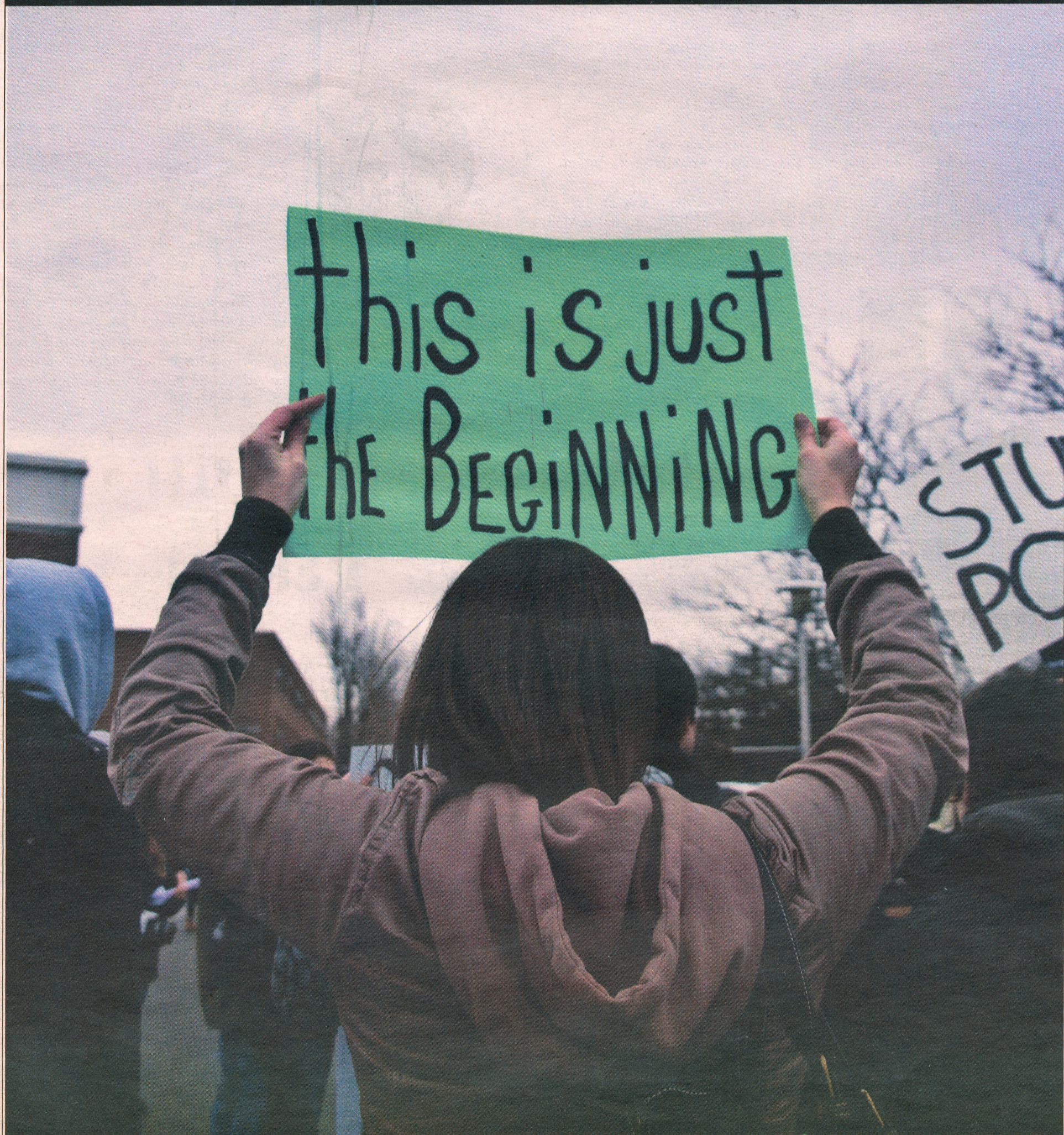


# THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 10

"COMRADES, RISE UP AGAINST THE  
EXCESSES OF THE DECADENT NFL!"

MARCH 10, 2010



# USG Hot n' Heavy With PHEEIA

By Raina Bedford

Undergraduate Student Government President Jasper Wilson, on behalf of the USG Senate, endorsed the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act (PHEEIA) at a March 1 University Senate meeting. PHEEIA would raise tuition and would allow the University to hire more faculty, reduce class sizes and supply the university with more money for ongoing and planned construction projects, according to SBU administration officials who are in favor of the act.

# U

"Honestly—tuition increases—you can't expect students to be happy about that, but I believe they're a necessity if we want to continue on with the integrity of our school," said Wilson at the University Senate Meeting.

The Stony Brook administration has not decided how much tuition will increase if PHEEIA passes with the governor's proposed budget plan. The current PHEEIA proposal allows for a two-tiered tuition increase. On one level, the university could raise tuition by a projected maximum of 10 percent per year, which will vary based on the Higher Education Price Index, a measure of inflation specific to higher education. On top of that, the university could submit a request to increase tuition further if they demonstrate need through the proposed differential tuition included in the bill. The SUNY Board of Trustees would have to approve any tuition increases proposed by University Presidents and the SUNY Chancellor.

According to Provost Dr. Eric W. Kaler, the university currently plans to increase tuition by 6 percent if PHEEIA passes. If PHEEIA is enacted, students can expect a \$300 increase for the first year. According to Kaler, a six percent increase over several years would allow

Stony Brook to create 10,000 new jobs, provide \$8.5 billion for ongoing and planned construction projects, and hire 400 new faculty members and 600 new staff members. This would decrease the student-to-faculty ratio, which currently stands at 5.6-to-1, and is one of the highest among the universities in the Association of American Universities, an organization of leading public and private research universities in the U.S. and Canada.

Though Kaler said that the university probably wouldn't seek a tuition increase higher than six percent, as PHEEIA is currently written, he said that there is no legal mechanism stopping the administration from raising tuition by 10 percent.

While most USG Senators support PHEEIA, there is at least one senator who stood out.

"I felt that his estimates were overly optimistic and misleading," said Senator Deborah Machalow. "In fact, I feel the entire PHEEIA pitch is at times misleading."

Machalow formed an ad hoc committee to investigate and make sense of PHEEIA. The committee issued a preliminary report on Tuesday that outlined some major points of the legislation. In its full report, the committee will conduct a poll of the student body to determine whether SBU students support PHEEIA.

# S

The committee found that SBU could charge for student government and student activities, and that these funds would be held by the SUNY Board of Trustees who would be free to use that money as they see fit. PHEEIA doesn't make clear how much of student activity fees could be held by the state. PHEEIA would also place a limit on the number of out of state students that could be admitted to the university. President Wilson said that this was an area that caused him concern. Because

SBU is a Division-I school, it's possible that athletic considerations will trump academics for out of state admissions, he said.

Other senators feel that a tuition increase could benefit Stony Brook University.

# G

"The act will give us more options for our money," said Senator Jordan Cushner. "Students complain about the facilities here but they don't want to pay to have them fixed. There's not just a pit

where money flies around and we can grab it, it has to come from somewhere."

"The only negative I see is that a lot of students on campus would be affected by tuition hikes," said Senator Tahir Ahmad. "But just because they can raise tuition by 10 percent doesn't mean that they will and we need to expand our university."

If PHEEIA passes, it would certainly mean a literal expansion for SBU because PHEEIA would also change the way SUNY schools handle their public lands. If passed, PHEEIA would allow SUNY schools to enter into public-private partnerships with contractors to build on campus housing, food facilities, stores and other buildings without approval by the New York State Senate.

"It's in some sense revolutionary because it removes control from the state legislature," Kaler said.

Which is exactly why PHEEIA will remain the cause of much debate in the USG, the Stony Brook administration and up in Albany.

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# That Tuition is High Enough, Thank You

By Laura Cooper

Stony Brook University students took part in an international day of action to protest against budget cuts targeting higher education and proposed tuition hikes, specifically those introduced in Governor David Paterson's Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act.

During campus lifetime on March 3, protestors gathered in front of the Student Activities Center, waving fluorescent signs and chanting, "we will win" and, "students, united, will never be defeated!"

"The issue affects everybody," said protester Dustin Peters, a sophomore sociology major, from Auburn, Maine. "The entire community will be affected, whether you're a student, faculty or staff [member]. In many ways, people will get the short end of the stick."

The students heard speeches from research assistants and student leaders who uniformly opposed cuts to higher education. The research assistants union collaborated with the demonstration after fruitless attempts to reach a current contract agreement with the university after more than two years of negotiations.

The demonstration moved from

the SAC plaza to the Administration Building where, protestors were ushered onto a privately chartered school bus that made two trips to the Center for Excellence in Wireless and Information Technology building. There, a research and globalization symposium was being held, involving university President Samuel Stanley and SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher.

Students lined the barricades adjacent to the main entrance of the building, standing on the muddy grass as officials exited the building and University Police observed.

"Nobody was concerned, they were laughing at us," said Peters, a member of the Social Justice Alliance. "Because they're going to go home to their nice house and go out for dinner tonight; they're not concerned about the people falling through the cracks."

While the Chancellor left the building from a different exit, President Stanley walked out the main entrance and accepted a letter from the concerned students in which the organizers detailed their complaint.

"I take it very seriously. I hear what they have to say and I'm sensitive to it," said President Stanley during a press conference with campus media. "Nobody likes it when tuition goes up."

"President Stanley and SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher were there

and their voices have a lot of weight [with] the legislators," said Peters. "Time and time again, the administration remains silent or tosses out useless rhetoric against the cuts and hikes without truly using its power to help prevent them," said the letter presented to Stanley. "The students have risen to the challenge. The question, now, is whether you will."

The students' main concerns centered around budget cuts in higher education spending and the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation act (PHEEIA), legislation proposed by Governor Paterson.

PHEEIA proposes differential tuition, under which specific schools throughout the SUNY system can set their own distinct rates. Under the proposal, Stony Brook University can charge more than other four-year public schools throughout the state, if they choose. Also included in the legislation is the systematically compounding tuition, where tuition would increase by a fixed rate every year—ostensibly to avoid irregular larger tuition hikes in the future. Another aspect of the plan to increase revenue streams for SUNY is the leeway to form private partnerships by leasing public lands. The plan is included in the executive budget, and though Paterson is not seeking a second term as Governor, there are concerns

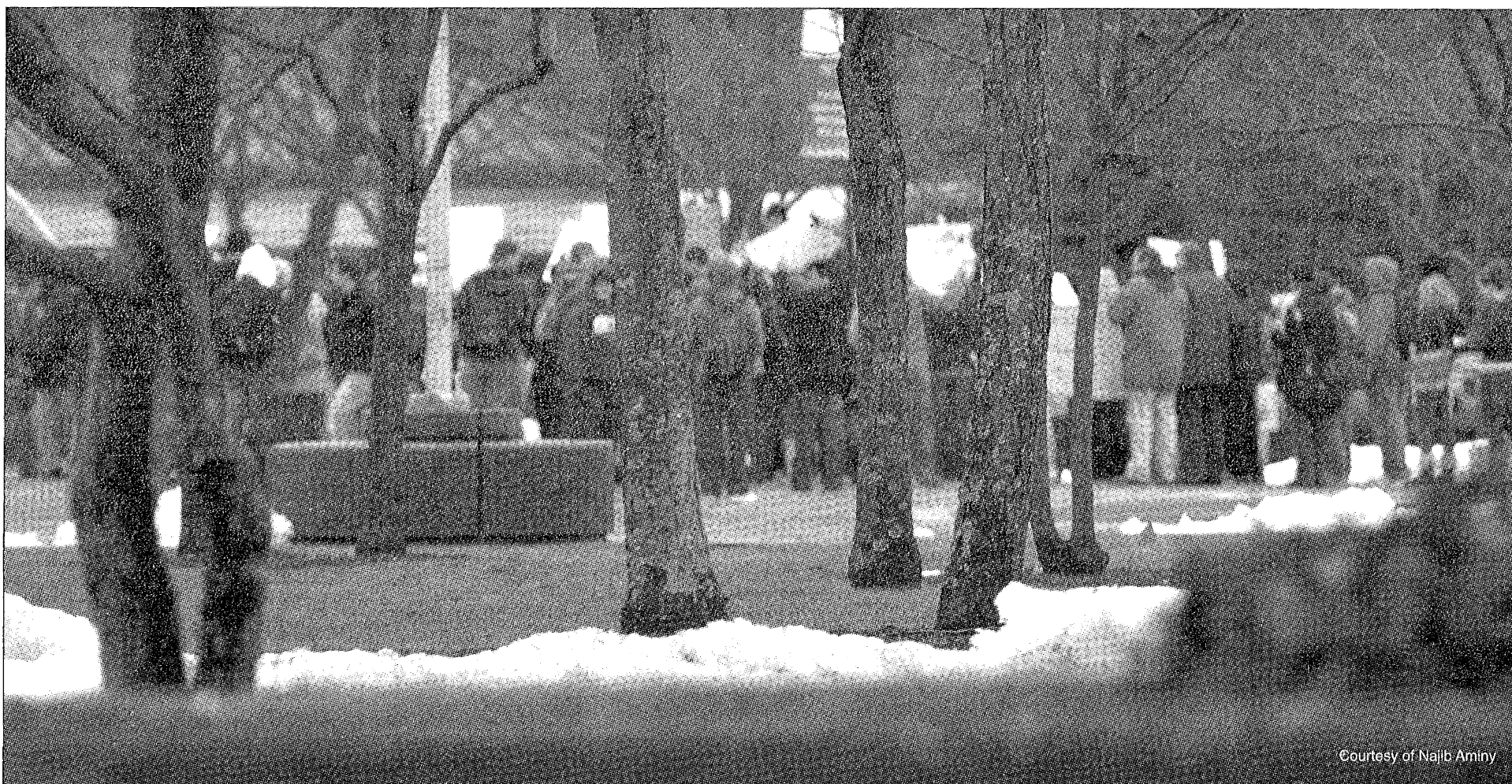
that the state will pass this legislation before his departure from the office following the November 2010 elections.

Protests continued outside President Stanley's next-day press conference with campus media, where a small group of students brandished signs and shook coffee cups with change, theatrically asking for money for their tuition during a sit-in outside Stanley's office.

University Police, including Chief of Police Robert Lenahan, met with the demonstrators demanding they stand up from their seated positions on the floor outside the President's office, un-specifically citing penal code. The dozen protestors were met with five police officers who collected student identification and oversaw the protest for the majority of its duration. Lenahan declined to comment for the story.

"We came to show our presence," said graduate student Ryan DeNardis. "The police had shown up and treated us with a little bit of hostility. They weren't friendly with us, from the start."

"It was successful, in that cops came and that it was a peaceful kind of thing," said Anna Ceraulo-Jalazo, a junior psychology major from Greenvale, NY. "We got the chance to speak with passers-by, and there was simply no way that the president wasn't aware of our presence."



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# editorials

## Backbone

President Sam Stanley's university police zealously held students behind barricades. The barricades were placed so the demonstrators were forced off the CEWIT building's comfortable concrete walkway and were made to stand in a wet, muddy field on the cold winter day. Water seeped through their shoes and socks as they carefully complied with police demands.

They marched in a circle and repeated a variety of blunt chants to express their opposition to Insidious, Creeping Tuition Hikes (or PHEEIA) as well as the University's refusal to award Research Assistants a decent contract after three long years of negotiation. When President Stanley emerged from his research planning symposium, he passed by the demonstration and accepted a letter addressed to both him and SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher, before hustling to his chauffeured car.

The demonstrators have the right idea; PHEEIA, a tuition-increasing monster, would be a disaster for SUNY students and the State of New York. President Stanley, who is on the record as being "tremendously excited" about the proposal, and Chancellor Zimpher, who clumsily defends it in a recent op-ed in the *Albany Times Union*, neglect their responsibilities to SUNY and betray the students by endorsing PHEEIA. Perhaps most disappointingly, student "leaders" like USG President Jasper Wilson and GSO President Dylan Selterman are failing their constituencies with their ill-considered support.

PHEEIA, a complex 36-page legislative proposal originating from Governor David Patterson, has many implications. One element of the bill, which PHEEIA supporters love to mention, is hard to argue with. Currently, the State of New York can raise tuition at SUNY and then take that money from schools to fund any state project, worthwhile or corrupt, out of the wallets of students. PHEEIA would keep the money SUNY collects available for SUNY expenditures. If that was all the bill did, it might be worthwhile.

Unfortunately, PHEEIA's main purpose is to continue a half century-long attack on public institutions in America. Among other attacks on the heart and soul of SUNY, PHEEIA is a perpetual tuition increase engine. Tuition increase after tuition increase isn't just bad for Stony Brook students' personal interests; by undermining SUNY's mission to provide accessible higher

education to those priced out of private universities, PHEEIA interferes with SUNY's function to create a more just society. An inequitable New York threatens all of us. It deprives us of both the accomplishments of those who won't be able maximize their potential to contribute in our society, and the meaningful social order that only comes from a foundation of fairness.

Many of PHEEIA's other measures are also troubling: the privatization of public property through 50-year leases, the loss of transparency and accountability that goes with moving important decision making from elected legislators to appointed trustees, the implications of the bill's purchasing mandates on the ethics of SUNY contracting, the continuing erosion of student government autonomy. But the bottom line is that PHEEIA is about using a manufactured state budget crisis to shift the burden of funding SUNY from the state to the students through a combination of budget cuts and tuition increases. President Stanley says it is a "zero cost solution" when students, many of whom attend Stony Brook because they cannot afford a private university education, are asked to carry the weight for the many tangible benefits SUNY provides the community.

New York and the United States have suffered a generation of misrule by people of ill-will who talk about "starving the beast" and "shrinking it until you can drown it in the bathtub" as they schemed to manufacture a scenario where institutions like SUNY could be defunded. Three generations of indulgent and reversible tax cuts for the rich, institutionalized corruption and atrocious misprioritization of spending by Democrats and Republicans alike have set the stage for the illusory state budget "crisis".

The recent economic downturn was dramatic, but we are still a wealthy state in one of the wealthiest nations human history has known, and New York can be expected to dramatically increase its contribution to SUNY's budget, starting now and increasing in the future. Our University's leadership can be expected to be vocal advocates for reduced tuition contributing a smaller proportion to an increasing budget, even now—now, more than ever in fact. Both the increased hardship for some students and SUNY's significant—if overemphasized—long

term economic utility argue for genuine SUNY advocacy.

