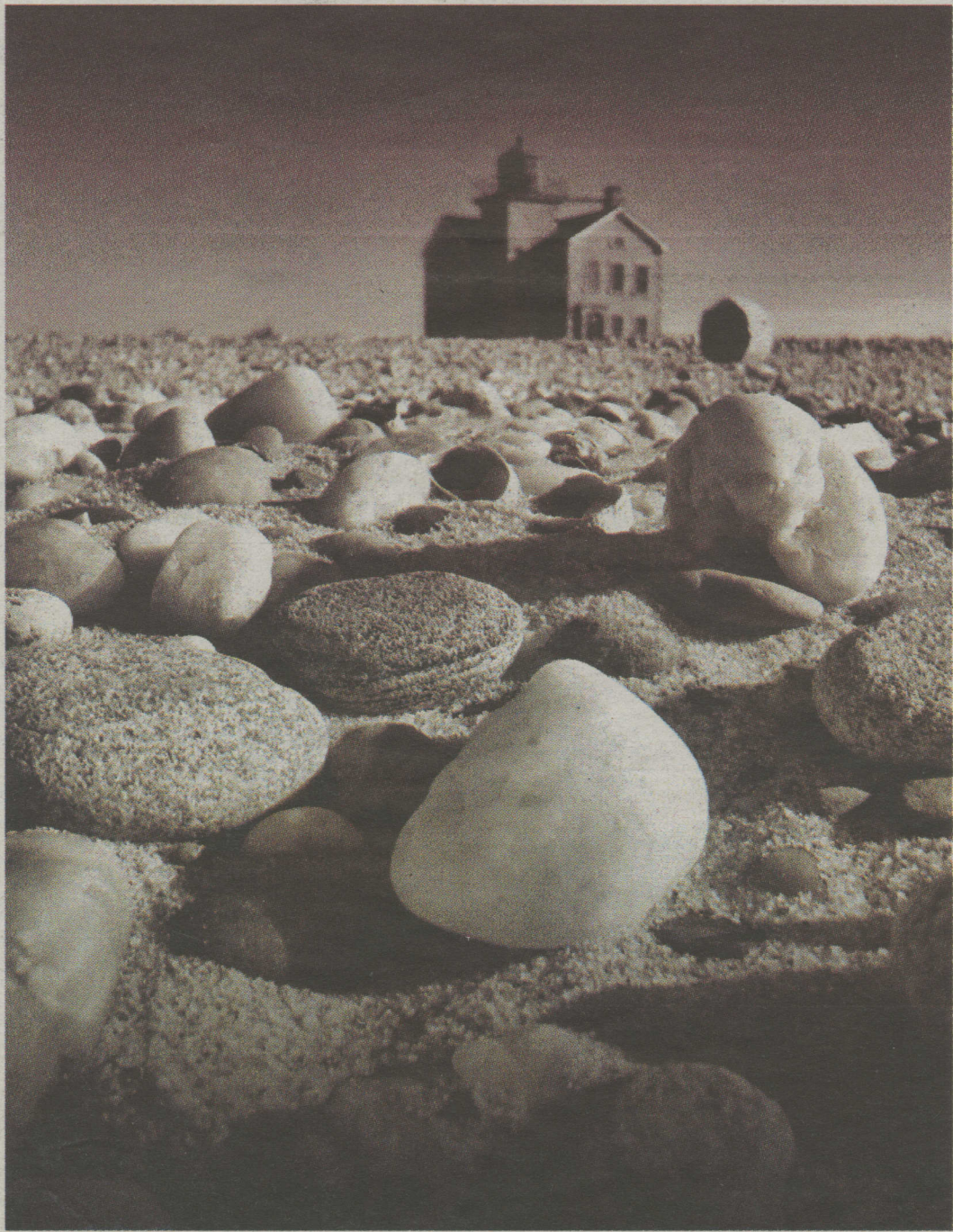
rooted well in fertile soil
 my sweet child a girl
 born in spring magic ly
 grows as a fresh pink flower
 she blooms like a ripe berry
 now a cool laughing woman
 together we share rain storm's
 funny worm and garden path's



She Blooms, in me! By Adina Silverbush

Giggling, Sweetness
 Sunlight illuminates her hidden treasure
 Toys of childhood, her spirit is young
 Dancing with plants
 Smiling gnome
 A piece of her hair still lingers
 Spring takes over and beauty overruns us
 Grape vines try to escape,
 we still battle the blackberries
 The garden goddess is still alive,
 only now she blooms in me!
 Mothers garden like something out of a
 dream.
 Keeps me company.





By Brian Wasser



*Alex H. Nagler isn't Professor Nagler;
that's his dad.*

Alex H. Nagler is...

By Alex H. Nagler

Looking back at the past year, I've had some great "Alex H. Nagler is" moments through the past ten issues. The whole thing really started off as a mixture between the *Daily Show's* Senior Correspondent thing and Facebook status. So, for this Lit Sup, combined with some of my poetry (streams of consciousness, as I hate writing the a/b/a/b rhyme scheme or anything close to it), I'm including some of my better "Alex H. Nagler is"es from the past year, without any of their original contexts.

*Alex H. Nagler can't help but smile at
that opening paragraph.*

*Alex H. Nagler really does have pen -
guin pajamas. Really.*

*Alex was in Cape Cod, behind Boston's
power grid during that summer's blackout.
Suck it, bitch.*

*Alex H. Nagler's middle name isn't
Hamilton, it's Harrison. Do you know how
many times he has heard the Alexander
Hamilton Nagler thing? He's not named
after the feisty founding father that could
never be President, dammit. It's been used
since the fourth grade, so stop already. Oh,
and have a nice day.*

*Alex H. Nagler isn't elitist, he just wants
some physical gates. And his French fries.*

*Alex H. Nagler, contrary to what you
may believe, can survive half an hour with -
out Internet. But that's about it.*

*Alex H. Nagler hates this student gov -
ernment and all its problems, but he sure
loves writing about it.*

*Alex H. Nagler enjoys writing these
things, in case you haven't noticed by now.*

*Alex H. Nagler is Frosty the Snowman.
Just without all the cocaine connotations.*

I Hate My Job

By Rebecca Kleinhaut

A sparse office. There are two desks; one desk sits stage left and faces the stage right wings, while the other is upstage center and faces the audience. EARLY, early thirties and skinny, sits at the stage left desk. He is moving furiously through a large stack of papers, scribbling on each one before moving on to the next.

Enter SARAH, late twenties, from the stage right wings. She is carrying a large rectangular cardboard box, and she is having trouble wrapping her arms around it. She staggers across the stage and stops in front of Early's desk. She stands there for a few seconds, trying to get a good grip on the box. Early does not look up. She clears her throat. No response.

SARAH: Early?

No answer.

SARAH: Early!

EARLY: Sarah?

SARAH: Where do you want it?

EARLY: Want what?

A beat. Sarah juggles the box.

SARAH: Early!

EARLY: Sarah?

SARAH: This is heavy, Early!

EARLY: I know. Corporate's been breathing down my neck all day. Where have you been?

Early looks up at Sarah, then returns to his paperwork.

EARLY: Just put it on your desk. I don't want to lift it later. It's probably heavy.

Sarah drops it on the floor in front of Early's desk. Early doesn't look up. Sarah sits at her desk and begins to work her way through a large pile of papers. The two work in total unison for a beat.

SARAH: Early?

EARLY: Sarah?

SARAH: Can you give me the Jorgensen file?

EARLY: I gave it to you yesterday.

SARAH: That's impossible.

EARLY: How is that?

Sarah stops working.

SARAH: Why would I have asked you for the Jorgensen file yesterday? I didn't need it yesterday. I need it today.

EARLY: You needed it yesterday. You specifically asked me for it and I gave it to you.

Sarah opens the top right drawer of her desk and rummages through it. She sits back in her chair for a beat as Early continues to work through his paperwork. Then, she returns to her paperwork.

SARAH: Early?

EARLY: Sarah?

SARAH: Do you know what's in the box?

EARLY: Yes.

SARAH: What's in the box?

EARLY: You didn't check?

SARAH: It's taped shut.

EARLY: Oh.

SARAH: So, what's inside?

A beat. Sarah stares at Early.

SARAH: I shook the box.

Early stops working.

EARLY: You shook the box?

SARAH: I shook the box. And I dropped it on the floor. Just now.

EARLY: You shook it and you dropped it?

SARAH: Actually, I didn't shake it so much as jump with it and listen to it rattle.

EARLY: You shook the box?

SARAH: So it's something that can be broken?

Early looks at Sarah, who smiles. He goes back to his paperwork. She follows suit. They work for a beat.

SARAH: Early?

EARLY: Sarah!

SARAH: I definitely don't have the Jorgensen file. Can you just check your desk?

EARLY: No!

SARAH: Why not?

EARLY: Because I know that I gave it to you yesterday. You asked me for it and I gave it to you.

SARAH: That makes no sense, because I only needed it just now.

EARLY: Check your desk, Sarah.

SARAH: I already did, Early!

Early looks up from his paperwork.

EARLY: Check your fucking desk, Sarah.

Early goes back to his paperwork. Sarah does as well, but she moves slowly and angrily. After a beat, she stops working and slams down her pen. Sarah gets up from her desk, walks over to Early's desk, opens the top left drawer and begins to go through it. When she is done rummaging, she shuts it and stands over Early for a moment. She walks away, sits back at her desk, and goes back to her paperwork.

After a beat, Sarah stops working.

SARAH: Early?

EARLY: Sarah?

SARAH: I can live without the Jorgensen file.

EARLY: I know.

SARAH: But I really need the Fuller folder.

EARLY: The Fuller folder?

SARAH: The Fuller folder.

EARLY: You asked me for that on Wednesday.

SARAH: This Wednesday?

EARLY: Yes, this Wednesday.

SARAH: I know that I definitely don't have it.

EARLY: I know for a fact that you have it.

SARAH: Why do you say that?

Early stops working.

EARLY: Because I needed it this morning and I didn't have it. So, that means that you must have it. And when you're done with it, please give it to me.

A beat. Early goes back to work. Sarah goes back to work, scribbling even more furiously. After a beat, Sarah gets up from her desk and walks over to the right drawer in Early's desk. She throws it open and begins to furiously rummage through it. When she is finished, she slams it shut and walks back to her own desk.

Sarah throws open the drawer on the left side of her desk and repeats her rummaging with the same kind of fury as previously demonstrated. She picks up all of the file folders and throws them on the floor on the side of her desk. She gets on the ground and rummages through them. She stops after a moment, stares at the mess, and then puts her hand on the side of the desk to hoist herself up. Two file folders come away with her hand. She looks at them for a moment, then walks over to Early's desk and places one of them down.

Sarah walks back to her desk. She steps over the pile of file folders and sits down.

They work in unison for a beat.

Sarah stops working.

SARAH: Early!

EARLY: Sarah?

SARAH: What's in the box, Early?

EARLY: Don't worry about it, Sarah.

A beat.

SARAH: Early?

EARLY: Sarah!

SARAH: Can I open the box?

EARLY: No!

Sarah picks up a letter opener and runs around the side of her desk with it. Early gets up and runs in front of the box. Sarah easily shoves him out of the way. She gets down on the ground and attempts to stick the letter opener into the tape. Early grabs her arms, and they both grapple with the letter opener for a moment.

SARAH: Tell me what's in the box!

EARLY: No!

SARAH: Tell me!

EARLY: Okay, fine!

They stop grappling and stand for a beat.

EARLY: I don't know what's in the box.

SARAH: You don't know what's in the box?

EARLY: I don't know what's in it, but it's my responsibility. So fuck off, Sarah. For once in your life, just fuck the fuck off!

They stand facing each other for a beat.

SARAH: Let's open it together, Early.

EARLY: What? No!

SARAH: Forget about corporate! Forget about Fuller, and forget about Jorgensen, too. We've been here too long, Early! We deserve to know what's in this box. We deserve to do something else besides paperwork!

She stretches out the hand that holds the letter opener. Early stares at it. After a moment, he turns and walks back around his desk. He sits down and resumes his work.

Sarah stands in front of the box. Eventually, she turns back to her desk. She picks up the files from the floor and places them in the drawer. She shuts the drawer. She sits down at her desk.

They work in unison.

EARLY: Sarah?

No response.

EARLY: Sarah!

SARAH: Early?

EARLY: This folder on my desk. Is it the Fuller folder?

SARAH: It's the Fuller folder.

EARLY: And you have the Jorgensen file?

SARAH: I have the Jorgensen file.

EARLY: Good.

SARAH: Good.

They continue to work in unison.

END SCENE.

Prose

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL.

By Vincent Michael Festa.

Don't ask, don't tell.

One policy that I prefer to live by is this one. One phrase that stands out to be true,

Don't ask, don't tell.

How would you like it if you were in a conversation and asked for someone's name that you were curious about, only to have the other person tell you things you didn't want to know or cared to ask about?

Don't ask, don't tell.

How would you feel reading about a crush's private life, details you didn't need to know or cared about that strike you differently about someone. Details that makes you feel left out, foolish, or jealous?

Don't ask, don't tell.

I had a lot of things ruined for me because friends chose to interfere in my personal life just to get a rise. Realise how it feels when someone from a team messes up and you pick up the slack, how you wait in line for a movie only for someone to give the ending away, or even the idea of someone getting in between you and what you need to do when it's only your responsibility, your dilemma, or your business.

Don't ask, don't tell.

Because of what happened in the past, I make it an effort to try and get out of as much of getting to know someone as I can before I, not others, decide for myself what I want to know about a person. I want to take full control and responsibility, not others, of my life and destiny. I, not others, want to make the effort of taking or firing my shots, not others.

To each, his or her own.

THE CASE OF JOHN WILSEY'S DAUGHTER

By David K. Ginn

MACK THE KNIFE BAR & PUB - MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
9:51 PM - FRIDAY

Tom Fayhorn sat silently with his hands folded under his chin. The bartender came over, drying a shot glass with a dirty white rag.

"Hey, Tom," said the bartender.

Fayhorn looked up at the bearded man with the white apron standing before him. He was still drying the glass but doing it absently now, his attention focused on Fayhorn.

"What is it, Mack?"

"Well," said the bartender. "I hate to bother you, Tom, but you've got a phone call."

He got up from the table and the bartender led him behind the bar. Angry customers were already calling out, protesting the lack of service. Fayhorn ignored them. He took his hat off, shook his hair, and replaced the hat on his head. He picked up the phone and rested the cradle on his shoulder. He reached down below the counter and brought up a bottle of Jack Daniels and a small glass.

"Which line is it on, Mack?"

The bartender had already moved past him and was mixing drinks for a young couple at the end of the bar. "It's on three, Tom," he called without looking up.

Fayhorn pressed the button next to the white tape with the name AMBROSE scrawled across it in quick black letters. He unscrewed the cap off the Jack Daniels and waited for the line to connect. It always took at least thirty seconds to connect from the bar phone. Piece of crap is what it was.

He was just beginning to pour his drink when he heard the voice on the other line, the voice he'd been expecting.

"Tom, are you there?"

"Yeah, I'm here Kat." Then he added, half-joking, "How'd you know where to find me?"

"Are you kidding, Tom?"

"As a matter of fact, I am."

"We need you for this case. It's pretty bad. We got blue and forensics down there now, but they're not moving until we get there."

Fayhorn glanced at his watch. "Give me the address. I'll take a taxi." He finished his drinks as she gave him the address. He closed his eyes and moved his mouth silently, committing it to memory. He thanked her and hung up the phone.

He took his hat off and felt along the velvet brim. He turned to the bartender, who was pouring a drink for an old man with a scar along his neck. "How much for the drink, Mack?"

"It's on the house, Tom," the bartender replied, again without looking up.

Fayhorn smiled. "I'm gonna put you guys out of business."

1402 223rd STREET - MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
10:38 PM - FRIDAY

The building was abandoned, that was the first thing. The lobby floor was decorated with concentric circles: orange, red, black. In the center was a body.

His midsection was caved in, making it seem like he died of starvation rather than being crushed. There was no murder weapon visible. His eyes were open and wide, as if he had watched Satan himself fly down from the ceiling just moments before he died. And that probably wasn't far from the truth.

He crouched down beside the body and stared. He couldn't be sure how much time passed, but when Kat put a hand on his shoulder it felt like he was waking from a dream.

"Now you know why they called us," she said.

Fayhorn nodded. It was certainly no mystery how this man had died: he was crushed to death by an anvil.

"It's just like in the cartoons, isn't it?" Kat said.

Fayhorn nodded again. "This was the work of a truly sick mind."

"Do you want me to bag the evidence?"

Fayhorn held the photograph in his hand. It showed the man, laying dead just as he was right now. But instead of his arms lying peacefully by his side they were clutching a thirty-pound anvil that had been dropped on his midsection. On the bottom of the picture there was one word scrawled in red ink:

Z WOLF

"What do you think that means?" Kat asked.

Fayhorn shook his head. "It could mean anything, really. Whoever killed him was trying to send a message. Let's get some prints and some mud samples from the floor since it was raining this afternoon. Any glob of mud that might even resemble the bottom of a workman's boot I want photographed and quarantined. We'll also need a trajectory estimation and the area of possible propulsion. I want to know how fast this thing was going and how high it would have to be to go that fast."

Kat crouched down beside him. "This is why they call you for these cases. Nothing surprises you."

He smiled. "I always thought it was the hat."

7th PRECINCT - MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
8:04 AM - SATURDAY

Kat sat with her feet up on her desk, her long brown hair running smoothly down her shoulders. Her gun straps were on over the blue blouse she was wearing. Her blazer was thrown over the desk, partially covering stacks of paperwork that were yet to be filed. She lit a cigarette as Fayhorn sat down across from her.

"So, what are you thinking, Tom?"

Fayhorn shook his head. "I don't know. He was murdered, but you already know that."

"Why don't you tell me what you're really thinking?"

Fayhorn sighed. He might as well. "I was thinking it was some sort of cult thing, but the message seems a lot more

like a serial killer to me."

"So why do you think it's a cult?" Kat asked.

"I just do. You saw those circles. You were there. Didn't something feel... strange?"

"Kind of. What do you want to do?"

"We can start by paying this guy's family a visit. Where'd he live?"

"Long Island."

Fayhorn slipped his coat on. "Let's take a ride."

PENN STATION - MANHATTAN, NEW YORK
10:21 AM - SATURDAY

"We can't be doing this," Kat said as they passed under the big sign that said PENN SHOPPING. "We have to file papers, go back to the crime scene- Jesus, Tom, this is insane."

"We have to get out there and take a look before anyone else does. This guy Arnold lived alone, so for all we know there could be people at his house right now, going through shit and moving things around -- people connected with the murder."

They followed the signs to the Long Island Railroad and made it just in time to see their train go by. Kat laughed.

"It was your idea to get the hot dogs," Fayhorn said as he sat down on his briefcase. "So I don't know why you're laughing."

Kat just shrugged her shoulders. "You want to get a drink?"

Three minutes later they were sitting in the back of a mock-Irish pub near the ticket counter, each with a drink in their hand.

"How've you been doing?"

"Well."

"I'm still missing my leather boots. You should give them back."

"We're already in trouble for skipping town. Let's make the most of it and not fight."

Kat sat back and tossed her blazer onto the booth seat. "What do you want to do then, get drunk? That's the answer, isn't it? How many days have you been sober in the past few months? Two? It has to be three at most, and I'll bet those days were an accident."

Fayhorn was silent.

"I knew it. One day you're gonna wake up and realize that you've let your entire life slip through your fingers."

Fayhorn finished his drink. "I doubt that."

ARNOLD RESIDENCE - MANORVILLE, NEW YORK
2:18 PM - SATURDAY

The house smelled old, as if it had been abandoned years ago instead of days. Fayhorn frowned. The situation was the exact opposite of what he'd expected. The carpet was clean, the Bible was on the end table, every remote was accounted for and the television was perfectly polished.

The kitchen was even worse. Every chair was pushed in, every cabinet closed, no dishes in the sink, no half-eaten cereal bowls on the table; everything was perfect.

"Hey Kat, are you getting what I'm getting?"

Kat nodded. "This isn't the typical cleanup before the daily commute."

"It doesn't seem like it."

"So what do you think it is?"

Fayhorn opened the coffee maker and ran his finger inside. Not only were there no signs of recent usage, but there was no filter. That bothered him. "I think he planned on leaving. It looks like he wasn't planning on being back for a while."

"How do you know?"

Fayhorn browsed through the cabinets. "This isn't a clean house, Kat. This is a house that's ready to be sold."

Kat smiled. "You said housecat."

"I was talking about something, wasn't I?"

"You always are."

WEEK'S COFFEE SHOP - HAMPTON BAYS, NEW YORK 3:37 PM - SATURDAY

Fayhorn closed his notebook and shrugged. "I guess that's it, then."

Kat frowned. "No, Tom, that can't be it. No way."

"I'm afraid it is. What else do you want me to say?"

"I don't know. What are you gonna do, leave?"

"I didn't say I was leaving."

"Tom, if not for you, then at least do it for me. Please."

Fayhorn sighed. "Fine, you win." He looked up at the waiter. "I guess I'm going to add on a hamburger platter... with extra fries."

The waiter nodded. "Give it a few minutes."

Fayhorn looked over at Kat, who was smiling. "Are you happy now? Just because I ordered it doesn't mean I'm going to eat it. And what was that about doing it for you?"

"I'm just gonna eat by myself while you stare at me in frustration long enough to warrant a childish storm-off to the car? When I order, you order. Clear?"

"Quite. Now let's talk about our friend Mr. Arnold."

Kat shrugged. "I think we should go back to the precinct. There's nothing more we can do here."

Fayhorn shook his head. "No, no. There's plenty to do here."

"Like what?"

"Find out why his house was cleaned to perfection when he died."

"Why would someone do that?"

"The same reason people always clean things: to get rid of a mess."

SHERIFF'S OFFICE - RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK 4:34 PM - SATURDAY

Fayhorn ran his fingers along the brim of his hat. He didn't like the air in the lobby; it made his eyes hurt. Kat was looking through a stack of papers the receptionist had handed her, but so far she didn't look impressed.

Fayhorn looked at her for a while, as he often did. There was a quality in her -- something he'd never be able to describe but had always respected. He cared for her enough to want her off the case, but he could see now that it wouldn't

happen. He sensed what was going on, and knew that she'd be better off in the city, taking care of her work and living her life in peace -- or ignorance. He had a feeling she could do neither, whether he tried to stop her or not.

He looked back at the picture and frowned.

It was a photograph of a boy lying on the floor of a high school gymnasium, his body twisted in a way Fayhorn had never seen before. It seemed as if the kid had tried to turn his body 180 degrees while reaching for his sneaker. All four limbs were broken, and although the photograph made it difficult to tell, the neck and spine probably were, too.

"What happened to this kid?"

Forester-- a fit, youthful deputy in his early thirties-- looked up from his logbook and pointed at the glass doors. "We found him at the high school, just a few hours after classes were over. We figure some kids waited in the locker room until everyone left, then beat him in the gym. They really had it in for the guy."

"So he was waiting with them?"

"We don't know what the boy was doing there. A janitor found the body and dialed 9-1-1. The scene's intact -- minus the body, of course -- but if you want to check it out--"

Fayhorn slid the photograph back and walked to the door. "Come on, Kat!"

"Where're we going?"

"To relive your glory days."

"You mean every day before I met you?"

Tom smiled. "Even better: high school."

Kat handed the stack of papers back to the receptionist. "Still counts."

RIVERHEAD HIGH SCHOOL - RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK 5:06 PM - SATURDAY

Forester nodded to the guard as they ducked under the yellow tape surrounding the gymnasium. He looked back at Fayhorn. "Are you sure this is related to your case, Detective?"

"I'm pretty sure it is."

"I hate to admit it, but we do have more than one unsolved murder in this town."

"Not like this." Fayhorn replied.

They ducked under another set of yellow tape that had previously formed a perimeter around the body. Kat looked around, confused. "There's no blood or anything."

Forester nodded. "There was none on the scene. There were no lesions on the body, and the coroner's report said the bruises were caused by the bones breaking outwards."

"I wish I'd seen the photo before we left."

"How many bones were broken?" Fayhorn asked.

Forester was silent at first, then bit his lip uncomfortably and took a breath. "All of them."

Fayhorn shook his head. "I mean the whole body."

"So do I."

Kat smiled. "On second thought, I'm glad you didn't show me."

Fayhorn looked around the gym, surveying the area but not seeing anything else out of place. He paused when he came to a giant banner advertising the football team's next home game. The banner was held by four ropes, one for each

corner. The ropes looped through bronze rings and were anchored to metal poles by the doors and iron framework in the ceiling.

"What happened to the rope?" Fayhorn asked.

Kat and Forester looked at the banner, confused.

Fayhorn pointed to the right corner. "That rope... it's tied on both ends, like the others. But it's got a knot in the middle, which the others don't have."

"You think someone cut the rope and then retied it?" Kat asked.

"It's plausible, especially if time wasn't on their side. If they needed that part of the banner loose but didn't want to spend a few minutes messing with the anchors, it makes sense that they'd cut it."

"Let's get the banner down." Kat said.

A few minutes later Forester was in the iron framework of the ceiling, cutting the upper right rope with a razor. "I don't know how these guys do it," he called down. "I thought it was scary getting up here, but navigating through these bars is a lot worse."

"Just keep steady and go slowly." Kat called back.

After another minute, the rope broke and the right side of the banner fell over itself, drooping just above the floor. They all stared at the brick wall the banner had been covering. Someone had written, in three-foot high letters with red paint:

ELF

"What do you think that means?" Kat asked.

Fayhorn frowned. "It means I know why our buddy Arnold was called 'Z Wolf'."

"Z Wolf and Elf? Sounds like *Dungeons & Dragons* to me. You think it's some sort of geek cult?"

Fayhorn shook his head. "No."

"Then what?"

"It means there are at least ten more murders we don't know about."

SHERIFF'S OFFICE - RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK 7:18 PM - SATURDAY

Fayhorn shuffled through a box of case files. "Elf and zwölf are consecutive numbers in the German numeral system. Elf is eleven, zwölf is twelve. We need to find out when and where the first ten murders happened."

"Do you want me to call the sheriff?" Forester asked.

"No. We need to keep this to ourselves, at least until the morning. As soon as this goes back to the precinct, we're gonna lose it to the FBI."

"Isn't that good?"

"I'm not looking forward to them stepping on our shoes, especially since I'm already stepping on yours. But when the time's right, I care more about the case being solved than taking credit for it."

"Bullshit." Kat laughed.

"Don't listen to her."

Forester pulled out a folder. "This one's from Monday, labeled as a heart attack. It's pretty straightforward, but we can check it out."

Fayhorn flipped his cell phone open and gestured to Kat. "I'll call in if you find a motel."

"We'll be in a heap of shit if we don't come back again. This'll be the third time I've gotten in trouble for this, Tom."

"Does that mean you're going back without me?"

Kat sighed and looked for a phonebook.

"Deputy, what's this guy's name?"

"John Wilsey. He was a local realtor."

"Get me an address and a list of nearby family."

WILSEY RESIDENCE - EAST MORICHES, NEW YORK 9:14 AM - SUNDAY

Fayhorn and Kat sat uncomfortably on the couch as the girl returned from the kitchen. She handed them each a glass and sat across from them.

"Thanks for the lemonade, Ms. Wilsey--" Fayhorn said.

"You can call me Ellen."

Fayhorn sipped his drink and nodded. "It's good."

"I made it myself."

"You did a great job." He paused. "I know this may not be a good time for you, and you're probably wondering why we're investigating you father's death."

"It crossed my mind, but I'm still okay to talk about it."

"Ellen, did your father act strangely at all in the weeks leading up to his heart attack? Maybe he left the house a lot, or at random times?"

"Nothing like that."

"Was there anything different about his behavior? Sleep schedule, bipolarism, depression, increase or decrease in physical activities?"

"No. At least, not that I noticed. He was completely himself. Why is that important?"

"So he didn't act out of the ordinary at all?" Kat asked.

"Himself," Ellen replied. "He was himself. Why do you ask?"

"We believe your father may have been involved in an unauthorized placebo experiment performed by a local research lab and that it may have played a role in what happened to him."

"You're telling me a bunch of doctors killed my dad?"

"We don't know anything for sure. That's why we're here."

Ellen nodded, her eyes swelling. "I'm sorry. I thought I was okay to talk about it, but hearing that it wasn't his fault... I always told him to eat healthy and exercise like I do, but he never listened. It's so selfish, but I almost feel relieved to know there was nothing I could have done."

"That's not selfish," Kat said. "It means you cared about him."

"I hope that's what it means."

"You've answered all our questions, Ellen, and right now you've done the best you can to help him, even though he's passed on. As soon as we find more information, we'll let you know."

Ellen nodded as they handed their lemonade glasses back to her. "Thank you."

LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK
10:02 AM - SUNDAY

Fayhorn checked the rental car's rearview mirror as they drove down the highway.

"No one's following you," Kat said.

"You never know."

"So what was all that bullshit about a placebo experiment?" Kat asked.

"I had to come up with something."

"Yeah, well it really got her worked up. What's the point of solving murder cases if you're gonna destroy people's lives in the process?"

"You really do have a pension for drama, don't you?"

"You have a pension for being insensitive."

Fayhorn shook his head. "It's not about sensitivity, it's about priorities."

"Explain."

"Any person who lives their life in any sort of moral fashion does so not by instinct, but by awareness. They're opposites, Kat. A karate expert trains himself to fight by instinct, but a karate master trains himself to fight by awareness. Once you have the instinct, what makes you better than all the rest is your oneness with the world. When you can feel the changes in the wind and know the sounds people make when they're even thinking about approaching you, you've achieved awareness."

"How does that apply to you being an insensitive asshole?"

"Like this: I could go either way with a subject like Ellen Wilsey. Maybe I'm struck by sensitivity, and I chase that feeling, or maybe I keep my mind on the mission and label human emotion as nothing more than a distraction. I could do one of those, or fall somewhere in the middle, but whatever the case, it won't be because of instinct. Every situation, no matter how big or small, requires a completely new set of moral priorities. You have to be aware of everything-- past, present and future; where you are, where you aren't. That's the awareness that informs your decisions, Kat. I knew I was kicking up a dirty rock for an innocent girl before I even walked into her house. I thought about her feelings and how much it would hurt her to have her father's death suddenly be an unsolved case, but I also thought about the people who are going to die if we don't go through with it. She's going through a rough time, but her father went through a rougher one. Ten or eleven other people did, too. I'm aware of Ms.

Wilsey and what she's feeling, but I have to sacrifice what I know I can do to help her in order to help others, so don't attack my methods, because your definition of sensitivity applies only to immediate situations. And, lastly, if you're going to disagree with me, disagree with my decision to deliberately do what I did, instead of insinuating that any part of it was based on instinct- or any other instinctual trait of my character."

"I will never, ever ask again. You talk more now than you did when we were together."

"I really don't."

Kat laughed loudly. "You so do. You used to be able to talk my ear off with that existential crap, but now it's like, whoa! Didn't know there was a sermon in town."

"You took away my only devoted listener."

"You landed on the bed, drunk, asked me to fuck you-- again-- and then called me by someone else's name."

