

THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXX ISSUE 8

"IF YOU CAN COACH AT ANY AGE,
YOU CAN COACH AT A YOUNG AGE."

FEBRUARY 11, 2009



**WOMEN, BURGERS
& STONY BROOK**



**PONZI COMES TO
STONY BROOK**



THE OSCARS BLOW



**IT'S NOT ALL SUNSHINE
AND RAINBOWS AT
STONY BROOK**

Stony Brook? More Like "Evict Yo' Ass" Brook.

By Erin J. Mansfield

Residents of Kelly and Roosevelt Quads returned to their dorms the night of Thursday, February 5, to find out that both their heat and hot water would be shut off from Saturday morning until Monday afternoon in order to fix a broken pipe.

"Please make appropriate accommodations for your comfort," the signs plastered around their buildings read. "Personal space heaters are not permitted in the residence halls."

Most students found that the only answer was to leave campus on Friday, but some have jobs in the area on the weekends and were obligated to stay. For students who do not live in the area, especially out-of-state and international students, this was an even bigger problem. Residents who stayed resorted to cold showers, or trekking across campus to the SAC gym or neighboring dorms.

On Sunday night, RAs went door-to-door to ask their residents to vacate their rooms because temperatures would be below freezing. At 7:19 p.m., Campus Residences posted an alert on the front of the SBU's homepage telling all residents of Roosevelt Quad and residents of Baruch, Eisenhower and Dewey buildings in Kelly Quad to find other arrangements for the night.

The notice stated that Campus Residences would offer the "several hundred" displaced students other housing arrangements on campus for the night, but went on to warn that, "In this case, you would be required to bring your own pillow and blankets to make yourself comfortable on a carpeted floor

Keller College, said that even though she was able to stay at a friend's house, she was still very resentful of the situation: "We have to get up at seven, bring our stuff back and then go to class."

Jabsky added that after her four years at SBU, she was not surprised. "I feel like everything [Campus Resi-

sity, called the construction disruptive. "It takes a lot away from the university." Adding that it is dangerous, the RA said, "There aren't even warning signs placed anywhere. They had three months [in the summer] to do this when the ground wasn't frozen. It doesn't look like they're getting anything done."

But the students on campus got very creative. One student said he would put his clothes in the dryer before he wore them, in order to keep warm. Another said that she had to heat water on the stove in her kettle to bathe on Saturday morning. Some wanted to stay in their dorm rooms and just bundle themselves in sweatshirts and blankets until Monday morning.

David Meis, a freshman from New Jersey who lives in Stimson College, said that the short notice meant he could not get a discounted price for an LIRR ticket to get away from campus on Friday. Asked if he intended to return to SBU next year, Meis said, "I don't want to, but I have to." He is still living in a freshman triple.

"I don't really have anywhere to go, because I'm from Buffalo," said freshman Brittany Kalosza, a resident of Greeley College who works at the Kelly Dining Center on the weekends. "All my friends live in my quad, so it's not like I can go to a friend's dorm."

As of Monday, Campus Residences had not reported any intention to reimburse students for the inconvenience.



One of many evicted students.

Roman Sheydasser

overnight."

This is the latest of events over the past school year where utilities have been cut off due to construction, causing students great discomfort. In other situations, water was completely cut off from the buildings, meaning that residents could not even flush the toilet. This is the first time, however, that residents have actually been asked to leave their dorms.

Marina Jabsky, a senior who lives in

dences does] is kind of backwards," she said. "Why couldn't they fix this before the students moved back in?" Asked if she intended to write to Campus Residences to be reimbursed, she said she hadn't decided.

Both Quad Directors and Residence Hall Directors are not allowed to comment.

An RA from Roosevelt Quad, who is also forbidden by contract from disclosing information about the univer-

Where Have All The Internets Gone?

By Alfred Esposito

Tabler students have one more thing to gripe about besides the long walking distances to class: the Internet. Since the beginning of the semester, students have dealt with unreliable Internet connectivity due to improper wireless setup.

Tabler SINC site attendant Shenkar Venka has been getting the brunt of student frustration, especially this past Wednesday when both resident halls and the Tabler Arts Center SINC site had no Internet access. "There is nothing we can do about it on our end, we just have to wait for client support," Venka said.

The sign on the whiteboard on the door to the Tabler Arts Center SINC site read, "Internet is up (for now)."

Residents of Tabler Quad have been having severe problems connecting to

the Internet since the start of the semester, which has been caused by the use of unauthorized use of wireless routers, according to support services.

The outages have effected most buildings in Tabler Quad as recent as Sunday afternoon when only Hand College was left mostly unaffected according to the Division of Information Technology's website.

"It's a dead zone," Venka said.

According to Charlie Bowman, Director of Client Support, wireless routers give out their own IP addresses. "If you plug it in backwards it gives IP addresses to the rest of the network." If you plug a router in backwards, it can cause network problems for the whole building said Bowman.

When a wireless router assigns an IP address to other users on the network, the switch in the building rejects this unrecognized IP address. The switch does not allow Internet access to those IP addresses assigned by the wireless router.

Some students, like Venka, who is a Student Assistant at the Tabler Arts Center, were skeptical of this excuse. "That's what the IT people told us but that's not a real reason in my opinion," Venka said. Other students feel that the wireless routers are being used as a scapegoat in light of a larger problem that IT has yet to uncover.

This has been the situation in Tabler Quad since the end of November according to some. Wireless routers have been getting cheaper, which allow students to bring them from home, and giving them the added luxury of freedom from the Ethernet cable while in their dorm rooms.

To resolve the problem, Resident Assistants and Resident Hall Directors took action by checking rooms looking for unauthorized wireless routers.

Helen Cheng, an RA in Sanger College in Tabler Quad, started by putting up signs and casually informing students. "It's not just residents that are affected, but all of us in the building are

affected. That includes all the RA's, the RHD, our office computer, which has some information we need to access online," Cheng said.

Christal Endler, resident of Sanger, is uneasy about RA's searching for wireless routers. "I had a couple of instances where the RA's are knocking on our doors cause they are hunting for router and I got yelled at for room contraband." Endler said, "It's just an invasion of comfort for us".

"One night when there were problems, we found 3 or 4 wireless routers plugged in incorrectly," said Bowman.

It appears that unauthorized use of wireless routers does not have an easy solution. "As RA's we cannot confiscate anything," Cheng said. "All we can really do is document the residents of the room that they have a router and ask them to turn it off and unplug them."

The Tabler Quad Office refused to comment on this story.

Who's Insuring The Insurers?



By Natalie Crnosija

Aetna Student Health, Aetna Health Insurance's subsidiary, whose insurees include Stony Brook students through the University Health Plan, underpaid \$5.1 million in health care reimbursements by using outdated reimbursement rates between 1998 and 2008, said New York State Attorney General Andrew Cuomo.

Aetna's underpayment of student health charges was discovered by an investigation by Cuomo's office. It was revealed that over 73,000 students at 200 colleges across the United States were affected by the rate foul-up. Of these colleges, twenty were in New York State.

The Stony Brook University Stu-

dent Health Plan, which is the default plan for students who do not have health insurance prior to enrollment, costs \$959 per academic year. Through this plan, there exist stipulations to receive health care on campus, including the requirement that Student Health Services (SHS) must evaluate students before they are allowed to visit the emergency room if they want to receive full reimbursement, according to the SHS website.

"Students who qualify for reimbursement will receive notification in the mail within 30 days," said Leta Edelson of the Student Health Center's Insurance Office. The office was reluctant to give further comment.

"If you pay tuition out of pocket and have to pay for this insurance, you could have used the money elsewhere,

like for buying textbooks," Sophomore Stephany Pena, a student who once had University Health Care, said. "This whole situation shows the overarching dishonesty of the insurance system."

Katie Flanagan, a fifth year part-time student, found Aetna's conduct up-

a health care company does something like this," Flanagan said. "Their conduct is a symptom of the corruption in corporate America."

Aetna, whose stock plunged from \$57 per share to \$23 between mid 2007 and late 2008, is slowly regaining its footing on Wall Street. Their stock dipped upon the announcement of their Student Health subsidiary's mismanagement.

Though stocks have little play in students' view of Aetna as a company, Stony Brook students have a poor view of the Health Insurance company.

"If I had their insurance, I would be very frustrated and upset," a Stony Brook Junior said.

"Aetna Student Health...underpaid \$5.1 million in health care reimbursements."

setting but not surprising.

"So many people do not have health care who need it and it is horrible when

He Thought He Could Get Away with It... But He Was Wrong!

By Caitlin Ferrell

A Stony Brook senior was arrested Jan. 26 on identity theft charges. Oluwole Owoseni, a computer science major, was arraigned on Jan. 27 and charged with one count of first degree identity theft, two counts unlawful possession of personal identifiers and criminal possession of stolen property. The identity theft and stolen property charges are felonies and, if convicted, could result in one or more years in prison for each charge.

Owoseni is accused of using two students' information to apply for a Sallie Mae student loan and credit card. Owoseni applied for the loan online, which was approved and sent directly to the university, before the victim notified Stony Brook police. The case was referred to Suffolk County Police.

Owoseni, who worked for the Stu-

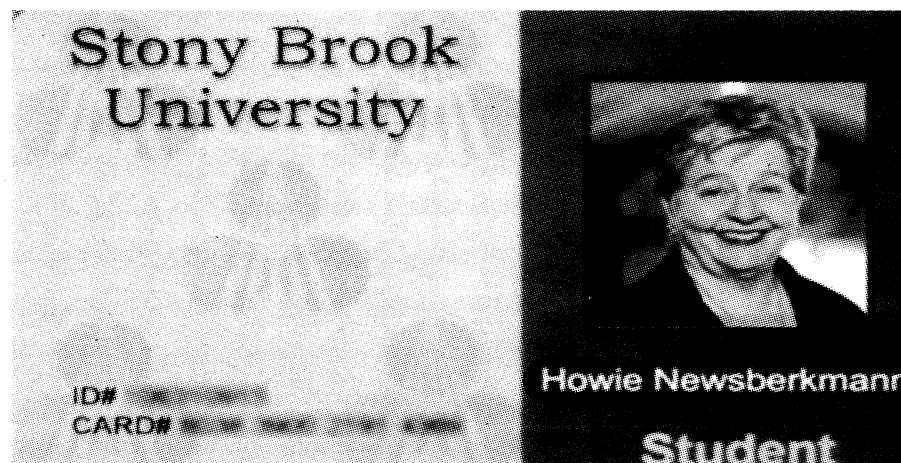
dent Affairs and Career Center, was arrested just as he was to begin his final semester. The Student Affairs office declined to comment, but Marianna Savoca, Director of the Career Center, said Owoseni worked at the center only dur-

formation. "At no point were these numbers given to [Owoseni]," Savoca said. "No students have security access." The two victims' information was at the Career Center as part of a scholarship program of which Owoseni had not

breached. In a news release last week, police said, "The investigation indicates that the security of the school's student database was not breached and the number of students affected is very small." The Computer Crimes Unit, now handling the case, is continuing to contact students whose information may have been endangered.

"He was a good kid," Savoca said, adding that the office was "shocked." It is not known exactly how Owoseni obtained the information. "The students need to understand that no one ever wants these things to happen and when things happen you don't expect, you must take swift action." Students do not have security access at the Career Center, and Savoca said even interns who review résumés are stressed to protect students' confidentiality.

Owoseni did not return requests for comment. Stony Brook and Suffolk County police did not immediately return requests for comment.



ing the summer of 2008.

Savoca said Owoseni worked in clerical support and on office projects, but never had access to the students' in-

taken part.

Suffolk Police believe the violation was minor and that the Stony Brook student database system was not

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editorials

What The Hell, Campus Residences?!

Apparently these hard economic times are a lot worse than we originally thought.

In fact, these days, it seems that \$2,902 doesn't buy what it used to. A sum that used to buy you reliable heating and hot water, or consistent wireless Internet, just doesn't pull its own weight anymore. This past Saturday, the heating and hot water services in Roosevelt Quad and three of the buildings in Kelly Quad – namely Baruch, Eisenhower and Dewey – gave out and were not restored until late Monday morning. In addition, the residents of Tabler Quad have been claiming that they've had only three or four full days of working internet through the first two weeks of this semester. So, this all begs the following question: "Hey, Campus Residences, what the hell?!"

The Roosevelt Refugees, as we've taken to calling them, were caught between a rock and a cold place this weekend when an SB Alert text message on Sunday evening instructed students to find other sleeping arrangements for the night. Many found sanctuary in a sym-

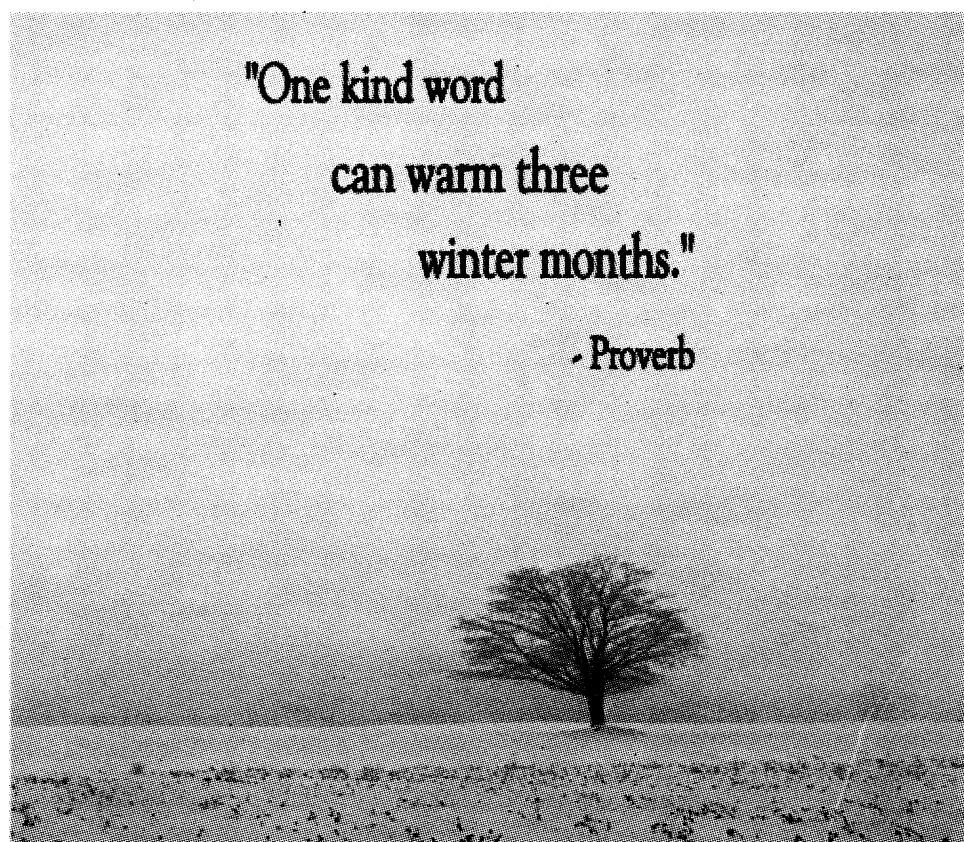
pathetic friend's suite elsewhere on campus. Some braved the cold settings of their Roosevelt or Kelly rooms and refused to leave. The University offered to bus students to SB Southampton for the night, but we're being told that few, if any, students took them up on it. The official cause of all this was the need to repair a broken pipe. What we, and many students, want to know is, why wasn't this fixed earlier when we weren't all living here?

With regards to Tabler's missing Internet, one would have imagined that campus services would have repaired the problem within the first few weeks of class. However, students were still reporting sporadic Internet access as late as Monday, February 9. Not even the SINC site in the Tabler Art Center was up and running in any consistent matter. We are being told that the cause of this error lies with the unauthorized wireless routers being used throughout the quad. Considering that every quad is home to dozens, if not more, unauthorized wireless routers, we wonder why the university isn't more prepared

to deal with this. Why did this problem persist for so long?

Look, Campus Residences, we know that Stony Brook is under perpetual construction. It's even kind of impressive. When we're feeling generous, we even enjoy likening it to some sort of Classical Roman or Greek drive towards creating the perfect center of learning and power. But, when we're not feeling super generous, it's goddamn ridiculous. This isn't the first time that this chronic construction has caused utility failures. Hell, it isn't even the twentieth time. Either the contractors who are screwing this up need to be replaced, or you need to knock it off, entirely – especially when it's the middle of a cold and snowy winter!

We're encouraging all residents who were displaced by this snafu to write a letter to Campus Residences expressing their disgust. In addition, we're encouraging each and every resident of Tabler Quad to send an angry email to Campus Residences, as well. That is if your Internet is working when you try to send it. Good luck.



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Yesterday, it was brought to my attention that Stony Brook Press printed on the back of the paper a statement against "Jesus" that stated F... Jesus, Santa Rules (See attached). I was appalled and flabbergasted to see such a statement printed in the Stony Brook Press Paper. As a Christian, Physician, and Stony Brook Alumnus I denounce such use of language as well as disrespect displayed. How in the world do you permit to print such freedom of speech? This is totally inappropriate.

Mark M. Melendez, MD, MBA
Senior Resident
Clinical Assistant Instructor
Stony Brook University Medical Center
Department of Surgery

Mr. Melendez,

Yes, the back cover of that issue was both offensive and inappropriate. Too often, we find ourselves insensitive to the Christian crowd; considering the majority of our content, you can imagine how crucial that demographic is for us. Our left-wing beliefs of civil liberties, absolute separation of church and state, and scientific education are the reasons *The Stony Brook Press* has been able to hold on to our loyal Christian readership for so long.

We also understand how, with just a little bit of work, an edgy, anti-authoritarian publication can effectively never offend anyone. Making bold statements and challenging popular thought is a time-tested exercise in inoffensiveness, and there is no reason *The Press* should be any different.

It is clear that, with the piece in question, the real problem lies not in the quality of humor, nor in its effectiveness in making an intelligent point. The only thing that matters here is that we offended Christians, which we never wanted to do. Until we can make our paper wholly inoffensive, we will be switching our focus onto offending Jews, African Americans, Muslims, women, Canadians, rednecks, Hoosiers, Hispanics, Haitians, Atheists, Agnostics, Jehovah Witnesses, Mormons, Scientologists, Wiccans, Pagans, Druids, Chinamen, the Irish, the French, ze Germans, Cylons, and worshippers at the Shrine of the Goddess Athena. If you would feel offended by *The Stony Brook Press* insulting or mocking any of the groups listed above, please let us know and we will cease said buffoonery as part of our larger efforts to be wholly inoffensive.

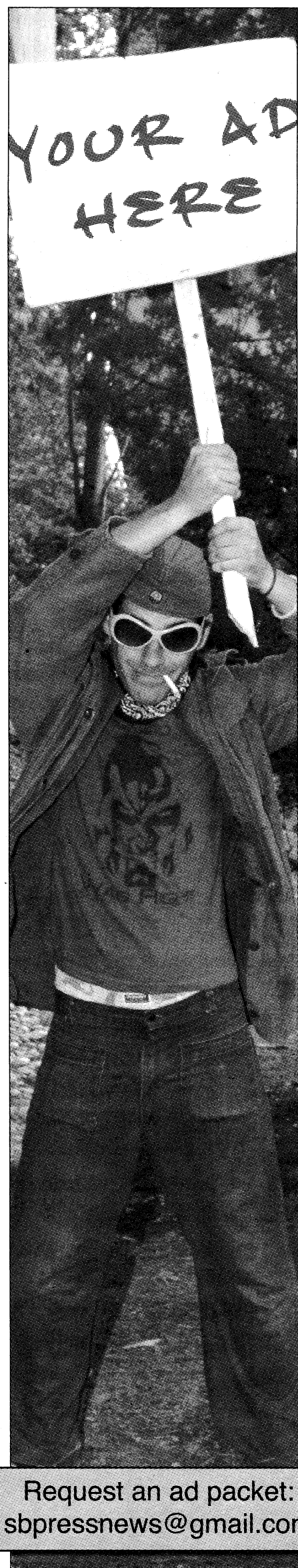
You're right when you suggest that we should not permit such freedom of speech. Freedom of speech can only truly be free when it is not permitted. We have rectified this misunderstanding, and are currently employing efforts to overturn the long-standing logic that something identified by name as a "freedom" works best when not banned.