Armed with basic familiarity with the history of SUNY and of the dangerous and discredited ideology of privatization, the arguments for PHEEIA put forth by administrators come apart like tissue. The ossified mentality of aggressively cutting and wasting state revenue sources with the deliberate goal of creating a crisis to justify attacks on public institutions is a status quo none of us should tolerate any further. Chancellor Zimpher, meanwhile, scribbles out her appalling claims to be against some other, more imaginary status quo while she leads the charge to resign in despair. Budget restorations are not a feeble hope; they are necessary and nonnegotiable. Zimpher's claim, like so much of the arguments coming from administrators, is nakedly ridiculous to any informed reader, and is plainly designed to play on ignorance.

Her further claim that genuine SUNY advocates propose no alternatives similarly assumes her readers are uninformed. Vocal supporters of SUNY, and state social spending more generally, have been offering countless creative and practical solutions to restore useful state spending for decades.

We wouldn't be the first to call for reversing Cuomo and Pataki tax cuts, or imposing a modest stock transaction tax, eliminating the failed draconian antidrug laws that necessitate outrageous prison spending or prohibiting legislators from regulating their personal economic interests.

When Hugh Carey (who was elected Governor of New York in 1975) was courting the organized student vote, he voiced the clear moral position that, allowing for the competing needs of New York State's other social spending priorities, SUNY tuition should be regularly reduced until it was eliminated. Of course, student leadership was very different in 1975. Today we have the likes of Jasper Wilson and Dylan Selterman, who don't think you're taking on enough debt.

A world-class education free to all serious, academically qualified in-state students is a reasonable medium-term goal for today's SUNY, as well. For administrators, the first step towards that goal is joining the people who are standing tall on SUNY, rather than lying about them in the *Times Union*.

No to PHEEIA. Zero tuition.

**I Love America and I Love Stony Brook**

Dear Editor:

I write in response to your article which gave the false impression that I had a less than enjoyable experience as a student at Stony Brook University from 1977 to 1981. To the contrary, my experience at Stony Brook was quite gratifying, and one of which I am indeed very proud.

I am so proud in fact that I chose Stony Brook as the setting for my most recent State of the County address. I did so because of the strong partnership I've developed between our county government and the university, especially in fostering economic development for many of our major industries.

You mistakenly claimed that I made disparaging remarks about the university in my speech. I was introduced by the university president in a very flattering manner, and returned the compliments to the university throughout my speech.

Apparently you were most probably referring to a speech I had given before a group in Albany whereby I noted that many of the professors I had when I was attending the university during that era were preaching from the far left. Those comments have to be placed into the context of my talking about the concept of "moral equivalency," of which I am very much opposed. Such a theory takes the position that there is no moral difference between the policies espoused by various countries. There are simply self interests that each nation will espouse.

This in my humble opinion is pure nonsense. Ask a parent living under Taliban tyranny who cannot get their young daughter an education if she believes that there is no moral difference between countries. Ask the same of a political dissident under the rule of Hugo Chavez or the theocracy in Iran. Or try to tell me there is no moral difference between nations when you go to China and are restricted from accessing Google due to their extensive censorship.

I noted how moral equivalency was especially preva-

lent in the Cold War days. I saw it myself at my university, where a number of professors held that particular belief. I indeed noted that some of my professors were very sympathetic to the communists during this era. This is not McCarthyism as you suggested; it was merely frankly speaking about the conditions of that era. The overwhelming majority of my professors were dedicated, rational and balanced educators.

It is also true however, that like in many colleges at the time, there were some who were anti-American in their leanings. One preached the concept that we should adopt a system more akin to Cuba's. Another appeared in class everyday in fatigues and a red garment to symbolize his association with the Communist cause.

McCarthyism is a horrible concept which suggests that individuals should black-listed and prohibited from gaining employment because of their political views. No one is suggesting that here, but that does not mean that we should deny the fact that there were individuals who were downright hostile to our American way of life, even though the freedoms provided by that way of life allowed them to espouse such radical views – something that was so obviously taken for granted.

It has to be remembered that today we are in a much different era from the late 70s, when Stony Brook was fondly called "The Berkley of the East." A great deal has changed over the past 30 years, including the collapse of communism, the falling of the Berlin Wall, a beautification of the campus and a changing of political winds.

In conclusion, I am against moral equivalency. I believe we live in a nation whose freedoms should not be taken for granted. Those who preach anti-Americanism have a right to do so. I'll defend their right to be so and I have a right to call them out on their warped views. I am pro-American and pro-Stony Brook.

Sincerely,  
Steve Levy  
County Executive

The article to which Mr. Levy is referring was published in Volume 31, Issue 8 of *The Stony Brook Press*. Titled "Suffolk County Executive Poli. Sci Dept Red Hot", it covered the accusations Mr. Levy made, during a speech, that there were communist professors in the political science department while he was a student at Stony Brook between 1977 and 1981. A photoshopped image of Mr. Levy as Joseph McCarthy ran with the story.

We are happy to make two corrections to errors in the article. One error, as Mr. Levy had mentioned in his letter, was that the comments he made about the political science department were made during a speech in Albany, not during the State of County address that took place at Stony Brook University.

The second correction is that Mr. Levy was an undergraduate from 1977 to 1981, not from 1978 to 1982.

*The Stony Brook Press* and all its writers strive to report with accuracy and hold to high standard of journalistic integrity. We welcome all comments, questions and criticisms, which can be sent to [editors@sypress.com](mailto:editors@sypress.com).

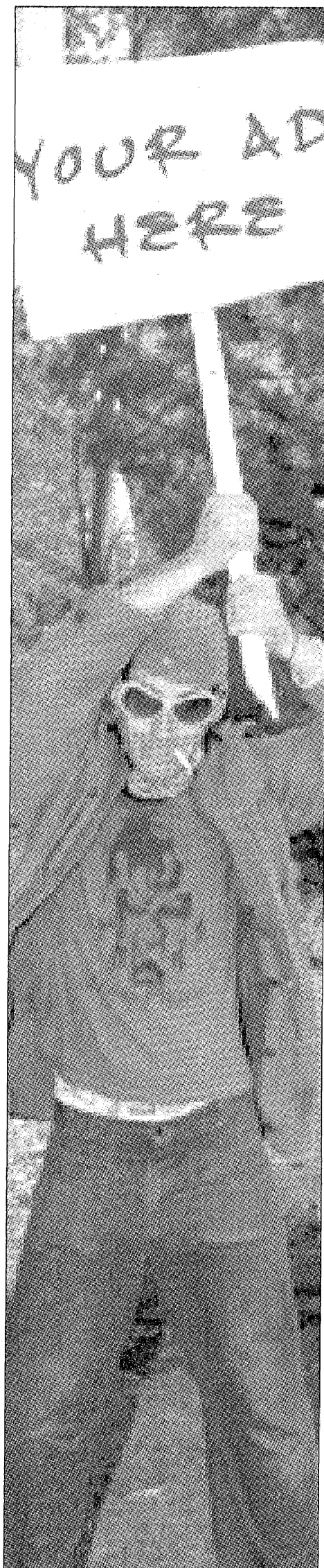
To address the substance of Mr. Levy's letter: McCarthyism is the systematic unfounded and opportunistic labeling of persons as communists, unpatriotic and treasonous. It's hard to believe that when someone like Mr. Levy calls professors, political opponents and local immigration activists communist that he or she is trying to achieve any other goal than publicly humiliating rivals and grandstanding.

Second, Levy dismisses Henry Kissinger's philosophy of realism, the idea that nations do not act on moral grounds but self-interest, as pure nonsense. He also mislabels the mainstream-Washington idea, of this famed anti-communist, as communist. Perhaps Mr. Levy should take advantage of Stony Brook's continuing adult education program and enroll in some introductory level poli-sci courses. While acknowledging that Kissinger is a war criminal, specifically for his role in the bombings of Vietnam and Cambodia and in the assassination of Chilean General René Schneider, his realist views of American foreign diplomacy greatly influenced the decisions made by the US during the Cold War—the same Cold War America would later win.

Third, his put downs are ineffectual. Calling someone a communist does little to damage the target's reputation, compared to what it may have accomplished years ago. It plays on a stigma that existed during the Cold War, which, of course, is over.

*The Press* is pleased to invite Mr. Levy, who is expected to run for the position of New York Governor this November, to revisit his alma matter and debate the realist foreign policy perspective and its impact on the Cold War with a professor from the "red hot" Political Science department, which has already graciously agreed to participate.

Sincerely,  
The Stony Brook Press



Request an ad packet:  
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Dear Editor

Please be advised that the picture of malnourished black children on page 10 of the Feb 10th issue is completely inappropriate. If you truly intend to help these children, don't mock their circumstance by putting a Colts hat on one of the children. If you truly intend to protest sending hats vs sending money for food or other needs then you should make it plain with text. Furthermore, it is inappropriate to give your paper that represents a small number of black people the benefit of the doubt. Please be careful with cute ads that offend suffering people.

Thank you for your time and attention to this matter.  
Dr. Tracie Saunders



The picture to which Dr. Saunders refers

"True compassion," said Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., "is more than flinging a coin to a beggar. It comes to see that an edifice which produces beggars needs restructuring."

Thank you for your letter, Dr. Saunders. We appreciate that after your brief telephone conversation with one of our editors, you have come to understand that it was not our intention to ridicule malnourished African children. Allow us to clarify our perspective.

The sports comic to which you object reflected the inherent tension between our enthusiasm following an exciting Superbowl game and our social consciences.

We enjoy the athleticism and excitement of a game of football closely contested by ballplayers at the top of their game. The Superbowl was a particularly good game, and most of us were thrilled to see our preferred New Orleans Saints win. We wanted to express our enthusiasm with the comic. At the same time, our feelings regarding the National Football League are complicated.

The NFL has an ongoing image problem. It relies on popular support from a fan base largely composed of people of modest means. At the same time it is a rapacious global business interest that is quite successful at maximizing its outrageous profits. The NFL charges increasingly high rates for tickets and merchandise, blackmails municipalities into dumping taxpayer handouts into new stadiums that increasingly cater to wealthy elites, aggressively lobbies to distort intellectual property law to serve corporate interests over the public, very publicly pays its players huge sums of money and more privately funnels even more massive sums into the hands of owners who don't bother to earn it by putting their skulls on the line.

The NFL has chosen to paper over this conflict with an ongoing public relations effort of ostentatious charity. As dedicated fans know, one of the more absurd faces of this effort is the donation of inaccurate championship merchandise to developing nations.

Constantly seeking to create new merchandising opportunities, pro sports leagues will regularly change up their uniforms and produce apparel for special occasions so they can sell multiple jerseys, jackets and other items to the same fans. As soon as a team wins a championship game, they will immediately appear on television wearing commemorative apparel as a promotional effort for this new line of merchandise. The immediacy helps the NFL

associate the clothes with the fans' emotional experience of the victory.

In order to make this immediately possible, the NFL prints two sets of victory gear, anticipating either outcome of the game. They are left with a load of merchandise inaccurately recognizing the losing team as the winner. The NFL then proceeds to blow a charity gasket giving away this totally worthless, self-indulgent junk, as visibly as possible.

The inadequacy of this negligible effort is thrown into starker relief in the context of the West's responsibility for the ongoing economic challenges faced in the developing world. It is revelatory to compare the oppressive levels of debt service imposed on Africa and the global South to the much more generous rates given to Western Europe for the reconstruction effort following World War II, a situation in which the lenders intended the debtors to develop successful independent economies—an outcome one can reasonably infer is not part of the plans of bankers in Washington, New York and London.

Or consider further the unequal application of the legal principle of odious debt by the United States. When the United States essentially assumed Cuba as a colony following the Spanish-American war, it invented and popularized an international legal principle, odious debt, under which Cuba was able to default entirely on its debt on the principle that the money had been borrowed by an undemocratic government which had imposed its authority on the Cuban people by force of arms—relieving the Cuban population, through their powerlessness, of any responsibility to repay the dictatorially assumed debts. Now, the United States uses both the diplomatic levers of the State Department and its influence on international financial institutions to insist that the principle of odious debt not be applied to relieve developing nations, where today the poor are paying off the loans which yesterday were used to pay the salaries of the secret police and torturers who kept them under the thumb of kleptocratic regimes.

Or consider how President Barack Obama found a flimsy pretense to boycott the United Nations' Conference on Racism, sabotaging any substantive discussion of the debt owed to Africa for the global slave trade.

It is in this context of international economic inequity that the decadent NFL can afford the luxury of manufacturing an entire set of apparel celebrating an outcome (of a game, no less) that never hap-

pened, having speculated that it might make it easier to move units of junk down the line.

We were conflicted, then, about football and the Superbowl.

We wanted to recognize the joy of the sport played well by athletes putting it all on the line, and we wanted to share our congratulations with the fans of the Saints, who achieved their first Superbowl win by taking out the goliath Colts. But we were plagued by our dissatisfaction with the NFL's excesses and pretensions.

The comic was designed for our readership, which consists mostly of young people, comparatively jaded by contemporary pop culture. "Shock" material is a part of the language which speaks to them, and to us. The iconic image of starving African children was chosen to provide the starkest contrast to highlight the meaninglessness of the NFL's showy hack charity. We hope you agree it doesn't come from a place of thoughtless, negligent disregard for the world's poor.

All of our feelings may not have been made expressly clear in the comic, but sometimes spelling things out dilutes the impact of the expressive work. We think regular readers are able to pick up on the editorial queues which point to a thoughtful and compassionate view of the world. We hope you had the opportunity to read the article in the same issue which debunks, in some detail, the ignorant idea that the recent disaster in Haiti would ultimately benefit that nation by bringing it positive global attention.

You were kind enough to share a letter which describes your expectations for a newspaper. Allow us to close by sharing some of our expectations of our readers. We are proud to have a following of bright, generous people who care about the world around them and the people in it and, importantly, who distinguish themselves by their willingness to confront the unexpected and the outrageous. We make it a point to avoid the fetters of stultifying conceptions of the "appropriate" which can so easily aggregate and stifle creativity and expressive energies.

In summary, we expect the leeway to be daring and playful. The occasional problems and misunderstandings this produces are more than worth the consistent rewards of our approach. We think our paper is much better, and our readers better served, when we don't apply the kind of filter you are implicitly advocating.

# Rent Is Too Damn High

By Andrew Fraley

Graduate students here at Stony Brook are fighting multiple fronts for livable conditions. In addition to negotiating for a new contract for graduate assistants, teaching assistants and research assistants, a coalition of graduate groups are also fighting against rent increases for the on-campus graduate apartments.

It was announced in February that rents for the Schomburg and Chapin apartments would be increased by 4.8% for the next year. That is why on Tuesday, March 2, about a dozen residents of those apartments, organized by the Graduate Student Employees Union, Research Assistants Union and Graduate Student Organization Housing Committee, rallied for a cessation of unfair rent increases for the graduates living on campus. Zhixun Dou, a graduate student in the Cellular and Molecular Biology Department, was one of the rally's organizers, and helped create a petition against rent hikes that was later presented to administrators. "Within a month," said Dou, "we have collected more than 400 signatures in Schomburg and Chapin calling for no rent increases." The petition was later presented to Peter Baigent, Vice President for Student Affairs, and Dallas Bauman, Assistant Vice President for Campus Residences.

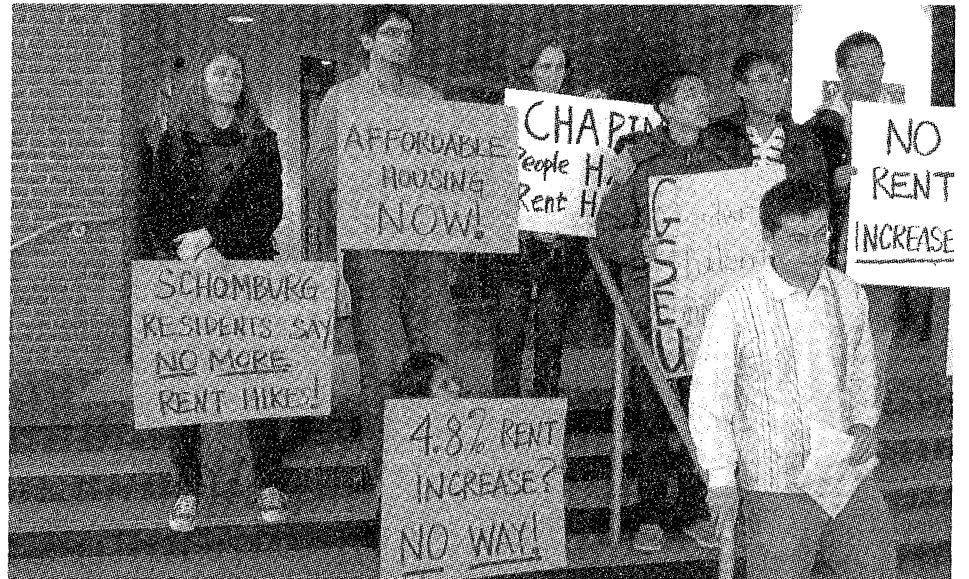
Dou, a Chapin resident in his third

year, says he will likely have to move out at the end of the semester because of the rent increase. There are others facing similar situations, too. Charilaos Papadopoulos, the secretary of Schomburg Apartments Residents Association sees this as the breaking point for many graduates, especially international students. "We'll be paying more than 55% of our monthly income just for rent," Explained Papadopoulos about the upcoming increase, "and we are without any alternatives."

According to the National Low Income Housing Coaliton, for housing to be considered affordable, it must cost no more than 30% of the renter's income. This has forced students to explore other possible alternatives.

But for international students, off campus residency may not be an option without proper transportation, like a car or location in the university area. In addition, visa restrictions prevent them from obtaining employment outside of the university to supplement their income.

This isn't the first rent increase to hit the graduate apartments, either. Over the past five years, the rents at the two apartments have both increased by over \$100, to \$1,284 at Schomburg and \$1,070 at Chapin. "This means the rent at Schomburg has risen by 25%, and Chapin by more than 17% in the past five years," Explained Dou. The Housing Committee which organized the rally was formed last year in response to inadequate eviction warnings sent to



Zhixun Dou prepares to deliver his statement at the rally on Tuesday, March 2. Courtesy of Jim McAsey

apartment residents, and now advocates for all graduates seeking fair housing on and off campus. Kai Wu, a graduate in the Molecular Genetics and Microbiology department, is one those students forced off campus. Campus residences at Chapin, deciding to turn Wu's shared-family apartment into four singles, had given him two options. Either move into a single-family apartment for \$300 more, or move out. "This is pure discrimination against married students," explained Wu, about his now limited options on campus. The additional cost was too much for Wu, who moved off campus a year ago.

Apartment rent prices, as high as they are, however, are still around the affordable limit, according to the NLIHC. The problem lies with students'

stipends, which are much lower than most comparable universities. According to Lauren Sheprow, Director of Media Relations, "Graduate student pay is union negotiated, beyond University control." Graduate stipends have remained unchanged for the past couple years, despite rent increases.