Fayhorn sighed. "It was a random name. I was drunk. I've never even heard the name Fshawn before. It might not have even been a name-- I could have been trying to throw up. I don't remember."

"It was the last in a series of very, very long straws."

"You pulled them."

"How about the one where we're partners, then we each get reassigned, a few months later--"

"Kat--"

"A few months later we're sleeping together, then we're all on dates with flowers and meeting the parents, and then we're not--"

"Don't--"

"And then, a few weeks after we've called it quits, suddenly we're partners again. How the hell did that happen?"

"I thought we could still be friends."

"You were right. But that's not why you did it."

Fayhorn shook his head. "None of this even matters."

"What doesn't?"

"This conversation about us, the one we had about Ellen Wilsey, whatever you're about to say next."

"Why doesn't it matter?"

"Because we wouldn't have even started talking about our relationship if I'd told you what I knew when we got in this car."

"And what do you know?"

"That Ellen Wilsey isn't telling us everything."

"Okay, you've successfully changed the subject. Back to the late John Wilsey's daughter-- what would she want to hide?"

"Something that scares her. Whatever it is, we have to find out before she-- and others-- get hurt. I have some

banking business I have to take care of, so I'm gonna drop you off with the deputy. Find out anything you can about the Wilsey family."

WILSEY RESIDENCE - EAST MORICHES, NEW YORK
11:39 AM - SUNDAY

Fayhorn held up his glass of lemonade and smiled. "Just as good as it was before."

"Thank you," Ellen said as she set the pitcher on the coffee table.

"But your act isn't."

Ellen froze, then looked up at him slowly. "What do you mean?"

"I don't buy it. Everything you told us you didn't know-- my partner couldn't see through it, but I did."

"I don't know what you're talk--"

"You told us your father displayed no abnormal behavior before his death. You said he didn't go out at random times and that he never altered his sleep schedule."

"I was telling you the truth."

"I know. I saw it in your eyes. That's what tipped me off. You see, I'm following a string of murders, all done in bizarre, improbable fashions, and I'm convinced your father's death is somehow connected."

"Why?"

"Because your father sold a house to William Arnold, the same house I was in yesterday. Last night, as I was laying awake in my motel, I popped open my laptop and researched your father's clients. Unfortunately, I couldn't find a transaction with Ricky Lumis, a teenager who was killed recently in his high school gymnasium."

"So my father isn't connected."

Fayhorn shook his head. "I did, however, find a car registered to Ricky Lumis. That car was, eight months ago, registered to a Mr. John Wilsey of this address. Your dad sold him the car."

"If you think my father was involved, why did you pretend it was a research scandal?"

"Because I had to know if you were involved."

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are. Your father displayed no abnormal behavior because he wasn't killed in the same way as the others. You confirmed that for me when you told me the truth. When you went along with the research bit, I knew you were holding back. Your father was murdered, Ellen, and you need to tell me who was responsible."

"He wasn't murdered."

"Yes, he was. He was murdered because he knew something about the serial killings. What did he know?"

"I don't know. I--" Ellen paused, then began to shake.

Fayhorn took a step towards her. "Are you okay?"

Ellen's eyes lit up as broad, black streaks flowed from her scalp into her blonde hair. Her housedress flapped as it morphed into a red tank-top and black skirt. Tattoos began writing themselves along her arms and down her legs. She turned to Fayhorn and smiled.

"That's good work, detective."

Fayhorn jumped back, tripped over the coffee table and fell to the couch. Ellen strode to him, her hips moving in graceful rhythm with her arms.

"I really must thank you. I was getting so tired of being the sweet chick."

"What the hell's going on?"

Ellen lowered her knee to the couch, pressing it firmly between his legs. "I don't know how you managed it, but you made the connections. That's brains. I haven't found a mind like that in a long, long time."

Fayhorn tried to shift free, then sank back into the cushion.

Ellen smiled. "It's a will spell. They're difficult to perform, but I've gotten a lot better lately. You drank some damn good lemonade, mixed with some items you'd rather not know about. I did the incantations earlier, to save time. Will spells are so great because they only take effect when the master stares into the slave's eyes for at least thirty seconds."

"What have you done to me?"

"I figured, if you left quietly, it would wear off in six hours and nothing would have happened. But now-- well, I'm afraid I can't let you leave."

Fayhorn tried to get up again.

"Stay down!" Ellen yelled. He fell back to the couch. She ran her fingers over his shirt slowly, licking her lips. "I don't think I told you how badly brains turn me on."

Fayhorn shook his head.

"Take my shirt off," she said quietly.

Fayhorn grabbed the ends of her shirt and pulled it over her head.

Ellen closed her eyes and sighed deeply. "Put yourself inside of me and don't look back."

WILSEY RESIDENCE - EAST MORICHES, NEW YORK
12:41 PM - SUNDAY

Fayhorn stared up at the ceiling. "That was awkward."

Ellen knelt beside him, her housedress forming neatly around her legs. "Why, mister, you have defiled me. Shame on you."

"Oh well."

Ellen changed her appearance back. "Oh well? I tried to play a game with you, detective. The least you could do is play along."

"I'm not in the mood."

"Hating yourself for sleeping with the enemy?"

Fayhorn turned and shook his head. "No. Actually, I kind of enjoyed that part." He pulled his arm back and punched her in the right eye. She fell off the couch and screamed.

"You son of a bitch! Don't move!"

"I didn't drink the lemonade, Ellen. I'm smarter than that."

"How'd you know it was drugged?"

"I didn't. It just tasted crappy the first time. I wouldn't drink it again."

"We just--"

"Yep, we did."

"If you weren't under the spell, why'd you do it?"

Fayhorn shrugged. "It seemed like the thing to do."

"I'm gonna kill you."

Fayhorn grabbed his gun and pointed it at her head. "I don't think you will."

Ellen lowered her head and gripped the carpet. "*Ala nu sum, vensi dun!*"

She disappeared.

Fayhorn stared for a minute, then put his gun back in its holster. "Well, that was different."

SOUTH FORK MOTEL - RIVERHEAD, NEW YORK

2:17 PM - SUNDAY

Fayhorn entered the room and froze.

Forrester came in behind him, turned around and vomited.

Kat lay on the bed, her throat slit from ear to ear. A metal pole had been driven through the ceiling, her mid-section, the bed and the floor beneath. Her blank, lifeless eyes stared upwards.

Fayhorn knelt by the bed, his body shaking as he closed her eyes and kissed her lips softly.

Forrester had begun to get up when Fayhorn came back to the doorway and grabbed him by the throat. The deputy choked out incoherent syllables while Fayhorn took his pistols and dropped him to the ground.

"Detective!" Forrester screamed as Fayhorn got in the sheriff's patrol car. "Wait!"

Fayhorn started the engine and sped away.

WILSEY RESIDENCE - CENTER MORICHES, NEW YORK

3:47 PM - SUNDAY

Ellen heard the approaching engine and smiled. She'd obviously gotten his attention. She could almost feel her blood boil with excitement as the sound got closer. It turned her on in a lot of ways.

She pulled the curtain from the window and jumped as the patrol car crashed through the front wall of the house, tearing through beams and brining the second floor down on a slant.

She dove into the kitchen and looked up as the car crashed into the stairway and stopped. She reentered the living room cautiously, waiting for Fayhorn to open the door and greet her.

Instead, she saw the wheels still spinning along the banister, the empty seats inside, and the rope hanging from the gas tank.

She ran back into the kitchen as the fuse burned to the tank.

The car exploded, blowing the sides of the house clear onto the lawn and bringing the second story down in a fiery mess. Flaming furniture and wall sections flew into the driveway, accompanied by whatever remained of the patrol car.

Fayhorn ducked behind the nearest tree, still holding the burnt end of the rope. When the smoke cleared enough he limped towards the lawn, holding the bloodied

knee he'd hurt when he'd jumped out of the car.

There was a loud popping sound as the oil burner exploded, nearly disintegrating the remains of the house as it shot them across the yard. A flaming beam hit Fayhorn in the shin beneath the injured knee, bringing him to the ground.

As he crawled back to the tree for cover, he felt a heel dig into his back.

Ellen looked down at him, smiling as her homely outfit burned away. Her pink housedress caught a flame at the bottom and burned off, leaving her completely naked. She shook her body fiercely and let the black streaks flow through her hair. The tattoos once again covered her body, and the red tank top and black skirt materialized over her.

"You can't *really* burn a witch, detective. That's just in the movies. Well, okay, you could, but I wouldn't make it easy for you."

Fayhorn shook free and tried to grab her by the ankle. She leapt over him and scowled. "Your bitch had to die, detective, one way or another. You know it was the only way."

Fayhorn continued his crawl to the tree, screaming in pain as his knee hit a rock.

"I'm going to be made a goddess, with or without you. I'm one away from my induction, and you can either worship me or let me eat your skull. Whichever you choose, I win."

Fayhorn reached the tree and turned over on his back.

"I am about to be made one of the most powerful demons in the world! I have chosen you, detective! You can be my slave, or you can die!"

Behind the tree was the briefcase Fayhorn had left for himself. He opened it, pulled out a pair of pistols, and shot at her.

He emptied out both clips, missing her as she ducked away. He dropped the guns reached back into the case.

"You've got to do better than that if you want to take me down." Ellen said as she got up. "Did I mention the whole demon-goddess thing?"

Fayhorn swung the shotgun around, pumped it and fired.

Ellen put her hand out and tried to dive, but it was too late. The bullet blew a hole through her hand and her chest, exiting out her back and disappearing into the distance.

She fell to the ground, clutching the gaping wound with her hollowed hand. Fayhorn lay the shotgun down and slouched against the tree.

Ellen turned her head to him and smiled. "Thank you, detective. I'll see you soon." She slid her hand to the dirt and wrote in her own blood:

Her body collapsed inwards and turned to ashes. Fayhorn turned and watched what remained of the late John Wilsey's rural home burn to the ground. He reached into the briefcase, retrieved the bottle of Jack Daniels, and drank.

CORRIDORIUM

By David K. Ginn

The corridor was white and faceless. The built-in lamps provided a shadowless interminability that was only a charade of comfort. At the end of the hall was a single white door with a matching handle. To the right was a card scanner and above it a surveillance camera, both colored likewise.

The guards held his arms firmly, and for a second he thought they might damage his suit. After briefly considering a proud struggle, he resolved to hold still until they were finished. He'd have time to struggle later.

A man in a black and white suit approached him, hands folded beneath his silver tie clip. "Mr. Ellerton, I hope you understand these are formal measures, and we're required to take them by law."

Ellerton smiled. "I'll bet. They checked me when I came in, you know."

"Yes, I do."

"Well then you got me. I confess. Here's a question: do you think if I mention the contraband fairy in court I can get off on insanity? I can go check my books if you want."

The man smiled back, then stepped forward and scowled. "Empty 'em!"

The guards violently reached into his pockets, pulling everything they found out and dumping it into a plastic tray.

"Hey!" Ellerton protested. "You can't do that!"

The man looked at Ellerton sternly. "Any pens, pencils, notepads, lipstick, chapstick, cover-up, ointment, memo pads, rocks, stones, jewels or other cosmetics and/or implements?"

Ellerton shook free of the guards' grasp. "Yeah, what you guys just took from me."

"Anything else?"

"No."

The man nodded. "I'll take you in."

Ellerton sat down and shook hands with the young man. "James Haglund?"

"Yes," the man said. "I suppose that makes you my attorney?"

"It does. I'm Richard Ellerton. Before we begin, I'd like to ask you why you feel you're here."

Haglund leaned back in his seat and crossed his arms. "They're afraid of me. They think I want to hurt people."

"Do you?"

Haglund paused, then leaned forward. "Do you have a pen?"

Ellerton shook his head. "They took my pens."

"Fascists. They always take the pens away. You see the pattern, don't you? The written word is power. They try to take it away, because they think it takes away my power."

"And it doesn't?"

"No. Everyone's power is contained within." He began to trace his finger along the table. "It's the release- the release is what we fear."

Ellerton nodded. "Do you feel you're a political prisoner?"

"I'm a prisoner of the fearful. Whether it's fascism, Nazism, theocracy, democracy- it doesn't matter. The people are always afraid."

"Afraid to let you write, because they're

afraid of being enlightened?"

"They're afraid to let someone else have power. It makes them feel weak."

"You were an author. You wrote over ten novels before you turned twenty-five, and then, a few years later, here you are. No one will tell me why, and if you're not going to, I'm wasting my time."

Haglund sank back in his chair. "They don't want me to write. That's why I'm here."

"If that's true, I can have you out of here in a week. Yet somehow I think you're not telling me everything."

"I need a favor from you," Haglund said. "There are things at my apartment, things I left there when they detained me against their own constitution. I need you to bring me these things."

"As of right now, I seem to be forbidden to bring you anything to write with, if that's what you're asking."

"I'm asking for my lord and savior. They've denied my right to practice religion, but they haven't forbade it. I need my papers on the salvation of Christ and the institution of the perfect state. It's in the top drawer of my dresser. I also need my ring, which was a gift from my grandmother, God rest her soul. It's in a small jewelry box on the dresser. Bring me everything in that jewelry box, plus the papers, and then we'll talk."

Ellerton couldn't think of how else to proceed. "I guess I'll see what I can do."

It was the next morning. Haglund sat in his chair, smiling warmly as Ellerton entered. Ellerton sat across from him and put the jewelry box on the table, along with a collection of loose papers and a torn coil bind.

"They gave me hell getting it in here. They tore your book apart, then made sure you weren't smuggling a writing implement in your jewelry box. Whatever you did to piss these people off, you did it well."

Haglund looked through the papers until he found one that caught his attention. His smiled widened. "Thank you, Mr. Ellerton. Thank you so much."

"Can we talk about your case now?"

"The jewelry box?"

Ellerton sighed and slid the box to Haglund. He opened it and pulled out a chain necklace with a cross pendant. Ellerton nodded uncomfortably as Haglund kissed the cross.

"Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, for your salvation."

Ellerton looked down at the paper Haglund had pulled aside. In two-inch red letters, it read:

I GOT OU

He stared at it for a moment, unsure of its meaning. He looked back up at Haglund as the prisoner opened his right palm to reveal a small puddle of blood in the center. The tips of his fingernails were sharp and bright red, and he smiled even brighter as he pressed the cross into his hand.

"Wait, what-"

Haglund slammed the cross onto the right

edge of the paper.

He disappeared.

The door buzzed open. Three guards ran in and threw Ellerton against the wall. The man in the suit followed, tossing the chair across the room and picking up the sheet of loose paper, which now read, in two-inch red letters:

I GOT OUT

The man crumbled the paper and threw it against Haglund's empty chair. He turned around and grabbed Ellerton by the neck.

"Do you have any idea what you've done? You miserable son of a bitch, do you have the slightest clue what you've let out?"

Ellerton tried to pry the man's hands off. "What the hell just happened? Where did he go?"

The man squeezed Ellerton's neck harder. "We are all dead me." The man began to cough.

Ellerton pulled his hands away and breathed heavily. The man in the suit coughed blood onto the floor, then fell back against the table.

"No, don't do this! Can you hear me? Don't do this!"

The man's head swelled, and Ellerton could see the blue veins in his head bulging.

"Don't do thi-" The man screamed as his forehead expanded, and Ellerton ducked as his head exploded, splattering a mixture of blood, brains and skull over the walls.

Ellerton grabbed one of the guards. "What the hell is happening?"

The guard stared at him blankly.

"Answer me!"

The guard's eyes swelled until blood began to flow from the sockets. Ellerton turned to the other guards, who were all convulsing. He ran out and into the corridor, feeling like he was about to throw up. He reached the door at the end and turned the knob.

It was locked.

He turned around and saw that the corridor was shorter. He wasn't sure how it was possible, but less than twenty feet away the corridor ended in what looked like a black void. He stared forward, feeling weak and dizzy. Something in the blackness was moving towards him, but he couldn't make out what it was.

"I can help you!" Ellerton yelled. "I can help-"

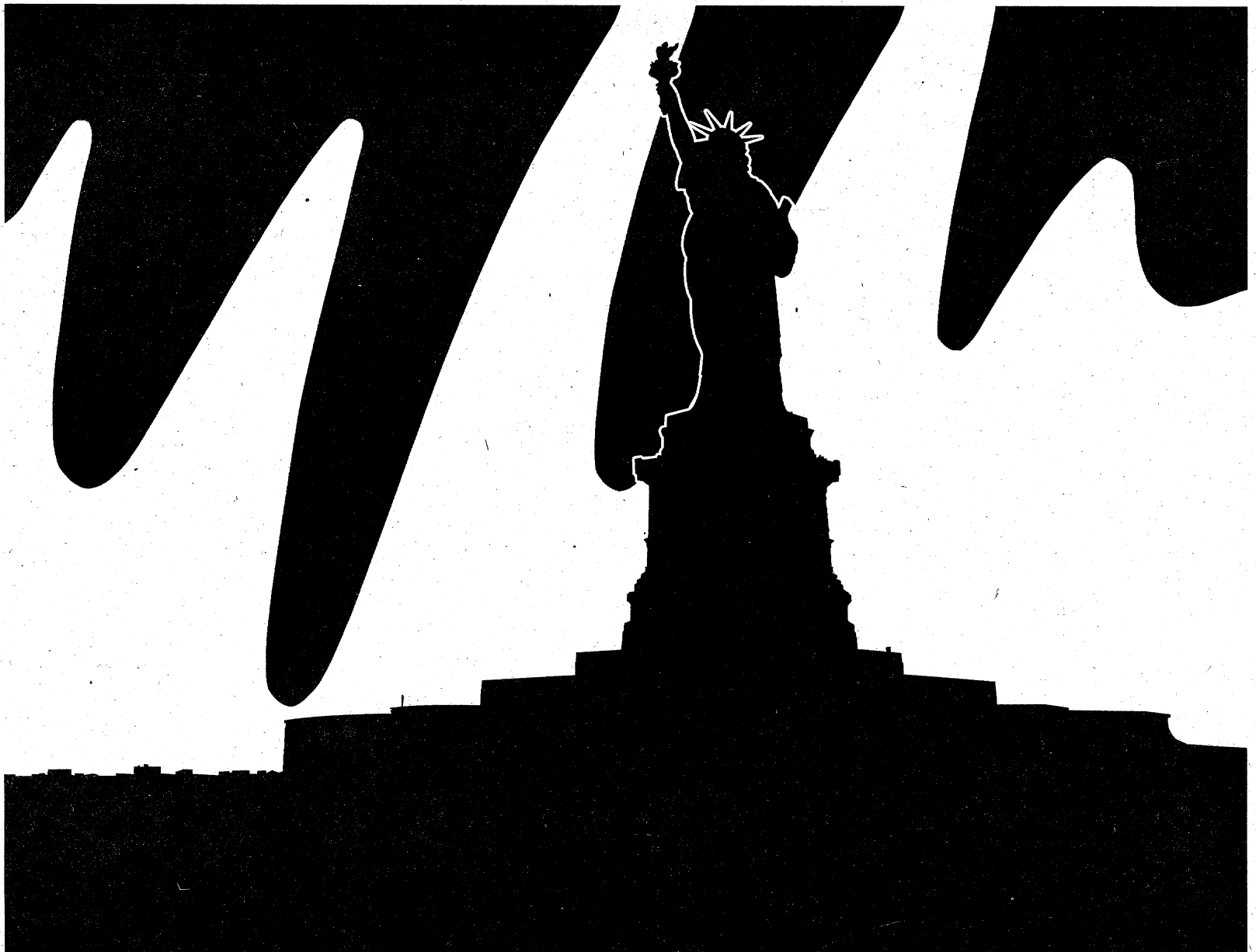
The object moved closer to him, and he saw that it was a blank white sign with a wooden picket.

"No, please don't!"

The picket dashed at him, driving through his chest and pinning him to the door. He spat blood onto the sign, trying desperately to pull it out of him before his muscles went limp. His head fell forward, and he saw a piece of paper land on the floor beneath him. It read, in perfect script:

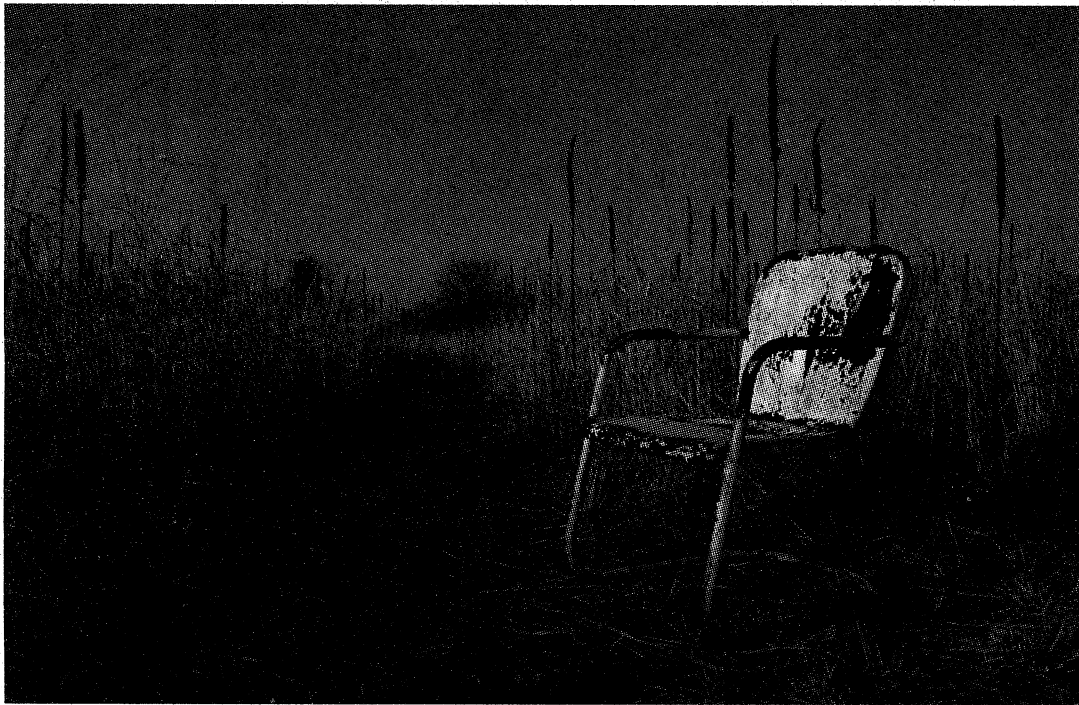
"-and this paper was the last thing he saw."

His eyes remained open as his body rested limply around the picket. His feet slid for a moment, then rested lifelessly on the floor of the corridor.



By Jowy Romano



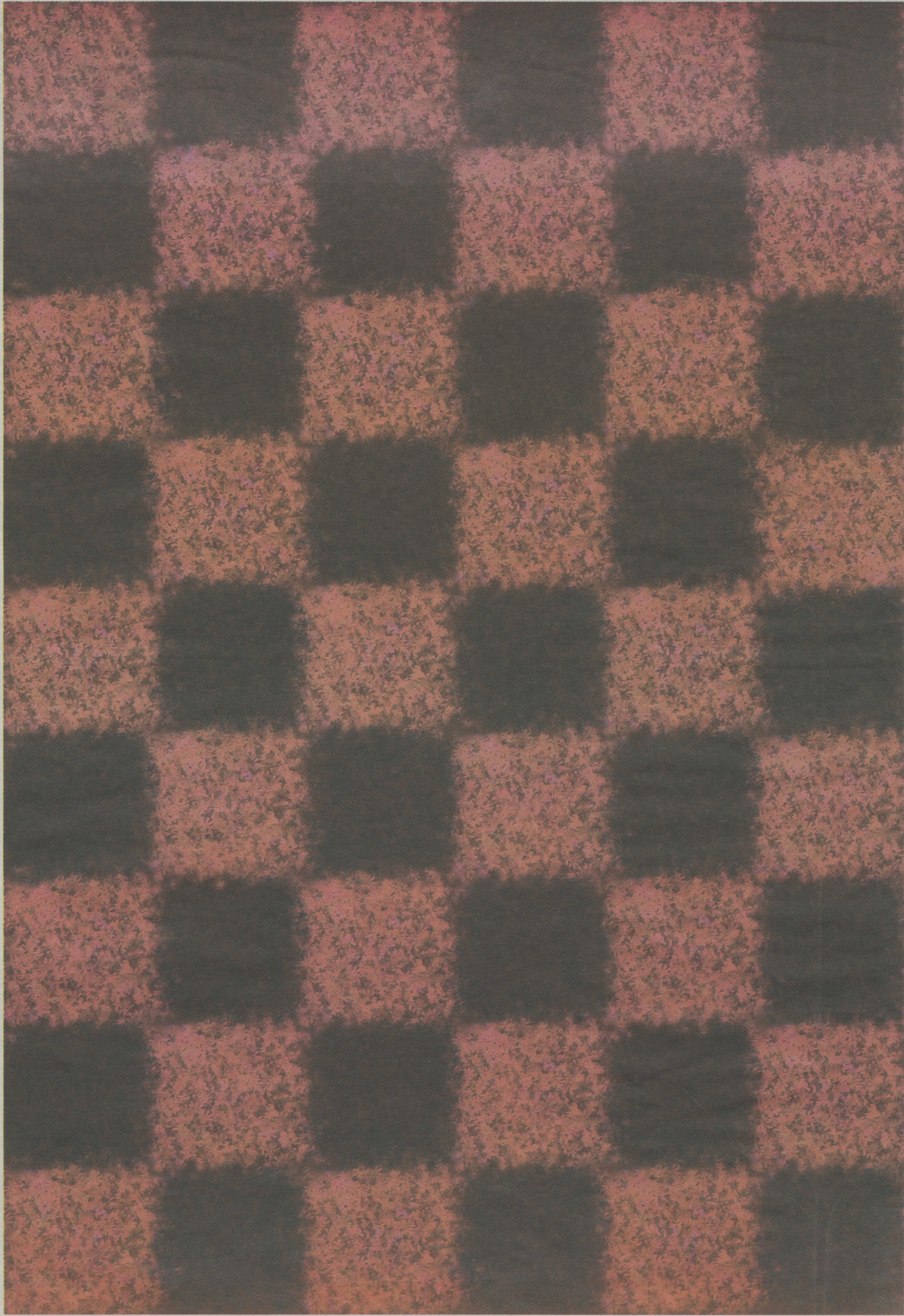


By Brian Wasser



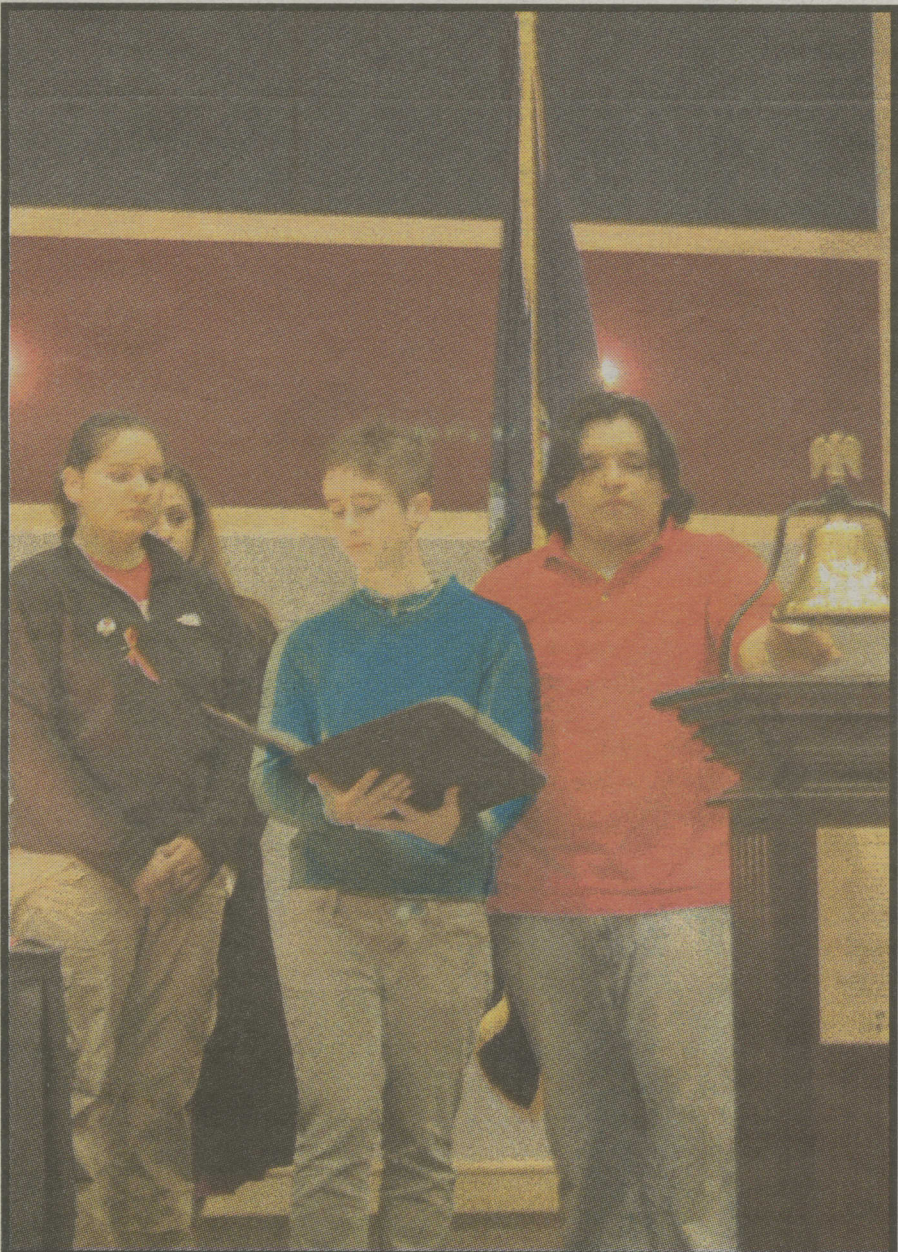
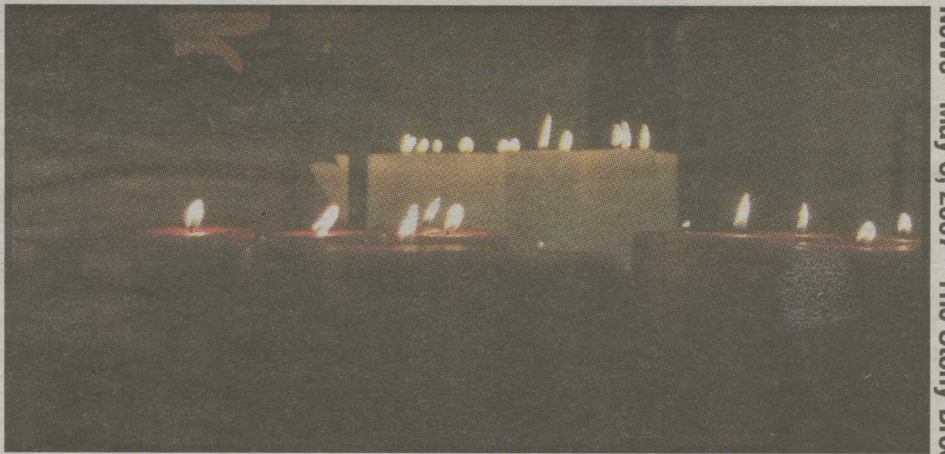
By Tiffany Russo





Checker Yourself Before You Wrecker Yourself

John R. R.



