

STONY BROOK PRESS



T H E
L O G
O S T
O R Y



TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

01 PRESTIGE & PRIVATIZATION

NEWS

05 OUR NEW LOGO



Stony Brook
University

07 LUNAR NEW YEAR GALA



06 THE SEMEN STORY
06 BLACK HISTORY MONTH

08 TEXTING WHILE WALKING

FEATURES

10

VIDEO
GAME
CHOICES



18

CUTS TO
STUDENT
MEDIA



09 A NEW FEE
22 NEWS, LOVE AND COFFEE

20 REVISED LAWS, REVISED AGAIN

The Stony Brook Press is published fortnightly during the academic year and twice during summer session by *The Stony Brook Press*, a student run non-profit organization funded by the Student Activity Fee. The opinions expressed in letters, articles and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of *The Stony Brook Press* as a whole. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (631) 632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. For additional copies contact the Business Manager.

The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(631) 632-6451 Voice
(631) 632-4137 Fax
Email: editors@sbpress.com

CULTURE

10 INTERVIEW WITH
KEVIN HART

MOVIE REVIEWS

25 Extremely Loud and
Incredibly Close
26 The Grey
27 The Women in Black
29 Time Freak
33 Chronicle

30 OSCAR PREVIEW
32 CHUCHO VALDES

MUSIC REVIEWS

37 Lana Del Rey
37 Cloud Nothings
38 The Nutshell

35 A STOLEN LIFE
REVIEW

COMICS

36 Boring Rocks
36 Sportz

SPORTS

40

MILLROSE PLACE

41 R.I.P. Joe Pa



STONY BROOK PRESS

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
MANAGING EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WEB EDITOR
BUSINESS MANAGER
ART DIRECTOR
PRODUCTION MANAGER
NEWS EDITOR
FEATURES EDITOR
CULTURE EDITOR
SPORTS EDITOR
OPINION EDITOR
PHOTO EDITOR
SENIOR COPY EDITOR
COPY EDITOR
COPY EDITOR
TECHNOLOGY DIRECTOR
MINISTER OF ARCHIVES
OMBUDSMAN
THE WATERBORN

NICK STATT
CAROL MORAN
EVAN GOLDAPER
TREVOR CHRISTIAN
JASMINE HAEFNER
JESSE CHANG
MARK GREEK
ARIELLE DOLLINGER
ALYSSA MELILLO
MIKE PEDERSEN
VINCENT BARONE
JEN NOVOTNY
TOM JOHNSON
LIZ KAEMPF
CHRISTINE BOUCHER
SARAH EVINS
DOUG NEWMAN
SAM LIEBRAND
CAROLINA HIDALGO
GILBERT GAMESH

STAFF

TERICHI BELLINGER
KATIE BLASL
OLIVIA BURNE
DAN CASHMAR
JOHN FISCHER
MICHELLE FRANTINO
ETHAN FREEDMAN
ARIAM FREZGHI
HALLIE GOLDEN
NICOLE KOHN
PRISCILA KORB
ANDI LIAO
MATTHEW MURRAY
HOWIE NEWSBERKMAN
VANESSA OGLE
CAITHLIN PENA
ANDY POLHAMUS
REBECCA TAPIO
MATT WILLEMMAIN

PAVING THE PATH TOWARDS PRESTIGE & PRIVATIZATION

Stony Brook University's new logo, unveiled last week, conveys an image of conformity, corporate blandness and grasping, superficial aspiration. It is an image perfect for a university that, in the past few years, has moved ever farther down the road of privatization in search of the imagined prestige it envies in some of its older, more exclusive counterparts.

The university's previous logo, consisting of rays and stars inside a trio of red, green and blue circles, was designed by legendary graphic designer Milton Glaser of "I love NY" fame. It was original, distinctive and, in a field where prestige is closely associated with age and tradition, exceptionally daring. In the entire Stony Brook brand there was nary a shield, a seal or a coat of arms to be found, eschewing design tropes that are ubiquitous in the branding of American universities.

Glaser's design suggested that the university did not feel the need to try to disguise the fact that, as a public institution that was less than 50 years old when the logo was designed, no one was going to mistake Stony Brook for Harvard. It suggested a university prepared to embrace its youth and diversity and be something different, something unbound by the often-archaic conventions of American higher education, where every institution that isn't a 400-year-old private university founded by Puritans seems to hope everyone will somehow miraculously believe it is.

The new logo, a red shield that retains a mutilated version of Glaser's rays and stars – now reduced to a single star and a group of rays that, with their point of origin cropped out of the picture, seem to be shining from nowhere onto nothing – is derivative where its predecessor was daring. This hackneyed mash-up of that most ubiquitous of all university logos, the shield, with a pointlessly altered version of Glaser's logo manages the astonishing feat of being trite and faddish at the same time. Retaining some of Glaser's elements means no one is going to mistake the shield for that of Harvard or Yale or any other ancient and venerable institution, yet it lacks the freshness and modernity of his design. It is neither here nor there, the worst of all worlds.

Glaser doesn't like the new logo, and rightfully so. Designers tend not to like it when other designers, especially lesser ones, mess with their work. Stony Brook took a design by one of the greatest graphic designers of the modern era and had it "tweaked" into near-unrecognizability by an ad agency from, of all places, Alabama. It's rather like taking a building by a great architect and having it renovated by

a company that specializes in designing Hilton Garden Inns (one of which will, of course, soon grace this campus). One suspects the architect in question wouldn't have nice things to say. And in this case, he would be right.

But Glaser seems to know exactly what the university apparently found wrong with his design. In an interview with *The Press* he commented, "I have a feeling that in the academic community, there's a reluctance to be overly assertive." The old logo stood out. It didn't look the logos of the universities Stony Brook's administration now not so secretly wishes to be just like. The new logo may be a terrible piece of design, but it blends in among the vast array of other collegiate shields. That is, no doubt, exactly what the university wants: a logo that is indistinguishable from those of the rarefied institutions it so desperately envies.

It is no coincidence that Glaser was commissioned to design the old logo by his good friend Shirley Strum Kenny during her tenure as president of the university. Whatever one thought of Kenny's decisions and management style – and she was certainly not without her critics, including at this paper – she was not one to shy away from taking chances. The new logo is likewise a perfect metaphor for the leadership of Kenny's successor, Samuel Stanley. Whereas Kenny was a visionary if controversial leader who was unafraid of risk, Stanley is a technocrat with a deep fondness for management consultants. He is not the sort of person one can imagine calling up his good friend the world-renowned designer to create a new logo.

But this is about far more than the contrasting personalities of two university presidents. Since he took office, Stanley has been an enthusiastic cheerleader for the gradual privatization of Stony Brook and public institutions in general. The new logo signifies this vision. Whereas the old logo said, "I'm different and I'm not ashamed of it," the new one says, "I'm trying to pretend to be an expensive, exclusive private university, even though I'm not one and never will be."

The new logo will no doubt serve Stony Brook well as it continues down the path of privatization, chasing prestige by jettisoning that which makes it unique and instead emulating its supposed betters instead. But it is also a perfect symbol of the opportunity forfeited by following that path: an opportunity to prove that a great university need not be defined by exclusivity and tradition, but can instead attain greatness by fostering inclusivity and innovation.

THE REBRANDING OF STONY BROOK, OUR NEW LOGO

by Arielle Dollinger

Milton Glaser, designer of such iconic emblems as the ubiquitous "I Love NY," the green label for Brooklyn Brewery and Bob Dylan's multicolored hair on a 1975 poster for Columbia Records, was also responsible for the compilation of circle, stars and rays that Stony Brook University wore over the last decade.

Now, three years after Samuel Stanley replaced Glaser's close friend Shirley Strum Kenny as university president, his logo has been replaced with a red shield, and the legendary designer isn't impressed with Stony Brook's new look.

In a message to the campus community, Stanley, Dean of the School of Medicine Kenneth Kaushansky and Provost Dennis Assanis said, "As Stony Brook's trajectory soars and our image thrives both nationally and internationally, we need to be strategic in the way we visually present ourselves to peer institutions, to current and prospective students and faculty, and to all key constituents."

The logo change is part of a larger effort to re-brand the university. It was announced just after the university received a \$150 million donation from Jim and Marilyn Simons, and an additional \$35 million in capital construction funds and additional tuition revenue from the approval of the university's NYSUNY 2020 Challenge Grant application.

The university launched a webpage, www.stonybrook.edu/branding, to explain the importance of the branding campaign as the school moves towards a greater excellence associated with more money for research and academics.

"The key element in the new mark is a shield, which symbolizes strength," the message from Stanley, Kaushansky and Assanis said. Shields have long been used in academia, and a slew of universities, including all eight Ivies, already use them in their logos.

Lewis Communications, the Alabama-based company that designed the new logo, did not return calls for comment.

Glaser said his original design signified the idea of enlightenment, illumination and the pursuit of knowledge.

The rays and stars of that design have been preserved within the walls of the new shield, which keeps the logo identifiable, though Glaser says the new design is old-fashioned, banal and overly-familiar.

"It certainly doesn't break any new ground," he said. But he speculated that maybe the university was not trying to do anything new. Aside from the logo, Glaser worked with Kenny on numerous design projects for the university, leading the University Council to award him the University Medal in 2005, the highest honor given to individuals who have provided service to the school. Kenny is well-known

for supporting culture and the arts, and Glaser helped contribute to that legacy.

Nancy Wozniak, learning architect and ePortfolio program manager at SBU, does research for online branding. According to Wozniak, branding is a way of selling oneself to others, and it is important for Stony Brook to do so.

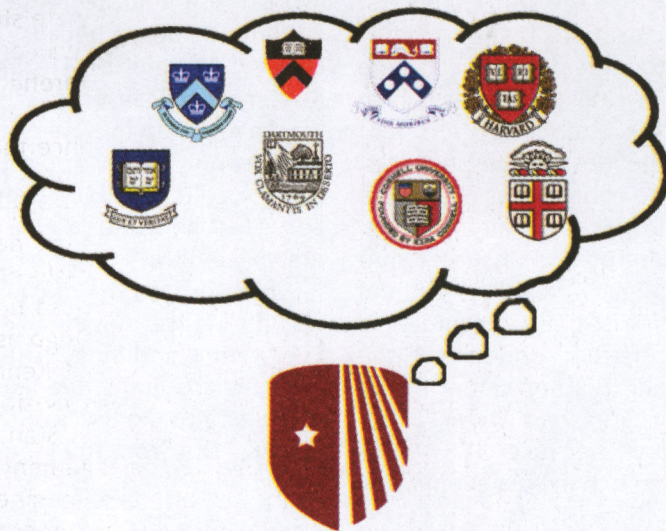
"I'm realizing how critical it is that individuals, as well as organizations and businesses, develop a brand that represents their strengths and professional abilities," Wozniak said in

an email. "A strong professional brand is not only essential for that crucial first impression, but it connects our campus community by developing a strong sense of trust and loyalty."

Wozniak said that the Stony Brook brand is a "promise of excellence in professional performance and outcomes." She adds that the brand shows others that Stony Brook's administration and students believe in that promise, and that they should too.

"To our campus community the shield unifies our belief that we can make a difference and make the world a better place for all," she said.

Despite those positive aspects, Glaser criticized the new design for its lack of originality. "I have a feeling that in the academic community, there's a reluctance to be overly assertive," he said. The new logo is "unadventurous," he added, "unlike Shirley."



STONY BROOK CELEBRATES BLACK HISTORY

by Bushra Mollick

With a backdrop of softly playing Africana tunes, Stony Brook welcomed students and faculty members on Wednesday, February 1 to commemorate Black History Month in its 36th year of celebration. Stony Brook has honored Black History Month for over 25 years.

Prior to presentations, students and faculty members were greeted by a mini multicultural fair in the back of SAC Ballroom A. Many of the displays related to African-American culture in some aspect. Presenters included the Caribbean Students Organization, African-American Brotherhood and Minorities in Medicine. They also invited presenters from different Greek life organizations, such as Zeta Phi Beta and Delta Sigma Theta. Both sororities are a part of the Divine Nine, an honorable title dedicated to the first nine multi-cultural Greek life organizations in the nation.

Secretary of the African Students Union, Folasade Ajibade, offered information on her club's activities, which vary from political and cultural discussions to their very popular King of Africa/Queen of the Motherland pageants. Beauty contests aside, the club also coordinates charitable events geared towards needy nations, specifically in Africa.

The spectators eventually gathered and observed quietly as the opening ceremony began. President Samuel L. Stanley offered his words which slightly resembled a history lesson, but allowed attendees to understand the importance of African-American History Month. Although some joke that February had been chosen to represent black history because it is the shortest month of the year, it is also rich in past events that

have shaped African-American culture.

Cheryl Chambers, Associate Dean for Multicultural Affairs and Co-Chair of the Black History Month Committee, helped set up much of the event. This program marks her 22nd year honoring black history with Stony Brook. This year's opening ceremony featured guest speaker Andrez S. Carberry, a successful alumnus of Stony Brook University and lawyer who has worked with the Pajama Program, a New York City-based charity.

"To me, Black History Month is not only about the past, it is now," he said, commanding the attention of the spectators with a strong voice and faint Jamaican accent. He gave a brief description of his days at Stony Brook and strongly advised students to remain as active as he had been as a student. "Serve because you want to do something for others," he said. He showed concern with the decline of African-American enrollment at Stony Brook, noting that blacks make up less than six percent of the undergraduate population. "I know more black men are headed to prison than to college," but he strongly advised the audience to act as teachers and to spread the word of education so others may embrace it as he had done.

But perhaps the most united moment of the ceremony was during the singing of the Black National Anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing." The diverse audience of blacks, Latinos, Asians and students of other ethnicities was able to sing along to the lyrics of the song as they appeared on the screen, "Out from the gloomy past, 'til now we stand, free at last."

SEMEN IN THE SHOWERS: A LOAD OF SPUNK

While we couldn't understand why anybody would want to masturbate in a Mendelsohn Quad shower, we found it hard to ignore a photograph of the memos that appeared in some Stony Brook residence halls before being splattered across Facebook over winter break.

The memos, which featured University letterhead, stated that an overload of semen in shower drains was causing major clogs. Students were then asked to refrain from touchin' on their wieners while in the shower and, by extension, to keep the major jack-sesh in their rooms.

Even though a quick internet search revealed that different versions of the memo have appeared in the dorms of at least 18 colleges around the country,

including Dartmouth, Virginia Tech, Villanova and several other colleges way better than Stony Brook, we at *The Press* decided to investigate the spoofefest to find out whether the letters contained a seed of truth, or if they were simply an ecstatic spasm of humor that resulted in a white glaze obscuring the facts. So it was with great gusto that we pumped Associate Director of Campus Residences Alan deVries, whose name was attached to the notice, for a few spurts of information.

While he did thank us for our concern about unseemly amounts of man chowder congesting Mendelsohn Quad's virgin pipes, our stiff line of questioning went limp when deVries told us that "this letter comes up every year at least once and...is clearly a hoax." He penetrated the heart of the issue when he said that commenting on the letters for publication would "not be worth anyone's effort." He must have thought we were jerking him around.

- ANDY POLHAMUS

The queue for the 2012 Lunar New Year Gala snaked through the corridors of the SAC like the tail of a Chinese dragon last Tuesday evening.

Students were waiting to attend the free event in celebration of the lunar year change, which occurred on January 23, organized by the Asian Students Alliance, an undergraduate club at Stony Brook.

The guests were welcoming the year of the only mythical creature represented in the Chinese calendar – the dragon.

Anne Chau, a junior biology and philosophy major, the year of the dragon is a particularly special because of its mystical origins.

"If you are born in the year of the dragon, you're considered very lucky," said Chau, referring to the fact that the dragon is the symbol of good fortune and protection in Chinese culture.

The event's activities included raffles, a pin-the-tail-on-the-dragon competition, origami lessons and a peculiar game that involved picking marbles out of a bowl with chopsticks – not easy. And then there was the food, perhaps one of the biggest draws of the evening.