Juhi Tyagi is a second year graduate in the sociology department, and hasn't seen an increase in her salary in the two years she's worked here. Without a commensurate salary increase to accompany rent increases, there is less money students have to work with. Because of this, some students are looking at the increases as an unfair way to balance the budget. "Don't look at students as your source of revenue," said Tyagi. "It's ridiculous to put all of your burden on us." In addition, the higher rent compared to lower cost regions, like Binghamton, may scare away potential graduate prospects—a problem that the rent increases aren't helping. "Having rent consume more than 55% of stipends puts Stony Brook University in a less competitive position on the education market," explained Papadopoulos.

Some suggestions put forth by the protestors included a commission to review the budgets of Schomburg and Chapin apartments. A reputable third party, jointly selected by student representatives and administrators, could potentially cut costs by eliminating inefficiencies and waste. Sheprow says that the administration is receptive to this and has been over the years, so a review may be in the future for the apartments.

Zhixun Dou summed up the plight of the students well, saying, "Our message is clear: We want no rent raises."



# Mourned But Not Forgotten

By Carol Moran

Eighteen white candles stood flickering on a table along with a bouquet of pink and white flowers. Students, faculty members and staff occupied the Student Activities Center ballroom, filling the seats and lining the walls at the vigil held in memory of Yanique Bailey, the 19-year-old Stony Brook sophomore found murdered on February 22.

Mark Bailey, Yanique's father, shot Yanique, her younger sister, Yolonne, and her mother, Dionne, before shooting himself in the forehead. He left a note on the table that read, "I'm sorry. Love, Mark."

Four counselors stood in a row at the back of the room, tissues in hand.

Bailey's close friends were present, as well as her acquaintances and other students who hadn't known her well. Those that knew her mourned the friend they had lost. One student, who hadn't known her, said he wished he had.

Bailey, a biology major and business minor at Stony Brook, was a dancer, a member of the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and the Hand College Hall Council, according to friends and an email sent out by President Samuel Stanley.

"Tonight we share our sorrow as we recall the blessing that was Yanique's life," said Reverend Brenda Ford, Chaplain of Protestant Campus Ministry. Prayers were said as each candle was lit.

Students hugged each other in consolation as Ford spoke.

"We were best friends," Brianna Burge, a sophomore at Stony Brook, said through tears. "Even when she was upset, she was just the most amazing thing."

Near the entrance, students wrote memories of Yanique on paper doves that are now displayed in Hand College. Kind words were written on cards to be sent to Bailey's family.

Students, faculty and staff organized the vigil, offering prayers and memories. Two students sang "One Sweet Day" in duet from the front of the room.

"I know of no words that will allow me to make sense of this tragedy," President Stanley said from the podium at the front of the room. He told all to honor her by making a difference in the world through a smile or a gesture, in

hopes that "something good can come of this."

Twenty-two members of the Stony Brook Gospel Choir dressed in black and red filled the room with their voices as they sang the closing hymn. Every-

one in the room grasped hands as parting words were said.

"Yanique was an extraordinary person," Dean of Students Jerrold Stein said. "She'll still be a part of us."



Yanique Bailey

Courtesy of the SBU Dean of Student's Office

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# Cutting Vector Down to Size

By Henry Schiller

For those unfamiliar with the oft-used by Nickelodeon message of, "Hey kids, don't get involved in a pyramid scheme," Vector Marketing may be looking to hire you. Anyone who graduated from high school after the advent of social networking sites like Myspace is likely to have received an invitation to become a part of the Vector Marketing team.

Vector's logic is reasonable enough: invite recent high school graduates—often eager to find a job so as to earn enough money for leisurely pursuits while in college (students consume a wide range of expensive tapotas and exotic snuff, both a huge drain on the proverbial bankroll)—to become a part of a semi-futuristically titled company, the purpose of which is obscured by the word "marketing." The bottom line, and this often isn't revealed until the interview, is that Vector employs these students to sell knives door to door.

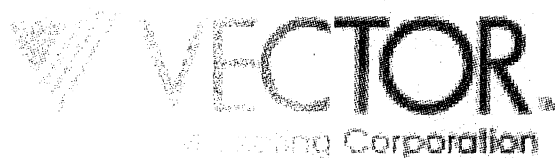
Actual door-to-door salesmanship has been lampooned since the 1930s, and for many students this revelation is a deal breaker. A job is a job, however, and one might reason that at least selling knives isn't flipping burgers. Except Vector, a sales firm for Cutco Cutlery, forces the student employees in their sales division to buy or rent their own knives; and it is necessary for sales representatives to place a \$139.00 deposit on a sample set of knives.

Student employees are encouraged to set up knife-vending relationships within their communities and amongst their close friends. Salespeople are also required to provide their own shoddy knives to be tested against the vector ones (a la every infomercial) for the seemingly impossible occasion that

someone actually lets the knife-brandishing teenager from down the block into their home.

Vector's business model, it would seem, is more nearly based around extorting money from their so-called employees (who have been strong armed into persuading their friends to join the Vector family) than selling knives to willing customers.

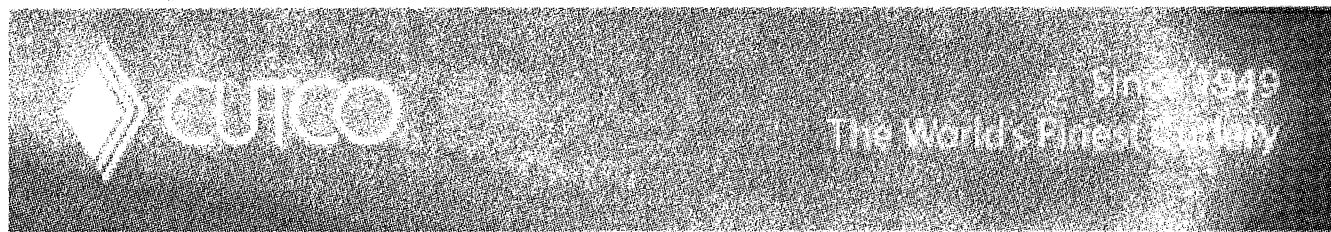
That is not to say Vector Marketing is unable to sell knives; Vector allegedly sells Cutco knives at a relatively high rate, citing worldwide rates of over 250 million in 2009 according to their website. The fact of the matter is, however, that a portion of these knives is being sold to prospective salespersons, who have no hope of getting rid of them (with fiscal gain) through the antiquated door-to-door system.



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Vector is not technically a pyramid scheme because the money you used to buy or rent their knives with sees an immediate return; in the form of knives you have bought or rented. They are not using the money you used to buy a knife set with as artificially produced returns on someone else's investment in the company. Technically, Vector is not doing anything illegal.

Corporations like Vector that force employees to purchase the goods they are selling, are a vaguely irritating problem on college campuses. Companies of this nature often employ a policy of taking down the number of everyone in a prospective student-employee's phonebook with the promise that these numbers will not be called, and are for social assessment purposes only, and then calling these numbers in search of new

prospective student-employees. For anyone with several friends desperate to make a buck, these calls (I've gotten several) can be a pain in the ass. Vector's own website refers to their referral program as being "based on a 'friends of friends' approach, which has proven to be quite effective."

Getting roped into one of these schemes is not uncommon, and it is difficult to break the chains these companies might throw over you if you're indebted to them—especially if it seems like they're giving you the opportunity to make your money back. Ultimately one should shy away from any job that forces its employees to pay the company before they even see a dime. The prospect of selling cutlery door-to-door should set off some alarms as well.





## PATHS OF PROTEST

BY NAJIB AMINY

On a cold and wet Wednesday afternoon during campus lifetime, Sophomore Nazma Niles is one of more than 200 students who have joined together outside the Student Activities Center in protesting the state budget cuts to SUNY and Governor David Paterson's Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act.

Niles, 19, like many students, has a difficult time paying for her tuition. Paying for loans and putting financial stress on her father, a construction worker, and mother, a home attendant, Niles says, is not the kind of life she wants to experience when she graduates, which is why she and many students have taken it to the streets.

"I know it's going to be screwed up and I know the future is going to have a lot of hard times," said Niles. The Flatbush, Brooklyn resident is the first in her family to attend college. "But what do we have if not education? It's the only way to make progress in this society and once you start restricting education and start putting fees on education you kind of restrict it for those that don't have the money."

The issue of public higher education, access to it, its cost and quality, have been the focus of recent worldwide student protests from the economically-deprived state of California, to the bewildered state of New York State and parts of Europe and South America. But with a technologically-distracted student generation in a worldwide recession, how effective are

these protests and bouts of student-led activism?

### *It's Not What it Once Was*

"It's sort of cathartic," said Kathleen Nutter, a professor in the Stony Brook History department, about the act of protesting. "You do have a say and somebody is listening. Though that doesn't mean they're going to be doing something about it," said Nutter,

College campuses have hosted their share of protests and social movements—at least they did in the 60's and 70's. Times have since changed. "The protests were a matter of life and death, not marginal tuition hikes," said Albert Cover, Undergraduate Director and Professor of the Stony Brook University Political Science Department. "The stakes were much higher," Cover said.

There is no active military draft and the cause of civil rights is, for the most part light years ahead of where it once was. In addition, overall student involvement, specifically here at Stony Brook University has decreased since the glory days of when it was referred to as "The Berkley of the East."

"These are students who protested because they are concerned about their pockets; it's not about the violation of civil rights, human rights or any political evil," said Arie Perliger, Schusterman Visiting Assistant Professor in both the Stony Brook Political Science and History Department. "They don't want to have to pay for these changes in the educational system," said Perliger, whose

research focuses on political extremism and violence.

However, the recent acts of protest, including the rally Niles participated in, and another outside a campus media press conference with President Samuel Stanley, where students sat holding signs and rattled change in a can, is not, according to those involved, just about the money.

*"When you increase tuition, the people who are hurt worst are the people hurt worst by the recession"*

### *The Mo' Money the Mo' Problems*

"Every dollar that tuition is raised is another dollar that separates the poor from the rich, the Blacks and Hispanics from the White, the lower class from the upper class, from what we want our society to be to everything that it is," said Mike Carley, a 21-year-old senior majoring in music studies who participated in the protests.

Carley, who is white and from Selden, will be graduating this semester, and would not suffer personally from paying an increased tuition if Paterson's budget were passed. But his siblings, Carley worries, will be the ones most affected by PHEEIA and continued cuts

to SUNY, and his family will have to bear the burden.

"When you increase tuition, the people who are hurt worst are the people hurt worst by the recession," said Carley, whose younger sister's plans for braces were nixed so he could graduate this semester. "You can see that it's one more step to creating greater wealth disparity. Nobody wants that except the super-rich," Carley said.

The recession plays a factor into this particular movement's success, as many Americans remain jobless, have seen their savings dwindle and suffered from goods becoming unaffordable. "There is a less sympathetic audience, as they would say 'we have our own problems' and 'join the club,'" Cover said. "It's a hard world out there."

### *Protest Targets*

Following the protest in front of the SAC, Niles and roughly 80 students walked past the Administration building and took a privately-chartered bus, funded by the Graduate Student Employee Union and the Communications Workers of America Local 1104, to the Center for Excellence in Wireless and Information Technology building, where a SUNY strategic planning symposium on research and globalization was taking place with both President Stanley and SUNY Chancellor Zimpher.

Confined to a wet field of grass next to the main entrance of the CEWIT building, both Niles and Carley joined in, making their presence known by

hoisting their signs and shouting chants as conference attendees exited from the main entrance.

The protests targeted both the Stony Brook and SUNY administration, for what they called a foul misrepresentation of what the students want. "When they come out in support of legislation like PHEEIA, it seems like the entire Stony Brook community is in support," Carley said.

Clearly, the entire community is not.

Both SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher and President Stanley have no voting power when it comes to Paterson's proposed budget plan. Additionally, lobbying efforts to local representatives to preserve SUNY were unsuccessful due to the state's economic status, according to Stanley during a press conference addressed to campus media on March 8.

"The legislators are the only people who can modify the budget," said Brenden Colling, Regional Campus Supervisor for the New York Public Interest Research Group, a statewide non-partisan student public-interest group. "They're the people with the power," said Colling, whose organization focuses on lobbying legislators rather than campus officials and statewide agencies.

But those who were involved in the protest thought otherwise. "We can't lobby the governor or the legislature with a whole lot of support but we can definitely get the attention of the administration," Carley said. "They can talk to New York State legislators and the Governor, and carry some weight with their voices that students can't."

#### The Political Hurdle

Yet, even institutions like SUNY and Stony Brook University hold only so much political clout, a limit Stanley brought up during the campus media press conference. "They [NYS legislators] don't believe that we deliver blocks of votes, and consequently we don't have the kind of fire power, when we go to Albany, that other groups

have," said Stanley, suggesting that the protests be directed at legislators rather than him.

Ultimately, the message students delivered was to pressure Albany for greater support to public higher education, which Stanley supports, while abolishing the proposal to take the path of PHEEIA. Stanley is a strong proponent of PHEEIA and said that he was "tremendously excited" about the plan, when it was first announced earlier this year.

"I am absolutely with you [student protestors] in trying to get more money from the state," Stanley said, "but I am also realistic in terms of what I see is out there. When I see this huge deficit, I think it's highly unlikely we're going to get money from that source."

Tuition hikes, the student protestors argue, should be an absolute last resort and there are still many feasible alternatives. These statements were handed, in the form of a letter to Stanley, during the protest outside the CEWIT building.

#### Critical Mass

Evaluations varied as to how successful the student protests were, and hinged on factors including student apathy, diversity and awareness.

"The students were only able to attract so few students," said Perliger, who compared the couple hundred students who came out to the more than 20,000 students at Stony Brook. Part of the rea-

*"We have this imaginary boundary, between ourselves and our emotions, and that we can't approach people of a higher stature."*

son for this comparatively small figure, Perliger says, is that the campus is so diverse, in age, ethnicity and culture, that there is no unity. "There was no sense of solidarity and you can feel that by just

walking on campus," Perliger said.

"Ultimately, it's the issues that dictate the extent of the protest," Cover said, dismissing the likelihood that the protests would be noticed or remembered for their impact.

The protests, however, were well recognized by the Administration, in what some protestors would call a success in itself. Stanley did address the notion of an open-forum meeting with students, including protestors, granted that it would be both constructive and civil.

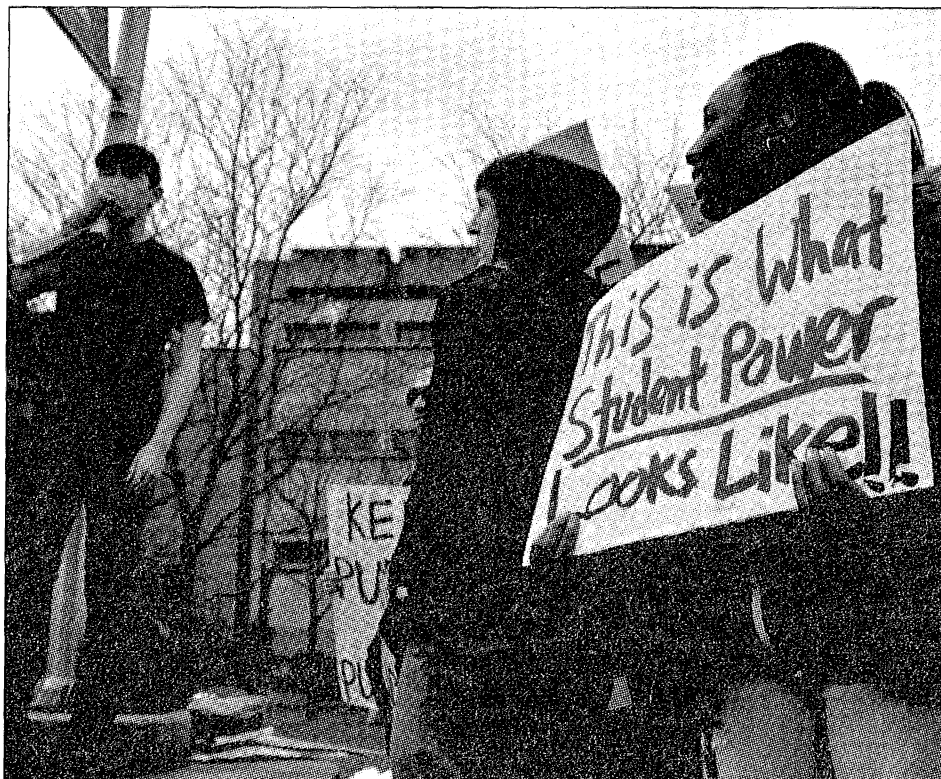
#### The Alpha

The biggest loss in this whole movement, Nutter said, would result if the student body as a whole was apathetic to what both Washington and Albany were doing. "That would be a tragedy, if your generation comes to feel that protests have little use," Nutter said. "Demonstrating your opposition or support in a public way that gets attention is really still the most effective way of getting the word out."

Carley, who is just one of many students involved in the social movement against budget cuts and tuition hikes, says that the protests have just begun. "The goal of the protest was not to be the omega to our efforts, very much the alpha," Carley said. Future sit-ins, dance-ins and other actions are being planned by autonomous but allied small groups—an effort to prevent some student demonstration leaders from being viewed as a vanguard.

"The fact that we empowered the students and made them realize they have a say in what's going on made it successful," Niles said. "We have this imaginary boundary, between ourselves and our emotions, and that we can't approach people of a higher stature. I feel this protest broke that."

Niles recalled how cold it was during the day of the protest, her hands freezing. Niles held a white-poster that read, in black ink, "This is what student power looks like."



Nazma Niles at the March 3 rally in front of the Student Activities Center

Carolina Hidalgo



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## And Who Said Iranians Couldn't Rock?

By Alex Nagler

They say music and math are the universal languages. This was evident on February 25, when the Persian world music ensemble Niyaz played a sold out show at the Charles B. Wang Center. A fusion of Middle Eastern poetry and contemporary electronica, the group seeks to elevate the standing of Middle Eastern music and culture by raising the public's awareness of what exists and what can be created out of it.

Niyaz started as an outlet for lead singer Azam Ali and multi-instrumentalist Loga Ramin Torkian. It was a safe space for them to share the music of their native Iran. But Niyaz is more than just Iranian music. Ali was born in Iran, but grew up in India before moving to the United States as a teenager. Oud player Naser Musa is a native Palestinian who grew up in Jordan. Their cultures blend together with contemporary music to produce something uniquely new. Ali feels that their music is "the story of our generation, of immigrants." She noted that those who live outside of the West "often confuse modernization with westernization" and that it was their goal to "create something modernized without it being labeled westernized."

