

TECHNICIAN

WEDNESDAY
JULY
30
2003

www.technicianonline.com

Raleigh, North Carolina

SUMMER DRAWS TO A CLOSE

AS THE END OF SUMMER NEARS, STUDENTS REFLECT ON THE BREAK AND PREPARE FOR THE START OF A NEW SEMESTER.

Getting a taste of the real world

From IBM to the FBI, many N.C. State students have chosen internships to help build their resume and get work experience.

Diane Cordova
Deputy News Editor

For some students, summer ushers in a time for complete relaxation but for others, summer is a time to polish their resumes with an internship or job. For those who choose to do the latter, there are several on campus organizations that can help students including the University Career Center and the Cooperative Education Program (Co-op).

According to Carol Schroeder, director of the University Career Center, N.C. State students are taking jobs with everyone from the FBI in Washington, D.C. to the North Carolina Department of Transportation. Students have also informed her of summer internships with Nvidia, Intersil, IBM and Devon Energy in Texas.

Jason Wong, a sophomore in computer engineering, interns with the Youth Advocacy Involvement Office in downtown Raleigh. Wong discovered the internship through an online search.

"[My internship] is a really good experience. It's not just about knowledge - it's really about teamwork," said Wong.

INSIDE Technician Reporter Shannon Holder takes you inside her summer internship.

Virginia Hebert, a senior in political science, applied for an internship with the North Carolina General Assembly through an NCSU internship program. The internship,

which she obtained during the spring semester, continues through this summer.

"I've enjoyed [my internship]," said Hebert. "It has given me a lot of experience in a professional setting and added to my understanding of government, which is important to my major."

Kevin Whitesell, a senior in philosophy and political science, has an internship with the U.S. Attorney's Office in Raleigh. Whitesell learned about the internship through an e-mail from the political science department notifying students of upcoming internships.

"I think every college student should have the internship experience," said Whitesell.

The co-op program is another source that students can utilize.

According to the university's web site, "Cooperative Education (co-op) is a structured academic program designed to enhance the quality and breadth of learning by providing qualified undergraduate and graduate students the option of integrating academic study with related, work based learning."

Arnold Bell, director of the cooperative education program, works with students and currently 300 active employers to combine academics with work experience.

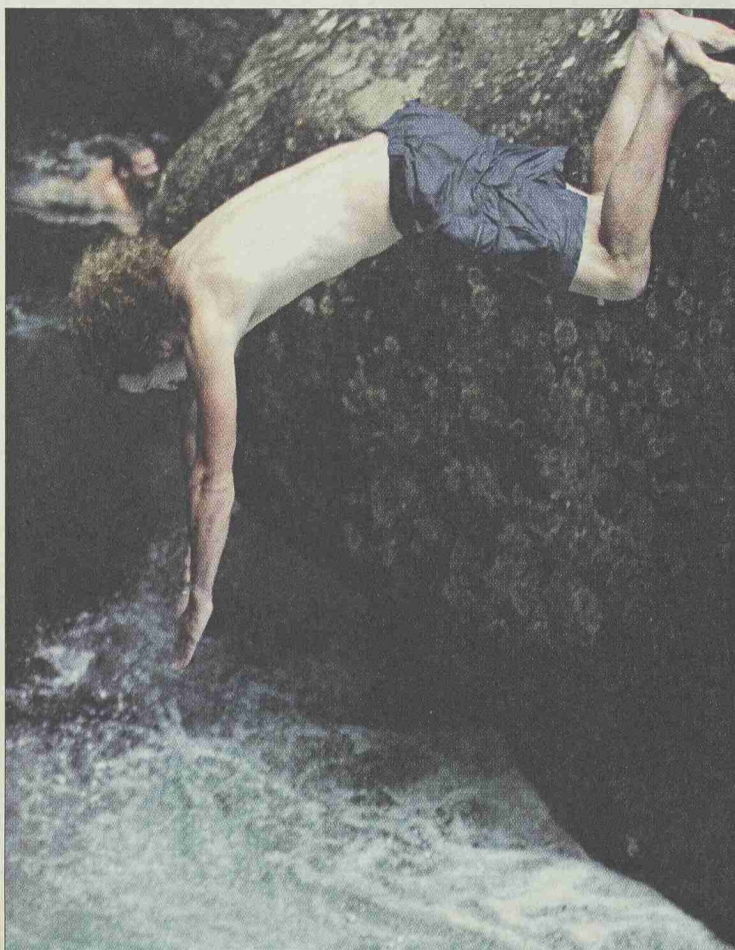
Through the co-op program, students are currently working with companies like General Electric, IBM, Army Corps of Engineers and Kay bee Toys, according to Bell.

Towards the end of this past spring semester, Schroeder said she saw "a flurry" of more employers coming in to search for potential interns. According to Schroeder, April is usually the time when on campus interviewing concludes.

This year, however, the University Career Center witnessed 15 employers come in April, which was "about three or four times more [than what we usually see]," said Schroeder.

"We saw a lot more companies coming to cam-

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Curtiss Martin, a junior in English, dives off of rock at Midnight Hole in the Pisgah National Forest. Staff photo by Tim Lytvinenko

Good-bye to summer

N.C. State students take a look back at their summer vacations and look ahead to the fall semester.

Christin Liverance
Staff Writer

That time of year has come once again, the time when we must say goodbye to summer. Goodbye to lazy afternoons sunning by the pool, goodbye to parties and barbecues at friends' apartments on humid, sultry nights, goodbye to beach trips, road trips and long trips home.

Say hello to thick textbooks, tuition bills, 8:05 Chemistry labs, cramming all night for tests and enough syllabi to fill Harrelson Hall. Saying goodbye to summer is like saying goodbye to an old friend, we'll be sorry to see them go, but we know they'll be back again soon.

Summer will always hold a certain magic for all of us, even if our summers as adults are different from the ones we knew as children. As carefree kids we spent lazy summer days at a camp by the lake or at the pool all day.