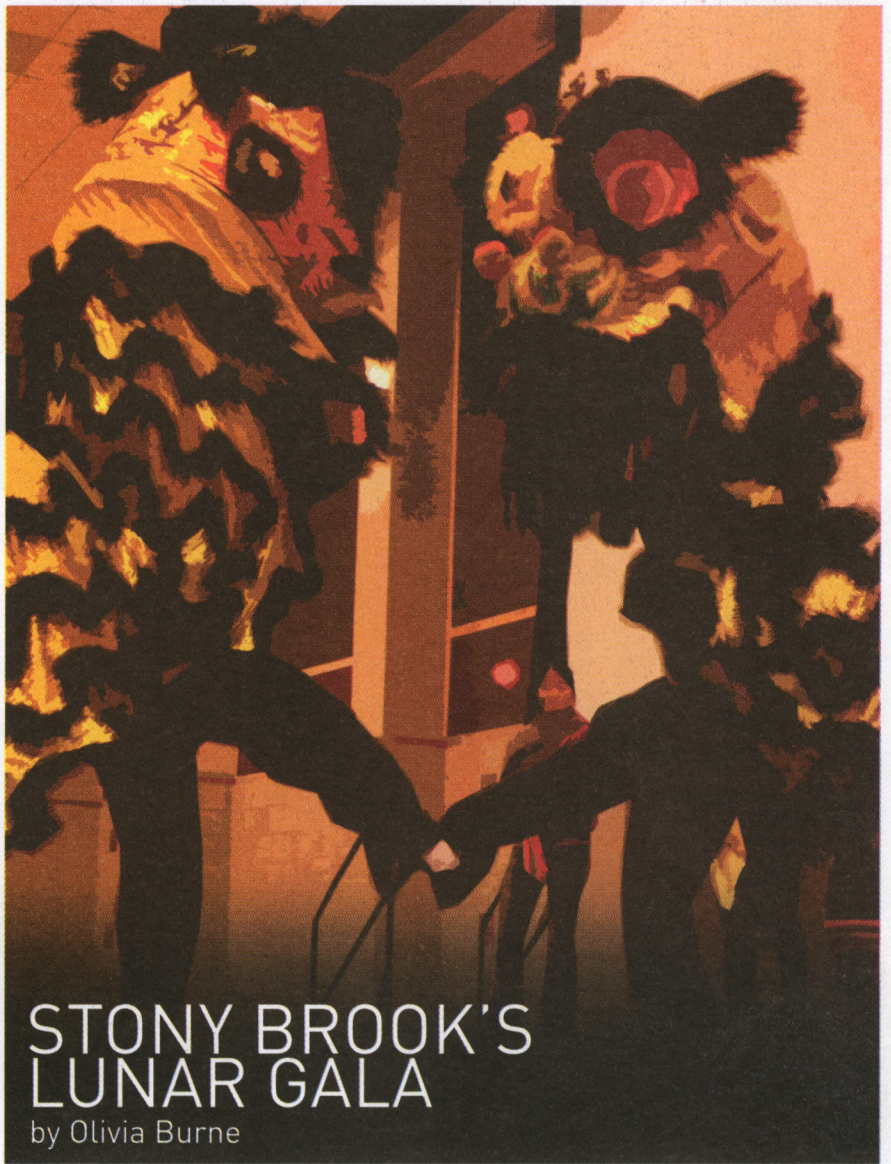
Chinese-American cuisine was on hand – General Tso's chicken, rice, dumplings, and egg rolls – all free and ready to be consumed by the roughly 400 students who stopped by.

Many of the students agreed the dinner was good, and it showed. The food was all gone an hour after the doors opened.

The hosts, Chau and two other members of ASA, kept the audience excited during dinner with the thrill of possibly winning a prize in one of the raffles offered throughout the evening.

There was even a brief flashback to childhood in the form of an impromptu game of "Simon Says" while the hosts waited for the real entertainment to arrive. The audience could laugh or grimace as the participants failed to do exactly as Simon, or in this case, Ryan, said.

After a one-hour traffic delay, the highlight of the evening, the Dragon Dance



STONY BROOK'S LUNAR GALA

by Olivia Burne

team, arrived. The dance traditionally performed over the 15-day New Year celebration is no mere feat, involving two or more people holding poles that move the body and head of a jumping and dancing dragon.

Some of the audience did not have the patience or desire to wait the extra hour for the dance team to arrive and left shortly after eating their fill. Junior Yiufat Lam, an engineering and studio art double-major, who goes by Benny attended the event. As a student from Chinatown, Manhattan, Lam said this year's gala was a little less organized than last year's celebration, but he still felt it was a good way for students to honor the new year away from home.

According to Lam, the Chinatown New Year celebrations in the city are particularly fun.

"The whole of Canal Street shuts down and at midnight there are firecrackers in the street," he said. "You wear new clothing on New Year's day, usually red."

Lam also described the traditional act of handing out red envelopes with money in them to relatives or friends during the celebrations.

Unfortunately, no red envelopes stuffed with cash were distributed at this particular gala.



A NEW FEE, BUT A SMALL VICTORY FOR STUDENTS

by Ethan Freedman

The controversial Academic Excellence and Success Fee, put off last December amid student protest, is set to hit students' wallets this semester.

Last semester students were informed through SO-LAR that the University was going to back-charge \$37.50 for the fee, before redacting the fee a day later. Students taking ten or more credits will be charged \$75 annually. This year the fee will only be implemented for the spring semester.

In a September 20 memorandum, Nancy Zimpher, SUNY's chancellor, expressed that SUNY's Board of Trustees had been in favor of charging new "broad-based fees," including instructional cluster fees charged to students taking a related group of courses and the Academic Excellence and Success Fee.

A requisition against the fee on the online petition site Change.org has received 2,233 signatures as of this publication. The stated goal by petitioner Jose Rivera is to reach 2,500 signatures. His original goal of 1,000 signatures was reached within a day.

According to the Stony Brook Graduate Student Organization's senate meeting minutes from October 11, Dr. Susan Dimonda, the Associate Dean and Director of Student Life, reported that an additional \$75 fee per semester will be required to finance the costs of the recreation center. Although the \$75 fee was voted for undergraduate students, no fee has been established for graduate students.

Dennis N. Assanis, Provost and Senior Vice President for Academic Affairs, called the fee an "investment" in a letter to the students. In Stony Brook's NYSUNY 2020 Challenge Grant, Stony Brook stated that the fee, along with tuition hikes, will allow the University to add 267 new faculty positions.

The plan, however, offered no timetable as to when these hirings will take place, which could mean students will be paying for benefits they may not be receiving.

The school is balancing its attempts to strengthen the university academically while placating students with financial constraints. The school states that a portion of the academic excellence fee is to go towards TAP-eligible students, those whose family income is less than \$75,000.

In the recent past, Stony Brook has increasingly relied on tuition as a source of revenue for the university. In the past ten years, tuition revenue has increased 114 percent, while state support has increased just four percent. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, public school tuition as a whole has risen nearly 74 percent during the last ten years.

The Bursar's Office, which is in charge of student accounts, declined to comment. A spokesperson for the university did not respond to questions. Three other flagship SUNY centers—Albany, Binghamton and Buffalo—along with the entire CUNY system, have implemented academic excellence fees for this semester as well.

On August 3, 2011, the CUNY Board of Trustees approved the tuition and fee structure for all CUNY campuses, effective fall 2011, which was met with much derision from students at Baruch College, where the vote was held. SUNY hasn't been able to stage a protest on a similar level.

This comes at a time when President Obama has warned public universities not to raise tuition if they expect taxpayer support.

"We are putting colleges on notice—you can't assume that you'll just jack up tuition every single year," Obama said in a speech Saturday, January 28 at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. "If you can't stop tuition from going up, then the funding you get from taxpayers every year will go down."

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

How moral choice-making in video games speaks for who we are, both in game and out

by Nick Statt

HAVE ESCAPED REALITY. MY NAME IS

I John Pilgrim and I am a cancer researcher in a nameless city punctuated by an ambiguous mountain range in the distance of my one-floor home and a blatantly automated carousel of cars and pedestrians beneath the skyscrapers looming over my morning commute. I am a father to a loving daughter and husband to a stay-at-home mom, both of whom share an equally nameless existence. But over the course of the following week, a surprise salvation from one of humanity's most complex and lethal threats will sour into debilitating disaster, then slowly dissolve into hopelessness before time and consequence are swallowed by extinction.

"In six days, every living cell on Planet Earth will be dead. You have one chance." The words are displayed on a black screen in a plain, white font.

Pilgrim exists within the confines of a graphically retro-laden 15-minute flash game called *One Chance*. Independent UK studio Awkward Silence Games released it in December of 2010, yet it still worms its way into indie game conversations because the title is no joke. As soon as one clicks play, the website, flash game haven Newgrounds.com in this case, logs your IP address, preventing one from ever starting over on that same computer.

The game's buttons are limited; you move with the arrow keys and interact with the space bar. You play through six days approaching the end of the world, where various choices determine how you spend John's final moments and subsequently how those choices affect those around you. After all, the short, four-line description of the game begins with, "*One Chance* is a game about choices and dealing with them."

On day one, I see off my wife and daughter and read the morning's newspaper, with my picture on the front page and the announcement of cancer's cure is decorated with hope. When I arrive at work, the mood is high, elated even, and I am presented with my first choice — skip work or stay at the lab to run more tests. I forgo staying at the lab to grab a drink with co-workers.

The following morning my wife alerts me that the phone has been ringing non-stop, and that day's newspaper confirms the air of anxiety — my company's cancer treatment has deadly, and viral, side effects. The lab is an antithetical disaster-scene compared with the day before, and I am gently forced to explore the roof of the building, where an overwhelmingly guilty co-worker commits suicide by jumping off the roof.

The next day I refuse to leave work to see my family and instead stay in the lab searching for a cure, but this appears to result in my wife's depression; she refuses to get out of bed the next morning. My daughter stands upset and confused in the living room, ignorant to our shared fate. But I must go to the lab again.

My barrage of seemingly horrible choices must mean that I have resigned John Pilgrim to a chaotic and immoral end. When given the option, I decide to cheat on my wife with a co-worker, only to come home late that night to discover she has committed suicide as well. I am finding it difficult to determine whether I am making these choices because I know the game is granting me this freedom to be explored, or because I have a subconscious desire to subject these virtual people to the consequences of deplorable decisions. I find myself grinning at the idea of robbing these characters of any relatable realism and indulging in the fantasy of a post-apocalyptic world that has turned morality upside down.

In my final days, I take my daughter with me to work instead of opting for the park, and our skin turns from a shade of peach to a grim gray. I start walking slower. On my final day, the singular glimmer of hope—in fiction a cure, but in reality just a clever arrangement of cause and effect correctly executed by the player—fades into nothingness. I leave my daughter, apparently too weak to keep moving, at the front door of the lab. I head up to the roof where I am to my utter disbelief given the option, "Give up." The choice is jarring, both for its concrete admission of suicide and the eerie likeness it has to the spontaneity one might feel when staring a meaningless existence in the face.

I hit the space bar, and John Pilgrim spreads his arms out wide and falls to his death. Now every time I attempt to play *One Chance* on my laptop, I see snow falling on an empty rooftop. No matter how elementary the game is, or how extreme its choices are, it hits home one clear and simple fact that most video games today are trying to







convey: in life, your choices stay with you.

The Emergence of Morality

The evolution from choice making in video games to questioning the morality of players is not an entirely new development. It has been manifesting itself both on large and small scales over the last decade, in games with preexisting divisions, like 2003's *Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic* and its already iconic light and dark sides, or in games that were marketed entirely on the option to be "good" or "bad," the first of which many consider to be Lionhead Studios' *Fable*, released in 2004.

But what is integral to the relevance and breadth of the video game is not the fact that the medium has been treading this territory; rather, equipped with such narrative, visual and emotional devices, games can now say something wholly unique about us as moral, choice-making individuals, and push us to question what it is we truly play for and who we are in that context.

Even further, the matter of how and why the fastest-growing entertainment medium of all time has achieved such a reflexive, complex relationship with consumers is an equally important question. Video games sit near the peak of media, with an industry valued at roughly \$18.6 billion dollars in 2010 in the U.S. alone according to the NPD Group, Inc. Their roles in the lives of not just youths, but entertainment consumers of all ages and locales, now play an central role in the development of pop culture and how our relationship with that culture develops us.

"These games have attempted through their realism to try to usurp some of the basic ways that we negotiate the world around us, and that happens to be through choice making," says Raiford Guins, an

associate professor of digital cultural studies at Stony Brook University who specializes in video game history and preservation.

Coming in at a neck-bending height and donning the casual attire of an off-season track runner, Guins doesn't appear, at first glance, to be the person you'd expect to lecture students on video games or discussing the philosophical elements of the medium. But one look at his office, with shelves of decades-old games and *Grand Theft Auto* posters plastered to its walls, and his off-the-cuff mention of his upcoming book, an academic analysis of video game preservation, shatters nearly every misconception.

For Guins, the development of choice and the incorporation of morality-based game mechanics is due in part to a series of foundational leaps in video game development and players' demands for sophistication, both of which worked in tandem toward the evolution of the medium.

"As the options became more sophisticated, our choices grew in their density. In a lot of early games, the choice was basically to hit the fire button, to hit the fire button effectively, to defeat a boss, to go up in level..." he says. "So as games gave us more opportunities to inhabit their worlds in different ways, that's when choice became one of the key aspects of gameplay."

This generalized development, this increase in sophistication, comes in two flavors: that of the moral development variety and that of the character development variety. The intrinsic relationship between inhabiting a character and being responsible for the actions you make as that character grew from a number of factors now seen as momentous influences to modern video games.

"If we go back to *Dungeons & Dragons*, when one rolls up their character, one chooses a certain kind of moral classification—neutral, lawful evil, chaotic good," Guins explains, using the term "roll up" to mean the physical rolling of the now iconic

twelve-sided die. "When you choose that kind of categorization for your character, there are certain rules in the game that mean your character can act accordingly. So a lawful evil player can only do certain things, a chaotic good player can only act in certain ways."

Being chaotically good or lawfully evil is, in a simplified and elementary way, a personality structure. This ability to choose and classify, alongside the fact that such a choice has lasting consequences, is at the very heart of moral decision-making. The person you are, your personality, manifests itself in the choices you make, which then reflect back upon you.

A modern game often praised for its significant steps in the incorporation of complex morality, and one Guins cites regularly, is *Fallout 3*, a Bethesda Game Studios title released in 2008 to widespread critical acclaim.

"You're literally born into the game," Guins says, and his exclamation is not tainted with a single hint of overstatement. The beginning of the game allows the player to choose their character's name, race and gender while he or she lies in the mother's womb. Players can then develop their character's core attributes through narrative devices, like reading a children's book titled *You're SPECIAL* to determine favored character traits like intelligence and charisma, and then taking an aptitude test at age 16 to single out core features of your character.

The game reaches a complexity of rare proportions when the player is let loose on a post-apocalyptic world at age 18, where no law exists beyond the player's personal code and need to survive. When you find your first city, the decimated Megaton inhabited by citizens who worship a dormant nuclear bomb, you also approach one of the game's oft-cited moral conundrums: detonate the bomb and wipe out the city or choose to live among its people. The decision holds such emotional magnitude that the choice was removed from the game's

Japanese version for sensitivity reasons.

Fallout 3's moral complexity, enabled primarily through the flexibility of your character, is a far cry from the video game characters of decades past, and a polarizing example of how character development has been at the crux of morality-based video games.

After all, the earliest games involved a confined space inhabited by a character defined by its action. There was no choice other than to play the game or not, and nothing beyond that except to play the game well or poorly.

"You're playing a creature, like Pac-Man or a human representation, the cartoony Mario," Guins explains. "You don't really have, in the late '70s and early '80s, any control over the customization factor. Basically you're playing either a vehicle or a being—you can't change what that person looks like, what its name is, what color your tank happens to be or your car happens to be."

The shift from occupying a preexisting form or character that has been developed associated with actions to being able to control those actions in a form designed by the player gave new context to what you did in video games. "As more options are made available in terms

of supporting choice, we follow up by wanting to have more choice in the context of being a player in that game," Guins says.

He cites games like the narratively shallow yet developmentally influential BMX and urban brawling titles of the '90s, games that let you customize your rider or fighter for no other reason besides pure entertainment, as contributing titles in the evolution of the video game character. Today, titles like *Fallout 3*, and the colossally successful *Mass Effect* and *Elder Scrolls* series, have thousands of customizable options that don't simply please an aesthetic need, but go even deeper. They materialize in our characters' personalities, and affect interactions throughout the games' entirety, including dialogue and narrative endings.

"We actually live in our games today," Guins says, sitting back in his chair and matter-of-factly admitting the grip video games are capable of exerting. "When I come across a new game... I'm going to lose track of time, I'm going to lose track of myself.