Furthermore, we feel the need to clarify our intentions with the piece in question. "Fuck Jesus, Santa Rules," as a quote, was forged after an extensive pre-holiday book club meeting. Certain editors of *The Press* were assigned, among many other brilliant works of fiction, the riveting and successful books *The Bible* and *T'was the Night Before Christmas*.

After researching the cultural impacts of both books, the editors came to a conclusion. The Bible's second part, known as "The New Testament," sees its protagonist betrayed by his followers and gruesomely murdered by crucifixion. Inspired icons depict these final moments, so that all fans of this book carry around the image of a homeless man bleeding to death on a cross.

T'was the Night Before Christmas, on the other hand, sees its protagonist bring joy to children everywhere by altruistically showering them with gifts. He is considerably better fed than Jesus, has a home, dresses in red, and is characteristically jolly all of the time.

When the editors had to choose which icon to carry with them and show their families, they chose the jolly fat guy carrying a bag of gifts over the dying homeless man. Please understand that this is our view, and we apologize for any offense it may have caused.



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A Brook of Problems

By Najib Aminy

Coming off a game of pool in the lower level of the commuter lounge, Senior Paul Lyons said his Stony Brook experience is not a great one. Like 6,000 other undergraduate students, Lyons is a commuter student and said he is treated differently because of it. Lyons was quick to answer what he thought of his experience at Stony Brook. "I would say it's kind of awful. At times I feel like I am second class citizen just because I am a commuter."

Lyons said commuters are treated this way because they are unable to participate in school functions or become as active as students who dorm. "You don't realize it but it's hard for commuters to go to a professor's office hours or wait around for exams at night." This alongside long waiting lines at the SINC sites and expensive food prices are just a few reasons Lyons said cause his unexciting time at Stony Brook. "I treat school more like a job then what others might treat it like."

The commuter lounge resembles much of how students perceive Stony Brook University: An enigmatic search for a bit of joy. This quest, combined with the many problems of Stony Brook, leaves students dissatisfied and administrators oblivious. Though administrators say they believe factors such as school pride and involvement are on the rise, some students still express extreme discontent.

Entering her second semester, Shannon Cochran left her home in Pemberton, NJ to enroll in Stony Brook. She too treats it like a job but said she enjoys meeting new people.

That is, at least during the weekdays. While commuters face the problems of traveling to class or staying on campus all day to take an exam, resident students face what they call the problem of living here on the weekends. "I hate it," Cochran said. "There is no one here and everything has limited hours," Cochran said.

From limited hours to a dead weekend life, students say there really isn't too much to do on the weekend. Students are left to make the best of it. "I am fortunate enough to know many people in my building so I just go room hopping," Cochran said. "I have fun."

Stony Brook, known to proudly display its accolades, is ranked third with "The Least Happy Students." It is a ranking that may not go in any University newsletter, but a ranking that Stony Brook's Director of Student Life, Dr. Susan DiMonda, takes very seriously.

As a result, more programs are created to try and get and students involved and active. Through a grant of

thy. "Apathetic students want it right in their back door," said DiMonda, who has been working at the University 21 years. "They don't want to reach out and find it. My philosophy is the way to make Stony Brook better for you and your career is to find your niche."

Junior Josh Levy found his niche when he joined the Wrestling Club two and half years ago but said he was still displeased with his Stony Brook experience. "It seems like people here don't want to really do anything," said Levy, who was bundled up due to lack of heating in Roosevelt. "There's nothing to do so students don't want to do anything," Levy said that there is very little

dents, said. "There are no firm plans but there has been discussion."

Like DiMonda, Barnett said he is aware of the rankings and student attitudes similar to Levy's. "Those students that are unhappy are vehemently unhappy, Barnett, an alum of Stony Brook, said. "I don't know if you could say that attitude is consistent through the campus." But, Barnett said that it is important to look at these attitudes as well as past accomplishments to know what works and what doesn't.

"Our job is how to inspire students and how to motivate them in the right ways and we need to be smart too." Granted, Barnett said it is important to focus on large-scale events such as Brookfest, Stony Brook Idol, Roth Pond Regatta and Strawberryfest, as it leads to building tradition. "What is very important for a thriving student life are those large student programs on a macro level that lots of people can connect with and create that buzz."

Barnett said he expects to see an increase in school pride and appreciation starting with the whole campus learning the "Go, Fight, Win" song, the marching band increasing membership to 200 and performing in the Macy's Day Parade, an increase in televised athletics, and a stronger rivalry between Hofstra University and Stony Brook. "These kind of things can only happen if students think it is important and if they join in on it," Barnett said.

Whether those goals are reached, Levy said that Barnett is not the only one that feels like he does. "Half of the conversations I have with people I meet are about how bad Stony Brook is and they can't all be wrong."

Pointing to a collapsing closet that both he and his roommate share, a window screen that was broken when he checked in, and an orange sign that informed him he wouldn't have heat or hot water for the duration of the weekend, Levy sighed in resignation. "This place flat out it drains you. I hate this place but I have fun because I make my own fun," Levy said. "That's the point. You can have fun anywhere."



Lyons can't be beat, Cochran is reading her sheet, Levy ain't got no heat.

Najib Aminy

\$50,000 from the President Shirley Strum Kenny, DiMonda has set up weekend events where students can go on trips from basketball games to skiing. "We are committed to one or more off campus trips a month to make sure we are reaching out," DiMonda said.

The same goes for on campus events, DiMonda said there is always something going on. "Just a calendar from the end of January to March 15 covered two and a half pages and I'm not sure if I got everything," DiMonda proudly said. From athletic events to program sponsored events, DiMonda said part of the problem is student apa-

th student life because of the layout of the university. "My friends come from other colleges and can't believe that this is it," Levy said. "They have a street full of bars, a row of frat houses, what do we have? If we are bored we go hang out in a dorm room and even that gets old after a while." This means that another factor of student dissatisfaction is its location.

The lack of an identifiable main street is something the university is looking into. "People who work with the university are aware of how that changes us culturally as an institution," Jeffery Barnett, Assistant Dean of Stu-

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The SAB, Hard at Work

By Cindy Liu

There is something oddly circular about Stony Brook University's Student Life. Ineffectual Student Life leaves its students indifferent. At the same time, ineffectual Student Life is a result of the indifference that characterizes the student body. One example of this phenomenon is the Student Activities Board (SAB).

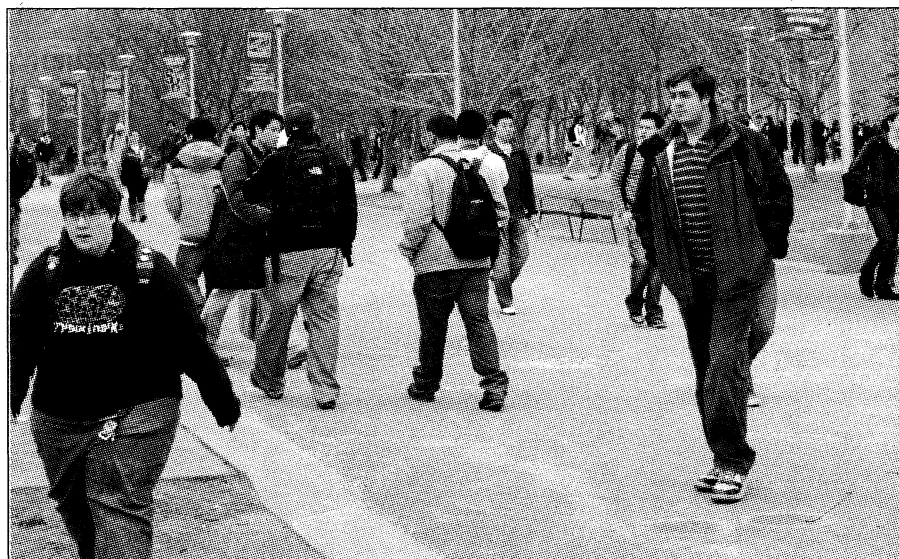
Created for the purpose of coordinating activities and events for the entire university, the Student Activities Board is currently the campus' largest-funded organization by the Undergraduate Student Government. "SAB works hard to plan events and they do a very good job of planning some fun activities for the students," said Alexandra Duggan, Director of Student Activities. While it is clear that those involved with the SAB focus their energies on planning events, one must examine the scope of both these events and the people in charge of decision-making processes. At an SAB meeting held on Feb. 9 at 7 p.m. in SAC 302, approximately 40 people attended. Taking into account the initial purpose of the SAB, these 40 attendees represent the desires and concerns of the rest of the student body. Of the approximate 50 people

present at the meeting (10 on the executive board), about 25 of them had voting rights, some of whom are currently on the E-board. This means that of the 24,000 students on campus, 25 people decide on activities in which, ostensibly, everyone may participate.

Anthony Dobrini, a Stony Brook graduate and former member of the Student Activities Board, wanted to make a change. Now booking concerts outside of school, Dobrini had suggested a year ago coordinating small-scale music acts. Some bands suggested at the time included Personnel, Starting Line, Boys Like Girls, and Envy on the Coast. According to Dobrini, he attempted to get Envy on the Coast for \$5,000 and got turned down and the topic never arose again. He then pointed out that in 2007, the Student Activities Board allocated \$100,000 to Nas and the carnival for Brookfest. He also mentioned that at Nassau Community College, he was able to book 4 concerts of different genres with a budget of \$90,000. "I wanted to help and do something worthwhile on this campus in the two years before I left...it's their loss," Dobrini said.

At the Feb. 9 meeting, the Student Activities Board allocated \$3,000 for DJ Envy to provide ambient music at United Skates.

Among other topics discussed at



These guys have probably never heard of the SAB...

the meeting were the two vacant positions of Chair of Cinematic Arts and Chair of Large Events, both of which the President of the Board gets to appoint. The President, Mojibola Adeshuko, made a point of emphasizing that the Chair of Large Events is "not just music," but includes booking lecturers and comedians.

Finally the meeting arrived at Open Agenda. Adeshuko opened up the floor to suggestions and ideas. Out of the approximate 40 attendees, two people stepped forward to propose the ideas of their special-interest groups.

Adeshuko could not be reached for

comment.

According to *The Stony Brook Press* staffer Jon Singer's "Stony Brook Rocks! Well it Used to, Anyhow" (Oct. 2008), Stony Brook University had a history of being a "renowned concert venue" that hosted artists such as The Who and Jimi Hendrix at a rate of three shows per week. 1970s Stony Brook had a "homogeneous audience" that has since then diversified. Now, with a wider range of people to reach, the task of engaging the majority of the student body has become more difficult. Maybe with time, someone will find a way to penetrate the campus' Byzantine silence.

StonyBrookSucks.com For Sale

By Najib Aminy

In 2001, a disgruntled commuter student created what is now a primitive site encouraging Stony Brook students to come together, share their grief and, in a way, work towards making their Stony Brook experience better. Eight years later, StonyBrookSucks.com is now up for sale by the site's webmaster.

"Being disconnected from the campus and having 'moved on' in life, I feel the responsible thing to do is pass the torch," wrote the Webmaster Joe X. "I am committed to selling StonyBrookSucks.com in the first half of the year. I am entertaining all serious offers and have two offers on the table."

The website, though heavily outdated, was once a site where students could get the latest information on both news and obscure things happening at Stony Brook. A library of photos is still up exemplifying some of the oddities

"beaf patty" to a fluorescent orange sign that reads, "annual heat and hot water shutdown notice." This was posted in 2005 in the Chapin Apartments and has no connection with the recent heat and hot water shutdown in Roosevelt and Kelly.

Webmaster Joe, as he calls himself, was an undergraduate student from 1998 to 2001 where he majored in business and economics. "It really didn't take me long to realize something. There is no gentle way to phrase it, 'Stony Brook Sucks.'" Joe said he found himself in the commuter lounge eating cheese fries and passed the time by reading *The Press* and as he put it, "Ughh and even *The Statesman*." He tried to get active, but said that Stony Brook wasn't really doing a good job in helping him connect.

During his senior year, Joe was tired and decided to post his mantra for the world and specifically students to see, "Stony Brook Sucks." "To answer the many critics, this wasn't a site simply

to rant and complain," Joe wrote in an email. "This was a site designed to bring students together as a community. It just so happened that the uniting factor was a shared notion that our school sucks."

Through massive advertising, which ironically was done through tiny post-its and the scribbling on desks and chalkboards, Joe said he is proud to see that there are over a quarter of a million visits to his site.

The site features a heavily commented message board that includes posts that date as recent as this February and has features ranging from an events board to a pre-web 2.0 list of professors, both good and bad. Joe says that there is an ongoing argument with the moderators of Wikipedia on whether it is a relevant link.

Under the alias "Joe," the webmaster said he did not want to reveal his name in fear that it would result in him staying at the university longer. "I really didn't trust the University with know-

ing who I am. After all, I hated the school, the last thing I needed was failing classes and having to stay any longer."

"I've maintained this site for the better half of a decade. I'll be the first to admit, I haven't done it justice lately," Joe said. "I know that there is a student out there who wants to make the most of this site, update it, promote it, and even profit from it."

Stony Brook University is currently ranked 3rd in the category of the Least Happiest Students in the 2008 Princeton Review Rankings. "To this day, people say things like, 'If it sucks so much, why are you still here?' I won't answer that question for myself, but to say that [the] answer is to leave is just absurd. I intended on fixing the school," Joe said.

Bids for the site can be found on the message board.

Bernie 'Made Off' with Stony Brook

By Najib Aminy & Cindy Liu

In light of the current economic crisis, which has served as the catalyst for many drastic changes, it becomes almost painfully obvious who has been practicing good financial habits. This environment forced financier Bernard Madoff to expose his 40-year operation. Thousands of investors have lost millions of dollars with Madoff through his alleged Ponzi scheme. The Stony Brook University Foundation—a privately governed non-profit organization created for the benefit of the University—is no exception.

Like many other charities and university endowment funds, the Stony Brook Foundation became a victim to one of the world's largest pyramid schemes, losing \$5.4 million of its \$120 million endowment.

The Stony Brook Foundation manages donations for the benefit of the University, Medical Center and Veterans Home, and is responsible for distributing scholarships and improving student life. Donations go into the endowment fund where the money is invested in hopes of creating a larger return and giving more back to the University.

Yet there won't be as much of a return as prior years. According to Dr. Robert J. Frey, Co-Chair of the Investment Committee, the foundation lost 4.5 percent of its total endowment fund to Madoff and is 15 percent down from the end of last November. While the total amount invested is unknown, Frey is certain that it was a significantly large number.

The foundation's direct investment with Madoff dates back to 1994. "What happened with Madoff, quantitatively,

he had a very low risk measure and had steady returns," Frey said. "They weren't quite unbelievable, but they were really good." However, qualitatively, the foundation noticed some risks, specifically with the lack of transparency. That detection ultimately led to a reduction in its investment from 15 percent down to 5 over the period of a few years.

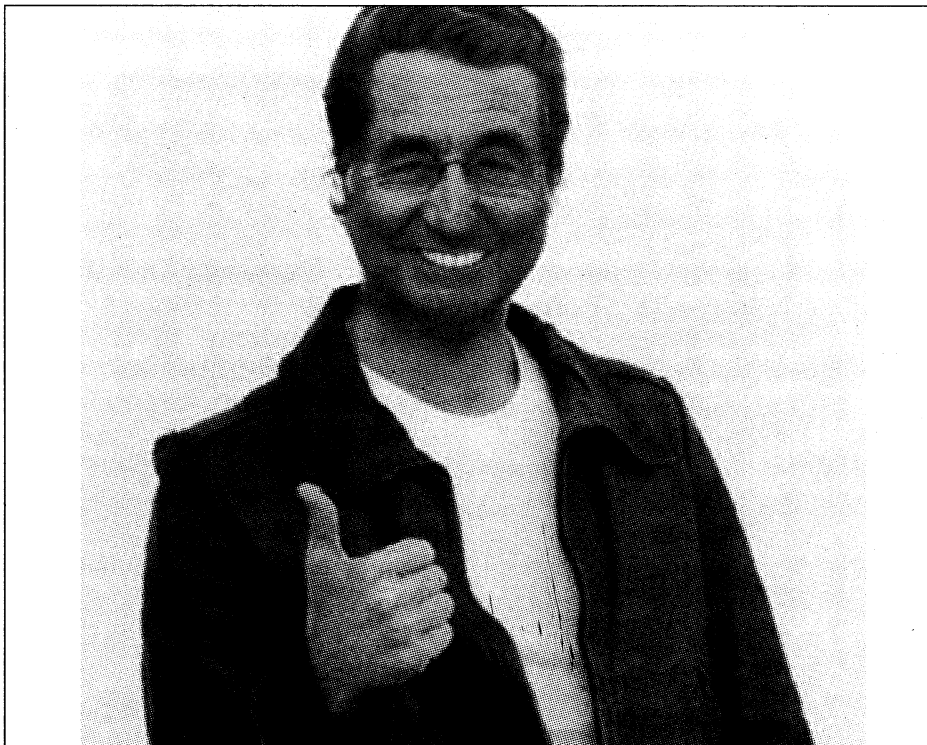
Frey said he doesn't believe Madoff started off his business in 1960 with the intention to run a Ponzi scheme. Simply put, a Ponzi scheme requires an exponentially increasing number of investors in order to continually sustain itself. Eventually, it collapses under its own weight. According to Frey, it was the recently declining economic climate that facilitated this incident. Investors who normally would not ask for returns suddenly found themselves in dire need of them. "It was probably not a planned fraud, but once it got away from him he just embraced it," Frey said.

One potential warning sign that may have tipped people to Madoff's scandal was that he was not using a custodial bank. However, not everybody does. A custodial bank is a third party in which the investment manager would direct the bank manager to put a certain amount of money into specific funds and so on. The bank serves as an administrator and manages the books and records of the investment company.

"Madoff formed his own custodial shell around his assets, which is not uncommon, but one of the things that allowed him to perpetrate this fraud."

At the same time, Frey says the foundation ranks in the top 10 percent in the nation in terms of college endowment funds.

The Stony Brook Foundation was



We said PONZI scheme, not FONZIE scheme. EEEEEEEEEEEYYY!

the only endowment fund involved linked to a state university. However, it did not suffer as badly as other schools. Compared to the \$20 million lost by Tufts University, \$24 million lost by New York University, and the \$110 million lost by Yeshiva University, Stony Brook University remains in good shape. "There is the absolute sense in which you hate to lose money at all, but there is the comparative sense in which we were losing half as much as everybody else," Frey said.

Many investors were connected through feeder funds, also known as fund-of-funds, which conducts its investors through managing other funds. In this way, people who were indirectly linked unaware of their connection lost millions of dollars. The Stony Brook Foundation was directly invested with Madoff.

One reason that The Stony Brook Foundation's loss was minimized is because of the approach that it takes towards investments. "Rather than hit a return target, we actually have a risk target," said Frey, who is also a professor in Applied Mathematics and Statsics at Stony Brook. Frey said that a lot of other people focus on getting a high return regardless of the level of risk, which is not always a good approach. Rather than investing everything with one investor, the foundation holds funds in approximately 25 separate investments.

Taking these numbers into account, the impact of the loss was minimal. "Times are bad, but they're not that bad," Frey said.

The Stony Brook Foundation offices could not be reached for comment in time for the publication of this issue.

Vote or Die...Again.

