

The Patriot

Vol. 4 Issue 2

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Winter 2007

DO YOU PRESUME TO CRITICIZE THE GREAT AND POWERFUL USG? YOU UNGRATEFUL CLUBS! THINK YOURSELVES LUCKY I'VE GRANTED YOU FUNDING AT ALL. THE GREAT USG HAS SPOKEN! ERR... PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT CONSTITUTIONAL PROPOSAL BEHIND THE CURTAIN.



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Campus News in Concise Crunchy Taco-Shell-Wrapped Format

By Alex Ovtcharenko

Malik, an all-black/Hispanic fraternity has held a meeting to determine the ethnicity of Jesus. They have decided that he was, in fact, black. They came to this stunning conclusion by looking at a map and finding out that the continent of Africa is connected to that of Eurasia and the Middle East. Following that logic, we think Jesus was Chinese. Prove us wrong. Also, no white or middle-eastern folk were invited to the meeting. We hear that next semester Malik will adopt a dress code of hooded robes and possibly have burnings of large religious symbols constructed of wood.

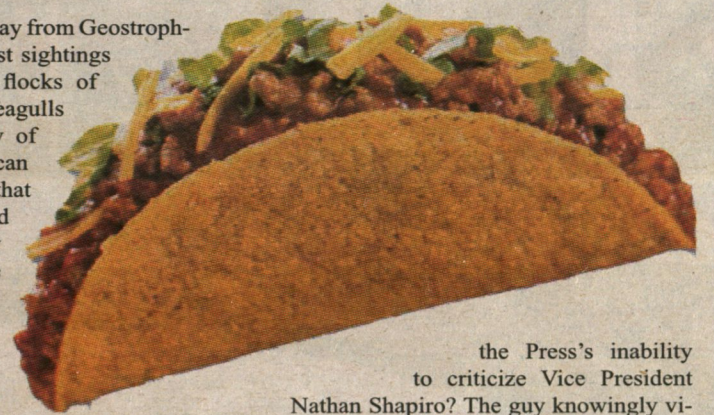
The LGBTA has held a panel to "guess the straight person." Our "guess" is that no one in the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender club is straight. How does one come up with such a conclusion? The name kinda gives it away, guys!

Hordes of goth kids have been seen congregating on SBU lawns, taking pre-

vious space away from Geostrophic Geoff. Latest sightings have put the flocks of proverbial seagulls in the vicinity of the SAC. We can only pray that PVC pants and freezing snow will provide some form of comedic frostbitten relief in the coming winter months!

In following with the repainting of the Zebra path from black and white to red and white, USG has gone ahead with its implementation of Operation Don't Ask Questions and combined the colors into a glorious symphony of red, white and black. Jackboots are now the fashion in the USG suite, armbands optional! Okay, okay... I made that up.

And speaking of USG, what is with



the Press's inability to criticize Vice President Nathan Shapiro? The guy knowingly violates the financial bylaws and gets away with it! Could it be Nathan's "Friendship" with the Press Editor Adina Silverbush? They do seem awfully chummy in the pictures the Press publishes. We hope our wedding invitations are in the mail! Mazel Tov!

The Cat Saving Network, or whatever they are called, has had its budget cut this semester by those evil cat-hating Republicans that have infiltrated the

USG. They are now whining louder than their beloved felines through the Press about how our student activity fee should be used for trimming of ingrown toenails of filthy feral mongrels that roam the campus spreading fleas like a third-world U.N. Delegation. Here's a cheap solution to the problem: provide me, Alex Ovtcharenko, with a bottle of bourbon, a pair of chain-mail gloves, and a barrel filled with water. I'll gladly solve the overpopulation of precious kitty-cats problem in under a day! (Editors note: he means he'll drown the kitties, which we, of course, do not condone)



The Patriot

Honorary Editor
Robert J. Romano

Design Director
Brian Holt

Columnists:
Rabbi Adam

Enduring Freedom Alliance:
President Erik Berte

Managing Editor
Eleanor Keisman

Advertising Manager
Jordan Cushner

Nicholas Katchen
Jesse Colombo

Vice President Matthew Reisch
Secretary Libby Cipollina
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Copy Editor
Kerry Keegan

Recruitment Officer
Alexander Ott

Staff Writers:
Damian Geminder
Libby Cipollina
Matthew Reisch

Public Relations Manager
Alex Ovtcharenko

Assistant Editor
Erik Berte

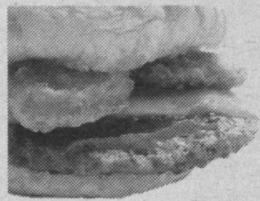


Our Mission: The goal of *The Patriot* is to offer an alternative point of view to the students of Stony Brook University. It is a paper dedicated to raising awareness of student issues on campus, and conservative/libertarian issues on the national scene. While it does not actively seek controversy, *The Patriot* strives to offer opinions and news that will encourage the students of this campus to ask themselves what their true values are. It is dedicated to building upon and fostering the conservative and libertarian views that are strong among so many of us, yet suppressed in our community. But ideology aside, all of our news will be bound to three standards; we will always be *factual, sensible, and reasonable.*

Send questions and comments to info@stonybrookpatriot.com

The Patriot is a paper of the Enduring Freedom Alliance:
<http://www.ic.sunysb.edu/clubs/efa/>

Disclaimer: The views expressed in the opinions columns are not necessarily the opinions of *The Patriot* or its editorial staff as a whole.



Fat Boy's Fast Food Review

You guys, you guys! You guys have to try this shit. I love it so much, it's even better than being in bed with Kyle's mom. It's so awesome. It's a dripping pile of cow that's as big as my head. Covered in mushrooms, sauce, and it's own, natural fat, it mushes up just like a tasty, oozing cheese-covered Christmas present. Make sure you tell them to hold the lettuce and tomato-you don't want anything to mask the taste of delicious, ground meat. Even better, McDonald's has added on the extra weight. At a third of a pound, I can barely fit my chunky little hands around it. I love the way the grease drips in between my fingers; I use the chewy bun to catch it all to get that little extra flavor. Don't forget to add the large fries and soda. Better yet, don't be cheap. Spend the extra thirty cents and get the large chocolate shake. But seriously, try the Angus Third Pounder. It's the most succulent, ready-made burger outside of the diner.

The Damage:

Serving Size: 1 sandwich • 341g	
Amount Per Serving	
Calories 860	Calories from Fat 430
	% DV
Total Fat 48g	74%
Saturated Fat 19g	95%
Trans Fat 2.5g	
Cholesterol 160mg	53%
Sodium 2180mg	91%
Total Carbohydrate 63g	21%
Dietary Fiber 3g	12%
Sugars 9g	
Protein 49g	98%
Vitamin A 25%	Vitamin C 10%
Calcium 30%	Iron 35%



You would have to jump rope for one hour and fifteen minutes to burn off the burger alone, not including the fries or the drink.

December In History

December 2, 1954:

The U.S. Senate condemned Senator Joseph McCarthy for misconduct following his ruthless investigations of thousands of suspected Communists.



December 2, 1982:

The first permanent artificial heart was implanted in 61-year-old Barney C. Clark by Dr. William De Vries at the University of Utah Medical Center in Salt Lake City. Clark, who was near death at the time of the operation, survived 112 days after the implantation.

December 4, 1791:

The Observer, now the oldest Sunday newspaper in the world, was first published in England.

December 4, 1829:

The British abolished the practice of "suttee" in India in which females traditionally burned themselves to death on their husband's funeral pyre.

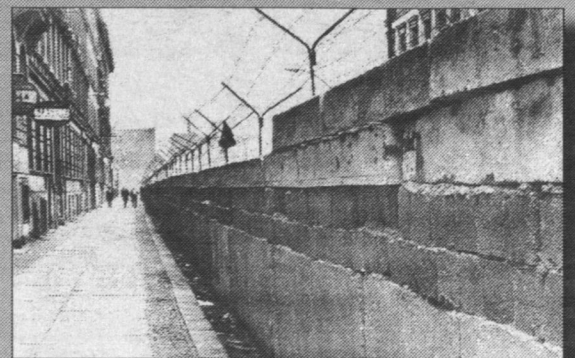


December 7, 1941:

The U.S. Naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, was attacked by nearly 200 Japanese aircraft in a raid that lasted just over one hour and left nearly 3,000 dead.

December 8, 1991:

The USSR (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) ceased to exist, as the leaders of Russia, Belarus and the Ukraine signed an agreement creating the Commonwealth of Independent States. The remaining republics, with the exception of Georgia, joined the new Commonwealth.



December 14, 1918:

British women voted for the first time in a general election and were allowed to run for office.

Three Wise Beatles



By Eleanor Keisman,
The Paperback Writer

Once upon a time, there were three wise Beatles who came from a yellow submarine. They were looking for a baby named Eleanor Rigby. They walked day and night. It was a hard days night. They wished they had a ticket to ride. They felt they were nowhere men!

Then Paul said, "Why do we have to find this baby anyway?!" And George said,

"There will be an answer, let it be, let it be."

They walked for days in and days out. Finally, John said, "Help! I need somebody."

Help!" George said, "I know! We can follow the star of Ringo!" So, they followed the star of Ringo and found Eleanor Rigby, the daughter of God, but nobody

came! No one except Sargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. They brought gifts such as strawberry fields forever, and baubles, bangles and beads.

As she looked up and saw Lucy in the sky with diamonds, Eleanor said, "I can get by with a little help from my friends. After all, all you need is love."

The Three Wise Beatles took the long and winding road home as everyone sang, hey Jude!

Who is Rabbi Adam?



Although unknown to some, while I don an untrimmed beard, wear a black hat and am called "Rabbi," I actually grew up as the average American, attended my local, state university (UMass), and maintained an active social life that was divided between going to the movies, hanging out, and partying. Now the question begs to be asked, If I was such a secular-minded person, how in the world did I ever become a Chabad Chasidic Rabbi.

Well, to tell you the truth, I had a bit of an epiphany—a sort of spiritual experience. In last years' articles, I mentioned experiences at the Chabad House's Friday Night Dinner Parties at UMass and Amherst; but allow me to share something moving about my grandfather, Al Stein.

Although my grandfather was called Al, his Jewish name was "Avraham." But you know how it was amongst first generation Americans, they wanted nothing to do with their motherland and everything to do with America. Although his first language was the concoction of German and Hebrew that is called Yiddish, grandpa wanted nothing of the old country and encouraged everyone to call him "Al." It was as American as you could get.

Grandpa tried to blend into American society. As a newlywed, he and grandma left

Yiddish-speaking New York City and settled in Los Angeles. For there, in the LA of the 1940's, Los Angeles was just being developed. Block after block of small, single family houses were just being built and people's main concern was not so much spiritual, as practical. They were more concerned with the conundrum of raising a family and putting bread and butter on the table.

For grandpa, everything existed on the practical realm. He left for work at eight and came back by six. Grandma stayed at home and took care of the kids. They lived a middle class life and never associated their Jewishness with organized religion. When December came and all the neighbors decorated their houses with lights, grandpa did the same; he just didn't want to stand out.

Grandpa was so unaffiliated with religion, that when it came time to retire, he took up residence in a Baptist, senior citizen apartment community. After all, the price was right and the people were nice. <- THIS IS AMAZING-I ACTUALLY HEARD IT WITH THE JEWISH ACCENT. Grandpa even attended the weekly Bible study with the minister!