"I think the more you're brought into the game, if you're asked to spend hours and hours in these games, we need to have things to do. And part of allowing us to spend time and to give us things to do, is to allow us to have

a certain sense of agency in these spaces. Not just reacting to events, but actually being able to contemplate where, when and how we respond to certain events."

A Second Chance

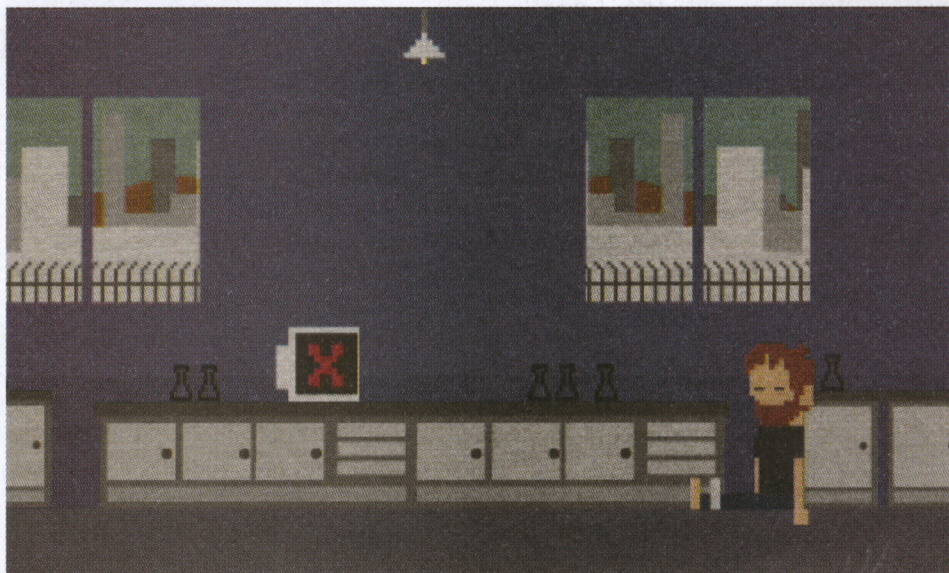
I sit down in front of a new computer with a pang of guilt in my chest. The idea of playing *One Chance* a second time feels like artistic betrayal, as if the horrible choices I forced cancer researcher John Pilgrim to endure on my initial play-through were less real, less devastating. But for the sake of exploring the game's depth, I press on.

This time around, I will be a family man above all else. I cycle through what I now recognize as necessities; my co-worker throws himself off the roof following the realization of our cancer treatment, and I cannot stop him. But I only go to the lab when necessary and opt to stay home with my family at every possible opportunity, resigning myself to a gentle and inevitable end in the company of those I care about most.

With only two days left, I am forced to the lab by way of the game's ever-apparent invisible hand in the form of my pleading co-workers still placing their hope for humanity in a potential cure. But once I arrive, an enraged man blames me for the virus and thrusts forward with a knife. I manage to wrestle it from his hands, but cannot prevent him fleeing.

When I arrive home that night, my house is empty of light and sound. Blood seeps from my wife's corpse in the living room, and my daughter lies lifeless in her bedroom. I enter the house's final room to discover that the assailant from the lab, the murderer of my family, has hung himself. I go to work on my final day, and spend my last breathing moments slipping away on the floor of the laboratory.

I sit and stare at John Pilgrim's corpse and contemplate this alternative, yet equally grisly, end and



the increasingly morally ambiguous undercurrent *One Chance* is channeling. I am beginning to question whether I, as John Pilgrim, really am tasked with trying to find a cure, and how I could do so without letting my wife spiral toward depression.

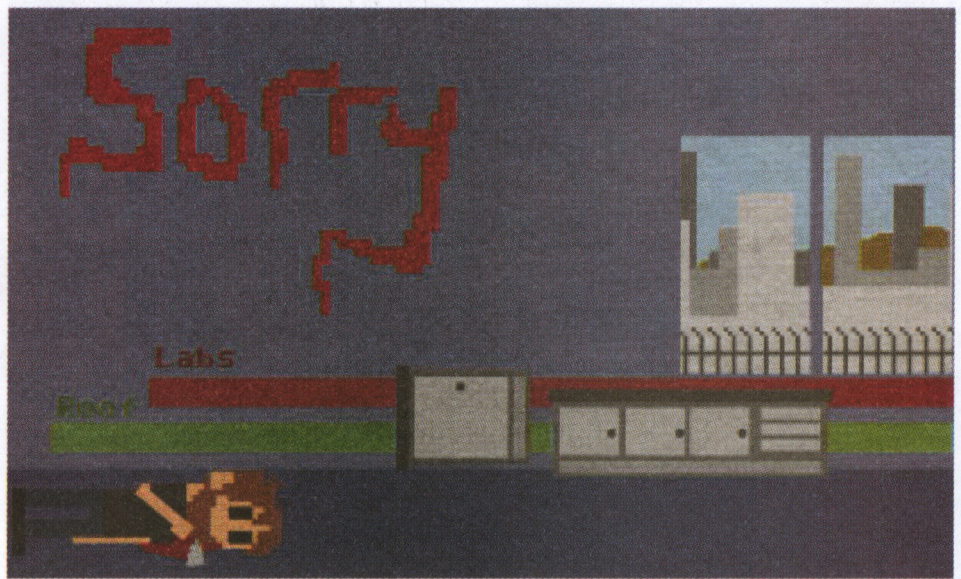
The In-Game "You"

When Chris Ferguson, a psychologist for the American Psychological Association, conducted a comprehensive study on the effects of violent video games on youths in June 2010, the results were not surprising. Video games, even the most violent, had no harmful effects on players beyond the aggravation of preexisting tendencies like hostility and an inability to control anger. Ferguson even compared them to peanut butter—reasonable and harmless for nearly everyone who eats it, given that average people don't eat themselves to death.

But Ferguson admits that psychology hasn't caught up to the complexity of the modern video game. "Because we've been so stuck on this issue on just violent content, we really haven't asked sophisticated questions like, 'Is all violent content the same?'" he says.

His question is one of many residing at the core of morality-based games because it seeks to question more than the barebones motives for our actions in these virtual worlds; it's making us evaluate not just why we choose to act, say, violently or immoral in a situation, but also what that decision and the pattern it belongs to says about us as players.

Ferguson has his own opinions from the great lengths of time spent studying video game playing and constructing comprehensive surveys. "I think it would come down to trying to understand the different motivations people have for playing video games," he admits. Ferguson himself tends to



play the good guy. "I can never quite bring myself to be a jerk. I'm always trying to save the princess and do the right thing."

Johnny Enea, a student at Long Island University and avid gamer, says that he cannot help but choose what he believes to be morally right in the context of a virtual dilemma. *Bioshock*, a 2007 first-person shooter so narratively complex that it successfully imagined an underwater dystopia run by Ayn Rand objectivism, asked players whether or not they would sacrifice the life of young girls in exchange for sucking a vital source of energy from their bodies. Enea discovered that he in fact could not. "I tried to insert myself in that situation, and found myself unable to compromise my moral principles, even if it is a virtual simulation of a fictional universe," he said. "It seems kind of laughable, but I find myself often unable to commit a misdeed in those kinds of games as I don't want my actions to reflect badly upon myself."

"In most games that I play, I'm like a white knight," admits Ian Schafer, a sophomore at Stony Brook University. "It's kind of a compulsion. It will benefit you in a gameplay sense, like people will like you and you'll be able to buy things for cheaper in the game and things like that, but it's also the satisfaction of saving people...a

hero-complex kind of thing." Schafer played *Fable*, one of the first games to be massively marketed as hinging on a "good or evil" system, as good as he could possibly be, achieving 100 percent on the meter that aggregates your actions by the end of the game.

But as with any duality, there is always the other side. "What I think is interesting is that games reveal certain modes of behavior that we may not exhibit in our everyday lives, or anywhere else," Guins says of the polarity.

Roman Levant, a senior at Stony Brook University, played *Fable* entirely differently. "I was a monster, people would just run screaming from me lest they be killed or their wives taken. I did monstrous things, unspeakable things," Levant says with a laugh. "The reason being the escapism. I understand this is a game. I understand that there are no real-life consequences. I find that the behavior in video games is much, much different than in a real, social environment."

Ferguson reinforces this notion that games are a way of exploring different sides of our personalities. "It serves as an exploration of our dark side, and it may be a very safe environment to explore this dark side," he says.

Levant, and millions of other gamers, is proof that video games

cannot force you to act realistically. If the power to choose whether or not one plays a game according to one's real-life moral codes always lies with the player, then a video game, no matter how complex the story is or how deep the tree of choice-making grows, will always be a playground of varying levels of seriousness.

"I think it's really dangerous to say that we always perform morally in games in the way that we perform morally out of games," Guins says. "I think these games allow us to occupy their spaces in radically different ways. And because we're being asked to fork out 60 something dollars, we can approach these games through a plethora of different personalities."

But some games, reared by developers with multiple iterations of a series to build upon, have discovered that a strong narrative may be the key to evoking realistic, strong and emotional connections to not just the plot of a game, but the characters and the actions associated with them. If a game can engross you to a never-before-seen level, then the sophistication of the player's mentality could potentially rise to that of the game.

Tom Bissell, a pioneer in

philosophical game critique and author of *Extra Lives: Why Video Games Matter*, describes the significance of a series called *Mass Effect* in a late chapter of his book. The merits of the series' first two installments (the third is set for a Spring 2012 release) go on and on, from its high-production voice acting and groundbreaking physics engine to its inter-stellar travel and oceans-deep dialogue system.

But perhaps the series' most compelling feature, and the one that sets *Mass Effect* into a class of its own with respect to video game morality, is that every decision you make as the main character in *Mass Effect's* first installment carries over into the second by way of reading your saved file across titles. "It actually makes thing matter," Lavanet says bluntly of *Mass Effect*, illustrating how the series crafted an entirely new sense of gravity when it came to choice making.

Bissell explains that although he knew his decisions would carry over, he made his central character, a male or female human (you get to choose) named Commander Shepherd, an undeniably immoral being with the intent of experimentation in mind.

He would be as rude as possible in conversations, and always explore the extent of his freedom when making choice in an action context. But he had a revelation of sorts when he discovered that the game's engrossing narrative and complex morality system ignited something new within him as a player.

"These games become equally compelling when they force you to edge of some drawn, real-life line of intellectual or moral obligation that, to your mild astonishment, you find you cannot step across even in what is, essentially, a digital

dollhouse for adults," Bissell writes. He is referring to a moment when he refused to let his character purchase a permit for an AI character that would effectively let it preach publicly about religion. "Other mediums may depict necessary (or foolhardy) breaches of such lines, or their foolhardy (or necessary) protection, but only games actually push you to the line's edge and make you live with fictional consequences of your choice."

Even Guins, who openly questions the idea of choice in games with unavoidably limited options and sees the idea of morality as pragmatic and possibly nothing else, admits to moments of transcendence. While playing *Fallout 3*, when Guins' sidekick Faux died, he says he stumbled into a moment of profound loss.

"I realized what made that game fun for me was my partnership with this kind of AI character," he says. "The conversations that Faux and I would have, the way that we would strategically plan our attacks against other super mutants, or to solve certain problems in the game—as soon as I lost that, the game didn't have the same meaning to me."

This type of transcendence—this emotional connection rooted in the difference between life and death, right and wrong, and everything in between—is the very reason video games are no longer questionably art, but artistic reflections of ourselves, our societies and the way we occupy, maneuver and make sense of those environments.

Bissell, in a gut-wrenchingly personal chapter of his book that was subsequently excerpted in *The Guardian* in March 2010, parallels his relationships with cocaine and the completely unhinged, morally ambiguous *Grand Theft Auto IV*, coming to the realization that "maybe all that a game can do is point at the person who is playing it, and maybe this has to be enough."

Bissell's realization strikes at the heart of the topic: that video games, no matter how violent they can be, or

"...maybe all that a game can do is point at the person who is playing it, and maybe this has to be enough."

how narratively complex or simplified they are, or how openly they explore morality, do in fact illustrate facets of our personality in a way no other medium can. But the important thing to keep in mind is that while they do force us to hold a mirror to our subconscious, they also let us bend that reflection to our will.

In games, we are who we want to be, depending on the circumstance, contingent on the context and with as much real-world truth as we see fit. These expansive boundaries make the modern video game more a dynamic, moving snapshot of how we think, react to and evaluate a near-endless amount of situations and ideas. It also explains why it's a medium that will keep continuously evolving as long as entertainment exists.

The Significance of Choice

I begin my final play through of *One Chance* with a mission: I will find a cure. Not only do I feel like I am robbing the game of its creative capacity, but I am also running out of computers to use. I'm told of YouTube videos depicting the different endings, or of ways to get around the one-play mechanism by using other websites or clearing my browser's cache. I ignore the workarounds for the sheer fact of maintaining what little integrity the game has allowed me to maintain and simply hop on my last available computer.

I decide to spend every possible moment I can at the lab, and go through the motions of the first few days. I am not fazed by the suicide, but still reminded of how starkly it arrested the tone and overall feel of the entire game the first time I played. I come to what I now recognize as a pivotal mid-game decision: to spend time with my family or stay at the lab now that the humanity-ending virus has spread. I must keep working.

My wife's suicide comes as no surprise. Maybe it's integral to the path of finding a cure. Maybe she, in the limited and shallow scope of the game's plot, cannot handle the potential of human extinction, no matter what her husband does. John Pilgrim is starting to remind me of the empty shell you fill in *Fallout 3*, or Commander Shepard of *Mass Effect* who will live or die by the end of the series' second installment depending on your choices.

Guins' voice rings in my ears. "In the case of the game, if I choose the wrong option, my character may die." I take my daughter to work with me on the final day, with the now-familiar gaunt filling my face. In the lab, I suddenly fill a needle with liquid and stick myself in the arm. The color returns to my face. Out in the hallway, I administer the cure to my daughter.

The game ends with me sitting quietly on a bench in the park with my daughter. Everything and anything after that is up to my imagination.





CUTS TO THE CAMPUS VOICE

by Alyssa Melillo

On the second floor of the Student Union, journalism major Ari Davanelos sits in the office of Stony Brook's long-running radio station, WUSB. The room is dimly lit, its walls lined with posters of various bands. A tall cabinet is covered with colorful stickers bearing the names and signals of other radio stations.

The room defines the station itself: edgy and eclectic—a personality that has made WUSB widely popular on campus and off.

But despite that popularity, the station is struggling. This year the Undergraduate Student Government cut WUSB's finances by roughly \$9,000, from a budget of \$72,000 last year to the station's current one of \$63,000. As recently as the 2009-2010 academic year, WUSB received over \$80,000, making the cuts over the past two years total about \$25,000.

Davanelos, WUSB's program director, says the cuts are detrimental to the station's operations.

"They affect us in a whole slew of ways," he says. "We already run on a shoestring. Cutting our funding prevents us from doing our job."

WUSB's budget is used to pay bills—a \$1,000 monthly Verizon phone bill and a \$4,500 monthly lease on a transmitter tower. Additionally, the station pays satellite fees and a fee to run its Integrated Service Digital Network line, which is used to broadcast to other stations. And because WUSB uses old equipment, including a 1967 analog board, repairs are frequent and costly, Davanelos says. He adds

that deejays sometimes use their own money to replace damaged equipment.

Because WUSB does not advertise, it holds donation drives. Years ago it would receive as much as \$55,000 in donations from listeners across the country. But with the slumping economy, Davanelos says, donations have dropped to around \$22,000. The station used to put those donated funds towards updating equipment, but now the money is only used to pay the bills the station's budget cannot cover.

But WUSB is not the only student media group at Stony Brook with a shrinking budget. USG cut about \$66,000 from the seven funded student-run media outlets this year. Isabel Breheny-Schafer, Assistant Director for Student Media, says that for the past three years funding to student media groups has dwindled significantly, and many groups have faced problems with USG. In the 2010-2011 academic year, the Statesman, which also relies on advertising revenue, lost almost all of its funding, forcing the paper to limit its publishing from twice a week to once a week. SBU-TV, the campus-wide television station, saw its budget freeze last spring after USG took it over to refurbish it.

Breheny-Schafer says she is worried about whether or not this trend will continue.

"My concern is, if this keeps happening, then there will be no more campus journalism," she says. "They won't be able to cover as much campus news."

Student media groups use their budgets differently

than other funded clubs and organizations. Rather than using funds to host events or pay for trips, they use theirs strictly for operational purposes. Print publications such as *The Statesman* and *The Press* pay for camera equipment, office supplies and layout software along with printing fees every time they publish. Even online publications have to pay for domain space as well as camera equipment and office supplies.