The biggest worry in our minds was which friend we'd invite over to play or which flavor of ice cream we'd choose when that big white truck pulled into the neighborhood playing its music.

As college students, most of us have jobs and internships, or are occupied by summer classes we



N.C. State study abroad students mug the camera atop the London Eye in the United Kingdom. Photo courtesy Grace Whitehouse

must take to catch up.

Kirk Ward, a senior in business at N.C. State, spent the summer in the working world.

"I worked at a real estate agency for the summer and really enjoyed it. Along with getting good work experience, I made a lot of contacts that should help me out in the future."

Resuming school for some is actually a relief. Eight-hour workdays and forty-hour weeks turn to fourteen-hour weeks, with classes from 10-2. However, it seems no matter what jobs we have, or which classes we must take on, in the summertime we always know at the end of the day there's a party waiting to be had, a pool waiting to be swum in, and a week-end trip waiting to be taken with the best of friends.

We tan as salt water cleanses our skin, and everyone takes on that summer glow. If we don't get enough sleep it's because we spent the night dancing or drinking at a party, not because we stayed up the night cramming for a mid-term.

Summer as busy young adults means some of us return home to find that all our old friends have not, or we ourselves stay behind in an empty college town, alone in our three bedroom apartment, doing our homework solo in the glare of the TV.

For these students, the start of the new semester is a relief. It means returning to the social life we know and love; the crowded campus, the random Wednesday

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Students take studies abroad

Many N.C. State students took on the world as their summer classroom.

Diane Cordova
Deputy News Editor

With the help of the N.C. State Study Abroad Office, some students seized the opportunity of a lifetime - to study abroad.

Communications major Allison Hauser is working towards a Spanish minor and traveled to Segovia, Spain on a five-week program.

"The different experiences [in Spain] have made my life richer," said Hauser. "I not only learned about a different culture, I lived it."

This was NCSU's first year doing the Segovia program. Although the program is geared towards engineering majors, Hauser signed up and participated in it as a result of her five-day visit to Spain last fall with eight other students.

"The cultural part was really cool and one of the stronger points of the program," said Caleb Rowe, a senior in statistics, who went on a three-week summer program to Germany.

Rowe and four other students of different majors studied abroad at the University of Rostock in Rostock, Germany.

During the first part of the trip, the five students participated in lectures together, but during the second part they branched out and worked on their own individual project with a professor.

Semester and year-long study abroad programs are offered, but some students chose to travel overseas during the summer.

"[Summer] seemed more feasible because I didn't want to miss anything school-related," said Rowe. Rowe also noted that this coming school year is his senior year and there will be a lot to accomplish.

Hauser's visit to Spain last fall stimulated her interest in studying abroad this summer.

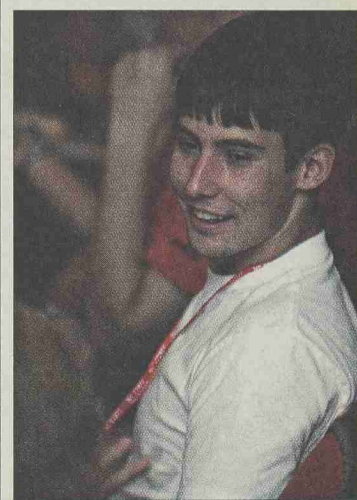
Some summer programs take students that have recently graduated and graduate students.

Led by NCSU faculty, the NCSU summer programs transported students to places such as England, France, Ghana, Guatemala, India, Japan, Spain, South Africa, and Tanzania.

The idea of studying abroad is often suggested, because the experience can have several benefits

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Meet Adam



Adam, your typical incoming freshman, spent part of his summer at New Student Orientation. Learn what it was like to be in his shoes in "Disoriented" on Page 8.

Staff photo by Tim Lytvinenko

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TECHNICIAN'S VIEW

TO KILL OR BE KILLED

OUR OPINION: U.S. FORCES WERE JUSTIFIED IN KILLING AND NOT CAPTURING THE HUSSEIN BROTHERS

On July 22, hundreds of U.S. troops surrounded a house in Northern Iraq to capture Odai and Qusai Hussein. They tried to enter the house several times, but each time they came inside the occupants shot at them.

With a helicopter hovering above, several soldiers were finally able to enter the house and kill those in hiding. Several days later the U.S. administration sent out pictures of the dead brothers to all the major media organizations in the world to prove that the soldiers had successfully killed two of the most wanted men in the world.

Odai and Qusai Hussein were both known for committing horrific deeds in their home country. Odai, the eldest, was leader of the Fedayeen Saddam and was once head of the Iraqi Olympic Committee. During his life he allegedly ordered the torture of several unsuccessful athletes and repeatedly raped women as young as 12 years old. He

was untouchable for his crimes because of his status, but many defectors from Iraq have given interviews about his sadistic hobbies.

Qusai, who was rumored to be Saddam's successor, was leader of the Special Republican Guard. He often ordered mass executions of prisoners and used torture as a way to retrieve information.

There is no question as to whether these men deserved to die for their crimes. They murdered, raped and tortured thousands of Iraqis, and their deaths will not be grieved by many.

Iraq's 25 member Governing Council had hoped that Saddam's sons would be captured so they could divulge information about Saddam's whereabouts and where they have hidden the millions of dollars they collected during their regime.

However, some Iraqis believe that the brothers would not have responded to torture or interrogation because they used them too effectively themselves.

Nonetheless there was no other alter-

native for the US troops involved in the shootout. The Hussein brothers and their companions repeatedly shot at the soldiers with AK-47s whenever they tried to capture them, so the only option was to kill or be killed.

While the war in Iraq is somewhat over, the rules of war, however vague they may be, still apply. It is always preferable to imprison rather than kill an enemy, but it was absolutely necessary for the U.S. troops to dispose of the brothers in whatever way they could because their activities while in power demonstrated their absolute cruelty and lack of human consideration.