As time went on, grandpa got older. Ulcers got the best of him, his hip gave out, and, in his eighties, he had to go through major reconstructive surgery. As a result of various complications, he contracted pneumonia and had to relocate to a rehab center, and then, a nursing home. We all knew that he would not be going home and the nursing home was going to be grandpa's last place of residence.

To help nursing home residents deal with issues, a counseling staff visited the patients on a regular basis. Grandpa's visiting counselor was a pleasant woman, named "Leslie." She was a very content person who loved her job, offering emotional support to the residents at the nursing home. Ironically, Leslie was Jewish, and although grandpa had displayed little interest in his own Jew-

ish identity throughout life, he and Leslie made that connection.

Leslie saw grandpa everyday and over grandpa's short weeks at the nursing home, they grew considerably close. Leslie was so awestruck at what happened on grandpa's last day, that after his death, she made it a point to tell my father about what had transpired.

One morning, Leslie was making her rounds and visiting various residents of the nursing home. She always looked forward to the latter part of the morning, as she would be visiting grandpa, and she knew that she could look forward to greeting a jovial old man who was full of cute puns and jokes. However, grandpa was different this day. She entered his room to find him quiet and sitting in clear introspection. He opened his eyes upon her entrance into the room, acknowledged her presence with a slight nod of the head, closed his eyes, and returned to his thoughts.

Later that day, Leslie found grandpa in the same position; this time his eyes were open and he was staring, as if looking at some far off object. He turned and met Leslie's eyes with his own. As Leslie would describe, however, grandpa's joy was gone, replaced with a tremendous sense of contemplative preoccupation. Grandpa managed a smile and motioned Leslie to have a seat. This was probably the first time in all of grandpa's eighty-eight years that he didn't greet someone with a smile and a joke. Instead, he closed his eyes and remained in deep thought while Leslie waited for him to break the ice. After a few moments, grandpa turned to Leslie and asked if she believed in G-d.

"Yes," answered Leslie, "I do."

"How do you know that He exists?" questioned grandpa.

"Well, I guess it's just a matter of belief."

Grandpa nodded in agreement and

closed his eyes in thought.

After a few moments, grandpa asked Leslie what Jews do before they die. Leslie's heart skipped a beat. Did grandpa think he was going to die soon?

She told grandpa to say the "Shma," a prayer acknowledging the Oneness of G-d. Upon finishing his prayers, grandpa asked, "Leslie, do you have a Hebrew name?"

Leslie nodded silently and quietly answered, "Leah. My Jewish name is Leah."

Then grandpa became very serious and said, "Leah, you should know that the waters are deep...but friendly." Grandpa then lay back on his bed and, after a few hours of seemingly, quiet introspection, "Avraham the son of Moshe," passed from this world to the next.

Leslie has been a nursing home counselor for many years. Death is an accepted visitor to the home. She has become accustomed to friendships lasting but a few weeks, perhaps a year at most. Many have felt that death was around the corner. Many have made a last ditch effort to reach out to the comfort of religion and G-d. But grandpa was different. For why suddenly, after 80 years of avoiding his own Jewish name, did Jewish names become so important? Maybe, Leslie rationalized, all that Judaism says about the connection of the Jewish name and the soul are true. But even if one were to take it as a given that grandpa had some sort of spiritual revelation before death, there was something bothering her that just didn't make sense, which was: If the "waters" are so "friendly" — why are they "deep?"

To tell you the truth, I don't know. What I do know, however, is that something else is going on in the world. For there is more than meets the eye. We need to grab opportunities while we're young and healthy, so that when we're old and frail, the "friendly waters" will not seem so very "deep."

Master Chief: The Chemotherapy of Gaming



Satire by Damian Geminder

Microsoft Corporation announced on Thursday that its Halo 3 video game racked

up worldwide sales of \$300 million in its first week, making it one of the year's best sellers and helping to more than double sales of its Xbox 360 console.

"I don't care if it's over-priced, deriva-

tive, and has a cropped, single-player campaign, this is the best game EVER!" gamer Christoph Garvey shouted into his headset whilst fragging some noobs on Xbox Live. In real life, Christoph is a sophomore at a local community college in Maryland, but in the world of Halo, he is a god.

"I used to be really bad at multi-player," the 19 year-old virgin admitted. "But once I gave up showering, I was really able to dedicate the time needed to play the game to its fullest," Christoph explained as his Depend undergarment began to yellow.

Not all gamers are as enthusiastic as Christoph. Diane Starkey is a rarity in the gaming world. A self-described "hard-core girl gamer," Diane was surprised that Halo 3 not only failed to rival the glory of the Sec-

ond Coming of Christ, but failed to cure her colorectal cancer that was caused, ironically, by an infection from massive hemorrhoids developed following a 48-hour gaming session of Halo 2.

"The worst part is that because the game doesn't serve any medical purpose, it's not tax-exempt," she fretted. "I not only blew 130 bucks on the Legendary Edition, I can't find the last freaking Skull! I want my damn Achievement Points, bitch!!!"

The United States Department of Health and Human Services released a report Saturday that there are no health benefits that result from playing Halo 3 and that prolonged play sessions could cause "a reduction in the smoothness of the gamer's eye, thus creating a square, television-like shape as opposed to the more spherical structure of the ocular organ."

But the most dedicated of fanboys laugh off the warnings with scorn. Christoph summed up their attitude thusly: "Those punks don't know s**t about our mad skillz. They're just jealous 'cause I'm number ten on the leaderboard for three days running. MOM, MORE CHEETOS!!!"

The Patriot

A Fond Farewell!

The Editorial Board of the Stony Brook Patriot would like to thank all of our past and present contributors (too numerous to list) for their dedication in producing The Patriot, and most of all, our loyal readers these past three years. It has been a very good run, and it is with great sadness that I must tell you that the paper has lately fallen onto very hard times. We lost a lot of dedicated staff to graduation last year, and this semester has seen interest in producing The Patriot dwindle, and will see even more graduations. The truth is, there are openings for the positions of Editor-in-Chief, the President of the Enduring Freedom Alliance, and the Treasurer of the Enduring Freedom Alliance without which the paper will not be produced, and the organization will completely dissolve. The only way to save The Patriot would be for new blood to step up and take over the organization. So, we ask you, our loyal readers, to step up and rescue the Enduring Freedom Alliance, the parent organization of The Patriot.

If you are interested in saving The Patriot, and in taking over these positions and the organization generally before we completely fade away, please send us an email to:

submissions@stonybrookpatriot.com

As this issue's "Honorary Editor", it has fallen on me to bid you all a fond farewell if this truly is the last issue of The Patriot. I decided to resurrect the original Concord Minuteman logo one last time, and heck, the layout duties fell on me as they once did when we began in 2005.

I would really like to thank Erik Berte in particular for everything he has given to this organization. He has kept The Patriot afloat these past few years, and now that he is graduating, it is unclear what will happen next.

I'd also like to dedicate this issue to Eleanor Keisman, for without her dedication and will, this final issue would never have been possible.

Most Sincerely,

*Robert J. Romano
Honorary Editor*



THE DREAMER

By Eleanor Keisman

Leonard

Leonard woke up at 10:30 am. He always woke up at 10:30 am. He was notorious for being late for work and often wondered why he hadn't been fired yet. "Maybe today," Leonard thought. When he woke earlier than 10:30 and even faintly remembered what he was dreaming about, he fell quickly back to sleep hoping to retrieve the exact place he left off, as if he were reading a book. Leonard had been working slowly to perfect this technique. However, unlike his choosing to pause while reading a book, in a dream, it was random interruptions which yanked him out of, however indiscriminately, his most terrifying nightmares and his most indulgent dreams.

Leonard never really had nightmares though. Someone else having the same dream might bolt up screaming bloody murder, but Leonard enjoyed his "difficult dreams", as he called them. They challenged him and made him feel brave, courageous and powerful. The dreams Leonard most enjoyed, however, were the sensuous ones. They spoke to his most secret side: the side that longed for color in a gray world, and longed to simply feel the intensity of life. These dreams reminded him of his sexuality: his own color, passion and feeling. They allowed him to be a person who was free of the trapped person he couldn't escape in his waking life. This was the frustration he lived with: he could dream these "Leonards", but he could not live them. These dreams, he loved as his own private way of escaping, much the way he loved a drug: He knew he should take it in smaller doses, and "I would, I would," he said to himself, "if only they didn't make me feel so fucking good, numbing me out of my already numbing life." So he lived in his own hole, which would be a guilty hole for most people, but this was too electric for Leonard, too deliciously real to have guilt come over and ruin the party.

There are mornings when he wakes from having his dream of a far off life, and the clock reads 6 am. His body is tired and welded to the bed. To peel himself out of bed would be, Leonard feels, decidedly "anti-me." Whether he is thirsty or not, has to pee or not, he will go back into his indulgent slumber, with each passing day refining his ability to reach the exact same depth in the second movement of the dream as in the first.

The Dream

One morning, Leonard got out of bed, put on his slippers and found that his alarm clock had stopped working. He looked at his wristwatch, saw the hands moving slowly backwards, and the second hand remaining completely still. The watch face, which was usually white with black hands and numbers, was now a dark shade of blue - still piercingly clear. He was confused about the time, but he did like the color blue. When was he supposed to be at work? Did he even have to work today?

He went downstairs without putting on his robe. Leonard never wore his robe; he didn't like it. It was terry cloth, dark blue (he did like the blue), and huge. The arms were very long and too thick to roll up. They always got in the way when he wanted to wash dishes and stay dry or prepare food and not make a complete mess. Aside from that, the robe was just too damn hot, even for any kind of weather. "I should give it to a homeless person," thought Leonard. "It would make a great coat."

Leonard yawned as he made his morning coffee. He had a Mr. Coffee that had been, for years it seemed, on the counter next to the sink, but Leonard didn't find it there. The sink wasn't even where he remembered it, so Leonard made instant coffee, and it didn't taste nearly as bad as he had expected.

Then Leonard was outside. He drank his coffee and deeply inhaled the soothing aroma. The hot fumes entered his nose and mouth. He closed his eyes and felt the coffee alive, moving down his throat and into his lungs and stomach, seeping into his blood and brain, intoxicating him with warming relaxation. After he had his coffee experience, he opened his eyes and looked at a beautiful world. The trees had giant leaves in every shade of green including colors so dark they were almost black, and others that were so light they were

transparent. These trees were floating in the air, their roots dangling and dancing, twisting, tying and untying. Leonard slowly noticed little sensations on his skin "almost like...like... chipmunk kisses," he thought. He looked and saw that it was snow gently caressing his skin, falling from a blue sky.

Leonard found himself in his car. He didn't remember pulling out of his garage, but now it appeared he was driving down the street to his office. Then he was upstairs in his office amongst the cubicles, computers, fax machines, copy machines filled with paper, the photos of kids, those stupid stuffed animals that say "I love you beary much" and "World's Best Boss" mugs. There were the funny posters, inspirational posters, the flyers that advertise for yoga or Bible study at the local community center, and, of course, these: Are you a smart, pretty young woman within child-bearing age? Donate eggs for \$\$\$! There were phones, ear pieces, post-its, paper clips, and jackets over chairs, but, Leonard wondered, where were all the people?

