

SHEA-ING GOODBYE ONE LAST TIME

Ow!
What the hell?
Ow! Seriously — what's going on here?
Ow! Jeez! Are you pulling out my seats? Ripping out my home run wall too? And my bathrooms? You're gutting my bathrooms?
Really? So soon? The last game was a week ago YESTERDAY! The end of the season hasn't even sunk in yet, and you're pulling me apart? Just like that? Ripping me limb from limb?
Sigh. Alas, such is life for the "other" stadium in New York, I suppose.
I'm not long for this world, but everyone'll miss me when I'm gone. I'm positive of that.
Sure — I might be dirty and old. I might lack the history of that other building (if you make me call it a "cathedral," I might puke) over in the Bronx. And I know that that other stadium's got a first-person article like this one in Sports Illustrated, and I'm over here in the



Eric Finkelstein
Saturdays Excepted

— wait, what school's paper is this? — oh yeah, The Cornell Daily Sun. But, I've got (or, I guess, had) something that that building never did — character.

While people from out of town might have called me a "dump" or a "cesspool" or a "toilet," Mets fans knew me as "home" or at the very least "our dump."

My music was too loud sometimes. And the scoreboard had intermittent issues. My foodservice was routinely terrible, and my bathrooms were crowded and icky. And the team wasn't very good for large swaths of years.

But that was all part of my charm. That was part of the experience. And you'll all miss me. I know you will.

You'll miss me because getting into my replacement next door will be more expensive and more difficult.

You'll miss me because my games over there will be more corporate, and less fan-oriented experience (no matter what they say).

You'll miss me because of the memories contained within my walls. Although I admit I didn't house 26 championship

teams and several no-hitters and perfect games, I didn't need to. I'm proud of my history.

I housed the 1969 Miracle Mets.
Tug McGraw coined the phrase "You gotta believe!" within MY walls in 1973.

A ball off of Mookie Wilson's bat tricked through Bill Buckner's legs in 1986 near MY first base.

Todd Pratt hit a series-clinching home run over MY centerfield wall in 1999.

A little over a week later, Robin Ventura hit a one-of-a-kind grand-slam-single to send the National League Championship Series back to Atlanta.

The next year, Benny Agbayani hit a game winning home run in the 13th inning of a playoff game after the team beat Giants closer Robb Nen in the eighth inning of the same game.

The Mets went on that year to beat the Cardinals to win the National League Championship Series — on MY field.

And you Yankee fans out there know what happened next — so you can't say you don't have fond memories of games held within my walls.

In September 2001, I was honored to host the first sporting event in New York after the September 11th attacks. It was an emotional night for me and for everyone in this city. Some might say it was the most important game I've housed. And Mike Piazza made sure to make the outcome of the game memorable.

2006 was a fun year that ended a little disappointingly, and the last couple years have been kinda rough.

But I know in a couple years everyone will look back on me fondly.

Because I've hosted the Beatles, Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, and the Pope.

Because I've also been home to the Jets and the Yankees.

Because I was home to the Mets and Yankees ON THE SAME DAY in 1998 (yeesh — that was a

rough day for me).

Because I was fun.

It's nice knowing that they're not just going to throw me in the garbage can.

I'm told they're taking parts of me next door. I think it's going to be the skyline atop my scoreboard and the home run apple (which, incidentally, will no longer be used in-game. They'll get a new apple for that).

People are also buying parts of me. Frankly, I'm kinda curious who's going to pony up the dough for my foul poles and the entire Mets dugout.

Apparently they're going to be using my lights, toilets and sinks in parks around the city. I've never actually been outside of Queens — so it should be a fun adventure.

So, while I might have always been thought of as the "other" ballpark in New York, and while they're ripping me apart without much fanfare (I think an implosion would be much cooler than a gradual dismantling), don't worry about me. I've had a good run.

Thanks for the memories.

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ULI SEIT / THE NEW YORK TIMES

Shea it ain't so | A dumpster sits outside the abandoned Shea Stadium last Monday.