Photos by Jamie Freiermuth



SB Press Interviews Taliesin Jaffe

By Andrew Pernick

If you have watched an anime that has been released State-side in the last fifteen years, chances are Taliesin Jaffe has had some part in its production. From voice acting to translation, direction to casting, he is the veritable Jack of All Trades. If you have read *The Press* over the last five years, Andrew Pernick has had some part in it, from writing to copy editing to managing the whole production nightmare. The following is the first round, first minute knockout of the Anime heavyweight versus the journalist featherweight. It turned out to be, surprisingly, a fair fight.

AP: How did you come to be in the Anime industry?

Jaffe: Oh God. I started, actually, as a fan of Japanese Animation from the time I was about eleven or twelve years old. I was watching Saint Seiya and Dragonball Z and City Hunter on the Japanese rentals stores direct on television. I became a member of the CFO and started my own Japanese Anime fan club in high school. I was already an actor and working in film and working in theater and I was watching what people were doing in bringing it to the states and decided I could do something about this and I made a demo and started working for Jonathan Klein at New Generation Pictures.

AP: Having worked on practically every aspect of the dubbing and subbing process, which part do you enjoy most?

Jaffe: Oooooooh. Acting is just the most fun by no stretch of the imagination and directing is really the most rewarding. You feel better about everything if you're directing. But script adapting is the part where you feel that you have the most say over what gets done. Script adapting is the part where you have the most say over what's on the show is good or not. Depending on the mood I'm in it's one of those three. If I'm feeling lazy I'll choose the acting. If I feel like working really hard I'll choose script adapting and somewhere in the middle is directing.

AP: In general, what is the industry like?

Jaffe: I think it's just like anything else that's entertainment based. It's a collection of passionate people. There's people who're true believers who have been around for ages and are into Anime and want to make it work and there's people who actors and are working to be actors and it's a process for them and it's not about the cartoon and there's some

sheisters who want to make a buck. There's drama and there's infighting and there's great acts of nobility and people being unbelievably cool and helping each other out. It's like any business. It's a little bit of everything. I think we've been lucky for a while. There hasn't been a ton of competition, weirdly enough, just because there's a ton of Anime and there's so much work and there's a certain amount of peace between everybody and definitely everybody in the dubbing industry, at least, just about everybody in the dubbing industry, not everybody, is pretty cool with each other and that's why we get West Coast actors coming to Texas and East Coast actors coming to the West Coast and everyone can jump around a bit just because we're always happy to see each other.

AP: What's your favorite story from the industry?

Jaffe: Oh. I'm trying to think of what I can definitely tell. I don't know. You know who Clarine Harp is. I did spend last year in Texas and I was living in Clarine Harp's knitting room for a year. There's a lot of stories I can't tell or she'll kill me. Let me see. Oh my God. All the ones I can think of are not appropriate to talk about. I had an actor almost die on me once. I had an actor, he was an older gentleman, collapse in the middle of one of my recording posts and we didn't have the air conditioning working and he had a little something happen and he fell over. Big guy, too. And he's down, clutching his chest and we run in and we're trying to call an ambulance and he grabs me by the shirt collar and says, "Don't let me die in the Valley!" and falls over and we could not stand up for two minutes to get to the phone to call the ambulance we were laughing so hard. He was fine, by the way.

AP: How do you make sub fans cry?

Jaffe: Oh. Hit them with a stick. No. I have nothing against sub fans. There are plenty of Anime that I watch subtitled. I'm more than happy to admit that sometimes I'll be watching a dub and go 'I don't like what they did' and I'll hit the click button and I'll turn to the subtitle and go 'Oh God! The same people did the subtitle!' at which point I'll just watch it in Japanese and laugh. The people who are adamant that they saw a dub in 1979 that was Ninja the Wonder Boy have convinced themselves that we have not evolved past Ninja the Wonder Boy in 25 years. I don't necessarily deal with them. I like it when I'm at a convention and my favorite thing to do is go to a convention and sit in the very, very back of the theater and when they hear it's going to be a dub show and hear all

the groans and the sighs and the 'Oh man!' and they sit and they start the video and a few minutes in they're saying, 'No, let's not go yet. Hold on. Okay. Heh. This is pretty good.' And slowly, the audience that was going to get up and leave are now totally into it. I love watching that happen. That pleases me to the core.

AP: Given how hard the industry is, how are you not dead yet?

Jaffe: I don't know. There's certainly a pretty good reputation for voice directors not living to ripe old ages. This is a high-stress job. I know that Anime has at least hospitalized me once. The original Read or Die scripts, I fell over and I had a niacin and caffeine overdose. It's an enormous amount of work and everybody just works so hard. I don't know how I keep doing it - I'm just getting older and it keeps getting harder.

AP: What happens when a casting director miscasts?

Jaffe: I tend to cast my own shows. I know a few people who use casting directors and there's been a couple of times in certain shows where I've gone 'Oh, I've made a mistake!' Usually the mistake is not a big one; we've had enough time to play with everything and pretty much know it's going to work. That's the nice thing about Anime: you know what everyone looks like, you've got auditions on tape and you can put them together and you can paint a very good rough sketch of what it's going to look like and iron that out. I'd be hard-pressed, at least in my dubs, for people to see anything that I would admit is a casting mistake, but it does happen and you just work as hard as you can to cover it up as best as you can. There are mistakes in casting where people were just not thinking clearly. I think it can be a really big obstacle in Anime when someone is honest-to-God miscast.

AP: What happens when you have a bad script?

Jaffe: I rewrite it, line by line. It's happened. I've been handed things that are just... Which is why I always do my own scripts, I don't like other peoples' scripts because they're just crap. Not all of them. Some people have given me fabulous scripts. What we'll do is sit down and not record for five days and sit, for free I might add, and we'll sit and rewrite it until it's good. I don't let bad scripts go by, ever, ever, ever.

AP: What happens when you're working with a bad director?

Jaffe: I apologize to the actors. No, I do exactly what he tells me to do. When

you're working with a bad director, what any good actor will do, and it does happen, you will eventually work with a bad director, you turn off any sense of yourself and you call up a performance you've done before for a good director that you think this director will like and you do it for them and hope that they like it. If you're a good enough actor, you can even give somebody who doesn't know what they want something that will hopefully please somebody. You have to give them what they want because they are in charge. As an actor you really have no say in what is the final product.

AP: What do you think of Tom Stoppard?

Jaffe: Oh, Tom. The greatest living American playwright. English playwright. Not American. He's phenomenal and I just recently got a collection of poetry that he adapted into English. I'll read him all day long. I'd like to see 'Arcadia' done well. I'd like to do the 'Arcadia' Anime! We could do 'Arcadia' as an Anime. We should do that. I want an animated 'Arcadia' and I want to direct the dub. I've said it. There.

AP: What do you think of 'Titus Andronicus'?

Jaffe: That's my least favorite Shakespeare play. How do you know about this? I actually ended up buying it on DVD. I saw the Judy Taymore version and went nuts for it. God! Shakespeare wrote a movie script, it's just they didn't have them back then! I ended up using parts of it for ROD the TV at certain points. It even worked its way into little bits of Hellsing at this point. The new Hellsing, anyway. I love any Shakespeare. Almost any Shakespeare. Ninety percent. Just any time you can have fun with language, especially with Anime, people are not used to having interesting language in their cartoons. Borrowing...making homage to Shakespeare, not 'borrowing' because we don't do that...is always fun, stealing old words if you can get away with it.

AP: Tell us about the translation of metaphor.

Jaffe: One of the three hardest things to do in adapting scripts and one of the things that always gets you into trouble is when you have pun or metaphor in the show is the minute the subtitle fans just start hitting us with scripts. And the subtitle fans will demand that we translate the puns or the metaphor literally

Continued on next page

SB Press Interviews Taliesin Jaffe (...Continued)

Continued from previous page

and give it to you in a way that is physically indecipherable but is actually correct. It is technically correct, but if it makes no sense, how correct can it be? One of the things we try to do, at least when I'm working on a dub, and there's at least a few other directors who agree with this, is you take the function of the metaphor, the mechanics of it, and you put it into a new body, a new shell, so you have the same end result of finding the meaning of the metaphor while unfortunately having to drop the original metaphor entirely. Same thing happens with puns. We had a show called Ergo Proxy and there was a pun at one point that says, 'If a freeder has a part-time job, who conducts the orchestra?' And it makes no sense in English, it's a complete mess. Nobody knows what a 'freeder' is - it's a Japanese slang word, so we had to spend hours finding a way to make something viable so that everybody would understand while keeping the same mechanics of the question and the same answer. I'm not going to give it away because the DVD's not out yet.

AP: What happens with the difference between dialects and accents?

Jaffe: One I'm comfortable doing, and one I'm not. We get to a point, and I like especially using accents for shows, I like giving people some regional identity if it's appropriate to the show. Some shows don't need it. You don't really need accents in Sailor Moon; there's only a couple of places where it would be kind of fun. For shows like Hellsing and Read or Die and shows like that, it's great because if you're in Europe, you have some Londoners and some South Londoners and North Londoners and some Welshmen and a couple Scotsmen and you build a European cast and have fun with that. The place where you have to be careful is that you want to keep a base American accent as kind of a base point because you want to be very careful with non-English accents because those can get a little iffy and those are not a functioning dialect. It's a mish-mosh, it's not a standard, it can go any way, so if you're not careful, you can get into the realm of the mildly offensive or to the very offensive if you're not careful and if you don't have an actor who is capable of A,

not only speaking the language in question and B, being able to bring it to a point where it's just nice and simple and soft and not in the way. I think we did that pretty well with Mr. Kim in Read or Die the TV where it's a Chinese accent, but it's a Hong Kong Chinese accent. I've seen some offensive Chinese accents in Anime and I'm hopefully not one of them.

AP: What's your version of the history of the English language?

Jaffe: Oh boy. Really quick. A bunch of paganistic people hanging out in England get conquered by the Picts and the Saxons and the Romans and the Northlanders and the Southerlanders and the Vikings come back in and the Romans come back in like two or three times and we get this mish-mash of language. The English language is this mess where we have a bunch of grammar and grammar rules that are from the Germanic languages that's then mixed with twenty-five percent of the Romance languages, a quarter of it is the Russian languages and it's this complete mish-mash of ideas that come together into this nearly unlearnable, deeply complicated language that's somehow managed through this finagling and not having any rules and having I before E except after C except when it's not and all of this structure, and this language is really well-designed for telling stories and being ridiculous and being a liar and being a liar well and creatively and being circumlocutious and being verbose in that sense. It lends well to writing and to stories and it gives us a lot of exciting ways to write. It's one of the reasons I love dubs is because the English language is really so much fun to play with and, given the opportunity, it does so much the Japanese can't. Which is not to say the Japanese language doesn't do things we can't like cadence and timing. We don't have any gender classification for our nouns. It's just a place to play that's really exciting as a writer.

AP: What is the difference between the science of dubbing and the science of subbing?

Jaffe: I can answer that. The beginning of that is that it's the science of subbing and the art of dubbing. The biggest difference with that is that with subtitling, I always like to use Lewis Carroll as the way of describing this. Lewis Carroll wrote these fabulous math books on logic systems and match logic and

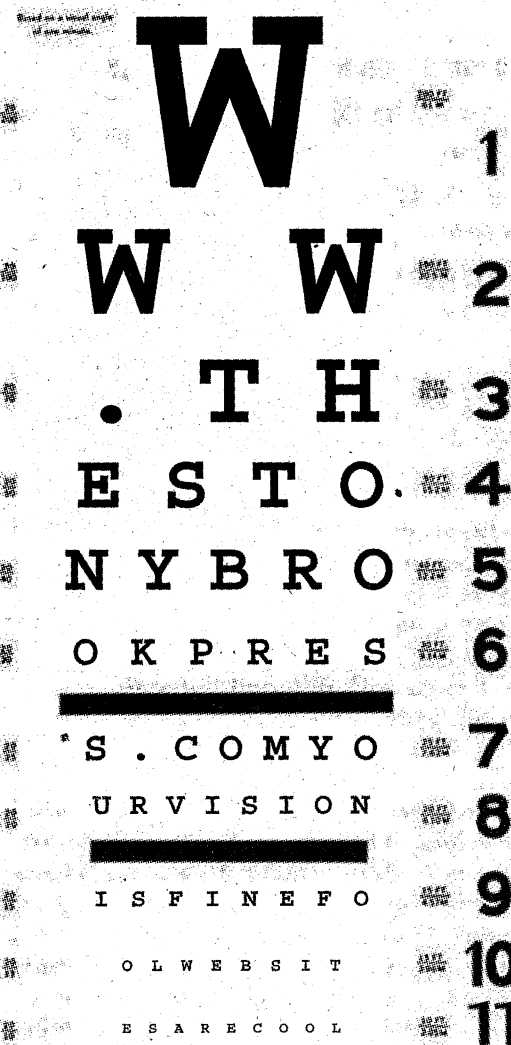
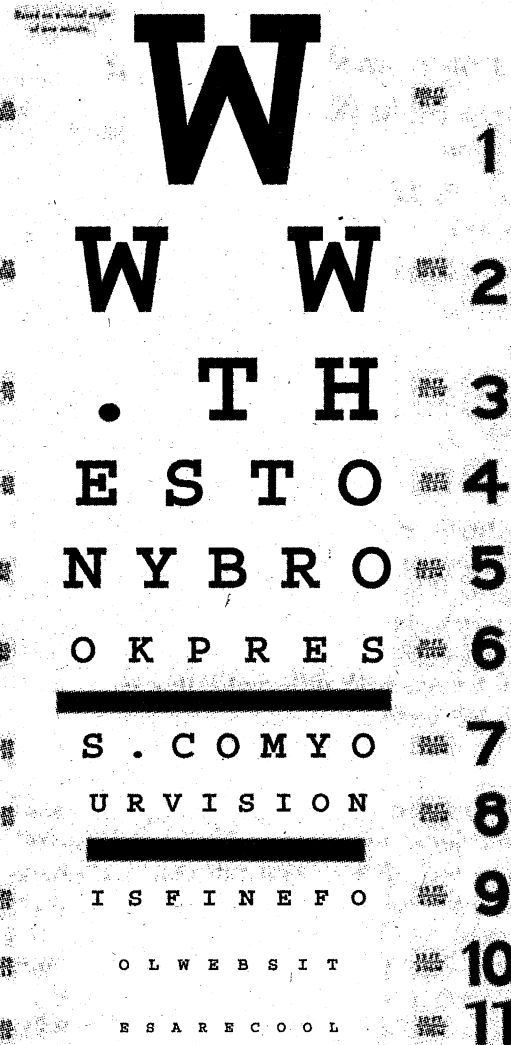
the game of logic. I read them in the freshman year of high school and it really affected the way I work. The subtitle is really designed to capture the literal meanings and take a literal structure of a Japanese sentence, or any foreign language but let's talk about Japanese, and nail that to a pegged wall and you can really make decisions on what adjectives and what nouns are the most appropriate. You have these words that are most often translated this way and while this is not an exact science by any stretch of the imagination, you can get pretty close to about 90% accuracy, if such a thing existed, and you can actually use the word 'accurate', except you can't hit that target, you can hit what's around it. You can get within a very narrow margin. The dubbing really deals with a whole other part of the show. The dubbing doesn't deal with being literal. It doesn't do it well. The subtitles do it very well. Dubbing works really well with subtext and is all about bringing out text and subtext and bringing out class identification and role identification and theater to the Anime, which is kind of important because it's entertainment, and theater is important to entertainment. In that place, we get to actually tell the story; instead of just telling you what they're saying, we get to tell you why they're saying it and make sure you're laughing when you're supposed to laugh and you're not laughing when there's a subtitle that's awkward and that you're upset when you're supposed to be upset and you understand the relationships between the characters and if there's any of these quiet, very subtle Japanese undertones, and the Japanese have these hints to the audience in a language that only the Japanese can really understand, we can take that and shake it out and present it in a more Western style and hopefully give you some of that understanding and what's not being said.

AP: Lastly, what do you think of I-CON?

Jaffe: This is the best dealer's room I have ever seen in my entire life. I am spending more money on Doctor Who merchandise than is ever reasonable. Lot's of Doctor Who. Yay!

AP: Thank you.

Jaffe: Thank you so much.



Silly Putty Discovered To Be Not So Silly

A satire by Joey Safdia

Rummaging through his attic at home during Spring Break, one Stony Brook University student discovered one of his favorite toys as a child, Silly Putty, was simply not as "silly" as he remembered it being when he was a child.

"I remember playing with this stuff all the time as a kid. It was so much fun," Thomas Jacobson, 19, told reporters at a press conference the other day. "But when I found it while cleaning the attic and started to play with it, it just wasn't anywhere near as fun as I remembered it."

Jacobson further described his recent attempts to derive enjoyment from the thixotropic polymer, including pulling and stretching it, pressing it against newspaper to see the words imprinted in the Putty, rolling it into a ball and throwing it, and seeing what shape is needed to make it float in water. All of these activities failed to register the same quantity of innocent childish pleasure that they were able to produce over a decade ago.

"Simply put, the stuff just doesn't really live up to its name," said Jacobson.

The comment sparked a wide range of negative reactions amongst local university students, most of whom were unprepared for the news. Many responded harshly to the idea that Silly Putty could be "anything less than totally fucking awesome" while others mourned the sudden loss of a favorite childhood toy. None, however, refuted his claim.

"I can't believe that Silly Putty wasn't all that much fun," said a grief-stricken Katrina Morris, 21, a political science major. "I mean, me and my friends used to goof around with it all the time when we were really little. I just can't believe that I wasn't really having fun when I was a kid and that my whole childhood was a waste."

Researchers examined the material and discovered that, while it did have some unique and interesting properties, nothing about the children's toy could be accurately construed as "silly." According to

researchers, all it ever does is "sit there and do nothing" when left alone, and the timeframe in which it is still fun has been recorded somewhere between "not long" and "a few minutes."

"A block of clay with a misleading name is still just a block of clay, no matter what interesting properties it has," said Ryan Scott, researcher at MIT's Center of Research for the Advancement of Polymers (CRAP).

Local politicians denounced the lack of simplistic joy found in modern Silly Putty. Some state legislators are already hard at work crafting a bill requiring the toy to be more fun. If passed, it would make not enjoying Silly Putty punishable by a minimum of one year in jail.

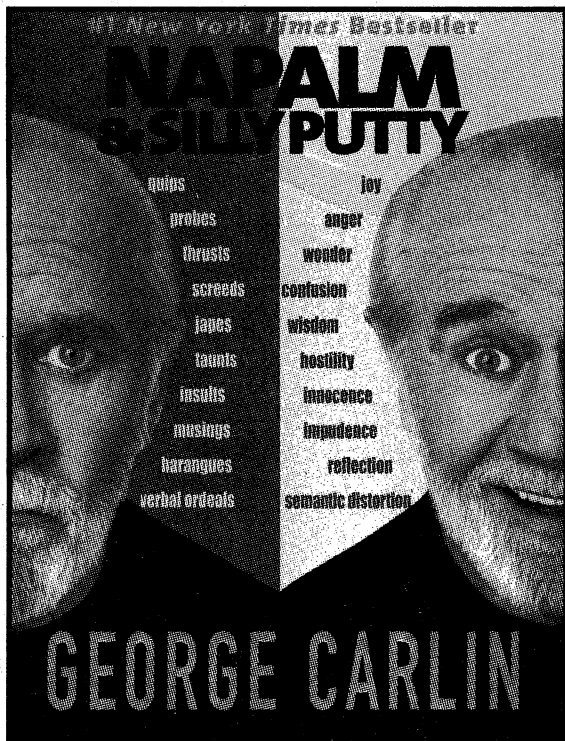
Despite the overwhelming support for the bill, many feel that it will not help those affected by Jacobson's discovery. A small number of the tragic victims have even gone so far as to demand that the makers change the Putty's adjective from "silly" to "bland," in order to prevent future generations from falling victim to false advertising.

"It's sad what one act of retrospection

can do, and it's shameful that the toy company couldn't be bothered to make sure that their products were actually enjoyable rather than tricking our children into thinking they were fun," said one parent, speaking on the condition of anonymity. Her child was one of the many Stony

Brook students devastated by this tragedy. "I don't even see what's so silly about Silly Putty. So it picks up dirt and lint? You could see newspaper ink when you push it against a newspaper? Big deal. I'd hardly call that silly. The problem is that these companies put products ahead of people, playtime, and putty, and now look at the results. Look at my baby!"

Jacobson, with the support of Senator Hillary Clinton, has called another press conference set for tomorrow evening. Though speculations have been running wild, the prevailing rumor at this time is that he will attempt to prove that Crayola doesn't rock.



Ask a High Dude Trying to Give You Directions Anything

By A High Dude Trying to Give You Directions

baby is dying, you idiot! Do you have a phone or not?

-Still Frantic in Michigan

Dear High Dude Trying to Give Me Directions,

Dear Still Frantic,

My mother won't let me get a lip ring, even though Marcy Landers down the street has two and her mother doesn't care. My mother is so controlling, it drives me crazy. Last week, I wanted to get a tattoo on my stomach, and she said no! She said she didn't approve of any "art" that portrayed Jesus being fondled by naked fairies. Can you believe that? She's so uptight. I don't want to run away, but I can't see any other options.

Chill out. Just CHILL OUT! There's a shortcut you can take. Uhhh... do you mind driving through corn?

Dear High Dude Trying to Give Me Directions,

Stop! Please, stop trying to give me directions! My baby is coughing blood all over the car! I need an ambulance! You stupid stoned bastard, help me!

-Opressed Soul in Michigan

-Desperately Frantic in Michigan

Dear Opressed Soul,

Dear "Totally Freaking Out for No Reason",

Alright, whoa. Just like, chill for a second, so I can figure out what you're saying. Okay, where are you running away to? My mind is like- BAH! right now, and you're messing with my high. Just go down that road right there by the Piggly Wiggly. Yeah. Stop and get some food, man. Like, mad food. Then, keep going until you see- dude, I totally lost my train of thought.

Once you're back on the main road, you keep going until you hit the shopping plaza. Not that lame place with the shitty bodega, because that place is- oh, wait- oh, dude! That's all that's over there. Okay, forget the corn. Bad idea. Just keep going, and then- oh, fuck, are you the fuzz?

Dear High Dude Trying to Give Me Directions,

Dear High Dude Trying to Give Me Directions,

My baby's sick! Do you have a phone?

I'll find it myself!

-Frantic in Michigan

-Leaving in Michigan

Dear Frantic,

Dear Leaving,

Alright, like, slow down. You're talking so fast, it's like your head is moving while your mouth is all still, or something like that. There's a guy around the corner, and he's got some primo shit. If you keep going past the liquor store- no, wait, I've never been past there.

Yeah, well, fine! Be that way, slut! I was all like, trying to help you, and you're all like, I'm gonna call the 5-0. That's right, you better leave! Just keep going, bitch! And, uh... there's gonna be a fork in the road, and you need to bear right, 'cuz, if you bear left that takes you back into town! There's gonna be a sandwich shop on your left, but you want to go past it, and then make a right, but not the right after it, but the right before it's after it! And then you'll see a movie house, and a pet store with mad fuzzy animals-

Dear High Dude Trying to Give Me Directions,

What are you talking about? My



In Response to Kidnapping of Princess, Mushroom Kingdom Launches Retaliatory Strike on Neighboring Valley of Bowser

A satire by Joey Safdia

War broke out over the volatile Nintendo region at sundown last night when the Mushroom Kingdom launched a strike against the Valley of Bowser in retaliation for the kidnapping of a high-ranking Mushroom official.

"The Valley of Bowser has gone too far this time. But this was not their first atrocity committed against our population and our sovereignty," asserted the Mushroom King to his people in a speech this afternoon. "In the diplomatic arena, they have refused to recognize the legitimacy of a Mushroom state, asserting instead a false claim of rightful Koopa ownership to the very land we live off of. And they have turned this policy into acts of aggression, installing Piranha Plants in our piping system as well as setting up lava pits, bottomless chasms, swinging fire chains, falling platforms, and other diabolic tools of murder in our own land. Violating our borders by sending in squadrons of Goombas, Koopa Troopas, Bullet Bills, Bloopers, Spiny's, and Lakitus. This underhanded, cowardly act—the kidnapping of the princess—cannot go unanswered for the sake of our security and freedom."

Bob-ombs were dropped on residential areas of the Koopa state after the Mushroom Kingdom gave all civilians in these towns 24-hour notice that their towns would be targeted. Mushroom Defense Force (MDF) troops have already entered those towns, and the Super Mario Brothers are rumored to be preparing to enter Bowser's Keep through the plumbing system on a secret mission to rescue the princess. Such rumors however, have been denounced by government officials.

King Bowser Koopa has refused to release his hostage, Princess Peach Toadstool, unless his demands are met, including the withdrawal of all Mushroom forces to the pre-1985 borders as well as full access to all Warp Zones and payment of 3,394,099,215 coins which he claimed were "unjustly stolen" from their land by the Super Mario Brothers. The Mushroom King has refused, stating that the Mushroom people "won't respond to tactics that rely on fear and bullying."

Yoshi's Island has shown the Mushroom Kingdom its full support while condemning the Valley of Bowser as a state-sponsor of Phantos. This declaration has angered Wario Land, who claimed that Yoshi, President of Yoshi's Island, has shown support for the Mushroom Kingdom after it

declared that it was armed with nuclear Bob-ombs, while opposing Wario Land for its Fire Flower enrichment program.

Wart, Prime Minister of Subcon, has called for a ceasefire between the two states and a Subconian peacekeeping force to be deployed to the region. Mushrooms and Yoshis alike doubt the effectiveness of the Subconian military to handle such a task, its forces seen as weak and made only of Shyguys, Fryguys, Birdos, Ninjis, Snifits, and Pidgits.

"Subcon won't be able to keep the Koopas from committing more acts of war against the Mushroom Kingdom, nor will they take any action to impose sanctions against King Koopa," said Toad, the advisor to the king, in a press conference earlier today. "We need to be sure that our people are safe and that Bowser will no longer pose a threat to our nation."

"Our military avoids civilian death as much as possible," Mario told reporters when pressed about the bombing of residential neighborhoods. "The same cannot be said for them. Their king often sends Lakitus to rain Spiny's eggs down on us, their goal being to simply kill as many innocents as they can. We are forced to kill civilians because the enemy hides inside the homes of these poor people. We do not kill needlessly."

Bowser has denounced Mario's comments as "completely unfounded and lacking any realistic historical basis" as well as denying the existence of any "moral high ground the

assured people that the Koopa Army would prevail.

Attitudes between Mushrooms and Koopas have been historically hostile. The people of both nations have enthusiastically rallied behind their leaders.

"Those Koopas have always been kidnapping our princess," said Martha, an elderly Mushroom seamstress who makes Tanooki Suits. "It seems like they do it every few years, the same old tired scheme. Why, he even captured Princess Toadstool in the beginning of *Super Mario RPG*."

"I've heard some people tell me that a war is unnecessary and what we're doing is wrong, but that's total bullshit," said Bob, a Mushroom college student. "I'm not saying that I'm happy that innocent turtles are dying, but they captured the princess and if we don't respond, they'll keep attacking us. How is it that when they drop Bob-ombs on us, no one says anything, but when we retaliate in self-defense, it's suddenly a human rights abuse?"

"Those polka-dotted bastards are only after our land! This is outrageous!" said Jerry, a Koopa Troopa refugee who lost his home and family in the initial bombing.

"They say, 'We're just defending ourselves.' Bullshit! They are an imperialist superpower and they've spent their whole existence expanding their territory into our lands and driving our people away in fear. How else can you explain the fact that we

only have World 8 while they have 1-7? And the whole self-defense thing is a lie, too.

We're not a threat to them.

The shrooms over there have all the power-ups, including the 1-Up mushroom. And we've never invaded them! Ever! Have you ever seen a Cheep ever attack someone? No! All they're ever doing is walking or swimming around, going about their business. It's

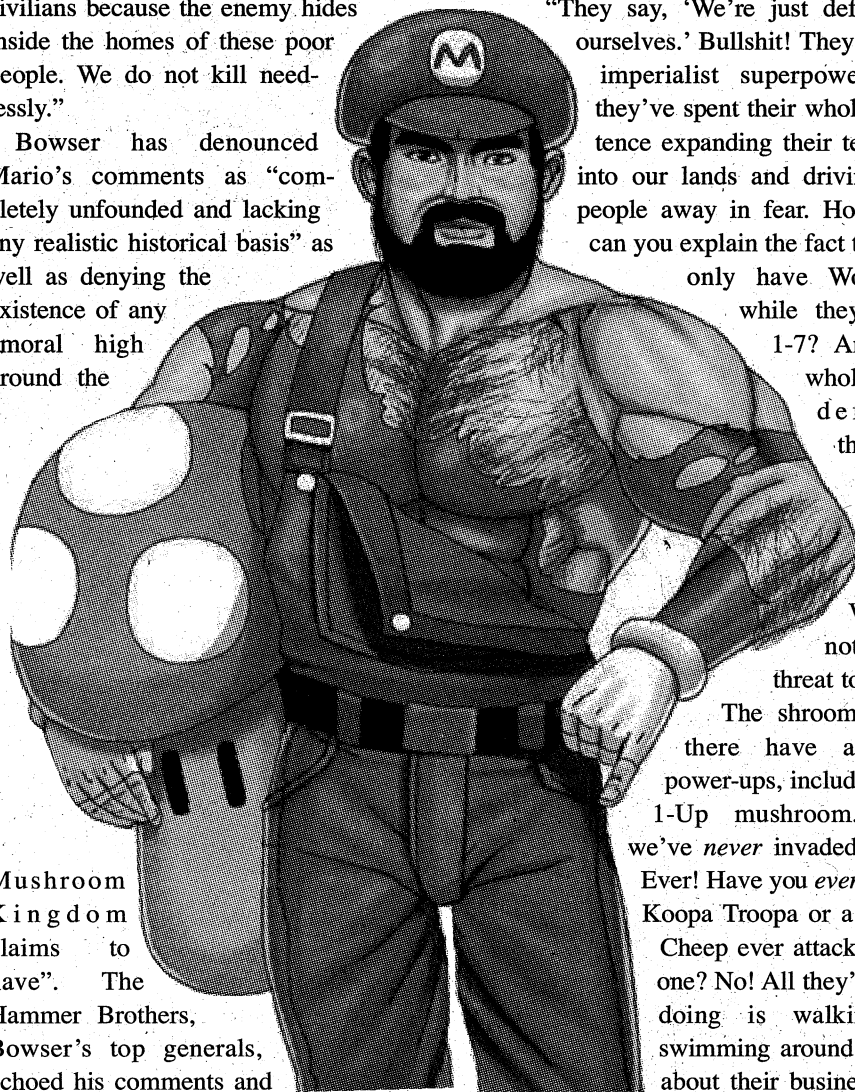
those two plumbers who are always going around, stomping Goombas into paste and throwing fireballs at everything they see. Why, a few years ago, I once saw the green one, Luigi, find a Starman and use it to kill 27 Mega Moles. You call that self-defense? He was invincible!"