Broadcast media groups, however, normally require higher budgets because their equipment is more expensive and they are required to pay additional fees in order to broadcast.

USG Treasurer Thomas Kirnbauer says USG did not specifically target student media outlets when forming this year's budget.

"We do not cut clubs/organizations based on the service they provide to the campus," he says. "Therefore, to say we are doing so or to ask if media groups will get their budget cut further is completely under false pretenses."

But many of Breheny-Schafer's concerns stretch beyond the funding of student media. Many of the groups' memberships, including SBU-TV, are increasing, but budget cuts mean fewer resources will be available to students so they all can participate and voice their concerns on campus.

The assistant director says she is also concerned about the new financial bylaws, which became effective last semester. Section 118, Subsection 6 of the legislation states that every club and organization must host at least one event on campus each semester that is entirely or partly funded by the Student Activity Fee. In January, the Asian American Journal lost its budget of at least \$2,800; on USG's website Kirnbauer writes that this occurred because the group violated the bylaw. While Breheny-Schafer worries about how this will affect other student media, Kirn-

"As far as I know there has been little effort by USG in terms of trying to restructure SBU-TV."

bauer says AAJ lost its funding because it didn't spend any money at all.

"I interpreted the rule very, very loosely," he says. "As long as the media groups spent some amount of money, I didn't consider it a violation of the rules."

But perhaps the most questionable of USG's actions concerning student media, and the one that troubles Breheny-Schafer, is its acquisition of SBU-TV. Last spring, after SBU-TV allocated for more equipment so it could

stream some of its content digitally, USG found that the station's service was outdated. The organization passed the Reformation of SBU Television Act, acquiring the station and freezing its budget so it could not operate. The act states that USG will restructure the station, but SBU-TV President Andy Mavra says there's been little process.

"As far as I know there has been little effort by USG in terms of trying to restructure SBU-TV," Mavra says. "And if there have been efforts they have all been done without discussing it with the currently existing members of the club. As far as I know USG has not used our studios for anything productive or in favor of other students since they kicked us out."

Mavra, a cinema and cultural studies major, says that any progress with the station's reformation is thanks to members of SBU-TV. Although the station is technically still recognized as a club and still holds meetings, it has no definitive meeting space, useable budget or access to its equipment. Mavra says more people have expressed interest in helping it regain activity.

"From the time our studios got closed down SBU-TV has made it clear that we are open to the idea of change and want to work with USG to help turn SBU-TV into the more open, student-friendly organization they claimed they wanted," he says, "But in the year that has passed little to no effort has been done to achieve that."

"We understand that money is being cut from most clubs, especially in the media department, but our main goal is to simply get the use of our studio and already-owned equipment back," he adds.

USG President Mark Maloof could not be reached for a comment.

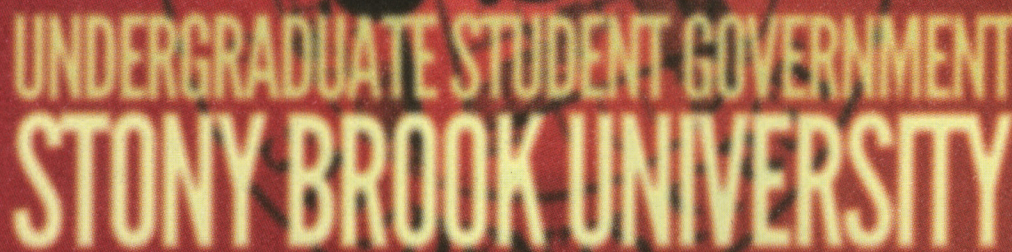
Breheny-Schafer and Davnelos say the way USG handles Stony Brook's student media needs to change. Both agree that USG is potentially preventing students from developing crucial job skills. Many Stony Brook alumni have gone on to obtain jobs at well-known, respected news media outlets because of their involvement with student-run media organizations. Scott Higham, once a writer for *The Press*, long before the School of Journalism was established, is now a Pulitzer Prize-winning investigative reporter for *The Washington Post*. Shivana Harriram, the current news director at WUSB, got a job with News 12 because the station knew of the news pieces she aired.

"College is supposed to be a sandbox," Davnelos says. "It's supposed to provide you with real-world tools. Stuff like these budget cuts are totally [preventing that]."

The program director suggests that USG may not understand how crucial funding is to the way student media groups operate. "They're completely ignorant," Davnelos says. "If they weren't ignorant, we wouldn't be in this situation."

"We provide a valuable service," he continues, "They're completely preventing that."

REVISED
LAWS,
REVISED
AGAIN



USG
UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT GOVERNMENT
STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY

by Trevor Christian

HOME ABOUT PEOPLE SERVICES DOCUMENTS BUDGET ALLOCATE ACADEMICS

By the time Undergraduate Student Government President Mark Maloof issued an executive order calling for the new financial bylaws to be placed under review, 15 of Stony Brook's clubs had been defunded, including the local chapter of Habitat for Humanity.

The clubs were defunded on January 16 after being found in violation of a section of the new bylaws that states that clubs that don't use USG funding to host at least one event during the course of a semester will lose their funding pending a senate appeal.

Maloof, however, says that the idea of revising the financial bylaws had been in the works before then.

"I think when you have clubs being unhappy for an entire semester that's unacceptable," he said.

The current financial bylaws, a set of rules and regulations that dictates how Stony Brook's more than 200 USG-recognized clubs can spend their money, were written over the summer by USG Treasurer Thomas Kirnbauer and former USG Vice President of Student Life Allen Abraham, who resigned last semester over a scandal involving assistant pay.

According to a number of sources in USG, the bylaws were shaped in large part by threats of a lawsuit from Young Americans for Freedom, a conservative organization whose chapter on campus would have otherwise failed to receive funding last year.

In an effort to promote a more "viewpoint neutral" method of funding clubs, Kirnbauer and Abraham created a number of per-year and per-event spending caps for specific items, but the caps have proven to be unpopular.

Laura Drapkin, a member of the LGBTA, a group that has

regularly spoken out against Kirnbauer and the new bylaws, said that the wisdom of the caps has also been called into question by other members of USG.

"I don't particularly understand [the caps], so that's something I'm willing to look at," Maloof said.

He said he feels that the caps stifle creativity and encourage clubs to ask for the maximum allowable amount of money for items in their budget.

"It becomes a shopping list and we want clubs to think outside of the box," he said.

While Maloof and Kirnbauer may disagree about what's wrong with the financial bylaws, they do agree that changes need to be made. Both also explained that regulations are always unpopular, although some do indeed need to be lifted.

Maloof, for example, is focused on allowing clubs to be able to throw mid-sized events, which he described as costing between \$5,000-15,000. Under the current bylaws, only the Student Activities Board would be able to put on such a large event.

Kirnbauer said he was unaware of Maloof's idea. He did, however, say that there would not be a major overhaul of the bill, but that changes seemed appropriate.

"Everything could use a bit of tweaking," Kirnbauer said.

He also said he was glad that Maloof has appointed him to be, according to the executive order, Chief Consultant to the Commission.

Maloof, however, pointed out that Kirnbauer was in an advisory role, even if it was the role of chief advisor, and that any final decisions would come from the office of the

president. The commission of students charged with evaluating and recommending changes to the bylaws would only be giving him a list of suggestions. He said that making the changes could be a semester long process.

Kirnbauer said that the bylaws have proven to be flexible in the past. When Black Womyn's Weekend and the Commuter Student Organization complained about the \$5,000 dollar limit on fashion shows, Kirnbauer said he found a solution.

"The \$5,000 cap won't include USG expenses," he recalled saying to them. USG expenses include ticket office and event planning fees. "If you don't include that, they did stay within their limit."

Maloof also trumpeted the fashion shows as an example of how making small changes to financial bylaws could allow them to function much better. He said in that case, club input had helped them adjust the bylaws.

As part of his executive order, Maloof has called for a number of town hall meetings, for which he is currently attempting to secure space. He says he hopes to hold the meetings soon.

"I want as many people to have input in this as possible," Maloof said.

In the past, there have been communication difficulties between clubs and the USG.

Drapkin said that her club's attempts to object to the new law were both ignored by USG.

"We were actually allocated time to speak [at the USG Senate meeting,] but the meeting was cancelled," Drapkin said. She described another instance in which Kirnbauer failed to attend a meeting that members of the LGBTA scheduled with him.

Thursday night was an example of how slowly senate business can move. Of the ten club that filed appeals, only four got to speak before time ran out. All four won their appeals.

"With the rule that said we could remove clubs, we also made it so that the Senate could reinstate clubs," Kirnbauer said, describing the process as fair. He said that since the law was new, some senators felt uncomfortable imposing any harsh penalties on the clubs.

Kirnbauer said that the ten clubs filed appeals for very different reasons, most stemming from confusion about the bylaws.

The Marine Sciences Club quickly acknowledged that they had made a mistake the previous semester.

"We were planning on joint-hosting an event with Sigma-Iota-Sigma last semester," said Brian Gallagher, a junior and the club's vice president, "but we had a miscommunication about which club was allocating for that."

As a result, the event fell through.

Gallagher said that his club was unaware of how serious the penalties were for not hosting an event, and that he wasn't clear about the new financial bylaws.

"We have a lot of events planned for this semester to

compensate," he said.

Animated Perspectives, another club that was found in violation of the bylaws, was more confused by Kirnbauer's decision. They were able to provide proof that they held an event, a movie screening in the Student Activities Center.

The movie screening did not require any USG money, and Animated Perspectives did not spend money on food, in part because they were trying to save more of their already reduced budget.

Club members, some of whom had been playing Yu-Gi-Oh cards and others Super Smash Bros. Melee, left their games to search for a flier that promoted the movie screening and was approved by USG, which they allowed *The Press* to scan.

"I think when you have clubs being unhappy for an entire semester that's unacceptable."

Michael LaBombard, a member of Animated Perspectives, said that he disagreed with the restrictive nature of the financial bylaws, pointing out that not all clubs were designed to host specific events.

"This club is an event every single day," LaBombard said of Animated Perspectives. The club, which is set up in club alley in the Union basement, generally has a number of students using its televisions, tables or libraries at any time of the day. "If you don't count that as an event," he said, "then I really don't think it's quite fair."

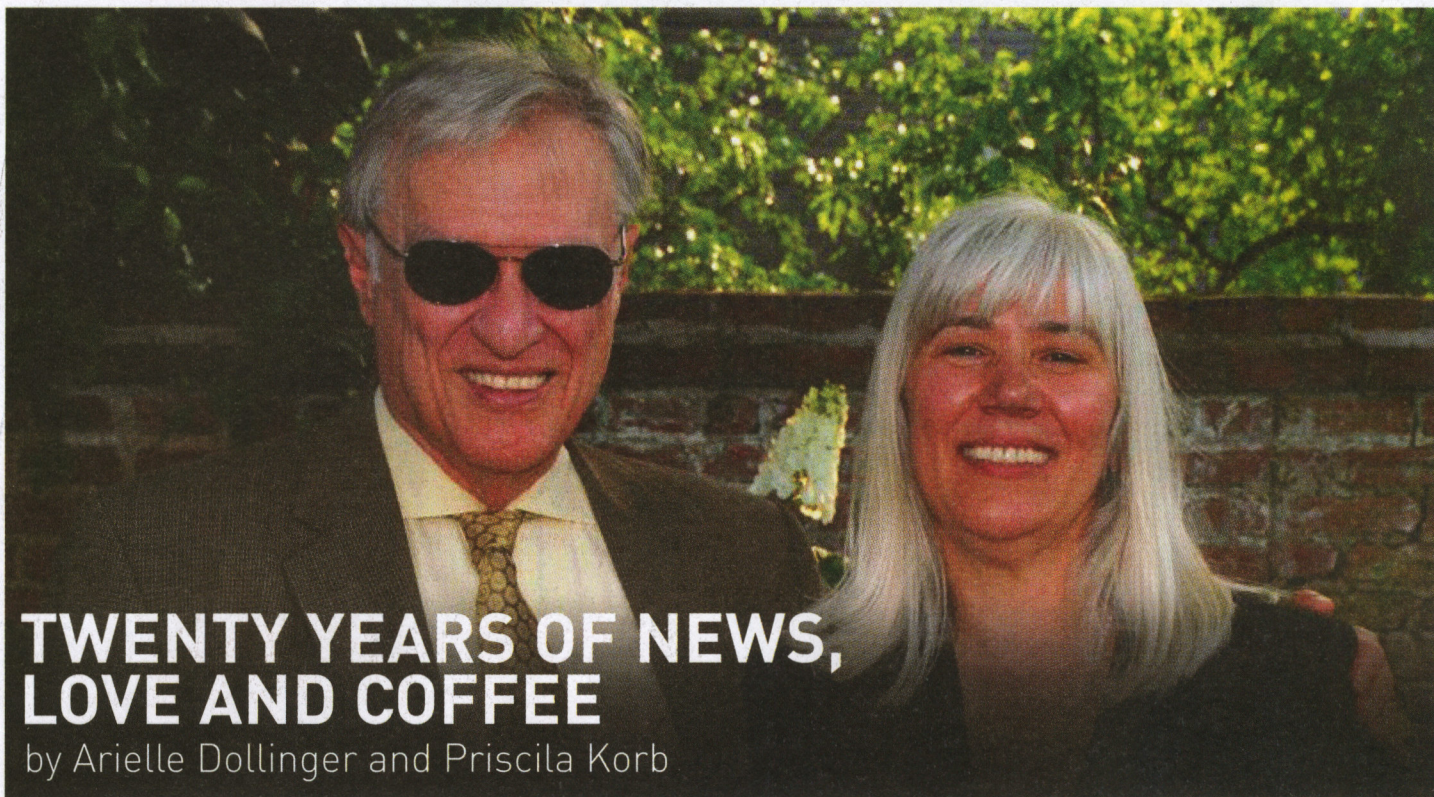
Kirnbauer acknowledged this, saying that he decided not to charge some clubs with violating the rules even though they hadn't spent USG money. An example he used were dance clubs.

"I didn't even include dance teams into this because all the dance troops perform a lot on campus." He said that they will often perform at other people's events. Clubs that regained funding in fall revisions were also exempt from the rule.

Both LaBombard and Gallagher said they were happy that Maloof decided to review the law.

President Maloof indicated that he would change the way he did business this semester and that this executive order would be a sign of things to come.

"I spent a lot of time my first semester trying not to step on people's toes," Maloof said. "Now, with a semester under my belt and with the work that I've done talking to club leaders, I think I'm in a better position to affect change."



TWENTY YEARS OF NEWS, LOVE AND COFFEE

by Arielle Dollinger and Priscila Korb

Irene Virag looks at the line of people waiting at Starbucks as her husband, Harvey Aronson, settles himself at a table.

"I already know what you want," Irene says, smiling at Harvey, and he reciprocates the gesture.

"We love Starbucks," Harvey says while Irene stands on the line, "and I drink decaf. With soy."

Every time they travel, the two make an effort to find a Starbucks. The couple has even been to one in Paris and the original in Seattle, Harvey proudly reports.

"I'm the addict; he just drinks decaf," Irene says when she gets back to the table.

Harvey, 82, and Irene, 56, have spent almost every day together since Irene's first day at Newsday in 1982, they say. Harvey was an editor and Irene a reporter who had just moved to Long Island from Texas. Harvey was 50 years old and Irene was 25.

"I was a skinny... punky kid," said Irene, a Pulitzer Prize-winner who is now a bright-eyed, pink-cheeked woman with shoulder-length silver hair and a smile warm enough to melt a glacier.

Harvey had returned to Newsday just one month earlier after spending a twelve-year period freelancing and writing books.

He said he was immediately taken by Irene's work.

"The way she wrote touched me," he said. "I think there are great similarities in the way we write."

After working together as a reporter and editor for eight years, they began to date.

"We were both always with other people during the eight years of our working relationship," Irene said.

But, suddenly, she said, they were both unattached.

"We went to see *The Silence of the Lambs*," Irene said in an e-mail. "When we realized we were holding hands, we both started laughing."

Harvey said he had always seen something in her—he thinks he had feelings for Irene for a while during their work relationship but chose not to acknowledge them.

He was impressed by her attention to detail, noting that she would come back from reporting and he would ask her for the color of the rug in the room she was in, to test her, just for fun.

"And she always knew," he said, a look of awe and reflection in his eyes.

According to Richard Firstman, who currently teaches journalism at Stony Brook and was one of the writers Harvey mentored at Newsday, Harvey has a soft spot for a certain writing style.