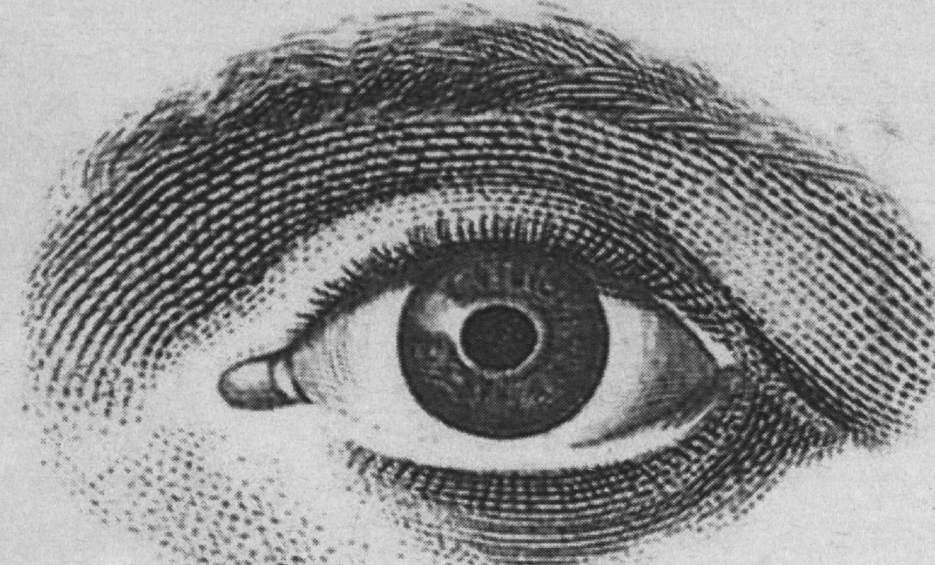
Leonard was naked. He walked slowly down one of the rows of cubicles and as he turned to the left, he saw a woman sitting at one of the desks. She turned to look at him slowly and he noticed she was wearing nothing but a soft cloth tied loosely around her hips, as in an Italian Renaissance painting. Her hair was a sea; a wild, soft, multicolored mane. As she rose from her seated position and began to walk towards Leonard, he could see her eyes. They were beautiful green eyes; he was riveted by them. Her walking was a dance; a sensual dance during which she gracefully removed her cloth, exposing a soft, body with pale,

porcelain skin. She put her dark cloth on the floor of the cubicle and lay down comfortably upon it. The darkness of the cloth made the lightness of her skin all the more illuminating. She put one arm behind her head so she could gaze at Leonard with her sea green eyes. He moved closer, knelt and lay on top of her, skin on skin; they made love. The office was quite as night and through dim eyes he could see her body moving, her breasts bulging, her stomach and hips sliding with him. The only sounds were their moans of passion and pain. Her eyes met his and she said, "Leonard, do you want to know my name?"

"Oh, yes. What is your name?"

"My name is Rebecca."

Then Leonard woke up. His heart pounding, he looked at the clock. 10:30 am. He was late for work, again. "Shit," Leonard thought.



"Shit."

Rebecca

It was 7:30 am and Leonard felt the kind of frustration one has when you get so excited and the orgasm is so close you could name it and - you are rudely interrupted by a rude interruption. Leonard thought he should be used to this by now: these interruptions happened all too often. Such frustration created a sticky aggression inside him. Leonard rubbed his eyes. "Zest with violence, marinate overnight with, sage and brooding dissatisfaction; add salt, pepper and vengeance to taste," he said sarcastically, out loud, to no one.

Leonard had just awakened from a dream wonderfully eerie; a dream that should have unnerved him down to his marrow. He had dreamed of a goddess; of a woman who was strikingly beautiful and completely confident in her own sexuality. She was the definition of beauty to him, a Venus. However, she frightened him with her strength. He felt he would never meet anyone like her in the waking world, and if he did, he'd be too terrified of rejection to approach her. It was this very feeling that drew him towards these dreams of wild, free worlds, in which he had met a woman who was contrary to everything he thought he knew about women. But, alas, he awoke abruptly and lost her. "Fuck. Goddamn it, I hate it when that happens" he whined groggily. He craved not only to go back to sleep and see Rebecca, but also the craving went deeper than just his love for fantasy. He wanted that world to be real. He wanted to feel free of all emotional restraints. He wanted to experience all his senses, as intensely as possible. He

wanted to feel alive instead of feeling numb in a world of gray where the people all looked the same and everything was predictable. He felt desperate, catastrophic and fatalistic. Leonard wondered, "Will I be doomed to dream?" He felt he would never be able to sleep enough to satisfy his craving for Rebecca.

Monday morning. Leonard has spent almost the entire weekend asleep, commencing at 6:30pm on Friday. He woke only to eat, drink, and pee. His eyes are swollen and he feels that Friday night was but a wink ago. The weekend was filled with intensely pleasurable dreams: dreams that tingled his sensual and sensuous fantasies. He loved them. His talent for controlling his dreams had progressed so much that the weekend consisted of not many dreams, all jumbled together, fading from memory, but one long intricate dream, all with Rebecca as the main character.

Driving to work, Leonard's coffee mug was filled with water and ice. Leonard found that, in fact, drinking coffee during the day made him too sleepy. He often drank coffee in his dreams, but in his waking life he couldn't stand the tease of the heat and thickness which enveloped his face and made him ache to fall asleep. Traffic was light; he had slept right through the morning rush hour. Leonard envied the people in their cars. He envied the way they all seemed so glad to wake up every morning. Leonard thought to himself, "If they're not glad, they at least accept it. Why can't I do that? I'd love to have bad dreams that wake me up, disoriented, but glad to be back. Mine are more like scalding hot baths that hurt, but feel really good at the same time."

The people he envied the most were not necessarily those who were glad to wake every morning or even those who complacently accepted it, but those who had found a way not to wake up. "If I hate the real world so much, why don't I just kill myself?" At this point, Leonard continued a rambling rumination about what actually happens after death. "I'm too scared," he said. "What if, after death, all my dreams disappear?"

One morning, after a dream with Rebecca, Leonard woke with an intense feeling of restfulness and satisfaction. Something was definitely different. He felt so pleasant and energized. As Leonard walked leisurely about his apartment (it was a Saturday), he rooted through his cupboards looking for tea. "There must be some Earl Grey somewhere..." Leonard said to himself. As he waited for the water to boil, he flipped through the morning paper. Then, suddenly, it hit him. Where had he been for the past month? He had no memory of getting up yesterday morning, or the day before that. No memory of driving to work, getting to work, or being bored stiff, as he usually was, by his work. He knew he had gone to work at some point because of the lack of "boss messages" on his answering machine, his suit, haphazardly laid out over the back of the chair, and papers spilling out of his valise. It was as if he had taken a dream fugue.

What he could remember were the dreams. He remembered every dream, not one by one, but as an entire story. He remembered Rebecca. He remembered her hair, falling over her breasts and soft body; her smell and how when they were together, he had felt whole. The dreams of her were so real, he wondered if she, somewhere, was real too.

Waking Up

Leonard's dreams had become his art

Continued on page 13

WHAT'S COOKIN'?

With Eleanor



Homemade Fast Food (Vegetable Soup)

(makes 4 servings)

Ingredients:	1/3 cup minced scallions (about 3 scallions)
5 cups water (or instant vegetable broth)	2 cups (loosely packed) coarsely chopped salad greens
1 1/2 cups shredded zucchini (about half a zucchini)	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup peeled and shredded carrot (about 1 carrot)	3 tablespoons instant grits
1 cup shredded onion (1 medium onion)	Approximately 4 teaspoons unsalted butter OR olive oil
1 cup shredded white button mushrooms (2-4 mushrooms)	1 cup shredded Swiss (Gruyere) cheese

1. Heat water or vegetable broth in a large pot. When boiling, add vegetables and salt. When the soup resumes boiling, let it continue, uncovered, for 2-3 minutes. Sprinkle the instant grits on top of the soup, reduce the heat to low and cook for 2-3 additional minutes.

2. Serve the soup hot, spooning about 1 teaspoon of butter or olive oil into each serving. Top generously with shredded Swiss cheese. Crusty bread for dipping makes this a fast, healthy, and satisfying dinner.

After a day of work or school, I do not know anyone who feels like cooking. All I want to do at the end of the day is take a shower, grab a beer and check out the delivery menu. But, let's face it. Money that is spent on fast food can add up quickly and you will not get much bang for your buck. So, what are the choices for students on a budget? Pizza, Chinese, McDonald's, Burger King. . .yuck. We need food to nourish and sustain us, not to make us bloated, tired, and unhealthy. I came across this recipe in a book by Jacques Pepin, entitled "Fast Food My Way." It is full of wonderful, provincial, French-based recipes, which can be made almost any night of the week. A few require special kitchen utensils, but I love "Instant Vegetable Soup" because you only need three appliances to make it: a large pot, a ladle and a box grater. The box grater is especially important because the vegetables must be grated well for the right consistency. This is difficult to do with one of those little cheese graters, so I highly recommend buying one. They are not expensive and will become an essential item, especially after you find out how great this soup is! The recipe is versatile and open to interpretation. Go on a field trip to the grocery store. What vegetables call your name? Grab 'em, go home, boil water, grate vegetables and, in no time, you will see what fast food can be.

Herbed Chicken

(makes 4 servings)

Ingredients:

One 3-4 pound chicken	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dried rosemary, chopped	1/2 teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon dried thyme, chopped	1 tablespoon olive oil
1 teaspoon dried oregano or marjoram, chopped	1 clove garlic, chopped finely

1. Preheat the oven to 375 degrees. Rinse the chicken in cold water, inside and out. Remove the giblets from the inside (store-bought chickens usually have them bagged inside of the cavity), throw them away and pat the chicken dry with a towel.

2. In a small bowl, mix salt, pepper, herbs, garlic and olive oil into a paste. Rub the paste onto the chicken until it is completely covered.

3. Place the chicken in the center of the oven on a roasting pan, breast side up, and cook for 20 minutes. Then, turn the chicken over and cook another 20 minutes. Turn the chicken over, once more, for the last 20 minutes. If the chicken weighs four pounds or more, it will need an extra 15 minutes.

4. When the chicken is done, take it out of the oven, cover lightly with aluminum foil and let it sit for 15 minutes. Cut carefully, and serve!

Fresh herbs can help distinguish good food from really good food. Their clean taste really does fit for me. I love having fresh basil in my refrigerator. I put it in everything: eggs, sandwiches, salads and pasta. I also like to use fresh thyme, oregano and sage for soups and stews. Fresh herbs can turn any meal into a gourmet one, but they can be expensive and, let us face it, most students do not have time to cook every day and fresh herbs can go bad quickly. If there is one thing that makes me sad, it is a bunch of wilted basil that I hardly got to use. But, do not worry, dried herbs can work well, as long as you use them correctly. The following recipe is very easy and, when I was ten years old, I made this the very first time I cooked dinner for my parents. I got the recipe out of a children's cookbook by Alice Waters, "Fanny at Chez Panisse," which is filled with easy, delicious recipes that children and adults can enjoy. Although I cannot remember if it turned out well when I was ten, I have made this chicken many times since; it has always turned out to be an easy and delicious dinner. I love making this recipe because it is very versatile. For instance, instead of using several, different herbs, you can choose to use only one, but remember: it will have a very strong flavor. Also, try using flavored olive oil or adding extra garlic.

I swear by this recipe. You can eat it for dinner with salad, pasta, rice, or any dish of your choice. If there is chicken left on the bones, slice the meat off while still warm, as cold chicken tends to be harder to cut. Use the slices for a sandwich or snack the next day.