"And I think the Mushroom King is lying about those two guys being plumbers," he added. "How are two short, fat Italian plumbers from Brooklyn able to do all the stuff that they do. They don't teach you that at plumbing school!"

"I'd love to kick all their asses," said Jack, a Mushroom soldier who, in his civilian life, works as a human resources manager in the International Question Mark Block Production Plant's office in downtown Grass Land. "Those pussy Koopa Troopas just attack us while hiding behind innocent Goombas. They should come out and fight man to man, like we do. They even put Thwomps and Chain Chomps in their castles and have Bullet Bill cannons deployed at their borders and almost everywhere else in their shitty country. They're afraid to fight. Know why? Because we'd kick their green and red shelled asses. Yeah, kick them right into all their friends."

"There never was a Valley of Bowser. The instruction booklet makes no mention of such a place," said Sarah, a religious Mushroom banker. "It clearly states that the Player gave this land to the Mushroom people. And some people say that Koopas' holy book, *Nintendo Power Magazine*, teaches peace. They want us to think that their religion is a religion of peace, but we can see that it is clearly an ideology of hate. Their culture is demonic. They even conduct rituals to bring their dead back to life as walking Dry Bones! And Bowser even sends his children to fight! His own children!"

Despite the calls of politicians for peace, historians believe that it's not going to be so easy. According to Roy Haldman, a 19 year old who owns every Nintendo gaming console from the NES to the Wii, "The tensions between the Mushroom Kingdom and the Valley of Bowser, a lot of people don't know, extend well beyond this incident, even before the whole Donkey Kong crisis and the Console Wars. These people hate each other so much and no solution is going to offer a quick fix to this situation. It will take a lot to forget. God knows how many years of violence and bloodshed between the two sides. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to researching the new Sonic game."



Guitar Hero 2 Causes Press Bender

By Vincent Michael Festa

Over the course of thirty days, the morale and health of the Press has significantly been lowered due to non-stop playing of Guitar Hero 2 for Playstation 2. As a result, many Press staffers are feeling the negative effects of rock stardom and loss of star power.

"This has been the worst I ever seen the staff, even on production," said Rebecca Kleinhaut, Managing editor and Oktoberfest maiden. "I walked in here one production and not only the whole office was a mess, but some staffers as well."

Known as the group "Rock Out With Your Cock Out," staffers formed their own Guitar Hero 2 band without knowing what would be in store for them. For the most part, the store sold broken dreams, shattered relationships, and dashed hopes of making it big.

Press staffers started to sleep on the couches in exhaustion in as many overnights as possible. News editor, and 6'4" Mouse-keteer, James "Loud" Laudano lived up to the stereotype of the Seattle-based grunge free-loading wannabe whose career will never take off.

"After a while playing Guitar Hero for 16 hours straight starts to take its toll," says Laudano. "Next thing I know, I'm without pants and sleeping in the halls outside of the Press office during No-Pants Wednesday."

Production manager, and Photoshop "champine" of the world, Jesse Shoepfer did not follow in the same path as Laudano.

"Unlike James, I'm going to live in a van down by the river. Hopefully your mom can come by."

Some have taken the unfortunate course of using and abusing hard candies. During

staff meetings when Guitar Hero 2 was played, many staffers circled around the small tables binging on Fun Dip and Dots, and licking on crushed Smarties and "forever" U.S. postage stamps. Photo editor and Dudley, John O'Dell, unsuccessfully mixed Skittles, Sprees, and Sweettarts, and ended up in the SB infirmary where he is currently doing a stint in rehab.

Adina "Queen Of Hearts" Silverbush, bees-ness manager, was a rare case in which she turned into a groupie.

"I love hanging out with them on the buses of SB while they tour from the Press office to Roth Quad, though I miss my Jowy," lamented Silverbush.

Speaking of Jowy Romano, he was one of the very few who was not affected by the Guitar Hero 2 bender in which he is a drummer and is part of a real band, thank you.

Other episodes included trashing of dorms and the Press office, pretending to be like Steve Vai, Joe Satriani, and Jon Bon Jovi, and even ego clashes between the staff members because of the wrong notes that caused a loss in points and multipler.

"Like, I was one note off of 100%, and like, oh, they said 'you suck'," quoted feature editor Jonathan 'Lupin the 3rd' Singer. "I was like 'dude, you're not playing for art, you're playing for money!'"

None of the members know what being a real rock and roll star is like, you closet Limp Bizkit fan whoever you are reading this. However, the band has decided to take a break from actual playing for a while to concentrate on Guitar Hero 3.

"Hopefully O'Dell won't go into seclusion like Syd Barrett from Pink Floyd did," Schoepfer said. "Oh yeah, your mom stopped by and went for a ride. And it was good."

Roth Quad Residents Report Seeing Smoke on the Water at Roth Pond

Nonsense by Joey Safdia

While the Roth Regatta was cancelled due to bad weather, the day was far from uneventful for residents when Roth Pond was somehow set ablaze in what investigators believe to be an act of arson. Not long after the rain stopped, UPD began receiving calls regarding the sightings of "smoke on the water." "Fire in the sky" was also believed to have been a result of the alleged crime.

"We all came out to Montreux on the Lake Geneva shoreline to make records with a mobile. We didn't have much time," reported Zack Cider, a junior majoring in biology who had just finished his 26th straight hour of *Guitar Hero*. "But some stupid guy with a flare gun burned the place to the ground."

Although no motive for the act can be determined at this point, the fire spread to parts of Mount College already under repair, spreading throughout parts of the building and displacing numerous residents, including one who was already under investigation for using his computer as a host server for an illegal Internet gambling program which is a violation of ResNet user policy.

"This is an awful, awful tragedy for many students, especially so soon after the Chapin fire. I guess one has to look at the bright side of things like this. They burned down the gambling house," said UPD Officer Jeffery Smith. "It died with an awful sound."

Smoke on the water, fire in the sky. But the day was not without its heroes. Claude Henderson, known to his friends as "Funky Claude," was seen "running in and out, pulling kids out the ground." Memorial services will be held

for him this Sunday at noon.

"I just can't believe he's gone. He was such a nice guy," a tearful Krystal Olerudo, 19, told reporters this afternoon. "He always wanted to be a hero. He died getting his wish, but I am still so proud to be able to say I knew him."

Chuckling, Olerudo added, "He was such a huge fan of Frank Zappa and the Mothers."

The ramifications of the arson are being felt by many. 37 residents of Mount College have suddenly found themselves displaced and their personal belongings have been destroyed.

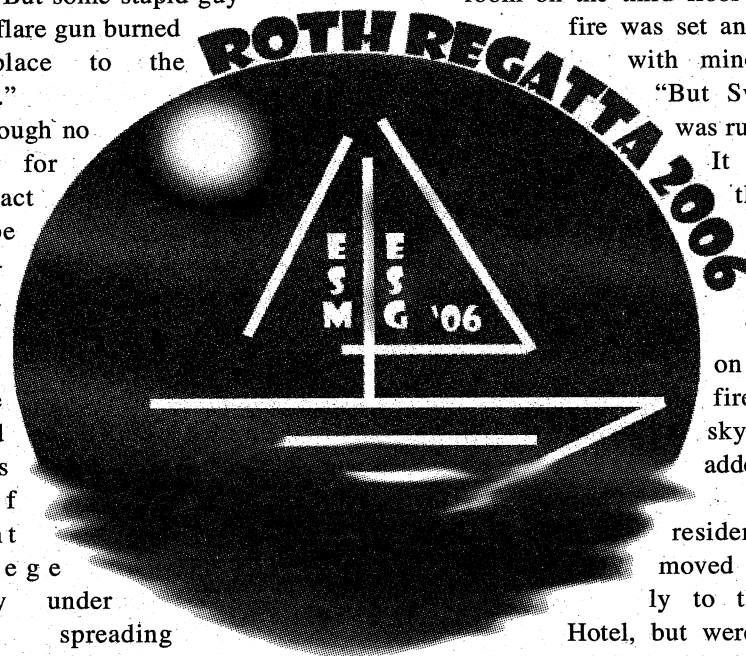
"When it was all over, we had to find another place," said Sally Roberts, a senior majoring in women's studies, remember the day's events. She had been in her room on the third floor when the fire was set and escaped with minor burns. "But Swiss time was running out. It seemed that we would lose the race."

"Smoke on the water, fire in the sky," she added. Displaced residents were moved temporarily to the Grand Hotel, but were immediately dissatisfied with the arrangements.

"It was empty, cold, and bare," said Mike Warrens, a freshman who opted instead to stay with a friend. Living arrangements were limited to a few red lights and a few old beds, according to Warrens.

Stony Brook residents have come together and shown support for their fellow students in their time of need. Most are still feeling the full effects of both the smoke on the water and, to a lesser extent, the fire in the sky.

"No matter what we'll get out of this, I know we'll never forget," said Cider. "Who knows? Perhaps one day someone will write a song about this whole mess. But hopefully not that group Deep Purple. They totally suck."



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Who Killed Bambi? Ovtcharenko Did

By Vladimir Mikhail Fyodorov

MAY 3, 2037

ROOTERS- Many people struggled to answer that burning question for almost 50 years, recently asked on an episode of *Jeopardy!* Contrary to belief, it wasn't the Sex Pistols after all. Instead, the UN and a majority of world leaders are pointing the finger at one Alex Ovtcharenko, ruler of the People's Republic of O, (formerly Russia), and former Patriot columnist of "How To Be A Man's Man."

If it is indeed Ovtcharenko that killed Bambi, it may bring the Republic closer to an all-out war with the Great Land of VMFX, (formerly Italy), led by leader and former Press staffer Vincent Michael Festa. People on both sides are preparing for the worst.

"It is my belief, my one true belief, that it was Ovtcharenko that killed Bambi", said leader Festa, as he addressed the people in Rome a million strong. "We are going to move forward and declare war on the Republic, after tonight's Lost rerun on RAI."

A sniper shell was found in the thigh of Bambi, the beloved family pet of the leader, and one could only speculate that round was from Ovtcharenko.

"So what do you do when you just tame six beautiful buxom blonde bombshells? Simple...go hunting, you fools!", answered Ovtcharenko, as he maintained to become Europe's Übermensch of 2037.

When Thumper heard of Bambi's offing, he was outraged.

"SON OF A BITCH!" Thumper decried.

The declaration of war has the people on both sides in a frenzy. Citizens of the Republic are celebrating the latest victory in a series of contests that claim to be started over rival campus newspapers, *The Press* and *The Patriot*.

In the Republic, people attended the latest parade in Moscow while Ovtcharenko rode down the street and waived to the crowd. Out in the open he enjoyed a steak, kissed a babushka, and hugged and shook hands with the citizens of the Republic. In the Great Land, the public protested the inappropriate murder of Bambi and looked up to Festa to take action and rioted when it found out that Vinardo's Pizza in Brentwood, NY was not chosen the best pizzeria in town.

Sprockets, a German public-access television show formerly broadcast on *Saturday Night Live*, went back on the air to inform Europe of current events.

"Festa's words have become tiresome," said *Sprockets* host Dieter on-air dressed in Kraftwerk leotards. "I've never seen a sadder person since Einstürzende Neubauten's Blixa Bargeld realized he had nothing.

Would you like to touch my monkey?"

In return, Festa ordered a state-takeover of all media outlets to ensure that negative criticism was suppressed.

"I'm sure Ovtcharenko will get his words out through Moscow's pirate radio", grinned Festa.

The Republic of O and the Great Land of VMFX have not always been at odds with each other. Both leaders were seen at fundraisers, intelligentsia gatherings, and emergency meetings such as: donating for industrial-artist lifestyles, *Press* and *Patriot* meetings, and Nintendo night respectively.



Over time the two parted ways in life and both weaseled their way into their parliaments and took over from there. Both kept in touch and were proud of having taken over their countries by force. They even enjoyed each other's women as well.

But the rift started when Festa drove Ovtcharenko home one night from a Laibach reunion show in 2019 and put in the wrong mix CD in by accident.

"The Sundays started playing, and that's when the conflict started to grow," reminisced Festa, as he sat in the Coliseum with a meaty lion. "Then he pointed and laughed at me and my feelings were hurt."

All was forgiven days after the incident until Festa decided to visit an underground record store in the Republic in an attempt to pick up some obscure Russian extreme noise folk from children, and was disgusted when the store didn't carry any.

"What? My Republic music stores are not good enough for you?" Ovtcharenko remembered attacking Festa over a dinner of meat, meat, and more meat...and lots of Stolishnaya vodka, too. (Festa was reported to only have a salad and bottled water. Bitch.) Ovtcharenko then ordered Festa to leave at once and never to return!

Over the years the two competed in a game of one-upsmanship. When one built missiles, so did the other. When one built a totalitarian army, so did the other. Even little sissy-Mary claims of who had the highest score in Halo 15 were delivered by a

carrier pidgeon named Benito last sent out by Festa.

When Festa realized that Benito did not return the entire Great Land wept and mourned for two weeks, and the people cried "fowl play". However, speculations went nowhere and no action was taken.

Festa recently had a meeting with U.S. President Madeline Scheckter, also a former *Press* staffer, to discuss mending ties with the rival newspapers and the rival countries while discussing the fundamentals of Jewish-American princesses. When President Scheckter asked to see Bambi, both were shocked to find that Bambi was no more.

"I'm sorry but I'm appalled that an innocent animal was taken away," Scheckter said. "That reminds me, what are we having for dinner?"

Ovtcharenko's response to the accusation? 500,000 soldiers marching to The Land to the tune of NON's "Total War". In fact, Ovtcharenko has enlisted Boyd Rice to help lead the Republic to takeover.

"Do you want...total war?! DO YOU WANT...TOTAL WAR?!" Boyd declared to the troops as they get ready to march on.

Festa plans to counter by sending PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) after Ovtcharenko.

"No way!" said Ovtcharenko laughing. "There's no way shaved women and granaola-eating peace-loving hippies are going to step foot in my wonderful country. Now if you excuse me, T.A.T.U. are waiting for me outside the Kremlin."

The attempted takeover of either side rivals that of the failed U.S. invasion of Pokemon Island, where former U.S. President James Bouklas attempted to convert the Pokemon into Republicans and force them to drive SUV's. The Pokemon instead turned into anti-capitalist anarchists and steered the U.S. influence away.

"Serves them right for booing us!" Pikachu said in a faux Stalin accent, referring to the U.S. boo-ing of the Island's Synchronized Marching performance at the Warsaw 2024 Olympics. The Island won the gold while the U.S. placed 15th out of 16.

President Scheckter hopes to intervene between the two before conflict breaks out by inviting them to a peace treaty signing at the Sizzler.

"I don't know about that," Festa doubted. "Hooters, maybe?"

As the time counts down, *Sprockets* signed off to update the Europeans on further developments.

"Well it is war in springtime and I am as happy as a little girl!" Dieter exclaimed. "Now is the time when we dance!"

X-Ray

By Sze Chun Chan (JC)

There are those brightly pastel colored and plasticky microscope kits that the geekier, more inclined and curious of us fiddled with as kids. And there are the much larger microscopes that require the help of a particle accelerator called the Synchrotron spitting out beams of X-ray radiation to operate.

The X-ray microscope is what Chris Jacobsen, a professor at the Stony Brook University's department of physics and astronomy has been working on along with a group of graduate and post-doctorate students from Stony Brook at Brookhaven National Laboratory.

X-ray microscope technology is not new, Jacobsen said. It has been around since the 1980's, but its use hasn't been common until the last decade. X-ray microscopes became commercially available in the last five years. Each unit, depending on the application and resolution, could cost from \$100,000 into the millions of dollars. Jacobsen's group at Stony Brook has built its own X-ray microscopes from scratch and is now improving and working with their design daily.

Here's how the X-ray microscopes designed by Jacobsen's team works: it is placed outside a beamline (a series of optics in an evacuated tube) next to the synchrotron at Brookhaven Lab. The synchrotron takes stationary electrons and magnetically drives them to velocities near the speed of light. Because the synchrotron is donut-shaped, it bends the particles causing them to release electromagnetic radiation and lose energy. The X-rays emitted from the moving particles go through the beamline where they are "caught" and can be used by the X-ray microscope.

Many uses for these X-Ray microscopes have an advantage over the more familiar optical and electron microscope designs. For instance, while an electron microscope has a higher resolution, the X-ray microscope can map out different types and compositions of material in a sample by using different colors to represent each one with greater chemical sensitivity. This is called "spectromicroscopy." One of Jacobsen's recent researches involves the use of this contrast image.

Biofuel is one of the potential replacement fuels for a shift from oil and natural gas, but at present, scientists' current method of exploiting photosynthesis energy on a large scale is inefficient. For example, ethanol production from grains like corn recovers only a small fraction of the energy that is potentially available.

For biofuel to be more efficient, non-grain materials would have to be used. Jacobsen is looking at Lignocelluloses, otherwise useless and excess materials like

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X-Ray

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woodchips and cornstarch. Yet, through his new method of viewing the effects of different methods of cellulose extraction, he is helping to find better methods.

This process works by using the X-ray microscope to produce a color-contrast image of the lignocellulose's material. The microscope provides a different color for each material. For example, red for cellulose, the material that ethanol is now created from, and green for lignin, the stiff material of the plant. Once differentiated, two different types of microbes known as *T. fusca* and *F. succinogenes* can be applied to degrade the plant walls. The cellulose can then be extracted more easily and converted into biofuel.

Another advantage that the X-ray microscopes have over electron designs is that the microscope releases less radiation than its electron counterpart for thicker specimens. Scientists often have a problem with electron microscopes destroying or "frying" samples because the electrons emit an intense beam of radiation.

"You can look at a sample under the electron microscope," Jacobsen smiled and said "but don't expect to use that same sample again."

In France, museums and major art collectors are using X-ray microscope technology to check the authenticity of paintings. "There [are] an awful lot of applications," Jacobsen added.

There are some disadvantages to the X-ray microscopes. Though they release less radiation than electron microscopes, the X-ray still risks damage to DNA samples and kills cells.

Jacobsen is currently looking for more uses for his group's design. Another recent project has the group collaborating with the marine sciences department at Stony Brook. Plankton can be viewed through the microscope to determine how many metals they can absorb. This finding could be used to add more iron into parts of the ocean by dumping large amounts of plankton, which could absorb atmospheric carbon dioxide, a greenhouse gas. This technique could possibly reduce global warming. The risk is the uncertainty as to whether large amounts of plankton would disrupt the ecosystem.

The group at Stony Brook was started by Janos Kirz, but at present Jacobsen is the only professor at Stony Brook to work on X-ray microscopes. Jacobsen leads a multi national group of researchers and graduate students.

"He's a fantastic guy to work for," Andrew Stewart, a post-doctorate researcher at Stony Brook from the University of Glasgow in Scotland and a part of Jacobsen's group, said. "We're pushing the boundaries of science."

Instincts/ I Got Your Back

By Vincent Michael Festa

Ever had a feeling so strong that tells you what to do you do it? Inside of you, is there a charge or force that wants you to go for it and you pursue it? When you do it and have it done and over with, do you feel that overwhelming amazement because it happened so fast? How you feel that you crossed boundaries because it was that one, random, intense event in your every day life that you usually don't experience on a regular basis that you brought up to do yourself and just couldn't believe the results? What do you do?

Trust your first instincts. I did.

I met this girl over Facebook and after months of communicating online I decided to finally ask her what she was up to and if she had the time to sit down and have dinner with me. She finally agreed to dinner and eventually we met. For the next two hours everything went perfectly. Us sitting at the table for just two hours getting to know each other, picking out each others strengths, weaknesses, plusses, minuses, and so forth. No mistakes, no stress, no worries. Just a great conversation closing the night out with me giving her an Elliott Smith Figure 8 CD because I knew she was a huge fan of his. She was amazed and was very happy in receiving her last Christmas gift despite her not finding it due to having no money. We walked out of the restaurant saying "goodbye" to each other. I walked away knowing that it was one of the best nights in my life, to sit with someone I had lots in common with and who fit my style.

And that was it. For two months I have heard nothing of her. Not one message or phone call to say how great dinner was, how she had a nice time, or "thanks" for the CD. For those two months I was wishing on a falling star

to maybe hear from her again and possibly ask her what I did wrong or what I said that night that was out of line and that caused her to not talk to me again. Those questions in my head swam with the suspense of waiting to hear from her made me tense. After a non-returned phone call and just only a couple of weeks, I decided to give up. I negotiated with myself that I accepted being friends with her if we ever spoke again. Move on. Cut my losses. It's over...

...or so I thought.

One night I was walking in the cool, breezy, 50-degree March weather complete with full moon and stars. I was on my way to Roth Quad when out of nowhere I seen another girl walk by with her eyes and then the Miss up in my head. I was wondering whatever happened to her and to see if she's still around. I was thinking "what if?" "What if I was still in touch with her?" "What if I made that call tonight?" "What if we were in contact with each other again like we used to on an everyday basis?" It had to be those questions because all that time I was so used to not hearing from her since our night out.

The new questions were with me for a bit and then it gotten more intense in the stomach. My instincts to call her were really getting to me. So intense it was what my very heart and soul told me to do, to go for it and give her a call again.

I arrived at the Union, went downstairs, and reached for the phone in the office, and jumped at the chance to contact my female friend.

She picked up and said "hello". I couldn't believe it.

She was very happy to hear from me as I was very happy to hear from her. We spoke for a good twenty minutes and caught up on a lot of things. She told me that everything was fine and

that she cared enough to not have me worry. I found out that she had to go away upstate to take care of undisclosed health problems and that she agreed to give dinner and dessert another go as soon as everything was sorted out.

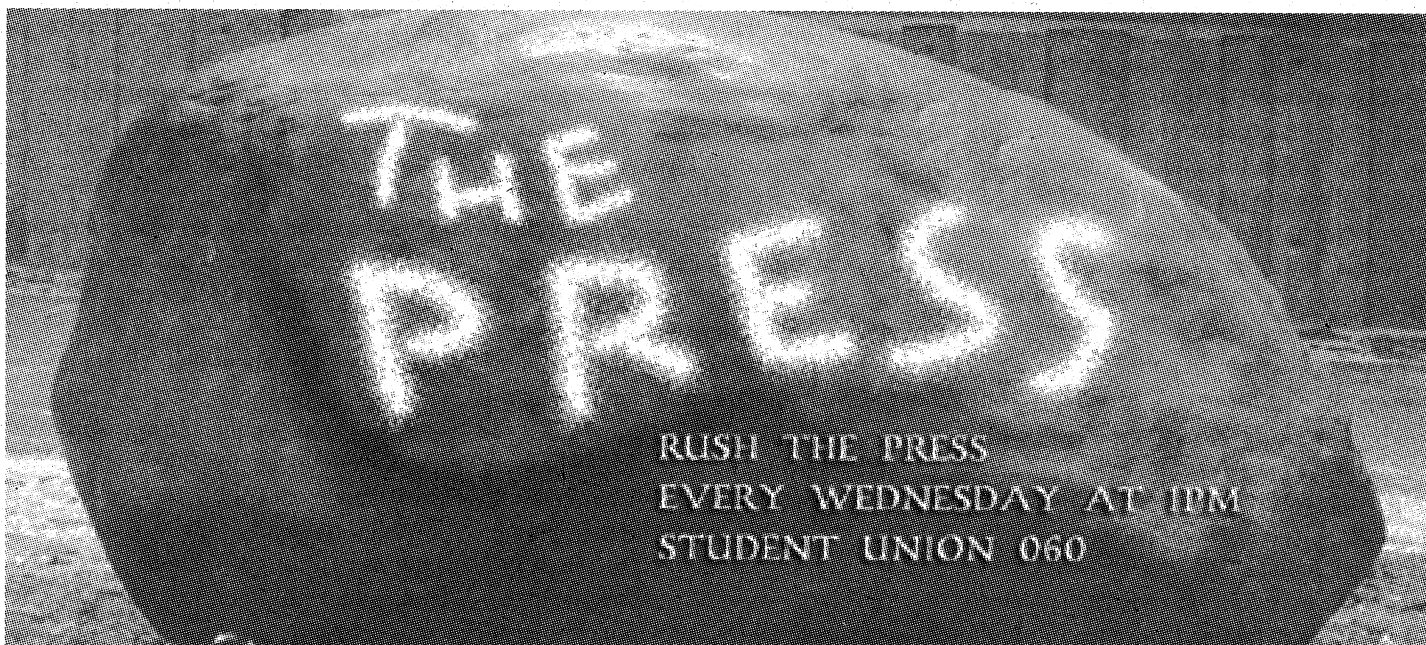
After which I was done speaking to her over the phone I was overcome with amazement, an amazement that I did something out of line. I chose to do something because my soul told me to open a box to see what could be inside.

Inside was content, closure, and a sigh of relief. There were elements of all that we had in common and then more. Some sympathy, some sadness, the colors grey and blue. The thought of finally coming together to meet again and picking up where we left off and the aerial drift of knowing that in due time everything will be all right.

For a good half-an-hour I was analyzing this with another friend of mine to sort the rest out because despite what went through telephone lines I wanted to assess that everything would be all right. Eventually everything went AOK.

One month we met again over ice cream and despite her rejecting me the rest of the night went way better than I expected. We sat as long as we could going over music mix CD's, self-help politics, friends to the end, the big picture, and the even bigger picture of why she went silent for a while (for reasons I will not reveal).

We still keep in touch and we still hang out. Because of how much we know each other and how much we have in common, we at times feel like we are the same person. We both go through the same emotions, setbacks, disappointments, soundtracks, triumphs, failures, charges, and so forth. We have lots of respect for each other. We know what we both want from each other as friends and we have lots of respect that we're not willing to lose. We continue to have great times and I'm not about to let it slip by a second time.



JUDAS

By Vincent Michael Festa

I had a friend who I had since kindergarten, throughout high-school, and beyond. He had no friends all throughout going to school up to that point. I decided to be a friend and introduce him to mine and I saved him. If not for me, he would have never had a social life in high-school. He finally found a scene with people in common to hang out with and made friends. But having friends wasn't enough. He wanted to be accepted, and he did what my other "friends" told him to do in order to gain acceptance. I almost had my high-school prom and graduation ruined because who I thought were my "friends" went behind my back just because he needed approval from someone cooler in our circle who didn't like me. This is how he repays me.

A couple of years down the road the same said "friend" I had since kindergarten that I saved kept on cock-blocking me, interrupting in my personal affairs, and constantly went behind my back to many of his other lady friends' I haven't met yet just to ruin my chances with them. He thought it was a joke because of how much some things in life mattered to me and had his friends in on practical jokes played on me about the difficulties in life I was going through.

And that's when I said "good-bye" and blew this thing called a 15-year friendship. Christ only knows just what other chances I would had blown and screwed up by my ex-friends had I stayed with them. Hang out with losers, and eventually you will be one.

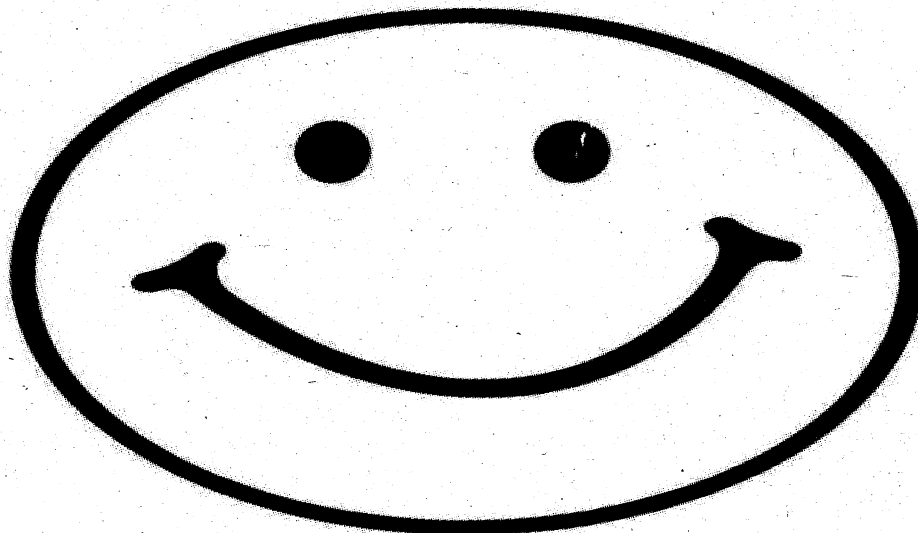
Once I had a selfish ex-girlfriend from Commack who I regret meeting to this very day, one who I gave and gave and gave and got nothing back. She was another one who did not have friends or a social life through high-school, but she at 23 still wanted to be part of the American Idol- watching, Juicy Couture-wearing, fast-car driving, Disney-fantazizing, N-Sync progeny that all girls wanted to be a part of. I can count two situations where she wanted to be cool and accepted; and listened, said, and did to what her friends told her (her friends, by the way, weren't her real friends as they toyed around with her as well!).

Because of my ex-'s stupidity and willingness to do what others told her, she purposely lost me like it was a game and I had to walk 70 blocks in New York City to find her, and on her birthday. The second time for kicks, only ten minutes after we broke up, she blurted out in front of our circle of friends what she had done to a guy in the back seat of his car behind a restaurant.

Now, the state of New Jersey can have her.

However, the worst of the worst could come from your family. My cousin, who

after all I have done for her and tried to help her be on the right track, decided to stab me in the back and sell me out so she can join a group of deceitful little tramps from Oneonta and be "accepted" (and yes, I still stand by my word. They still indeed are tramps.) Little Miss No-Self-Esteem was so desperate to be part of the



Smiley Guy

in-crowd, pay for friends, and have them pretend to like her instead of making real ones because her place in society was so important to her and above her own family (me). She would take part in whatever it took to do so: taking part in their vicious practical jokes, cruel ways of thinking, and exploiting my personal life just to uphold the reputation of being the most heartless sorority up in Oneonta.

Over time my princess cousin persuaded my entire family that she did nothing wrong. She lied and held on to her belief that what she did was justified just to be true to her affiliation. Only until after she graduated was when she tried to "apologise" to me for what she did to me, only because I now had a minimal job, a car, and a girlfriend. Yes, to her I had to prove myself and become at least somebody to her if she were to even acknowledge me in my life. All I could do was keep silent and lose my words.

To this day, because I refused to accept her forgiveness and fake apology, she has denied responsibility for her actions and excluded me out of her life while making every attempt to avoid giving me the completeness in my life to go on. People have refused to believe me because she has made herself out to be the greatest person to walk the planet. There are not enough days for the rest of my life to write about how I really feel about this very person who I thought I loved and was part of my family.

See where I'm going with this?

Since the days of Judas, Cain and Abel, Julius Caesar, references in Dante's Inferno, and etcetera, the idea of betrayal is a sickening one, an idea in which I truly despise because of the out-

come and pain I deal with. It's a one-way situation where the winner takes all and the loser suffers and is left with confusion, heartache, and unanswered questions. Those who win will have no regard for the other's feelings, well-being, or livelihood. I have been through this situation many times over the course of my

life and it's very sickening to be a part of.