"I think that Irene's particular writing really must have been the first thing that won his heart because she's such a wonderful writer and really does write from the heart," Firstman said. "And I think that's the way to Harvey's heart."

Firstman does not know when Harvey's feelings for Irene began to grow, because Harvey took so well to being a mentor and treated all of the young writers with the same degree of sweetness.

"I guess at some point it just became something different for him," Firstman said.

Harvey, Firstman said, was always one to follow his heart.

"He did in this case, that's for sure, and they have just a really great love story—a very long-lasting one," he said.

Harvey and Irene's professional relationship ended as soon as they began to date, but he never stopped being her editor.

The twenty-five year age difference used to trouble Harvey, now reaching his 20th anniversary with Irene.

"I used to worry terribly that I was too old," he said, "that I'd die and she would be left alone."

But the couple does not worry about that anymore.

Two or three years after being married, Irene was diagnosed with breast cancer—a scare that made them see that health problems were not reserved for the elder member of the couple.

Almost two years ago, Harvey underwent a triple bypass open heart surgery.

"We keep relearning that lesson to sort of treasure every day," Irene said.

One of Harvey's daughters, Irene's stepdaughter, is a year older than Irene. According to Harvey, his daughter once said she sees Irene as a friend.

"None of them call me Mom," Irene said with a smile. "Thank God. I'd giggle."

But according to Irene, age does not matter in a relationship.

"It's hard to be happy in this world, and so, if somebody makes you happy, it doesn't matter what their age is."

Neither expected the relationship to grow in the beginning.

"I just couldn't believe I was going out with Irene. I thought, 'wow,'" said Harvey.

Irene thought the same thing, she said, but it was a different kind of "wow."

"Never say never," she said, "because you really never know what's next, what kind of weird twist fate is gonna take, and suddenly you're married to your long-time editor."

In 2006, Howard Schneider, dean of Stony Brook University's School of Journalism, who worked with the couple at Newsday, asked the two to join the faculty as founding members.

"He came to our house and sweet-talked us," Harvey said.

According to Irene, it was the couple's idea to teach together. It was the first question they asked.

The dean approved, and they have now served as teachers and mentors to many students. They even stay in touch with numerous pupils—they like to follow their careers.

Carl Carrie, who graduated from SBU in 2009 with a degree in journalism, took two classes taught by Harvey and Irene during his time at the university. He, Harvey and Irene have kept in touch ever since.

Carrie now works in social media and marketing at St. Johns University.



They are "two of the kindest and most thoughtful people [he's] ever met," and the best storytellers he has ever known, he said.

"When my uncle was battling cancer, [Irene] was always there for me," Carrie said. "The two of them have that trait that they know when people just need someone to listen, or when they need some advice."

Irene even called to keep Carrie updated after Harvey had his emergency heart surgery.

"She told me Harvey told her to 'tell Carl we'll make it to his engagement party,' which was a month or two away," Carrie said. "I spoke to him at length a week or two later, and in his classic sarcastic, but never condescending, tone, he told me, 'I'm having a great day. I walked all the way to the mailbox! I'll be at your engagement party even though you are too young to get married.'"

Harvey and Irene did make it to the engagement party—Harvey wearing his trademark cowboy hat.

"As much as [Harvey] makes fun of love, he is the most in-love person I've ever met," Carrie said.

Carrie had only positive things to say about the pair; they taught him countless life lessons. He recalled a night when he needed help with a piece that he was submitting for award eligibility, and Harvey and Irene worked through it with him for an hour, starting at 9:45PM.

"If you want to know how great Harvey and Irene are, know this," he said. "I'm sitting in my living room with a bunch of people watching the Superbowl, and yet, I'd rather talk about them."

People often ask the two how Harvey and Irene can stand being around each other all day, but they agreed that being around each other all the time has never been a prob-

lem.

Irene remembers being puzzled at the fact that some couples at Newsday chose not to eat lunch together—she and Harvey would eat lunch together every day.

"Once in class, someone asked me what was the greatest, I guess, story I ever covered or the greatest thing I'd ever done, and there are stories that stuck out, but I said 'marrying Irene,'" Harvey reminisced.

He sarcastically acknowledged that he does have other options.

"If I wanted to make a fortune, I could go to Florida and exploit elderly women," he said. "I mean, I have my hair, I don't have any false teeth, I know how to dance."

But he already has his two loves: Irene and writing, which they agreed brought them together.

"I take such pride in her work," Harvey said.

"We're each other's sounding boards for writing," Irene added.

They edit each other and are both active writers.

Throughout their relationship, they have discovered that they have read many of the same authors.

"We've melded our libraries," Harvey said.

Harvey smiles with recognition as Irene begins telling a story. They finish each other's thoughts and Harvey whispers into Irene's ear. Irene looks at Harvey like he is the most precious and intriguing specimen in the world; and she takes care of him. They have inside jokes and share looks that are telling to one another but mysterious to anyone else. They are the embodiment of the clichés of romantic comedies and Nicholas Sparks novels.

"I think we're partners in the truest sense of the word," Irene said.

Irene's bag holds all that she needs to take care of both herself and Harvey, including matching granola bars and a worn brown case labeled, "Harvey: Reading glasses."

But there is one significant difference between the characters of movies and books and Harvey and Irene — Harvey and Irene are real.

SOME ADVICE FROM HARVEY & IRENE

"It's hard to be happy in this world,
and so if somebody makes you happy, it doesn't matter what their age is."

-- Irene Virag

"Never say never, because you really never know what's next,
what kind of weird twist fate is gonna take,
and suddenly you're married to your long-time editor."

-- Irene Virag

"Be open to other places. You can always find your way
back to New York if that's where your heart is."

-- Irene Virag

"Don't get involved with someone who won't move for you."

-- Harvey Aronson

"Don't get married until you're thirty."

-- Harvey Aronson

"Don't sell yourself short."

-- Harvey Aronson

A SUBPAR FILM, PLUS 9/11

by Trevor Christian

EVEN AFTER MORE THAN A DECADE, it's difficult to know how to approach to the events of September 11th, 2001.



As *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* demonstrates, many aren't ready to see the tragedy as the backdrop to a fantasy or, for that matter, as Oscar bait.

The star-studded film, based on the (far superior) novel by Jonathan Safran Foer and directed by Stephen Daldry, awkwardly switches between a talented cast at the top of their game reacting to an unexpected loss and an implausible, coincidence-driven treasure hunt plot line that wouldn't even be satisfying in a children's movie.

Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close tells the story of Oskar (Thomas Horn), a boy on a desperate search for a piece of his father (Tom Hanks), who died when the north tower of the World Trade Center collapsed. Believing that a key labeled "Black" that he found in his father's closet could lead him to the long-lost sixth borough of New York City, Oskar attempts to contact everyone with the last name Black in the city, all while forging a relationship with his mute grandfather and trying to keep both journeys a secret from his mother (Sandra Bullock).

Newcomer Horn dominates the 150-minute movie, and generally does an excellent job acting. He comes across as years younger when he narrates, as he trades in his emotional perceptiveness and conversational tone for short sentences and a wooden performance.

Horn was representative of the entire film. Despite strong performances from all of the actors involved, storytelling devices like the narration and tastelessly edited flashbacks of 9/11 consistently remind the audience that

it's in a theater watching a movie. Not one of the other eight Oscar-nominated films, not even the misguided *The Help*, struggles so much at an editorial level.

The subject matter only increased the pressure on the film to perform. While Oliver Stone's *World Trade Center* approached 9/11 by telling a true and inspirational story, Daldry was the first to release a high-profile fictionalized account of the tragedy, and he may have paid the price for it.

The film is not without its good decisions. What the key eventually opens is both realistic and works to connect the losses on 9/11 to losses that most viewers would have experienced. Characters like the man who gave too many hugs and the obnoxious doorman (John Goodman) give the film much-needed comic relief.

But ultimately, *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* is too poorly done to be recommendable, let alone be nominated for an Academy Award. In the last half hour, a montage of the same almost-unknown side characters plays out three times, seemingly introducing the audience to a whole assortment of new people just enough so that viewers will feel bad and break out into tears.

By that point in the film, the powerful, silent moments that were driven by the emotions surrounding 9/11 are gone. The director's numerous attempts to milk the weak storyline for extra smiles or tears fall flat, and his attempt to give the film a happy ending for the sake of having one came far closer to inducing groans than satisfaction.

THE GREY



by Mike Pedersen

From the first preview released, *The Grey* was marketed essentially as the next *Taken*: an action-packed thriller with Liam Neeson trudging through Alaska wiping out local fauna in a rampage of revenge.

However, the film has been mis-marketed. If you are going to see this film expecting *Taken*, you'll be met with something completely different than what you hoped for.

The film follows Ottway (Liam Neeson), a marksman for an Alaskan oil company whose job is to prevent wolves from attacking the workers. Ottway and a small group of other workers board an airplane to go out on leave, but the plane suffers an engine failure mid-flight and crashes, leaving Ottway and seven other survivors in the middle of nowhere.

Unfortunately, a pack of wolves doesn't take too kindly to a plane crashing in their territory and quickly takes down the survivor count to six. Ottway, the resident wolf expert, takes charge of the group and leads them to start walking back to civilization.

This is where the film begins to go downhill. It turns into a formulaic man versus wild tale, with the wolves and the wilderness occasionally picking the survivors off one by one as they trudge on. The wolves don't feel like an imminent threat. Other than their howling in the night, they don't really appear until it's time for a clean-up kill on someone who was already injured. Later on, the movie throws a curveball when the survivors start to obsess over existentialist questions, like "what's the point?" or "who's next?"

The film does have its merits. The performances, especially Liam Neeson's commanding presence as the lead, are quite good. The supporting cast also pro-

vides quality acting, each fitting into their roles nicely.

Unfortunately, the supporting roles are clichés. You have the rebellious guy with the dark past who lashes out against the group's hierarchy, the guy who refrains from speaking for no particular reason, and the guy with the family (making his death all the more tragic). The film doesn't do much to develop the other characters out of these paradigms.

The Grey is a winner in the cinematography department. Some of the shots, especially the long distance shots in the wilderness, with cold mountain vistas in the backdrop, look stunning on the big screen. The lighting and use of cold blue filters really provides a convincing sense of immersion in the environment.

There are also a few very strong scenes—particularly the plane crash, which is probably the scariest crash I've ever seen on screen—and a shocking scene in the aftermath when Ottway encourages a mortally wounded man to let go, much to the horror of the rest of the survivors.

I had a lot of trouble figuring out if I liked the ending of the movie, and I still find myself conflicted. Artistically, it's a great ending, but I still feel like I was cheated. The movie builds up to a tense climax and then cuts to the credits at the height of the suspense. A scene after the credits provides some true closure.

The Grey is an aptly named film, as it often finds itself wavering between greatness and unwatchability. A truly strong anchoring performance by Liam Neeson as well as excellent cinematography show great promise, but the film's derivative survival plot and poorly developed supporting cast really keep it from reaching any great heights.



by Liz Kaempf

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

Pre-teens far and wide ventured out in droves for the opening night of *Harry Potter 8* ...uh, I mean, *The Woman in Black*, a ghost thriller starring everyone's favorite tortured wizard, Daniel Radcliffe. It takes some time to get past the fact that the children in the audience are going to make a variety of spell-casting and Hermione jokes throughout the movie, but once it gets to the scary parts they all shut their mouths and huddle together in fear.

The movie is set in the late 19th- to early 20th century in a small English town. The hero, Arthur Kipps (Radcliffe), is sent away from his home and son in order to settle the unreasonable mountains of paperwork left behind by the deceased owners of the Eel Marsh House. In typical haunted house fashion, it is surrounded by ocean fog, covered in rotting vines and comes complete with a personal family graveyard in the back.

Eel Marsh House, situated pleasantly on Nine Lives Causeway, is strictly off-limits per the easily startled and vaguely angry townsfolk. When Arthur gets to the town, he is immediately and inexplicably shunned by the residents, who are too terrified to even think of the house, let alone explain to a city gentleman why it is forbidden, and a series of unexplained casualties does not help to loosen their lips.

The first half of the film does move pretty slowly, giving only small tastes of eerie happenings, like shadows on the wall, mysterious figures in the distance, and loud, unexpected noises. A relatively consistent low rumbling in the background creates an unsettling feeling that persists throughout the movie, while the first half of the rocking chair scene makes the audience sickeningly anxious and

makes you wish Arthur could just say *alohomora* to open that damn locked door already. It is a great build-up, because once the mystery of the "woman in black" begins to unfold, things get intense and terrifying. And then just when you think it's over, you get blindsided by yet another twist.

The film itself is constructed in a very delicately creepy way and does not violently throw horror and gore in your face like contemporary American cinema often does. It harkens back to an early Gothic time period when, even in the face of the supernatural, the characters were intent on using logic and reason to explain everything. In this way viewers may mistake Radcliffe's lack of emotion for bad acting, but in actuality he perfectly portrays the stoic façade worn by the British in the face of the unknown. Later on he manages a strange balance between rational and mentally unhinged that he uses to find a solution to the ghost problem at Eel Marsh.

The motifs of mirrors and reflections in the film are vital to scaring you out of your shoes and constant close-ups on characters' wedding bands denote a strong theme of the importance of family to Arthur and the townspeople, and also as the fuel that ignites the "woman in black's" lust for vengeance.

The specter's hollow and necrotic face, bloodcurdling screams and a myriad of disturbing old-world toys crank this movie from a seven to a fifteen on the creepy scale and make it well-worth your eleven dollars. Also, Dan Radcliffe is still handsome, blue-eyed and British, and we Americans love to see pretty people in pain.



America loves award shows. Whether we watch them as pure spectacles, or in the hopes that they will end up vindicating our tastes, or just to see how the fuck Lady Gaga can even manage to walk in that for God's sake, the painfully arduous process of handing out definitive rankings to completely subjective works of art is more popular than ever.

Of course, some are taken more seriously than others. I'm sure Barbra Streisand's two Oscars are somewhere on a prominent shelf, while her Peoples' Choice Awards are in a crushed cardboard box in her basement. Her Grammy Awards, however, could be anywhere.

Though they bill themselves as music's de-facto equivalent to the Academy Awards, the legitimacy of the Grammys is far beneath even MTV's Video Music Awards. Everyone from Nine Inch Nails' Trent Reznor, Justin Vernon of Bon Iver, and 50 Cent have had harsh words for the pathetically out-of-touch Grammy ceremony, which almost always neglects truly groundbreaking music forms in favor of go-to radio favorites that your mom listens to when she drives you to soccer practice. Look at this year's Best Album nominees: Rihanna, Foo Fighters, Bruno Mars, Lady Gaga and Adele. Notice anything?

All of these artists' latest albums cracked the top three positions on the Billboard Charts, a feat accomplished by only a handful of the tens of thousands of releases every year. Does this suggest that the public's taste is in virtual unison with that of supposed taste-makers and critics? Don't kid yourself. Fifteen years ago, the "Macarena" took the nation by storm. What the fuck do we know?

The VMA's are far more respectable than the Grammys because they at least have the decency to admit what they really are: a chance for the industry to congratulate the art-

ists who made them the most money that year.

Some may point to Arcade Fire's surprise win for Best Album last February, which prompted hoards of the culturally uninformed to ponder "who are the Arcade Fries and why did they take Eminem's award?!", as a sign of the judges gaining relevancy. But their album "The Suburbs," despite being on an independent label, falls perfectly in line with past winners: a chart-topping, parent-friendly release that can be artistically comprehended by someone over the age of 60.

The Academy Awards, however, have the exact opposite problem of the Grammys. They are so extraordinarily attuned to the most admirable and groundbreaking films of the year, that they often alienate the general public. Take this year's most nominated film *The Artist*, a mostly silent, black-and-white French film which has barely broken even on its budget. How many people have honestly seen this movie?

The Oscars' insistence on artistic integrity has ultimately hurt its popularity; last year saw yet another drop in ratings for the ceremony, despite youth-friendly hunk James Franco hosting. Is it their fault? Not exactly. The state of the movie industry has split films in two broad categories: stereotypical genre films that pander to the lowest common denominator and artistic films that pander to film snobs. Nowadays, there's rarely a film that can achieve both box office and critical success, making the Academy Awards judges choose sides.

The Grammys and Oscars are polarized. While the Grammy Awards have no integrity, they're laughing all the way to the bank with ratings that have been consistently rising over the past decade. The Oscars' ratings have been falling for years, in perfect line with their fall into obscurity.