It is extremely doubtful that either brother would have submitted information to investigators, and their death puts the United States a little closer to ending its time in Iraq.

If Qusai and Odai had not shot at the soldiers trying to enter the house then maybe that Tuesday would have ended differently, but under the circumstances, the U.S. troops were completely justified in their actions.

The unsigned editorial that appears above is the opinion of the members of the Technician's editorial board and are the responsibility of the editors in chief.

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Technician (USPS 455-050) is a public forum for student expression and the official student-run newspaper of N.C. State University and is published every day classes are in session during the regular academic year for holidays and examinations.

Opinions expressed in the columns, cartoons, photo illustrations and letters that appear on Technician's pages are the views of the individual writers and cartoonists.

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Looking for dead people

America's fascination with the dead has gotten out of hand.

Dead people are fantastic, sensational, powerful, reassuring and most of all...great at selling cars. Americans love dead people. Americans love to see dead people.

Kris Ankarlo
Daily Collegian
(Penn State)

Americans love to see people die. It's no surprise that Americans were crawling all over each other to catch a glimpse at two very special dead people.

The networks and cable channels kept their shelves stocked with pictures of these dead people.

These dead people heralded the victory that George W. Bush needed in order to maintain legitimacy in the leadership of his bloodthirsty country.

Nothing pads approval ratings like dead people. Qusai and Udai have delivered Bush out of the valley of political illegitimacy, a valley that was quickly becoming a gorge. He lied about a major reason we went to war. He was struggling to reel the big catch of the day home for the American people. The economy is no better than when he took office.

His only major foreign ally, Tony Blair, is in worse shape than him. And Ari Fleischer is back in Ohio having "family time."

Dead people to the rescue! It seems as though the entire presidency of Bush-squared has been centered around dead people.

That would only make sense. As much as the United States proclaims itself as the land of the brave, it is in fact the land of the scared.

Everything from the economy to foreign policy is built upon fear, and fear breeds propaganda. Anything to make the average citizen feel a bit more safe at the ball game.

Of course, Americans should know propaganda, as propaganda is a staple of war time, and America always seems to be at war.

The war on terror, the war in Afghanistan, the war in Iraq, the war on drugs, the war on poverty, the war on Communism, the war on simply living and breathing. Blow everything up and ask questions later.

We want dead people, dead people make us feel safe and assured, just don't kill our people, unless they are convicted of murder in Texas.

Surely Americans should have understood the Iraqi decision to showcase dead American soldiers and POW's on their television network at the beginning of this war.

It is almost as though they watched American television and decided that

was the definite ticket to winning the hearts and minds of their people. People like seeing other dead people. Instead there was an uproar in the U.S. as claims were made that Iraq was in violation of the laws of war.

What an ironic contradiction, laws for anarchy and mayhem. Suddenly, these laws have dissipated like Saddam's mirage in the desert. Suddenly, dead soldiers from the other team are allowed to be put on display.

Suddenly, networks can televise the pictures of these bloody dead people at 2:30 in the afternoon without prior warning while the cartoon channel is mere flicks away.

Suddenly, our hapless president looks like a hero again. Dead people.

Political pundits proudly proclaim that the scrutiny given to the president by those opposed to unabashed violence is a wash.

"The president has wrapped himself in the American flag, how dare you try to burn him!" And Americans eat it like the fast food they crave all day.

The United States of America is quickly becoming the global haven for fear and hypocrisy.

Yet, very few people seem motivated to stand against the tidal wave of euphemism and disinformation to catch a few bits of truth. The gospel according to Wolf Blitzer, or the book of O'Reilly; that may very well be what archeologists dig from the rubble of this civilization in three thousand years and mistake as a religion that subjugated the dominate culture of the time. They are the mouthpieces that spread story after story without

waiting for confirmation, because if you wait for confirmation thousands change the channel to find the unconfirmed story; seven different news channels competing for ratings.

Seven different news channels searching for dead people to put on TV. More thought seems to go into how to incorporate the American flag in the on-screen graphics than into researching any given story.

Journalism seems to be a dying art, ushering in the age of infotainment. Nonetheless, there are dead people everywhere.

Americans are on-edge waiting for the next Hollywood one-liner from their esteemed leader disguising his fears beneath a veneer of masculinity.

So how 'bout it George what'll be your next tough guy line to all those who oppose you, and especially Saddam?

Perhaps a suggestion, "How do you like them apples, Saddam?"



A real American hero

The word "hero" has increasingly become twisted to conveniently divert the nation's attention.

The events of Sept. 11 seemed to stir in Americans an insatiable need for heroes.

The enormity of world events that seems to suddenly have been brought to the doorsteps of many Americans has shaken many of us from our comfortable places of complacency and left us struggling to relate to a world that doesn't seem as secure as it used to.

Thus the desire for heroes is born. These heroes seem to show us a way to cope with the magnitude of the events around us. They seem to embody the values our society cherishes, and thus we can come to understand a lot about ourselves by looking at who we choose to be heroes. Sadly enough, the term "hero" is tossed around way too much, as if we are all a bunch of desperate, lost individuals looking for anyone to bring meaning to our lives.

The government, the media and the merchandising world have all feasted voraciously on this desire for heroes. I can't begin to count the number of books, calendars, t-shirts, mugs, hats, melodramatic news reports, press conferences, memorials, political rallies and television shows there are out there now that feed this desire. The latest of these is the televised homecoming of Pfc. Jessica Lynch (don't

forget to buy you "Welcome Home Jessica" t-shirts).

I personally do not consider Jessica Lynch a hero, but I'm well aware that this opinion makes me part of a small minority. Perhaps I just don't see where her heroism lies. She was part of a squad of soldiers who due to fatigue, poor directions and poor communications (the causes listed in the Army's own report of the situation) became lost in Iraq and fell under ambush.

Lynch was captured and taken to an Iraqi hospital to be treated and (as many claim) interrogated. Lynch was rescued by special forces and subsequently made into the war's biggest hero.