By Alex H. Nagler

Election season is not over. With Brian Foley's (D.) victory over Caesar Trunzo (R.) in the State Senate election, the position of Brookhaven Town Supervisor is now up for grabs. A special election has been called for March 31 to decide the next Town Supervisor. Competing for the job is Democrat Mark Lesko and Republican Tim Mazzei.

Tim Mazzei is a councilman from Brookhaven's Fifth District (Stony Brook resides in the First). He is a former Suffolk County District Attorney and Chief of the Homicide Division. He is also head of the Brookhaven Republican Party.

Mark Lesko is a former Assistant U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of New York. He lead the government's case in the Muttontown Slave Trial, which received national attention, and the Lawrence Aviation case to arrest

polluters in Port Jefferson Station.

The Town Supervisor is a job akin to the mayor of New York City. They oversee the Council, but unlike the mayor, they have one vote along with the rest of the council. They also service as Brookhaven's ombuds, making them also akin to New York City's Public Advocate.

The election of Town Supervisor is an election that Stony Brook students can and should vote in. It has been said by some that students have no place in

voting in this specific election, that it is the job of the town and the town alone to decide their next supervisor. This is false. Students who live on-campus live in this community, too. We drive on town roads, frequent local shops, and contribute to the economy merely by being here. It is our right to vote.

As a reminder, the Brookhaven Supervisor Election is March 31. Students will be able to vote in the Student Activity's Center.

Capital Drive to \$300 Million Reached

By Alex H. Nagler

Despite a gloomy financial situation in Albany and the rest of the country, Stony Brook University announced that the drive to raise \$300 million of financial capital by June has been reached ahead of schedule. The capital drive, the largest in the history of the State University of New York system, is still ongoing, but the goal of \$300 million was broken when the University declared it had successfully raised \$312 million. The project to raise the money, which began in 2002, showed quick success with the donation of the Charles B. Wang Center, valued at \$52 million.

The money was raised under the independent entity of the Stony Brook Foundation through the drive "The Emergence of Stony Brook." A mixture of alumni and "friends of Stony Brook" gave the money. None of the "friends" are alumni, though many have relations with the school. Such friends of Stony Brook include Drs. Jim and Marilyn Si-



mons, who gave a lump total of \$106 million to the school, over one-third of all donations. Dr. Jim Simons is the former chair of the Stony Brook Mathematics Department and current CEO of Renaissance Technology. The bulk of their gift is directed towards the creation of the Simons Center for Geometry and Physics and the endowment of chairs for professors and post-doctoral fellows.

Another multi-million dollar gift from former faculty comes from Drs. Henry and Marsha Laufer, who donated \$10 million to create the Louis and Beatrice Laufer Center for Computational Biology and Genome Sciences. Dr. Henry Laufer is also a former Stony Brook mathematics professor and is Head Scientist at Renaissance Technology. Dr. Marsha Laufer is a speech pathologist and currently serves as the Chairwoman of the Brookhaven Democratic Party.

The university boasted success when it came to recruiting alumni to give smaller gifts. Richard L. Gelfond, CEO of IMAX Corporation and Chair of the Stony Brook Foundation Board of Trustees, claimed that one out of every five alumni made a donation, though the figures provided by the Foundation claim only 18,479 alumni made donations.

Of this money, \$72 million was directed towards endowments and endowed chairmanships, which will be used to hire and keep esteemed faculty

members. The University claims to have \$150 million of the funds on hand for current use projects.

Whether the trend of charitable giving will be able to continue in the current economic climate is unknown. Universities with endowments far bigger than Stony Brook's have lost millions, if not billions, due to the financial markets. Harvard University's endowment lost an estimated \$12 billion, followed by Yale University's loss of \$5 billion.

These losses were solely in the market and discounted any deliberate deception, such as those perpetrated by Bernard Madoff. With the unsealing of the Madoff client list, the Stony Brook Foundation was announced as a victim of the Madoff Ponzi scheme. According to Professor Robert Frey, the Stony Brook Foundation lost an estimated \$5.4 million through Madoff. Other "friends" of the university who lost money through Madoff are the Simons' and the Laufers, though their losses are unknown.

Controversy Looms over Stimulus Package for Your Mom

By Ross Barkan

A stimulus package is needed for your mom, sources close to your mom say.

Democrats and Republicans have agreed to a preliminary bill to stimulate your mom at the approximate cost of \$800 billion to the federal government.

"It's a great day for America," said the Senate Majority Leader, Harry Reid (D-Nev). "After oh so many years of flaccid failure from your dad and assorted prostitutes, your mom can finally get the stimulation she needs."

"Mhmmmm," he added, as he licked his lips furiously.

Exact outlines of the package, which lacked the girth and size originally thrust by President Obama, were not immediately available, but the senators agreed to cut some lubrication in order to gain enough Republican support.

The stimulus package was controversial among centrist Democrats and Republicans because they were not certain if it was wise to spend so much money on your mom, especially when a historically large bill conflicted with the small-government ethos of the Republican Party.

"We want to stimulate your mom,

not mortgage the future of other moms and children by the kind of fiscally unwise spending embodied in this legislation," said Senator John McCain (R-Ariz), a chief Republican opponent of the proposal.

Critics of Senator McCain point out that he has history of stimulating your mom inside pork barrels and other fiscally irresponsible locals. Despite his history with your mom, Republicans contend she should not be entitled to so much stimulation.

"Yes, we know how much your mom is ailing in this time of crisis," said Senate Minority Leader Mitch McConnell (R-Kent). "Employment within the vaginal sector is down nine percent, but we can't panic. America was not built on hand jo—I mean, handouts. Shit."

Many economists and experts argued that a stimulus package of some sort was absolutely necessary. Liberal economists, like Wilbur Silverberg, looked to a larger stimulation as a remedy for your mom, who has been performing quite poorly since December 2007.

"At this point you need to be living under a rock not to understand the severity of the situation. Your mom needs it bad," he said. "Just look what she's been importing lately. Hu-Tao

from the Market Street Deli? That's absurd—everyone knows that isn't nearly enough to stimulate her."

Stanton McMichaelweller, an economist and philosopher at the non-partisan think tank Cunnilingus, contended that your mom needs to export more if she expects any definite stimulation to be evident.

"She's a service-sector woman at this point," he said. "And that's the issue. If she exported more, in the way of cosmetics or maybe a fresher personality, the country wouldn't be mired in such a recession. The billions would not be necessary."

All politicians, economists and experts seemed to agree that the breadth and scope of this stimulation package is the most audacious since the Great Depression, an era in which your mom's mom required extra stimulation after an all-night bender in October of 1929. President Franklin Roosevelt—though wheelchair bound—provided adequate stimulation for her body, propelling your mom into a more prosperous sexual era.

"The American government must realize that your mom requires stimulation on par with that doled out by Franklin Delano Roosevelt," said Adam Cohen, author of *FDR: The First 100 Days...of Fucking Your Grandma*. "De-



spite an obvious handicap, he was able to legislate inside that crumbling, gin-soaked snatch. Obama clearly has the tools—intelligence and physique—to accomplish the very same with your mom. He must take an extremely aggressive approach, or all hope is lost."

As of press time, your mom is lying in her bed caked with Doritos and despair, waiting for the government to walk in, stimulus package in tow. Her whining has been heard from as far as the living room, causing unease inside your soul.

"Calm the fuck down, bitch," said President Obama, sauntering smoothly to your mom's doorstep. "I'm coming. They didn't call me Barry O'Bomber in high school for nothing."

Astronomy Domine

By Natalie Crnosija

Stony Brook University's Dr. Alan Calder of the Astronomy Department began 2009's first Astronomy Open Night on February 6, with a lecture on the possibility of intelligent life in the universe. "That is," Calder said, "if there is intelligent life on Earth to begin with."

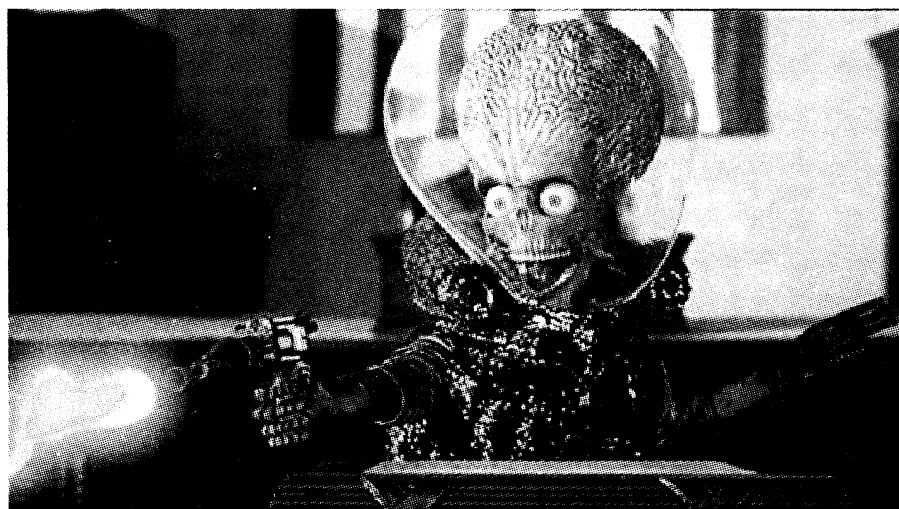
Calder, a graduate of Vanderbilt University and an expert in the field of Thermonuclear Supernovas, said he teaches AST 248: *Search for Intelligent Life in the Universe* because he is fascinated by the burgeoning field of Astrobiology—the study of the origin, evolution and growth of organisms in the universe.

This hybrid subject is researched by physicists, astronomers and biologists of every stripe, according to Calder.

The lecture focused on the implications of the physical findings on Mars and the moons of Jupiter, including the recent discovery of methane on Mars by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and has heated up debate on the possibility of life on Earth's nearest and most menacing neighbor, if popular fiction and Orson

Welles are to be believed.

Methane, a gas which is a waste product produced by living things, is one of the key indicators of biological life on a planet. Its 2005 discovery, --apart from the ice in Mars' soil and the unearthing of massive amounts of hydrogen on the planet's surface in



2004, has made Mars the focus of astrobiological investigation.

The presence of carbon, nitrogen and oxygen, found in what may be a rod-like bacterial fossil, was put in sharp contrast with the human expectation of belligerent Martians, Calder said.

"The temperature of Mars is 220 Kelvin," Calder said. "There is a place in Siberia which is -60 degrees Fahrenheit and if you do the calculations, those two numbers are very similar. Mars isn't so different from Earth after all."

The requirements for life on any planet, according to Calder, are: mole-

Enrico Fermi, the creator of the first sustainable nuclear reaction: "If there are other solar systems, then we are not special and are in a universe teeming with life. And yet we have not encountered beings from other planets."

"Maybe they don't care," Calder said, "or maybe they are watching us."

The program for Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence (SETI) was once sponsored by NASA but is now independent and open to the participation of internet users who still search for 1977's elusive Wow! sequence of radio telescopic data which suggested extra-terrestrial interaction with Earth by using radio waves. SETI and their mission to discover extra-terrestrial life is still relevant, their research having set the foreground for astrobiology.

After the lecture, attendees were invited onto the roof to observe the night sky through the Astronomy Department's telescope.

"These types of talks are quite fun," said Liz Strong, an Earth Science Teacher from Longwood School District in Yaphank, NY. "And looking through the telescope is always awesome."

'I Eat Because I am a Woman'

By Krystal DeJesus

When it comes to controlling hunger, a recent study shows that men can suppress their desires more easily than women.

Researchers at Brookhaven National Laboratory studied 10 men and 13 women using positron emission tomography to scan brain activity while study subjects tried to control their hunger.

All participants were required to fast for 14 to 16 hours before the study and when a researcher presented the food, the subject could only smell and look at it. Foods, such as cinnamon buns, pizza and hamburgers were prepared in front of the subject to enhance brain stimulation, said Dr. Gene-Jack Wang, lead author of the study.

"Most of the area activated is in the orbitofrontal cortex," Wang said. "This area controls our self control. You can inhibit it."

Although women said they were less



hungry after inhibition, brain images showed little change from before inhibition to after. But when men inhibited their hunger images showed decreased brain activity in the orbitofrontal cortex, which is responsible for inhibitory

control.

Dopamine activity in the brain was also monitored. Previous studies have shown that the level of dopamine activity in the brain is connected to a person's desire for food, according to the hunger study published in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences last month. Dopamine regulates many areas of the brain including the orbitofrontal cortex, which is responsible for inhibitory control.

Obese people tend to have lower dopamine activity, so they crave more food, but a person with higher dopamine activity does not crave food the same way, Wang said. "They don't react to the same amount of food as lean people. They need more."

According to Wang, people with lower dopamine activity tend to have addictive behaviors, but it is possible to manipulate your dopamine receptors. For example, food restriction will increase dopamine activity in the brain, but aerobic exercise, eating the right food and having good social skills will also benefit.

"I don't encourage you to inhibit yourself," Wang said. "You should understand the problem. It's more your behavior."

The cause for women to have less inhibitory control could be related to evolution because women needed to store energy more than men for pregnancy. But according to Wang, in this country, food is abundant and everywhere, so when you see it, you immediately choose it and you can't control that.

Training yourself to eat the right foods could be a benefit because the brain will remember those foods as you eat them more often. Wang suggests switching white and bleached grain for whole and instead of fried foods, try baked. Food is not bad, but certain combinations of food can have negative effects on the body, such as refined grains and sugar.

"Food is innocent, but some ingredients of the food make you have a tendency to keep eating it," Wang said. "You have to eat the right food."

Ask A Straight Guy Vol.2

By Josh Ginsberg

Dear Straight Guy,

I am a single, swingin' dude and am somewhat distressed that last semester ended without me having gotten any. What can I do to get laid soon, and what can I do to get chicks in the future?

Thanks Brah.

Stay Black,
Rick Eaton

Dear Rick,

Dude, your problem is simple. I am going to assume your given name is Richard, but you don't even call yourself the DICKMASTER! If there's one thing a woman loves, it is when a dude lets her know in advance that he is a totally expert fucker. There is nothing more seductive to a woman than that. I guarantee you if you go home and change your Facebook name to DICKMASTER (last name must be changed, Dick Eaton sounds like you're into suckin' d's), you are going to get friend-ed by a shitload of hot chicks who are simply D.T.F., DOWN TO FUCKKKKKK. Dickmaster, as long as you got the booze and a pimp ride, with a name like yours you are going to be to pussy what little fat kids wearing crowns are to Burger King - up in it all the time! Also, dude, have you tried Axe? Shit is rad, the commercials don't lie. As for meeting girls over winter break, I'm gonna assume you got some high school exes you can bang the hell out of for four weeks. Just hit it and quit it, ain't nothing wrong that. Holla.

Ha. Dickmaster...still gets me every time (Man, I'm a genius. Dickmaster is the greatest nickname ever).

-Straight Guy

Dear Straight Guy,

I met this chick recently and see her around a lot. I was wondering what to do about my interest in her and my bro Rob told me I should get some beer and ask her to hang out with me in my dorm. The notion of chilling with her in my dorm and getting wasted is very appealing to me, but I can't help but feel that this is somewhat shady and the notion of liquoring a girl up with the intentions of getting with her are a little date rapist-y. What do you think I should do?

-Ben

Dear Ben,

Dude, you're being a little bit of a bitch, but shit, you need some help, so the doctor is in da house and I'm about to give it to you. If you ask a chick to hang out with you, especially one-on-one, she probably gets the idea. It isn't a terrible idea to have a drink or something, but you shouldn't push it on her. You should make sure she knows that



If you can correctly guess how many polo shirts are being worn in the above picture, then you have effectively rendered yourself a loser.

she could have a coke or chocolate milk (for the record, this is my favorite beverage other than a brewski) if she doesn't want a beer. If she wants water she's probably either a damned hippie or like bulimic or some shit, so drop her ass. Alcohol shouldn't really affect the chances of you getting any. As long as you don't force yourself on her and make sure she doesn't get wasted you should be in the clear. But be careful, shit is dangerous.

To the other readers, please quit sending me these queer Hallmark ques-

tions, they only make us both less hetero.

Mucho Bro-Love.

-Straight Guy

PS: I still can't get over it. Dickmaster. Fuck! I should get a Comedy Central Special, I'm like the next Chappelle. DICKMASTER! Shit's gonna be on t-shirts everywhere. It could also be a piece of exercise equipment for making your dick more ripped. Man, I best copyright it.

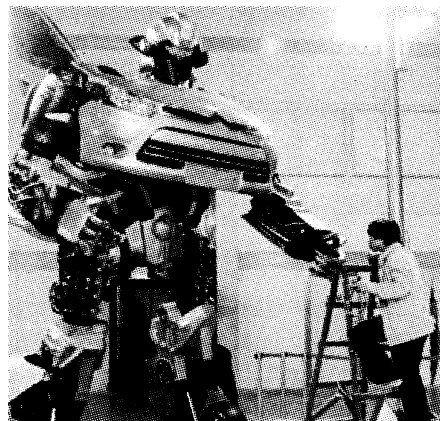
Transformers, Bailout in Disguise

By Najib Aminy

Troubling times mean desperate measures for the American automobile industry.

Ditching its plans for alternative energy and quality-made vehicles, Detroit's Big Three have joined together to announce the 2011 release of commercial transformers to the public last week.

Working closely with the Witwicky Center for Scientific Research and Robotics, Ford, GM, and Daimler-Chrysler said they are throwing away the ideas of the past and building to-



wards the future.

"The world can be a scary and uncomfortable place," said Allan Mullaly, President and CEO of Ford Motor

Company, during a press conference last weekend. "We are working towards making it safer and more luxurious for the average American while trying to stimulate what's left of the economy."

By "safer", Mullaly refers to the standard option presented to interested buyers: Dual laser-guided missile launchers, titanium armored plating, as well as both front and side-passenger airbags. Buyers can choose to upgrade and equip their transformer with a gun that fires 22'-inch platinum rims, mount a tank cannon, or place a 12-inch LCD monitor in the back seats.

"The manufacturing of these mammoth-sized vehicles will not only put

America back to work," said Frederick Henderson, President of GM, "but it also will pave the road to beat them damn Japs and put the A's back in automobile world supremacy."

Popularized in the 2007 summer blockbuster, *Transformers*, the Big Three are looking to manufacture and mass produce cybernetic-robotic organisms from the war-torn Cybertron and exploit them for commercial use. asked to remain anonymous.

TRANSFORMERS continued on page 12

Home to a mountainous terrain, astronomers have confirmed that the surface of Cybertron is lined with large trees holding the remains of the dead from the multi-century long war, according to a Wikipedia insider who asked to remain anonymous.

The war is believed to have come to an end soon after the Autobot's leader, Optimus Prime, inserted the All Spark, a life-creating cube, into the Decepticon's—a rivaling faction—leader, Megatron. No formal treaty has been brought to the attention of any inter-galactic non-governmental organization.