Niyaz achieves just that. Even though it is heavily influenced and enhanced by technology, Niyaz cannot be mistaken for western music. Western music does not use the tabla (played masterfully by Gurpreet Chana) or the oud. Western music does not incorporate the poetry of the Sufi mystic Rumi. Western music does not use Turkish hunting on how a hunter is reminded of his love in everything he sees and finds himself unable to harm anything as the

basis for songs. Western music does not create chants songs that feature oud players with fantastic voices doing solos in the distinct melisma, the singing of a single syllable while moving between notes in rapid succession, of Middle Eastern music. Western musicians don't have a tendency to revive 16th Century instruments like the GuitarViol, a bowed guitar that died off in the 1800s due to the popularization of the violin family, but Torkian did just that.

And yet, during the question and answer session, all the musicians spoke of familiar themes. The desire to belong, a bridge to connect one's past self with who he or she is now, music as a sense of identity—these are the musings of each person. As the token white guy, Jess Stroup joked, "Different cultures can like each other."

There was one somber note in the evening; during the question and answer session, Ali was asked how she felt about the fact that she would never be able to perform her music in her native Iran. She was saddened by what she knew to be true. It would be impossible for her ever to perform publicly there. She had given up on any hope of ever performing at home.

But, she noted that there was one positive thing to come out of the Iranian political turmoil of the last generation. After the Iranian Revolution of 1979, all western music was banned. What followed was a renaissance of native Persian music. But following that, there was another crack down.

This momentary lapse into discus-

sions of censorship and the longing to go home was interrupted, however, when an adorable child walked onto stage. The boy, Iman, was the son of Ali and her husband and band-mate Torkian. The Q&A session ended when Ms. Ali stated that she had to go, as her son wanted someone with whom to play with his trains.

As for Niyaz, they're not sure what they'll do next. They've already put out two albums. (The more recent, *Nine Heavens*, came out in June 2008.) Whatever their next work is, it will focus on cultural commonalities—like the fact that everyone, regardless of their ethnicity, can find small children, playing, to be adorable.



Dan Woulin/Charles B. Wang Center

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# Bleeding Surfers, Fat People, Ennui etc.

By Ross Barkan

So I'm on the J train speeding toward the Jewish white mother haven known as Bedford-Stuyvesant. (For all of you *not* in the know, this is called irony. Bedford-Stuyvesant is a neighborhood in Brooklyn filled with minorities. Minorities tend to be people with darker skin. Therefore, they are dangerous. Ever since Moses declared America to be the land of milk and milk and all the Indians mysteriously vanished in a freak boating accident, minorities have lived happily in their own neighborhoods where they can perform all the crazy free Jazz they want and not bother old white men who play chess in the park while exchanging tirades about their gay nephews). Sorry for that aside. I'll begin again!

So I'm on the J train speeding toward Bed-Stuy (the hip, shortened version of that neighborhood name) on Saturday, February whatever. Who can remember? I had done a lot of drugs that day. By drugs I mean candy. And by candy I mean cat sleeping pills and ecstasy. Kidding. It could've been eight thirty. The plan was to meet Hankdawg, J-krunn, and CraigHeed, my best friends in the whole wide world except until I find friends who are friends with more female friends so I won't be so alone, and go see some bands play at this place called Market Hotel.

Yeah, I was going to see music played in Brooklyn. I'm not a hipster. I'm just white. Huge difference. I'll explain later.

Mistake number one I made: bringing my copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on the train and reading it out aloud to glowering black people. "Now Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe, when he has the rheumatism," I sang verbatim in the best southern dialect I could summon. Let me explain. I'm taking this class called Slavery in American Literature (300 level English whoah!) and I'm required to read this book for that class. Class is awesome, mostly because Patrick Ewing somehow got mentioned

the other day and anytime Patrick Ewing of the Noo Yawk Knickabockahs (almost 1994 champs!) is spoken about, I get excited. My point is, I have poor judgment. My point is, this might not be true (I mean, the Ewing thing is true). My point is...god damn, don't dance like you got the rheumatism for your fellow strangers. And don't explain the politics of the 1840s south to people who just don't care. Even if you think they look like someone who would know that the Compromise of 1850 was brokered by Henry fucking Clay.



Henry Clay! Think about that one, shitdicks.

The train stopped at Myrtle Avenue. I should mention I was going to see the headliner band that night, this surf-scuzz-fuzz-junk-hilofi-beach-jingle-jangle-wave-indie-pop-thing band called Surfer Blood. Surfer Blood hails from Florida and sounds like Weezer but don't annoy the hell out of me. In fact, I think they're good. Better than the things you like.

On the train I heard these crackers talking about how pumped they were to see Surfer Blood. Cool, I thought, and then checked out them sweet sweater titties on this one chick who had this tight, horizontal-striped sweater that only served to show off them bangin' tittie balls. They was good. When the train stopped at Myrtle Avenue, I followed these punks off figuring they knew the right way to go.

Good thing I didn't follow them.

Like gay drunk little lambs, they wandered onto the M train across the tracks, clearly misguided. I almost hopped that very same train. Had I done that, this article would be over.

Unfortunately for you, according to the academic standards of the State of New York, I'm intelligent so I didn't follow them that way. Another stream of hipsters led me down the stairs, across the street, and into the night.

Market Hotel is one of those "DIY" illegal venues that all the elitist assholes are hip to these days. Unless you know

Grooms. They played like a cyclonic butthole. Good I guess.

Beach Fossils came to the party with guitars and drums. Bunch of pretentious goobers.

Man the dreads dude really was mackin'. What a bastard.

I digress, allow me to talk about FatMountainFlapjack. He was a fellow who attended the show and stood next to me. What can I say about FatMountainFlapjack? He was roughly between the ages of 11 and 24, a behemoth of a fatboy, clad in an oversized D.A.R.E t-shirt, bandana, and retardation. Clearly he had come to see the band playing before Surfer Blood, Turbo Fruits. I like to imagine FatMountainFlapjack, standing at a strapping six feet three inches and four hundred pounds, thinks a stick of chocolate-coated gum counts as some sort of deformed "turbo fruit" and is therefore nutritious. I dunno. He liked to dance, though. Oh lord, how he liked to dance.

The Human Screaming Orca Creature that was FatMountainFlapjack bobbed, waggled, swaggered and sweated through all the sets. Many times I tried to move, yet found myself somehow next to FatMountainFlapjack, despite my evasive maneuvers. He was like a star burning bright in a tub of vanilla lard.

He never shut up.

Oh yeah, music. Surfer Blood played well, all poppy and catchy and sing-along-y. You know, like bands that are good. They're good. I'm a specific reviewer.

One more note: in the midst of Surfer Blood making good music, HankDog and co., who never actually made it to the show due to chronological errors by a Greek sorceress, were accosted on the streets of Bedford-Stuyvesant (by a white person—take that, mom!). HankDog a.k.a. Henry Schiller of the *Stony Brook Press* (check the staff box) was punched in the back of the head for not really interfering in an argument between a deranged man and his lover.

Fun was had by all.

There were other hot chicks I didn't talk to. That's my way. I'm pretty sure FatMountainFlapjack took them all home for cream sodas and sex.

The world is a serious place.

the number of Market Hotel's door (and notice the line of hipsters about 20 deep outside) you won't find it. From the outside, it looks like any other corrugated building, a squat inconspicuous hovel thing. Coppers and uncool kids ain't supposed to find it.

After getting past the bouncer/guard, jacked and furious, I ascended the stairs, flashed my I.D. (NOT TWENTY ONE YOU CAN'T BUY OVERPRICED PABST BLUE RIBBON [oh no!]) and entered just in time for the first band, San Francisco's own The Morning Benders.

There was this guy with dreadlocks chattin' up this hottie, all up in her plaid-shirted, ample-breasted grill. I pined for her. She was my one and only.

Uh, Morning Blenders or whatever were fine. Sounded like Asian Vampire Weekend. I only say this because the frontman was sorta Asian looking.

Next came Sonic Youth ripoff

**A Riddle**

Q: What is the only way to improve on a dance party with no dancing, at a bar where alcohol is not sold?

A: Call it a rave, and play close to no electronic dance music.

# LATE TO THE PARTY

## Heavy Rain Delivers On All Levels

By Matt Calamia

You would be hard pressed to remember a game that garnered so much hype and interest while still holding onto its mystique. Far too often these days, everything is known about a game even before its release. An exception to this rule is *Heavy Rain*, which in many ways, is unlike any game we've ever seen—minus *Indigo Prophecy*, Quantic Dream's previous title.

It is difficult to discuss the story without spoiling it all together, but the basic plot revolves around the origami killer who kidnaps little boys and eventually kills them. It's a pretty gruesome plot, but does its job of making you want to hunt him down, and bring him to justice right from the start.

Like any good story, it uses smaller pieces to get you involved. In *Heavy Rain's* case, those smaller parts are the different characters you control, each being affected by the killer in their own way. Scott Shelby is a private investigator being paid by one of the victim's family; Norman Hayden is an FBI agent investigating the murders; Ethan Mars is a dad, but I won't give away how and why he gets affected; and a woman who is revealed to be Madison Paige, who again, I won't reveal why she is involved. Everything comes together very well to make a very complete and robust story-

telling experience.

The crucial hinge in the gameplay is that the player has control over basically every decision made in the game. You can choose to send your kid to bed before supper, to be persistent in asking a question or to be more understanding. Do you want to save that person or let them die? It is all in the hands of the



player. Every decision affects the final outcome, making every game a little different and allowing for endless play-throughs.

One thing I would like to say is, no, this is *not* an interactive movie like some people think it is. Sure, there are a lot of quicktime events along with cut scenes, but it is far from just being a movie. You move your character around in every scene, choosing where to go and what to do. If you want to get a drink, you

can choose to. If that's not your thing, go take a piss in the bathroom. Like I said, it is all up to you.

The graphics and voice acting can at times be both phenomenal and brutal. There are scenes when you'll forget you're playing a game and not watching a live action movie. It is that good looking. There are other times, however, where faces and hands will look like clay figures, and the voice acting will be so god-awful that you'll wonder why they didn't just use subtitles. Neither is much of a game-breaker though, and is forgivable.

The one major flaw I see in the game is the walking itself. At times you feel more like a tank than a human being. The movement is never very fluid, and you'll find yourself having to turn around constantly because you missed an object you have to interact with. Again, it can be frustrating but never to the point where it is unplayable. In a way, you just get used to it, accept it and move on.

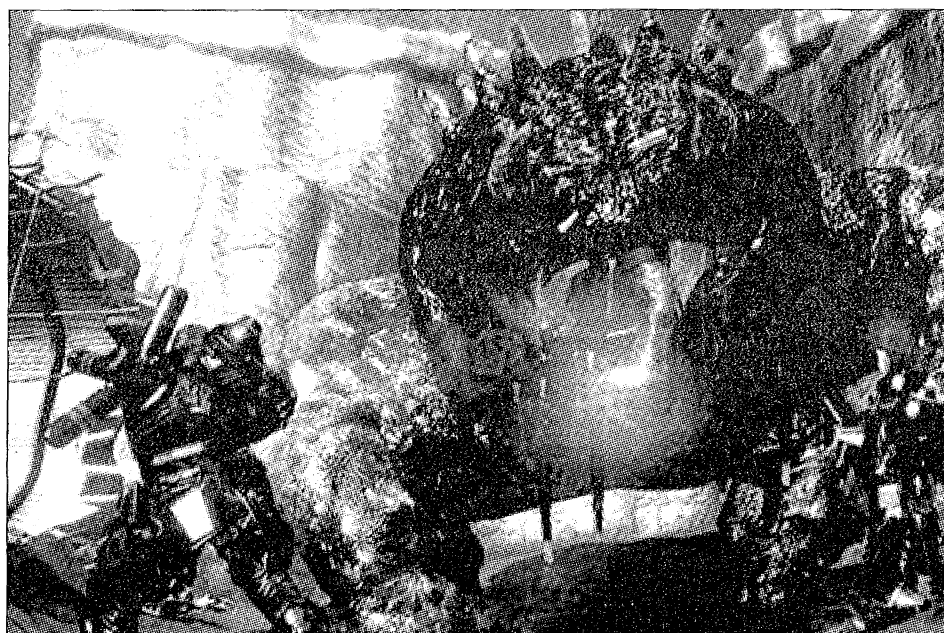
In the end, *Heavy Rain* delivers on all levels. It is a great addition to the growing list of PlayStation 3 exclusives. If you're a PS3 owner, this is a must-have in your collection. If you go into the game with an open mind, you'll have one of the best experiences you'll ever have with a video game. If you go in thinking it is nothing more than a really long cut-scene, then you may disappoint yourself, and prevent yourself from having a great 10-hour roller coaster ride of an experience.

## A Planet Is Lost, Once Again

By Nick Statt

The sequel to *Lost Planet: Extreme Conditions* has generated an enormous amount of enduring hype since its E3 debut last year. When the release date was pushed back to May of this year, gamers became even more anxious to get their hands on the title. The only available taste of the game so far is the one-mission demo—maybe twenty minutes, tops, in length. Is it enough to earn *Lost Planet II* wait-in-line-at-midnight status? Not quite, but it's close.

The demo mission revolves around you and up to three other players, via Xbox Live, battling an enormous creature from the original game, the Akrid



of planet E.D.N. III. The first thirty seconds left me literally breathless as I completely disregarded learning the

controls and watched the huge creature, known only as a Category G specimen, begin wreaking havoc in near-flawless

graphic wonder. Equipped with a tentacle-wielding mouth and six enormous glowing legs, the insect-rhino as large as a skyscraper was about as close to a perfect pick for a demo boss fight as developer Capcom could have managed.

As you and your partners swing into battle, it's easy to see that *Lost Planet II* has addressed many of the previous installment's flaws. Movement is more fluid and weapon control/exchange is quicker and easier. One of the series' biggest perks, the mech-based fighting, now includes co-op ready robots, for multiple players to work together in one big robot suit. After three failed tries, my team finally managed to defeat the Category G creature. As I watched its flesh melt into the water of the valley, I decided that I had to buy this game when it hits stores May 18.

A Riddle

Q: What makes a rave a rave?

A: Sick, sick hot dogs at the bar. Buck wylin'!

# LATE TO THE PARTY

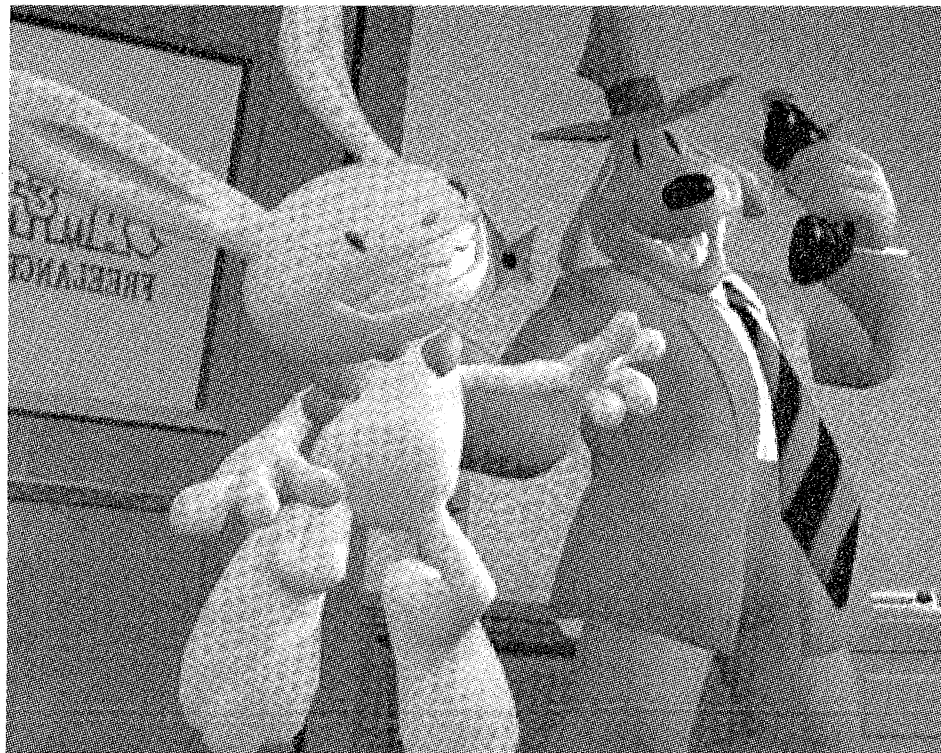
## Sam and Max Save the World

By Evan Goldaper

It's the final challenge of the first chapter. Armed only with a metal strainer, you've got to stop an insane actor from using a pipe organ to hypnotize the world, starting with former child stars. What should you do?

The amazing thing about *Sam and Max Save the World* is that it only gets more bizarre and enjoyable from there. For those who aren't familiar, it's a game about two freelance police officers: Sam, a talking dog in a suit, and Max, his deviously violent rabbit sidekick. Together, they have to save the world (as the title clearly states) from a variety of hypnotism and brainwashing-related mysteries. Though it was originally released in a monthly episodic format back in 2006 and 2007, it has been completed and is now essentially one complete full-length title.

The game is a rare thing—it has genuinely good writing. Of course, that's vital for any point-and-click adventure,



but the sheer quality of the dialogue and voice acting was surprising. I can't think of any other video game this funny; the quality is on par with many cartoons. Sam's deadpan is the perfect

counter to Max's insane ranting, turning even the usually dull observational banter that characterizes the genre into comedy gold. Even background characters are memorable; there weren't any

who I dreaded having to talk to, even repeatedly.

Point-and-click games aren't without their caveats, though. Many people fear that games like this will be mostly dialogue rather than gameplay. That's not completely incorrect—at times, I did feel more like I was watching than playing, but never for very long. There are clever, consistently surprising puzzles throughout, and these challenges grow quite difficult by the game's end. With that said, none of them are impossible, and all of them are very satisfying when completed.

Simply put, everyone should at least give *Sam and Max Save the World* a try. On Telltale Games' website, a little less than 30 dollars will get you the entire game, and doubters can download demos of any chapter or the entirety of Episode 4: *Abe Lincoln Must Die!*, which amounts to one-sixth of the game, for free.

It's worth a shot. After all, those child stars aren't going to defeat themselves.