The real hero in this case is the Iraqi lawyer who spotted Lynch in the hospital and notified the Army of her location. This man saw her being mistreated by his own people and yet chose to act on the side of compassion rather than patriotism.

He walked several miles and approached an army that was invading his country and probably didn't speak his language. All this time he could easily have been mistaken for a paramilitary aggressor and killed accidentally.

He provided the Army with Lynch's exact location and with maps of the hospital. Keep in mind that he did all of this in spite of the fact that his actions were putting himself and his family in danger, for as a collaborator with the American troops, this man and his family would have been immediately executed by Loyalist troops.

Now we all remember Jessica Lynch's name, but does anyone remember the name of this Iraqi man whose compassion and bravery saved Private Lynch and made her a hero?

As I expressed earlier, our choice of heroes reveals a lot about ourselves. Is it un-American to make heroes out of non-Americans? Maybe not, but the public cannot relate to these kinds of heroes like they can to the American ones. I think this reflects how incomprehensible most Americans find foreign cultures, those of the Middle-East in particular; we are more ethnocentric than we care to admit. Even more disturbing is how many of our heroes are victims.

After Sept. 11 we seem to have come to see ourselves as the victims of an America-hating world. I can't count how many times I've heard someone ask, "Why do they hate us so much?" Our problem is that we still see the world as "they" and "us," an oversimplified dichotomy.

It's too easy to be ethnocentric when we see the world from this position. It's too easy to start wars when we see the world from this position. And it's way too easy to move from "they" and "us" to "bad" and "good."

After all, aren't the heroes always the good guys.

By the way, his name is Mohammed al-Rehaief and he has a wife and a five-year-old daughter.

Ben can be reached at bpstrick@unity.ncsu.edu. Please email him. He loves comments.



Ben Strickling
Staff Columnist

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Poultry, Pulitzers and POWs

ABROAD

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[Editor's Note: Like a large contingent of N.C. State students, Shannon Holder took advantage of summer break to get work experience in an internship. Here she takes a look back at what she's done and what she's learned.]

Shannon Holder
Staff Writer

Summer has traditionally been the time for students to take a break from the academic world. We are programmed since grade school that June, July and August are reserved for going to the beach, having cookouts and taking things easy for a change.

However, many college students take this time to gain experience in their future career.

Some students get jobs to help pay for the upcoming semester, while others, like myself, accept the lowly internship position.

Interns are known for their low wages (if any) and their task as the coffee fetcher for the "real employees."

I'm glad to report that this image is changing. Interns are getting more responsibilities than ever before. As unemployment rates soar, many companies have opted to take on an intern rather than hire a permanent employee. This naturally gives more responsibilities to interns than getting coffee for the boss.

I accepted an internship at a daily newspaper called "The Sanford Herald" for this summer. Now most of you have probably never been to Sanford, but I can assure you that it is not the breaking news capitol of North Carolina.

Located about 30 miles south of Raleigh, Sanford is about a million miles from being anything like Raleigh. A large farming community with a thriving downtown, Sanford's population is less than the student body of NCSU.

I started "The Herald" the day after my last exam for the spring semester at State. True, I was excited to be working for a newspaper over the summer, but I had no idea what to expect. "The Technician" only covers the NCSU community, "The Herald" covers four counties; Lee, Chatham, Harnett and Moore.

I couldn't wait to learn what my first assignment would be. Imagine my surprise when it was to cover the annual Siler City Chicken Festival, a festival that few people have ever heard of, much less attend. My first story featured the phrase "trav-

eling troupe of trained poultry."

It was bound to be an interesting summer.

The one question that I got asked all summer was "do you go to..." that unmentionable school that is located near NCSU. You know, the one that has the journalism school and smells like patchouli.

One of the many lessons I learned this summer was to ignore all Carolina fans. I want to succeed now more than ever, not just for my own sake, but to show all those Carolina people that NCSU is doing just fine, thank you very much.

Conducting interviews for local interest stories had to be one of the greatest experiences of the summer. I interviewed a World War II survivor who had been captured and tortured by the Japanese. I saw a man with a disability fulfill his lifelong dream of becoming an

Eagle Scout at the age of 30. I met with an NYU film student who was doing a documentary on historic buildings in Lee County. I talked to a 21-year-old Marine who had just gotten back from Iraq.

I loved it. Part of this business is being able to talk to people, and if you know me, you know I like to talk. I want to know the story - everyone has one.

As I come upon the last few weeks of my internship, I'll be covering National Salad Week (no, I'm not making this up) and other local interest stories.

I know now that not every story will be up for the Pulitzer, but that's O.K. My internship helped me realize that what you do with your life is far more important than how much money you make.

And I didn't even have to fetch anyone's coffee.

including distinguishing students from their peers when it comes to resumes and job interviews.

According to PJ Shoulders, associate director of the Study Abroad Office, interacting with another culture that a student is not totally comfortable with and gaining insight from that experience can look valuable to many employers.

"A lot of employers want students that have international experience.

"I would highly recommend that students consider study abroad no matter what their curriculum," said Shoulders. "It's a cultural experience, a cultural interaction."

Although study abroad can be a fun experience, the process requires time and effort.

According to Rowe, he received information from a professor in Germany before traveling abroad. Also, he along with the other students researched one of the cultural events that they were to attend, and each gave a short presentation to the rest of the group.

The research helped to be more prepared and learn the background of the country before visiting, said Rowe.

"The bottom line is students do a lot of research," said Shoulders.

The process involves visiting the SAO's web site, www.ncsu.edu/studyabroad, or stopping by the office in person.

She noted that some students do not consider study abroad or they are not aware of it until their junior year. When contemplating study abroad, "plan ahead," said Shoulders.

"Definitely consider [study abroad]," said Hauser. "It's valuable and learn as much as you can about it."

WORK

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pus for internships not full-time jobs," added Schroeder.

For those looking for internships, Schroeder advised that they look at federal service and the state department.