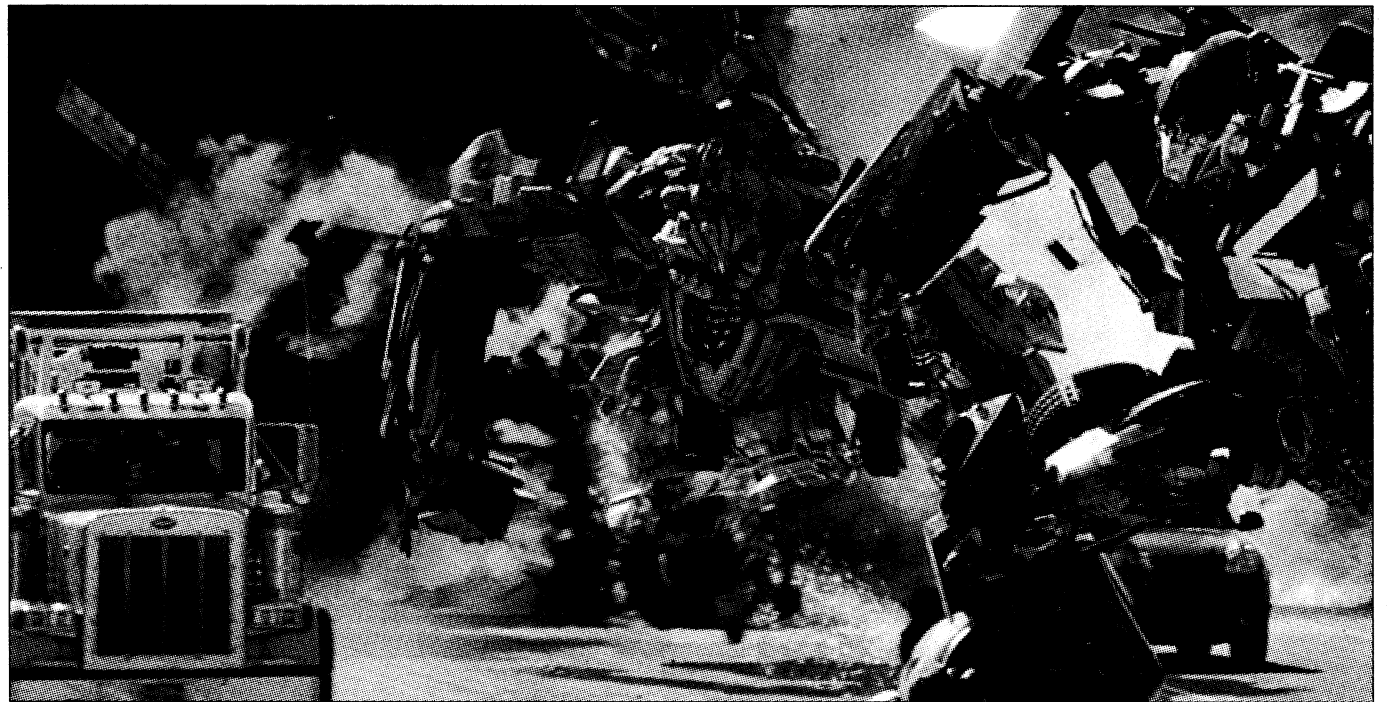
Currently residing on Earth, the Big Three look forward to meeting Optimus Prime and his compatriots in hopes of bettering the American economy and preserving the automobile industry.

However, inside specialists have been vocal about how unrealistic this plan may be. Dale Smith, a senior advising consultant for Ford has voiced his opposition to the plan. "This clearly won't work because the All Spark has been destroyed," said Smith placing his H3 keys on his desk. "That is like trying to have cars run on water or something as perplex like that."

The All Spark is a cube-shaped tool that creates and regenerates the life of all cybernetic organisms and is the cause of the war between Autobots and Decepticons. Afraid that Megatron would gain control of the cube, Optimus Prime launched the All Spark into space where its location remained unknown until 2007.

Human and robotic rights activists have held protests on planet Cybertron condemning the genocide of Autotbots but have since rejoiced after reading about Prime's successful victory. "Justice has prevailed," said a Mountain Dew dispensing machine. "My life used to be extreme bro, but it hasn't been the same since I lost my family. Now I know I can finally move on."

However, with the loss of the All Spark, scientists argue that it is physically impossible to power these transformers. That is unless there is another All Spark. Roger Serrings, a professor at the University of Chicago, has studied meteor impacts since 1937 and catalogues all his findings. Sadly, his records were all lost when his house flooded because of plumbing issues. Nevertheless, Serrings said he recalls one meteor impact that was much different from the rest. "I remember seeing lights and hearing a loud noise," said the 86-year-old Serrings. "When I approached the crash site, I saw a small cube and then saw the sky light up with shooting stars. I realized it happened to be a number of meteors falling towards the surface and shortly after I was knocked unconscious



This is why women shouldn't drive: things explode.

by some debris. All I remember is that I was in the Grand Canyon."

A team of the nation's top scientists and scantily clad women were spotted in the area Serrings described, according to park rangers. They were unsure whether it was pertaining to the filming of a movie or a government investigation of the site. A source close to Daimler-Chrysler leaked the confirmation of a new source of energy that could fuel the Transformers but did not specify what it was.

Though the source of energy is still in question, politicians are mixed in support of the Big Three's decision to leap ahead. "I commend the nation's automakers in making the right step for America and humanity," said Senator Jay Rockefeller (D-WV), chairman of the Senate Committee of Transportation. "Now our children have at least one thing to look forward too."

Senator Kay Hutchinson (R-Texas), ranking member of the Senate Committee of Transportation, scoffed at Detroit's latest decision and said she was ashamed to have driven her Cadillac CTS to work. "And this is why they wanted to be bailed out?" she asked. "Give me a break."

Some criticisms of Transformers are the inevitable damages in national infrastructure. Depicted in Michael Bay's summer-hit blockbuster, one simple transformation from vehicle to a bordering cybernetic-vigilante would result in the destruction of roads, bridges, and tunnels. Commuters would drive to work in snarling traffic caused by the prior day's events.

Additionally, many fear that some drivers would recklessly use their transformer and endanger the lives of several thousands. "With great power comes great responsibility," said Matt Hamil-

ton, Assistant Treasurer of Say No To Transformers. "I saw that from a movie once and I also saw *Transformers*. People died."

Armed with missiles, bullets, grenades galore, one could connect the dots between catastrophic destruction and transformers, but some argue that there should be no transformers and no cars. "I like to walk," said Georgia Timmons, an 18 year-old high school senior. "Cars hurt the environment and so will Transformers. We all need to walk."

But some look at the glass as if it were full. "Look, if things are destroyed that means they need to be rebuilt," said Robert Pinter, a 34-year-old who sells car insurance. "Rebuilding creates jobs that leads to making money that ultimately leads to another happy American family having their very own Transformer."

Given the power of the All Spark, manufacturing a Transformer is less complicated than one would think. A lot of sparks would fly, objects would shift and turn, noises would be made, and music would preemptively be playing in the background, and thus a transformer is made. Transformers would be equipped with a state-of-the-art anti-theft system comprised of anti-ballistic missiles and army turrets and a versatility option in which an automobile may shift from a sedan to a four-story transformer in a mere matter of seconds, though it remains unclear how many passengers may be in the car for this to happen. One unique feature that has gained attention at this year's latest car expo is the complex voice activation and response system that enables features such as cruise control, mass destruction and cleaning the windshield.

The recent news has left many Americans excited and eager to buy

American. "Yeah, I'm thinking about getting one for my kid Mike," said Louis Valentino, Jericho, NY. "He's 16, hopefully he passes his road test by then. I can't think of anything else the little shit likes besides video games."

Working on his '92 Chevy, Richard Trickle, of Brundige, Alabama, expressed content just to know that America was finally ahead of foreign competitors. "I am just sick of those damn Jap cars going up and down these paved roads of freedom and liberty," Trickle said. "I'll be damned if any of my children's grandchildren drive one of them Nazi cars. Now they have no excuse."

Fans of the long running franchise that inspired this shift in automobile design will be glad to know that the Peterbilt Trucking Corporation is on board and ready to cooperate to release their first transforming semitruck as a part of their 2011 line up. The AFLCIO declined to comment on the impact these vehicles will have on the trucking industry. A trucker, who wished to remain anonymous, told us that "I'd like to see that fuck stick manager at the Pathmark tell me I'm late with the shipment once I'm driving one of these."





ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

OP ED: One of the Dumbest Things You Can Do is Pay to be Insulted

by Min Ping Mei

One of the dumbest things you can do is pay to be insulted, yet many Asians and Asian Americans do it on a regular basis. Both Asians and Asian Americans indiscriminately pay to see movies - movies that constantly depict them in stereotypical roles, martial arts masters, accented untrustworthy foreigners, sneaky dragon ladies, terrorists, or evil gangsters, exotic, submissive sex objects, asexual, or chauvinistic Asian men and Asian women who exclusively date White/Black men (as depicted in media), or who are oppressed.

Needless to say Asians are portrayed negatively and repeatedly in mainstream media. This has long lasting implications. First, constant exposure is detrimental to Asian and Asian American youth. Asian and Asian American youth are essentially brainwashed into believing they are inferior and will eventually harbor self-hate.

Second, mainstream media perpetuates and enforces existing negative stereotypes about Asians. The perpetuation and enforcement of these stereotypes promotes hate crimes against Asians and reduces Asian Americans to second class citizens. Quite simply the media is responsible for how Asians are perceived.

Ask yourself have you as an Asian or Asian American recently paid for a movie ticket or bought a DVD where Asians are depicted in one of the stereotypical roles listed above?

Sadly, the answer is probably yes. Take a minute, breathe, yeah you were paying to be insulted and humiliated. Paying to perpetuate and enforce stereotypes about yourself! Paying to have racist thugs spray paint "Chink and/or Gook" all over your house! Paying to have several racist thugs beat you down with baseball bats, spit in your face and probably get away with it!

If you didn't already know Hollywood's reach is global. By now I hope at the very least you're asking yourself what can be done to remedy your pitiful situation.

1) Boycott movies, television shows

and products that use racist advertising. Hollywood is a quick learner and once they realize they're losing the Asian and Asian American market they will change their ways.

2) Send polite emails to companies responsible for producing movies and ensuring they make a profit (ex., Universal Studios, Columbia Pictures, Warner Brother Pictures). Tell them you will be boycott particular movie as an Asian or Asian American because..... and you will tell your friends to do the same. Sending a handwritten letter is even better because emails are easy to ignore. And finally, if you can call, do so. Contact information can be found on company websites.

3) Support positive images of Asians in media. According to one Hollywood executive there are few Asians in media because "There is no demand for Asians. Asians and Asian Americans spend like whites." Essentially Hollywood does not need to reach out to the Asian market. That demand must be created through support of movies and television shows that depict Asians as multidimensional human beings. Show Hollywood Asians wanted to see Asians in film.

Some good mainstream films to support include Harold and Kumar Go To White Castle and Harold and Kumar Escape from Guantanamo Bay. Many great Asian American films have also been produced including Better Luck Tomorrow and Shanghai Kiss.

Asian Americans should also continue supporting Asian films if they are not already doing so. Films produced in China, Korea and Japan are just as entertaining. You may need to read subtitles, but at least you're not paying to be insulted so that should put a smile on your face.

Supporting a film means buying a movie ticket and/or buying it on DVD, not downloading the pirated version.

Support Asian American Actors such as Ken Leung, Sung Kang, Roger Fan, Aaron Yoo, John Cho

Support Asian Artists and Bands
Ex: Stevie Hoang, Tatum Jones,



FOX AND CHARLIE CHAN, 2003 Acrylic on canvas, 20 x 24 inches. FOX network rescinded its decision to air The Charlie Chan Mystery Tour due to protests from the Asian American community. The old Charlie Chan movies featured ethnic stereotypes and "yellow-faced" white actors, considered offensive to many Asian Americans. The Organization of Chinese Americans (OCA) stated, "Charlie Chan is a painful reminder of Hollywood's racist refusal to hire minorities to play roles that were designed for them, and a further reminder of the miscegenation laws that prevented interracial interaction even on screen." - Roger Shimomura

George Nozuka

Asians and Asian Americans have a lot of spending power. It's time to throw that weight around. Asian Americans alone have over 200 billion dollars in spending power and that figure is expected to increase.

If you are Asian or Asian American and after reading this article you do not feel compelled to act and would prefer complacency believing that you alone can do nothing, remember to words of Robert Kennedy. "Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and the total of all these acts will write the history of this generation... It is from numberless diverse acts of courage and belief that human history is thus shaped. Each time someone stands up for an ideal or acts or strikes out against injustice, he/she sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, those ripples build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

Make a ripple.

Pass what I have written here along.

Translate it into Chinese, Korean, Vietnamese, Japanese, Hindi, Urdu and more. Let's take the war against Hollywood to Asia.

The writer of this article may be contacted at: Urbanpolitics@yahoo.com

The Oscars are a Joke



BUT HERE ARE SOME EXPERT REVIEWS AND PREDICTIONS ANYWAY!



Best Picture:

The Reader

Natalie Crnosija

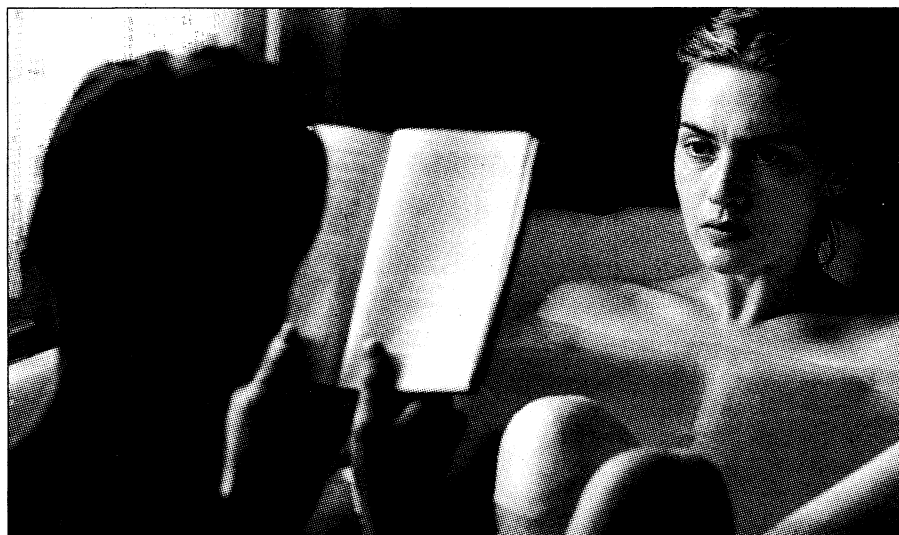
"If you want to win an award, do a Holocaust movie," said British comedian Ricky Gervais at the Golden Globe Awards after Kate Winslet won the Best Supporting Actress Award for her performance in *The Reader*. It was uncomfortable commentary because it was true. Uncomfortable because the film was so obviously groomed, like a prize Schnauzer, for the 2009 Film Award Season. Uncomfortable because the Holocaust has become a setting where people, who were once exploited beyond belief are further exploited by the film industry to put filmgoers in Cineplexes. The Holocaust movie has become a regrettable cliché, contextualized and turned into cinematic currency.

The Holocaust will always be relevant in the public consciousness, but will films that mine and use it as a backdrop be as enduring as the subject itself?

The film opens in Modern Germany, that of Gerhard Schröder rather than of Adolph Hitler. Michael Berg (Ralph Fiennes), a sad lawyer

whose own progressiveness and modernity hides the haunt of the Third Reich. Through a rough shuffling of flashbacks to his late teens, his life is forever

binds them together, fusing the two in the minds of both Hanna and Michael. Sex and literature. What could be better? Michael's deep affection for Hanna



Kate Winslet is naked a lot in this movie. That is why it is our favorite (to win at the Oscars).

marked by a fateful meeting with a woman named Hanna Schmitz (Kate Winslet). Their affair, prompted by their rather unexpected encounter in a bathroom, is sustained by a goodly amount of erotic play and languid forays into world literature. Michael's reading to Hanna pre and post coitus

morphs from a 16 year-old's love of sex into love and the center of his life until she abruptly leaves the town and her position as a trolley ticket collector.

Years later, Michael, a Sturm and Drang law student, encounters Hanna again as he observes the trial of former Nazi Prison Guards. Hanna's simple

psyche and her calloused, rough ways have not changed, apparently even from her days as an employee of the Reich. She is the stereotype of the stereotype—the cold, disciplined German who does not hide her wrongdoing. Her guilt pierces Michael to his pit and he wavers on the edge of aiding with Hanna's defense. Michael's ambivalence is as evident as that of New Germany, quivering on the point of accepting guilt for and condemning the Holocaust. The allegory is not very discreet. Like Kate Winslet's naked body.

Winslet's SS-role is sensual but severe, honest but rough, the tried and true bit of cinematic tackle which nabs Oscars. Michael, as the innocent, is her sexual plaything and the end of a long string of Hanna's emotional casualties. Michael, as much as the Marshall Plan German Government, is putting Hanna on trial—for her effect on his life and her crimes against humanity.

"Great pain creates great art." Another crystalline cliché but could also be understood as "A great amount of pain creates a great amount of art." *The Reader* falls into the latter category.

Odds: 27.4%

Slumdog TRILLIONaire

By James Laudano

With our nation's economic disaster growing more dire by the day, it seems that the Academy – and all of America – really wants to award this year's "Best Picture" to a happy, feel good movie that has the power to help us forget the millions of missing jobs and billions in economic bailouts. That movie, film aficionados, is *Slumdog Millionaire*, and it seems poised to take home Oscar's greatest honor come award time.

I'll be brief since chances are you already know what this movie is about, or you'll soon learn more in the coming weeks as we approach the ceremony.

The movie tells the story of a young man named Jamal who is being interrogated by the Mumbai Police over alleged-cheating on India's "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire." As the film progresses, we are taught just how Jamal knew all the answers through a series of flashbacks to his youth. Eventually, the flashbacks and the interrogation meet chronologically and we are presented with the climactic resolution to the tale.

While the coincidences shared between the flashbacks and the "Millionaire" questions do seem a bit convenient at times, it never really detracts from the experience as you're watching. The actor playing Jamal, Dev Patel, tends to veer radically back and forth between playing a sarcastic and defiant detainee to an incredibly quiet and seemingly

timid contestant, but, once again, it does little to harm the overall experience. Patel has probably earned himself a few new gigs with his turn in *Slumdog*. The rest of the cast turns in a very solid ensemble performance as well.

The cinematography is also strong, with the film containing numerous chase scenes that don't fall into the trap of becoming too clustered and confusing. The viewers get a good sense of the squalor that many in the slums of Mumbai live. I would have liked to see a bit more of that examination of the hardships of slum life, but perhaps that's just the social studies geek in me coming out. The soundtrack is pretty damned cool too and it features a bevy of South Asian pop hits, scintillating

sitar jams and even last year's darling song, "Paper Planes" by Sri Lankan pop star M.I.A.

All in all, *Slumdog Millionaire* is a rather enjoyable film that will certainly put a smile on your face at the end of the night. It's an interesting step in director Danny Boyle's career (this is certainly not anything like his past works, such as *Trainspotting* or *28 Days Later*). The trend lately in the Academy is to award Best Picture to the more serious, dour and depressing films (see: *No Country for Old Men*, *The Departed*, *Million Dollar Baby*). Perhaps, though, it's high time we're treated to a plucky, heartwarming story from Mumbai taking home the award this year.

Odds: 75.51%

The Oscars are a Joke

BUT HERE ARE SOME EXPERT REVIEWS AND PREDICTIONS ANYWAY!

(not-so)Honorable Mentions:

Gran **TURDino**

By Justin Meltzer

When it comes to Clint Eastwood, you can count on him for two things. The first is that he always sounds constipated when he talks. The second is that he just doesn't know when to quit. Take *Dirty Harry* for example. That character was a tough and gritty cop who didn't take shit from anyone. When his Chief forbids him from doing something against the law, he says 'FUCK THAT!' and he does it anyway. When moviegoers say he's too old to still be acting, much less directing, movies, he says 'FUCK THAT!' and then he still expects them to cough up \$10.50 see his latest work. Such is *Gran Torino*.

First off, the movie's title is actually quite misleading. You may be wondering what a Gran Torino is exactly, and why Clint Eastwood name his movie after it. A Gran Torino happens to be a type of car built by Ford in the 60s and 70s, named in Italian after the city of Turin, which is considered the Detroit of Italy. The movie is named *Gran Torino* after the mint condition car of the same name that Clint Eastwood's character, Walt Kowalski owns, and everyone in the movie either wants to steal, inherit, or just take from the old bastard. The rest of the film really doesn't have much else to do with the car, and I believe we never actually see Walt drive the damn thing. We only see him washing it, but my question is why? He never drives it so why wash a car you don't drive? That's like buying porn on VHS and then rewinding it without having seen it. It just doesn't make any sense.