Opinions

Why the USG Constitutional Proposal Failed

The Undergraduate Student Government is an inherently broken organization, in concept and in practice, and so it must be a true wonder how a brand new constitutional proposal reorganizing the entire government could have possibly failed. And so considerably, too, with 69.67 percent of students voting against ratification. Just for your information, the self-proclaimed "Founders" would've needed 66.66 percent of students voting in favor of, not over 2/3 voting against it. It would be an understatement to call this a remarkable failure. No constitutional amendment to the USG Constitution has ever failed since the organization was founded in 2003, and yet this proposal was defeated by a loose coalition of clubs, current and former government officials, and student media. This is a clear sign that the USG can no longer pass laws behind the students' backs. Students are now more informed than ever about the inner workings of the government that they elect. This may have been the only positive outcome of the fall 2007 elections.

Future proposals should fail as well which attempt to downgrade club rights and protections. Amongst other changes, the proposal removed the criteria for funding clubs from the Constitution, removed the right of clubs to receive an appropriate level of funding to function effectively in carrying out their missions, and removed the right of clubs to use their funding to carry out those missions. It also increased the Senate's powers (including the ability to expel their own members without cause), eliminated the Ex-



ecutive Council and increased the appointment powers of the President, removed the current constitutionally enumerated agencies, and generally speaking increased the USG's powers at the expense of the rights of student-run organizations.

Clubs need to keep up their current level of awareness and interest in the USG, since the rules it makes directly affect how those

organizations are allowed to operate. Voter awareness was aided in largely by a letter sent out to clubs and organizations by the VP of Clubs and Organizations, Jeffrey Akita, to inform them about the removal of club rights from Article II, Section 3 of the current Constitution. However, this was quite an exceptional and unusual act by a USG government official. Students and clubs cannot and must

not place their full faith in USG officials to keep them informed of what is actually going on behind closed doors. In the future, students need to take the initiative to keep themselves informed by attending Senate and Executive Council meetings, and clubs need to utilize their newly-formed Council of Representatives, a group of club officers that represent clubs as a whole, and not let it become defunct.

What you need to know is that the so-called "Founding Fathers and Mothers" of the original proposal, which failed so miserably, are attempting to revise their proposal to put it back onto the ballot next semester. It's bad enough that the USG Department of Justice recently recommended having the results of the fall elections overturned, an effort which fortunately failed in the Supreme Court, which ruled in favor of the results of the elections. Now, students will probably have to go back to the polls in the spring to defeat a very similar proposal. Therefore, campus media publications need to keep their vigilant watch of USG's activities. We'd like to tip our hats to The Statesman and The Stony Brook Press for keeping an up-to-date chronicle of USG's activities this semester, a development which we hope continues in upcoming semesters.

We encourage all students to continue pay very close attention to their government which can be defeated by organizing legitimate opposition to any unfair proposed laws and policies.

Bush, Clinton, Clinton, Bush, Bush, Clinton?



By Alexander Ott

That's the way my Social Studies students in 2009 may be remembering who the Presidents were from 1988 if Hillary Clinton gets elected in 2008. That's more than a generation of Bush's and Clinton's and almost 25 years of nepotism! Sounds like the history of a third world country's politics, where leaders just exchange dynastic titles and leave the keys to the kingdom to their children or their spouses.

America needs to look beyond what it

feels comfortable with for the new dynastic rule of the country. Who's next? Will it be Jeb Bush or Chelsea? When will the strange brew of pop-culture American politics be over? We have a responsibility to change the course, and not towards a further hold on power by either the Clinton's or the Bush's. They have had their turn and its time for someone else to lead our country. Political connections and money from special interests (China) seem to have corrupted our political process to the point of an X-Files' episode.

Are we sure, as Americans, what the

hell we want? Or, are we walking around in a fog just going through the motions after the tumultuous elections we have had in the past 24 years. Not even Bill Clinton got 50% of the public to vote for him, not even against Bob Dole who appeared like a senior citizen. This was all before Monica Lewinsky and the scandals that rocked the White House. So, where are we in this process?

It appears as of December; Hillary is having difficulty with convincing her base that she will be the nominee, Barak Hussein Obama has Oprah on his side, and John Ed-

wards is too busy vying for the poverty vote, in which most don't vote anyway. The next months until the Iowa Caucuses, New Hampshire Primary, and Super Tuesday in February will be very interesting. We just have to hope America comes to its senses in the General Election and elects a real leader such as Giuliani, and not another Clinton. Someone needs to protect our country in a time of war and Hillary appears she just cares about her election instead of being the President because they love and care about America. And that's all I have to say about that!



WTF is Wrong With Our Schools?



By Alexander Ott

Oh, Say Can You See by the bright rainbow flag, what so proudly we hail that our seven year olds may now be educated on gay issues. What is more astonishing about this new educational strategy? It is now being endorsed by top Democratic presidential candidates, giving No Child Left Behind a whole new meaning.

This newest controversy revolves around

a fairytale about two princes who fall in love. A lawsuit was initiated last year against a teacher and school when the story was read to a second grade class in liberal Massachusetts, where gay marriage is permitted.

Last month in New Hampshire, Democratic presidential candidates were asked whether they would feel comfortable reading the "King & King" to children. No surprises here, Barack Hussein Obama, Hillary Clinton, and John Edwards all indicated that it was ac-

ceptable and supportable as part of a school's curriculum.

The gang of three (Obama, Clinton, and Edwards) agreed that it was important to teach children diversity and educate them about differences in the world, but is this really necessary at seven years old? Come on people! Teaching high school students in health class is one thing and probably the most appropriate place for a discussion about homosexuality. At seven years old, a child can't even focus on a lesson plan after they eat lunch. How could they understand complex issues like

homosexuality?

Traditionally, children are kept from many complicated social issues until they've developed enough to more fully understand them. America is the home of the free. Gays and lesbians should be respected and treated as equals. If this is what happens when gay marriage becomes legal in a state, however, we need make sure new constitutional rights are encompassing the original intent of the law. As the saying goes: voter beware. And that's all I have to say about that!



MONEY



BY JESSE COLOMBO

How to Pick Winning Stocks!

My first Patriot article explained why you should invest, and this article will explain what to invest in. As with religions, there are a mind-numbing panoply of different paths to successful investing, with proponents of each method (or faith) claiming that their way is the correct way. After scouring through hundreds of investing books and making plenty of mistakes along the way, I eventually discovered an investing system that has proven to be the most cogent and effective of them all.

The system is called "CANSLIM" investing and was developed by William O'Neil and detailed in his excellent book, *How to Make Money in Stocks*. (I'd recommend that you pick up a used copy of it on Amazon for no more than \$5- It's the best \$5 investment you will ever make, it's that good!). O'Neil publishes a popular newspaper called "Investor's Business Daily" (or IBD) that is meant to work in conjunction with the methods outlined in his book. IBD can be found in the newspaper section of most local 7-11s.

Why should we listen to William O'Neil's investing advice? Right after graduating from college, O'Neil parlayed a \$5,000 stake into \$200,000 in only 2 years through shrewd stock investments! He used his money to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange at 30 years old, the youngest ever at the time to do so. William O'Neil is now a billionaire from his stock investments, his investment management company and the IBD newspaper. That's all the convincing I need for following O'Neil's advice!

The crux of O'Neil's CANSLIM investing method is finding stocks that are already proven leaders and trying to "buy high and sell higher", not "buying low and selling

high." CANSLIM is an acronym for the traits that all stock leaders have in common, such as strong growth in current (C) and annual (A) earnings per share, (N) new products or management, a small supply of outstanding shares (S), market leadership (L), institutional investor support (I) and a strong upward trend in the broad stock markets (M).

The crux of O'Neil's CANSLIM investing method is finding stocks that are already proven leaders and trying to "buy high and sell higher", not "buying low and selling high." CANSLIM is an acronym for the traits that all stock leaders have in common. CANSLIM leaders all have very strong earnings and sales growth, with these up 30% or more for the last three years. The more growth, the more likely the stock is to be a superstar in your portfolio. Wal-Mart exploded 11,200% from 1977 to 1990, while owning an annual growth rate of 43% before its big move. Xerox rocketed 700% from 1963 to 1966 with a 32% earnings growth rate. CANSLIM stocks also have something new about them, whether it's a new product, being in a new industry, new management or simply hitting new highs in price.

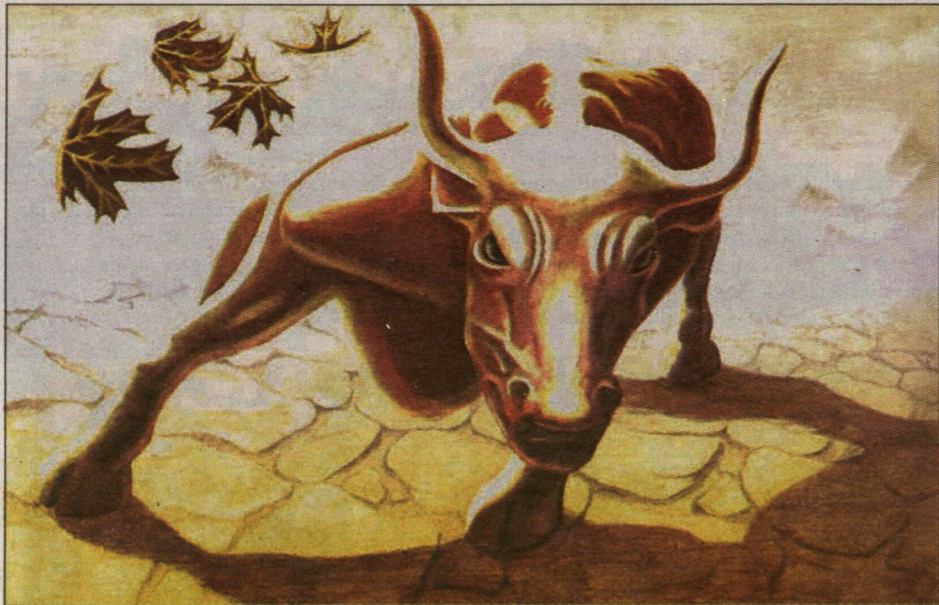
The most important trait successful CANSLIM stocks have is strong relative price strength. This cannot be stressed enough. You want your potential stock picks to have already outperformed the overall stock market over the past year. If the overall market (measured by the Dow or SP500) is up by 10% in the past year, a winning stock may be up by 20% or even 100%. Most people are wary of buying stocks that have already risen strongly and are hitting new price highs, but studies show that these stocks

tend to keep outperforming. Consequently, stocks that have significantly declined and are hitting new lows may look "cheap" but typically stay laggards while the rest of the market rallies.

Some recent examples of this phenomenon are Google and Apple. Google's stock debuted at \$100 and promptly rose to \$200 in 2004, while most prognosticators decried the stock as being "too expensive." What happened? Google took-off like a Boeing 747 and hit \$747 while displaying all of the CANSLIM stock characteristics. Apple is another CANSLIM that launched from \$6 in 2003 to \$175 in 2007, with market pundits calling it "overpriced" during its entire ascent.

If I seemed somewhat vague in my description of the more technical investing terms, it's because I'm trying to be. The reality is that you don't need to know how to calculate relative price strength or earnings growth rates because O'Neil's Investor's Business Daily does it all for you, and it's available at your local 7-11!!! The weekend edition of IBD contains a list of the IBD 100, which are the top 100 stocks showing the best CANSLIM characteristics. I've been following the IBD 100 stocks for years, and I've seen countless stock winners called before their big moves. IBD even gives you advice on the timing of the purchases of these featured stocks. As much as I like being spoonfed information, there is no true substitute for reading "How to Make Money in Stocks", which goes into excruciating detail about CANSLIM and stock market timing. Pick up an IBD with your coffee next time you're at 7-11!