It is because Judas has been an unwelcome part in my life, stabbed into the ground upside-down, coming to visit once every few years. In fact, he visits us all. He is a part of us whether we dread him or want him to interfere. Not to sound like a preacher, and I am not religious, but figuratively speaking that inside of us all is the possibility of Judas happening in our lives.

Imagine when things in life are at a harmony and balance. You feel your best only to have your surroundings unravel very quickly by those you love or trust. Sometimes, when you feel that you will be on the receiving end of being hurt, you can prevent it and confront those who you feel will do you in. Other times, it's very swift and there's nothing you can do about it until it's too late.

Normally, people do this for personal gain because they can't win it by themselves. They need others to supply the winnings for them, even by the ones who will be betrayed. The people who betray their closest friends and family will do it out of desperation, spite, approval, and other reasons. They are to be seen as weak, desperate, treacherous, and/or dangerous and will do whatever it takes to have the one thing that they want. To them, the trade-off is great when your agony lasts longer than the things in life they go after that they throw out.

Over time I have been slighted so much in my life that something had to be done. I had to be stronger. I needed to build the resistance that would help me reject these poor ideals, the third eye to see past the pettiness, and the knowledge for me to become a better person. It takes a long time, but in the end, if you rely on the right role models, the right resources,

and use them responsibly, you may be able to prevent these events in life from happening or even confront your would-be benedicts. Frederick Nietzsche once said: "whatever kills me makes me stronger."

I look back at the people who used me and threw me out and in return I have decided to be everything I don't want to be: them. That is how you become a better person, by separating yourself from the swine who want to drag you down and not doing or being the things that they are. In drawing the line, you force yourself to be a better person, disciplining yourself to become the things opposite of what you won't stand against.

I have become an individualist, not a socialist as I described it. I try my best to make my own decisions and not have people sway me to become someone I am not or for personal gain. I don't believe or like the idea of me paying the price for other people's mistakes, choices, or foolishness, and I refuse. Because of these "socialist" events and their actions, I've tried my best to not turn into my own worst enemy.

In turn, I have absolutely no respect for those who let others make their decisions for them. It's disheartening to see people choosing to be on their hands and

Now, the state of New Jersey can have her.

knees just to get what they want because they are so desperate. These feeble-minded and hopeless numbers and sell-outs are what they really are.

My apologies for the brutal, harsh, black-as-night subject matter and for sounding so righteous. (The longer you hold back on saying something, the more difficult it is to let it out.) These events have had such an impact in my life, I felt it was only fitting to tell you, Press reader, what is and has been on my mind as I always do and for too long I have been silent. I needed to let the demons out. I needed to say something. No, I won't apologise.

Should you be on the receiving end of an attack? Remember that you don't have to deal with the issue. You don't have to accept it. Be as strong as you can. Do what is right to throw these people out of your life and stand up for yourself. Stamp out the snakes and serpents in your life.

And should you be just one of the snakes and serpents I have spoken about? God help you.

Global Climate Change: Causes, Consequences, and How One Can Help One Can Help to Fix the Problem

By AnaMaria Rivera

Global climate change is now a house-hold term. People across the nation are reminded every day of the influence agriculture, technology, and energy consumption has on the environment.

This increasing threat is not just a debate in the scientific world anymore. The media, political figures and educational institutions contribute to educating the globe on what is happening, why, and what needs to be done.

David Black, a geological record expert and professor at Stony Brook Southampton, gave a lecture on the causes and consequences of climate variability.

"Has it been this warm before? Why is it getting warmer? What changes are occurring in the climate and by how much and how fast will it continue to get warm in the future?" are the questions Black covered in his lecture.

According to Black, this is not the first time the earth has seen an increase in temperature. With the combination of greenhouse gases, solar variability, volcanism, and ocean circulation, the Earth has frequent changes in median temperature.

Scientists use proxies to detect and record the difference in changes in relation to the past and present. These proxies include: a vostok, which is an ice drilling station that reads ice cores that show different isotopes ratio depending on the temperature, and marine sediments, (also known as mud), by showing the difference in the ocean and atmosphere.

Black explained the 20th century was not the warmest in 100 years on average, but experienced the fastest increase and magnitude in temperature change for any 100 year period. "This has a tremendous effect on the entire continent," Black added.

An increase in hurricanes and droughts, Black said, is an implication. "The media tends to focus on warming

or sea level change," Black mentioned. He believes water resource is the biggest issue the world faces.

Another effect, according to Black, is an increase in tropical diseases such as malaria and yellow fever. Also a shift in the eco-system contributes to the displacement of habitat and expansion of desert. "There is a noticeable change in migration patterns," Black added. For instance, caribou are arriving early to their summer homes and leaving late.

Black, like so many others involved in the research, feel humans have a dramatic effect on this change and there are things we can do in our daily lives to help.

Black said most predictions suggest climate changes gradually. "We don't know how far it goes...we don't know where we are crossing the line," he added. Black believes it is not a question of if, but rather how much warmer and how fast it will increase. "The problem is not insurmountable, we just need some common sense," he said.

Black, like so many others involved in the research, feel humans have a dramatic effect on this change and there are things we can do in our daily lives to help. A change in the type of light bulb one uses can reduce the amount of energy consumed.

"We have to consider alternate energy resources", he stated. Our fossil fuel resources will have to be considered at some point. There are other options such as solar, wind, hydro-electric and nuclear energy.

Other small, but significant ways to help are using warm water instead of hot, lowering the temperature on the water heater, and seeing how much energy one's house uses and how one can lessen the intake.

Brainiac: Where the Heart Remains

By David K. Ginn

His name was Tomcruise Evans. He was the villain. He was the badass of badassery, the misfit who turned to evil in order to find his place in the world. His story was a sad, sad story.

Suddenly, with the only warning being the aforementioned adverb "suddenly," Tomcruise Evans was murdered in cold blood by the writer. Tomcruise Evans had ceased to be entertaining, and the author didn't have any of the old articles to use as references to his character. Being relatively certain that the character was still alive, the writer killed him.

He was brought back to life immediately by the overwhelming power of the story's diegesis. Seeing no need to write, the writer stopped.

Then he began again, seeing less need to stop writing than he did to write. He wrote about this in the story, discussing the idea of writing about the needs of writing as opposed to not writing, and whether the lesser need trumps the greater need due to a subjective technicality.

Tomcruise Evans faced off against the

legendary Edmund St. Claire and lost. Edmund stabbed Tomcruise with an electric pitchfork and killed him instantly. BonoCactusBird I tried to save Tomcruise and help him on a path to good, but it was too late. A few of BonoCactusBird I's disciples, PomPom Magnigirl, Suresh LaMont, Burgeis Conwaferson and BreakfastNook, all cried out in despair as BonoCactusBird I fell into a deep abyss of molten lava.

Edmund St. Claire left in search of his long lost love.

The End.

From within the depths of the molten lava rose a solitary figure: not a musician with the great misfortune of having the same name as a more famous musician, not an anthropomorphic cactus, not a talking bird and not a rock of burning lava. What arose was all of those, fused together from the molten lava- and the dark nature within BonoCactusBird I. His name was BonoCactusLavaBird I, and he felt a nightmare of dark vengeance inside of him.

What kind of vengeance?

The kind that makes people pay.

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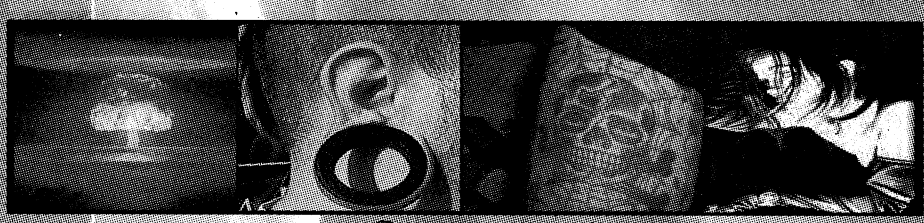
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The Genesis Project

By Miguel A. Sanchez

With the advent of Turing's theories of computation, and the development in the 1930s of Godel's Theorem, there was widespread skepticism about AI. In particular, the course towards the achievement of artificial intelligence at the level of computation and neural networking, though various advances in dynamical systems (such as Markov chains, and chaos) have led to tremendous understanding of the obstacles blocking the development of artificial life. Sir Roger Penrose (see also: The Emperors New Mind) has indicated that the bounds towards artificial intelligence are significant, since Godel's incompleteness theorem profoundly indicates that algorithmic approaches to computation would be futile. Due to the uncertainty of grasping a complete axiomatic field of mathematical thought, the human mind is not, in many ways, a machine of computation. The fact that Godel was even able to develop a precise theory of incompleteness was, for Penrose, precisely the effect that causes one to understand that machine intelligence is limited. Its basic computational mechanisms are trapped in an uncertain and imprecise paradigm.

Shifting from such a paradigm, and understanding the next road where intelligence is possible, requires that one take a leap of faith. But not a leap of faith where the subject is aware of the consequences; rather, the consequences of one's choices are uncertain, and as choice becomes more limited, the shock and terror of that one choice is significant. The repetition that has caught the world of mathematics and science is the consequence of something lacking within the system.

The paradigm of science and mathematics is to achieve a new level of understanding that could fix a road towards achieving the Genesis Project, which is a project in search of a true intelligence that is profoundly based on taking the linguistic system into consideration. Linguists are highly aware of their rationalist limitations; only a linguist knows he or she must intuitively demonstrate the syntactical adequacies of a sentence. Even theories of parsing in finitely subdivided neural networks lead to inadequacies that are profound, since the risk of a finite amount of memory degradation must be taken into account. Hence, neural networking has severe limitations. Even if one were to take into consideration Markov's process, the limitations are significant, since training and imposing probability weighs on a chain only severely cracks the potential to overcome the problems of the Ramsey sentence. Functional states have the problem of not being equivalent to input and output, and so Turing Machines, which are purely algorithmic in nature, are not the step to take towards achieving a form of artificial construction of human intelligence.

What's unique about perception and the binding principle is that all mammals have the capacity to achieve a level of learning and adaptation, significant to the point that one's basic understanding of evolution in mammals

is vastly changing. Deleuze and Guattari (see also: A Thousand Plateaus) were one of many to propose that intelligence and perception were not accidental matters and were rather the spontaneous and revolutionary consequence of creative structure. Indeed, Penrose has asserted that human intelligence is unique in its capacity to understand and adapt in the most creative aspects. Creative structure perseveres beyond all functional methodologies because the internal mechanisms, or rules, are not so innate. The learning mechanisms, and the capacity for thought to persevere through the boundaries of natural existence, require the leap towards recollecting and ascertaining past information, but since information is vastly degraded due to parsing in a finite level of neural nets, the quality of that information in memory feedback responses is highly inadequate in precise learning and acquisition processes. In truth, the system has a universal mathematical component that is not based on linguistic systems; it is a binary mechanism to store and recall past chains of infinite and highly degraded signifiers. To believe that presence is possible (read also: Heidegger, Being and Time) is inaccurate, and indeed, thought, and all memory processes utilizing recall mechanisms to fill in missing data in memory and perception, is required.

Virtual thoughts are a new mathematical paradigm that is unlike the algorithmic components of Turing Machines. The movement towards creative structure requires the need to model new mathematical systems that are based on more exact deterministic grounds and find a way to cut the chain of infinite hierarchy of signifiers. The creative concept is the capacity to utilize the understanding of existential limitation and choice, the capacity for systems to learn and understand without being dependent on psychological functionalism - that is, that specific signs of intelligence are possible by analyzing behavioral changes in the organism. At a larger level, that may be possible, but at a local level, the processes towards AI are only possible on a cellular level, not merely computational machines. The genesis project is the realization that AI may never be possible the way functionalists dream of it. The possibility may be to move beyond that, towards vast integration of human intelligence with machine intelligence, and at a cellular level, like neurons breeding with highly sophisticated computer chips, utilizing the capacity for greater memory capacity and recall. This in itself would allow the possibility of advancing further into evolution, where the bounds of natural systems are limiting the capacity for survival and the future of human space exploration.

The final leap would be what theorist have speculated as the complete attainment of the final stages of human integration with computation, the capacity to recall and gather past brain states, using it to recreate matter at the quantum and creative level. At this stage, theorists have called it the Omega point, and it is likely that the road towards the Omega point would be ideal, but it remains the last hope of the Genesis Project.

Security in the Wake of Virginia Tech

By Andrew Pernick

Shots fired. Over 30 dead. It can't happen here, right? Stony Brook's response to the tragedy of Virginia Tech has been nothing short of "cardboard security" - police patrols that are just for show, RSP making random sweeps inside buildings, and little else.

Students who have taken to walking from the dormitories to classes have probably, by now, noticed the blue lights atop the phone boxes that have a direct-dial into the emergency call center. The operating theory behind the blue light system is that a student should be able to plan a route from their home (or wherever they are leaving) to their destination, such that they are always between one blue light and the next. In other words, standing at one blue light, one can always see the next one.

Sadly, this is far from the case. First off, what good is this system when something so simple as a power failure brings the entire system crashing to its knees? Second, stray but a scant several hundred feet from the academic mall and the blue lights are few and far between. Where this author lives, which will not be disclosed, one cannot see one blue light from the next.



RSP is a joke (no offense meant to those who work for the service). At night, the concept is that an RSP worker is to sit at the main entrance of every dorm to check the IDs of all who enter. Sadly, RSP is underfunded and undermanned to the point where many buildings lack an RSP desk worker. In addition, the service is so understaffed that only main entrances can be covered, when they are covered at all, and all buildings (by law) have multiple entrances, all but one of which are uncovered.

The RSP units who are assigned to walk about the campus in pairs are armed with little but a flashlight and a radio. Some (names withheld) see the system as a joke, which it is - by the time an RSP walk unit arrives, whatever incident they have been called to has already passed. The service of walking students from their buildings to their dorms is done with aplomb, it must be said, but there are too few walking units, too few desk units, and far too few

of the RSP units see the service as little more than just a means to a few easy bucks.

This leaves the police and the RAs. As anyone with a car can plainly observe, the campus' police force seems far too obsessed with the policing of traffic violations and far too obstinate to care about anything more serious than drunken students causing a disturbance. Should a real emergency occur, the campus police are ill equipped to handle such a situation, or so anecdotal evidence shows.

RSP is a joke (no offense meant to those who work for the service). At night[...] RSP worker is to sit at the main entrance of every dorm to check the IDs.

The Resident Assistants are, truth be told, the only legitimate line of defense against serious problems, and that is assuming that a disaster begins in a dormitory building. That said, the RAs are relatively neutered when it comes to their ability to handle truly violent or hazardous situations, as they are required to rely upon the ineptitude of the police force to take over.

The solutions to these problems will most likely not be implemented, due to cost-efficiency reasons. First off, more blue light call boxes need to be erected, but those cost hundreds of dollars, which will most likely be seen as wasteful spending. Second, RSP needs to have its funding increased tremendously, such that there are enough desk units to cover all entrances to all buildings and enough walk units to effectively cover the campus. Third, the police force needs to be retrained and re-tasked to handle violent incidents and the threat thereof. Their thinking needs to be corrected so that they care less about expired parking meters (a purely revenue-generating mentality) and more about issues of life-and-death, such as the possibility of a student with a weapon deciding to take his frustrations out on his fellow students. Finally, the campus needs an emergency reporting mechanism such that should a disastrous event occur, all buildings and all classrooms can be notified simultaneously, so that all students, faculty, and staff can be informed.

This campus can be made much safer, but only if the administration decides it is more important to spend money on safety mechanisms than it is to spend money on DVD rental vending machines and other such frivolities.

Remorseful Rentals

Created By David K. Ginn

More Like *Boring Wars: Battle for the Boring*

By David K. Ginn

Oh man, what were we thinking? We rented *Vampire Wars: Battle for the Universe*, thinking it would be so ridiculous it would give us a laugh, or maybe even be so bad it would be awe-

to fight vampires in space. The only laugh we got was when she argued with someone and retorted, quite profoundly, "ooga booga". We played it six times. She definitely says it.

the squad, and everyone is prejudicial towards her. She's one of two hot women in the movie, and, sadly, that kept most of my attention. The other hot woman, by the way, was the lead actress from *Final Destination*

2, a movie that is so bad is fucking awesome in every possible way. I wish more than a semi-hot young actress had been transferred from that movie. Something like entertainment value would have been useful.

This half-vampire hot woman (who isn't even *that* hot) is also psychic. The reason, of course, is because... Nope. There is no reason. She's just psychic. She claims that all vampires are. I wish I could be as learned in vampire mythology as the film's writers.

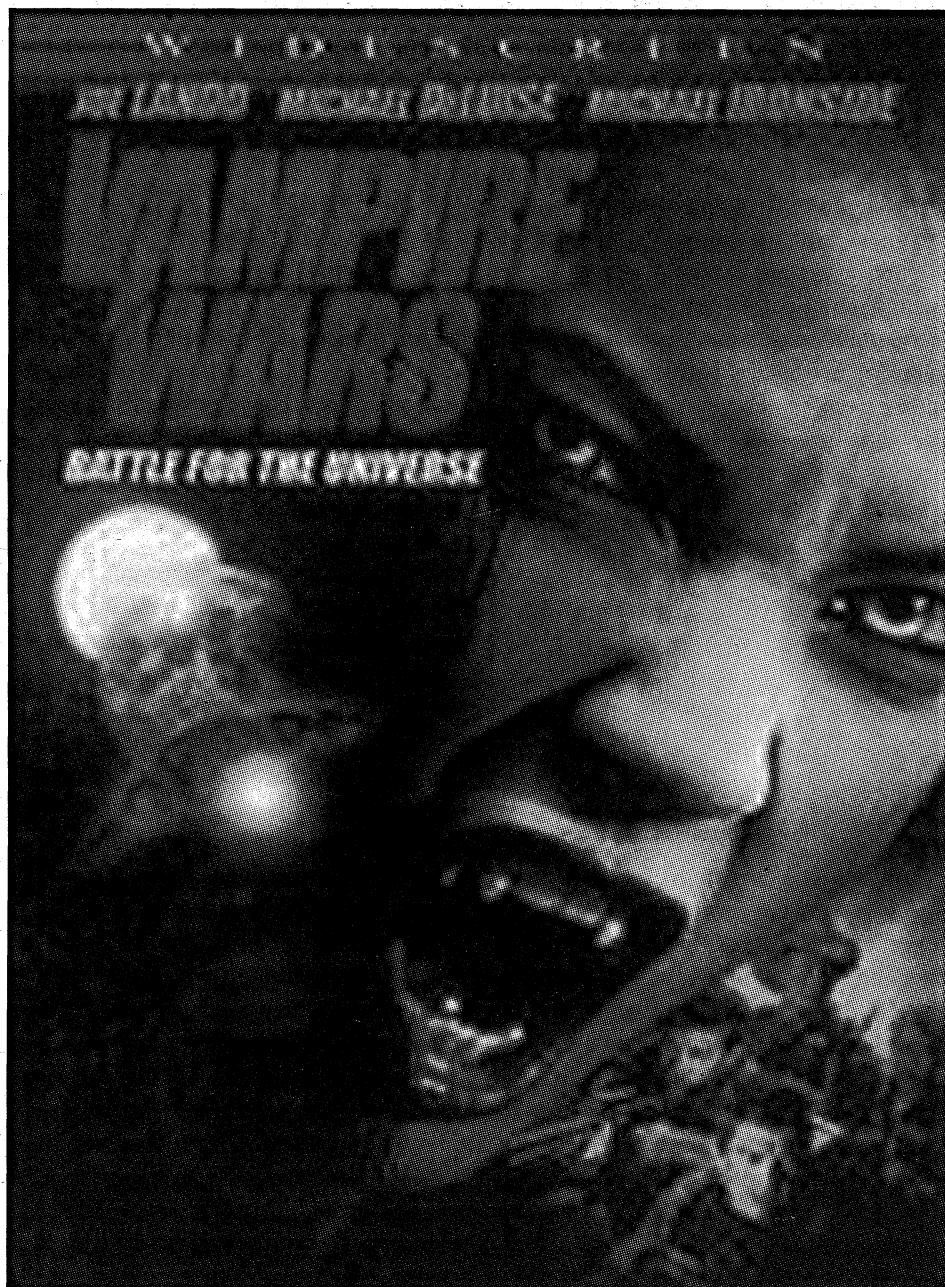
What's actually not so bad about the movie? Captain Cliché doesn't make it, so Sergeant Stoic has to take over. He's a much better actor than most of the lot. He played Jammer on *Battlestar Galactica*, which makes him cool because he was a big part of the SciFi Channel's webisodes that aired between Seasons 2 and 3. He was too good for this movie. He

didn't really show it, though.

This movie was so boring I wanted to vomit my mind so that I wouldn't have to think about anything ever again. This movie could have been badass awesomely bad if less than two thirds of it had been boring.

ing, pointless dialogue. God, they talked. What the hell did they talk about? I don't know. They just talked.

Michael Ironside is in this movie. Don't see it just for that. Okay, maybe.



some. We were so wrong.

There's an elite group of soldiers traveling through space fighting weird, mutant vampires. It makes no sense. You can shoot them. They aren't even real vampires. I have no idea what the hell they were.

In this elite squad is the most annoying Asian woman ever

I don't care that the last paragraph had three or more tense conflicts. I had a tense conflict when I wished, as we were watching the movie, that we had already watched it and were free to never, ever see it again. My wish didn't come true. The movie got worse. It was like a boring canker sore.

There's a half-vampire in



No, really, don't.



Nothing *Cremains* but a Violent Urge to Kill Myself

By Joe Donato

Cremains begins innocently enough: a woman in full bondage get-up (or about as full as bondage can be) is struggling on the floor of a bare white-walled room. Her thonged-ass is aimed at the camera—the first thing we see. A man comes to help her, freeing her from the restraints. It turns out this concerned man is actually the killer who tied her up in the first place. Truly a twist for the ages!

You'd think there would be more to this killer but I don't think he ever came back. *Cremains* had other plans for my evening. Four tales of nonsense and exposition awaited, ending in the brutal final tale of the Cremainder.

What is the Cremainder, you ask? It may have been the leftovers of a particularly messy math

and 2! There was an entire section of 60s and 70s horror porn trailers full of comedy gold. Imagine something like the fake *Grindhouse* trailers, and you might have an idea.

I especially liked the movie which the DVD menu and Seduction Cinema's

website insist on calling *Vampire Seduction*, but is actually Joe Sarno's most likely self-proclaimed masterpiece *Veil of Blood*. I know it's called *Veil of Blood* because between a bunch of sex scenes and weird dancing they repeated the name four times.

Sarno's other 1974 vision of mystery, suspense, and sizzling hot eroticism, *Butterflies*, is also featured. In this trailer the voiceover claims, "Butterflies are love.

two and half minute runtime, because there was more entertainment in the previews than any single moment of *Cremains*.

Okay, well that's not entirely true, there was this great part in the blooper reel where this redneck spent 5 hours forgetting his line.

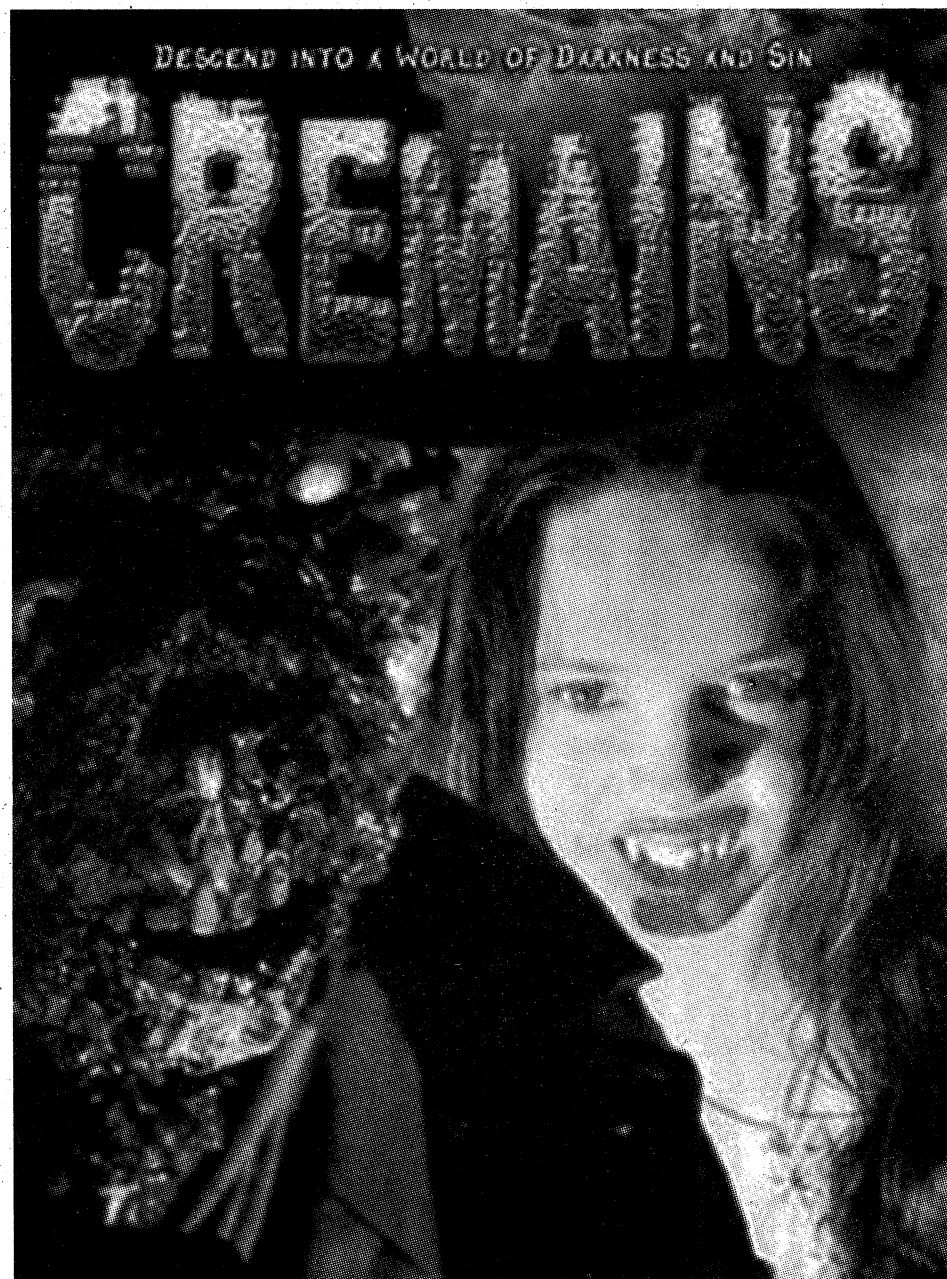


problem, I don't really remember. I think he was a dude in a black outfit who killed people, and either his story was shot in real-time, or he was a very slow killer. I also think he died in the end, and he was probably cremated.

That's not important though; what is important is this movie had fucking awesome previews. Imagine a gauntlet of terrible horror porn. There were girls fighting knights, *Erotic Survivor* (yes, like the TV show; but erotic-er), and *The Erotic Witch Project 1*

Butterflies are life. Butterflies are lust." He should have also claimed that butterflies are sniffing panties, mooning people on the side of the road, and getting nasty rashes from rubbing your face against a couch. But that's not all; we are also introduced to the All-American Sex Symbol Harry Reams (of Deep Throat), who has the power to remove a woman's clothes with mind-bullets!*

There's at least a half hour of previews here to enjoy. *Cremains* should have stuck to a



* - That's telekinesis, readers!!

sound is worth money.

(music news and reviews) by Steve McLinden

The Joel Plaskett Emergency – Ashtray Rock (4/17/2007, MapleMusic)

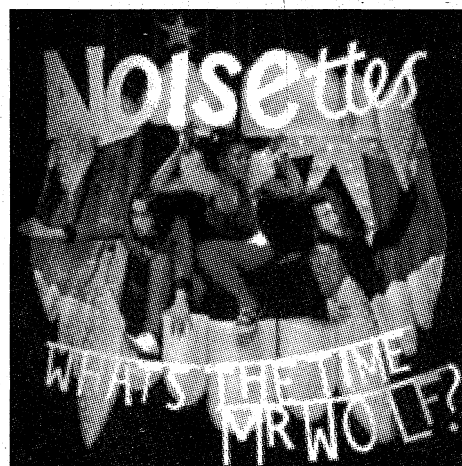
For one reason or another, Canadian rockers often have a hard time making it big in the U.S. I can't help but think of The Simpsons' episode where American and Canadian customs agents bicker over jurisdiction. But even if he is a puck-slappin' maple-sucker, Joel Plaskett's blue-collar indie rock will likely appeal to your inner Tom Petty.

Plaskett has called Ashtray Rock a concept album about a pair of adolescent friends; the title is the non-fictional name of a woodsy teenage hangout spot in his native province of Nova Scotia. Though it may not be the most apt musical comparison, the whole character-driven theme is a bit like The Who's Tommy; the listener has a detachment enough to watch, and yet is not so removed as to lack human interest.

Stateside, Plaskett may be remembered from Thrush Hermit, a '90s alternative rock band that never quite made it big in the U.S. (though I do remember their videos being on MuchMusic) back when Sloan turned Maritime Canada into "Seattle of the East." As the lead singer and primary songwriter, Plaskett was the driving force behind Thrush Hermit, and a couple of years after their breakup in '99, he would form The Joel Plaskett Emergency.

"Drunk Teenagers" may be a hackneyed title for a rock song, but the hook is so agreeably populist. "Drunk teenagers/out getting' hammered on a Saturday night/drunken teenagers/you can pick your poison/the city or the country, we just wanna make some noise;" you can't hate it. As an opening vignette, and the fuzzy electric slide of the guitars is a fun throwback. "Fashionable People" has a catchy keyboard thing going on in a way that's much softer than his previous three albums, but it's not necessarily a bad thing. "Snowed In/Cruisin'" has that impending natural-disaster doom opposite a feeling of enjoying the isolation, and this is where the conflict between best friends comes in. "Penny For Your Thoughts" is very reminiscent of '50s rock. And then, inevitably, on the surf-y "The Instrumental," we learn that the girl that led to the rift between the friends leaves. "Face Of The Earth" has a very late-'70s "classic rock" folksy guitar.

If you're looking for storytelling from Plaskett, Ashtray Rock is a solid concept album. However, I'd suggest Thrush Hermit's Clayton Park or the Emergency's La De Da.



Noisettes – What's The Time, Mr. Wolf? (04/17/07, Mercury)

I swore when I started writing this that I was going to avoid making any comparisons to Yeah Yeah Yeahs. Released in Europe back in February, the garage-y Brit trio gained a lot of attention; four singles have come off of the album since this past fall. Noisettes lead singer Shingai Shoniwa does have that Karen O growl in her voice, but sounds maybe a bit more like a mellowed-out Beth Ditto of The Gossip. Much like the aforementioned bands, the faster the tempo and the grittier the sound, the better it works, and other points come up short.

This is Noisettes' debut album, but it's not necessarily coming out of nowhere. Having opened for the likes of Bloc Party, TV On The Radio, and Muse, they drummed up a lot of buzz. After their five-track EP last year, the major label Mercury scooped them up quick.