The movie, however, has more to do with his new next-door neighbors who happen to be Hmong (pronounced mong) immigrants from Vietnam. As a Korean War Veteran, Walt holds many prejudices against Asians, even as they continue to overpopulate his once predominantly white Michigan neighborhood. Walt's call to arms is when the potentially troubled next-door youth, Thao, attempts to steal his mint Gran Torino (after he just washed the damn

thing) as an initiation for a gang he truly doesn't want to join. Walt is then forced by the boy's mother to make Thao do chores to teach the boy a lesson. You might be asking yourself why chores are an acceptable punishment for almost stealing a priceless car. Isn't jail time more appropriate? But this is Clint Eastwood we're talking about here; he doesn't know the meaning of the word appropriate.

Speaking of which, there are more derogatory words for Asians in this movie than a George Carlin stand up

ethnic slurs.

As for the movie, we may view this as Clint Eastwood's public service announcement to the world. As he bonds with Thao by making him do gratuitous yard work, he also sets out to teach him to be less of a "pussy." It is through this process that we see Clint's deeper intentions. He isn't just a crotchety old man in the movie, who is fed up with young people and their "ways." This is who he is in real life, or as us young people call it, the RL. His commentaries come in the form of scowling and lots of it. The

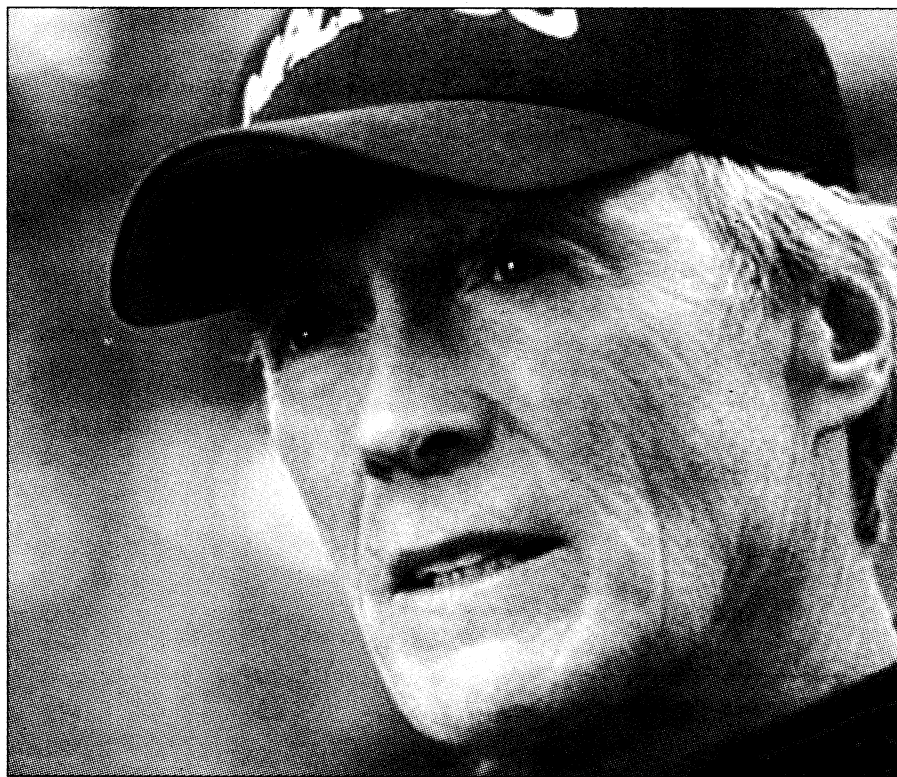
same concept we see in *Gran Torino*. The idea that they need to tell the world not to count them out and that they are still good for something. Bruce Willis did it with *Live Free or Die Hard*. Harrison Ford did it with *Indiana Jones and the Way to Line Lucas' and Spielberg's Pockets*. Sylvester Stallone did so with *Rocky 6* and *Rambo 4 Part 1*. But Clint Eastwood just doesn't know when to quit. This movie was actually rumored to be the final chapter of the Dirty Harry films, and while it technically wasn't, if you view the movie as such it seems to make more sense. He's a tough and gritty war veteran who doesn't take shit from any Asian gang that rolls into his neighborhood. When they start fighting on his lawn he takes out his gun and says, "Do you feel lucky punk?" No wait, he says, "Get off my lawn." But he does it in a scowly voice so it's still quite intimidating. The real moral comes at the end of the film when - SPOILER ALERT - he dies. He gets himself shot in order to get the "gang" (which consists of only five members!?) arrested for his death. So instead of *Rocky 6*, where the moral is to never count out a man just because of his age, *Gran Torino* says, old people are only good for dying. At least he died in a Christ-like manner, and that has never been done in film before, right?

Afterthoughts

By the way, this garbage about this being one of Eastwood's best performances is total bullshit. His performance was just a series of scowls and it only seemed like a good performance compared to the terrible acting of the rest of the ensemble. No offense, but the gooks in that film just can't act.

If you want to hear more ranting from Justin you can watch him on Film Stripped weeknights at 5, 8, and 11p.m. on SBU-TV Channel 20.

Why it wasn't nominated:
It sucked.



"Gerroff of my lawn, grrr"

special in Shanghai. Clint lets loose every word in the book to insultingly describe Asian people, and most of the time it's directly to their faces. Now it's understandable to write movies more realistically by using realistic dialogue that includes cursing, but this was just fucking ridiculous. Chink this, gook that, fish-head, zipperhead, rice-eater. He just kept them flying throughout. And it wasn't just the Asians, oh no, the blacks, Latinos, and even Clint's Polish character were not spared the wrath of

trailer is actually a great indication of what the movie offers. As Clint's character would put it, "My granddaughter attends my wife's funeral dressed in a mini-skirt with her midriff showing. *scowl* An Asian family moves in next door and brings with them their traditions and customs that are different than mine. *scowl*. My face hurts from scowling too much, so I cough up blood constantly. scow - *cough** So much blood!"

Other directors have exercised this

The Oscars are a Joke



BUT HERE ARE SOME EXPERT REVIEWS AND PREDICTIONS ANYWAY!



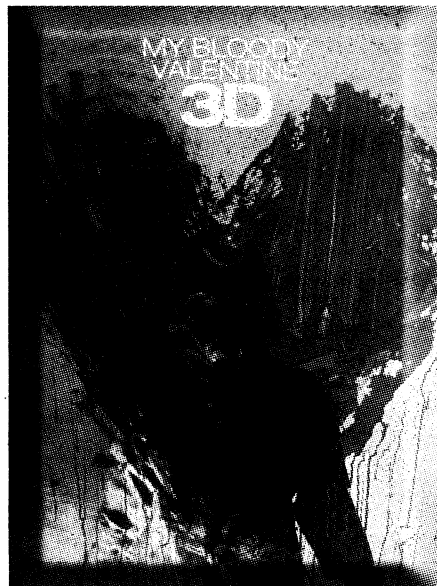
Big Bloody ~~FA~~Lentine

By Justin Meltzer

"Wow!" you say to yourself. "A horror movie in 3D. That sounds fantastic. I can't wait to pay two dollars EXTRA to see that!" Upon receiving your over-priced ticket, you enter the theater and take your seat. You slowly take the chintzy 3D glasses out of your pocket and put them on your face. Then you gaze in marvelous wonderment at the screen as it shoves bloody carnage directly to your frontal lobe. "Boy howdy, what a good time," you exclaim. "3D is the shit," the shit indeed.

Now that scenario is something similar to what you might find if you go see the breathtaking film know as *My Bloody Valentine 3D*. It is a horror film in 3D, which, if you are not familiar with the term, is just one whole dimension more than what you are accustomed to seeing in the theater. The movie, however, left much to be desired in almost every other aspect. But hey, you came to see a movie in 3D right? You don't care how bad or cheesy it is, as long as it's something exciting. Well, sadly, if that is your attitude, you may still walk out upset.

My Bloody Valentine 3D is a remake of the 1981 original of the same name. The only difference is that the remake is in 3D, and almost the entire story is different as well. The original is a story with a message of responsibility, while the remake throws that right out the



Even the poster's in 3D!

window and in to your face - oh my God watch out IT'S COMING RIGHT FOR YOU! Cool 3D. The new movie just has the killer as an evil psychopath with a penchant for ripping out people's

hearts on or near Valentine's Day. After a mining accident, he supposedly kills the people he's trapped in the mine with to "conserve air" and then goes on a killing spree because, well, actually they never say why. Probably because the producers thought it was scary. The original, however, at least had the killer deliver a message never to let the accident that trapped him in the mine happen again, and he doesn't want people to throw a Valentine's day party, because that was how he got trapped in the mine in the first place. People were being irresponsible. But just like the movie, the people making the re-make were themselves irresponsible, and they took liberties - crappy ones - with the story.

Pretty much everything else that could go wrong with this film did, and acting was no exception. The acting was horrifying, and not in the good way a horror film should be. It was the bad way that makes you wonder how people like this could get leading roles in a major motion picture. In one scene, while in the mine where a party is being thrown, a kid looks around and sees four or five of his buddies lying dead on the ground, and yells out, "Guys, are you there? You're really scaring me." Really dude, you didn't notice the obvi-

ously very dead people bleeding profusely out of their head holes right in front of you? Really? Well, no worries, because now your screaming has alerted the surprisingly slow killer to your presence and in the three minutes it takes him to turn around, he'll quickly make chop meat of your once lively flesh by throwing his pick ax directly in to the camera. Holy shit IT'S COMING RIGHT TOWARD MY EYE, AHHH! Cool 3D.

So, aside from the terrible story, acting, plot and plot twist in the end (I won't give it away but trust me, it's stupid) this movie only had one four things going for it. 3D, 3D Gore, and 3D boobs. That's right, there was nudity in three dimensions and it was revolutionary. Not in an "affecting change and progress" type of way, more of a "going around in a circle over and over again" type of way. But hey, when Jamie King runs outside in the buff and bounces around, you know that those boobies are coming right toward you, - OMG THEY'RE GONNA HIT YOU RIGHT ON THE CHIN AHHHH! Cool 3D.

Why it wasn't nominated:
It came out in 2009, duh.

The ~~BEST~~ler

By Justin Meltzer

Have you ever seen a one trick pony in the field so happy and free? If you've ever seen a one trick pony you've seen *The Wrestler*, bitches! Darren Aronofsky's latest film is a departure from his typical outing into the bizarre, as this movie focuses on one down and out wrestler 20 years past his prime who refuses to give it up. It's a simple story of one man and his will to continue to be super gay... in the ring.

Seriously though, Mickey Rourke gave a spectacular performance that was utterly amazing. His physique for the film was an achievement in and of itself. Seriously, did you see him? He

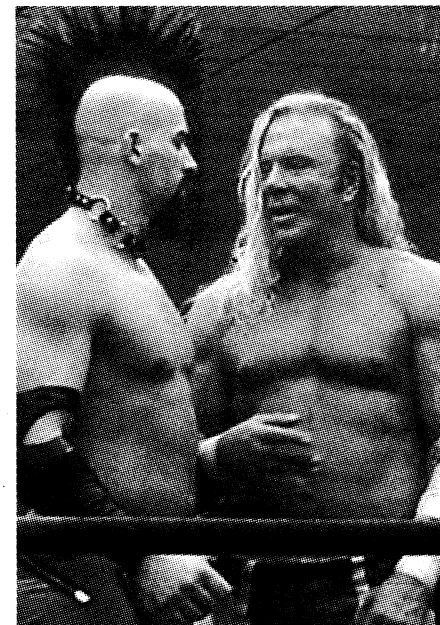
was massive! I really thought he wrestled in real life. On top of that, he laughed, he cried, and he kicked ass. Simply incredible. This is not to downplay the performances of Marisa Tomei and Evan Rachel Wood. They too were amazing and brought Rourke's performance to new heights.

Pretty much everything about this movie rocked. It should have been nominated for everything and it should have won in that category. Aronofsky crafted a film of such epic magnitude that angels in heaven weep every time they see it. As for the story, say what you will about professional wrestling, but this movie will change your whole mind about it. It made wrestling so loveable that even the most adamant adversaries of the "sport" will have to adore it after

one viewing. And let's not forget Bruce Springsteen's heart wrenching (for those who have seen the movie no pun intended) song of the same title. The fact that that was not nominated for a best song Oscar is practically a crime.

What I'm really trying to say is that this is my pick for the best movie of the year. In fact staff writer John Singer treats this movie as his bible, his movie bible! And despite what John Singer may have said, Vince McMahon did not ruin professional wrestling.

Why it wasn't nominated:
We haven't the slightest idea. Oh wait, yes we do. The Academy Awards are one big circle-jerk.



Mickey Rourke ought to give the academy a slamjam!

The Oscars are a Joke



BUT HERE ARE SOME EXPERT REVIEWS AND PREDICTIONS ANYWAY!



A Sequel to *Titanic*?

By Kelly Yu

I'm sure when people heard that Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet were going to star in a movie together again, they thought, "Yes! *Titanic* 2! I wonder what they are going to do with Jack's frozen dead body!" When they found out that it was about a young disillusioned couple in the 50's moving to the suburbs, they thought, "Righteous."

Revolutionary Road is a cultural commentary about family and life during the 1950's. Leonardo DiCaprio is Frank Wheeler, the typical man of the house, working hard for the money in an occupation too boring to even remember. Kate Winslet is his perfect wife, April Wheeler, who stays at home to care for their quaint Connecticut house and their perfect nuclear family. The beginning of the film shows the progression of their relationship from when they first met and believed that they were both destined to be something special. However, as time went on, the couple assimilated to suburbanite culture and lost their individual identities to become "The Wheelers on

Revolutionary road." They both agreed that nothing was special about them and that they needed a change, so they decide to move to Paris. Despite the predictable plot progression, the best part was this was all portrayed in the first third of the film.

Revolutionary Road tries to break the stereotypical view of the 1950's and does it by injecting the dichotomy of the "normal" people versus the "crazy" people. Kathy Bates (you know, that crazy lady from "Misery"? No? Alright then.) plays a realtor who sells the Wheelers their home and is the quintessential neighbor. She also introduces Michael Shannon who has had a stint in an insane asylum. However, he seems to be the only one approving of the Wheelers' fleeing to Paris. Anything against the norm is considered insanity and individuality is trumped by conformity.

While I appreciated the underlying themes of the film, I was disappointed with the lack of any really great, steamy, monogamous sex. I expected hotter sex scenes from this movie. Let's face it, *Titanic* set a standard of condensation-inducing, hand-on-the-window, animalistic panting while I orgasm backseat car sex. I got none of that in

this film. Instead, I got a hurried kitchen counter lift up my dress let's do this quickly before the kids wake up intercourse. The sex scene in the car between Kate Winslet and David Harbour was awkward at best, but at least that



Billy Zane does not reprise his role as the film's main villain, Iceberg.

was its intention.

From wide shots of a mob of moving fedoras at Grand Central Terminal to a labyrinth of cubicles, Director Sam Mendes portrays the sense of a mass of people and loss of individuality in the film. While DiCaprio is a very effective

and charming actor, Winslet is the real star in this movie. She effectively exudes the desperation and desire to leave the suburbs and fulfill what seems to be her only dream: to become so much more than a housewife. She makes April Wheeler a woman still looking for her purpose while being tethered to a life she never wanted. By the end of the movie, Winslet makes you wish there was another way for her character to achieve everything she wants in life.

Other than showing how some dreams never die and some dreams are killed, *Revolutionary Road* taught me that Leonardo DiCaprio may never win an Oscar. Ever. No matter how hard he tries. Overall, *Revolutionary Road* is a film that doesn't try too hard to impress people, but does so with its timeless portrait of a family that could be anyone from anywhere.

Why it wasn't nominated:
Limit one Kate Winslet movie per award.

The Remaining Categories:

Best Picture:

Slumdog Millionaire-Apart from being a good movie, Hollywood loves minorities nowadays.

Best Actor:

Mickey Rourke-Because he goddamn deserves it.

Best Actress:

Meryl Streep-Because if she's in a movie, she's automatically nominated, and she always wins. Rumor has it she receives her oscar before agreeing to work on a movie, sometimes as much as 20 years in advance. Then she melts the statue down and buys crack cocaine with it.

Best Supporting Actor:

Heath Ledger-He was awesome. He died tragically. And Hollywood loves comic book movies.

Best Supporting Actress:

Marissa Tomei-She probably won't win, but she deserves it, and so does *The Wrestler*.

Best Director:

Danny Boyle-Because he is awesome. Not as awesome as Darren Aronofsky, but he got snubbed.

Best Costume:

The Duchess-period pieces always win.

Best Adapted Screenplay:

The Reader-Because it's about World War II.

Best Original Screenplay:

Milk-It's about to lose in every other category, so the academy will give it this one. Hollywood's love affair with the homosexuals ended after *Brokeback Mountain*, but *Milk* is up against loser films like *In Bruges* and *Happy-Go-Lucky* (whatever that is).

Best Animated Film:

Wall-E-Were it not for the bullshit rule that animated movies can't be nominated for best picture, *Wall-E* would have been a contender for that crown.

Best Art Direction:

The Dark Knight-Because Heath Ledger died.

Best Cinematography:

The Dark Knight-Because Heath Ledger died.

Best Editing:

The Dark Knight-Because Heath Ledger died.

Best Makeup:

The Dark Knight-Because Heath Ledger died.

Best Foreign Film:

Waltz With Bashir-Because Hollywood is run by the liberal Jewish elite, duh.

Best Musical Score:

Slumdog Millionaire-The soundtrack is all hip and ethnic and stuff. Hollywood Loves that.

Best Musical Song:

Slumdog Millionaire-The more ethnic sounding one will win.

Best Documentary Feature:

Encounters At The End Of The World-We just chose this at random.

Best Documentary Short:

The Conscience Of Nhem En-Careful analysis and expert know-how makes this one a lock. Take this one to the bank, we guarantee.

Best Animated Short:

Presto-Look at the cute little bunny.

Best Live Short:

New Boy-We chose this one at random also.

RED RING CIRCUS

Where Your Video Games Go to Run Away from Home

By Joe Donato

Ghostbusters: The Interview

Glenn Gamble greets me through chapped, frayed lips. It's Sunday, day three of New York Comic Con, and while Glenn looks physically worn down, he sounds like the most enthusiastic guy in the room.

The reason, it seems, is because he loves his game. As Senior Environmental Artist/Effects Artists at Terminal Reality, Glenn is one of the people behind the next-gen *Ghostbusters* due out in June for Xbox 360, PS3 and PC.

Red Ring Circus: Tell us a bit about *Ghostbusters*. What kind of game is it?

Glenn Gamble: It's a third-person action game. The player assumes the role of the rookie. He's basically Egon's experimental equipment technician. It sounds great on paper, until you realize all this dangerous stuff is getting strapped to your back.

The story is written by Harold Ramis and Dan Akroyd, the two guys responsible for the films. We also got all the voice talent and the likeness rights for all the major actors: Bill Murray, Dan Akroyd, Harold Ramis, Ernie Hudson, Annie Potts and William Atherton, the

voice of Peck – if you remember him – the wonderful EPA agent from the first film.

Everybody loves Peck – absolute comedy gold with him. Basically, he is the liaison officer between the city and the Ghostbusters. The Ghostbusters are employed by the city to keep New York clean from paranormal activity. They both need each other to keep their jobs, but they both hate each other. There's a lot of backstabbing, and it's great stuff.

RRC: Is it a linear action game, or is it more of an open-world game?