A federal service position one could obtain is working as a civilian for the military, such as the Coast Guard, said Schroeder.

It's not just current students who have turned to internships for experience and a summer pay check. In the face of uncertain economic times, many graduating seniors have opted for summer internships, putting off the job search for a few more months.

"It appears there is a small pick-up in the internship search, but it's selective," Schroeder said. "It leads us to be optimistic. [The Career Center] hopes the trend continues."

Both Bell and Schroeder offered advice to students.

"Be sure to explore all your options on campus and see what is available. Consider co-op," said Bell. "Even though the economy is down, there are always opportunities for individuals who take the initiative."

"Start early," said Schroeder. "Be extremely creative and flexible [in your internship search]. Don't be afraid to look at geographic places you would have never considered. Take a smart risk and never give up."

SUMMER

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night parties, the battle for the lone bathroom that we pretend to hate, but really miss when roommates leave.

As Brent Upton, a junior, said, "Summer has always been the best time of year, but this is not entirely true anymore. Rest assured I had a ton of fun going on trips and hanging out with my friends during the summer, but not getting to hang out with certain people back at school during the summer makes me want to go back."

Johnathan Diuguid, a senior, agreed, "I didn't have a job this summer, so it was a little boring. Going back to school means all my friends will be coming back to town, so it's great."

All in all, the end of the summer brings mixed feelings for everyone. We are sad to see the hot, muggy days turn into the bitter, windy days of fall. Yet, we are relieved to greet old friends again, to dress up and go to student night at the nearest club when we know we have work to do back in our rooms.

Sarah Saba, a junior majoring in psychology, summed it up.

"Overall I would say that this summer has been a lot of fun. It's nice to be able to just be lazy by the pool and hang out with friends all the time. Although, I can honestly say that I'm about ready for school to start again so that I can add a little more structure to my life and meet some more new people in my classes."

So, we settle into our schedules, put on the coffee and pull that first all-nighter. Yes, it feels good to be back, at least for a little while.

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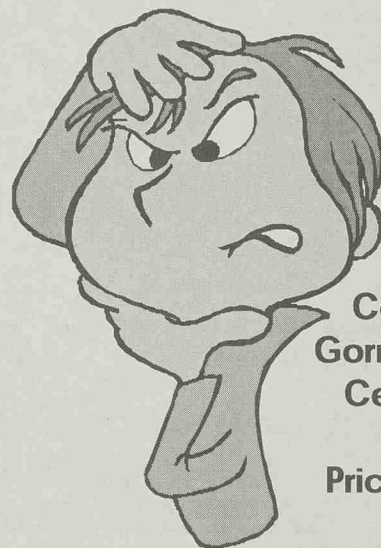


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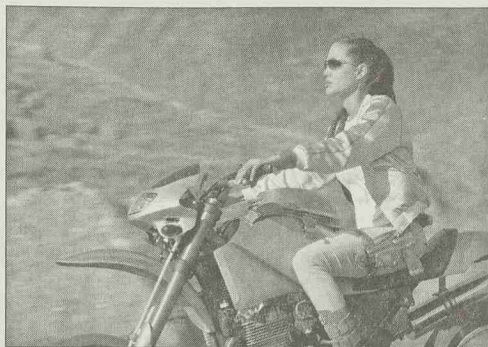
This is, by far, one of the hardest reviews I've ever written.

After thoroughly disliking "American Pie" and disliking the better, but flawed, "American Pie 2," I never expected myself to enjoy the brand of comedy put forth by the "Pie" gang. Especially not to the degree on which I found myself enjoying "American Wedding," which is (gasp!) one of the funniest comedies released so far this year, finally finding the mix of hormone-driven comedy and light-hearted innocence that the first two films were only able to give valiant attempts.

The mix works so well, in fact, that the best way to describe the film sounds like an oxymoron: it's a sweet, raunchy, innocent, kinky film. Somehow, in between the under the four-star restaurant table filatio and pubic-hair shaving, writer Adam Herz manages to sneak in some surprisingly feel-good, if not bizarrely touching, reminders of the lighter, happier side of life.

Things go wrong sometimes, and sometimes they go horribly, embarrassingly wrong, but they always get better again. The four years that have passed since the original "Pie" also show in it's maturing cast: Jason Biggs (Jim) doesn't seem as awkward in front of the camera; instead, he's got in touch with his inner comic-timing and has found the charm that his character always needed.

Alyson Hannigan (Michelle)



has found the cute smile and swing in her step that she lacked for the first two outings and five years of "Buffy."

Seann William Scott (Stifler) has figured out how to be annoying without being loud, and Eddie Kaye Thomas (Finch) actually gets more than one laugh.

The comic flow that director Jesse Dylan (son of Bob, who also directed the miserable "How High") finds in his scenes is far closer to "impeccable" than anyone would expect from the series. It still runs with the same "Pie" formula, but the tension that builds to the punchline is created so skillfully that even though you could see the punch-line in advance, you're far too distracted to even think about it. Had this kind of tension been built in a horror film, the kind of fear generated would have driven some people out of the theater, caused all the light-hearted to scream and aided the 12-year-olds that snuck in after buying tickets to "Finding Nemo" in losing their bladder.

In a way, "American Wedding" seems to give the middle finger to those that proclaim that "sequels are always worse than the

original." Instead, they made a delightful, hilarious film from what at first appeared to be a lame franchise.

"Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life"

**
Starring: Angelina Jolie
Director: Jan de Bont

When Angelina Jolie's British heroine first scampered across the silver screen two years ago, video game and film fans across tossed their differences aside, all agreeing that "Lara Croft: Tomb Raider" was a vile, disgusting, horrid piece of cinema. It was literally panned by four out of five critics (on average), even though you won't see that number on video or toothpaste boxes anywhere.

Naturally, after having a perfectly calm, pretty summer night wasted two years ago by the screen antics of Lara Croft, expectations were very low going into "Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life." Sure, "Cradle" is in the fairly gifted hands of director Jan de Bont ("Speed," "Twister"), but that doesn't change the im-

mediate turn-off caused by the memory of its predecessor.