How to Pick a Stock Broker and Invest!



By Jesse Colombo

In last month's column, I made a case for investing in stocks while you still have youth on your side. I intentionally avoided bogging my readers down with overly technical information and simply described how a 25 year old can turn \$10,000 into \$2,678,635 at retirement by investing in common stocks. That article explained why you should invest, while this article will explain how to get started investing.

Let me first explain what stocks are: a way for you to become a part owner in a corporation. Anyone can buy stocks in familiar names such as Microsoft and Toyota, as well as more obscure ones like Celgene and China

Mobile. Stockholders, just like the owners of a restaurant or a landscaping business, make money when the fortunes of their company increase and take losses when the company experiences bad times. A shareholder's profits are manifested in the form of share prices, which are determined every day on stock exchanges, like the New York Stock Exchange and the all-electronic NASDAQ exchange.

At the risk of oversimplification, an investor's goal is to buy a stock at \$10 per share and see it become \$100, \$500 or \$1000 per share (it happens all the time!). Those kinds of results come from investing in young, cutting-edge companies that eventually grow to become household names while consistently multiplying their profits ad infinitum. Later on, I will advise on how to pick such stocks in

earth-shattering industries such as biotechnology, alternative energy and nanotechnology. But first things first, you need to find yourself a stock broker!

The common stereotype of a broker is a pinstriped suit wearing millionaire, chatting away on a cell phone in a black Mercedes-Benz. Despite this intimidating, Hollywood-inspired mystique, anyone can have a broker these days, whether you have \$100 to invest or \$100 million. All a broker really does is act as an intermediary in stock transactions between you and the stock exchange, then charging you a commission for this service. A broker is a necessity for individual investors because they can't send orders directly to the trading floor, unlike their institutional investor counterparts. Thanks to the power of the internet, investors have the option to bypass a human broker and order with an online broker via their web portal. With an online broker, you never have to pick up a phone, listen to sales pitches or get charged \$100 per trade as you would with a traditional broker.

Online brokers, such as TD Ameritrade, Scottrade and Etrade, typically charge a mere \$7-\$10 commission per trade, but require the investor to exercise a greater degree of autonomy in their investment decisions. To open a brokerage account, you can simply apply on the broker's website and later send them a check to fund the account. Once your check clears, you're free to buy as much stock as your account balance affords you. If you need to withdraw your money or would like to spend some stock profits, your broker can send you a check for the desired amount.

Although there are scores of online brokers, I'd like to recommend two that are uniquely pertinent to novice investors: Sharebuilder and Scottrade. Sharebuilder (apply

online: www.sharebuilder.com) is a brokerage that has no account minimum and only costs \$4 per trade. Although Sharebuilder's services are very basic, it's an ideal choice for someone looking to get their feet wet and invest \$100-\$499. The next step up would be Scottrade (www.scottrade.com), which has a \$500 minimum account balance and charges \$7 per trade. Scottrade provides their customers with valuable complimentary services such as real time stock charts, comprehensive stock market research and stock screeners.

I have a warm and fuzzy feeling when I think of Scottrade, because they were my first broker when I started investing at age 14. My entire experience was overwhelmingly positive. My first investment came just days after September 11th 2001, with an economy in utter chaos. Though the stock market was reeling, I believed in the fortitude of the American spirit and put my money where my heart was- I was promptly rewarded when I doubled my \$2000 investment in a quick three months! Maybe it was just beginner's luck- had my first experience been a failure, maybe I wouldn't be writing this article or pursuing a financial career?!

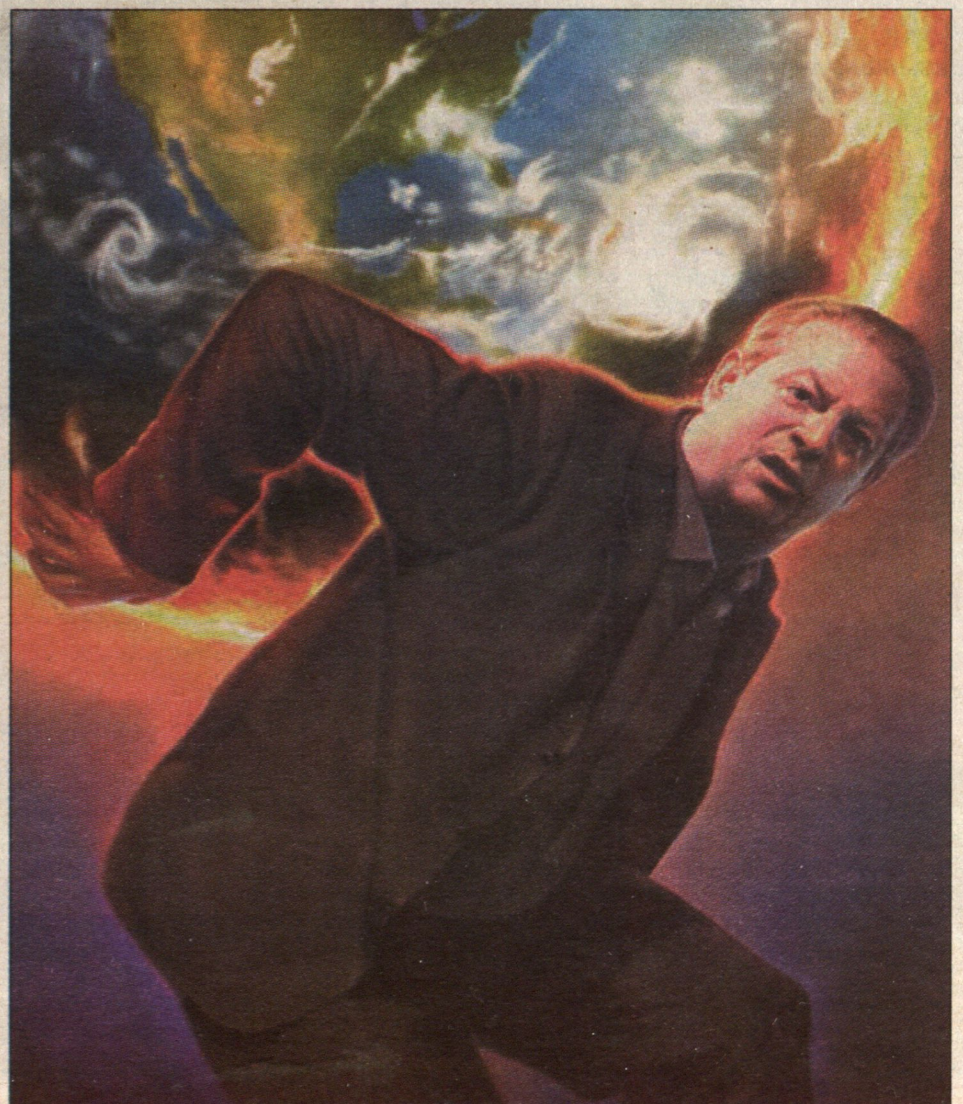
Let me close with a humorous anecdote. In high school I became so hooked on stock trading that I used to get in trouble with teachers for watching my live-ticking Scottrade stock charts on class computers. I remember one particular time, in health class, my fellow students cheered me on as I made \$1000 in a half an hour- only to get kicked out and sent to the principal's office! While other kids got in trouble for cutting class and smoking cigarettes, I was my school's honorary white-collar juvenile delinquent!

Al Gore's

COOL-O-METER

When not too busy fighting the "inconvenient truths" of global warming or accepting Academy Awards, our former Vice President combats climate change by discovering what's cool or not cool each month.

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- Led Zeppelin Reunited
 - FOX Business Network
 - New Star Trek Movie
 - Uranium Plot Foiled in Slovakia
 - The Semester is Over!
 - Bin Laden Admits to 9/11 Again
 - Being Forced to Listen to Christmas Music 24/7
 - Clinton campaign planting questions in GOP debate
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L
- Evel Knievel Dead at Age 69
 - Putin Seizing More Power in Russia
 - USG, as Always
 - Al Gore Receives Nobel Prize for Peace?



Letters

To the Patriot,

I haven't read the Patriot in a month or two, but when I was a student I remember Ted Kennedy's Drink of The Month. Now I am a fan of Benjamin Franklin, but the Ted Kennedy article always brought a bit of laughter. What happened!? I say bring it back! Thanks for hearing me out.

Sincerely,

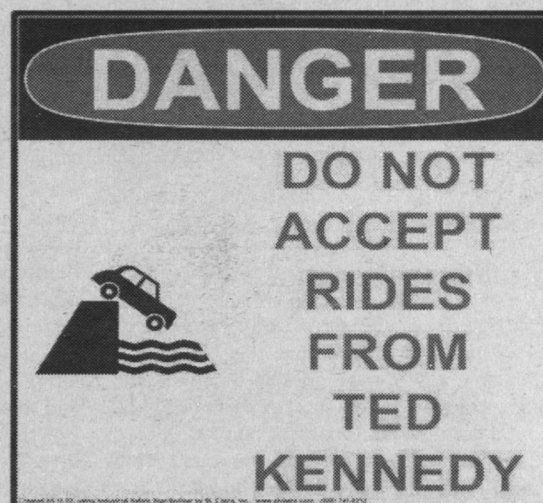
Stephen Kerekes
Class of '06
Fire Marshal #906
Stony Brook University
Environmental Health & Safety

Dear Mr. Kerekes,

It is always nice to hear from our readers. The main reason why we phased out the Ted Kennedy segment was that many of the senior editors believed that it was getting a little cliched. Believe me, we still love to poke fun at Ted. And we will make sure to exploit his many absurdities as they make themselves known, but we felt like we needed to breathe some new life into the paper. Keep in mind that no change is truly permanent in printed media, and layout changes happen quite often due to public opinion. That being said, I would not rule out the notion of bringing back the Ted Kennedy segment in the future, especially if more fans of the Patriot like yourself contact us with your valuable comments.

Thanks for taking the time to contact us, and if you have any other comments or suggestions or even submissions please feel free to email them. I would also like to thank you for your service to the Stony Brook University community as a fire marshal.