## Supreme Commander 2: Electric Bugaloo

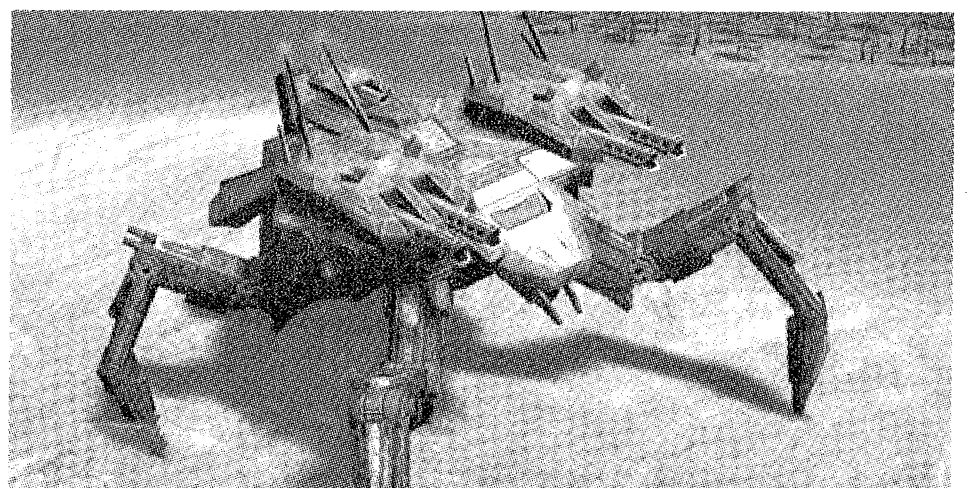
By Kenny Mahoney

A couple of things surprised me about *Supreme Commander 2*. Not that it's a real time strategy (RTS) title with giant robots – that's pretty common. What really surprised me was that upon booting up the game, I was greeted with a Square Enix logo. "Square Enix?!" I thought, "the *Final Fantasy* guys published *this*?!" After a second thought, it all started to make sense. The Japanese are known to be fond of their robot overlords, so an RTS whose main selling point is such wasn't really out of the question.

The demo offers a few tutorial missions to get you acclimated to the RTS playstyle, which is pretty standard fare for anyone who has touched a PC RTS

in the past ten years. Two tutorial levels as well as two levels from the campaign mode are included to give you an impression of the game – online was not an option. Critics of the first game in the series have claimed that unlike many other RTS games, *SupCom* is much more about strategic planning and unit management rather than simply amassing a giant army and shoving them at your enemy. My time with *SupCom2* has proven that that opinion could not be further from the truth. It seemed no matter what I did, the better strategy was simply building more stuff than the other guy and trying to wipe him out with sheer force of numbers.

The unit types are similar to your average RTS, offering almost nothing of interest until you can enter into the "experimental" building options. However, being that the demo is so short coupled

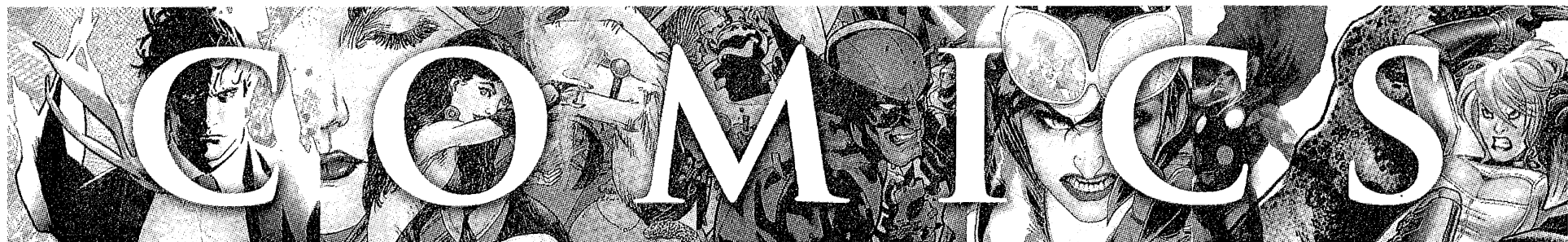


with the fact that these are usually only available in the late-game makes reaching "experimental" units difficult. However, I imagine that if you're an RTS fan, you're not too worried about having to wait around for a while for things to get interesting.

Overall, I'm not that impressed

with *Supreme Commander 2*. The game has fared pretty well critically, but the combination of lackluster units and tired mechanics is enough for me to skip this one. However, if you're still interested, *Supreme Commander 2* is available now for the PC and will be available soon for the Xbox 360.

## arts &amp; entertainment



## Mr. E Wrote This:

*Mysterius: The Unfathomable*

By Eric DiGiovanni

*Mysterius: The Unfathomable* comes to us from Jeff Parker and Tom Fowler by way of DC's Wildstorm.

Let me start this off by saying that this is the second consecutive comics piece in which I review a book from a DC imprint, with a plot centering around Druid mythology. The protagonists live in Boston, but go to New York where all the bad shit starts, and with some tits to temporarily distract me from thinking these kinds of things. Oh, and both had artists that are based outside the U.S.

That's not to say the two aren't worlds apart. While *The Chill* had more of a noir tinge to it, *Mysterius* reminded me quite a bit of *Scooby Doo*, or *The Venture Brothers*.

*Mysterius*, a rather dumpy bastard, is called to a playboy millionaire's place to lead a séance. There he meets Ella, a spunky journalist, writing about him for her alt-weekly newspaper. Driven by

sheer curiosity (and *Mysterius*'s ability to turn a piece of paper into compromising photos of her editor), she becomes his latest assistant. Without spoiling too much, let me just say this: witch orgies, Dr. Seuss rip-off, Burning Man, David Blaine. It feels schizophrenic at first, but it all ties together better than I expected.

The art features exemplary good character design. Even before you read my review, you already formed an idea in your head of how these people would act, just by looking at the accompanying picture. It also passes my other rubric for art: when I look at a panel, do I see what happened right before, and right after? I know that question sounds a little "Timecube"-y, but what I'm referring to is a particular kind of flow where everything feels animated, and Fowler passes with flying colors.

*Mysterius*, like its doppelganger *The Chill*, harkens back to the days of pulp in its own special way, and provides a fun read. Stay tuned next issue when I review *Hot Druid Bitches* in Boston.

Superman That Ho,  
Superman

By Alex Nagler

I've a quick confession to make before I begin: I don't normally read *Superman*. I appreciate what he's done for all modern superheroes, but he just seems cheap to me. He can do anything and he's only weak against something that isn't physically from this planet. With that out of the way, here is my review of *Blackest Night: Superman*.

*Blackest Night: Superman* was the introductory title specifically for the Man of Steel in the DC-Universe-wide *Blackest Night* arc. In it, Supes, Young Supes, Supergirl and Krypto the Wonder Dog have to deal with a host of Black Lanterns come to create havoc in Smallville. Among these lanterns are

Earth-2 Superman and Lois Lane (remember, 52 told us the Multiverse still exists), who have come to terrorize Ma Kent.

The story is by James Robinson and the art by Eddy Barrows. I can't critique the story, as I don't know the *Superman* mythos as well as I know the stories of *Batman* or *Deadpool*, but the art is what I expect to see in a comic about the Man of Steel. The whole *Blackest Night* arc is almost over now, so looking back it's interesting to see the clues that were dropped throughout.

On the whole the entire *Blackest Night* arc is incredibly badass. I don't want to spoil anything for anyone who hasn't read it yet, but do yourself a favor and go pick it up. And make sure you pick up *Green Lantern Corps* #44. That one is fun.





# COMICS

## If You Got the Ring, It's Easy Bein' Green

By Evan Goldaper

Almost every Saturday, I stop by my local comic book shop to peruse the shelves and pick up some of the newest releases. Since September, there has been a visible change in the store. Replacing the Superman t-shirts and Spider-Man toys are Green Lantern merchandise of all forms and colors. Before, if I wanted a t-shirt featuring obscure Green Lantern villains, I'd have to make one myself. Now, I have a choice of three.

Indeed, a new day has risen in the comic book shop and it is entirely because of Geoff Johns' insanely popular *Blackest Night* series. Chances are if you're even remotely interested in comic books, you've become familiar with the event. If you aren't, you have exactly one month to get up to speed before the whole thing comes to a close. For the uninitiated, Green Lantern and the rest of the DC superheroes must team up to take down an army of undead ex-allies. Pretty much every dead superhero and supervillain comes back, and all of them have become delightfully cruel and gruesome. You won't be disappointed by any of the issues: art and writing are spot-on, and there are some genuinely surprising moments. Heck, even the paper *Blackest Night* is printed on is nicer than every other comic currently on the market.



With that said, the recently released penultimate issue, *Blackest Night 7*, is starting to show some of the flaws in the series. Though seven of the heroes and villains have recently been deputized into the various Lantern corps, I never felt like they got to do enough with their newfound powers. That's the problem with any event book—trying to squeeze in as many main characters as this one does means that even big names like Wonder Woman and Cyborg are limited by basic page limit re-

strictions. Though they do get a chance to shine in their own private spin-off series, such as *Blackest Night: Titans*, the fact is that it's practically impossible to buy them all. Occasionally, what is said seems incredibly out of character as well—most of Luthor's dialogue was unfortunately immature and obnoxious. And of course, like any of these event books, casual fans are bound to be confused by some of these appearances: Dove and Mera are obscure heroines who have become important in

these books, and the casual allusions to characters like Parallax are disorienting without years of DC training. Still, it's perfectly feasible for any fan to understand enough to get the plot, and despite these concerns, I still give *Blackest Night* an incredibly high recommendation.

So what's ahead for the *Blackest Night*? With one issue remaining and quite a few loose ends to tie up, namely the fact that there are more zombies to kill than there are humans on Earth, I'm expecting some serious deus ex machinias. With one character gaining presumably incredible strength in the last panel of Issue 7, most of these are likely to be coming from him, and hopefully the writing won't make this seem rushed. Of course, we've already been promised a sequel, *Brightest Day*. Knowing this, it's likely that not everything will be tied up in Issue 8. This seems to mean that Issue 8 will either be disappointing in how quickly it wraps everything up or unfulfilling in how much remains unanswered. However, I have high hopes that everything will work out given the strength of the past issues. Knowing what we know and assuming some of the many power-boosts granted in *Blackest Night* will remain for some time, I'm confident that *Brightest Day* will be an enjoyable series.

At the very least, we've already been promised more promotional plastic rings. Because the eight we currently have to choose from just aren't enough anymore.

## Back in My Day They Had the Pet Force

By Billy Zhang

For those of you who grew up and had never heard of or read a *Garfield* comic, go kill yourself...right now. But for those of you who have, but have never read *Pet Force*, you are missing out on a fun read. For me, it was a defining book in my childhood. Even now, it certainly isn't too late to pick up a copy and read it.

In a nutshell, *Garfield's Pet Force* is a novelization of the *Garfield* comics, but with a super hero twist. In a parallel universe, the original *Pet Force* was captured and had their powers removed by the evil super villain Vetvix. The origi-

nal team was then sealed away into an inescapable dimension. So naturally, a wizard is brought in and sucks the regular *Garfield* and friends from our dimension to theirs.

Garfield is transformed into Garzooka: think *Garfield's* head on Arnold Schwarzenegger's body in his prime. He shoots radioactive hairballs and has super strength. Odie assumes the form of Odious, a dumb dog-like man with a super long tongue that puts people into comas. Nermal becomes Abnormal who has the power to freeze people and objects. Arlene turns into Starlena, who can fly and has the power of the Gorgons. Finally, there is Pooky, *Garfield's* teddy bear. He becomes a super intelligent, half teddy bear, half robot computation device that analyzes combat and

field data to help the team.

*Garfield* and his friends go through some crazy adventures as their super hero counterparts trying to foil the evil plans of Vetvix. While there are only five books, they fight crazy villains such



as mutated British Dobermans and space pirate rats. Many of the characters from the comic make appearances in the book such as Jon Arbuckle, *Garfield's* owner, and Binky the Clown, who is a famous clown in *Garfield's* universe, kind of like Krusty the Clown in the *Simpsons* universe.

It is definitely a fun read and I recommended the series to any *Garfield* fan, or someone just wanting to take a trip down memory lane. While the book would lead you to believe that it was magic that gave *Garfield* his powers, the real formula is much simpler. It's 10 parts Lasagna and 10,000 parts steroids. You try to steal food from this cat and not only will he maim you, he will rip you in half and bake you into his next lasagna.

# Small Black, Big Heart

By Josh Ginsberg

Small Black is probably the first band I've liked from Long Island that I was not a member of. In the wake of emo, Long Island has become associated with the cranky inhabitants of suburbs, self-mutilation and skateboarding at malls—instead of the cerulean water that tickles its forks, the radiant flora that springs up from its earth and the modest but lovely fauna that carouse among the flowers. Small Black doesn't evoke those things—they're not Real Estate!—but they miraculously evoke an image of the mystic 1980's-era Long Island upon which I was conceived and birthed. Small Black evokes the steamy, foggy streets I've walked down many times, wearing a hoodie and thinking about girls. Small Black's great, self-titled, five song EP catches me between the contradictory emotions aroused by kids smoking pot in and around swimming pools. Small Black makes me disdain the spoiled aimlessness of "Long Island adolescence" but also makes me long for an amble past a local duck pond, high and holding hands.

Small Black is "glo-fi", a trippy, mellow brand of lo-fi. The lo-fi recording creates a haze not unlike a moist summer night. Small Black sounds sort of thin and tinny on bad speakers or played too quietly, but on good speakers or loud in headphones it sounds great. The EP opens with the same

low-end drum loops boasted by the keyboards you find left out for the trash. "Despicable Dogs," isn't a far cry from New Order's "Temptation", but the longing is even more tangible. The super-cool, *Pitchfork*-approved jam also evokes Neon Indian and Washed Out. Lyrics are close to indecipherable, but reference smoke machines and being lost in the woods. The dizzying physical sensation of running and ducking, drunk, breath visible in front of your eyes, is unmistakable.

"Weird Machines" implores the listener to lie upon a mattress. It is darker than "Despicable Dogs", and its keyboards would evoke "This Heart's On Fire", if the rest of the song were not bereft of raucousness. Its chord progression is more melancholic, similar to the EP's fourth track, "Pleasant Experience", a song reminiscent of Neon Indian's "6669 (I don't know if you know)". Spacey and subdued, the song gives way to a fluttering of eyelashes, a synthetic mandolin a galaxy away and a chorus of opaque sensation. Something is hard to pin down. The percussion and winking bass line of the EP's incongruously anti-anthem, "Lady in the Wires", is a pleasant way to begin the end of the EP. And things grow even murkier and more indecipherable as melodies grow more uplifting over the track's long build.

Centerpiece "Bad Lover" is infectious. It is the most danceable song on the EP—but really lends itself to a drowsy sway. Love is wasted, and ambient guitars, pushed back

beneath an astral synthesizer and percussive loop, evoke *Loveless* only slightly. Listening to "Bad Lover" reminds me of sitting with my legs up on a bed, leaning toward a lover's warmth and shifting my weight to one hand as I bring my opening mouth toward hers. The pulse of the song's chorus feels the same as the comforter and mattress recoiling under my palm and looks like the specter of an approaching face beneath closed lids. Posture is self-consciously straightened and in this immersive dorm room or park bench of sound the sense of touch is made immaculately, inexplicably present. Josh Kolenik reminds a listener of the realization that "You are not in love"—a poignant one when the number of women kissed and kisses per person grow inversely. "You were running off to / Perhaps to see her," he sings over groupings of notes too crushed, too hushed to be chords, "Drawn to the site / Moving bones." Small Black seems almost self-referential when two voices sing of "Drifting fog," and either



"Rain under water," or "Laying underwater."

Small Black is a great live band. I was lucky enough to wander into their set at U-Café early in the semester. The songs sound even better with a real rhythm section playing them, and Small Black's set may have been one of the most pleasant experiences I've had at a show. Now signed to Jagjaguwar, I assume that a more proper release from Small Black will surface before the year is through. For now, the Small Black EP will make ambling through a flurry or crunching over see-through snow sound a little more worthwhile.

# Alt-Country Music Is Better Than You

By Kelly Pivarknik

Alternative country group Clem Snide, fronted by indie hero Eef Barzelay, released their seventh full-length album *The Meat of Life* February 23 to solid reviews by critics.

It is definitely apparent, and a tiny bit disappointing, that Clem Snide stayed within their own box with this record. Not that *The Meat of Life* is a bad record by any means. It has plenty of lyrical high points as listeners have grown to expect from Barzelay. Consequently, this record is exactly what listeners have come to expect from Clem Snide—prog rock with a cello and quirky lyrics. Though the record has a catchy and endearing quality and Clem Snide polishes their sound to a certain extent, they have not shown much progress

or innovation with the album.

The track "Walmart Parking Lot" particularly affected me given that it includes two things I have extensive knowledge in—Walmart and being dumped. The song is testimony to Barzelay's ability to combine bleak lyrics about redemption and moving on with a gradual build in tempo. The track begins with Barzelay comparing his break up to being punched in the heart and ends with him remarking about how, "a sunset in a Walmart parking lot looked so beautiful," eluding that despite the brutality of any break-up, one can move on and find comfort in the oddest of places.

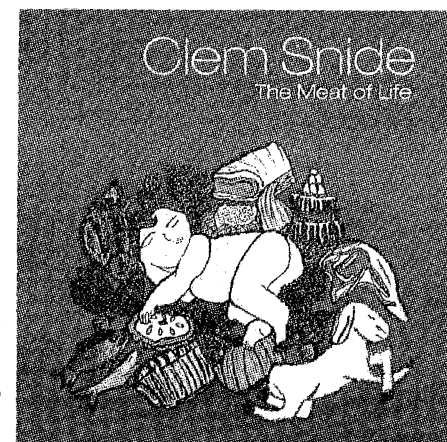
"Please," a slower track on the album, stands out due to its sincerity, "Please be sweet to me/ My guard is down/ Please just sleep with me." Not afraid to use self-pity as means for explaining his behavior, Barzelay sings a song of a man who left his lover and cannot forget her, but instead of

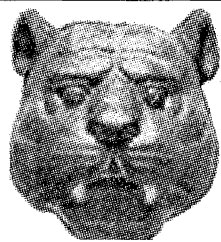
facing his loneliness, decides to sleep with other women. No one he finds can compare to her, "I think about you all the time/ I've built a bird's nest in my mind/ And when I sing it's you I see/ Those other girls aren't real to me" These are the kinds of lyrics Clem Snide fans have fallen in love with, and primarily explains why this track is one of the best on *The Meat of Life*.

The last song that really leaves an impression would be probably be, "Denver," starting out boldly with the lyrics, "I hope that you never forgive me/ Always deny me your smile/ Because I've met this woman in Denver and now she is carrying my child." In previous albums, Barzelay created fictional characters within his songs to emphasize his feelings through their dramatic life circumstances. He utilizes this tactic once again with "Denver." The narrator is now an expecting father who is still pining for his ex-girlfriend. Despite his despicable

actions, his wavering voice makes the listener's heart break for him and his nostalgia.