If they make a "Tomb Raider 3," though, the expectations are going to be a little higher, for "Cradle" raises the bar dramatically - which doesn't say much, considering how low the bar was originally set.

First and foremost, there's actually a plot this time around. It's not the best plot in the world, but it manages to move from Point A to Point B without boring or disgusting the viewer, all the while managing to stay within reasonable grounds for the all-important suspension of disbelief.

Director de Bont brings his typical flair for action to the screen, and the action sequences in the film are stylish and fast. They're still not on the par with a Bond or Robert Rodriguez film, but they're better than the Prozac-induced mesh of action that "Bad Boys II" currently offers.

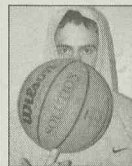
And "Cradle" has a much better version of the only thing that worked in the first film: Angelina Jolie as Lara Croft. Jolie comes off as smarter, sexier and much more fun than she did two years ago, and two years ago she was doing a pretty good Lara Croft. To put the improvement in perspective, Pierce Brosnan has done Bond four times now - and he seems to get worse at it every time.

Now, it might sound like there's a lot of praise here for "The Cradle of Life," but it's all in the perspective. While it is a gigantic step up for our curvy heroin, there's still a lot to be desired.

But if the franchise continues, and "Cradle" is any indication of how the series will evolve, then expect "Tomb Raider 4" to be a fantastic movie.

In need of help

It's a Tuesday afternoon, balmy, breezy and blue. I'm taking in a ball game at the local park, drinking peanuts from a



Tim Coffield
Senior Staff
Writer

unsightly sweat-wet back of my (otherwise exceptionally stylish) Abercrombie tee from the nicely mascara-ed eyes of the tan-legged vixens seated directly behind me.

It's the third inning, or somewhere thereabouts - it's hard to pay attention to the game when the heat is threatening to spoil the impression of physical beauty I'm attempting to make on my seatmates. I feel as an actor upon a stage, making motions for an ultra-critical and discerning audience.

Bees flock to the bleachers, in heated pursuit of soft-drink fructose. They irritate me to a great extent. Occasionally they alight on my forearms. I sweat at them and curse loudly. Others

in the stands seem to agree - the bees must go. Many, including myself, pour out the remainders of our drinks, in hopes to thwart the little insects.

There is a bit of a commotion in the nearby parking lot. It seems a van of mentally ill folk have pulled up in a van, driven (thankfully!) by a levelheaded caretaker.

They stumble from the vehicle, whooping it up, making foreign noises, smacking each other on their backs, embarrassingly loud and unabashedly ecstatic.

Poor fellows, I note to myself. I turn my attention (or what small portion of it I have allotted for this purpose) back to the game.

It makes me no less miserable that I have a piercing headache, the price paid for a night of animalistic and unrestrained partying, consisting primarily of several consecutive hours standing rigidly, stiff drink dutifully in hand, like a sardine among the cramped and can-like quarters of a trendy local club.

Myself and the other patrons, we drank until our heads buzzed, then we drank some more, all the while remarking on how drunk we were getting.

When space opened up on the

COFFIELD see page 6

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For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

COFFIELD

continued from page 5

dance floor, we gyrated and vibrated; rubbing our sticky bodies across each other like sticks trying to make a fire.

Anti-perspirants eventually surrendered to the friction, followed soon after by inhibitions.

Many (the fortunate ones) would wake up the following day next to strangers.

I had a blast, I tell myself. At least I think I did.

The contents of the van have reassembled themselves next to me on the bleachers, chattering and grinning like idiots (so to speak). I feel a growing annoyance by their presence, but catch myself, reminded that they can't help the way they are.

I sympathize for them again. I wish their mental deficiencies would just vanish, that they too could enjoy the lives of us mentally stable college students.

"Today is beautiful," one remarks, staring straight into the sky. I chuckle to myself. The heat hasn't gotten to him yet, I decide, or perhaps he can't even tell the difference between hot and cold.

I look at this one closer. His shirt and shorts are ill-fitting and the colors clash. I'm embarrassed for him.

Periodically, I strain my neck and sneak a casual (contrived, naturally) glance at the gals behind.

I take a certain amount of solace in the fact that they appear to devote the vast majority of their attention to fretting over the dreaded effects of heat and humidity on their hair and makeup ("My hair is, like, losing

all of its body! And my concealer is starting to run again! Does anyone have a napkin? Like, *ughh...*").

It seems that I'm not alone on the stage.

Their caretaker sets out for the concession stand, leaving behind the whole pack to engulf me in their simple-minded vibe. This agitates me; I'm fearful that one of the more clumsy ones will unwittingly deposit a childid or soda in my lap, ruining my nice clothes, making my planned post-game approach to the gals awkward to say the least.

The girls seem to have similar worries. They have scooted discreetly to the other end of the stands. I'm left stranded.

A batter connects and rips a high-flying double off the wall. My neighbors tie themselves in frantic knots of delight. "Lots of power," one remarks. "That's two more RBIs for him," notes another. I'm a little taken aback. I hadn't even noticed runs had scored.

The caretaker returns, much to my seatmates' collective delight. He passes out sodas and M&Ms. "M&Ms and baseball," says the one closest me, "are perfect together." I restrain myself from indulging in a monologue on the evils of sugar and food coloring. Its not like they'd understand anyway, I decide.

The bees are back now, buzzing with renewed hysteria above the fresh snacks. Enigmatically, my neighbors don't mind. "Come here, bee," one calls and extends her arm. The bee spins and lands, then crawls to the tips of her candy-sticky hands. "Gotta share," she notes.

The others laugh. I fail to see

the humor.

Soon the inevitable occurs and a soda is spilt. I shake my head, sympathetic.

The wet-lapped man stares at his soggy shirt for a moment, then lifts it and wipes his brow. "AH," he says. Two others follow suit and cool themselves with their sodas. There is laughter and noise.