Best Regards,
Matthew B. Reisch
Stony Brook Patriot



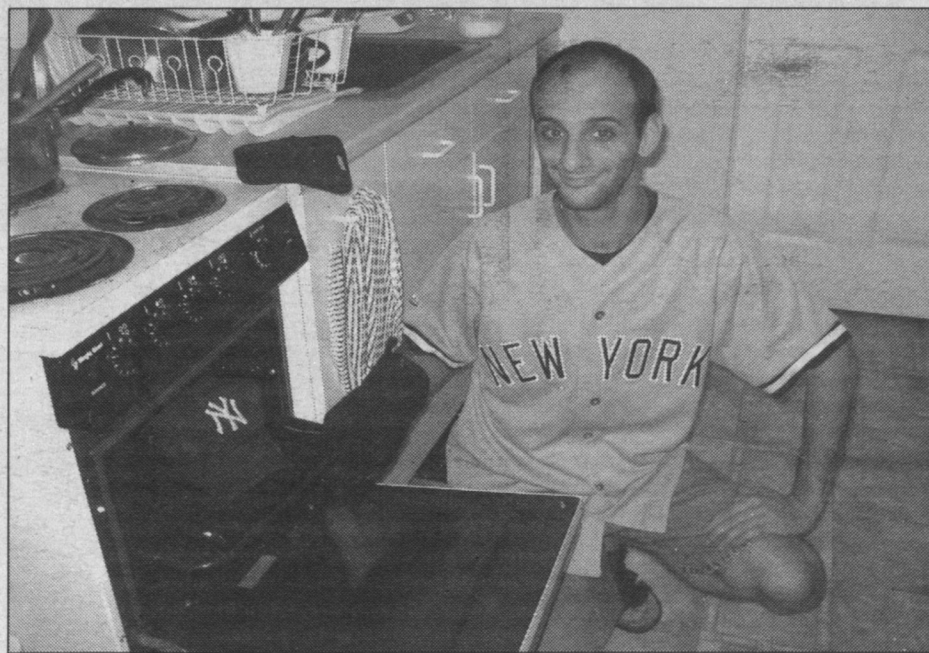
How To Break In The "New" New Era Baseball Cap

By Robert J. Romano

Like many readers of The Patriot, I like to wear official, MLB gear, including New Era's line of baseball caps; in particular, I like the 59Fifty. As many have noticed, the new, 2007 edition of the cap is now made of polyester, instead of its usual wool. It used to be sufficient to rinse the hat with warm or hot water; it simply dried and shrank during wear. This will not work with polyester. Apparently, one reason for switching to polyester was to prevent shrinkage. The new design is a disaster for fans who do not have big heads, or do not want their official hat to sit tall on their heads and, unfortunately, the previous solution of breaking the hat in has become outdated. Traditional methods for breaking in ball caps will not do and, to solve this problem, I had to do some experimentation in order to break in the new, polyester hat. Fear not, fans, as I have found a solution to the problem. After doing some investigation online, I discovered that, in order to shrink polyester fabric, it needs to be heated to a temperature between 81 degrees Celsius (177 degrees Fahrenheit) and 230 degrees Celsius (446 degrees Fahrenheit), as this is the fabric's melting point.

There are two ways to do this at your house; you can either heat the hat in an oven to about 300 degrees Fahrenheit or, boil it. BUT, wait a second! You have to prepare the hat in order to prevent side effects. Follow these steps, in order, and repeat as necessary.

1. Wash the hat with a small amount of laundry detergent in the sink. Do not put it in the washer/dryer! This will shred your hat to bits. You need to wash the hats because they have excess dye that will bleed, when wet, during this process. So, wash your hat in the



sink until most, or all, of the excess dye has dripped off.

2. Preheat your oven to about 300 degrees Fahrenheit.

3. Take a hot shower with the hat on, but make sure not to scald yourself. This is where the hat conforms to the shape of your head. Try gripping it tightly, until the inside mesh begins to bend backwards. You may need to experiment in front of a mirror in order to see what shape you prefer. Make sure to do this while the hat is soaking wet. This will give you an idea of how to hold it in the shower. After wearing it in the hot, shower water for about 10 minutes, your oven should be ready.

4. IMMEDIATELY, put the hat in the

oven. Do not worry, it will not melt. The hat is 100% polyester and, as long as you keep it below 446 degrees Fahrenheit, it will not melt. This is why I recommend 300 degrees Fahrenheit, as it is a sufficient temperature for shrinking without damage. You should leave the hat inside until it dries.

5. Take the hat out of the oven, let it cool off for a few moments and try it on. If it fits the way you like, you are done. If not, you still need to shrink it some more. Read on.

6. Get a large pot and fill it with enough water to submerge the hat. Put it on the stove and heat it to a rolling boil. Once the water is ready, put the hat in. Leave it there for ten to fifteen minutes. If you notice the water

turning colors, do not panic. This is more of the excess dye. Let the hat boil for the aforementioned amount of time. If the dye has run, you are going to need to wash it with laundry detergent. Go back to step 1, and make sure to wash it immediately, as you do not want the dye to stain the other fabrics.

7. Once the hat is clean, repeat step three for an additional, ten minutes.

8. Put it back into the oven to dry off. When it is dry, remove and let cool; try it on.

You will want to repeat these steps until you can get the hat to fit the shape of your head. Remember, you need to heat polyester to over 177 degrees Fahrenheit in order to change the shape, so it will not change when cooled. This is more tedious than breaking in any of your previous wool hats, but it will work with time and patience. Once you have the desired shape, leave it on for an hour or two and gently work on the brim.

I suspect, because of the difficulty in shaping polyester hats, this may be the first and last time that New Era uses this material. However, polyester does have advantages over wool. Particularly, it is more durable and will not reek like a dog when you get it wet. So, if you have the patience to break in your new hat, it could wind up being a longer-lasting alternative to its predecessors; plus, you will be able to wear it around your girlfriend/wife without hearing, "What the hell is that smell?"

Remember, traditional methods will not work, so you are going to need to do it manually. While I used the above method to break in my polyester hat, there may be better methods out there. Make a note and send them to The Patriot, as New Era's new hat is a disaster for fans who like to properly wear our official, MLB gear.

Common SBU Food at Union Commons



By Libby Cipollina

If you're a student at Stony Brook, then you've probably heard that the Union has added five new dining options to satisfy the hungry students. There has been a lot of hype about these new additions but don't be fooled by sweet nothings that the administration whispers in our ears! I decided to take a trip down to the union to see what all fuss was about. The entire space has been totally renovated. It looks very streamlined and efficient but in reality it is a bitch to navigate. To get a full meal, that is, an entree, drink and a snack, you must zig-zag from one end of the room to the other. I ended up sampling food from four of the five stands.

I decided to try Calypso's Caribbean fare, as I looked at the myriad of choices (two dishes) I was overwhelmed by the stench of poached scrod, a particularly aromatic and pungent fish that I do not enjoy. Next to the fish was a vat of bubbling stew and rice with beans. I ordered the mystery stew and found what was at one point chicken but now resembled a hunk of leather doused in brown sauce. Despite the shady looks the brown stew chicken with beans and rice was quite

good. The chicken was savory and the sauce was delicious, but the rice and beans were a little more than al dente. Having had my fill of Caribbean food I set my sights on Bamboo, the Chinese eatery. There was a very long line, so of course I figured that the food must be at least be edible, but my assumption was wrong. I ordered lo mein, a pork egg roll, and hot and sour soup. I started with the lo mein but it was very greasy. It had an average taste; it wasn't particularly bad, but it wasn't particularly good either. Next I reached for my egg roll. Now I like egg rolls, but what I took a bite out of could not be called an egg roll. It was dry and flavorless, as if someone had put strips of red construction paper into a fryer and then shoved them in an egg roll costume. I couldn't even bring myself to take a second bite. To wash the taste of paper from my pallet I tried the hot and sour soup. Now, I don't know why I expected this of all things to be edible, but I tried it anyway. As soon as the foul soup passed between my lips, my tongue was struck with a potent flavor reminiscent of vomit and mushrooms. This soup was offensive to all senses; it smelled terrible and tasted worse. In fact it was so unpleasant I had to go back to Calypso and get some traditional corn chowder, which was very nice. It effectively cleansed my pallet of any remaining aftertaste of vomit.

After my hearty corn chowder, I went to the gyro stand which is staffed by complete morons. After asking me three times if I wanted red peppers on my gyro I was ready to strangle the lanky teen. Eventually I did procure a gyro with no red peppers. The gyro itself could feed at least three people and after tasting this gyro I noticed that there was an



improper sauce to meat ratio. It also did not help that the meat was dry.

Finally, I came to my final food venue, Coyote Jack's, and I purchased a chicken sandwich and some chicken tenders. There were a variety of sauces to choose from, including a "special" sauce that I was not about to try, so I got myself some good old fashioned honey mustard, which I later discovered contained neither honey nor mustard (just think about that one for a second). When I sat down to eat, I opened up the little white box that housed my tenders and was shocked to see three lonely burnt pieces of chicken,

which tasted just as bad as they looked. Even though they were drenched in the revolting honey mustard sauce, they still were inedible. I am sad to say my chicken sandwich was not much better. I wish I could better describe the condition of my chicken, but unfortunately it was charred beyond recognition.

By this time I felt somewhat full and very disappointed with what had filled me, so instead of choking down the Halal food, I opted to return to my room and, in the future, I think I will stick to eating at Kelly and the SAC where at least the food is edible.

A Super-Senior's Guide to Grad School

By Joseph Sackman

As an undergraduate student most of us have to face the ever looming question of: Do I want to go to GRADUATE SCHOOL? For many of us it seems obligatory that we go; and for others it is simply a question of how far we want to take our education. Whether it is an option of not, it is a very serious question.

To some of us graduate school means two more years and a master's degree, in addition to a nice fat pay check in the end. For the rest of us going on to graduate school, it's going to be another four to six years of going to class, doing research, writing a thesis that could be submitted as small novel, whose length could rival one of the Harry Potter stories. Then, once all that is completed, we will be nursing a small stomach ulcer, carpal tunnel syndrome, and of course the coveted Ph.D., which we will triumphantly tack onto the end of our names.

So how does one get into graduate school? Well, I am writing this to provided you with some well guarded secrets, thought lost, but do to some sacrifice and a few buckets of blood, a gallon of tears, and after going a touch of mad, I can now reveal to you dear reader: Secrets To Getting Into Graduate School (insert ominous music here).

There are five basic strategies to follow. They are the following; 1. Investigate, 2. Plan, 3. Don't wait - act, 4. Study, and 5. Get to know your future self. Following these strategies you will set yourself up for being well prepared and increasing your chance for getting into graduate school, and not just any school, but the one that you feel best suits



your needs.

Let's take a look at these top five strategies.

Investigate: Find out everything you can about the program you are interested in applying for. What are the requirements are for getting into a program? What does it mean to get a M.S. or Ph.D. in your chosen area of study? How much time and effort are you willing to put in to get what you want? Who are the top people in the field you are looking to enter? What is the future of the field? Are you interested in an aspect that is not really studied, or seems to be being phased out? Does the field offer you a diverse set of options for ex-

pansion and possible alternate career paths? These are the questions you should be thinking about, and seeking to answer.

Plan: Come up with a time line that will keep you on track toward graduate school. Set smaller goals for yourself and build upon your achievements. For example, plan to study for and take GREs by a certain date, plan to have 5 schools chosen to apply for, and then make sure you have the required letters of recommendation that are needed, so on and so forth.

Don't wait - act: Basically, don't wait for things to fall into your lap, go out there and get things done. Having confidence in yourself is the key to obtaining your goals.

Study: Yes, you will need to study. It's an obvious one, but essential. Especially for the GREs. This test, in my opinion, is just a test to see how well you can take a test, but it is typically used as cut off for application to certain schools. Check out which schools say they require or just suggest the GRE. If they require a GRE score to be submitted, it will most likely be the case that there are hundreds or if not thousands of applicants applying to their school, and the GRE, and most likely your GPA are criteria they use for eligibility for further review.

A study tip that may be less obvious: If you will be working as graduate student doing research or working with/under a specific professor, you should learn as much as you can about their past and present research. Becoming familiar with those you will be working with is important to applying to a graduate program. It shows you are interested person who is capable to be an informed individual,

and you aren't just going to show up and wing it. Doing research also gives a better understanding of what is going on in the field and if this is the place you want to work/study for the next five years. This moves us into the next step, getting to know your future self.

Getting to know your future self is really looking at the person you already are. What is that interests you and what are you passionate about? What subjects, as an undergraduate, do you excel in, find captivating and want to know more about? Maybe you're a business major right now, but you might find that you are happiest when you are taking a physics course. This is the time to experiment and make decisions, but don't wait until the last semester of senior year to say hey, I always wanted to try photography. Go out there and see what interests you. Perhaps you will find an alternative path, one that opens you up to a whole new world of possibilities. Knowing who you are now helps you to guide yourself to who you will become.