GG: It's a linear action game because it is set on a script that they wrote. It takes place two years after the second film. You can go from the first film to the second film and then play the game. Each area is free to explore at your own leisure. When you go to the Sedgewick Hotel you can go up the elevators to explore the other stories. But it is very much a linear experience within the story confines.

RRC: So you play as a rookie, alongside the main characters?



Stay-Puft makes an appearance.

GG: Right, and the reason we did that is because you don't know how to play Bill Murray. I don't know how to play Bill Murray. Bill Murray is a comedy genius. I can give you some of his lines out of the game and you'll look at me like, "Huh?" He delivers them, and people

drop dead laughing.

Once we determined that the player is a fifth Ghostbuster, on the outside looking in – basically Winston's role when they hired him – it helped bring everyone together.

One of the things people ask is why we don't have custom character creation. The reason for that is because people identified more with the rookie when he was actually in the high res cutscenes. We'd have to cut him out of the cutscenes because we wouldn't know how he looks if we give everybody the ability to put a beard and a backwards hat on him. Overall most people said they did want him in the cutscenes, so that's where we made that decision early on.

RRC: Is there any kind of multiplayer? Co-op or anything?

GG: I can answer very little about multiplayer. We haven't announced it yet. For the Wii and PS2 they have announced co-op multiplayer. With our game I can say yes there's multiplayer, yes, it's really cool, and yes, it's very distinctly *Ghostbusters*. I can't answer more



Fightin' ghosts and other ectoplasmic baddies.

RED RINO CIRCUS

Where Your Video Games Go to Run Away from Home

By Joe Donato

Who Ya Gonna Call? Clenn Gamble!

questions than that.

RRC: So I played the demo earlier.

GG: What did you think? I want to hear what you think. I'm actually working on the game. This is stuff I will tell people at my office. I'm going to interview you now.

RRC: I really liked it. I thought the graphics were great, and I really liked the destructibility of everything.

GG: You have no clue how deep that goes. When you're in the library level you can actually blow every book off the shelf. It's not just for eye-candy either. The ghosts will use that. If you got to the construction workers at the end, you noticed they can possess objects and run into you. They can use them to teleport around the environment. We actually have golems that form themselves up from items. There's nothing more pants-wetting than having a 20-foot golem attack you in the library.

RRC: I noticed there's a mix of trapping ghosts and fighting off those marshmallow monsters...

GG: Yeah, we have non-corporeal ghosts which the player doesn't have to worry about trapping. They're just ghostly energy formed up. There's usually a cause for it. Those marshmallow guys, they're spawned off of Stay Puft – you don't want to know where they come from. Believe me.

We also have the ghostly ones, and they're the ones that can really use the environment to their advantage. They don't have to deal with the laws of reality. They can hang a chair from the ceiling and no one questions it. They can possess an object and have it run after you, stuff like that.

RRC: Yeah, I noticed there was a steel box flying at me out of nowhere.

GG: It's the inside of an air conditioning unit. What's better? They can have a puny rivet gun and hit you from a mile

away with it, or they can just grab an air conditioning unit and ram it into you. What's going to do more damage?

RRC: As someone who worked on the game, I'm sure you can explain one issue I noticed with the demo – it seemed linear to a fault, where the next doorway wouldn't open right away. I thought, this is where I'm supposed to go, but nothing happened. Then I'd run away...

GG: And then Ray would open the door for you.

RRC: Right.

GG: Yeah, I hate to say it – this is a great demo, don't get me wrong, I love it – but it is our most contained spot in the game. That's why we're using it as a demo. People would sit here if they could play the game all the way through. The reason we use this as the demo is because it's fast moving, we could push the player through. We wanted it to be all about the action. You've got a little hunting in there, if the player wants to try scanning something they can, but it's very linear. It's very obvious where to go next, and that's why we chose this area as the demo.

In the actual game, I mean, the level right before this you're in the Seagewick Hotel and then you work your way through the streets of New York to get to Times Square. The game itself is very straightforward, but it's within the confines of the area you're in. Most architecture firms tend to be very linear like that.

RRC: Do you get to drive the Ecto-1?

GG: No, you don't. The reason for that is that we wanted everything to be top-notch AAA. How many games have played in which the driving sections feel



Action Walking!

tacked on? But we did treat the Ecto-1 like a character. When I was talking about the Times Square mission beforehand, the Ecto-1 is with you, it actually has a purpose. You do get to ride in the Ecto-1 – there's different events like that. There are upgrades to the Ecto-1, there's actually the Ecto-1A. It's heavily modified. It does help you out when you're actually playing. It's not just for ambiance.

RRC: Are there any other departures from the standard gameplay?

GG: There's a little bit of puzzle solving, a little bit of hunting as you notice in the demo. But overall, the game is all about the action and the storyline, and the blending of the two together to really give the player the feeling that they're the next Ghostbuster, and that this is the next step in the *Ghostbusters*' story, and to make you feel like a Ghostbuster, because everyone knows bustin' makes you feel good.

RRC: Are there any plans to do any download content or anything like that?

GG: You know, that's another question for Atari. I'll always talk, but I'm an artist and I'm always down in the trenches, and those kinds of decisions happen well over my head.

RRC: Okay.

GG: But I would hope so.

RRC: Any last things you want to say about the game?

GG: Well I'd like to give a shout out to everyone at Terminal Reality. It's not just me working on the game. I got the benefit of coming out to Comic Con. It's been great. I wish everybody could experience the energy of the people here. We've got animators, programmers, sound guys, level designers, environmental artists, character artists, production people, you name it. It's just a huge group of people who are all pouring in their best effort – their blood, sweat, and tears – to make this the absolute best game they can.

Animal Collective is Weird

By Josh Ginsberg

I anticipated Animal Collective's *Merriweather Post Pavilion* in a big way. Its predecessor, *Strawberry Jam*, took me by total surprise last year. After hearing 2005's *Feels* and becoming more interested in the band, *Strawberry Jam* blew my mind and eventually attained the status of my all-time favorite album. That album made me a devoted fan, and while sifting through the band's dense back catalogue, I stumbled upon recent live bootlegs, starting with last year's set from the Coachella festival, where I first heard MPP highlights such as "My Girls" (then named "House") and "Summertime Clothes" (known as "Bearhug"). *Strawberry Jam* is amongst a ridiculously small number of albums that I think are totally flawless. Yet, *Merriweather Post Pavilion* holds up well in comparison.

"In the Flowers" starts just as the dam bursts and the room is filled to the top with water. The sounds soak you, you black out, and then you're dry on a riverbank. A distorted voice repeats its mantra, "I'm a dancer," your head throbs and then a winding, organic melody rises from the surface of the water. Avey Tare, one of Animal Collective's two singer/songwriters, guides you through the dark forest to a clearing where you sit and watch a young girl, intoxicated by the natural high of her own body's movement. Different samples, some rhythmic clicks, some textured bursts and waves punctuate the mellow, thoughtful song, whose chords pulsate with a gentle tension. You long for the purity of that sensation, and then a different kind of dam bursts. Instead of water, the world you knew becomes the ecstasy of movement, love, light, temperature, a palpitating heart as the bass and drums kick in on such a scale that it would be dismissive to declare it anything short of cataclysmic. It is the most physically shattering dynamic change ever captured on magnetic tape. It is impossible to describe that single second without resorting to unfathomably dense run-on sentences. There is an eruption of clicking cicada, croaking bullfrogs, and the now classic electronic twitching that first served as the

textural cloak of the band's 2007 single "Peacebone." The song eventually climaxes as Panda Bear, the Collective's second songwriter/singer, and Avey harmonize, lamenting that they cannot hold the beautiful image of the careless dancer in time. But just as the song unravels, its arpeggiated chords sinking down into the depths of water from which they were forged, what might be the most accessible pop song on an album that is bursting and swelling with quality starts to twitch out of the murky

"My Girls" gives way to a low-end tribal rhythm, hazy sunlight and vocal melisma create a portrait of a whirling forest with lusting fauna, heartwarming family and the contemplation of being fear. The theme of dreaming arises in waves throughout the song, which is punctuated by a throbbing bass note and the wailing harmonies of Avey and Panda.

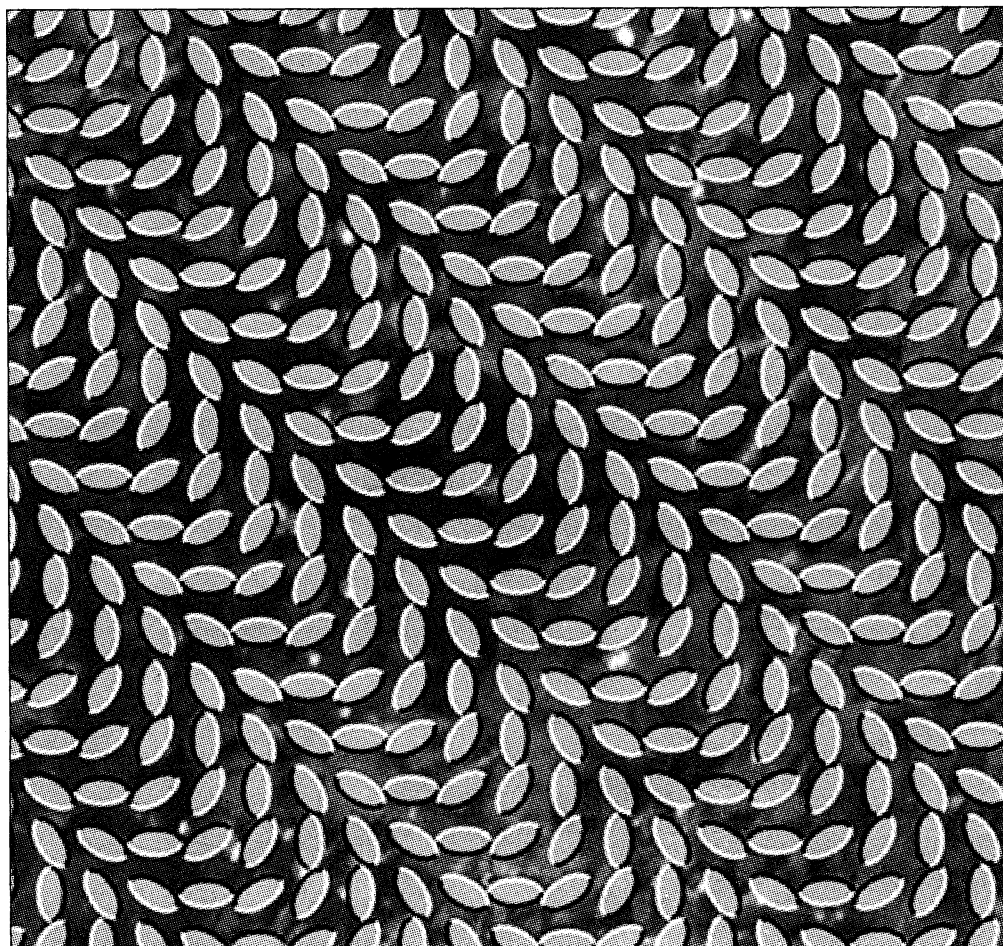
"Summertime Clothes" rivals "My Girls" as the most violently infectious summer jam on MPP. Opening with the

Indies influenced bridge, into a lover's ear, "Don't cool off, I like your warmth." Just as the lull begins, it ends and the Geologist pulls Animal Collective back into the lurching body of music which parades onward with the same hunched, teetering posture of its singers.

"Daily Routine" is darker in mood and features one of the records best vocal melodies, which is meticulously composed by Panda, whose voice has been compared to Brian Wilson and whose background in singing includes time as a choir boy and a very impressive solo career. The song chronicles a tired Noah Lennox walking his daughter to school throughout the cold, ugly, polluted world. The song is somewhat mellow, with the exception of a frantic organ sample, which tears through melodic fills like a shred guitarist. The second half of "Daily Routine" pits Panda against a wall of distorted organ swirls, ambient squalls, delayed piano chords, and a trembling, wet sound occupying the lower register.

What sounds like an acoustic guitar chord with delayed hops throughout the backdrop like a cartoon rabbit, but subtly, in the violet space of sound, coasts until the end of the song, gives way to another standout track, "Bluish," which has never been played live and was the only new song on MPP for many obsessive fans, like myself. "Bluish" drifts like an aquatic "Don't Worry Baby," starting with a high-pitched vocal, piano and the sounds of water, before the main theme comes in on a synthesizer. Avey describes getting lost in the safety and security of a monogamous love, describing the closeness of long term love. "Bluish" is intimate, and its chorus reveals in the exclusivity of "that dress [Avey Tare] likes," stockings kept on.

"Bluish" conveys a sensual closeness familiar to anyone who was once in a happy, long-term relationship. Listening to "Bluish" is like being cuddled by the one you love. Its sexuality isn't brash or showy, but is nonetheless passionate and satisfying. Where "Summertime Clothes" is a love song that revels in the excitement of going out and cooling off with a lover, "Bluish" professes the wonder of staying in and growing warm.



It's an optical illusion!

space and illuminate the ears. The voice that rises to the forefront is Panda's, low croon.

"My Girls" is the first single and contains within its nearly six minute skeleton the most exquisitely, saccharine chorus ever composed. Panda sings of longing to buy a home for his wife and daughter and then blushes apologetically in light of what he fears is a greedy interest in material things. The songs driving beat and gorgeous build would render it a major club hit in a perfect world, thanks to Bear and Tare's unparalleled gifts for melody and producer Ben Allen, who has helmed the work of pop artists such as Gnarls Barkley, and his ability to create a fully polished sound-scape.

sounds of children playing in a pool, and what sounds like a sampled and slightly processed guitar, Avey Tare starts to sing about the unbearably hot, insomniac nights that no summer is without. He describes this restlessness impeccably, and the thick, distorted, low-end samples heighten this tension. With the help of Panda, whose voice compliments Tare so much better than John's ever did Paul's, punctuates the lyrical passages, Avey sweetly and eagerly croons, "I want to walk around with you." Avey Tare will always be thought of for his abstract, complex rants, but is no less a fantastic writer of earnest, evocative love songs than any who has ever graced magnetic tape. He sings gently after the wild bridge, West

Now In Theatres

The Bleeder



Slumwhore Chamillionaire



The Curious Case of Benjamin Netanyahu



My Bloody Coraline 3D



Further Statistical Evidence to Prove that Animal Collective is a Really Awesome Band

By Josh Ginsberg

"Guys Eyes" is a devotional love song by Animal Collective, this time delivered by Panda Bear, one of the two singer/songwriters. Much more subdued than its live version, "Guys Eyes" is a swirling fog of samples, snatches of vocalizations, delivering every once and a while with a flourish of piano and percussion. Retaining the wet, spacey feel of the rest of the album, the song gets hooked on a trance-like groove, over which Panda repeats, "I need her," until the chorus returns. The next two songs are immediate Avey Tare helmed songs.

"Taste," which is carried on a jaunty beat, and finds Avey wondering aloud about how much his taste in things defines him about him. "Taste" is the shortest song on the album, and with a strange, vibrating, rippling synth line, it feels too off-kilter to be a single. But it is the most played song on the album, according to my iTunes, and features a ton of the dual vocalizations that define

MPP.

"Lion in a Coma" has an awkward gait and is probably the most lyrically dense song on the album. It features more indiscernible lines than the other songs, but might be the catchiest in some ways, with a demented sounding pulse and didgeridoo. Again, the lyrics seem to reflect upon regular life and the releasing the caged urges of physical love, a strangely present theme on MPP. "No More Runnin'" is the slowest song, and mellows the listener out. It evokes croaking amphibians, and features a pretty piano passage. It is a plea for staying in place, looking for a sedentary solace.

And then there is "Brothersport," which is wordplay on "brother support." Written for Panda's brother Matt, the song serves as a piece of reassurance. The song starts immediately with a synthesized "Ooh!" and then, the Afro-Brazilian influenced vocal, urging Matt to "open up his throat," which ap-



Trippy young fellows...



They totally rule. They're from Queens, we think.

pally (in a manner that actually incited anger in me), suggested to reference a blow job in the horrendous Rolling Stone review of MPP. "Brothersport" has four sections. The opening section, with a minor key vocal section, is a rave-up instrumental break, punctuated by differences between the background and Avey's primal yelp, and a vocal sendoff that will serve as a lesson in melody for many generations of songwriters to come. It still blows my mind that this vocal section, which lasts nearly three minutes, always feels like it is being taken away from me too soon.

Panda's lyrics are straight ahead and simple, not masterworks of lyrical dexterity in any capacity. Panda instead opts to offer his brother love in a simple, motivational way. The end of the song seems to fade out at a point and on what was at least the fourth or fifth time I listened to "Brothersport." I actually felt my eyes begin to well up when it jumped back in. Some kids, including Animal Collective, listen to Nirvana for catharsis.

Then they grow up and realize that it is cooler to like angst that means something, so artists with political agendas or literate ruminations on lost love become en vogue. Eventually kids should get to the point where their interests drift back to real life.

Merriweather Post Pavilion takes you to an underwater kingdom on some far out Star Wars planet, but it also makes you appreciate your girlfriend, or if you don't have one, it makes you reminisce over an ex, and look hopefully toward something new. It reminds you how much you love that little brother you ignored when you head banded to "Serve the Servants" in the eighth grade, and it makes you yearn in that simple way for stable, never-ending, familial and romantic love.

Merriweather Post Pavilion is better than *Revolver*. It is better than anything released by anyone else, ever. Every time it ends, I am certain I have just listened to the greatest album of all time. Buy it. Download it. Learn from it. You've got a real good shot.



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Songs about Whiskey and the Devil

By Katie Knowlton

The bearded and Western shirt-clad masses congregated at the Bowery Ballroom last Friday, Feb. 6, to see Murder By Death play their brand of rock/post-hardcore with a Western twist.

Openers, Fake Problems and The Builders and The Butchers, started out the evening. Fake Problems, a four piece punk band from Naples, Florida played a strong and energetic set. The crowd did not seem to have much of a reaction to their music, neither positive nor negative, but that did not stop them from putting on a hell of a show. Fake Problems plays their punk with a pinch of Americana thrown in, much like older Against Me! or The Gaslight Anthem. Lead singer Chris Farren's voice was rough around the edges, which fitted the music being played, and bore a striking resemblance to that of Against Me!'s Tom Gabel. The lead guitarist, Casey Lee, showed quite a bit of talent by incorporating slide guitar, which was incorporated into songs you would not expect to feature such technique. Amazingly, he did not make it seem as though he was showing off. Fake Problem's set, while not well-received by the audience, was still an excellent way to start the show. They set the energy level high, and it carried all the way through to Murder By Death's last song.

The second opener, The Builders and The Butchers, were an interesting act. An entirely acoustic (except for an electric keyboard), six-piece folk-punk band from Portland, Oregon, The Builders and The Butchers are probably one of the oddest bands I've ever seen perform, despite the fact that their music is, by most standards, relatively normal. The two multi-instrumentalists, who mostly played drums, switched off between melodica, shakers, and mandolin, in addition to playing bass drums and bongos set up on the floor, instead of a traditional drum-kit. The lead singer and guitar player, Ryan Sollee, was so intense that he looked like he was going to have an aneurysm the entire time he was on stage. His potential death aside, he had a decent voice that worked well for the imagery-laden songs about women, life and death. Unfortunately, the second half of their set dragged with songs that were too long and lost the momentum (and the crowd's favor) they had built up earlier, and the crowd's favor. The audience became quite restless, shouting for Mur-



The Ironically named Murder By Death.

der By Death to come on. In spite of their slow second half, The Builders and The Butchers were a very good act, and a number of the members sported excellent facial hair.