TIME FREAK

by Mike Pedersen



THE WINNER OF THE JUNY AWARD for Best Short at the 2011 Stony Brook Film Festival,

Time Freak, is in contention for the same award at the 84th Academy Awards on Sunday, February 26.

It's a comedy about a neurotic inventor who builds a time machine and gets caught up traveling around yesterday.

"The Academy Award Nomination feels amazing," said Andrew Bowler, director of the short. "It's not something we thought possible when we started this process, so it's just unreal to now be in this position."

The nominations were announced online on January 24, after which Bowler and the producer, Gigi Causey, turned on their cameras and filmed themselves as they read the list, bursting out in excitement as they saw *Time Freak's* nomination.

"I hope he wins," said Alan Inkles, Director of the Staller Center and founder of the Stony Brook Film Festival. "It's one of the better short films we've shown in the 17 years."

This is not the first time a short film that won at the Stony Brook Film Festival has been nominated for an Oscar. *West Bank Story*, which won the grand prize at Stony Brook in 2005, went on to win the

Best Live Action Short award at the 79th Academy Awards.

The festival, now in its 17th year, has been growing steadily in both size and fame, gaining a reputation for "treating filmmakers so well," according to Bowler.

"It's like a mini-Sundance here," said Inkles.

Bowler said he was very happy that he got the opportunity to screen the film at the Stony Brook Film Festival, although he was unable to attend. In his stead, the lead actor, Michael Nathanson, attended the festival.

"He called me after to say what a great crowd there was and how the huge theater was packed full of people who all seemed to really respond to the film," Bowler said. "Days later I found out we had won the Jury Award for Best Short film and that the festival was going to fly me out to accept in person.

"We were more than halfway through our festival run at that point," he continued, "so I remember accepting that award and thinking to myself, 'This may be the best moment in the run of *Time Freak* so enjoy it.'"

The filmmakers have remained energetic throughout *Time Freak's* run.

"We've been bouncing off the walls with excitement ever since the nominations were announced," Bowler said. "Gigi and I still look at each other every now and then and shake our heads in disbelief. The whole thing still doesn't feel real."

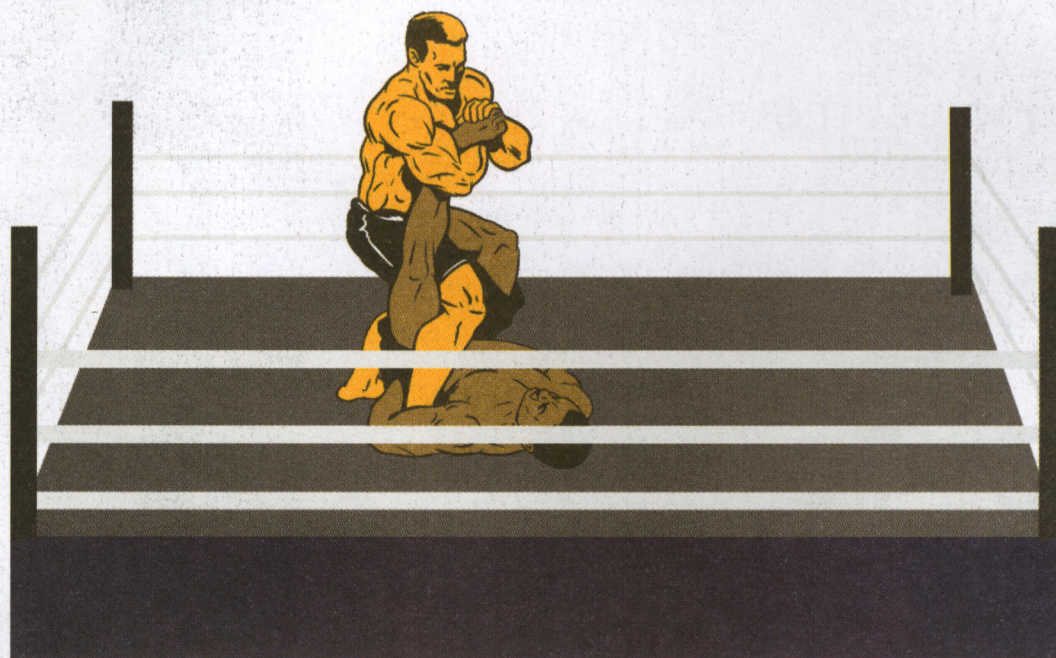
Review by Andy Polhamus

Before the independently-produced short film *Time Freak* was nominated for an Oscar, it was screened at the 2011 Stony Brook Film Festival.

For something that was shown at Stony Brook, it's shockingly good; the entire 11-minute movie consists of a conversation between two friends, one of whom has just invented a time machine. But the scientific breakthrough proves unimpressive when it comes out that the inventor has spent the last year and a half doing nothing but trying to fix the innumerable awkward conversations he's slumped through in his signature dorky fashion.

With unabashedly cheesy special effects and tightly constructed dialogue, *Time Freak* contains a depth and honesty that far surpasses its tiny budget. Like a cleaned up, sci-fi version of Kevin Smith's slacker classic *Clerks*, at its core, this is a charming story about two friends talking about normal life that sheds a humorous light not only a socially inept young scientist, but the strained nature of everyday personal interactions in 21st century society.

FIGHT FOR THE OSCAR



Best Picture: *The Artist*

The Artist has become the critical darling going into the Oscars. In an era when alleged blockbusters rule the multiplex, it would be nice to see the Academy honor a bold and creative movie such as this. It looks like a lock to become first black-and-white film to win in any category since *Schindler's List* in 1993.

Other nominees:

The Descendants
Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close
The Help

Hugo

Midnight in Paris
Moneyball
The Tree of Life
War Horse

Actor in a Leading Role: Jean Dujardin
The Artist

Reeling off a Best Actor win at Cannes, the French star has a good chance to snag the gold. George Clooney is not far behind, with an emotional turn as a father trying to pull his family together in *The Descendants*.

Demián Bichir *A Better Life*

George Clooney *The Descendants*
Gary Oldman *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*
Brad Pitt *Moneyball*

Actor in a Supporting Role: Christopher Plummer
Beginners

In what could very easily turn into "retro" night, Christopher Plummer is the leading candidate for Supporting Actor, for his turn as a cancer patient who has just come out to his son. Plummer would be the oldest Oscar winner in history, at 82, besting then 80 year-old Jessica Tandy in *Driving*

Miss Daisy.

Kenneth Branagh *My Week with Marilyn*

Jonah Hill *Moneyball*

Nick Nolte *Warrior*

Max von Sydow *Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close*

Actress in a Leading Role: Meryl Streep *The Iron Lady*

Despite starring in the middling *The Iron Lady*, Streep shines in her role as Margaret Thatcher. Her performance is very much a tour de force for Streep, who hasn't won an Oscar in nearly two decades, since 1982's *Sophie's Choice*. This is the most competitive field, with both Viola Davis and Michelle Williams turning in equally strong performances.

Glenn Close *Albert Nobbs*

Viola Davis *The Help*

Rooney Mara *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*

Michelle Williams *My Week with Marilyn*

Actress in a Supporting Role: Octavia Spencer *The Help*

The Help had strong performances across the board, but might have been hurt by the fact that it glossed over the racial turbulence of the '60's, if not for Octavia Spencer's role as the feisty Minny. Ten points to the academy, if they have the balls to honor Melissa McCarthy's hilarious role in *Bridesmaids*; it wouldn't be the first time they gave a "shitty" performance an award.

Bérénice Bejo *The Artist*

Jessica Chastain *The Help*

Melissa McCarthy *Bridesmaids*

Janet McTeer *Albert Nobbs*

Best Director: Michel Hazanavicius *The Artist*

Best Picture and Best Director awards tend to go hand in hand. Of the past 10 Best Director winners, eight directors went on to see their picture get the Best Picture nod.

Alexander Payne *The Descendants*

Martin Scorsese *Hugo*

Woody Allen *Midnight in Paris*

Terrence Malick *The Tree of Life*

Best Animated Feature Film: *Rango*

In a category oddly absent of Pixar films this year, the Oscar will go to one of the most interesting and funny westerns ever, *Rango*. Yes, western. Yes, funny.

A Cat in Paris

Chico & Rita

Kung Fu Panda 2

Puss in Boots

Best Original Screenplay: Woody Allen *Midnight in Paris*

Woody Allen's flight of fancy *Midnight in Paris* is probably one of the most creative screenplays in a while. Plus, the academy has a thing for neurotics in glasses. Look, it's Hemingway being an angry drunk! Classic.

JC Chandor *Margin Call*

Asghar Farhadi *A Separation*

Michel Hazanavicius *The Artist*

Kristen Wiig and Annie Mumolo *Bridesmaids*

Best Adapted Screenplay: Aaron Sorkin, Steven Zaillian *Moneyball*

Sorkin pulls off the unthinkable, making a movie out of the seemingly unfilmable *Moneyball*. The book, by Michael Lewis, follows General Manager Billy Beane, who used "sabermetrics", alternative baseball statistics, to lead the Oakland A's to glory. Sorkin, a master screenwriter, pulls it off with gusto. One for the money.

Alexander Payne, Nat Faxon, Jim Rash *The Descendants*

John Logan *Hugo*

George Clooney, Grant Heslov, Beau Willimon *The Ides of March*

Bridget O'Connor, Peter Straughn

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy

Best Original Song: "Man or Muppet,"

***The Muppets*; Music and Lyric by Bret McKenzie**

Kermit won a Doctorate of Amphibious Letters from Southampton College, now our beloved Southampton campus (Really!). That's the only reason we care about Best Original Song.

"Real in Rio," *Rio*; Music by Sergio Mendes and Carlinhos Brown, Lyric by Siedah Garrett



Chucho Valdés: A Taste For Rhythm

by John Fischer

Dressed in a green, striped flannel shirt and a blue backwards cap, Cuban jazz pianist Chucho Valdés walked onto the stage looking like an ordinary man. That is, until he started playing the piano, making the word "ordinary" an insult.

"It's the best of jazz pianists," said Julie Greene, marketing director of the Staller Center. "Chucho Valdés is a legendary artist. For students who have never seen jazz before, they can have the best of the best."

Valdés performed January 29 in the recital hall of the Staller Center at Stony Brook University, with songs from his latest album, *Chucho Steps*, winner of the 2011 Grammy award for Best Latin Jazz Album.

"He plays to his own music," said Alan Inkles, director of the Staller Center. "He really connects with the audience. There's nothing more exciting than him playing our recital hall. He'll bring to us a night of great Latin jazz and great high-level jazz."

Valdés is on tour in the United States and is performing at Carnegie Hall in New York. His band, the Afro-Cuban Messengers, uses piano, cello, drums, bass, trumpet and saxophone, and his sister, Mayra Caridad Valdés,

provides the vocals for the group.

"Just look at the inspiration and passion," said audience member Stacey Torrann. "I just think that they're trying to express their culture through their instruments. It's like going back to Cuba with that percussion session."

A multiple Grammy-winner, Valdés has performed with some of the greatest jazz musicians, including Dizzy Gillespie, Chick Corea and Herby Hancock. The New York Times named him, "the Dean of Latin Jazz" and "one of the world's greatest virtuosic pianists." Valdés attributes his Afro-Cuban roots as the main influence of his music.

"The majority of what people take is the African-Cuban rhythms mixed with jazz," he said. "The rhythm that I bring is what they take with them."

Valdés performed a number of songs, including "Ob-tabla," which received a standing ovation. But what enchanted the audience the most was the contribution of the band. Audience member Jacqueline Corkey described the band members as "possessed" as they played.

"It was painful not to dance," she said. "The music is all about the rhythm. They're marvelous."

Oscar Snubs

by Mike Pedersen

Drive – Best Picture

Drive is a complicated movie. It's a genre-defying thriller that gets better the longer you let it marinate in your mind and try to figure out its intricacies. With the great acting and overall presentation, it sure should have been a shoe-in. On the other hand, where the hell did *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* come from, and how did it knock *Drive* out?

Michael Fassbender – Best Actor *Shame*

Shame is not a film that many have heard of; it was rated NC-17 and didn't see widespread release. However, Fassbender's authentic, and rather brave, performance as a sex addict received critical acclaim from everyone who watched it. It's a wonder the film's subject matter didn't lead to his receiving a nod.

Ryan Gosling – Best Actor *Drive* or *The Ides of March*

It doesn't matter which film he could've received a nod for, the fact remains is that Ryan Gosling

proved this year that he is a talent to be watched. His performances in *Drive* and *The Ides of March* were both top-tier quality.

Kirsten Dunst - Best Actress *Melancholia*

While *Melancholia* wasn't released to as much praise as other films released this year, the snub for Kirsten Dunst's chilling performance as a severely depressed woman, disturbingly calm in the face of annihilation, still comes off a surprise.

Shailene Woodley – Best Supporting Actress *The Descendants*

Shailene Woodley is relatively unknown, but her performance as an emotional and rebellious teen in *The Descendants*, was shockingly authentic. But I mean, really, does the Academy nominate on name only? How could she be so easily overlooked?

David Fincher – Best Director *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*

The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo greatly benefitted from the sharp direction of David Fincher, much like *The Social Network* did. He has a talent for conveying emotions and creating a sense of immersion. It's a shame he didn't find himself in contention once again, even if it was just to make up for the robbery that occurred last year.

Will Reiser Best Original Screenplay – *50/50*

50/50 was one of the major surprises of the year; it danced around a very sensitive subject matter with finesse, while finding comedy and providing a heart-wrenching drama at the same time. The script really deserved a nod.

CHRONICLE

by Joshua Ha



Part of the allure of *Chronicle*, directed by Josh Trank, a movie in which we feel we've seen the characters and plot threads before, is that the film embraces a gritty realism through found-footage-style filming, and for the most part, it is successful.

Of course, the movie did feel painfully familiar at first, when we are introduced to the main character, Andrew Detmer (Dane DeHaan), who quickly develops an obsession with constantly filming everything going on around him. He is our typical troubled teenager, with a mother who is dying and a father who is drunk and abusive. Andrew is portrayed as a social recluse who is bullied on a daily basis. He's only able to count his philosophically minded cousin, Matt (Alex Russell), as a friend. Then, on a fateful party night, Andrew, Matt and his friend Stephen (Michael B. Jordan) venture into a cave in the woods and emerge with telekinetic powers.

And that's the thing—getting unfathomable superpowers is just that simple. The film never attempts to give an explanation of how that cave gave them those gifts. It is shown that even the main characters have no idea what happened when an attempt at a second entrance into the cave is barred by the local sheriffs, always handy for closing off plot ends. Despite this, the film takes the premise and runs with it. Or rather, walks with it. Unlike most instances of newfound powers in film (look no further than *Captain America: The First Avenger*, where no sooner than he get his powers does he go out and wreck a submarine), part of the plot in *Chronicle* is how they gradually train their gifts as if they are "muscles," easing us into the world of the characters and adding a feeling of plausibility to it all. Even so, at the end, we are left with a feeling of being in the dark. All in all, this aura of mystery or vagueness is for the best. *Chronicle* was never about superpower origins, but rather about the effects they can have on less than ideal subjects.

"Less than ideal" perfectly encompasses the players in this story. The filmmakers must have known what they were

doing when they made the character of Matt interested in philosophy, as no doubt one of the many phrases which comes to mind is "absolute power corrupts absolutely." At a point, you have to wonder if they are trying to make a statement by showing us what happens when the typical troubled teen in a dysfunctional home is empowered. We see the three of them experiment with their powers, going from moving tennis balls, to moving carts, to pranking shoppers, and so forth. Andrew is clearly the most powerful of the three, and he in particular becomes more and more reckless and liberal with the use of his powers, until we get to the point when he calls himself the "apex predator."

Usually filming a movie in found-footage style is more gimmick than substance, but this is an instance where it is a real part of the storyline. Andrew is heckled to no end about his insistence on bringing his camera everywhere and that quirk adds to our perception of him as an outcast teenager. It also keeps the audience at the same pace as the characters so we know just as little about what is happening to them as they do. Don't worry though, you still get the full benefit of multiple angles as Andrew figures out how to levitate his camera using his powers. The found-footage also enhances the visuals of the film; the special effects achieved a gritty and realistic look, something that wouldn't have been possible with the crystal clarity of high definition. In a movie that cost only a fraction of other blockbusters, the style is doubly effective.

The acting is wonderful in this film, and it's a shocker that the actors are virtual unknowns (you might recognize Michael Kelly from *Dawn of the Dead*, but that's about it). So seamless are the actors' performances that the film is at once astonishing, engrossing and frightening.