There are many more tips I could list, but part of the process is learning them for yourself. I have just provided for you some of the basic yet important aspects of the process. If you want to know more, go out there and starting asking questions. Ask your advisors, ask graduate TAs, or go online and see what others have to say. Take advantage of whatever resources you can get your hands on. You might even find that you don't want to go on to graduate school and that you really just want to finish your undergraduate degree and move on with your life. That is perfectly fine. In what ever you choose to do, I wish you luck.

THE DREAMER

Continued from page 6

and his art became loving everything that was Rebecca. One blue day, when all the stars were out, interestingly enough, Leonard and Rebecca sat playing some kind of a game that involved long thin sticks, two small stones and a crayon. It all seemed to make perfect sense. They were laughing. Suddenly he became serious and said to her, "I've got to get out of Alyan." When he began to cry, Rebecca took his hand, placed it firmly on her thigh and said, "But Leonard, you're not in Alyan. You know that. You're with me and this is my house." Her house was beautiful, blue and soft, just like her and the day. There was a large oak dining table where they drank wine, ate cakes, fruits, and other foods Leonard didn't recognize, but were divinely sensuous. Windows surrounded the dining area in a semi-circle and outside were plants of every color of green intermingled with roses, forsythia bushes, tulips, daisies, carnations, and orchids of every size, shape and color. From somewhere there flowed the sound of a piano playing Mozart. Large, mural-like paintings hung on the walls full of reds, greens, lavenders, stemming up and galloping down, sweeping gently across the canvas. Although Leonard liked her house very much, he was unable to shake the anticipatory anxiety of his inevitable waking.

"I've got to get out of Alyan." Leonard said again. "I just can't stand it. I know I'm not there now, but everyday I wake up and

there I am. Sometimes I wonder how I'll get through the day before I finally get to go home and sleep – and see you. I miss you: my color, and I hate my life: my gray. Awake, I am nothing. When I am here with you, I see the man I never see when I'm awake. I feel at peace with myself. I can see that I refuse to live in a gray world any longer. Even if I did manage to leave Alyan, where would I go? And why? I see the life I want but cannot have. The thought of it makes me feel insane."

After a pause, he spoke again, this time with more fragility. "I want this to be my reality. I want you to be my reality. You've changed everything. I want you to be my reality. You've changed everything, Rebecca."

"Do you like this house?" Rebecca asked him, changing the subject. "I made it myself. I just thought of it one day and there it was! We could live here together. That could be reality: our reality. All you have to do is wake up."

"No.....no, I'm not ready to yet. Just a little while longer....."

The garden vanished. "No!" said Leonard. The brown table turned black and melted. The murals became white canvases. There was no food or drink. Leonard was naked and cold.

"You will wake up soon, Leonard," said Rebecca.

"Please, no! Don't do this. Don't send me back. I'll die if I go back. I need to stay with you, here. Please," Leonard wept, "please make it all come back."

Rebecca stroked his cheek with the back

of her fingers, looked at him lovingly and then said, "Wake," and she vanished along with her beautiful wild hair and along with everything else.

Leonard woke. He fell out of bed, groggy, and very, very sad. As he brushed his teeth, he cried. He felt her leaving him. The only thing remaining was the vivid memory of her green eyes, but as he looked at himself in the mirror, he tried not to think of his private life and fell into his usual haze.

Awake

He dressed methodically: he put on his pants, right leg first and he put on his shirt, right sleeve first. He ate methodically. He had his toast and raspberry jam and ice water. He drove to work, his mind on auto pilot. As usual. He often arrived at work with absolutely no recollection of how he got there. He parked the car and began to walk toward his office building. It was large, with walls of windows. He noticed the reflection of clouds.

He opened the door, got in the elevator and went up to the 5th floor: Accounts. Feeling flat and gray, he walked down the aisle toward his cubicle. When he arrived at his cubicle, he stopped and sighed as, sure enough, there was the daily stack of papers. Everyone was busy. He looked around and heard office talk, the copy machine, paper rustling, hole-punchers punching and the click of ladies heels.

After settling at his desk, he heard the sound of a woman clearing her throat. She was in the cubicle next to his. He looked at

her. She looked at him for a moment, and then looked back down at her paperwork. She looked very professional, wearing small black heels, a gray skirt suit, buttoned, and a light pink silk scarf tied loosely around her neck. He hair was done up in a French twist which accentuated the colors of browns and blonds, rich within her hair. She had a small nose, strong cheek bones that supported her flat, pink cheeks and serious, sultry eyes. He looked at her: He studied her. She raised her head and looked at him again, this time with more intensity. He could see her eyes; they were green.

"Hi," she said smiling.

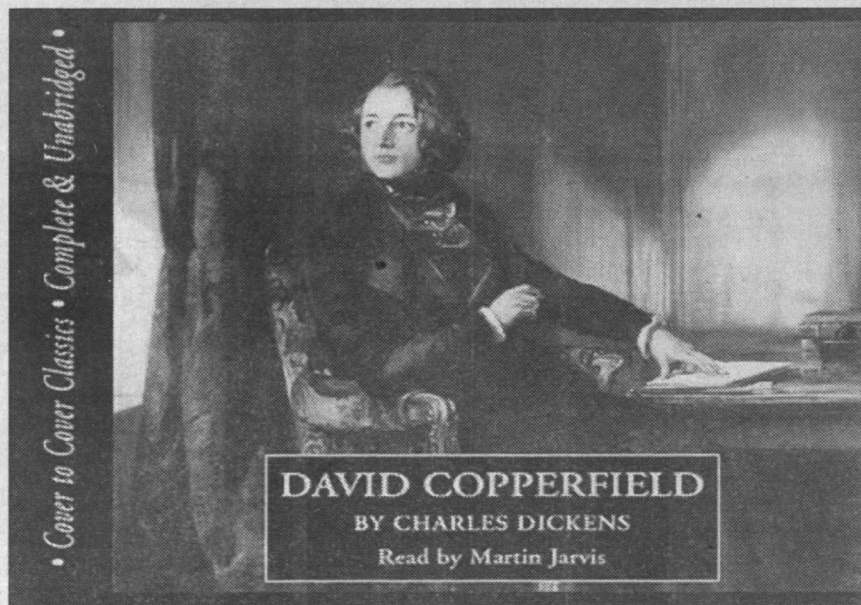
His heart pounded and he felt sure his face was a bright shade of red. The word "hello" finally squeaked out of his mouth, which caused a small smile to pass her lips. He quickly cleared his throat, embarrassed by his nervousness, and said, "Hello. So...where did you come from?"

"I just started today," she answered matter-of-factly.

After a polite pause Leonard said, "Have we met some place before?"

She pulled her mouth to the side and wrinkled her brow, her eyes on Leonard while she thought and then said, "No, I...I don't think so." She paused, put her pen down and a slightly confused look came upon her face. She blushed and said, "It's strange...you look...you look so familiar to me."

Patriot Editors' Winter Picks



David Copperfield

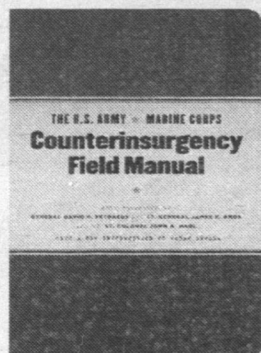
Narrated by Martin Jarvis

This semester is proving to be one of the hardest I have ever had. In addition to papers to be written and tests to be taken, I have to read David Copperfield (the original David Copperfield, not the alleged rapist magician) by Charles Dickens in the space of four weeks. I sat down to read it and half an hour later I realized that I was reading the same page over and over again, unable to focus my mind on the dated language. However, I found a solution that worked for me, and it may work for you, too. Cover to Cover Classics (available on Amazon.com and other retail outlets) has a complete and unabridged version of David Copperfield on CD. Granted, it is 36 hours long (!!!), but it is an easy way to get through the book and, I might say, a surprisingly fun way.

The narrator, Martin Jarvis, has a wonderful, warm voice reminiscent of a caring father reading to his children when they are all comfy-cozy in bed. In fact, I like to listen to it when I am comfy-cozy in bed! Hearing it read aloud really helps me to understand the emotion of the book, but also to understand that parts of it are actually very funny. He even does all the voices of the characters! So, if you like to have someone read to you and happen to be in a demanding class like mine, go for David Copperfield on CD for an enjoyable way to get through it. And, should you have any other classics that need to be read, check out the Cover to Cover Classics series. I was very satisfied with my purchase and I know you will be too.* Happy Reading!

* Individual results may vary.

-Eleanor Keisman, Managing Editor

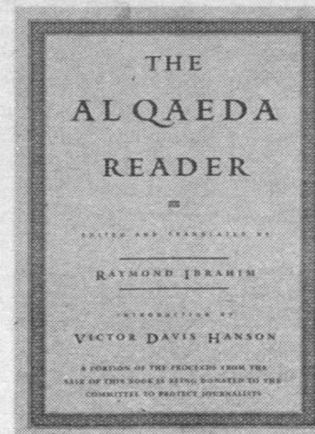


The U.S. Army and Marine Corps Counterinsurgency Field Manual

By General David H. Petraeus and Lieutenant General James F. Amos

Discover the basis for current coalition counterinsurgency efforts in Iraq from the top U.S. commander in Iraq. Drawing on decades of experience and military history, General Petraeus encourages the American people to become informed on the overall strategy and tactics being used by the U.S. military to rout the al Qaeda and Iranian-backed insurgencies. This is a must-read for students and policy-makers alike who want to know what U.S. military doctrine actually is, and not be misinformed by liberal media who have decided to smear General Petraeus by publishing ads impugning his well-earned patriotic reputation by labeling him a traitor.

-Robert Romano, "Honorary Editor"



The Al Qaeda Reader

Edited and Translated by Raymond Ibrahim

The ravings of madmen! Fulfilling the classic adage, "Know thy enemy", Raymond Ibrahim provides a valuable public service by translating the writings of al Qaeda founders Ayman al Zawahiri and Osama bin Laden. This tome gives Americans information they need to know both about al Qaeda's theology and their propaganda. Read for yourself the horrifying insanity of the leaders of the world's most infamous terrorist organization.

-Robert Romano, "Honorary Editor"

Out on a Limb With Nick the Liberal

"Someone Felt Up My Girlfriend!"

By Nicholas Katchen

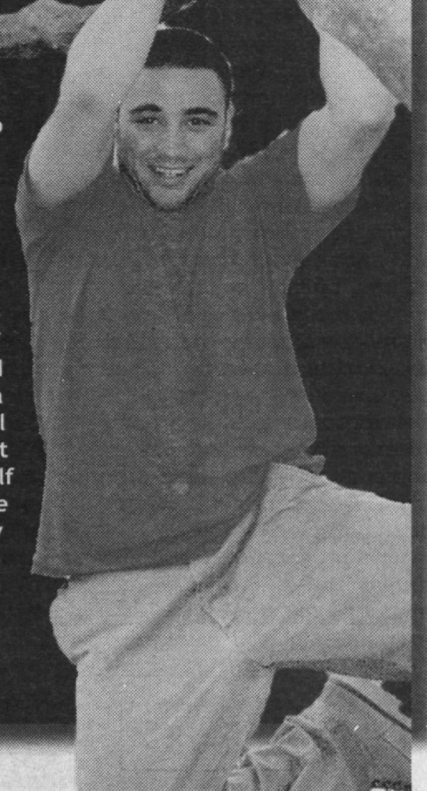
She wasn't the first and certainly won't be the last, but some guy grabbed my girlfriend's chest at a club in Manhattan. While I wanted to break his face, she didn't see who it was and therefore, could not identify him. I followed her out for a smoke and watched as a gentleman caller berated a woman whom he cared about enough to stick a finger in her face and call a bitch. She acted like a frightened child and said nothing as she was pushed up against a car. One thought ran through my mind, "What could lead someone to act like that towards a stranger, in the case of my girlfriend, or what I witnessed on the street corner. I refuse to believe the explanation, "some people are just dicks." It is not complete enough to cover the ideology behind the various forms of harassment that women encounter.