If one is interested in getting to know Clem Snide, I would highly recommend this album. It further defines their style as a mix between indie and country with off-beat lyrics that make the hipster kids swoon.





# ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

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## USG Senate Votes to Restore Zebra Path to Zebra Colors

### Campus Facilities Will Repaint Before Path's 30th Anniversary. Finally, Goodbye Candy Cane Lane!

The SBU Undergraduate Student Government (USG) passed a resolution to get the Zebra Path repainted to its original colors; black and white. Senator Craig McCarthy wrote the resolution, with Rian Shah, to preserve one of the longest standing traditions at Stony Brook. Dating back to 1981, it was created by Stony Brook student Kim Hardiman to brighten the center of campus with a living work of art.

Senators enthusiastically passed the resolution. They noted that many of their constituents were angry about the change to what is now mockingly referred to as 'Candy Cane Lane.' The University community believed the change was for the 50th anniversary only, not a plan for the path to be the school colors forever. Interestingly, in 1981 the school colors were scarlet and gray, which could have been chosen but were not. Although being Red Hot is new, the color itself isn't.

The resolution made a few other key points about the path. The red does not represent the artist's intention, nor does it fit with the name, Zebra Path. The Career Center has been hoping for restoration too. They embraced the original path by incorporating it into their online job finding service, ZebraNet.

Like everyone else, Shah thought the change was temporary. Then he saw it being repainted in red. He did not want to lose more history. He came to SBU having heard about the Bridge to Nowhere but when he got here, the Bridge was gone without even a marker. Even the restaurant, the End of the Bridge, had been renamed Wolfie's.

So first came the USG resolution. After it passed, Shah called the office of Barbara Chernow, V.P. for Facilities. Two weeks ago he began a Facebook group. Just by word of mouth it has over 500 friends. Shah's simple comment on FB says it all: "School spirit is about pride in our history, not just our colors."

It took repeated calls but Shah was finally told that Facilities will return the path to its original colors this semester. Facilities must wait for warm weather and when less students will be walking on it. But the timing is perfect - next year will be the 30th anniversary. Kim Hardiman plans to come back to do a performance piece on it in celebration.

USG represents 14,500+ undergraduates at Stony Brook. It is responsible for appropriating student activity fees to over 160 clubs and groups, including SB Press and AA E-Zine, to create a sense of community and enhance student life. For more than 50 years, USG has been an organizing force for student power on campus through activism and representation in important decision-making bodies. For more information, please visit USG's website: <http://sbusg.org>

The above is an edited press release from David Mazza, USG V.P., with updates.

## My Yin Yang Gift to Stony Brook by alumna Kim Hardiman

I grew up as an Asian American woman in New York. I had to balance two opposite cultures in my life. I was born in Hong Kong, but my biological parents abandoned me and I lived in an orphanage. Subsequently, I was adopted by an American family in Uniondale, Long Island. I used my personal life experiences in my art work when I studied art at Stony Brook for my BA ('81) and at Hunter College in New York City for my MFA ('85).

My original design for the public art walkway, now known as the Zebra Path, was a simple concept of yin and yang. The object of my original theme was not to paint the school colors for the walkway since at that time, red and gray would have been extremely depressing colors. The concept of yin and yang is to show how opposite things in nature can coexist in harmony and balance. Black and white colors are a universal concept of yin and yang.

The simple basic colors of black and white are more vibrant than red and white, the colors it was repainted for SB's 50th anniversary. It is clean and simple. We don't need to add colors to feel the energy. In fact, I think that black and white photographs have a unique quality that photographs with colors don't have.

Since the walkway was a very long, narrow shape, I had to fit my idea of yin and yang by using straight lines and repetition. Since the walkway is

also on an incline, the illusion of the straight lines changes shapes as one walks up or down the path. In fact, the far end of the walkway almost looks like a pattern of small squares or a chess board. Later touch-ups have rounded the edges of my original design and I hope the restoration of colors also restores the sharp angles.

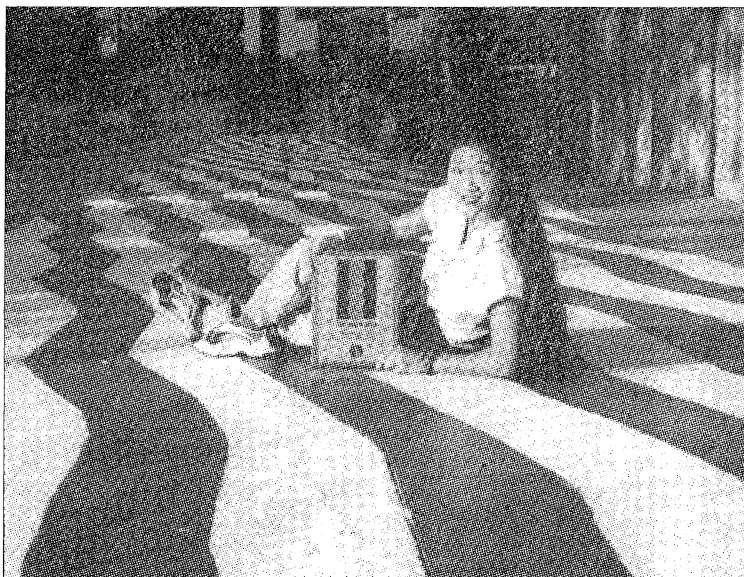
The Public Art course that I took at Stony Brook with Prof. Mel Pekarsky in 1981 that led to the creation of the Zebra Path was the most exciting, challenging, and rewarding class that I have ever taken. I never knew that my art work would affect so many people who have attended Stony Brook. While I wish the budget cuts at Stony Brook were not so devastating, it is wonderful to know that to help save the department, Prof. Pekarsky was lured out of retirement to teach again.

In addition, the metamorphosis of my public art piece demonstrates that the art work is still alive today; it is a daily process that becomes part of each person's experience as they walk along the path. I am sure that everyone has a different experience even though they may not be so conscious of it. Artists, photographers, actors, and dancers would probably have a more visual experience since they understand abstract concepts.

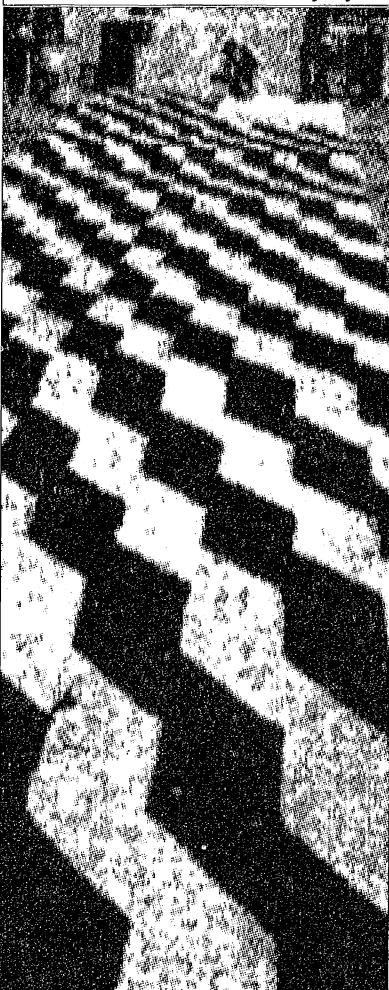
My master's thesis and fine art work continued to reflect the concept of yin and yang. I currently teach ESL at Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Florida. During my reading and writing class, I put up both aerial photographs of the walkway, one in red and white, the other in black and white, without letting my students know I had anything to do with the path. We had an interesting discussion about the meaning of the colors. Most of my students are studying to become pilots and technical engineers, so their observations are very analytical. I was surprised when they understood my concept of yin and yang. Some of my students thought that the red and white colors represented a Christmas theme since it looked like a candy-cane lane. They thought it would be inappropriate to keep those colors all year long.

I also want to mention that my public art walkway is a unique piece of art work created by an alumnus of Stony Brook University. Most outdoor public art works are large sculptures that are bought or commissioned by professional artists. I am very proud to have left my artistic legacy as an alumnus at Stony Brook. I hope everyone will keep it alive for years to come.

I really appreciate the members of the Student Government for all their efforts to have my public art project restored and repainted to its original colors.



Zebra Path artist Kim Hardiman being honored in 2001 on its 20th anniversary by the SB Alumni Association.



Kim Hardiman painting the Zebra Path in 1981

### IMAGINING THE WANG CENTER

2010 P.H. Tuan—Wang Center Photo Contest \* \$1250 in Prizes \* Exhibit in Wang Center 4/19-5/21  
Deadline to Submit Entries 4/9/10 \* [www.aaezine.org/TuanWangPhotoContest](http://www.aaezine.org/TuanWangPhotoContest)

Wanted: Writers, photographers, videographers and anyone interested in media \* [aaezine@yahoo.com](mailto:aaezine@yahoo.com)  
Weekly AA E-Zine meetings every Friday at 2pm in our office, Student Union 071 \* 631 831 6062  
Excerpts from [www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine](http://www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine) in SB Press Volume XXXI, Issue 10 | March 2010

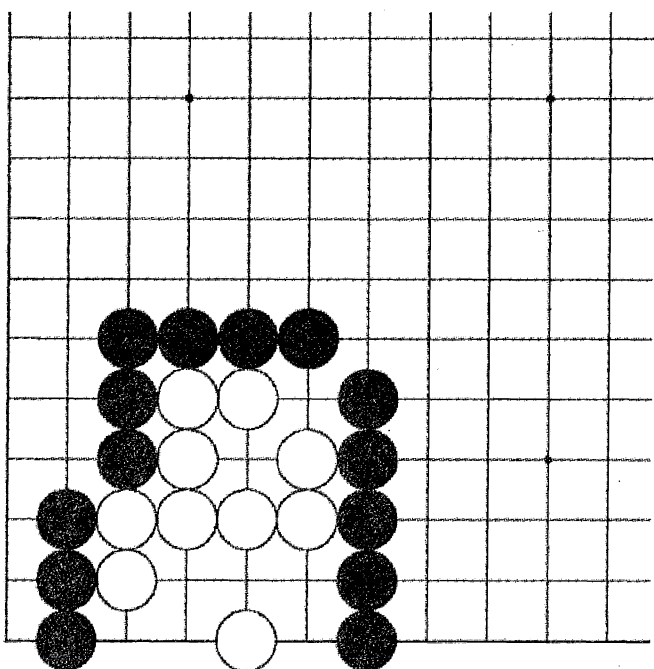
# THE COMICS SECTION



We've sold out, citizens!! See more at [sites.google.com/site/frankmylescartoons](http://sites.google.com/site/frankmylescartoons)

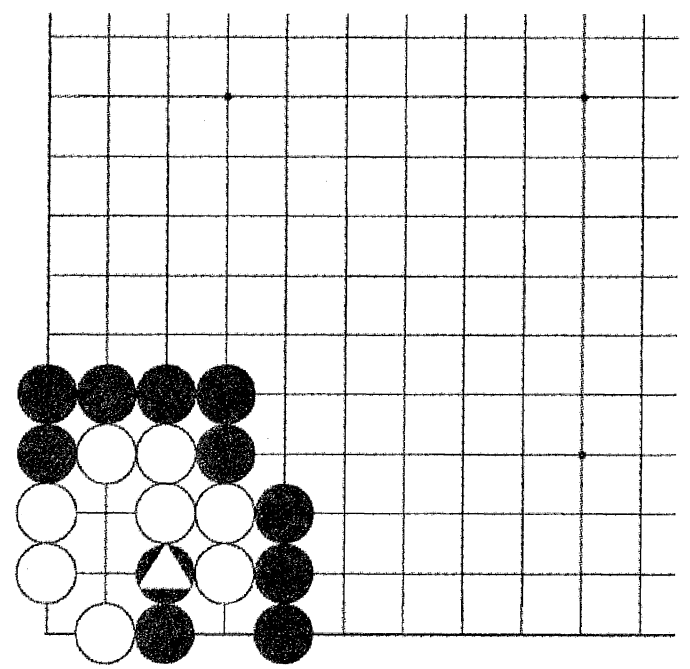
I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

## Go for it, Man!



**Black to move, kill Whitey!**

The Go club meets this semester every Tuesday & Thursday, 7:30pm at the Library Commuter Lounge. Check it out!



**Last issue's solution**

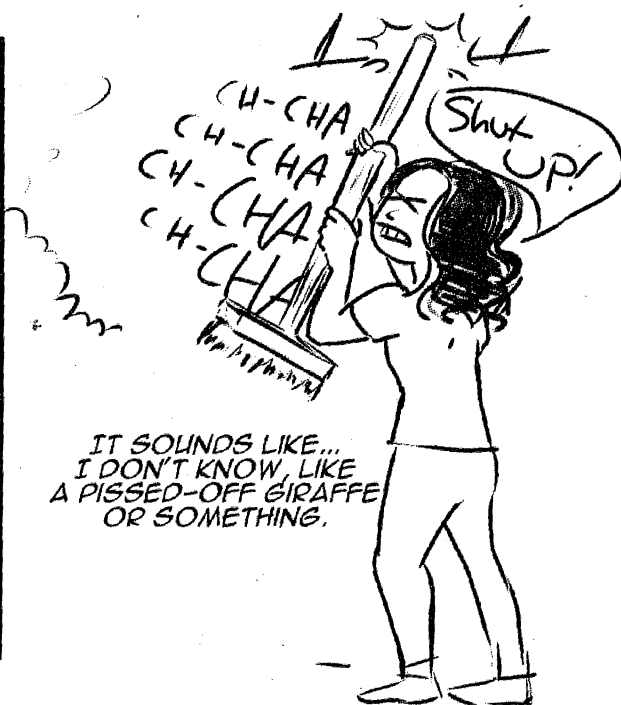
# THE COMICS SECTION

A LOST COMIC

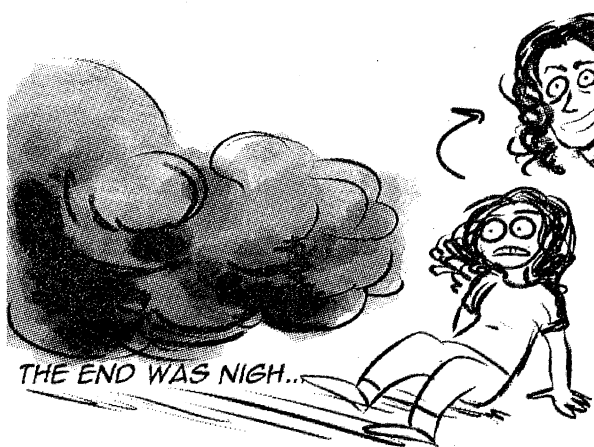
-T. Mansouri



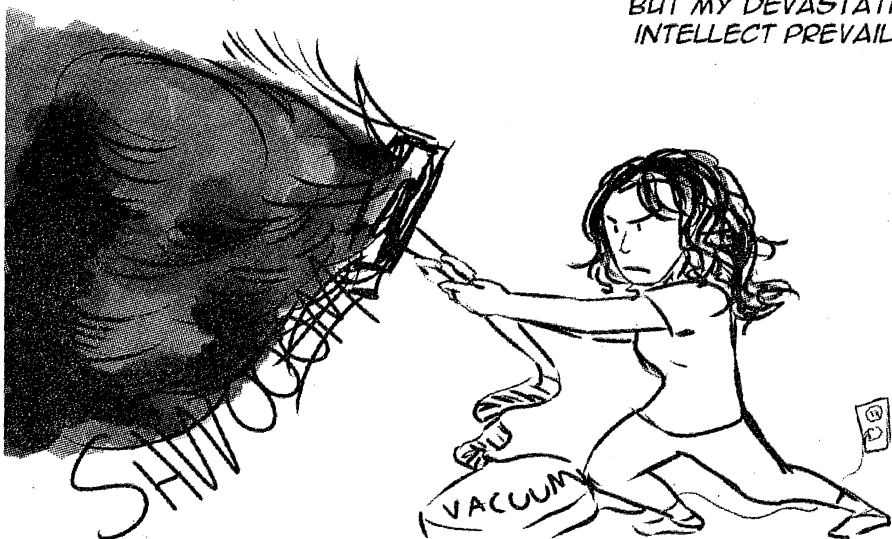
I HEAR CREEPY NOISES ABOVE MY ROOM AT NIGHT



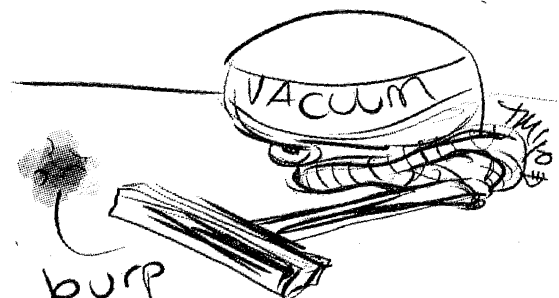
BUT THIS WAS NO GIRAFFE!



BUT MY DEVASTATING INTELLECT PREVAILED.



(A MUCH NICER ABODE THAN THE DHARMA SEWERS, IF YOU ASK ME)



# Phuck PHEEIA



Adlay Ormoffer

Historically, tuition hikes have always been followed by more budget cuts.

Tuition revenue has always remained within the

SUNY system, contrary to the administration's claims.

Over the last few years, pay raises for administrators has gone up steadily, regardless of cuts in funding. This is outright exploitation of students and their families.

The state's finances are always in crisis. Every time a recession rolls around, there is always "nothing we can do but cut social services". The same old rhetoric is dug out again and again, always calling for new incentives for the rich and more draconian admonitions to the poor.

Case in point: the current budget crisis is being used by the SUNY administration to surreptitiously slip through disastrous legislation called the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act (PHEEIA). It's worth mentioning that, in the past, previous attempts have been made to pass similar laws. With a shiny, new—some might say Orwellian—name, the proposal only puts a new spin on the same old ball.

As it happens, the most abhorrent elements of the PHEEIA are also the most salient. Taking just one as an example: "flexible" or "rational" tuition would make tuition increases a guarantee for the next ten years, at least. In effect, this means around an 80% hike by 2020.

The other proposals concern "differential tuition," where SUNY trustees would be given the ability to set different rates of tuition for different programs, and the elimination of legislative oversight over public-private partnerships. And again we hear the "eliminate bureaucratic red tape" refrain, condescending to those of us who realize it may just be there for a reason.