Chronicle is a captivating experience even if the story and characterizations can feel a bit stale. It doesn't matter—in this day and age it is refreshing to see that, even with a normal home camera and inexpensive effects, good acting and execution trump all.

HEART TO HART WITH KEVIN HART

SBP: Mr. Hart, thanks for sitting down with us tonight.

SBP: Would you rather have anal sex with a questionable hooker but she violently shits all over you after and pics of it leak on the internet or get the best blow jay ever but wake up on a deserted island with enough food to live out your life?

KH: Well, I, uh, damn nigga you comin' at me like a bull that got its dick slapped. I'm gonna have to go with that first option. I've seen *Castaway* enough times to know that no bj is worth spending your life with a volleyball. Especially a male volleyball.

SBP: Do you like Larry David?

KH: Hell no, fuck that bleach nigga. *Seinfeld* wasn't funny and Jerry's haircut was always one lock away from being a mullet. Not a good look, dog.

SBP: Fuck you, Larry David is hilarious. We heard you're going to star in the film, *Think Like A Man*. Do you hate your career?

KH: To quote the freshest musical collective this side of the Mississippi, "Cash rules everything around me."

SBP: What's your favorite animal?

KH: Oh you know it's gotta be the dolphin! Jumping around, splashing, having fun and shit. And raping and murdering. Yeah. Not so much those last two things. If I was a dolphin, I'd be the shortest dolphin ever. The lady dolphins would be all like, "Kevin, come swim and shit. Get outta that reef." I'd swim out and they'd see my short ass fins wiggling around and they'd just do some supersonic laughs.

SBP: How do you feel about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict?

KH: Why those niggas fighting? Look where you live. It's all sand, everywhere. You ain't growin' no vegetables.

SBP: Do you eat that wonton soup?

KH: I get wonton crunk. Wonton soup is the soup of choice for the realest niggas. Thank you, Based God.

SBP: What's your favorite scent from Yankee Candle?

KH: Oh, dog, it's definitely Kiss from a Tulip in a Spring Mist. I've wooed so many chicks with that scent. Whenever my



jokes fail, I fall back on that candle. And that's pretty often, if you know what I mean (humps chair to clarify).

SBP: Where do you draw your inspiration for your jokes?

KH: McDonald's Double Quarter Pounders, almost exclusively. Those burger patties are so fake. They're like 40 percent beef, 60 percent jokes. Not many people know that. Mitch Hedberg knew that. And it killed him, ultimately.

SBP: What does "going ham" mean?

KH: You know how sometimes you come home and you tired nigga and you wanna eat some ham? Nah I don't know. It's some rap shit. You know how rappers always be actin' tough. I could never be a rapper. I'd be in a rap circle and say some stupid rhyme, "I'm the shortest, I'm like dynamite because...dynamite...it doesn't come in large boxes." And then some big ass man would just walk in, look at me, transform into the Megazord, hit me once with that big ass sword and banish me to the Netherworld.

SBP: What would you do if your son was at home crying all alone on the bedroom floor because he's hungry and the only way to feed him is to sleep with a man for a little bit of money and his daddy's gone somewhere smoking rock now in and out of lockdown?

KH: I know a girl who's tough but sweet. She's so fine, she can't be beat. She's got everything that I desire. Sets the summer sun on fire.

SB: Why did you request only one interview by someone from campus media?

KH: Honestly—honestly, though—I was really hoping that *The Statesman* got the interview. I felt like they would ask really intelligent questions, like always. They're good journalists over there. And I'm a completely unfunny jackass, so...

To those who wish to tackle the heavy pages of *A Stolen Life*, a memoir by Jaycee Dugard, who was kidnapped at age 11 and was not returned to her family for eighteen years, don't be deterred by the shocking content; it's a story worth reading from beginning to end.

The specific details of how she was abducted, sexually abused and held hostage for nearly two decades of her life are mind-blowing. After surviving such a traumatic situation and having the strength to recount what happened to her during that time, she paints a clear picture for the reader to see. She does not hide how much psychological damage she has suffered.

"I decided to write this book for two reasons," she writes. "One reason is that Phillip Garrido believes no one should find out what he did to an 11-year-old girl...I believe I shouldn't be ashamed for what happened to me, and I want Phillip Garrido to know that I no longer have to keep his secret. I'm also writing my story in the hopes that it will be of help to someone going through, hopefully not similar conditions, but facing a difficult situation of their own—whatever it may be."

She begins the novel in great detail of the first few weeks of her kidnapping, describing how she was hit with a stun gun, forced into a car, and taken to a hidden backyard where she would spend much of her life. Her kidnaper and his wife Nancy kept her chained up and naked in a shed. Phillip repeatedly raped her, often for two or three days at a time when he was high on meth, which he called "runs." Even though she despised him, she still yearned for his approval. Dugard effectively conveyed the manipulation he had over her and how she was not only a captive physically, but mentally as well.

The chapters change from a present tense, first-person narrative to reflection sections where Dugard adds details of how she felt at those moments, giving the reader a better understanding of what exactly she went through.

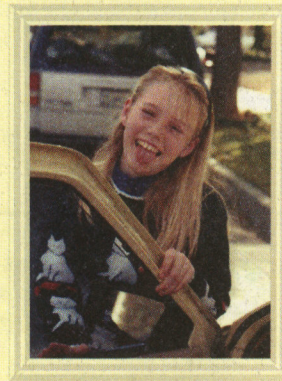
Dugard was kidnapped in 1991, and in 1994, at just 14-years-old, she gave birth to a girl. The birth occurred in that same shed in which she had been held hostage for three years and with no medical care. Becoming a mother was more than just a challenge; it also gave her a purpose. She had someone other than herself to fight for, and had someone to love. But bringing another person into the equation made it harder for her to escape, and the difficulty increased when Dugard gave birth to another girl three years after that in 1997.

The most remarkable part of the story is how Dugard makes sure her readers know that she did not come out of the situation a victim, but as a survivor. On the day she was kidnapped, she explains in detail the stun gun hitting her and falling to the ground, and the last thing she felt was something hard; a pinecone.

She writes, "A pinecone was my last grip on freedom, so to me they represent what was stolen away from

a stolen life

a memoir



jaycee dugard



A STOLEN LIFE

by Nicole Kohn

me." At the end of the novel she recalls the reason why it means so much to her. The pinecone didn't represent the freedom that was stolen from her, but rather a new life and a new beginning.

It's a tough and challenging read that may make your stomach turn, but don't let that discourage you. It is a powerful read and the experiences of this 11-year-old girl really make you appreciate the life you live.

"For eighteen years I was a prisoner. I was an object for someone to use and abuse. For eighteen years I was not allowed to speak my own name. I became a mother and was forced to be a sister. For eighteen years I survived an impossible situation. On August 26, 2009, I took my name back. My name is Jaycee Lee Dugard. I don't think of myself as a victim. I survived. *A Stolen Life* is my story—in my own words, in my own way, exactly as I remember it."

A Very Special...
Timely...
Alternate Reality...

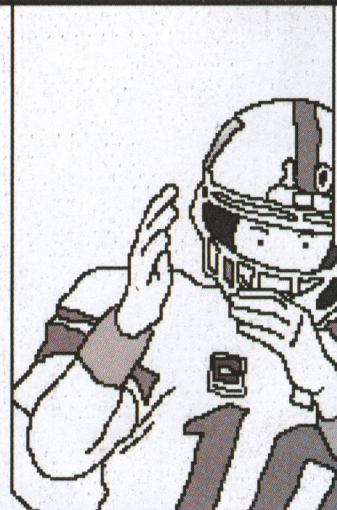
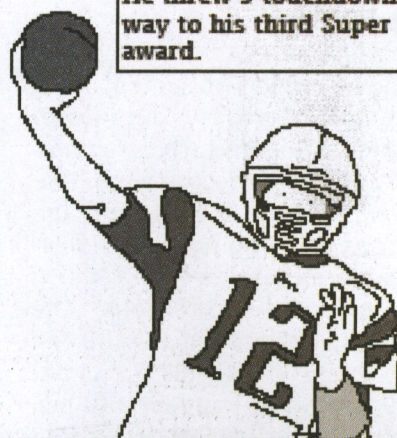
Sportz

By Mark Greek

Tom Brady has become the 3rd man to win 4 Super Bowls. He continues to pad his legacy as the greatest quarterback of this...

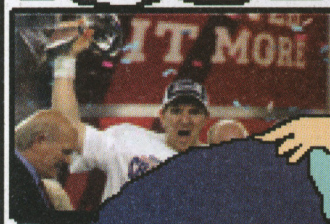


generation, and possibly of all time. He threw 5 touchdown passes on his way to his third Super Bowl MVP award.



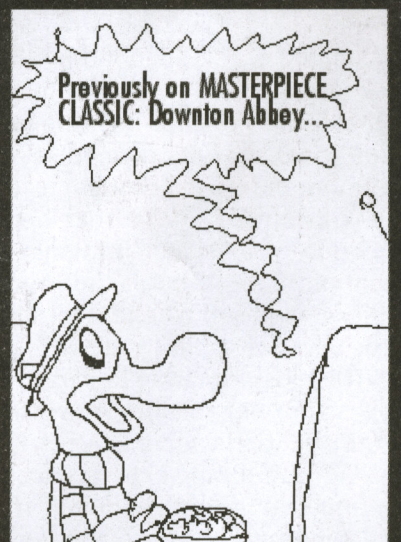
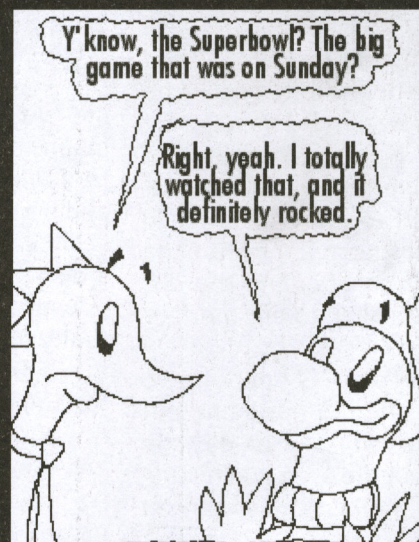
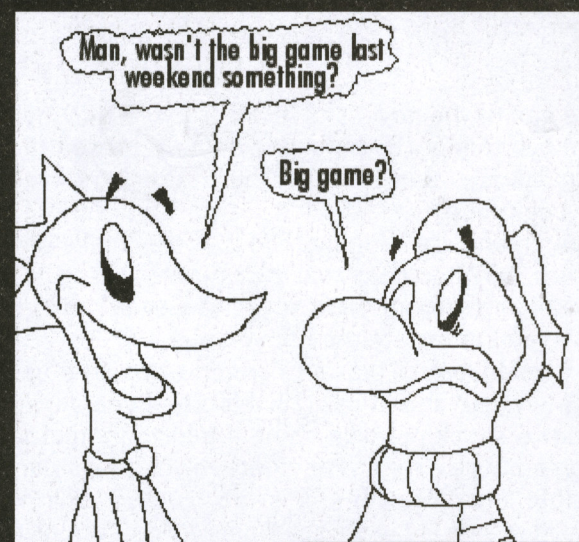
His counterpart, Eli Manning, was hurried all day and was sacked 6 times. The 6th was devastating, shattering the quarterback's spine. His career and life are currently in question.

And the Boston fan from the popular SPORTZ comic strip is in no way fat and useless...

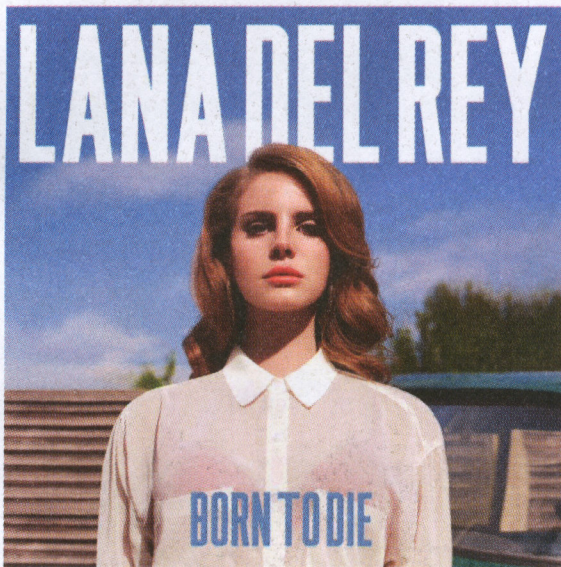


THE BORING ROCKS (by evan goldaper)

(regular quality returns next issue)



evan goldaper 2012



Lana Del Rey – *Born to Die*

Okay, so Lana Del Rey has had a tough start. Between the time her breakthrough single “Video Games” achieved worldwide success last year and her super-buzzed new album *Born to Die* was released at the end of January, she has been hit with a hurricane of shit from all directions.

But upon examining her career so far, it’s not hard to see why. After super lulzy alt-music blog Hipster Runoff revealed her as a failed and re-branded pop star formerly named Lizzy Grant last autumn, she was turned into a shining example of major labels’ sad attempts to infiltrate the valuable indie market. She retained her hype despite the revelation, which ultimately culminated to a near-Ashley Simpson-level Saturday Night Live performance embarrassment. She was internet meme-ified overnight and launched to new levels of disgrace upon a highly publicized diss from none other than chill anchor bro Brian Williams.

The story by this point made for a perfect comeback ending; one that proves all the haters wrong with an emotionally deep and musically adventurous release.

Instead, the awkwardly depressing *Born to Die* sounds more like a poorly executed mix of Ke\$ha and Amy Winehouse. Most of these songs sound like muted versions of what should otherwise be stadium-sized pop songs. It’s hard to understand who Lana is trying to please. Her song structures and cringe-worthy awkward lyrics seem to be only half-committing to the mainstream pop her industry overlords usually go for, but it also takes from the worst characteristics of radio singles today, effectively alienating anyone looking for a new, hip indie voice.

So where does she go from here? Surely Lana Del Rey can’t pull off a second re-invention. She was built as a completely transparent self-fulfilling prophecy, crashing and burning on a national stage within a matter of months. I would feel sorry for her, but most of me feels like it had to happen. -SAMUEL LIEBRAND

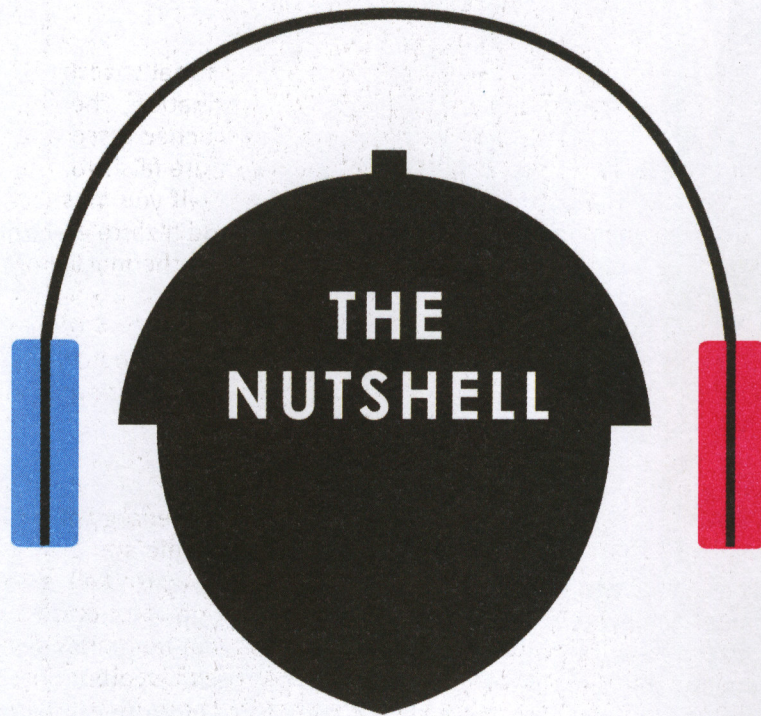


Cloud Nothings – *Attack On Memory*

Riding the waves of the lo-fi surf rock trend that swept Brooklyn last year comes Cloud Nothings with their third effort, *Attack On Memory*. The melodic edge these guys bring to the table is both a blessing and a curse; sure, they’re a little more fun to listen to than the barely-audible Wavves or the formulaic whining of Best Coast, but listeners will detect more than a few instances of dubious songwriting choices. The chorus of “Fall In,” for instance, falls flat when compared to the song’s uptempo verses, and the plodding “No Future/No Past” suggests that maybe Cloud Nothings aren’t quite as smart as they think they are.