A perfect representation of the problem is on the cover of last month's "The Patriot." A half naked woman was used to increase the paper's distribution. The word "used" is quite fitting. There was not an

article in the issue that dealt with patriotic bikinis or an in-depth expose on the use of half naked women in the media. American society, along with many other regions of the world, view women as a form of property. In Iran, women are treated as second-class citizens in accordance with the law. In the United States, women are treated in many ways as objects. They are used as sexual decorations that adorn every form of media, from Playboy to the Price is Right. Young men in America can't watch TV for five minutes before seeing women in a sexual context. The obvious culprits are pornography, advertisements, car magazines, etc. I saw my first date rapist when I was seven. His name was Pepe Le Peu and he was a male skunk who chased a female cat and forced her to give him hugs and kisses. I went to college twelve years later and met a friend that was forced to give a frat guy hugs, kisses, and access to her vagina. Last week, my girlfriend was felt up against her will because some idiot felt that he had the right to grab her because

he was a man.

The excuse, "boys will be boys," can not be accepted. The media needs to develop a consciousness of how it portrays women. Last month, "The Patriot" sold out an entire gender. Yes, it is just a picture. Pepe Le Peu was just a cartoon. Playboy is just a magazine. It adds up. The resulting sum is a culture that thrives on the exploitation of women. Look at the next billboard you see and notice if there is a woman who is portrayed in a sexual nature that is completely irrelevant to the product. I do not need a half naked woman to help me decide what magazine to buy and certainly am in no need of a women to help me decide which college paper to read.



Dear Mr. Katchen,

Thank you for your input. The Editorial Staff of the Patriot values the opinions of both our readers and contributors. I do understand your frustration with the chauvinist monsters who treat women as subhuman trophies. Consequently, I can sympathize with your appropriate opinion of the overtly sexual nature of our cover.

I could easily fabricate some excuse. I could reference a socialist philosopher named Herbert Marcuse, who believed in short that playboy and other capitalist means of "releasing" the pressure of social suppression, was in essence crippling the proletariat's desire to pressure government through revolution. I could easily say that, "the Patriot is involved in this form of social engineering, intent on making sure that these discontent young men who have been the driving force of numerous revolutions throughout history could release their anger in another way, a non violent way." Furthermore, I could easily say that "The Patriot is providing a public service by lobotomizing revolutionaries and those intent on forcing through change by appealing to their libido." I could also easily justify our cover by stating that "your opinion is a typical war of monolithic political labeling profuse with cliched "liberal talking points" with the overall desire to destroy the character of conservatives."

All of the aforementioned excuses are weak. They do not in fact strike at the heart of why we decided to utilize this marketing strategy for the previous issue. Quite frankly, your letter hit the bulls-eye, sex elicits a two pronged attack on low readership. I can honestly tell you that this last issue seems to have had wings, as evidenced by the fact that very few copies of said issue are left on campus. While I cannot provide empirical data on the causative relationship between the change in



cover art and circulation, I can in fact make the hypothesis, that at least some people found the cover interesting or appalling enough to actually take a copy of the paper. Those who found the cover interesting, hopefully opened the paper and read its otherwise wholesome and openly debatable content. Those who found it appalling, like yourself, have every right to be infuriated. Women are not objects, and should not be treated with any less respect than the opposite gender.

That being said, humans are products of the society--however perverse it is--in which they are raised, and we as the editorial staff are just as fallible and aware of the markets manufactured lustful desires, in product placement. Society is highly malleable and unfortunately our society has been shaped into a grotesque, disfigured alloy, by the marketing blacksmiths of huge entertainment corporations. These entertainment corporations, most notable Viacom, who owns MTV, VH1, etc and the music recording industry amongst other are guilty of turning our society into a hideous mythical construct. Artists such as Britney Spears and 50 cent, objectify women constantly, the latter

of the two referring to women as hoes and the former dressing as such. Regrettably, these artists and television shows that sexualize and dehumanize women are cancerous to a child, whose parents use unrestricted television broadcasts as a baby sitter and thus teach these children to treat women in a disrespectful and downright violent manner. These children turn into the subhuman emotionally dwarfed ogres that treated your girlfriend and countless others with such incivility.

Please note however, while in our societies search for social justice, we have become in many ways hypersensitive. While notable, in its intentions hypersensitivity has caused people like yourself to find fault in nearly everything including, Pepe Le Peu, calling him a "date rapist". While Pepe's actions were a little forward to say the least, we neither saw him explicitly utilize any type of drug, such as alcohol, ghb, or the newest date rape drug the children's toy aquadots in any of his attempts at courting. To call him a "date rapist" might be unintentionally, like the nature of our cover, be perceived as defamation of character. Sure this may seem silly, but unfortunately, when you referenced Pepe Lepeu you lost some credibility as a champion of social justice. By referencing such a, dare I say it, trivial example of social injustice toward women, it undermines the true injustices, that you yourself mentioned in your article. When people like yourself, atomize all forms of expression, in search of something to find fault with you diverge from your path of social equality and justice on to a road of pure unadulterated ridiculousness.

Unfortunately for The Patriot this marketing tool served as a double edged sword.

While vanquishing the scourge that is low readership, by enticing people aesthetically as well as encouraging debate, it did in fact make us unintentionally guilty of exploiting a gender and alienating some of our readership. For that I do apologize. However, those like you Mr. Katchen, must take up the mighty pen and voice your complaints of societal disfigurement, and attack the root of the cause, those responsible for this injustice, the black smiths of society themselves, the large pop culture and entertainment industry. As young people we are in the key marketing demographic and can force through change if we forgo petty altercations, manifested in cartoons that are not explicitly unjust in their content. We have a voice and can utilize this leverage if we unify against the root of the problem.

The Stony Brook Patriot, does not condone the objectification of women, or the exploitation of any other race, creed, gender, lifestyle, etc our decision was only a marketing strategy, which was highly successful in spurring debate (case in point) and attracting attention to the paper. We do however reserve the right to use marketing strategies that we see fit, and warn in advance that we do not intentionally wish to offend anyone. As always, we respect everyone's opinion and hope that if you or anyone else disagrees with any aspect of our paper we will be glad to publish your opinion. Debate and free speech are the major tenets of this paper and our readers and contributors opinions are both valuable and debatable. In the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln: "Right makes Might"

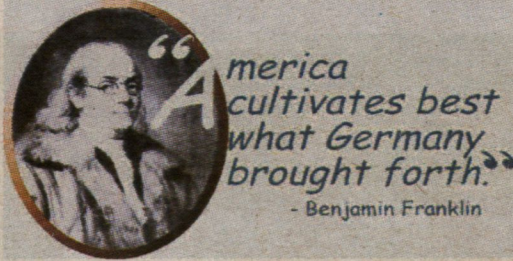
Sincerely,
Matthew B. Reisch
Stony Brook Patriot

Ben Franklin's Beer of the Month

"The Founding Father of Beer"

A man of many talents and interests, Benjamin Franklin had a natural curiosity about things that made him try to find ways to make them better. Following Ben's footsteps, the staff of The Patriot travels to breweries all over the island to find the best beer for your drinking pleasure.

Sierra Nevada Celebration Ale

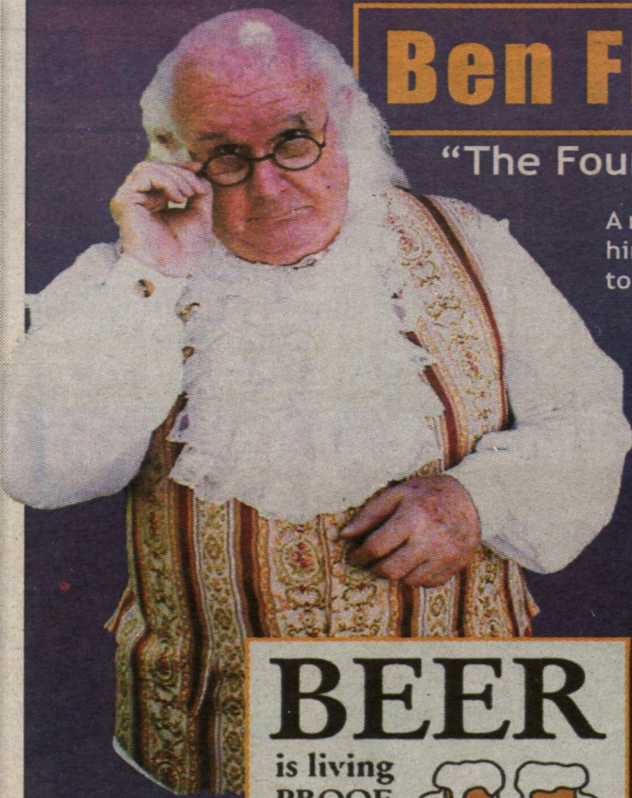


This month's chosen beer is Sierra Nevada Celebration Ale. It usually sells for about \$8.99 for a six-pack and is perfect for warming you up on these chilly nights. Regular fans of Sierra, expect the same bitter taste with a hint of citrus. For all you other folks out there, here's a little more detail: At 6.8% APV (Alcohol per Volume), a pack will be more than fine for a nice evening. If you're used to liquor-lingo, you can determine the equivalency of its "proof" by multiplying this number by 2, giving you

13.6% alcohol. Sierra Nevada is known for a dry-hopped flavor and this holiday special is no different. It pours a deep amber color, with an off-white head that may seem a little thick. Give it time to settle while enjoying smells of pine, malt, and citrus. This sweet and sour combination is what really makes this beer a classic. Don't expect a lot of



carbonation, as it's a smooth sip and won't sting on the way down. This is a great transition beer for people who are looking to move on from classic IPAs but aren't looking for a mouthful of hops. It's only released during the winter season; poke around your local bevy and try something new. Sláinte mhath!



BEER

is living
PROOF
that GOD
LOVES us
& wants
us to be
HAPPY.



B. Franklin



Picture of the Month



"What the fuck?" - there, we said it.

"Chemicals leaking from the art studio in Staller..."

"Why are they washing the water?"

Don't like our quotes? Send your own!
submissions@stonybrookpatriot.com

Poetry Corner

Honest Version

By Eleanor Keisman

I am nothing
not even my life.
I am wood,
linen, bristle, oil
stretching out on the canvas.
I am nothing,
not even my thoughts
as I am color.
Building three dimensions out of two,
I create a world where I need to live.
I do not think it - I know it, as I know I need air.
Without warning, I feel it flow out of me.
I am a mother now.
I see that part of me;
it is the honest version of myself,
the one I can trust.
I do not live, I simply am - everything that makes
me.
I step back and breathe,
becoming myself again
my life,
my thoughts.
Somehow, though, I am better,
at this moment back to a place familiar but new.
I have given birth to a painting
and it has given life to me.





The Patriot | Sports

Beer Pong Tournament: Stony Brook Ale House

For exclusive Web content,
including video footage from the
event, check out The Patriot's
Web site:
www.stonybrookpatriot.com