I give up and join the girls at the far end of the bleachers.

"It's a shame," I tell them, nodding towards the loud laughers, the beekeepers, the bad-dressers. "Yeah," a girl responds, carefully tussling her hair. "They don't understand anything. You can tell they're not alright, you know, by the way they act." I agree and lean back, try to block out the sun, curse the heat.

"Their brains don't even work on the same level," another adds, scrutinizing her reflection in a pocket mirror.

The game ends. The caretaker rounds up his troops and herds them to the van. "Almost dinner time," he consoles them. I shake my head, sadly.

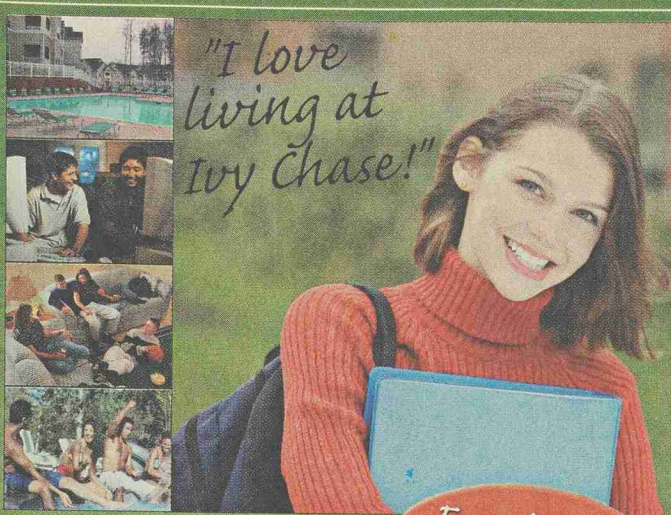
That's all they have, I think to myself.

Ball games and honeybees and wet shirts and communal dinners.

I sigh, relieved, and relax. Thoughts of drinking and gyrating and sweating fill my head. I can't wait to go out tonight.

It'll be nice to be around some sane folks.

If Tim was a giraffe; he would have a longer neck. And be a better defensive basketball player. Contact tloffie@unity.ncsu.edu



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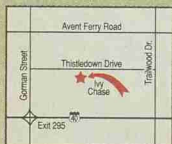
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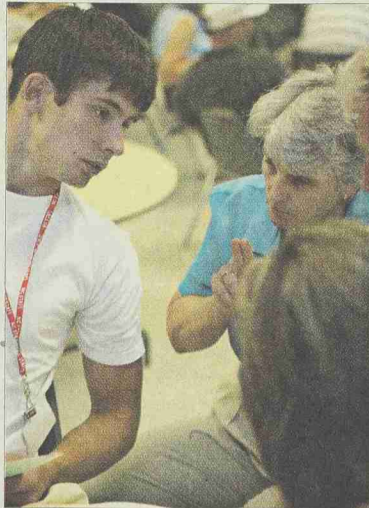
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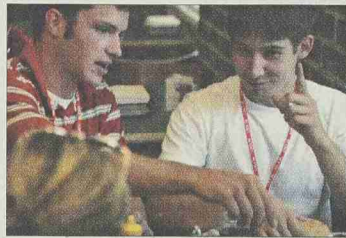


DAY 1 - 2:38 PM Adam, with parents in tow, heads to the College of Natural Resources welcome and information session in Witherspoon Cinema before meeting his advisor in the All Purpose Room. That's when Adam is given his first piece of bad news - he's been put in the wrong major. His advisor tries to soften the blow, "You are going to be making less money [than engineers], but you will be able to run around the forest and have fun." Adam tells his parents "I don't want to run around the forest, I want to run around the golf course." He was supposed to be a PGM major not PRT.

DAY 1 - 10:18 AM Right after every incoming freshman gets their name-tags, dorm keys and finishes the check-in process, it's on to Stewart Theater for N.C. State Welcome. This is where all of the OC's (Orientation Counselors) introduce themselves (shown). Adam and the rest of the incoming freshmen learn about the "Spirit Check", which is a good way to get everyone's attention as well as a blatant excuse to cheer for N.C. State.

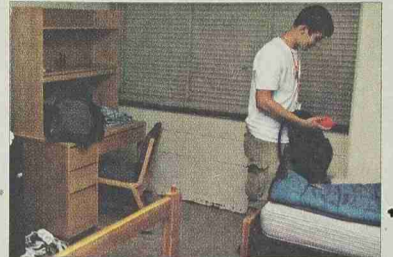


DAY 1 - 12:41 PM At the end of the welcome session the incoming freshmen follow their OC, which is identified by the number on their name tag, to their meeting place for "Meet with your OC." This gave Adam a chance to meet everyone in his group while they played the name game (Saying your name and that you are bringing something that starts with the first letter of your name.) Adam chose Arby's. Next is lunch in the Fountain Dining hall. Afterwards Adam meets up with his parents, Anthony and Edie, to show them his projected schedule.



DAY 1 - 6:03 PM Adam leaves his advisor meeting early to try to sort out his major confusion at the Admissions office. There, he learns that PRT and PGM are in the same college so his first year classes are going to be the same. He decides to leave it until the semester. After a meeting for University Scholars program Adam heads to dinner with his friend he just met, Alex Miller from Hickory.

DAY 1 - 9:05 PM After dinner Adam says goodbye to his parents for the night as they go to their hotel room. Adam then takes a nap instead of going to the mandatory Community issues program. He wakes up and gets ready in his dorm room for the night life that is fast approaching.