PHEEIA advocates also claim to be protecting accessibility to education by expanding aid to the working poor (to hell with you middle class kids). This showering of crumbs on the poor is not only

degrading, but is rather specifically designed as a temporary palliative for their more tender-hearted would-be supporters.

The administration openly admits such programs are the first to go during fiscal crises. How can anyone expect this one to remain?

In her most recent, some might say tendentious, op-ed in the *Albany Times Union*, SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher has criticized those in opposition for "[defending] an indefensible status quo, providing no alternative solutions—only criticisms." In reality, it is she who defends the status quo: a long, slow march towards the privatization of the largest public higher education system in the nation. With an army of swots-turned-sycophants at her disposal, it's surprising this is the best she can do. Zimpher's talk is all about job creation, new construction projects, public-private partnerships, etc. The bill is all about shifting more power to the SUNY trustees, on whose behalf Zimpher "pledged to 'press the reset button' on SUNY's way of doing business."

The Fiscal Policy Institute ([fiscalpolicy.org](http://fiscalpolicy.org)) has proposed many alternative solutions to cutting SUNY's funding. A good amount of them are even non-controversial. Zimpher's indignant repudiation of her critics is therefore ill-considered and simply mendacious.

What we're dealing with here is not a plan to revitalize the state's economy, or to make SUNY greater, or whatever other babble they've been spewing. We're dealing with a thinly veiled *coup d'état* by the SUNY trustees. There is absolutely no reason a tiny, unaccountable board of business executives and corporate CEOs should be given the power to raise tuition on hundreds of thousands of young people who can barely survive as it is. There is no reason they should be given the power to decide "differential tuition rates", which in reality provides a back door to evade the oh-so-limiting flex cap.

A recent *Newsday* editorial (advertisement) called "Let SUNY fly"



echoed the administration on the PHEEIA (note that there were no actual arguments there). Cutting through the mess of obfuscation, anyone can see that "letting SUNY fly" only means letting the SUNY administrators fly, leaving its financially strained students and underpaid workers stuck further and deeper in the mud, under mountains of debt and with more years of struggle ahead.

Let's not make the mistake of assuming the trustees have students' interests in mind as they decide the future of the SUNY system. Of them, one has been quoted as saying, "What's another \$1000?" For most students, another \$1000 is at or near a 10% cut in their yearly earnings. Try to imagine how well a 10% pay cut for administrators would go over and you'll begin to get a sense of their priorities here. The SUNY trustees have shown themselves to be totally disconnected from the lives of the students they administrate over. If anything, the board should be abolished, not empowered.

The huge push by the SUNY administration has revealed the enormous power of their resources. They've spent millions on trying to get the PHEEIA through, which looks now like it will fail. The question raises itself: why isn't the administration using its resources to fight against budget cuts or to advocate for its students? The answer is now emerging, and it is upsetting. But when this is all through, whether it passes or not, the PHEEIA will have done one positive thing—the structures of power within the state university system have been unmasked. Students now know who works on behalf of whom, and who must go.

# Election Simulation!



Eric DiGiovanni

My alma mater, Townsend Harris High School, was considered one of the top 100 high schools in the country. It was located on the campus of Queens College, and every day at lunch, my friends and I played Frisbee on its many fields. The one thing I looked forward to, all up until senior year, was the annual election simulation. From mid-September to Election Day, the senior class

would re-enact the political climate going on around us.

This was all part of a civics class we all had to take in senior year. Each student would be assigned a different role, like the campaign manager, speech writer, (even the spouse of their candidate) and each class got a different race. For example, one class got the mayoral election, one class got the race for comptroller, and another class was responsible for all the media productions. My class? Local assemblyman, who was running unopposed. Everyone got their budget based on the candidates' actual wealth. We could use it to spend on signs and commercials for the TV and radio programs. Any extra money we had to get from the underclassmen, usually through bake sales or just asking them, since half of them didn't say anything other than "Yeah? Oh, OK."

The ones who really benefited from it were the seniors. We all had to do our research, and play this thing like it actually mattered. You had to do so in order to pass the class. Sometimes, you wouldn't get a candidate whose views fell in line with yours. Those who would grow up to be hippies had to convince you that George Pataki was the right man for the job. Future College Republicans would have to fight for votes as Anthony Weiner. It wasn't a class or an agenda: it was competition. Even if a class got George W. Bush, they fought that losing battle with all their heart. I think not once did anyone resort to empty promises of change, or bullshit about the "real America."

Needless to say, this program needs to be in more schools. Too often we only seek out those that echo our own views, but that shouldn't be the case. Being exposed to different viewpoints sharpens one's ability to debate their viewpoints, and recognize the peaks and fallacies of our own opinions. Also, we actually got to know these candidates better, not because we saw these guys in the hallway between periods, but because we could stop them in said hallways and grill their asses.

That's where the real genius lies: when the time comes to vote for real, we'll be ready for it. We'll read up. We'll debate. We can look at everyone else, scared that if the wrong man is elected, the nation will descend into anarchy and chaos, where gay terrorists walk the streets and give out free abortions. And as the uninformed cry out to the heavens "why?" the president will come right up to us and say "That's 'Why, GOD, why!' (sponsored by Large Corporation Inc.)"

It makes me sad that Townsend Harris didn't try to sell the concept to other schools. Our nation needs the Election Simulation for a better tomorrow. If we don't teach this kind of critical thinking in our schools, then we'll never return the power of our country to those that were given it first: the voters.



# The Naked and the Naked

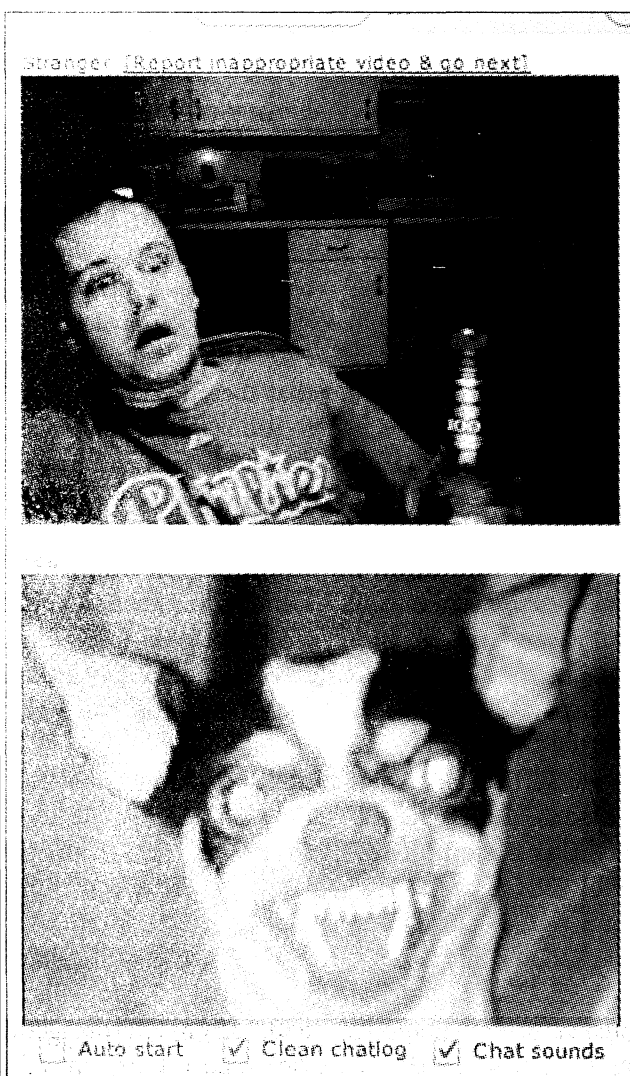


Alex Nagler

I have recently become addicted to the website Chatroulette.com. This website enables viewers to be instantly connected with a webcam and a person somewhere in the world. You don't know who or what you're going to get. Once connected, viewers have the option to "next" the person they've been assigned, and move on

to another. They may themselves be nexted by the person they've connected with, for any number of reasons. In theory, the site is supposed to allow for communication by means of webcam between people around the world through the joys of random contact. It's supposed to facilitate the sort interaction that was presumed to be dead with the class stratification of cities and the growth of the suburbs and the car culture. This is what it's supposed to be—in theory.

In practice, Chatroulette is the perfect example of the Internet proving why we cannot have nice things. The site is populated overwhelmingly by males. A good number of these males are either sitting in front of their screens masturbating or holding up signs requesting the occasional female they come across flash their breasts at them. People spoofing their webcams with programs like ManyCam or CamTwist frequently show clips from pornographic films. These programs can also be used to, as I do, show images requesting that people make specific silly faces or to broadcast clips from classic movie musicals of the 1950s.



Eventually, I got bored of pretending to be Gene Kelly and decided to show my face and see how I'd fare in the harsh world of being disconnected by a random stranger. The first thing I discovered was that people think I resemble comic and former TV dad Bob Saget. In a half an hour period, a dozen people alleged that I resembled a young Danny Tanner bereft of a sweater vest. To test this hypothesis, I put up a text banner above my image asking people to agree or disagree with the statement that I looked like Saget. The Internet overwhelmingly agreed.

The next thing I realized about Chatroulette is that our generation is not the first one to be made up of disastrous perverts. We simply have the means to express ourselves in our perverse viewpoints through things like Second Life and 4chan. A good number of the men pleasuring themselves were older gentlemen. This was one of the things that surprised me.

Another thing that surprised me was how willing people are to talk with you if you appear to be normal. I suppose even on websites that focus on requests for breasts, on men masturbating and on the socially impaired, the ability to hold a conversation is still lauded. And through these conversations, I have learned things about myself. I rarely smile. I talk too much. My eyebrows need to be threaded. I suppose the Internet has things to teach us all, if we'd just get our hands out of our pants.

Chatroulette is a good place to waste a half an hour if you have one. Just don't check your watch. Otherwise, you'll realize that the half an hour you planned on spending talking to and rejecting strangers has turned into three hours.

## Complementary news and opinion from the editors:

In the course of discussing state funding of SUNY and the responsiveness of political officeholders, Kevin Sabella's opinion piece touches very briefly on both the demonstration (against systemic, creeping tuition increases) which took place last week, as well as protest tactics available to students more generally. We thought our readers could benefit from some additional information about the event, to provide context. The demonstrators protesting Stony Brook President Sam Stanley outside the CEWIT building adopted both nonviolent and legal tactics, and in fact accommodated unreasonable demands that they stay off of the building's comfortable concrete walk to stand in wet mud. Also, Sabella's article might be read to equate hypothetical violent demonstrations and illegal demonstrations. Given the proud history of nonviolent civil disobedience in America, from Henry David Thoreau to Rosa Parks, it's worth noting the difference between illegal and violent.

## Protest This!



Kevin Sabella

I recently observed the protests for the SUNY budget cuts and tuition hikes and I can understand the protesters' anger. Surely I could understand the anger when I first read about the measures proposed by Governor David A. Paterson in an issue of *Newsday*. I also understand that there were plans to disrupt a meeting with the Stony Brook President Sam Stanley and the SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher, which were foiled. This is the end result of cutting the wrong items from the state budget—there is other state spending that is unnecessary.

Bailing out the MTA was one of the several initiatives that did little good. It's safe to say that it's unfair to punish students for the fiscal irresponsibility of the state. Governor Paterson has forgotten what it was like to be a college student and having to sacrifice just to make it to the next semester. I met him last year at SUNY Day in

Albany, when I was lobbying for my Alma Mater of Nassau Community College. He supported the schools then and now times have changed. He really did a disservice not just to college students but to students in public high schools, middle schools and even elementary schools. He should step down immediately for this and for many of the other things that he has done wrong, like illegally appointing a Lieutenant Governor, using his power to gain World Series tickets, and also interfering in a domestic violence suit brought against his aide David Johnson. This has also prompted his Public Safety Deputy Secretary Denise O'Donnell to resign in protest according to *New York Daily News*.

Another thing that must happen is every single SBU student who is reading this should write to their assemblyman or state senator and tell them not to raise tuition. Phone calls will help as well. We have



a few senators and assemblymen who will support us but we need more. From all of Long Island, New York City, and upstate New York, we need students to plead with them not to cut SUNY schools.

It's nice to protest peacefully, but to protest violently is not the best solution. I know students are angry and I feel their pain, but violent protests will just endanger students. It's not wise to use illegal acts to convey a political principal. I want to end this by saying this is the equivalent of an unfair tax, except in this case, it's levied on the student body of this campus and all other SUNY campus. This is why we need more representation in Albany.

# Sweet Fifteen



Cynthia  
BrianKate

Sometime next week is the fifteenth anniversary of my coming out about my gender. I don't know the exact day so I celebrate whenever. It's been fifteen years—fifteen, really?! And it was

a huge deal back then. I was scared as hell about how my friends would react. And then I was so happily blown away with how accepting and encouraging they were to care what day it was.

Some who see me speak on gender or see my writing think I was out about being transgender, intersex and everything else from day one. I wish! Might've saved me years of awkwardness, isolation and fear.

I grew up pre-Internet (yes, there was a time before the Internet), born in the late '70s and a kid in the '80s. While the music was amazing, there wasn't much awareness, resources or anyone even talking much about gender when I was growing up in the middle of Long Island.

As I wasn't seen as intersex at birth, I was seen as a boy. My family tried raising me as a boy. The neighbors and kids in school saw me as a boy and expected me to play like one. In other words, everyone around me saw me as a boy and expected me to be one and act like one. I've never felt much like one, no matter how many people told me.

I didn't know words like transgender or intersex then. Back then I didn't have websites—remember, no Internet? I didn't have access to entire racks of books at my local Borders, or television characters or movies I could refer to. So what did I get to see? People on talk shows who were very unhappy with their bodies being totally sensationalized, a transgender sex worker I saw out the car window on the way home from school who my aunt warned me not to go near, a theater which showed Rocky Horror, but by the time I was old enough to know what it was or get in the theater was long gone, and Boy George on MTV.

Even without transgender role models, resources or anything, I still had a clue I wasn't the gender I was expected to be. I've always been more on the girly side of things, even growing up and even when I was trying to be a guy. I was still one of the girls in

school, especially at lunchtime. Most of my friends and bodyguards have always been girls.

I needed bodyguards to survive junior high. I was the class sissy, a word I now use for pride. I got all kinds of harassment until the end of junior high, when my brother's friends on the football team and the butch girls from the bad end of town made sure nobody even thought of laying a finger on me.

Even with bodyguards, I didn't feel safe being open about my gender. From sixth through tenth grade I endured all sorts of harassment, from stupid comments to nasty pranks and outright physical assault. Even after my bodyguards made the physical harassment stop, it was still made very clear that stepping even slightly outside the gender lines was forbidden. And I also was scared of the system. The system as in some teacher or administration finding out I was trans, reporting me to the mental health authorities and me getting locked in a nuthouse or brainwashed to be a little GI Joe. I thought that must've been ridiculous, but as I've learned, it does happen. So between the psychiatric boogymen and the very physical hallway beatings, I didn't dare come out, not even to stick up for my friend Melissa when she asked the whole class, "Ever have any thoughts or dreams about being the opposite sex?" I was asked to go to the prom by my favorite butch bodyguard, but knowing I couldn't wear a dress and people would want me to be a guy, I stayed home. I hid and felt like I was suffocating inside myself til the end of high school.

This ended during my first semester at Suffolk Community College when I met Jill. Jill was this amazingly sweet and bad-ass grunge geek from Olympia, Washington who personally knew just about every grunge band I listened to except Nirvana or Hole. One day in the lunch room she started ranting about how "Alternative Nation" on MTV is phony! How the hell is that a 'grunge' show? Look at Kennedy, the show's hostess. "She's all dressed up like a prom queen in that little cocktail dress, perfect hair, perfect makeup—if this was a real 'grunge' show, she'd be wearing my hoodie or that'd be a guy wearing all that!" I was totally floored—people could actually talk about this?!

I immediately started talking

about where I was coming from, what I'd been through and how I didn't feel like a guy. She wasn't even surprised. They got lots of people like this in grunge Olympia, or at least as she said, she was "pretty used to androgynous people where I was living." I could barely believe she was totally fine with this after years of fear and isolation. After I finished telling her about all of that she said, "Wow, that's sad you had to hide who you were all those years, it's like you were living trapped inside this huge iron ball," which is a good description of what it felt like. She hugged me for a long time and told me I didn't ever have to live like that again if I didn't want to.

Soon after, my friend Susan gave me a ride across the parking lot, which I could cross on foot in like four minutes, but she wanted to help talk me through how to tell my parents. Her advice to "speak from your heart and know they love you" helped, even if it took me over three hours to tell my mom since I didn't have the words. These days I probably could've just said, "Mom, I'm transgender," but back then I didn't know any of that; still she's shown how much she loves and accepts me, even if she's baffled by why any male would want to wear dresses. And Susan's advice helped when a so-called childhood friend ousted me to my dad as "I saw him dressed up like Wednesday Addams, fishnets, makeup, everything." His way of dealing with the surprise was to put my mom's old makeup on like Tammy Faye and ask me what I thought. When he saw I could deal with that, he realized we should start talking. These days, he's fine with me being trans-whatever, even if I won't take his fashion tips.

Many transpeople were raised to be the opposite of what we are and have to learn as adults what others learned before high school. I didn't get much out of lessons of how to be a boy, but nobody ever showed me much about how to be a girl. Luckily, my first girlfriend loved doing precisely that for guys she knew.

My first girlfriend was a goth chick named Lenore, and yes, she had pages from Poe on every surface of her room not covered in music or horror movie posters. She was the first person ever to put me in a dress at a pajama party in her room. She helped me get my first dress, she gave me my first sets of fishnets, she gave me my first purse

and my first ever makeup set. She also showed me Rocky Horror for the first time.

A couple years later, I had my second puberty where I grew breasts. I wish I'd thought to ask my friends to take me bra shopping. Then again if I want to, I'd have a pretty easy time talking my best friends into that.

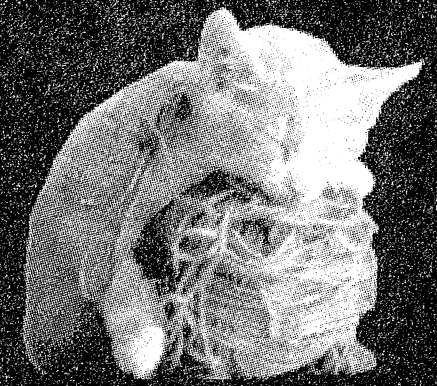
My two best friends are my friends John and Wacker. John is an intersex drag queen whop performs as Testika and can take a running jump off a stage in stilettos and keep running. My other best friend, Wacker, is a genderqueer devout Christian dildo designer who makes a lot of our girl clothes these days.