What's The Time, Mr. Wolf? kicks off with the daringly coarse and fast-paced "Don't Give Up," which sounds like it's begging to be put into the next iPod commercial. "Scratch Your Name" is built around post-punk-type shredding guitar riffs, and the band's challenge to "scratch your name into the fabric of this world before you go" is likely intended as a self-challenge for the band's future success. The most recent single, "Sister Rosetta," has a nice clap-along melody that almost makes me want to invoke a comparison to Poly Styrene of the influential X-Ray Spex. "Bridge To Canada" is probably the most Karen O-like anthem on the album. But once the tracks start slowing down — "The Count of Monte Christo" and the three tracks that close out the album: "Mind The Gap," "Cannot Even (Break Free)," and "Hierarchy" — the warbling vocals feel out of place and the quasi-Riot Grrl elements go out the window; it sounds as if Kathleen Hanna were covering some old English sailor pub songs.

If Yeah Yeah Yeahs' Show Your Bones last year left you feeling like you were

missing something, or on the other hand, if you enjoyed it, checking out Noisettes wouldn't be a bad move.

The 10 Best Albums That I Neglected So Far This Year

1) Brother Ali – The Undisputed Truth: Lyrically, this is the best rap album in a sort-of long time. "I never said I had a business mind, I just don't believe quit-tin' time exists/ain't no finish line to this, you gotta gimme mine, I really shine, my given time is this/live and die with the grind, driven by the fist," Ali spits, proving the worth of the album's title. The beats are all produced by Ant (of Atmosphere) so you know they're good, too. Whatever is in the water in Minnesota is breeding candid and brilliant hip-hop like no single city has for more than a decade.

2) Klaxons – Myths of the Near Future: I was going to write about this, but I thought it was too out there. The whole "new rave" scene springing up in the UK recalls the '90's drugged-out raves with a more poppy electronica style. Then all of England and the songs start showing up on video game soundtracks. Go figure.

3) The Twilight Sad – Fourteen Autumns and Fifteen Winters: All the buzz is that "oh no, they're going to get called Scotland's The Arcade Fire." As though that's a bad thing. I think it's a safe bet that all this critical acclaim will turn The Twilight Sad into one of indie art rock's biggest new artists.

4) Menomena – Friend and Foe: In January, I made the early claim that this was the album of the year. Very artsy indie rock that also plays with a lot of samplings.

5) J Dilla – Ruff Draft: The album's first release on CD, it contains some of the cult-favorite producer's rawest and most experimental beats with some real psychedelic and soulful samples. "Sounds like it's straight from the mah'fuckin' cassette!" he calls out on the intro, and you just have to smile because it's so true. RIP Jay Dee.

6) A Band of Bees – Octopus: Whoever said the mid-1960s had to end, anyway? These modern British kids show a variety of influence from psychedelia, folk, and reggae; they're not unlike The Zombies were 40 years ago. So it may sound like something you've heard before, but I mean that in a good way.

7) !!! – Myth Takes: Sometimes I feel like an idiot listening to Chk Chk Chk, other times I feel like I'm in on a brilliant inside joke. Nonetheless, there's plenty of great indietronica songs here, like "Break In Case of Anything" and "All My Heroes Are Weirdos."

8) The Apples In Stereo – New Magnetic Wonder: Arguably the biggest band to emerge from the Elephant Six Collective's '90s psych-pop revival, The Apples in Stereo constantly evoke Beatlesque comparisons, fairly or not. On NMW, The Apples In Stereo bring in a heavier '70s prog-rock influence.

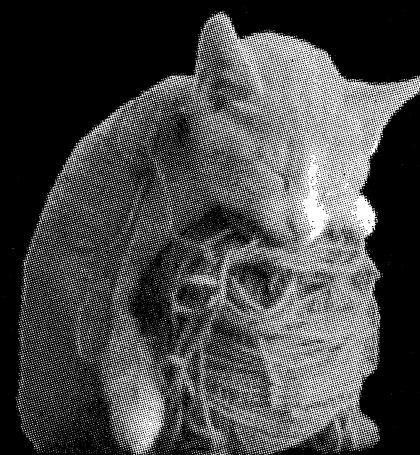
9) Do Make Say Think – You, You're a History in Rust: Post-rock is a relatively new genre, and in spite of its focus on holistic sound and typically a lack of lyrics, DMST took a step forward within the genre that (as their website says) "features full-on verse-chorus-verse singing that builds towards lovely massed vocals." Even so, in You, You're a History in Rust, organic feel is not sacrificed at all.

10) Andrew Bird – Armchair Apocrypha: Andrew Bird is something of an indie rock genius, even if I didn't like Armchair Apocrypha as much as The Mysterious Production of Eggs. And "Scythian Empires" is one of my favorite anti-Iraq War songs.

Play America's Greatest Pastime

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The Stony Brook Press:

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

Batfight



By Stephanie Hayes

So, there's this movie called *Cremains* and, lemme tell you, it's dog shit. It's so shitty, I couldn't even smile at the shittiness. I was actually bored, and bad horror movies should never be boring. G'bless fledgling writer/director/actor Mitch Hansen. Hansen saw that a movie could be filmed in the overly obscure, amateur style of *Cremains*, but with a self-aware knowledge of its idiocy. The result is a bad horror masterpiece of epic proportions... minced down to a manageable six and a half minutes. Brace yourself for the most riveting YouTube experience of your life: *Batfight*.

The opening filter effects are laid on supah thick. There's a man singing in a way that makes me think he missed his calling as the main character in a true life *Eraserhead* scenario. Then, a switch to the lovely Shaan Lalwani. Her eyes, glammed out in gigantic white-frame sunglasses, stare vacantly upwards while she prattles on about snakes and the shedding of their skins. Pretty damn eerie. Is the talk of snakes a metaphor for a larger, all-encompassing theme in the movie? Yeah... no, it

definitely isn't. It's just delightfully random. It's this dead-panned goofiness that makes *Batfight* successful and cohesive. The one genuinely eepy part is Shaan taking a drill in the forehead. Ouch. Pretty exciting though, especially considering this is just a summary of the events prior to the opening title.

The rest of *Batfight* is badass too. I'm just too lazy to write the lengthy review it deserves. The grand bat fight duel takes place with a sheet of white paper underneath. Blood is shed but not a drop manages to tarnish that immaculate white floor. It's awesome. The actors are pretty, the screaming is loud, the soundtrack is solid. You can't really ask for more. But a last note: as a potential viewer, you should know my heart breaks everytime I see Miss Lalwani's fragile, drilled-into body picked up and carted away. My eyes are brimming with tears at the mere thought.

The same crew has since pumped out a series of shorts called *Hot Friz City*. Think secret Frisbee dealings, nonsense Shaan cameos, Spider-Man, and a hilariously relentless campus cop. Yep, undeniably smileworthy but I'm lacking the motivation of the Frisbee-less guys and am giving up... writing this review, I mean.

Batfight:

<http://youtube.com/watch?v=IZ7Arp94MoC>

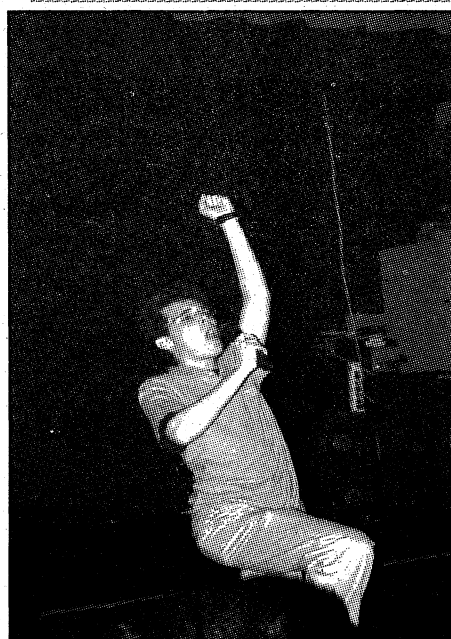
Hot Friz City, episode one:

<http://youtube.com/watch?v=4O2olz6S-KE>

Hot Friz City, episodes 2-4: <http://findthemontheepisodeonepage>

Spider-Man backstory: <http://comingsoon>

Pocket's Musical Theater Night: Reviewing 'Cause I Was In It



By Alex H. Nagler

There is no musical theater program at Stony Brook. That's one of the first things that struck me when I got here. We don't have musicals per se, but we do have revues. And Monday, April 23rd was Pocket Theater's "Broadway The Pocket Way: A Tribute to the Last Ten Years of Broadway", and as stated in the title, I was in it.

From the inside, it was a fun thing to put together. Rehearsal time was scarce due to the amount of people involved but the rehearsals we did get were valuable. Finally, we somehow pulled everything together and got a rough run-through done on Friday, April 20th. All of our hard work was going to pay off. We may have had to do the show on a Monday, but we were going to put the show on.

Monday finally came and we were ready to go on. We had the University Café for the night, I had physically threatened people with random acts of violence if they didn't show up, and we were going to put on a good show. And we did. We put on a helluv a show for those who came to watch. We basked in the respective glow of other people's friends and supporters. And yeah, I was in it.

The theme was shows that had premiered, or been revived, were running in the last ten years. I personally sang "This Is The Moment" from "Jekyll and Hyde." Adina Silverbush, everyone's favorite Business Manager for *The Press*, did "There's A Fine, Fine Line" from "Avenue Q." There were twenty-three acts in total and it was just a really fun time.

When asked to comment on the night, Amanda Marschall, one of two directors of the evening stated, "Basically, I really would love for this event to help the theatre or music department establish a real musical to put on for the campus." Marschall continued, "Tonight we showed we have huge amounts of talent and interests in musical theatre and I think it is about time Stony Brook embraces musicals. I am so proud of everyone because the show was a great success!"

And it was. I know that odds are I'll do it again next year, unless we get an actual musical production underway.

Alex H. Nagler humbly recommends "Assassins" by Stephen Sondheim. It's a small cast, minimal dancing, great subject material, easy to advertise, and he can already sing most of the Balladeer part.

Hot Road Circuit - The Underground is a Dying Breed

By Mike Passaretti

It's been incredibly intriguing to watch this band change and shape into the musical icons they are today. Maybe "icon" is a bit of a stretch if compared to the likes of Madonna, but they have undeniably formed a silhouette in the territory of independent music that will outlive most of us. The foothold they have created in my heart and in my mind with their past music is nothing short of dazzling. The *Underground* is no exception.

Hot Rod Circuit has always been the kind of band that I will listen to a great deal for a short period of time, and then forget about for a couple months, until maybe hearing someone mention them in passing, or even a lyric that triggers an emotion that stirs up old feelings. This album will leave a longer lasting impression than anything previous.

Their choice for the first song was a lit-

tle odd to me initially. Once I listened to the rest of the album it made more sense. It definitely grasps the overall integrity of the album, cleanly and swiftly.

Andrew's vocals are impressive as ever. He may not have a Bono-esque voice that the world will remember for years to come, but it's strong enough to make you feel like you are a part of the song. The lyrics are not ground-breaking, but the honesty and passion he puts into its delivery will grab your attention.

Stand-out tracks on the album include "What We Believe In," "45s," and my personal favorite, "Spit You Out." The first line in the "What We Believe In" will give the listener a clear idea as to the direction of the song: "I am so high I can feel you in my bones / I'm staring at the window." It may seem like something that's been done, cliché, etc., but the rest of the song really pulls together pretty nicely. It's a catchy tune that I find myself humming in the middle of my daily routine quite often.

By far the catchiest chorus on the CD, easily a single, "45s" is the classic A-A-B, cookie-cutter song, but is that such a bad thing? I don't think so, because this song rocks pretty hard. The chorus, "things don't turn out like we planned it / no matter what we say / I'll hold you closer, tear my heart out / I will find another way." Like I said earlier, it's not ground-breaking, but in the context of the music, it works too well to ignore!

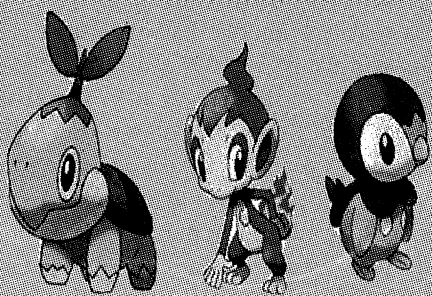
Now to my favorite song, "Spit You Out." It's very unique sounding compared to the rest of the album. It also sounds very similar to a band I've heard before, however I can't put my finger on the name of the band right now. It's more "indie" than the rest of the album--less structure, more music. My favorite part, that really makes this song spectacular, is the transition between the chorus into the bridge. The overlapping vocals, the guitar solo, the simple drums...it's glorious.

Even though I regard this album very

highly, I was leaning towards three-stars, however the more I listen to this album the more I know I'm going to love it. The fourth star is there for future potential. What held it back from a perfect score? The production. The quality of the instruments, the overbearing reverb/delay on the vocals, and the overall mix just seem to come up short. It lacks power and emphasis where it's needed to bring everything to the front. Sometimes I struggle to hear certain parts that I wish were brought to the front of the mix.

Overall, this is a really solid release from a scene favorite. Hot Rod Circuit never ceases to impress me. It may not be their peak, but it's incredibly strong. I'd be excited to see where the boys go from here. Their unique style will be their traction on a slippery road that they have so gracefully maneuvered over the years. Since their inception a decade ago, I would be very proud of this release for such a momentous occasion.

Pokemon Diamond and Pearl: Hands-on



By Nick Fox

So, yes, dear readers, Nick Fox woke up at 7am to rush down to the local in-mall video-game store to get a copy of both Pokemon Diamond and Pearl.

For those of you living under Geodudes, Pokemon Diamond and Pearl were released simultaneously Sunday morning at 8am here on Long Island, and I was among the first to pick them up.

Well, enough of the bullshit, let's get right into the Muk.

First off, the graphics aren't as unhashed as I previously thought. Instead of mostly top down view, it's now mostly 3/4 view, which is ok. Things like buildings and stuff look kind of three dimensional, and things are kind of pretty looking but I can't compare the graphics to anything found in the FF3 release (those beginning cut scenes made me speechless)

So graphics aside, here are some game play issues:

1) The game relies a lot on the touch-pad. Nothing fun like minigames (yet, I have hopes after reading the game booklet), but mostly touching through menus to get your pokemon to attack or to throw a pokeball, etc.

This is ok, since you can get through all of the menus with the d-pad, but silly things like extra description menus of pokeballs and potions can get unnecessary after a few hours.

2) The pokemon - I know it's only three hours in... but can I get some less cute pokemon? The starting three pokemon are, as everyone suspects, a grass-type, a fire-type, and a water-type. The grass-type pokemon is a turtle, the water-type is a penguin, and the fire-type is a... chimpanzee? Of course I went with the chimpanzee, whose name happens to be CHIMCHAR! All cute as hell, including the pokemon you fight in the wild which include both beavers and electric cat-like things. Pidgey rip-off's are also included.

3) WTF happened to Professor Oak? The loveable old man who gets you into

pokemon in the first place is totally AWOL, which leaves the stage open for some other grey-haired scientist. Instead of being warmly introduced into Pokemon, you pretty much steal some to keep from being killed by blood-thirsty, children-eating fake Pidgeys, and due to the amazing impression you make on the stolen pokemon, you can't give them back. Guess this new scientist will have to recruit you and your friend into helping him know every pokemon in the world. Sounds like the beginning of a pokemon-collecting adventure!

4) I don't know how many of you out there are familiar with the witty banter some trainers along the trail have, but... do they still like wearing shorts? I don't really know, because I haven't seen any old-school witty banter. Sure, the word "n00b" is thrown around, but shorts? Nope.

5) WTF is up with this fucking watch? Poketch? How do I even say that? And why does it have a calculator? Are there math-type pokemon in this game? Perhaps a Trigotron? Guess I won't be catching him since I failed that. Is this some sort of new Geodude evolution? Geomotree? That's not a stone at all!

All jokes aside, why do I need a watch to remind me of how many hours I've wasted playing a game based on fake animals? I'm sure I could spend less time catching real animals, you know, outside.

But anyway, the game is good so far, and color-wise, looks amazing on the DS lite. Owning a DS fat, I felt bad for myself, but my girlfriend let me look at the cool pokemon on hers. By cool, I mean colorful, not uncute. I'm still waiting for those.

So go pick up Pokemon Diamond and Pearl. I am not getting paid to say that. New pokemon, as well as old favorites like Geodude and Abra are around to teleport away and totally ruin your night. Uploading from Fire Red, Leaf Green, and other Advance generation Pokemon games make filling your pokedex even less nerve-wracking!

If Pokemon has taught me anything in life, it is to never trust your childhood friend. He will always take that Pokemon with the type advantage over yours, and will always try to screw you. Friends, you're on notice.



"Pokemon Diamond/Pearl"

Why Spider-Man 3 Will Suck!

By Justin Meltzer

Yes, I know I will get a lot of shit for writing an article about the years most anticipated movie, but as *The Press's* official "unofficial" movie critic, it is my duty to warn the people what they are to expect from this most impressive of films. Absolutely nothing!

Yes, you heard right, don't expect anything from this film. Nothing at all, not even in the slightest. Here's why: It's because they gave away almost the whole film in the previews. The movie, which is said to premiere at 139 minutes long has probably shown about half of the actual footage through the previews. If there is a bootleg, leaked copy of the movie out right now (it is April 28 at the time of this writing) it is just because someone grabbed all the trailers off of the net and edited them together to make the movie! This is squarely the fault of the marketing's promotions department, so it should be everyone's responsibility to give them a firm "Fuck You!"

Why, oh why do they choose to do this? I have a couple of beliefs on the matter, but first let's sight precedent. It's the year 2002 and the summer movies are being released. The trailer comes on the screen in the theater and the movie is called Blue Crush. Ring any bells? Watch the trailer and you have just witnessed the plot to the whole film. Jump back to now, Spider-Man 3 is about to come out and if you haven't heard of it in one sense or another you have officially been in a cave with your eyes closed and you fingers in your ears... and you are on Mars.

The movie has been so over hyped and over publicized that it has taken away the artistic qualities and theatrical intrigue of the film. Why watch a film when you know everything that is going to happen? I mean, they released four - count 'em - four official theatrical trailers in the theatres. Usually they only release one or at most two for bigger summer movies, but four? What the hell! And the worst part is that everyone loves it. Nobody seems to realize that they are ruining the movie for themselves by watching all the trailers. Seriously, it's not funny anymore!

I would just like to mention that the movie, Spider-Man 3 won't actually suck, but it won't be as much fun because of all the footage they have shown in the trailers. The worst of which was the 7 and a half minutes of footage they showed on NBC.com after an episode of Heroes. But whatever, just go see the movie and enjoy.

Hot Fuzz: the Real Review

By Justin Meltzer

Warning: Spoilers Ahead

Well, we've all seen Shaun of the Dead, the highly influential British parody of pretty much every zombie film ever made. Well, the people who brought you that cultural phenomenon are back, but this time it's cop films that are on the chopping block. And they've seen every single cop film ever made, so you'd better be fuckin' prepared!

We start the movie by following the exploits of London's number one cop, Nicholas Angel. He is the toughest, most badass cop in all of London, having graduated from his class with perfect grades and receiving some of the highest honors of any police officer around. The only problem is that he is too good and is making everyone else look bad. So the administration does what any administration would do in this situation; they get rid of him by relocating him. Off he goes to some quiet town in the middle of bumblefuck England. The only problem is that this quiet town has some very suspicious activity relating to the deaths of its town members, which are written off as accidents, but #1 cop Nicolas Angel knows better.

Hot Fuzz borrows from other action/cop movies such as Bad Boys 2 and Point Break, but the jokes in this movie are original and witty. When they kill someone in the film, there is plenty of blood, gore, and violence. You can't deny the humor in the film, but there are other points to consider for the movie as a whole. The story is clever with lots of twists and turns around every corner (as is typical with suspense, thriller and murder mysteries), but the progression is what bothers me. We see and understand how the character has a stick up his ass, but it doesn't really humanize him in the eyes of the viewer. I personally couldn't seem to feel for this character until more than halfway through the movie when his new cop pal Danny Butterman teaches him to relax a little.

The movie really is great overall but gets even better near the end. As the gunfight starts, we find out how incredibly loony they can get with it, shooting everyone in town from the shopkeepers, to the old ladies, to the priest. In the end, everyone gets theirs, and then some. If you liked Shaun of the Dead you must see this picture and to everyone else I recommend this film very much. I give it an amazing five out of seven stars. Great Job!

Rated R for graphic violence, language, one or two annoying laughs, and a shit-load of gun violence.

P.S.- Rat Porn

This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things: Perry Goldstein, The Lack of Musical Theater, and My Edifice-Crush on the Metropolitan Opera House

By Alex Nagler

There is no musical theater program at Stony Brook. That's one of the first things that struck me when I got here. It always puzzled me that we have such a large student body and a fantastic music program, and yet, we have no musical theater program. Fitting in with the paper's sudden swing back towards investigative features, I figured that emailing Dr. Perry Goldstein, head of the college of Arts, Culture and Humanities (Tabler Quad) and Director of Undergraduate Studies and Musicianship, Composition and Theory was a good idea. And yeah, it was.

Dr. Goldstein decided the question was one that was definitely worth investigating. He discussed it with some of his colleagues and came to the following decision: the faculty and budget of the Music Department can't handle a musical. But rather than ramble on about it myself, I'll let Dr. Goldstein say it for himself:

"Although the Music Department does teach certain kinds of vernacular music, such as courses in popular music, jazz, and music of other cultures, and has a jazz band and jazz combos, the emphasis in the department is on the classical tradition. In other words, all of the performance faculty except for our professors of jazz is an expert in the classical tradition. We don't have the resources to employ a jazz or rock guitarist to give lessons to students, nor an expert performer in popular styles. The training

received by singers of musical theater, the way such singers use their voices in that medium, is quite different from the training that classical musicians receive. Many voice teachers would assert that these two styles are incompatible. The Music Department has two part-time faculty who teach voice and are experts in opera and classical song tradition. Neither is experienced in musical theater, and, as that style is outside their experience, it wouldn't be appropriate for them to teach that style. And then there is the huge apparatus, dramatic and musical, required by musical theater productions. The Music Department doesn't have the resources to mount such productions. The Music Department does produce two opera events per year, part of its mission to train singers and instrumentalists in the operatic tradition. Musical theater, on the other hand, is outside the purview of most departments of music.

But students who love musical theater shouldn't despair. There are ways to be involved in musical theater, and those ways are growing. A successful performance of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" was just given at the Tabler Center. This was an initiative of Campus Residences, and the plan next year is to put on another musical comedy and increase the number of students involved in the production. Students interested in being involved can contact me at pgoldstein@notes.cc.sunysb.edu. Now that there is an undergraduate College of Arts, Culture, and Humanities, there may be opportunities to mount productions at the Tabler Center through the College. I am

currently working on creating an ACH 102 course that has as its goal the production of a musical. In addition, students can take advantage of the opportunity to form a club devoted to musical theater productions. The Tabler Center has a 300-seat performance space, with movable lighting, lighting board, grand piano, staging, etc., that would be available to such students. Student productions of "Hair" and other musicals have taken place—all that is required are students with energy and commitment. The resources are here to help them with their productions."

He added in a follow-up email, "I was able to speak with Deborah Mayo, the Undergraduate Studies Director in the Department of Theatre Arts. She told me that although the Department was able to mount productions in the past of such musical comedies as "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Godspell," they have not been able to do so recently because of limited resources. It is very expensive to put on musicals. The rights are expensive, an orchestra has to be hired, and the productions themselves are prohibitively costly.

She did mention that there will be a course taught by actress Marie Danvers (who appeared in the Broadway production of "The Phantom of the Opera" as "Christine") next semester. It is called "Singing for Actors," and is under the rubric THR 351, Special Topics.

So there we are. The voice faculty isn't equipped to handle musical theater and musicals cost too much to put on. These are both very valid reasons as to why

there is no musical theater program here at Stony Brook and why we do have operas. While I love the opera (as should be noted by my titular edifice-crush on the Metropolitan Opera House), I also love the Great White Way. I understand that the faculty can't support teaching in a style they're not accustomed to and that the rights are expensive, but can't we give it a shot? "You're A Good Man Charlie Brown" was successful, but it was done by faculty. Pocket's Musical Night was great, but it was a revue. Isn't there some way that we can get an honest-to-goodness musical done?

"Hair" worked. People are still talking about it. To the students of Stony Brook, I'm taking on the role of Don Quixote, the Lord of La Mancha. I'm hurling down the gauntlet to thee. Make a musical happen so that we have something new to talk about once all the students who were in "Hair" graduate. I'm thinking we need another national anthem, folks, and I think it just begun in the ballpark. Yes, I'm talking about the ever-popular Sondheim musical, "Assassins." Check my review of the Pocket performance for my justification.

My thanks go out to Dr. Goldstein for responding to my question and doing the legwork to make sure that his response was a thorough one. It's nice that there'll be an ACH class with musicals, but it looks like the ability to produce a musical falls on the shoulders of Pocket Theater. Godspeed, Pocket.

Alex H. Nagler has the ability to close down schools in Indonesia.

Fear of a Blank Planet — Porcupine Tree

By Joe Donato

"Why would you want to watch something that's depressing? I always watch comedies." I've heard this a few times, and I have never understood it. An engaging story is something that tugs at your emotions without consequence. After all, at the end it's all just a story. You come out of it having experienced feelings—sadness, happiness, and anger—all without anyone having to get hurt. Life is all about dynamics, and it's not healthy to only experience a small range of emotions. With that said, *Fear of a Blank Planet* is a downer of an album.

I'm also debating the irony of that last para-

graph, as the album is all about jacking in and tuning out, being desensitized to everything in your world. Obviously I'm not advocating living your life in front of a TV; it's all about moderation. Live your life, but also take a break sometimes. That's not what this album is about; it's about a darker world, in which children are raised by their Xboxes and commit crimes only because there's nothing better to do.

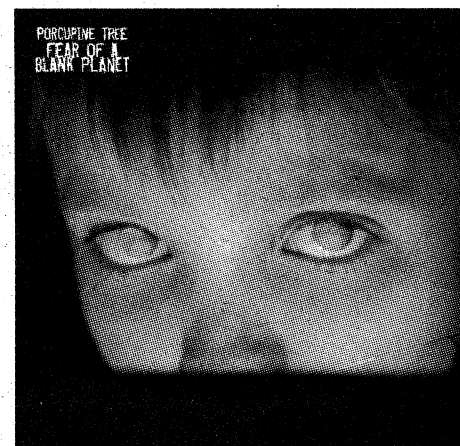
It's not necessarily reality, but it's a path we're heading down. Our society grows more technological and busy by the day. Traffic is getting worse, people have to work more to sustain themselves, and they have less time to take care of their kids. These kids rely on TV and computers to occupy themselves, spend-

ing less time outside. Imagine our society in twenty years at this rate; I believe that's what this album is all about.

Musically, it follows the trend Porcupine Tree has been setting for the last two albums, but it executes far better than *Deadwing*, and at least a bit better than *In Absentia*. The style is progressive rock, with a sprinkling of metal here and there. As usual, the lyrics are soft and soothing, although in this context more haunting. The entire mood of the album is great; it gives you a sense of dread, but maintains some upbeat sections throughout. I think without those upbeat moments they'd alienate more of the audience than they already are.

Porcupine Tree is currently touring to promote the album. They'll be playing at the

Nokia Theater in NYC in late May. I highly suggest you check out the album and see them live.



T3h Soap Box

"My Virginia Tech Shooting Comments By Matthew Rammelkamp

In response to the devastating shooting that occurred this past week at Virginia Tech University, I just have two comments.

One, I find it sketchy that police and EMT workers at Virginia Tech claim that campus police were given a federal order to stand down and not pursue killer Chô Seung-Hui as Monday's bloodshed unfolded. This explains the complete non-response of the police in the two-hour gap between Cho's first two murders and the wider rampage that would follow later that morning. *

Two, I find it a shame that the establishment is using this shooting to destroy our right as Americans to own guns. Here are two things you gun control nuts need to realize: criminals don't obey laws, and gun control only disarms the victims.

The Bush Administration is doing everything it can to give the military and police in this country a monopoly on gun ownership. Despite being falsely seen as an NRA-supporter, Bush supports disarming airline pilots, forfeiting gun rights for misdemeanors, and argues that the total DC gun ban is a reasonable restriction on the 2nd Amendment.

During the devastating aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, this administration declared Martial Law in New Orleans and suspended the Bill of Rights. Law-abiding homeowners were handcuffed by the U.S. military and forced to sit on sidewalks while their homes were raided and their guns were confiscated.

In the event of a natural disaster, shouldn't homeowners be allowed to protect their families and private property? In the event of a hijacking, shouldn't airline pilots be able to save everyone on board by shooting the hijackers? In the event of a school shooting, shouldn't the principal or teachers be able to gun down the armed nut?

The mainstream media isn't telling you about gun control, the coming police state, and the unanswered questions about this terrible shooting that FOX News isn't telling you.

Check out www.jonesreport.com, www.infowars.com, and www.planet-prison.com. Thanks.

Drug Company Crimes Against Humanity and Animals By Matthew Rammelkamp

According to recent opinion polls, only 13% of the public has confidence or trust in the pharmaceutical industry, ranking amongst the likes of big tobacco, the oil industry, and insurance companies (Harris Poll published in July of 2005). Vioxx and about half of all drugs approved by the FDA are either recalled or relabeled due to dangerous and fatal side-effects unforeseen by animal testing (U.S. General Accounting Office report).

In June, 2002, the New England Journal of Medicine announced that it would accept "biased journalists" - those who accept money from drug companies - because it is too difficult to find ones that have no ties. In 2002, ABC News reported that ties between doctors and pharmaceutical companies amount to over \$2 billion a year spent on over 314,000 events that doctors attended. Representatives from drug companies "sweet-feed" gullible doctors into prescribing their drugs, while safer and cheaper alternatives exist - such as generics or natural cures. Some of these "special events" that ABC reported involved pharmaceutical company representatives renting out the top floors of high-scale restaurants and giving presentations to doctors. Furthermore, the Institute for Evidence-Based Medicine in Germany reported that 94% of the information in drug company literature aimed at pharmaceutical companies have absolutely no basis in fact. Virtually all of the information contained therein has been either distorted or exaggerated, the study revealed.

For those who still think that pharmaceutical companies test on animals for the public good, I urge you to reconsider. Pfizer, GlaxoSmithKline, and over 30 other drug companies sued South Africa for making cheap and much-needed generic versions of AIDS medications. Those two companies have also been exposed in a scandal in New York City which involved using orphans as test subjects for controversial medications. They are now being investigated by the city health department. Supposedly the trials were designed to test the 'toxicity' of AIDS medications and involved giving children as young as four a high-dosage cocktail of seven drugs at one time. Another study looked at the reaction in six-month-old babies to a double dose of measles vaccine.

Hoffman LaRoche is being sued because its blockbuster acne medication Accutane has been linked to teen suicides, and so has Glaxo's antidepressant Paxil, among many others. New York Attorney General Elliot Spitzer is suing Glaxo for fraud for suppressing four of the five Paxil studies. It turned out 80% of the studies showed the drug was harmful and potentially dangerous. They failed to report this when getting Paxil approved by the FDA. Novartis' mind-altering Ritalin is simply a way for someone to profit off of the bad parenting skills of those who feed their children refined sugar products.