FUTURE WALL STREETERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

You know what really grinds my gears? People. People who say, "Do you hear me, local representative?! I will not re-elect you. Be afraid. Be very afraid."

First off, saying, "local representative" instead of, "Kucinich" or whomever is generally a good indication that you don't know who your local representative is. Second off, who votes for local representatives? Did you vote for your local representative last year? Do you know whether or not he voted for the bailout bill?



Yevgeniy Feldman
That Really Grinds My Gears

Were there actually local elections last year? Did he hear your voice? If you did not have a representative, would you even know the difference? All valid questions.

There seems to be little outcry about the bailout here at Cornell. Perhaps because our mommies and daddies work on Wall Street. Or used to work there and they're not telling the family yet. But there are insane protests going on outside this campus. On the Internet, actually. The Internet, being the world's most effective protest platform, is going nuts. People are outraged that the government is trying to save the economy.

Just outraged. People on Digg, a social content sharing website, are busy spamming local representatives' mailboxes and phones with detailed messages that read much like this:

"Dear local representative,

I would like you to know that, although I did not vote for you in the past election, your conduct during this economic crisis has given me no reason to vote for you in the future. You do not have my vote, definitively. And I will tell all my friends on digg.com not to vote for the 6th regional democratic representative of Ohio.

To summarize: your vote on the bailout was despicable. I will hunt you down and vote you out. Eff the

Fed! Eff Congress! Eff big \$\$\$ America. RON PAUL '08! VIVA CHÉ! DIGG ME UP BITCHES!

Good day to you sir. Good day to you."

For reasons of I-don't-know-what-the-eff-is-going-to-happen, I don't want to explicitly debate the specifics of the bailout. What is clear is that the United States of America is willing to put the dollar on the line to save the economy. Depending on who you ask, that is either heroic in the sense of World War II or heroic in the sense

of the war in Iraq.

What is just plain un-heroic is saying that the financial world is stupid. Over the last week I have heard some very ... educated thoughts. Some include:

1. "Screw banks. What the hell do we need banks for? Loans? I can just buy stuff on Craigslist that I can afford."

2. "This would have never happened if our money was still backed by gold."

3. "We need to abolish the Fed."
The first two things I heard from students (the greatest economic crisis occurred when our money was backed by gold, btw, fyi).

The last one I heard from Ron Paul. It left me confused, because what I really heard was, "We need to abolish an institution whose objective is to minimize inflation and unemployment."

This is what I hear every time Ron Paul says we need to abolish the Fed. He says, "Austrian school of economics" more often than Sarah Palin calls McCain a maverick. This is what I hear when I logon to digg.com and read hundreds of comments that say "Dr. Paul" is a genius. As if "Dr. Paul" is the only guy in the world with a degree in economics. Wait, he doesn't have a degree in economics. He's actually a real doctor. He delivered babies. And now he wants to cure the economy. By, "abolishing the Fed [an institution which is independent from politics, and whose sole purpose during normal times is to minimize unemployment and inflation]."

Is the man a monster who wants to see Americans unemployed and prices skyrocketing? Or is he trying to say that the best

way to help the economy is to do nothing at all, ever, even in ridiculous circumstances that have arisen because of market failures which could have been regulated against? But I mean, it's all good, right? The market will just straighten itself out. It's not like the government can intervene to make sure the shitty times don't get even shittier. Screw that. Austrian school!

Let's apply Paul's doctrine to all American policy. The troops? They'll just figure it out. If they don't want to be in Iraq, they'll probably leave. Or maybe the Iraqi insurgent market forces will kick them out. Then they can go wherever they feel like, because they know best. That's the beauty of free markets. Social security? Let the people figure it out. If they don't want to pay into it, that's perfectly fine. They'll learn their lesson when nobody gets benefits. When they say, "we really fucking need these benefits 'cause our hips hurt," what they will really mean is, "the market has spoken for us and we don't really need medical assistance. Seriously. Just ignore us. Austrian school!"

Local representative, if you read this paper, you have not lost my vote. You never had it. Thanks for doing your duty by trying to save the economy — whoever you are.

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