Finally, at 11 p.m., Murder By Death took the stage to thunderous cheering from the relatively small crowd. Then the five piece (including original keyboard player Vincent Edwards, who had not played with the band since 2003) from Bloomington, Indiana proceeded to play two albums all the way through in sequence. Dubbed "The Desert Series," these two albums tell the story of a man's journey through the desert, which culminates in a battle against the Devil in a small Mexican town. According to vocalist/guitarist Adam Turla, the story is like that of *The Odyssey*, "only without the honorable character at the center." The first album they played through was 2008's *Red of Tooth and Claw*, their latest release. Turla's deep baritone voice was reminiscent of Johnny Cash as he sang of good, evil, whiskey and revenge. In spite of a few technical difficulties, the first half of the set was incredible. The songs from *Red of Tooth and Claw* really shine in a live setting, as they are easy to sing along and pump your fist to. And much of the crowd did just that. Turla remarked, at one point, that it was incredible that a band could go out and do a tour in this "MySpace Age," when only their single matters, perform of two full albums in a row, and people still come out and sing

every word.

The second half of their set was the highlight of the night. They played through their 2003 album, *Who Will Survive, and What Will Be Left of Them?*, which is my favorite album in their discography. It is a concept album, the culmination of their Devil Show-down epic. It is a much heavier and atmospheric album than *Red of Tooth and Claw*, and it showcases the talent of the entire band much better. Cellist Sarah

Balliet has much more to do, and I feel it contributes more to the overall dark feeling of the songs. This album gives bassist Matt Armstrong a chance to show his talent, as he also plays the role of rhythm guitarist, in a sense, as well as bassist. Until I saw them live, I never knew how much he contributed to the sound. The build up on this album is incredible, and it translated very well to a live setting. You could feel the audience anticipation before they launched into "A Master's in Reverse Psychology" and "That Crown Don't Make You A Prince," two of the heavier and darker songs on the album. The last song of their set, "End of the Line," was a nine-minute masterpiece, the crowd shouting every word with the same ferocity as Turla. It was an incredible thing to experience.

After a short break, the band came back out for a three-song encore. They led with "Brother," their single from their 2006 album, *In Bocca Al Lupo*. Afterwards, they took requests for their last two songs. Both of them, "Flamenco's Fuckin' Easy" and "I'm Afraid of Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf," come from their first full length, *Like The Exorcist, But More Breakdancing*, a fan favorite.

Murder By Death put on an amazing show, but the brilliance would probably be lost on those who are not fans of the band. They are on tour through early March, so if you have the chance, so see them; it's probably one of the best shows you can see this year.



Hangin' out in a field, not at the Bowery Ballroom.

Why I Flipped Off Roger Taney

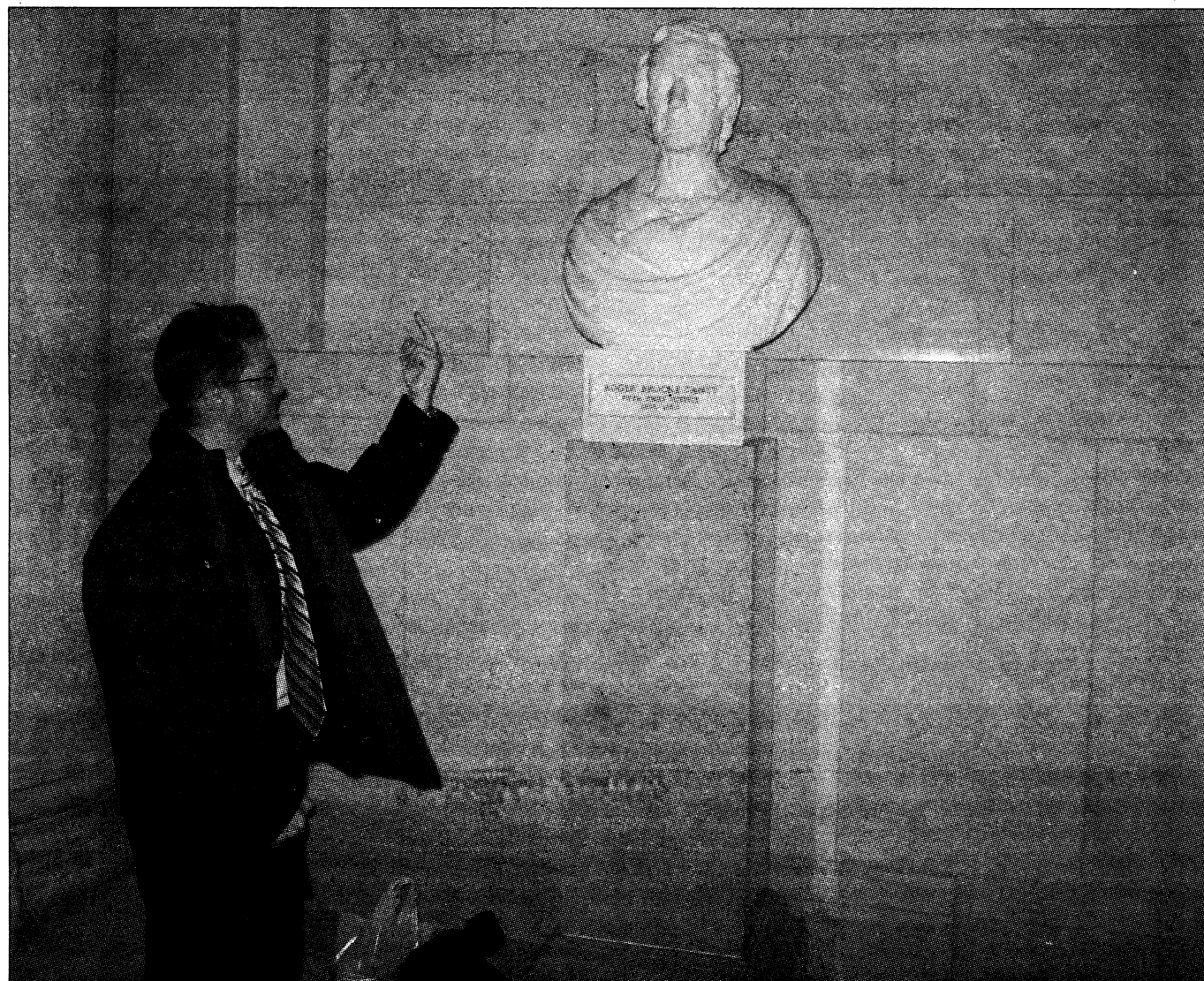
By Alex H. Nagler

Inauguration fever swept through Washington D.C. and somehow, the city emerged in one piece and successfully sworn in its 44th President. Eleven hours on my feet had left me with a mild feeling of numbness that was successfully counterbalanced by dinner with a former *Press* staffer and a decent night's sleep. The real reason I had come down to Washington would be the next day, and unlike the inauguration, it would not be televised. I, after years of admiration, months of study, and an entire January devoted to an Excel spreadsheet, would be attending oral arguments at the Supreme Court of the United States.

Ever since the year 2000, when the election was arguably decided by a 5-4 Supreme Court decision, I've been interested in the operations of the nine robed individuals who sit atop the highest bench in the land. Unbeknownst to me when I arrived, Stony Brook is home of one of the preeminent Supreme Court scholars, Dr. Jeffrey Segal. Subsequently, most of my studies within the Political Science Department have been tempered by his influence on the department, and therefore, interested in the Court. It came as a surprise to me when the Supreme Court's docket revealed not just one, but three cases up for oral argument on January 21. I realized there was no way I'd make it to the early morning cases, so I decided it was my best bet to make it to the 1 P.M. case, *Nken v. Phillips*.

I got to the Court around 11 A.M., when the second case was already under way. Waiting on line, I ignored the groups of students who were here mainly because their tours of Congress hadn't gone through or the museums were too crowded. After the noon lunch was over, we filed in and were checked by security. Then the "oyez" started and we were seated.

Ruth Bader Ginsburg is a lot



We imagine this is pretty much self-explanatory

more frightening in person and nowhere near as cuddly as I imagined her. Clarence Thomas looks like the Court bores him.

After the case was over, I went down to the lunchroom and museum to take pictures of things, but then I recalled the gallery of Chief Justices in the main level. Here, marble busts of all the Chief Justices of yesteryear, sans Chief Justice Rehnquist. Among these august busts is that of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney.

Roger Taney did some good things as Chief Justice. He fought

against President Lincoln's repeal of the writ of *habeas corpus* in *Ex parte Merryman*, sided with the majority in the *Amistad* case and made major impacts to the commerce clause. However, he is also best remembered for one of the most shameful chapters of Supreme Court history.

Roger Taney wrote the opinion for *Dred Scott*, proclaiming slaves to be "of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race." Regardless of these words, he has a bust in the chamber of the Court. Some have joked it should be removed, or even cer-

emoniously smashed. I have no such power to do that, so I did the next best thing. In the hall of the Supreme Court chambers, I gave Roger Taney the one-fingered salute of my generation. I flipped him the bird.

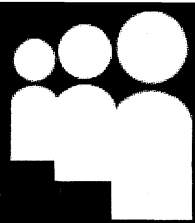
Chief Justice Taney, we've elected one of those people you claimed to be inferior president. In your view, the new Attorney General is unfit to associate with "the white race." That's why, with all due respect, sir, I told you to go fuck yourself.

Do you want to know how
I got these scars?

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by vincent michael festa

2008 World Series of Poker

Championship Round-up

By Vincent M. Festa

The 2008 World Series Of Poker Championships televised on ESPN gave poker fans on all levels a chance to see their favorite poker players and quality hands, but more importantly the bluffs, steals, and crushing defeats leading to the final table. With the broadcast of the finale at the Rio's Penn & Teller Theater in Las Vegas, Nevada, viewers saw a much more exciting and rousing final table unlike before.

6,844 players entered hoping to become the 2008 world champion and were separated into four Day 1 player pools. The top 666 cashed out starting at \$20,000, leading all the way to the top prize of \$9,152,416. And for the first time in WSOP's history, the conclusion of the tournament was delayed four months after the 10th place finish to create enormous hype for the final table. For its finalists: extreme pressure to win it all.

In big money events where everything is on the line, there will always be moments of glory, heartbreak, and some that beat all odds. Read on for this year's most memorable tournament moments.

From interviewer to Queen of Hearts. One month, Tiffany Michelle reports on the action for Pokernews.net. The next, Michelle finishes in the main event in a miraculous 17th place. Michelle becomes one of poker's biggest overnight sensations not only of her surprise jump from correspondent to top-finisher, but also because her finish lead many to believe that a first female world poker champion finally would be possible.

Take a number: They don't call former world champion and 11-time bracelet winner Phil Hellmuth "Poker Brat" for no reason. After all that he's accomplished, he still wants more and expects it, too. And when he doesn't get what's expected, watch out.

Hellmuth at one point was complaining that his opponents were disrespecting his raises by check-raising him. In one hand, Christian Dragomir bets with 10/4 Diamonds and Hellmuth re-raises with A/K offsuit with Dragomir calling him. The flop (9/10/7) allows Dragomir to raise on Hellmuth causing him to fold. Applause ensues and so does Hellmuth's wrath calling Dragomir an idiot and the worst player in history.

In another hand, Hellmuth's K/10 Hearts misses the board entirely to Santeri Valikoski's pair of Fives. After the hand, Hellmuth jumps out of his seat in frustration and calls Valikoski an "idiot from Northern Europe". Hellmuth suffers another loss by having his Trip Eights beaten by Adam Levy's straight

vealed to the viewing audience. When Motoyuke Mabuchi splatters his chips all in, Justin Phillips calls.

The result? Phillips reveals his royal flush (K/J Diamonds) while Mabuchi throws down a totally worthless four-of-a-kind with Aces (As/Ac). Yes, you read that right: a *worthless* four-of-a-kind with Aces.

Castaway sails home. A good number of celebrities made their way into this year's WSOP, including former *Survivor* contestant Jean-Robert Bellande. Unfortunately, he was sent packing after suffering a very unexpected bad beat from Sarkis Akopyan.

Bellande goes all-in with A/Q off-

maining nine players made their interviews and good charity work to try and distract themselves from the amazing stress and unreal expectations of the final table. Broadcast on November 11th on ESPN (with two entire days of action edited down to two hours), a sold-out crowd of Vegas regulars, poker fans, poker legends, and supporters of the final nine were at hand to witness poker history.

The November Nine were Dennis Phillips, Craig Marquis, Ylon Schwartz, Scott Montgomery, Darus Suharto, David "Chino" Rheem, Ivan Demidov, Kelly Kim, and Peter Eastgate.

As seen on TV, all nine players played Aces and optimal hands no less than a Ten and certain pocket pairs at about 90% of the time, then playing marginal and lesser hands starting at the top four (Dennis Phillips, Peter Eastgate, Ivan Demidov, and Ylon Schwartz). With Phillips and Schwartz eliminated, it all came down to Russia's Demidov and Denmark's Eastgate.

In the final hand, Eastgate defeats Demidov holding an A/5 offsuit and completing his bicycle straight (Ace to Five). While Demidov does a big service to Russia by boosting his hometown poker scene, Eastgate makes more important poker history: he becomes the youngest ever to win the championship (22), breaking Hellmuth's record. Hellmuth is eating his own words about Northern European "idiots".

What started out with only seven contenders from Texas in 1970 has now evolved into a world competition with comers from all four corners of the world. Since

Chris Moneymaker's 2003 championship win, the entries now run into the upper thousands with the top prize well in the upper millions and amateurs have taken over to sweep the title away from the pros. As always, the World Series of Poker main event continued to surprise many a fan and contender. It delivered million-dollar thrills and action of the highest caliber.



with Hellmuth ranting about poker players not being able to spell the word 'poker'.

Aces flushed down the toilet: Think fast: what happens once every 877,963,124 tries, or 1 in 877,963,124 of the time?

In one of the amazing hands ever documented in WSOP history, the tables reads Ah/9c/Qd/10d/Ad. Only until the very end are the hole cards re-

suit (considered to be a very superstitious hand on poker) versus Akopyan's 10/9 offsuit. With a flop of A/2/8, Bellande felt he could double-up. Akopyan caught a turn Six and a river Seven to earn him a back-door straight draw and eliminates Bellande from the tournament.

The November Nine: It took four months to build up momentum leading to the legendary final table. The re-



hisspace.vmfX

by vincent michael festa

Omega

This will be my very last article with the Stony Brook Press. That's it.

After so many record reviews, poems, short stories, satires, observations, pop-culture references, and photos, I'm announcing an end to an era. I can't begin to tell you what I have witnessed over the five years and all the types of people I have met. Indies, art school girls, gossip queens, drop-outs, true punks, skaters, gamers, nymphos, gays, lesbians, hackers, anarchists, protesters, feminists, hipsters, kitten lovers, and so many others I can't even think of. When I see the roster over the course of five years, I feel honoured to be part of the epicentre of creativity, trend-setting, and eccentricity on campus. It's was our own Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground. It's been an absolute pleasure.

I've been part of seeing an era of USG versus CORE and a student being rough-housed by university police in one of those meetings. A vote to reject the publishing of the Muhammed cartoon. Ask Amberly Jane and Gorilla Salad Express. Voting scandals. The Statesman ripping us off of the food plan spread. Conspiracy theories on how 9/11 was an inside job (a real funny article). Hitler Bush on the front page. The problems with pornography in our pages. And our all-time personal favourite: "Gay Ass Fucker".

I've taken many photos of our staff getting piss drunk in public through many a Beerfest. One night I walked into the office only to find out that a (sex) Tupperware party was going on courtesy of Amberly Jane. And I've found friends, staffers, and even myself, having some very heated conflicts with each other and with other factions.

I've seen the Patriot surface to become a parody of ourselves before they started to become a true paper. Black-world closed down while the Independent gained ground, and the Statesman still continued being little bitches (it's still a poodle). SBU-TV and the Asian E-zine is still hip, and WUSB is making everything cool again. I saw damaged property, dirty couches, fiery debates, and a prank on the Statesman involving their crumbled issues, many yards of tape, and a pink dildo. Don't ask.

That's said, it's been an absolute pleasure.

But my mind tells me that it's about time, really. At this point it's time to move on because I'm getting too old for this. I'm done.

Over most of last year I had a real

fierce internal struggle. Ever since I walked out on my job of five years I lost a lot of things, most importantly a burning desire to be me. What kept me going was being taken away from the outside or could no longer continue because the means were no longer there, replaced by hunger, fear, and uncertainty. Meanwhile, outside forces were numerating and coming after whatever little I had left. I had no time or energy to write for this paper because all that went into fighting for survival. The letter "I" was never more important.

Some days I wasn't sure if I still belong despite being in the scene like I always have been. Recently I felt like I've turned my back on the paper because I'm always facing towards the screen whether it was finding a newfound career, or more likely supplying myself the new addiction of online Texas Hold 'Em. So I apologise to the Press for not being there like I should.

Even some of the past writers and staffers who moved on that I still keep in touch with tell me that it's just not the same anymore. Five years ago, The Press was a different animal. Extremely militant, aggressive, and controversial. And when we took a break from being that we went fuck-all at the parties mixing it with former 80's kids, the Brat Pack progeny, and the art crowd. Not to say that we don't fuck shit up like we used to and we still do, but the energy and the underground that existed back then is totally different now. Different people, different modus operandi. To expose, be loud, and cause trouble is all done a little differently while we still maintain our identity to cater to our underground roots. At some point most staffers end up growing out of it because they wish they could go back and I don't blame them. Notice how I said "most".

What did come out of this? I took full advantage of the absolute freedom of speech and the anti-censorship that The Press offered and rode that train all the way out. Since my first semester here I experimented with many ways of writing styles, subjects, and articles that haven't been covered or seen before. I went with every range of emotion and thought I had and expressed it the way it should. Being yourself is the most important thing and if someone else is choosing your friends, point-of-view, or style then you might as well pull the plug on yourself.

I also never believed in the many years people of telling me to shut up be-

cause I believed that either you needed to express yourself to validate being an individual, or, if something was wrong you had to come out to say it. These pages were the perfect way of going for it and seeing what happened. My only complaint was not doing it enough.

My advice for all the good people? FIGHT. Better yet, fight back. If your enemy pushes you down to the ground, you get right back up and take action. If you don't stand up for yourself, then you'll let others vandalise you. No one deserves to be robbed and raped on the inside and be set on fire afterwards. If something is wrong, then you fix it yourself and do whatever it takes to get up and running again. Life is too short to be locked in bondage and submission, so fuck the drugs. Really. You only have one life to live and I pray that you had better decide to stand on your feet and fight for it all rather than to lie on your back, spread your legs, and take it with a smile.

I would like to thank the following:

Jenny: we been through so much and I hope we go through a lot more because I always need your support and you by my side. I can't thank you enough for everything you've done for me.

Joanna: without a doubt, you're one of the most unique and stand-out people I've ever met. As a friend, you've made a very big impact on me and you are the reason why I keep on going. You have no idea.

Mike Nevradakis: You backed me up when I needed it as I have also backed you by staying to talk about the pressing issues at hand. Never stop sharing the wonders of 80's pop music culture, Greek media, and the many stories of insanity of people we know of.

Mistress Lena: with an interest in each others' music, recordshopping ability, and the weird, I could swear you are my twin. No doubt we will get together more and cause more mischief.

Sailor Marcel: my go-to guy for all things Japanese. Thanks for coming out and for your support and feedback. Don't ever stop thinking outside the box.

Brandy Alexander: you're too sweet. Really.

Bomi: the best Times Square New Year's celebrations couldn't be had without you. Hope to see you make it in the big city.

Emily Full of Grace: going way beyond the call of duty. You helped get me the answers I've been looking for and I'm very

grateful for all you've done.

Isobel Breheny-Schafer, Norm Prusslin, and Jim Wiener: without them, WUSB would be nothing. Music diversity, personal and local identity, and our presence would not survive without those who create and protect it. They are owed a lot.

Dustin Herlich: for giving me a chance at taking the programme director's helm at WUSB. Thanks for the opportunity.