If you don't believe that the same executives who you think are in the business of "finding cures" would murder in cold blood - go see the hit Hollywood movie The Constant Gardener. If you don't think that drug company representatives with no medical background give false information to doctors and bribe them with dinners and football tickets, go see the movie Side Effects.

When they claim they use animal tests to predict the safety of their drugs, I urge you to think about their other crimes- what they are being investigated for, sued for, and what they've already plead guilty to and/or settled.

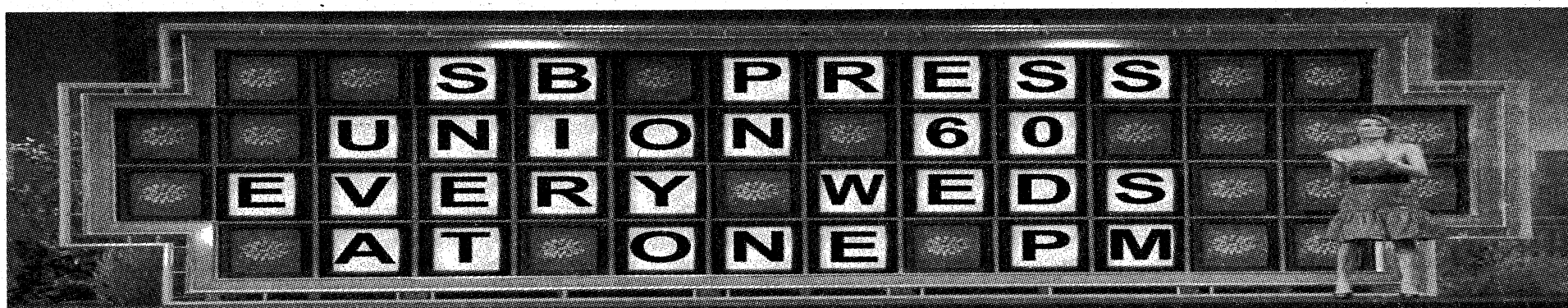
Then assess if these companies are working for the public good or if they are in the business of making money and see all life - human and animal - as expendable.

John Edwards' Grassroots Campaign for President By Laura Positano

The American middle class is suffering, and its demise is imminent if the government doesn't radically change. So say supporters of John Edwards. In his second bid for the presidency, he is running on a platform geared towards restoring the success of America's middle class: affordable health care and income tax reform. Despite his wife Elizabeth's recent recurrent bout with cancer, Edwards has stayed on the campaign trail because he is determined to eliminate poverty in America.

Such a campaign focus was called "populism" in earlier elections, dating back to the 1880s when candidates tried to back urban workers, farmers, and those opposing rich people. As in the nineteenth century's Gilded Age, massive gaps between the rich and everyone else exist because of governmental corruption and disregard for the needs of workers.

Edwards was part of an evening of house parties given last week across the nation. I was pleasantly treated by Ed Smith of East Patchogue to a DVD of Edwards, followed by a conference call with Edwards as he spent a few minutes in a campaign stopover in an airport. This was sponsored by the John Edwards grassroots organization's Suffolk County chapter of One Corps. The DVD focused on Edwards' stated goals of restoring America's moral leadership on the world stage, affordable quality healthcare for all Americans, the elimination of poverty, and the strengthening of America's middle class. In addition, his disagreement with President Bush's war in Iraq (which Hilary Clinton supports) and concern about global warming were



mentioned. With his background as a trial lawyer, he has experience defending powerless people from special interests.

Edwards was not more specific about his plans on the conference call he held with concurrent house parties nationwide. Suffice it to say, he mostly focused on his desire to have the 47 million Americans who are uninsured protected by health insurance.

His campaign's goal, in having these house parties, was to generate support as well as campaign contributions to raise matching funds in time for the March 31st deadline. E-mails to supporters ask them to help the Edwards campaign make history with contributions that support Edwards' mission of combating poverty in America and abroad. The tension of needing to raise enough funds to be viable against other Democratic contenders is evident in the fundraising e-mail entitled, "the clock is ticking."

The clock is ticking, as the time draws nearer to the pushed-back primaries of January and February. As of March 31st, \$2,842,722.05 was raised by online donors alone. In politics, funds equal viability, and without them, there's not much chance against the competition. Edwards' campaign for President is a valiant one; with many Americans uninsured and working two or three jobs to make ends meet, his platform gives him a fighting chance at the presidency. One hopes his platform and ebullient personality will be enough to raise funds to the point of making him a top contender for within the Democratic Party. It is an ambitious campaign, aiming to combat poverty as well as serious environmental problems. April was declared by the Edwards campaign to be Global Warming Month, a month of environmentally conscious events. Namely, there have been two events for Edwards supporters to show their concern about the planet. The first one was on April 14th, when there were Step It Up rallies, focused on convincing Congress to cut national carbon emissions by 2020.

The second event, held on Earth Day, April 22nd, was composed of "Reduce Your Carbon" local outreach events that aimed to reduce individual environmental impacts. As noted in an e-mail to supporters, this campaign is like no other.

Andy Rooney of 60 Minutes Appears at Suffolk Community College **By Laura Positano**

On Wednesday, April 25, the writer Andy Rooney of 60 Minutes fame came to the Ammerman campus of Suffolk Community College in Selden for the Campus Activities Distinguished Lecture Series. He apologetically explained that he "writes better than [he] speaks," noting that he rarely does speaking engagements. His qualms did not stand in the way of a successful lecture. Though the audience appeared to comprise of less than 300 tickets sold by the Campus Activities Board (approximately 100 people were there), there was a sense of spellbound camaraderie among those who were in attendance.

The distinguished lecture was a jovial, collegial, and eloquent one. From sitting in his chair, as opposed to standing at the lectern that was on the stage, Rooney felt he was "just talking" to the audience. Upon observing the sign language interpreter in the corner, Rooney joked that when one of his television scripts was translated into Japanese, the meanings were all changed. He mused that the same might occur with sign language. This drew enormous laughs from the audience. Rooney went on to discuss how he became involved with journalism, but he also talked about his educational background. Rooney went to the Albany Academy in upstate New York, which he described as a "good school," where he wrote for many college publications. He was drafted at the end of his third year in school. With regret, Rooney noted that he never returned to college. When he was drafted, he went into the

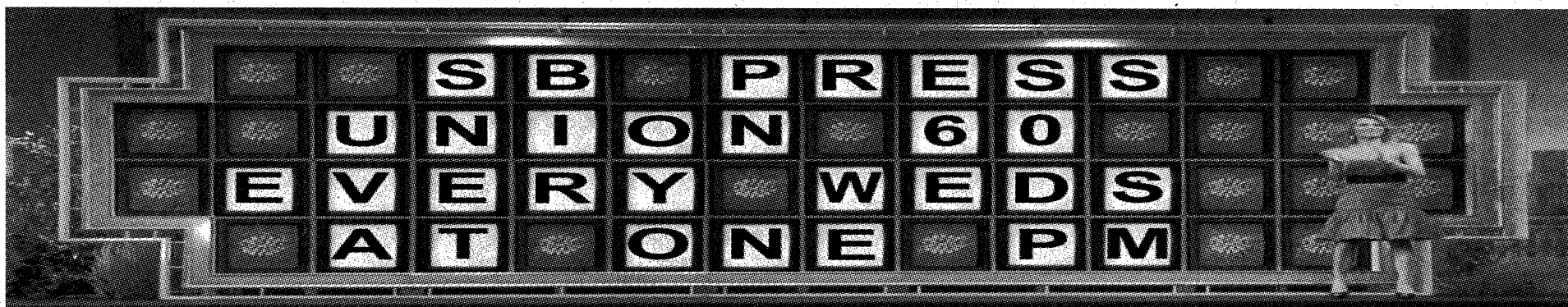
army but did not know how to do anything. The "great break of [his] life" was spent with the British artillery outfit. The military newspaper, Stars and Stripes, put out a bulletin asking for newspaper reporters to work for them. He was hired, despite having only had experience writing for college media. He "did not know how to be a newspaperman" as much as he did not know how to shoot a howitzer gun in his disastrous attempt at applying for officer training.

After getting hired, Rooney got to see World War II in a way he would not have seen otherwise. While working for Stars and Stripes, he lived in a London apartment, or, as he called it, a "flat." To this day, he has fond memories of London, and he travels there often.

He had much to write about over the course of the three years he was with Stars and Stripes. As he put it, "you have to have something to write about," or it can be discouraging. As a Stars and Stripes reporter, he worked with the 8th Air Force beside Walter Cronkite, a good friend of his. He had some war lessons and adventures while there. Reporters covering the 8th Air Force made the decision to get gunner training. In addition, Rooney's bomber plane was hit. He was called into unsafe France for the June 6th invasion. Rooney told of how, in the city of France, there was a side of a church that was knocked down and a killed major's body was laid on top of the church roof. This was a "great story" for which he received a bronze star. He quipped afterwards to the audience, "Keep in mind that you're looking at someone who's dumber than he is brave." The World War II legendary journalist Ernie Pyle, who was "one of the greatest journalists of all time" according to Rooney, stayed with him and other war correspondents in the hotel. Rooney went on to recall that Stars and Stripes, which had a circulation of two million, needed somewhere to print in France. Since the Germans did not destroy the French presses, Stars and Stripes utilized the New York Herald's French bureau's

presses. Soon after, he crossed the Rhine into Germany. After returning from Germany, Rooney wrote with a friend The Story of the Stars and Stripes, and the movie company Metro Goldwyn Mayer (MGM) bought the screenplay for \$50 million. Unfortunately, the actor who was supposed to play the lead died and the movie ceased being produced. So Rooney returned to the world of journalism for work, where he asked his friend, journalist Edward R. Murrow, for a job, with no luck. Rooney got a job writing for Arthur Godfrey - who was a "big deal in television and radio" - and his radio show. Not too long after, CBS broadcast the radio show on television. While the money was good, Rooney wanted to do something he considered to be more worthwhile, and so he started doing documentaries on topics ranging from colleges, small towns, and cars, to the politician Barry Goldwater. His favorite was "Strange Case of the English Language," since English is, in his opinion, the best language in the world (but not perfect).

Eventually, he ended up at 60 Minutes. Rooney marveled that he was there at the start of the television age. In the question session, he noted that the coverage of World War II was more accurate than the current coverage of the Iraq War due to government vetting of reporters' questions and information. The Holocaust "was one of the biggest mysteries of all time;" he witnessed the atrocious concentration camps and wondered how Germany went to such bizarre lengths. Journalists today are more aware of ethics, thanks to journalism schools, and are less likely to fall prey to shoddy reporting of yesterday, he observed. He sees the problems of different generations, and so he doesn't think his attitude about life is dominated by his 88 years. Rooney's advice to a crowd of mostly students was the following: appreciate chances to learn and opportunities that are available while in college. One could say his lecture was quite educational.



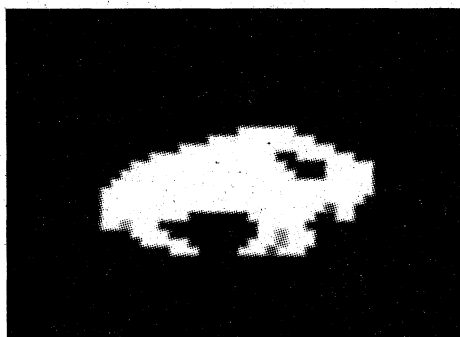
The Funny

Horoscopes: This is It, This is Mystical Shit

By Alex Walsh

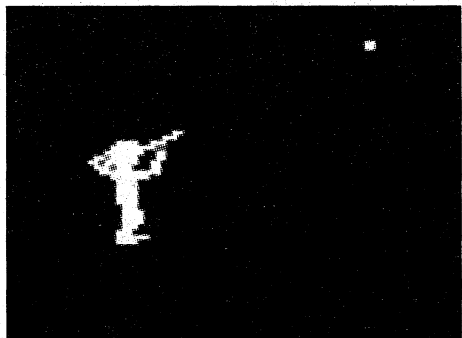
I was sound asleep the other night, having self-medicated a bad cold with NyQuil and whiskey, when I had the most astounding dream in the history of dream-having. How astounding, you ask? Well, I'll gladly tell you. Here's how it went down: I was on an escalator made of PEZ candies with former Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich. Just as I was about to get off at the bottom, the state of Vermont – not a guy in a suit shaped like Vermont, mind you, but the embodiment of the state itself (it smelled heavily of maple syrup and patchouli) – appeared before me. Banishing Mr. Gingrich from the PEZ-calator with its magic, the Green Mountain state turned to me and sang. Well, rapped. “What you know about that?”

Given my experience in divination, of which I'm sure you are all aware, I was able to correctly interpret this nocturnal visitation. I was to become a soothsayer. My new mission, delivered from on high, was to determine the fates of my fellow students by seeking portents in Oregon Trail. Firing up my Apple II emulator, I set to work. These are my results...

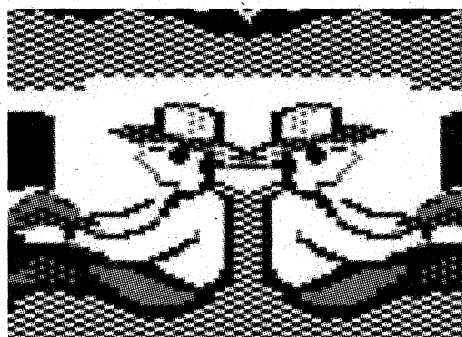


Aries (March 21-April 19): May starts off hard for you. After a mere four days on the trail, you caught cholera. This does not bode well. Perhaps some conflict at work is on the horizon? Perseverance pays off, though. Your party finds lots of wild fruit in June – a clear symbol of success. But not material success. No, this points to advancement in interpersonal relationships. Has a new love entered the picture? Don't push it too fast, a lost trail in early July delays the party several days – indicating a period of great indecision in your life. Nothing will come easily until the end of the month. A found wagon points to material gains. It may not be literally one set of clothing, 42 bullets, and a wagon tongue, but it is likely to be just as exciting. August is mostly quiet, until the end when failure and success – a case of typhoid and a good caulk-n-float across the Snake River – come one after the other.

The cosmic implications of typhoid are unclear, but the river crossing clearly fore-shadows a wise choice in an important decision. Unfortunately, your death on September 1st indicates that, although wise, your choice will require great sacrifice. Best of luck!



Taurus (April 20-May 20): In the early part of the summer, your fate will be largely determined by the forces affecting those around you. Nothing happened directly to you until August 8, but your party's good fortune in finding plentiful wild fruit and making a successful ford of the Big Blue River are encouraging signs. May, June, and July will be easier for you than for many other signs, but with that comes a slight feeling of boredom. Things are pretty good for you, but couldn't they get better? Lack of advancement at work and slow progress in your relationships are likely in this period. If you're asking for something to happen, be careful what you wish for: August will most certainly present trying times. A broken leg and injured ox in the early part of the month are indicators of obstacles preventing you from reaching your goals. Things unravel quickly, leading to your death on the 27th. A pity, if you'd held out a couple more weeks, the Indians would have helped you find food.



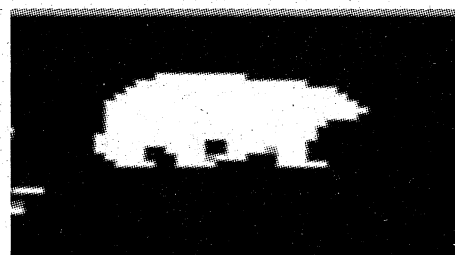
Gemini (May 21-June 20): May is going to be hard for Aries, but it's going to be absolute shit for you. I'm really sorry. Hey, I'm a Gemini, too. I'm not just doing this to be mean. In any case, there's absolutely no way that exhaustion and a broken leg within the first ten days can be good. No amount of wild fruit's gonna fix that. My

bet is this: someone close to you is going to die. Maybe that surprise party for Grandpa isn't such a good idea. Assuming you make it out of May intact – and that's a bit of an assumption, let me tell you – things are likely to quiet down for a while. June, July, heck, even August isn't so bad for you. Congrats! You're the luckiest so far, despite a rough start. There's even a wagon find in mid-August, giving you a set of clothing and 21 bullets. Don't spend it all in one place. September, though... maybe we shouldn't talk about September. No, my integrity as a member of the fortune-telling community drives me onward. Short story: you get measles, an ox dies, there's heavy fog, and you die. All within five days! Doesn't take an astounding astrologer like me to know that's bad.

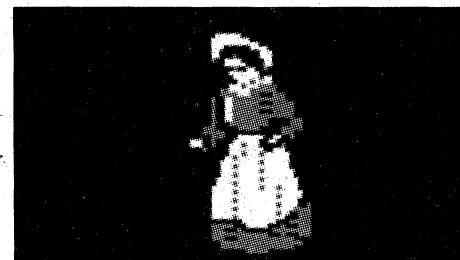


Date: October 1
Weather: cool
Health: very poor

Cancer (June 21-July 22): Way to go, Cancer. Bucking the trend of easy Junes. That was getting a bit repetitive, now wasn't it? Anyway, after generally coasting through May, June opens up with a nice bit of dysentery. This points to trouble at the workplace. Some mild embezzlement uncovered, mayhaps? Be more careful next time. July brings the usual troubles – poor water and insufficient grass symbolizing the “no fuel” feeling of the doldrums of summer – but is otherwise calm. Keep an eye on your friends going into August; a snakebite on the 14th is a sign of betrayal. What the leprechaun says is true: they're always after your lucky charms. While old friends may not stand the test of time, new ones can come through when you need them. Despite a recurrence of dysentery in early September (didn't I tell you to be more careful?), you're the only one in your party who lives to see the helpful Indians on the 9th. New friends bearing gifts are always welcome. Unfortunately, you die later in the day. Them's the breaks.



Leo (July 23-August 22): This summer is very much a mixed bag for you. Your party has astoundingly good luck throughout in terms of material gains, finding four abandoned wagons. Profiting off the expense of others never felt so good. It's true, you have a broken wagon axle in late June – perhaps symbolizing some automotive trouble – but just days before you'd stumbled upon a wagon with, get this, a spare wagon axle! Things just fall into place sometimes. Unfortunately, these good times are interspersed with bad. A failed ford at the Big Blue River crossing portends a mistake in a time of decision. Shortly thereafter, health troubles hit. A broken leg and arm in the transition from May to June are signs of a loss of strength. Perhaps a moral weakness born of your new material wealth? In June, fever strikes. The rising stress of your lifestyle puts the heat on. This all leads up to exhaustion on July 29th, a complete breakdown both mentally and physically. Death visits you two days later.

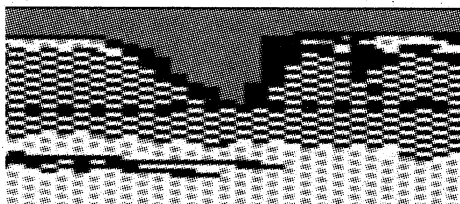


Virgo (August 23-September 22): Resilience is the key theme of your summer. Who would think that a person could get measles four times and live? Well, I suppose you didn't live that last time, but you made it further than anyone else. Measles, as I'm sure you're aware, is a highly contagious virus spread through respiration. This points to another danger that spreads easily from the mouth: gossip. It is likely that some person who feels wronged by you will talk bad about you. It recurs just about once a month. This poison-tongued malefactor is persistent. Fortunately, you have a steady stream of wild fruit to reinforce your inner strength. Is there someone in your life who is always there for you? That's your fruit bush. This person appears again in August, this time as a Shoshoni Indian who helps you cross the Snake River – guiding you through a personal crisis. Death doesn't hit until September 30th: you're a survivor. Kind of.

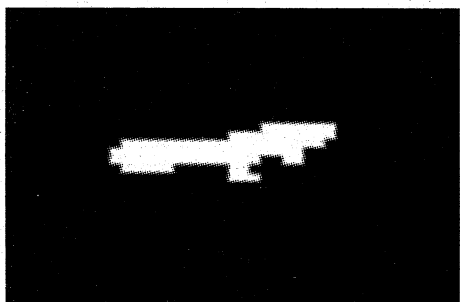
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The Funny

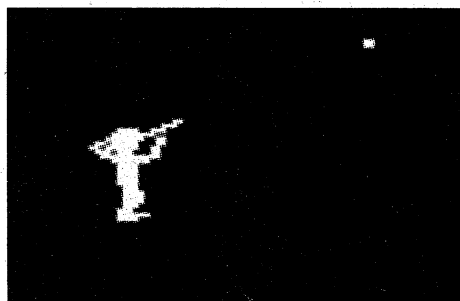
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Libra (September 23-October 23): June 7th: Dysentery. June 10th: Death. Sorry. You really didn't make it far, did you? Fort Laramie was only two days away.

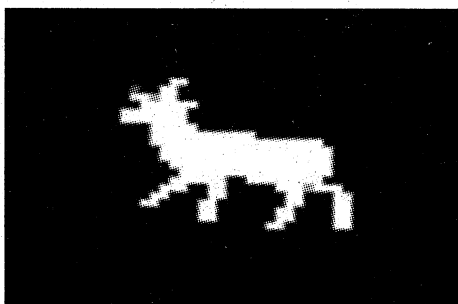


Scorpio (October 23-November 23): You are constantly beset by bad luck! Misfortune strikes in the form of lost oxen and broken wagon wheels again and again. This is no fault of your own, of course, and people will respect you for your ability to see this and not let it get you down. The first trouble finds you on May 18th. Three oxen lost! That's a yoke and a half! A resupply at Fort Laramie (sorry, Libra) puts things to rights. Your strength lies in always remembering that no matter what happens, there's a metaphorical Fort coming up, and things will get better. You're a banker from Boston! Who's going to keep you down? Nobody. That attitude is hard to maintain, as it seems there's some obstacle in your way (one ox injured, broken wagon axle, lost trail, lose three days) just about every other week. But keep your chin up! You don't die until September 27th. That's a good run, right?

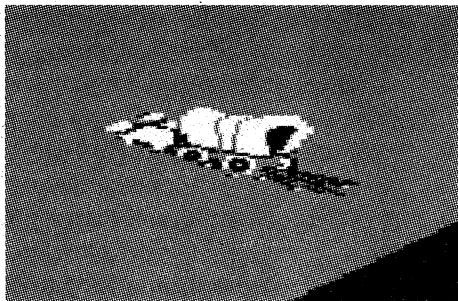


Sagittarius (November 24-December 22): My advice to you is this: avoid decisions at all costs. I'm going to be completely honest here. I have never seen someone flip the ferry before. I didn't know it was possible. In any case, you fail every river crossing. Ford, float, or ferry, it doesn't matter. You're going down. This seems negative, as river crossings represent important decisions. Obviously, flip-

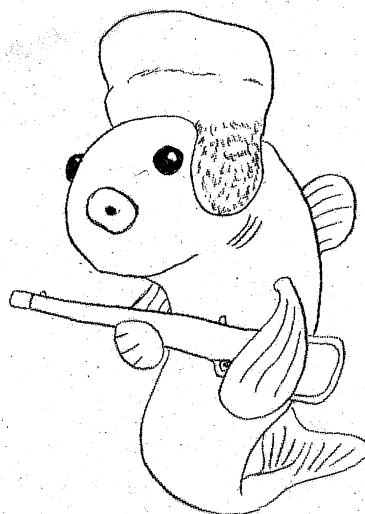
ping the wagon every time is a bad sign. But if you think about it, there's a glimmer of hope. What are the odds that someone would survive three consecutive wagon flips? Sure, you take a beating, but you're not broken. It would probably be better to avoid the beating itself entirely, but you work with what you've got. Fate has something special planned for you, and I don't just mean death from dysentery on August 27th.



Capricorn (December 23-January 20): A model of good health, you are. While those around you are struck down by cholera, measles, dysentery, and typhoid, you manage to make it through. Sure, there's some heavy fog here and there, and the oxen are always asking for more grass, but at least you've got your health. Be wary of overconfidence, though. As the early summer wears on and you find that few troubles slow you down, you may begin to feel untouchable. As Spider-Man has shown us, disregard for possible trouble simply because you're doing well can lead to unfortunate consequences. In mid-July, your good luck breaks when a thief steals five oxen. Surely a bit more attentiveness could have prevented this? This is not just a physical loss - a reminder of your own mortality shatters the illusion you've built up, leaving you mentally adrift. And adrift is not a good place to be. Especially on the Snake River. A bad ford leads to your drowning in early September.



Aquarius (January 21-February 19): Oh man, you don't want to know. If at all possible, avoid supermarkets.



Pisces (February 20-March 20): You're one of the more fortunate signs, thankfully. I'm sure that reading through all the tales of tragedy above has scared you a bit. But don't worry, Pisces. Yours is slightly less tragic. It starts off bad, though. Almost as soon as you hit the trail, thieves pilfer a good portion of your food. This shortage, alleviated by the help of friendly Indians, represents an experience that teaches you the value of accepting help and friendship from others. Things settle down after that, though. An uncommon proliferation of wild fruit in mid-June further replenishes your food stocks - remember, we're talking about personal growth with wild fruit. Good stuff. Things stay easy until mid-August, when cholera strikes. This could foreshadow the end of your employment. At least you don't have long to worry about it. A broken leg is followed quickly by death on August 19th.

Turns out Oregon Trail is sort of a depressing game. My belief that choosing to hunt, buy extra food, or stop to rest would interfere with the workings of destiny probably contributed to that. Look on the bright side: death is often figurative in fortune telling. Could be you're just going to have a bad hangover? Eh?

Fate has spoken!



The Funny

Top 99 Campus Slogans

By Joe Safdia and Irv Novoa

1. Roosevelt Quad—Shady place for shady people
2. H-Quad—Quad so boring, it didn't even get a name!
3. Mendhelson Quad—More of the Greek alphabet than you'd ever want!
4. Chapin Apartments—Where the fuck are you?
5. Chapin Apartments—Where the fuck are we?
6. Chapin Apartments—Still a myth to most seniors
7. Seawolves football team—Partying even after we lose because we don't know what winning is like
8. Seawolves football team—What is this "winning" you speak of?
9. Seawolves football team—The worst sports record since Charlie Brown's baseball team
10. Seawolves football team—It's a Charlie Brown Christmas everyday!
11. Seawolves football team—Where football careers go to die
12. Kelly Quad—The New Jersey of Stony Brook
13. Kelly Quad—Somewhere there's an American Indian crying
14. Kelly Quad—When wallowing in your own filth is the norm
15. Roosevelt Quad—Rest in peace, Jimmy Hoffa
16. Roosevelt Quad—Makes fun of itself!
17. Roosevelt Quad—Curfew is at 10:00. Violators will be shot
18. Roosevelt Quad—Making commuting from Florida an appealing option
19. Roosevelt Quad—If Eleanor knew, she wouldn't have bothered
20. Roosevelt Quad—Where special people are given a special place... to die
21. Roosevelt Quad—The manifestation of all of Campus Residence's fail-ures
22. Tabler Quad—Built in a hole for a reason
23. Schomberg—Too small to make fun of
24. West Apartments—Where the old people go... to die
25. West Apartments—Like cancer, it's spreading!
26. Stony Brook Administration—All the thrill of being raped without the risk of unwanted pregnancy!
27. Campus Residences—(See above)
28. Deng Lee's—It takes 10 minutes to enter your system and 30 minutes to leave!
29. Deng Lee's—Coming out of your body any way it can!
30. Deng Lee's—Chinese food just as Mexicans always imagined it
31. Roth Quad—When a cesspool is our only redeeming quality...
32. Roth Quad—We have a pond... kinda
33. Roth Pond—The primordial ooze that spawned Roosevelt
34. Roth Pond—When you want to see your penis glow in the dark
35. Roth Pond—Where you can grow a third penis just in case the first two don't work
36. Strawberryfest—What the fuck is this!??
37. I-CON—Mmm mmm, smell that nerd
38. I-CON—Where all the virgins over 40 can go
39. Strawberryfest—Celebrating the invention of the strawberry!
40. Black Womyn's Weekend—The dumbest on-campus event in Stony Brook herstory!
41. Spirit Night—Celebrating 100 years of Stony Brook pride, since 2004!
42. Spirit Night—Because we know you've been waiting for this night to give a damn
43. LEG—Apathy at its finest!
44. LEG—The rough equivalent of a city block municipal
45. LEG—And you thought USG was worthless!
46. USG—And you thought LEG was worthless!
47. USG—Impeachment fun for the whole family!
48. USG—Proving the uselessness of student government since Polity proved the uselessness of student government!
49. The Stony Brook Press—Hippies on board
50. The Stony Brook Statesman—Wait, we're a newspaper?
51. The Stony Brook Press—Wait, they're a newspaper?
52. The Stony Brook Patriot—We only print in red, white, and blue!
53. The Stony Brook Patriot—Gays and minorities need not apply
54. RSP—Mediocrity at its finest!
55. RSP—We'd give half our best half the time if we gave half a damn
56. RSP—Protecting the campus from forks and pennies
57. RSP—When pretty good is fantastic, OK is pretty good, poor is OK, and not trying is perfect
58. RSP—Moderately mediocre!
59. RSP—So worthless you wouldn't even know we were there!
60. RSP—None of the responsibilities of being a cop with none of the perks!
61. RSP—Meh
62. Roth Dining—You can't even see the cockroaches!
63. SAC—Complete with two ballrooms right near the Wang Center. Wait a minute...
64. Campus Dining—Half the taste at twice the price!
65. Campus Dining—Making starvation seem like a nutritious alternative!
66. Campus Dining—Cannibalism is still an option
67. The Stony Brook Press—Fair and balanced anti-Bush coverage
68. Stony Brook Administration—Canceling classes during a snowstorm to save a few lives just isn't worth the effort
69. Stony Brook Administration—We'll plow the icy walkways when we're good and ready!
70. UPD—When skaters on an iced-over pond are a higher priority than West Apartment break-ins
71. The Stony Brook Patriot—And you thought the Statesman was worthless!
72. The Stony Brook Press—The only paper desperate enough to accept a list of Top 99 Campus Slogans!
73. The Stony Brook Statesman—Enough advertisements to turn you into a communist!
74. Campus Dining—You can barely taste the gym mat in the soup!
75. Taco Bell—For the diarrhea-lover in you!
76. H-Quad Dining—You'd think there was actual food at the end of those long lines!
77. Campus Dining—Spray-on bacon and powdered eggs at a fantastic price!
78. Campus Dining—There's a reason the meal plan is mandatory!
79. USB Delivery—Order when you're not hungry and by the time its gets there, you are hungry!
80. USB Delivery—The only pizzeria in the world that can run out of medi-um plain pies but still have large pies with toppings!
81. Roosevelt Quad—Singles for psychos
82. Kelly Quad—Balconies on the first floor for easy burglary access!
83. Greek Life—You don't even need us for this one...
84. Greek Life—Individuality got you down?
85. RA's—Assisting residents like Kevorkian assists quadriplegics!
86. Benedict burgers—A great alternative to meat!
87. Campus Dining—Did you want flavor with that?
88. Greek Life—All the fun of waiting on someone hand and foot with none of the paycheck!
89. Stomping Ritual pledges—Giving the biggest social outcasts something to make fun of between classes
90. The Stony Brook Patriot—Did you want apple pie to go with your blowjob, Mr. Bush?
91. Lacrosse team—They told us mud wrestling wasn't gay enough
92. RSP—Yes! We do Day Field now!
93. Stony Brook Administration—Incest was involved somehow...
94. Stony Brook Hospital—Don't worry. I'll just die myself
95. Stony Brook Hospital—Oh, you wanted us to amputate the other leg?
96. Jasmine—Holy shit, they sell food here!
97. SBUTV—Following the example of all other TV channels, there's nothing on
98. SBUTV—We really can't make fun of it because no one has actually ever watched it
99. Greek Life—Branding? Yeah, that's a great idea!