And since it's my fifteenth anniversary of the day in the park with Jill and I can celebrate it whenever, and because Wacker is Latin and loves doing stuff from that heritage, Wacker's planning to throw me a Quinceañera. From what I understand, it is a "Sweet Fifteen" celebration often given for Latin girls. I may not be Latin, but I'm family to Wacker, and it is my Fifteenth. I can't wait to see how the actual party's going to turn out!

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm  
060 Student Union



The Stony Brook Press:

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



# The Georges of Wrath

By Matthew Maran

Since last summer there have been only two championship matches in Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC). Due to several injuries the UFC has been in a bit of a lull.

The events have still been exciting to the more dedicated mixed martial arts (MMA) fans. However, the mainstream audience will be much more interested in the fights coming up in the near future.

The UFC is coming off a very successful first trip to Australia. UFC 110 was held in the sold-out Acer Arena in Sydney, Australia. The event was highlighted by heavyweight prospect Cain Velasquez knocking out MMA legend Antonio "Minotauro" Nogueira, and Wanderlei Silva defeating Michael Bisping by a unanimous decision in Silva's first fight as a middleweight in the UFC.

UFC 110 set a UFC record for merchandise sales for a single event, and their total sales set a record at the Acer Arena previously held by Iron Maiden.

Before UFC 110, they had provided some great main events, but the buildup to those fights, and the anticipation was less-than-stellar. In the upcoming months, there will be no lack of excitement in the UFC.

On March 21, UFC 111 will be headlined by two championship matches. Georges St. Pierre is arguably the best fighter in the world and has dominated the entire welterweight division for the last four years. He will be defending his Welterweight Championship against the British fighter, Dan Hardy. Hardy will be a large underdog coming into this fight.

Also on the card, former Heavyweight Champion, Frank Mir will fight unde-

feated Shane Carwin for the interim Heavyweight Championship. Since Heavyweight Champion Brock Lesnar has been out for so long, the UFC has created an interim title. The winner of Mir-Carwin will go on to face Lesnar this summer for the Undisputed Heavyweight Championship.

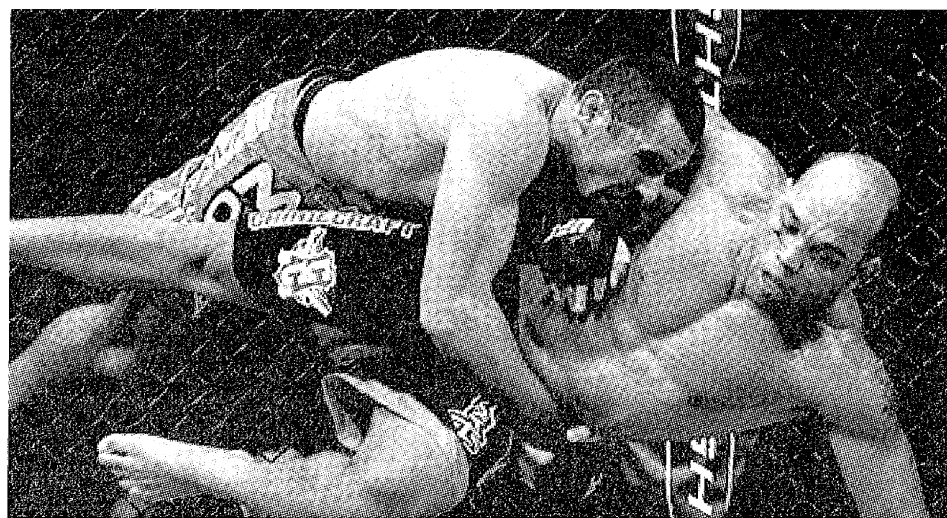
Carwin has previously made derogatory comments regarding Lesnar's previous employment with a "fake" wrestling company, and Frank Mir recently made inflammatory comments about Lesnar as well. Mir defeated Lesnar in his first fight in the UFC, but last year Lesnar decimated Mir in a fight for the Heavyweight Title.

Mir recently apologized for comments he made about Lesnar on a radio show. He said, "I want to fight Lesnar. I hate who he is as a person. I want to break his neck in the ring. I want him to be the first person that dies due to Octagon-related injuries. That's what's going through my mind."

The reality show *The Ultimate Fighter* will be returning at the end of the month. On March 31, the series will return featuring UFC hopefuls from the Light Heavyweight and Middleweight division. The coaches will be long time rivals, and UFC legends Chuck Liddell and Tito Ortiz.

The show is known for not only providing entertaining fights between up and coming mixed martial artists, but also allowing the fans to get to know their personalities. The fighters live in a house for the duration of the show with no technology, virtually no contact with the outside world, and the viewers are shown the types of workouts that they use to train.

It is also an opportunity to get to see the coaches, who are always UFC stars, outside of their element. The viewers got to see how Quinton "Rampage" Jackson and Rashad Evans acted as coaches, and



how they treated their students.

We also got to see the deep seated hatred they share for each other. There should be no shortage of fireworks this season as Liddell and Ortiz have a history of not being the best of friends.

On April 10, UFC 112 will also be headlined by two championship matches. Middleweight Champion Anderson Silva, who, much like St. Pierre, has run over his middleweight division, will defend the title he has held for the last three and a half years against Brazilian Jiu Jitsu ace Damian Maia.

Also at UFC 112, Lightweight Champion B.J. Penn will defend his championship against Frankie Edgar. Edgar is known for his boxing and wrestling ability, and is 11-1 in his MMA career. Penn has overcome critics who have said that he had become lazy and lacked the heart of a champion. In his recent fights he has shown much improvement in his stamina, and has defeated top contenders Diego Sanchez and Kenny Florian.

At UFC 113, undefeated Lyoto Machida will defend his Light Heavyweight Championship against Mauricio "Shogun" Rua. This is an immediate rematch following their most recent bout

last October that Machida won due to a controversial decision.

Rua fought Machida like no one had before. By that I mean that Rua actually hit Machida. Machida is one of the very few fighters who has been able to bring karate into MMA successfully, and has used his karate background to avoid hits and fight defensively. Before his fight with Rua, Machida averaged getting hit once every two rounds in his first 15 fights (all of which he won).

After the last fight, most people felt that Rua had won, but the judges gave the fight to Machida.

Finally, at UFC 114, Rashad Evans is scheduled to fight Quinton "Rampage" Jackson. These two have no love lost for each other, and this may be the most highly anticipated fight of the year.

Rampage had previously had to back out of their first scheduled fight due to filming for the *A-Team* movie, but he will return on May 29 to fight his arch nemesis.

These next few months may be the most exciting time in the history of MMA, and this is the best time for anyone to start watching the sport. You will not be disappointed.

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# From Sport To Entertainment: Pt 2 of 3

By Nick Matthews

Catch as catch can wrestling, or catch, is the real sport that professional wrestling evolved from. Wrestlers used to have to know how to be entertainers and wrestle in order to become professionals, but that is not the case anymore. If you're a tough body builder with athleticism, you do not need to have actual wrestling skill.

Today, catch wrestling and professional wrestling (entertainment wrestling) are two different things. I did not learn both during my training. I had to learn them separately. The rules in today's entertainment wrestling are so obscure that nobody really knows what they are. They started off with the same rules as catch wrestling and maintained a sense of credibility until they started using weapons, illegal hits, and gymnastic flips.

In catch as catch can, a bout can end due to pinfall, submission, or disqualification. The only rules are that there is no eye gouging, air-chokes (any choke cutting off the windpipe), scratching, fish-hooking, biting, low blows, kicks, or closed fist punches. The only strikes allowed are elbows and knees, but a disqualification will usually only occur if the illegal acts are used in excess or considered to be too severe.

For example, a wrestler may use biting to work for better positioning, and will most likely just be given a warning, but if he bites continuously or breaks their opponent's nose with a close fist punch, he could be disqualified. The referee's discretion can sometimes determine the outcome of a match.

While air-chokes are not allowed in competition, they are still taught, because catch wrestling is a martial art, and chokes are effective and useful in a situation of self-defense. However, during competition, neck cranks are one of the more popular holds, and in essence can have the same effect as an air choke if locked on properly, as they will close the throat.

Blood chokes (aka "sleeper holds") are also commonly used, and they will cut off all the opponent's blood circulation to their brain, and "put them to sleep" in a matter of seconds. Entertainment wrestling does not have a consistent set of rules.

The shift from catch wrestling to

entertainment wrestling began in the 1920's when a powerful group, known as the "Gold-Dust Trio," made up of popular wrestling champion, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, his manager Billy Sandow, and promoter Joseph "Toots" Mondt, was formed. The Gold Dust Trio is widely recognized as the group that began to popularize the predetermining of outcomes for matches and advertising wrestling as an entertainment spectacle instead of an athletic competition.

The reason wrestling promoters began to fix bouts was because they would be able to make more money by predetermining outcomes. If there is a predetermined ending that might cause the people to demand a rematch, more money can be made with multiple bouts. Professional wrestling is a business and its main goal is to draw money.

Wrestlers will battle the same man for weeks or months at a time, which is exciting to watch. When two men battle it out for months to see who is better or because they don't respect each other, it is compelling.

However, it is disgraceful when two men face each other in a match where the object is to climb a pole to be the first to pull down Viagra (Yeah. That actually happened.) Or a match is booked because one of the competitors wants revenge after their opponent mimicked sexual acts on the corpse of a loved one, or they are upset about their opponent attacking a supposedly pregnant woman, causing a miscarriage. Oh, and who can forget Santino Marella dressing as a woman, and winning the Miss Wrestlemania battle royal. In case that wasn't bad enough, he continued to wrestle in drag for the next three months and claimed he was Santino's twin sister, "Santina."

Can anybody please tell me how any of that will possibly draw money? It is distasteful, disrespectful, and all that kind of crap will push people away from the product. You can probably see why a wrestling fan, or a wrestler, would be as frustrated and embarrassed as I am.

Wrestling has always been about people beating each other up, but at least it used to be somewhat tasteful. Wrestling used to be promoted as a sport and a battle between good and evil. Today's wrestling promotes insubordination, violence against women, and a nearly unattainable body image.

Maybe I'm wrong, but I always figured that wrestling fans watching a

wrestling show with wrestlers on it expect to see wrestling. Oh, whoops. Did I say wrestling? I'm sorry, World Wrestling Entertainment (WWE) would rather I refer to it as "sports entertainment." And wrestlers? Right, they aren't wrestlers anymore. They are "superstars." This is bullshit!

Wrestling fans want wrestling, not midgets and softcore porn. No doubt, the women (or "Divas" as WWE refers to them as) are beautiful and tough, but most of them couldn't wrestle their way out of a paper bag, and they do not belong in my sport. There is no place in wrestling for barbie dolls with boobs faker than the punches they throw. If guys want porn they can get it elsewhere. Keep it off my wrestling show!

Even though matches are predetermined, however, there used to still be legitimacy in wrestling. For a while, the champions were shooters (catch wrestlers) who could really go. Lou Thesz broke into wrestling in the 1930's, and became the youngest world champion of all time at the age of 21. He was even a hand-to-hand combat instructor during World War II, and he is still referred to as the Babe Ruth of wrestling.

However, as time went on, catch wrestling began to lose its way in professional wrestling. It got to a point where if a wrestler could make a match look good, they did not have to be a great shooter. Ric Flair was so unbelievably talented, he could make a match with a broomstick look good. Flair became an expert at the art of selling, which means to sell the fact you are in more pain than you actually are or to make an opponent's moves look more effective than they really are. Because of this, Flair became one of the most famous and successful world champions in wrestling history.

To his credit, Flair was still very capable of having a ground based wrestling match, but he was no Lou Thesz. This was not a bad thing. The action was exciting and the wrestling promotions took themselves seriously. They knew damn well that they were not "sports entertainment," they were a wrestling program, but they they had a perfect balance of wrestling and entertainment.

Catch wrestling alone wore thin after a while, and wrestling needed something more. They needed to entertain people. The Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC) does this very

well today. The fact that it is real is not what makes it popular. It is the fact that they tell a story with their fights.

Watch the previews. Watch the Ultimate Fighter. UFC put Rashad Evans and Rampage Jackson as opposing coaches on The Ultimate Fighter. Jackson and Evans hate each other. The whole show they were at each other's throats. When they finally fight, everyone will be waiting for it. They've been building it up for a year.

They portrayed Matt Serra as the annoying little loudmouth in his fights with Matt Hughes and Georges St. Pierre. It's the humble good guy vs. the arrogant bad guy. It's compelling. It works, and it doesn't matter if it's real or not.

UFC fighters have entrance music. They all do pre and post-fight interviews, they talk trash, and they have videos of their intense workouts. You know who did all that before UFC? That's right, professional wrestling. UFC is doing professional wrestling better than professional wrestling today.

Wrestling got further and further away from tradition in the 80's when young blonde guitar player, turned body builder, turned steroid abuser, became the most popular man in wrestling. That man was Hulk Hogan.

He was purely an entertainer, and did not know a wrist lock from a wrist watch. Although, in terms of drawing ability, he was great. Hogan made more money for his company than anyone else had done before, and this helped justify the total shift in wrestling that was occurring. By this point, there were still at least some promotions and wrestlers who put an emphasis on wrestling, but they would soon be put out of business by Vince McMahon.

In the 90's stars such as Stone Cold Steve Austin and The Rock led wrestling to another boom, but it was all entertainment. Ken Shamrock and Kurt Angle could have taken The Rock or Stone Cold in under a minute, but the days of shooters were long gone.

It was not wrestling anymore, but sports entertainment. The only thing more sickening than having to watch it was knowing that there were millions of people that actually bought in to this crap and helped vindicate "sports entertainment." It was a slippery slope, and it was inevitable that eventually The Rock, Stone Cold, and other entertainers would not be around forever... To be continued.

# Cinderella Season Loses Glass Slipper

By Ian Thomas

After a whirlwind season for the Stony Brook Seawolves men's basketball team that culminated in the team's first America East regular season title and a bevy of school records and personal accomplishments, expectations for the number one seeded team were sky high going into the America East Conference tournament this past weekend in West Hartford, Conn.

The first round match-up seemed favorable for the Seawolves, as they were scheduled against the Albany Great Danes, a team they had already beaten twice during the regular season, albeit by a combined eight points in the two games. Still, with a spot in the NCAA tournament going to the team who won the tournament, they need a victory, and won a hard-fought game,

68 to 59.

The next game seemed like an even more lopsided game on paper. The Seawolves were matched with the Boston University Terriers, who they last played on January 30 and thoroughly beat by a score of 71 to 55. The Terriers had picked up their game as of late, winning seven of the eight games after being dismantled by Stony Brook, but still seemed to be outmatched in terms of overall talent.

Was this the year for Stony Brook? The team's 21 wins was a school record, ditto with the conference championship banner that will hang from the rafters of a hopefully packed Pritchard Gymnasium next season. Senior guard Muhammad El-Amin won the America East Player of the Year award and coach Steve Pikiell took home coach of the year honors as well, two distinctions that the program had never received. The writing seemed to be on the wall.

Unfortunately though, the Cinderella story only plays out in fairytales.

After opening the game strong, the Seawolves turned flat. At one point they trailed 37-21, and at halftime were faced with a 13 point deficit. But the team battled, and quickly retook the lead, and with less than six minutes remaining, were up by four points.

However, the strict defense and quality free throw shooting that boosted the team all year failed them in this one, and as the Terriers controlled play down the stretch, the eventual loss was inevitable, with a final score of 70-63.

"We're one game short of our goal for the year," said Pikiell following the game. "But we had a terrific year."

All is not lost however, as there are still some games to be played, although not in the more prestigious of the two NCAA tournaments. By virtue of winning the regular season championship and then losing in the conference tour-

namment, the Seawolves earned an automatic birth in the 32-team National Invitational Tournament, better known as the NIT. Although it's unlikely that the team earns a high seed at the March 14 selection show, Pritchard Gym could host another game this year as well. More than likely though, the team will be on the road for their first round game, which will take place on either March 16 or 17.

Regardless of the eventual result of the forthcoming games, the team set new standards not only for themselves, but for the entire athletic program at the Division I level. Although the team will lose El-Amin next season, along with three other important seniors, the young nucleus of players guided by Pikiell should be a force to be reckoned with going forward.

Hopefully they just need another year to make sure that slipper fits.

# Do You Believe in Miracles? Um...

By Bobby Holt

Well, not quite, but the United States Men's Hockey Team certainly came close. They defeated Norway, Canada, Switzerland and Finland on their road to the Gold Medal game where they would face Canada again. Coming into this Olympics, Team USA had not defeated Team Canada since 1960. After an extremely exciting game, USA skated to an improbable 5-3 victory and had a chance to clinch the number one seed in the tournament. With a little help from Sweden, they did just that.

The number one seed was crucial because it meant that USA would play the winner of a much weaker Switzerland-Belarus game. With an extra day to rest, the Americans barely squeaked by Switzerland, 2-0. Going into the semifinals, the United States had to play a tough Finland team, comprised of many NHL All-Stars. However, it seemed as though the Americans could not be stopped and they handily defeated Team Finland 6-1 (with all six goals coming in the first period). The only thing that stood in their way of clinching Olympic gold was the winner of Canada-Slovakia.

After a thrilling 3-2 victory by the Canadians, it was settled; Team USA would face off against Team Canada in a sure-to-be instant classic. It certainly lived up to the hype and did not disappoint. The Canadians were outplayed at the start of game, but that quickly changed when Canada scored two quick goals to take an early 2-0 lead. However, the Americans were not ready

to give up, they scored two of their own, with the second goal coming with only a few seconds left in the third. Heading into overtime, it was clear that this game might be one of the best games of all time. After a back-and-forth first five minutes, Sidney Crosby was able to slide the puck between USA goalie Ryan Miller's legs and give Canada the gold medal. Despite the obvious disappoint-

ment on the faces of the Americans, what they accomplished was special, even if it wasn't a gold medal.

What made the Americans' run so special was that they were not even predicted to place in the top three and earn a medal. Canada, Russia and Sweden were the favorites for the Gold, Silver and Bronze, respectively. With Team USA not winning gold since the magical 1980 Olympics at Lake Placid, or silver since the 2002 Olympics, any medal would have been a surprise.

Now what does this mean for USA hockey going forward? Of course, the Canadians will have a ton of talent for years to come, but the Americans are young, very young. In fact, with an average age of 26.5, they were the youngest team in this Olympics. Now to build off of that, the Americans' World Juniors team defeated a very talented Canadian team in January at the IIHF World Junior Hockey Championship. The Junior team snapped Canada's streak of five straight gold medals and won only the second gold for the Americans in the tournament's history. Combine that with the already very young Olympic team and USA hockey has a bright outlook for many years to come.



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