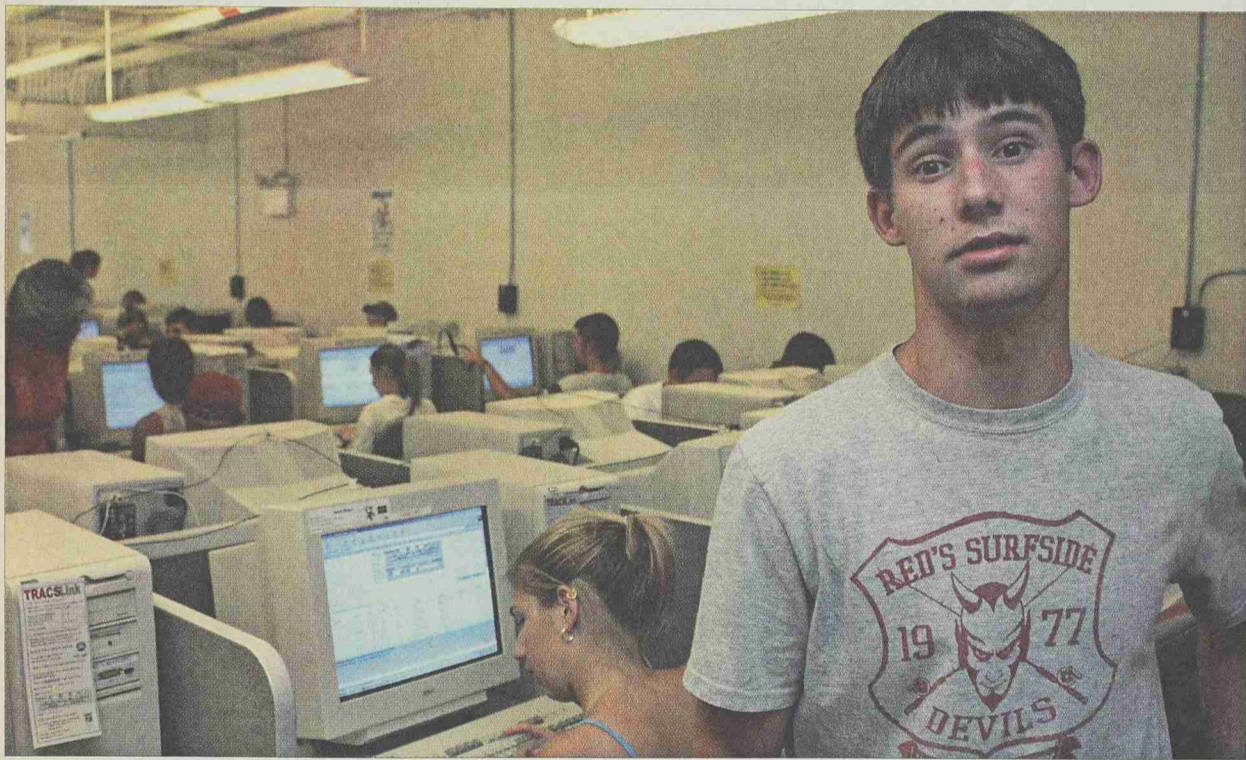


Disoriented

TECHNICIAN FOLLOWS INCOMING FRESHMAN ADAM DUNN AS HE GOES THROUGH A RITE OF ENTERING COLLEGE - FRESHMAN ORIENTATION



DAY 1 - 9:52 PM Adam and Alex head out to the ice cream social in Talley Student Center, where all the nightlife action takes place. They eat their small portion of ice cream and see the dance lessons that are going on. Alex doesn't participate but Adam jumps on in and finds a partner quick. So Jaclyn Wray, of Charlotte, and Adam learn how to salsa. Later the two battle it out in billiards at the Wolfe's Den. Jaclyn wins. Apparently the night was still young, as Adam and Alex had a late night of meeting new faces on the steps of Lee dorm.



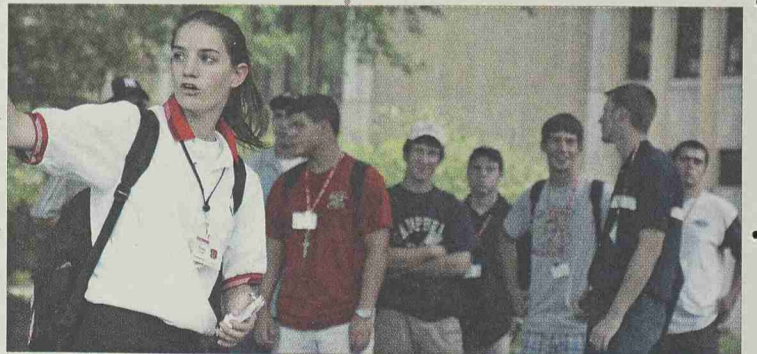
This is Bryan Adam Dunn, Adam for short, from Gastonia North Carolina. Adam is a Parks and Recreation major and this is his orientation story.

Story and photos by Tim Lytvinenko

DAY 2 - 2:43 PM The tour includes a trip over to the Laundry computer labs for registration. Upon arriving Michelle tells her group about the wait, "It is like Disneyworld, they don't show you the line until you pass the first corner." After an hour wait, group six gets into the actual computer lab. Adam gives registering a go but realizes his social security number was not recorded properly by the admissions office and the student ID number he was given in place of the social security number also did not work. He is unable to login to TRACS and is told to wait because the computer operators needed to manually register him. So Adam gets up from his computer, lets out a sigh and waits.



DAY 2 - 12:42 PM The following morning Adam has an early breakfast and attends a required meeting for PRT students. After lunch, his mother helps him with an early check out - she wanted to be ready to leave early. Gastonia is about a four-hour drive from Raleigh, so Edie wanted to miss the four o'clock line for normal check out.



DAY 2 - 1:43 PM From check-out Adam heads over to the fountain outside of Talley Student Center to meet up with the rest of his group for a campus tour. Adam's OC, Michelle Goff, talks about the court of Carolinas, "There is a plant for every county in North Carolina. That's why it is called the Court of Carolinas."



DAY 2 - 3:25 PM Adam ends up getting the classes he needs and a printout of his schedule. Now that he is registered his cumbersome orientation is over. Adam walks across campus to the Burgaw parking lot where he meets his parents. He gets in his parents SUV and begins the long trek back to Gastonia. He'll be back in just a few weeks.