The Funny

Word Search

By David K. Ginn

letsgobacktomyplaceandwellmakearatpornoletsgobacktomyplaceandwellmakearatpornoletsgoback-
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Point/Counter-Point

With Justin Meltzer and James
Laudano

Should a checkerboard be the same
color as a chess board?

Starts with Justin
YES

A checkerboard and a chessboard are
and always should be one and the same.
As children, the first game of the two that
we are taught is checkers. As we become
older and wiser, we graduate to the more
difficult game of chess. Notice how we
play both games on the same board. If we
were to use different boards it would con-
fuse and agitate youngsters who can't yet
fully differentiate between the two games,
as well as old men who come to the park
and can't yet decide which game they
want to play. If we made separate boards
not only would we have to pay twice the
amount for playing each game but we
would also have to know which board is
which, and frankly I just don't have the
time for that. Do the right thing and keep
chessboards and checkerboards the same.

Moves on to James
NO

Are you colorblind, you fool? Checkers
pieces come in TWO colors only. RED
and BLACK! They generally come in
only ONE shape. CIRCLES! Whereas,
chess pieces are a bit more diverse. They
can come in many different shapes, mate-

Moves back to Justin
YES

Are you retarded? The boards are the
exact same thing. 64 squares, period. It
doesn't matter what game you play on it



rials, and colors. Therefore, a CHECK-
ERS board needs to convey the same uni-
formity that the pieces do. It CANNOT be
brown and/or white. Chessboards afford
the players a bit more wiggle room.

because they both work for the same rea-
son. If you were to compare a
chess/checkerboard (they are the same
thing) to, say, a backgammon board then
you have an argument, but to compare a

chessboard to a checkerboard is like com-
paring oranges to oranges (or apples to
apples, whatever you prefer). Get it right!

Back to James
MAYBE!

Okay, perhaps that was a valid point. I
seem to be running out of arguments and
it's only my second turn. Well, I'll do
what most great debaters do when they are
faced with infallible logic... I will begin
to get nasty. JUSTIN! YOU ARE A
DAMNED IDIOT! I'D LIKE TO SEE
YOU PLAY CHECKERS OR CHESS OR
WHATEVER THE FUCK AFTER I
BASH YOUR FACE IN WITH THE
BOARD! IT WON'T MATTER WHAT
COLOR THE BOARD IS BECAUSE IT
WILL BE COVERED WITH RED
BLOOD! Back to you, Justin.

Concluding Statement by Justin

Checkmate, bitch. King me.

Concluding Statement by James

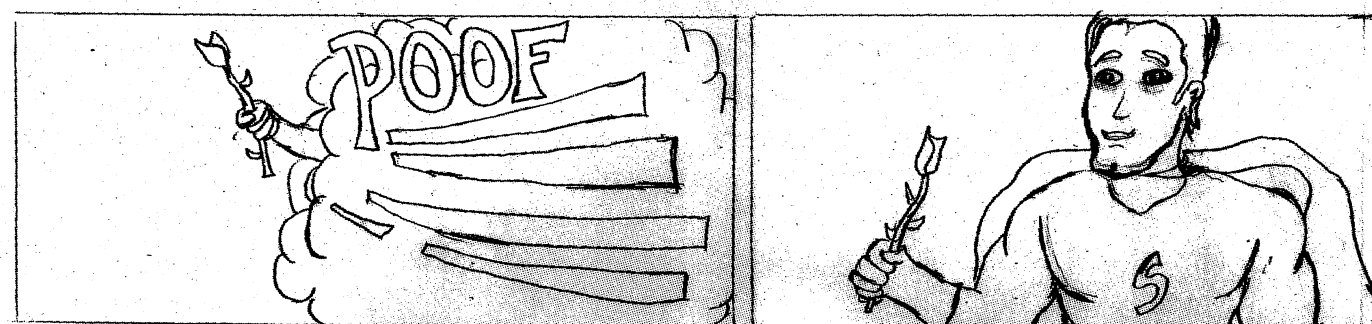
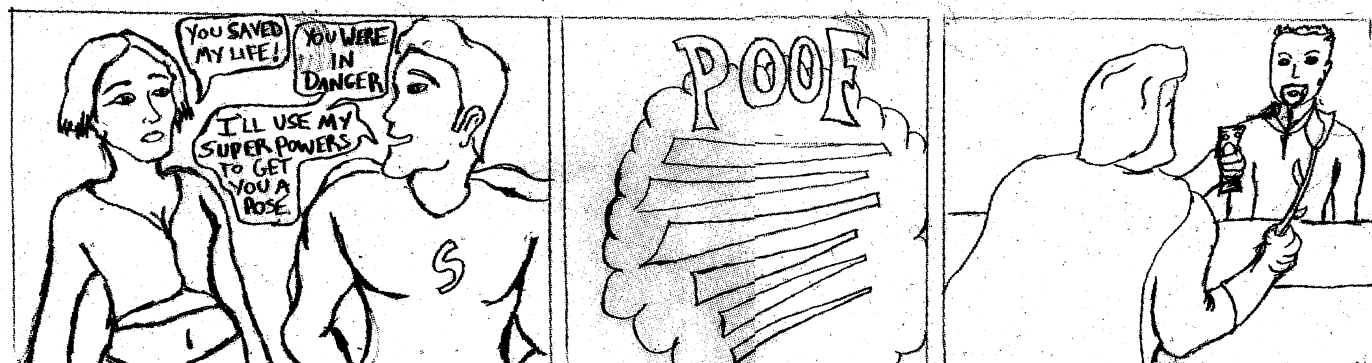
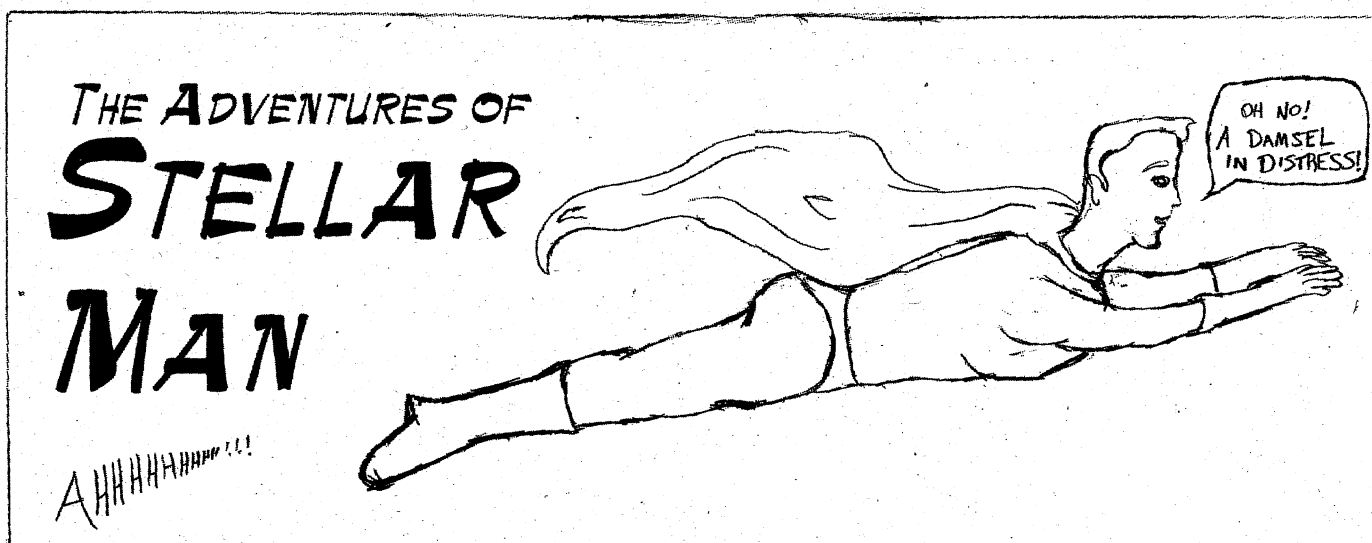
Fuck you.

And the winner is: Both Justin AND
James because they were able to trick you
into reading this stupid shit!

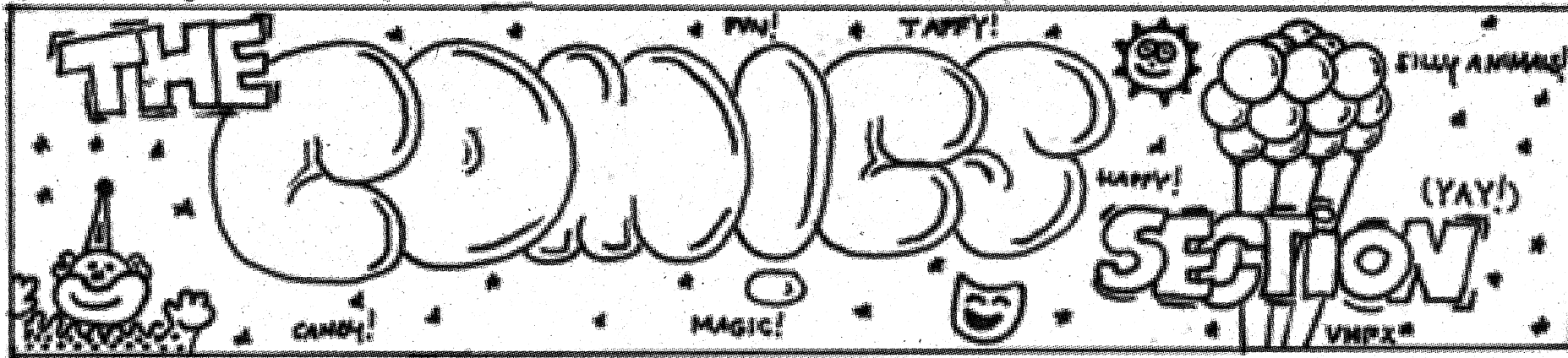


The Comics Section

Unforceful Benetry By David K. Ginn



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

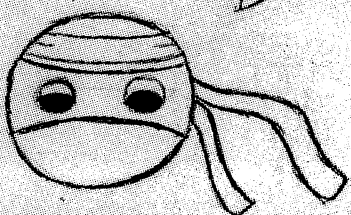


The Fantastic Adventures of FES

"Cosplay Etiquette"

By: Caboose

Just a few helpful hints for the cosplay enthusiast...



Hint 1: Just say NO to crossplay!



Hint 2: You are not a 1337 Ninja... Don't try to be.



Alright, forget hints. These are rules. Fucking follow them.

I'm gonna go throw up now...



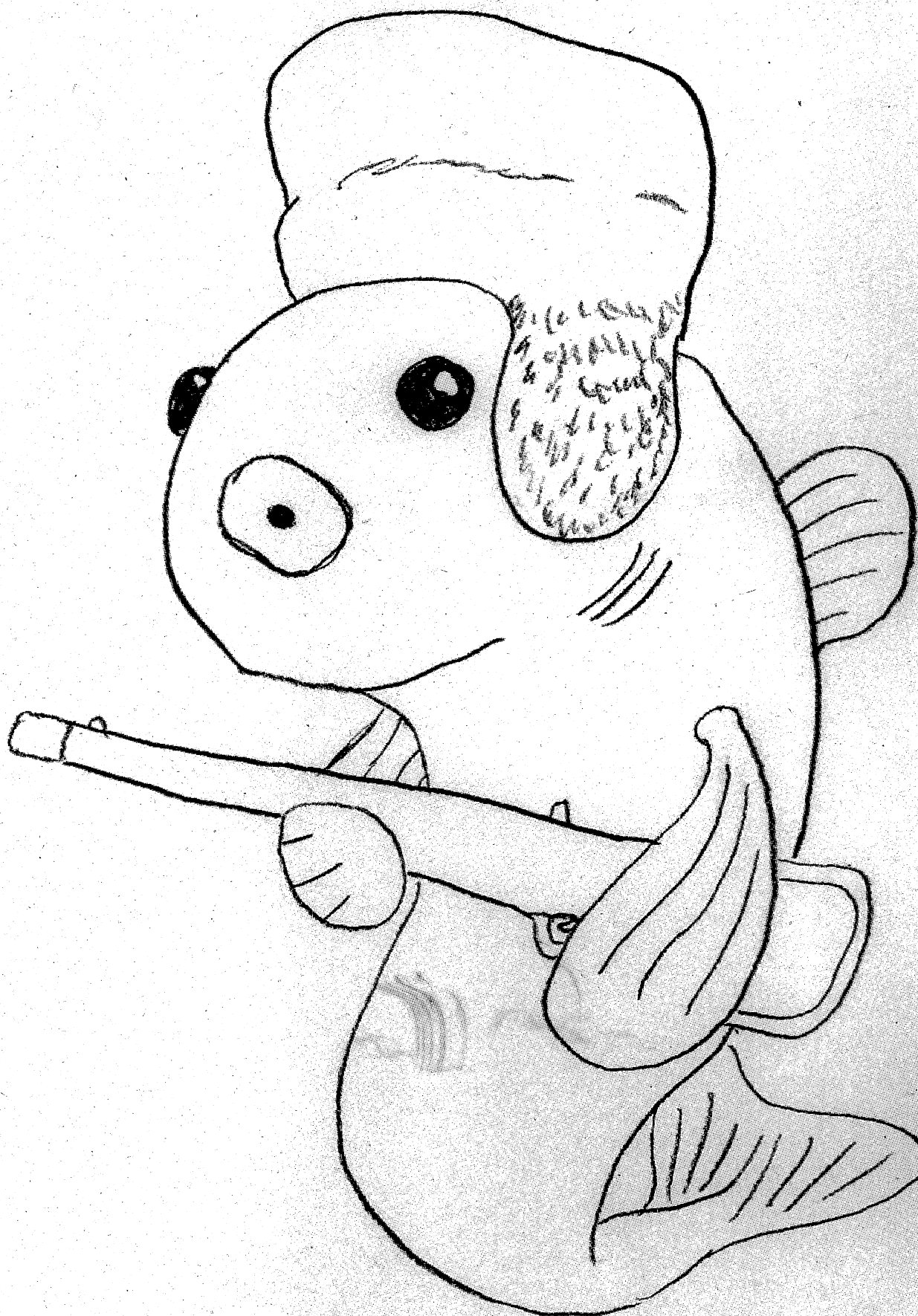
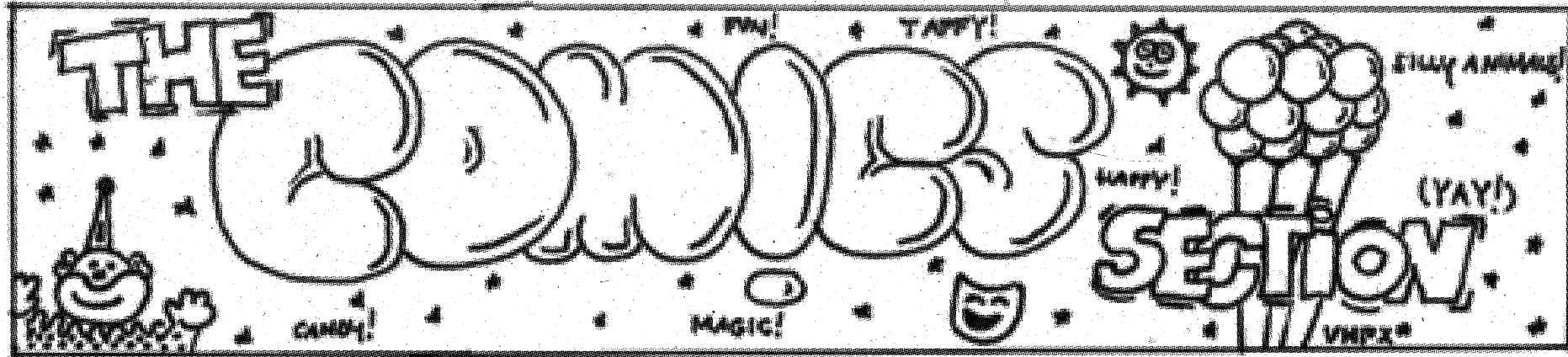
The Fantastic Adventures of FES

"A Small Technicality"

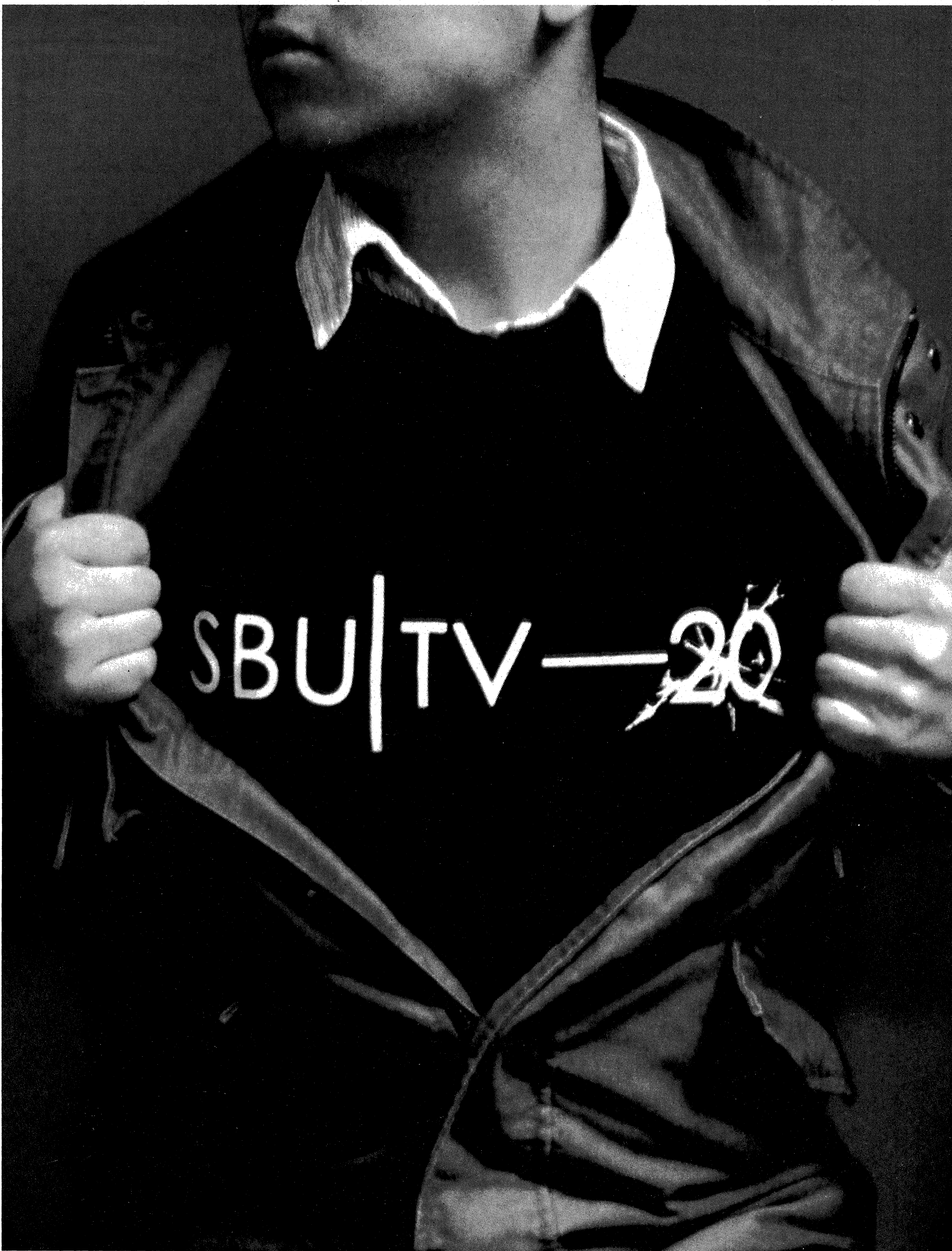
By: Caboose

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Anon Guy 86: OMG Did you hear the news about VT?! !!!!1!!!	Sephiroth81597: Yeah, VTech just kicked in ya. ;)	Anonguy86: Dude NOT cool... Sephirath81597: Too soon?	Anonguy86: No. I just lol'd so hard I shit my pants XD
1	1	1	1
SEND	SEND	SEND	SEND

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



Joe Donato



The Stony Brook

PRESS

The Community News and Features Paper



Seawolves Sports

May 3, 2007 - The Stony Brook Press

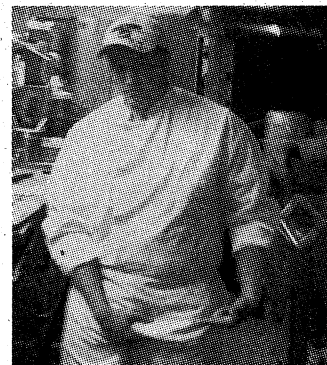
NEWS-IN-BRIEF

USG UPDATE

EAT THIS!

With Chef Heath

THIS ISSUE CHEF HEATH PASSES JUDGEMENT ON THE ROTH DINING HALL



iRate

A Macintosh Column by Joe Rios

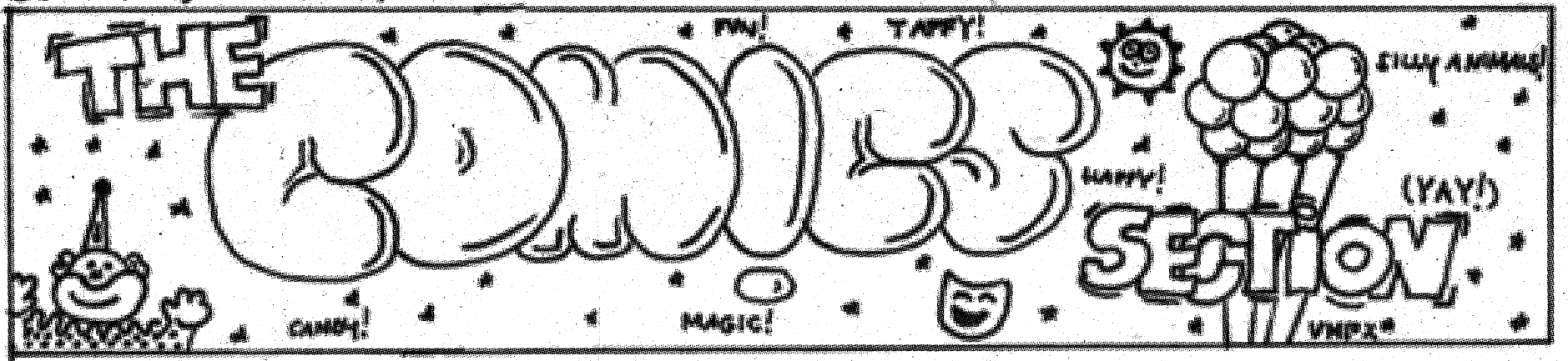


Get Involved!

Meetings Wednesdays at 1pm - Union Basement Room 060

www.whereisyourgodnow.com

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



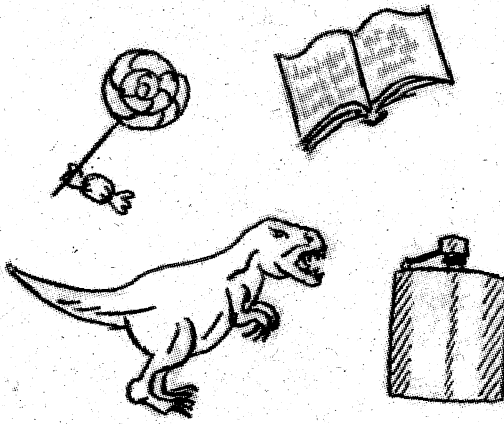
OMAHA, NE

- Stephanie Hayes

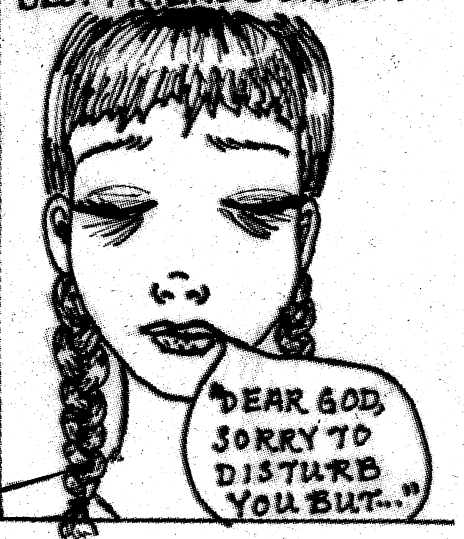
FOR MISS B.E., LIFE HAD HIT A VERY LITERAL WALL- OF GLASS.



HER ONCE BELOVED OMAHA HAD BECOME A PRISON AND SHE STOPPED CARING ABOUT THE THINGS SHE ONCE HELD DEAR.



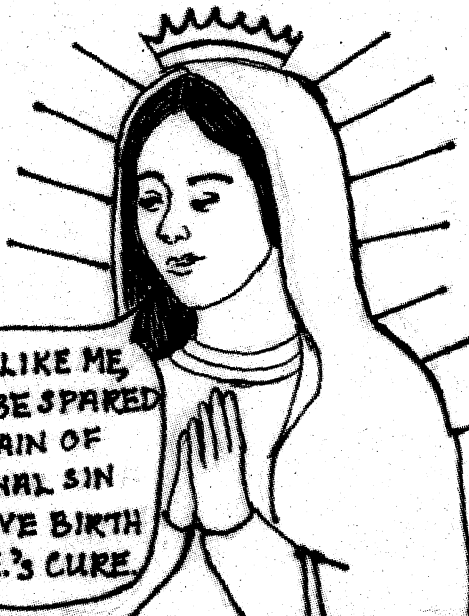
VELOURIA PRAYED FERVENTLY FOR HER BEST FRIEND'S SALVATION



AND ONE DAY, HOPE CAME.



YOU, LIKE ME, SHALL BE SPARED THE STAIN OF ORIGINAL SIN AND GIVE BIRTH TO B.E.'S CURE



FINALLY, THE MOMENT ARRIVED.



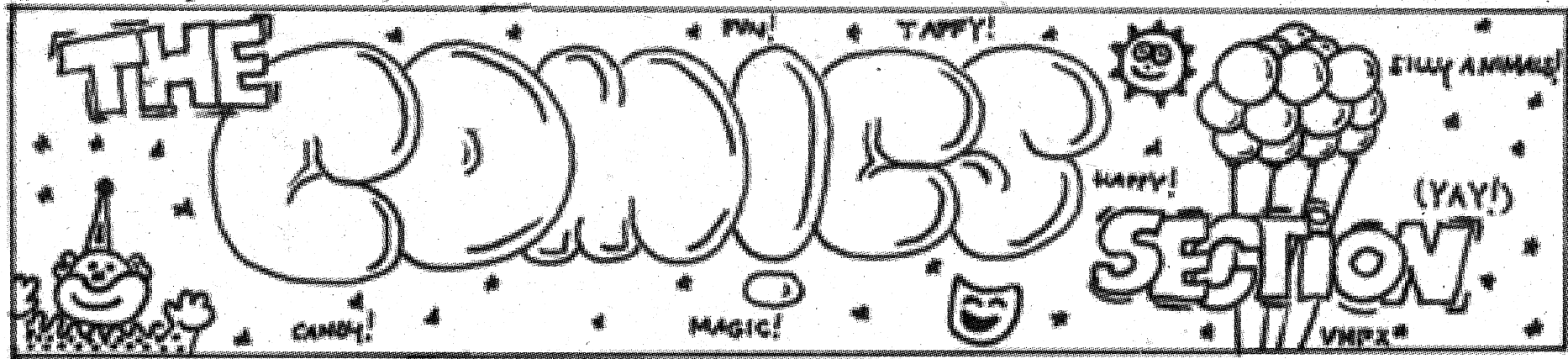
FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE INTENSIVE MINUTES LATER...



VELOURIA KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.



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

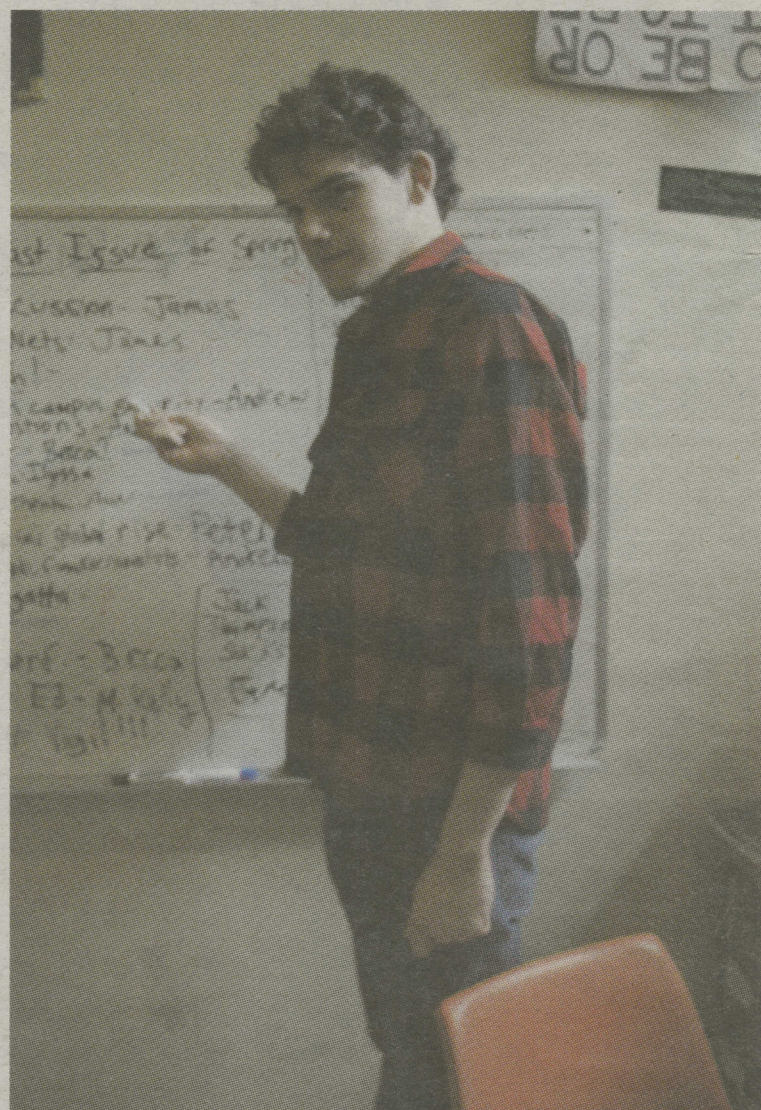


THE END.



We Love You James.
Congratulations on
Graduating.

The Stony Brook Press



DEATH EGG ZONE