One impressive aspect of Cloud Nothings’ compositional style is their ambition. Shredding guitar solos and strange, staggering rhythms from drummer Jayson Gercyz come together for an impressive show of musicianship. The overall feel of *Attack On Memory* makes a lasting impression as well. The production of the record is perfect not only for the band’s aesthetic, but also the era in which they’ve come of age. Front man Dylan Baldi’s raspy tenor is well suited to the made-in-a-basement effect on the recording, and fuzzy bass and jangly guitars back him up to create an album that’s equal parts garage punk and virtuosic tour de force. But even with these things going for them, Cloud Nothings disappoint over and over again with over-indulgent guitar interludes and spacey introductions that run too long for their own good.

The band shines most on the bittersweet and ultra-catchy “Stay Useless,” which will remind fans of the early 2000’s, when all the hippest punk bands played dance beats and there was no way to tweet about it. It’s a shame, too, given the room for potential on display here. If only it added up to a little less than the sum of its parts. -ANDY POLHAMUS



Skrillex- *Bangarang*

Instead of getting this record, throw a spoon in your garbage disposal.

Andrew Bird- *Break It Yourself*

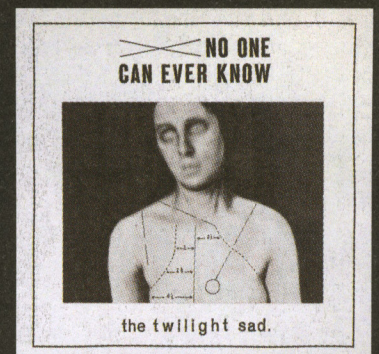
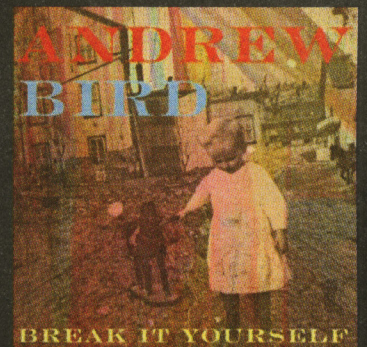
The first single off of Andrew Bird's new album *Break It Yourself*, "Eyeoneye," is a perfect representation of Bird. The song opens up with a grandiose guitar riff full of some delicious reverb and twang. Similar to "Fitz and Dizzyspells," off *Nobe Beast*, the song evokes a sort of upbeat yet off-kilter lyricism that Bird has been known for. It flows and curves into his signature whimsical sound. His lyrics are full of emotion and enough witticism to elevate the song to an ephemeral level while staying grounded in reality. When the whistling comes we really recognize this as an Andrew Bird song. His music is seemingly an anomaly in today's independent music culture. He has managed to evolve his sound enough where we can see his progression and growth as a musician while avoiding the pitfalls that many other bands tend to come across in their efforts to retain their "style" by sticking to what they know to the point of being unoriginal. I expect his new album, out March 6th, to be spectacular.

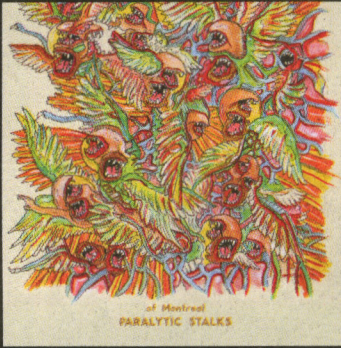
The Twilight Sad- *No One Can Ever Know*

This heavily-accented Scottish indie rock band's third album has them simplifying their usual formula, leaning more towards punk rock. While their first album, the beautifully epic *Fourteen Autumns, Fifteen Winters* mixed U2 and Sonic Youth, *No One Can Ever Know* sounds more industrial and American hardcore.

CONTRIBUTORS:

ANDY POLHAMUS
SAMUEL LIEBRAND
ANDI LIAO
TREVOR CHRISTIAN





of Montreal- *Paralytic Stalks*

Just like the rest of indie pop outfit of Montreal's work, *Paralytic Stalks* fails completely to capture the listener's imagination. The band's eleventh studio album is a nine-song patchwork quilt of clichéd disco beats wandering around underneath vocalist Kevin Barnes' signature falsetto. Call it half 2006 dance party, half boring psychedelic throwback—if you must call it anything at all. Drum machines, varied instrumentation and bizarre electronic samples attempt to drag the hackneyed shit show up from the muck, but nothing can save an album trying—and floundering—to recreate a mediocre fad from six years ago. Most songs here are merely conventionally bad, but the eight-minute botched symphony of "Ye, Renew The Plaintiff" is too irritating to ignore, and the trippy vocal effects and excessive noodling around on the synths aren't doing of Montreal any favors.



Train- *Drive By* (Single)

With "Drive By," Train attempts to recapture the energy of the upbeat, melodic "Hey Soul Sister" that dominated popular radio stations in 2010. They certainly inject energy into the song, but the melody isn't all there.

Lead singer Pat Monahan doesn't allow his high voice or cheesy personality to shine through, instead opting for a fast beat not suited for his style of folk-pop. It sounds more run-of-the-mill than their last album, and when Train isn't being original, it just doesn't work. Based on the reaction on iTunes, fans were disappointed. Casual listeners looking for another well-done novelty song won't be pleased either. Don't worry, though. There are still amazingly bad lyrics to laugh at.

Enjoy: "Just a shy guy/Looking for a two-ply/Hefty bag to hold my-y-y-y-y/love."



Nada Surf- *The Stars Are Indifferent To Astronomy*

Nineties grunge slackers Nada Surf made a major comeback in 2005 with their critically acclaimed power-pop opus *The Weight is a Gift*. After a brief disappearance following 2008's catchy but uninspired *Lucky*, the band is back with *The Stars Are Indifferent to Astronomy*, which takes the prize for most verbose album title of 2012. Extravagant names aside, the new album is vintage Nada Surf—Weezer-esque riffs wash around navel-gazing "ooh-ooh" vocals for ten tracks of guitar-driven pop-rock bliss. Perfect for fans of mid-career Weezer, The Shins and the lighter side of Death Cab. Recommended tracks: opener "Clear Eye Clouded Mind," the subdued "When I Was Young" and "Jules and Jim."



Green Day- *On the Radio*

This rare recording of a live appearance by Green Day on New Jersey's legendary alternative radio station WFMU has been available for nearly two decades as a bootleg, but its release as an import disc from the U.K. will give fans a fascinating glimpse into the earliest days of the band. The performances of "On The Radio" are endearingly shaky, and the careful selection of early fan favorites means that the record doubles as a sort of "greatest hits" from the band's first two records. Billie Joe Armstrong's vocals aren't always spot on, and each song (on the bootleg version, at least) includes a lengthy introduction of mumbled banter and haphazard guitar tuning. But perhaps the coolest part of this record is the trip through time—before the trio became superstars and back to when they were just kids pursuing a dream.



Millrose Place

by Rebecca Tapio

Photo Credit: Mike Scott

Senior sociology major Lucy Van Dalen will represent Stony Brook's indoor track and field program

in the 105th Millrose Games, held in the New Balance Track and Field Center at the New York City Armory on February 11.

Competing in the inaugural New York Road Runner's Wanamaker Metric Mile for Women, the All-American and native of Wanganui, New Zealand, will be the sole collegiate athlete racing among professionals, including Jenny Simpson, the world record holder in the 1500-meter.

"Being invited to the Millrose Games is a really good opportunity to get a fast race in with amazing competition before the NCAAs in March," Van Dalen said. "It's a really great opportunity, and I feel very honored to be able to run at the meet."

Van Dalen finished second in the 1500-meter, equivalent to the Wanamaker Metric Mile, in last year's NCAA Outdoor Championships, with a time of 4 minutes 15.33 seconds. Her personal best is a 4:11.59, which she set in Padova, Italy, in 2011.

"We're getting ready for the NCAAs at the beginning of March," said Stony Brook Head Coach Andy Ronan.

"So I think the Millrose Games will be a good stepping stone to that, but I do think she's in very good shape at the moment."

One of the oldest racing events in the world, the Millrose Games will feature some of the nation's most elite athletes, including those in New York's high schools. Invited based on past seeded times, runners compete in events ranging from the Sprint Medley Relay and hurdles to the high jump and pole vault.

High school athletes will mix with Olympians, as current Outdoor High Jump World Champion Jesse Williams and reigning Outdoor and Indoor Long Jump Champion Brittney Reese will compete in this year's Games on their way to the 2012 Summer Olympics in London.

Van Dalen, however, will count the Millrose Games as one more stop on her way to a hopeful national title at the NCAA Outdoor Track and Field Championship in Des Moines, Iowa.

"Running is really unpredictable, and I'll be racing against some very talented women," Van Dalen said. "So really it comes down to who has the best day on the day of the meet, but I definitely will be up for the challenge."

The Millrose Games will be held beginning at 9 a.m. on February 11, at the New Balance Track and Field Center at the Armory in New York City.

Joe Pa

Joe Pa

Joe Pa



RIP

Vincent Barone



ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

WWW.AA2SBU.ORG/AEZINE

Chinese Restaurant Perfect for Campus

by Chenjun Feng

During winter break 1089 Noodle House opened to excellent reviews. Located at 1089 Route 25A, it's a short walk from the SBU train station. Students have complained for years, so who was finally smart enough to do this? After eating many meals during opening week, AAJ interviewed owner and chef, Mr. Ge.

AAJ: Why did you decide to open here?

Mr. Ge: There are a lot of students here and I had inspected this area for two years. Before opening this I was the chef at Eastern Pavilion, a high class restaurant not far from here. I got the news that there was a storefront available and after careful consideration, I took the opportunity.

AAJ: Compared to the food of other Chinese restaurants, what's your advantage?

Mr. Ge: Real Chinese style food. In many Chinese restaurants, Chinese food has been changed to fulfill American's appetites. Many Chinese students have told me that it's difficult to find a restaurant offering real Chinese noodles unless they go to Flushing or Chinatown. Now they can have all different kinds of real Chinese food right next to campus instead of having to travel far.

AAJ: How will your food compare to campus?

Mr. Ge: I have several friends who work on campus so I know the campus food is expensive and Chinese students never get used to the American food. I'm trying my best to keep my prices low while still guaranteeing good food quality so that all students can afford to eat here. I'm also willing to

listen to any suggestion from students. Since my restaurant has just opened, I'm continuing to change my food offerings to satisfy what students from different areas have asked for. The responses about the taste of my food from customers are good. Even Americans enjoy it.

AAJ: What will the new dishes be? Future plans?

Mr. Ge: It will depend on sales of each dish. I'll only keep the favorable ones and add new ones. I also plan to provide box lunches that will contain three small dishes, rice and a cup of soup. Boxes

will be convenient cheap, and save waiting time.

AAJ staff were at SBU during break and ate daily at Noodle House. A winter session student ate there daily too and when she didn't have classes, ordered it delivered. Here are recommendations from Noah Kim, Adam Sue, May Hao Wang, Qilin Yang, Ja Young, and me, with 10 being perfect.

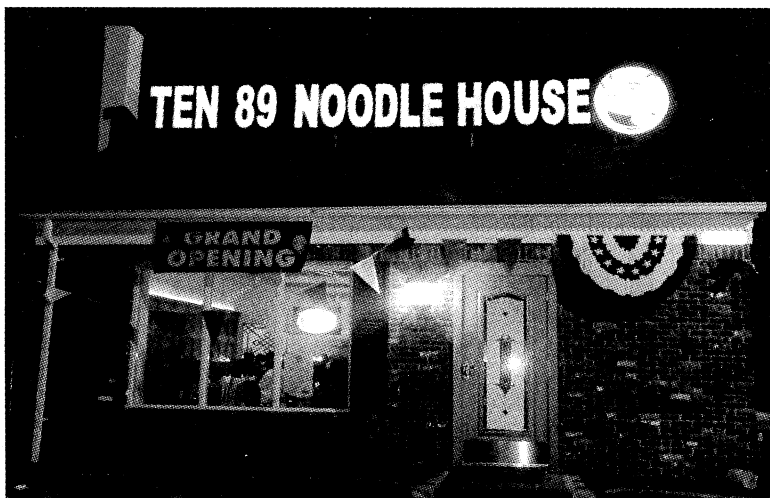


PHOTO BY MAY WANG

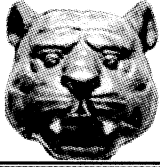
But remember, taste is individual. May, from Qingdao, thinks southern dishes are too sweet. She gave the roast pork a 6.5. Qilin gave it a 9. But when May ate southern Shanghai Style Sauteed Shrimp, she ecstatically gave it a 10 while Qilin gave it a 9 and Noah, an American not used to eating whole shrimp in the shell, only gave it 8.

Beef with mixed vegetables (8); Braised Tofu (8); Dried Sauteed String Beans (9 & 10); Eggplant with Garlic Sauce (9); Fried wontons (8); Hot and Sour Soup (9 & 10); Kung Bao Chicken (8), Mapo Tofu with Pork (8); Shanghai Noodles with Pork, Shrimp & Chicken (8); Shanghai Sauteed Shrimp (9 & 10); Shanghai Shrimp in Noodle Soup (8); Spring Roll (8); Steamed dumplings (8); Yangzhou/Yang Chow Fried Rice (10), Stewed duck (7); Wonton Soup (6 & 8). The best deals are Rice Platters - entrée, rice, soy sauce hard boiled egg, and egg and tomato soup (9), and range from \$5.95 to \$6.95.

Asian American E-Zine / Asian American Journal

aaezine@yahoo.com / aajsbu@gmail.com / 631 831 6062

This is an excerpt from www.aezine.org or www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine in SB Press Feb 2012



ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

WWW.AA2SBU.ORG/AEZINE

Club Spotlight: Taiko Tides

by Melani Tiongson

Taiko Tides is what one would consider a *grassroots club*. It was founded back in 2001, when SBU Professor Joan Miyazaki brought together a group of diverse students and staff from all corners of the demographic and academic spectrum to pay homage to the traditional Japanese culture that they revered and respected so much. Originally starting out as a small cohort of amateurs, Taiko Tides has now burgeoned into a performing group that is sought after by groups from Alpha Epsilon Delta to CASB, Chinese Association at SB, to administrators from the Wang Center and the Office of Multicultural Affairs. They appear

annually at many events, such as TellabrAsian, Japan Night, Asian Night, and Diversity Day, and have even been asked to perform off-campus at Brookhaven National Lab and the Bridgehampton School District.

Taiko Tides is one of the few traditional cultural groups on campus. While many other clubs foster modern dance crews and social

mixers for students to meet one another, Taiko Tides garners its growing membership without veering too far from traditional Japanese culture. Although some pieces performed are "modern" in the sense that they are written by Americans and have subtle jazz influences, the traditional sounds emitted by the taiko drums themselves are far from overshadowed.

For the upcoming semester, Taiko Tides hopes to further expand its repertoire of songs by employing other styles of drumming. The group primarily performs with chu-daiko (big drums) made by members and advisors themselves, but aspires to learn other styles of



PHOTO BY ROY RUBIO

traditional Japanese drumming as well. The goal of Taiko Tides, according to its members, is to showcase the excitement and beauty of Japanese drumming, culture, and its philosophy.

The essence of Japanese culture is emitted by the club not only through its performances, but also through its members' tenuous efforts. Instead of taking it easy on weekends, the club meets for practice every Friday night. The club encourages anyone interested in Taiko Tides to join them at the CMM / BLL Building from 6:45PM to 10:00PM - wear your sweats!

SBUTaikoTides@gmail.com

Asian American E-Zine / Asian American Journal

AA E-Zine / SBU AA E-Zine are bi-weekly online e-zines with news & events geared to Asian & Asian American campus community. Sent to over 2400 subscribers. Join free SBUAEEZINE Yahoo Group (your address NEVER given out!) <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sbuaaezine>
AAJ is printed monthly and distributed throughout the campus and published online.

Writers, photographers, videographers and anyone interested in media wanted!

aaezine@yahoo.com / aajsbu@gmail.com / 631 831 6062 / Spring 2012 meeting times:
Fridays, Union 071 / 1pm: AA E-Zine / 1:30pm: AAJ / 2:30pm: Photo Workshop Open to All
This is an excerpt from www.aaezine.org or www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine in SB Press Feb 2012



OPEN HOUSE

FREE PIZZA

WEDNESDAY 2/15

1-2 PM

Union 060