Judas: My (closest) cousin. Thank you for selling your own flesh and blood out to join a sorority. Without you, I have no meaning in what I do or what I stand for and against. Keep smiling.

Thanks to Marco, The Brothers Earley, Brandon 350, Corey and Kevin, Raymond Fry, Pud, and everyone at Brentwood who still gives a damn.

I would also like to thank The Press 2004-2008, WUSB, and everyone else that I've come in contact with over the last five years. There are just simply too many to mention. You know who you are.

VMFX would also like to thank: Mass Appeal Magazine, Industrial Nation, the Atari 2600, The Designers Republic, Designers Shock, Mean Magazine, Yellow Rat Bastard, DHR, Invisible, Def Jux, Utopia (Hicksville), Hospital Productions, Under The Volcaro, Raygun, Creation Books, Susan Lawly, Maxell, industrial/noise cassette tapes, Club Moral Stock List, LIRR, Long Island Hardcore, Kings Mob, compstyle, Wanted German Youth, Cross Fade Entertainment, Flying Dutchman, Hip Hop Site, the-breaks.com, Relapse, Warp, Rephlex, Record Stop (Ronkonkoma), Permanent Records (NYC), Infinity Records (Massapequa), Cop Shop (Smithtown), Peel Magazine, Ubu, Ghoul-A-Go-Go, Metropolis, RRRRecords, Avalanche, U.S. Playing Card Company (Cincinnati), Subconscious, Blue Marlin, True Force Productions, and Cheapo's (Commack).

I decided that I'm not done yet. Far from it. Not by a longshot. I will still continue to express myself as VMFX (my alias for everything I do) and say what needs to be said no matter how popular or not, no matter what medium of print, sound, or digital. For those still interested, you know where to find me.

There's no need to say good-bye and there's no such thing until our time comes. Until then, keep going and never give up...

-VMFX

THE COMICS SECTION

THE
**SCARLET
SEAWOLF**
By: Frank Myles

One day outside the
Old Chem building...

Holy Jeez Lyndon Johnson,
it sure is **COLD**.

I can
solve that!

The Sc...
wait...
who are
you?

I'm the
**Inconvenient
Truth!!!**

I'll solve
Your cold
problem!

umm...you're
not doing
anything

I don't
have
to...

**GLOBAL
WARMING
is MELTING
the COSMOS**
as we speak...

...huh?

Stop harassing that
citizen with
your tomfoolery!

Ha Ha!

What?!

no questions
please,
citizen

When did
you get **Fire
Breath?!?!?**

Cough
fin

Avantgarde by Werner Van Blur

HEY COW,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

BEING A
ROLE
MODEL

I FEEL FUNNY.
WHY IS THIS
HAPPENING TO ME?
IS THIS GOING
TO BE FOREVER?

THE COMICS SECTION



WWW.NERDLOSER.COM



...SEE A LITTLE BIT MORE OF THOSE GLISTENING PECTORALS...COVERED IN THICK HAIR, LIKE A REAL MAN...



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BUT SERIOUSLY, NERDS SMELL

Tia M



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"I fucking haxOred your mom's ASS last night."

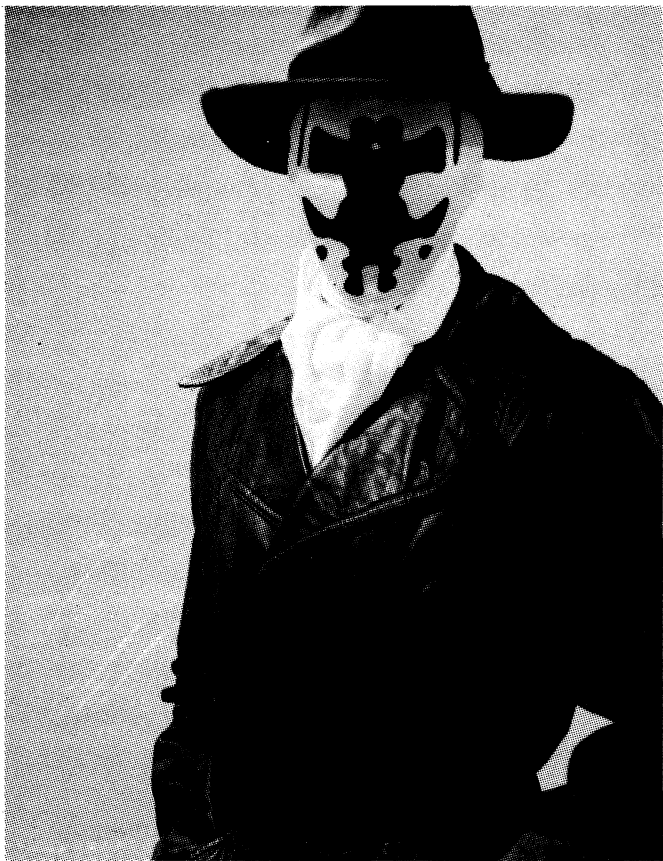
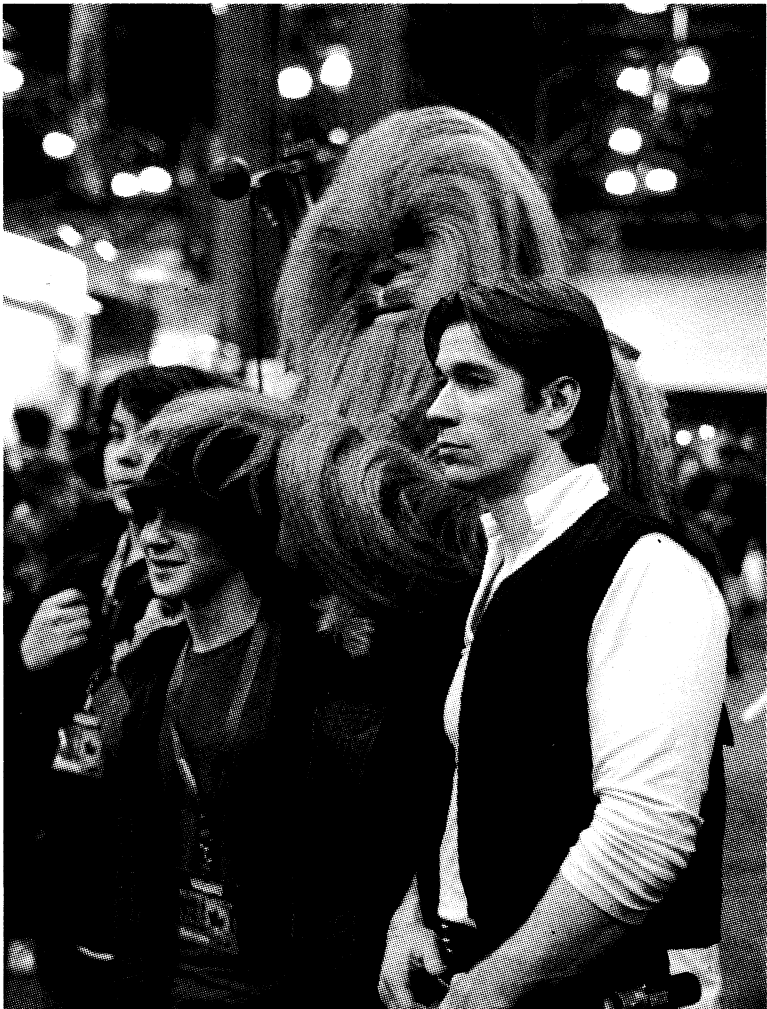
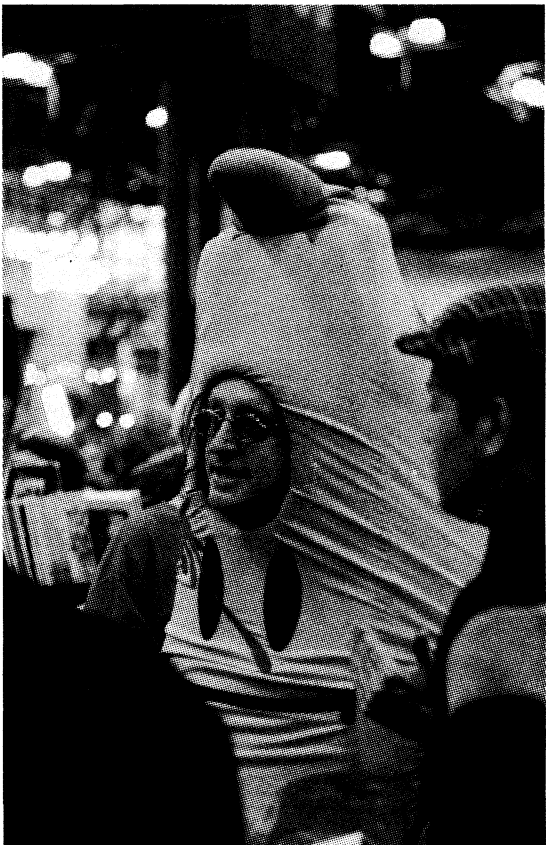
-Shirley Strum Kenny, on her impressions of the Press' new website

TheStonyBrookPress.com

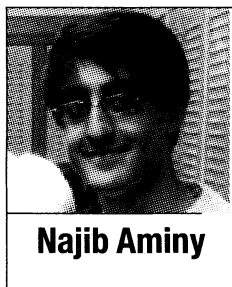




Photos by Tia Mansouri
& Roman Sheydvasser



Sports

Why SBU Basketball Is More Than Just a Game**Najib Aminy**

There is no question that Stony Brook is currently overflowing with problems: academic resources are dwindling, our Byzantine bureaucracy is frustrating, the infrastructure is crumbling, and students are suffering.

Stony Brook pride is practically nonexistent among its 24,000 students, who openly express apathy and dissatisfaction. The overpriced Stony Brook clothing is just a façade of school spirit. Even the Candyland-like Zebra Path is chipping away to show its true monochrome nature. It exemplifies that, no matter how much paint you put on something, the true colors will show. But there is one exception to this depressing prologue: Stony Brook Basketball.

For a team that is 13-11, the Men's Basketball team kept fans, faculty and administrators alike entertained in a close game against Binghamton. Though the Seawolves lost by a basket in overtime, nothing can take away from the pride and school spirit exhibited by the game's attending.

Very rarely does one experience the sight of students cheering for Stony Brook or shouting, "Go, Fight, Win!" which includes other sporting events. Yet, for some reason, at this particular basketball game—the first of this semester—the arena, though small, was

packed, and the energy resonated throughout the whole court.

The sounds of the marching band, the sight of cheerleaders cart wheeling across the floor, the feeling of that ever so needed school pride and spirit that has been so heavily discussed. Surprisingly, this has been the case for the majority of the games played this season.

Students continually fill up seats, administrators who deal with budgets and classes dress in red, and even the heavily criticized President Kenny has attended more than a handful of games. Does this mean that all the problems are fixed and the university is great?

Not necessarily, but it brings hope to a school clouded with such high negativity. For just a couple of hours, students can escape to a world where shouting degrading comments about the physique of an opposing player makes them feel better about themselves. As juvenile as that may sound, it relieves the tension between a student and his or her problems at Stony Brook, and, most importantly, expresses school spirit and pride.

There is no other location or time where students are as spirited or involved with the university than basketball games at Pritchard Gymnasium, which dwarfs even the football games at LaValle Stadium. Basketball games have become an oasis of what students may expect to experience from a university compared to their time at Stony Brook.



Other than last homecoming, when students rushed onto the field after a nail-biting win, basketball is becoming the precedent of what other athletic teams and events should look to follow.

With the spring season on the way, athletics continue to be a vital role in how students look at Stony Brook. Though judged by wins, which is undoubtedly heavily marketed by the athletic department, Stony Brook sports have found success in the past.

Just last year, both the Men's Baseball

and Women's Softball teams won the America East Conference to advance to their respective NCAA tournaments. Women's Cross-Country won its second conference title. Edwin Gowins was recently awarded the Freshman of the Year award by College Sporting News becoming the first Seawolf to win the award. Women's Soccer is coming off of its most successful season since 1994 by winning 11 games this season.

Sure, it seems like athletics are transitioning their program from focusing on development to competitiveness, but, it is rare that there will be the same type of student involvement and activity seen in basketball games in other types of athletics.

For an institution 50 years young, there is no defining tradition that students can relate to; there are only problems. Nonetheless, that is the beauty of sports: it allows one to escape from reality while bettering the experience.

Invited by the Stony Brook Athletic Department, Ohio State Football Coach Jim Tressel shared his experience with athletes and coaches alike. His advice for Stony Brook was simple. "What we did at Ohio State is we would build on all past traditions, even if it wasn't that well established," he said. "We would then talk about what we wanted to build, and celebrate every step."

Though Stony Brook may seem like it means well, any progress is to be overshadowed by its current lingering problems. That is, unless there are more basketball games.



Fame, Fortune and Folly



Jason Wirth

They are the kings of sport, the heroes of our childhoods, and perennial back page superstars.

As kids, we would emulate their every move – their swings,

their jump shots, their Hail Mary passes – aspiring to one day be the athletes we loved.

But once the spotlight fades, we see that all that glitters isn't gold. Before we can come to grips with the feats they have accomplished, our on-field idols become off-field fools. Like clockwork, the most immaculate sportsmen deflate our expectations, destroy our trust and disenchant our dreams. Call it the byproduct of money, naivety, and self-indulgence.

As our national pastime, baseball deserves first licks. During the 1998 Home-Run Race between St. Louis Cardinals Mark McGwire and Chicago Cubs' Sammy Sosa, fans nationwide forged a renewed interest in the game. Throughout that summer, both sluggers slammed dinger after dinger until McGwire broke New York Yankee Roger Maris' single-season record of 61 in early September.

With every swing, the duo drew us always closer to believing they were the real deal. But it was a trap. Both used steroids knowingly, but what did they care? They were rich, they were on top of their games and they were the beating pulse of an American love affair.

When rumors surfaced that both men used performance-enhancing drugs (PEDs) to shatter Maris' mark, however, love turned to lamentation, and lamentation turned to lost hope. Suddenly, Big Mac wasn't so big and Slammin' Sammy was far from slammin'. And this was only the beginning.

In 2001, San Francisco Giants slugger Barry Bonds crushed McGwire's three-year-old homer record of 70 with a season total of 73. As if our icons' images weren't tarnished already, Bonds'

alleged steroid use would have had Maris rolling in his grave.

With the world watching six years later, Bonds shattered Hank Aaron's all-time home run record of 754, his milestone accomplishment scarred by PED speculation and strong public distaste. The disgraced left fielder was accused of perjuring himself after he told a grand jury that he never knowingly took steroids.

Perhaps the game's darkest day came

bust. As for Mr. Notorious, look no further than OJ Simpson. A Heisman winner, No. 1 draft pick, five-time Pro Bowler, and four-time rushing champion, Simpson racked up over 14,000 career yards. A stalwart with the Buffalo Bills and San Francisco 49ers, he was inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1985. Then his most famous dash was done behind the wheel of a white Bronco.

In June 1994, police accused Simp-

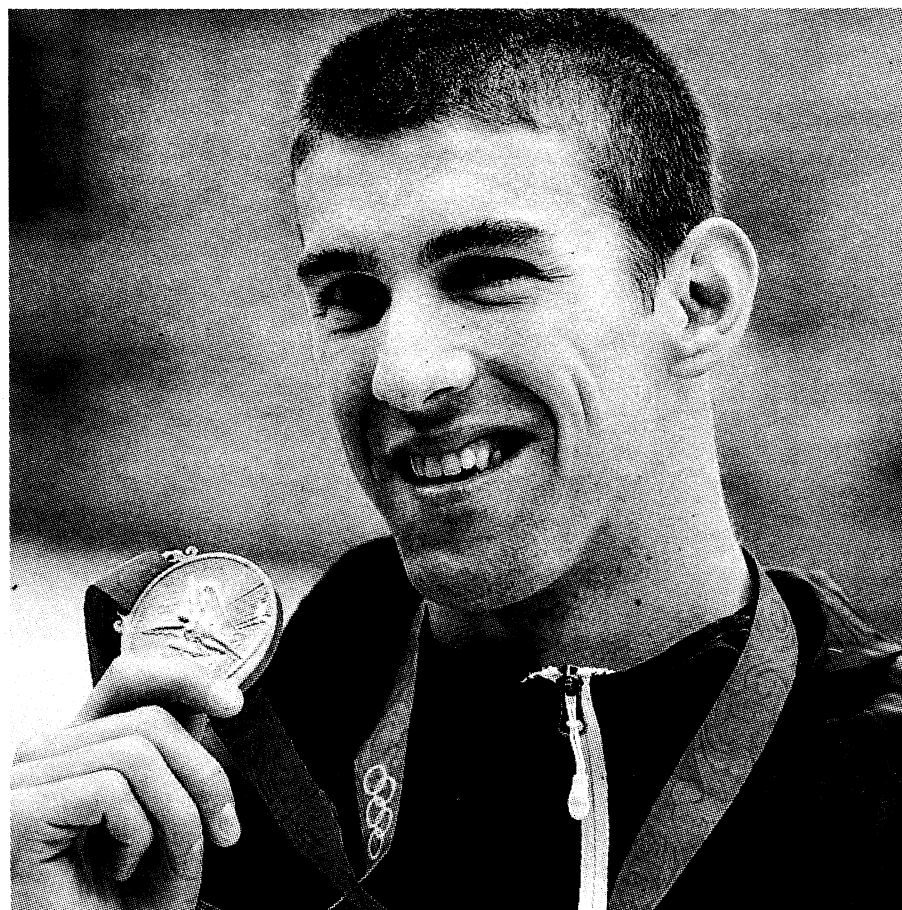
sons is a testament to Simpson's blunt idiocy. With little regard for the opportunities provided by his career, he acted thoughtlessly and in line with the psyche of a madman. If fans weren't disillusioned by the charges against him, they were most certainly baffled by his acquittal.

Of similar disappointment is expelled New York Giant Plaxico Burress. After making the game-winning catch in Super Bowl XLII last year, the wide receiver accidentally shot himself in the leg this past December. Authorities hit Burress with criminal gun possession charges, and later seized ammunition and other weaponry from his New Jersey home. Big Blue? Try Big Blew.

For whatever reason, violence is an all too common way for athletes to botch their legacies. Take former Yankee Jim Leyritz, famous for his two series-defining home runs during the 1996 and 1999 Fall Classics. The slugger now faces DUI manslaughter charges for striking a woman in December 2007. If convicted, he could face up to 15 years behind bars.

As if this circus of clowns couldn't be more disappointing, leading the pack is none other than merman Michael Phelps. After shocking the world in Beijing this past summer, Phelps won a record eight gold medals, and surpassed Mark Spitz as the most decorated Olympic champion in a single games. He hypnotized audiences around the globe with his last-second finishes and unparalleled endurance. But when that fateful photo surfaced of Phelps, bong in hand, a god was made mortal and a swimmer drowned in his own ignorance.

Athletes are people, and as people, they make mistakes. Perfection is nearly impossible to attain, even if trophy rooms prove otherwise. But with great power comes great responsibility. Celebrities are superheroes in the eyes of many, and their follies send a sour message to their fans. A message, perhaps, that the champions on our Wheaties boxes are nothing more than a bunch of flakes.



on December 13, 2007. In former Senator George Mitchell's report on steroids and other illegal substances in Major League Baseball, nearly 100 current and former players were implicated as having had some level of involvement in banned drug transactions. Several names were expected, others came as a shock. Even so, role models betrayed the fan base and giants became goats.

Moving onto the gridiron, the NFL has had its fair share of legends gone

son of killing his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend, Ron Goldman. A low-speed car chase in Los Angeles followed before he surrendered to the police. Over a year later, on October 3, 1995, despite substantial evidence denouncing Simpson's innocence, the once-beloved star was found "not guilty" of double murder.

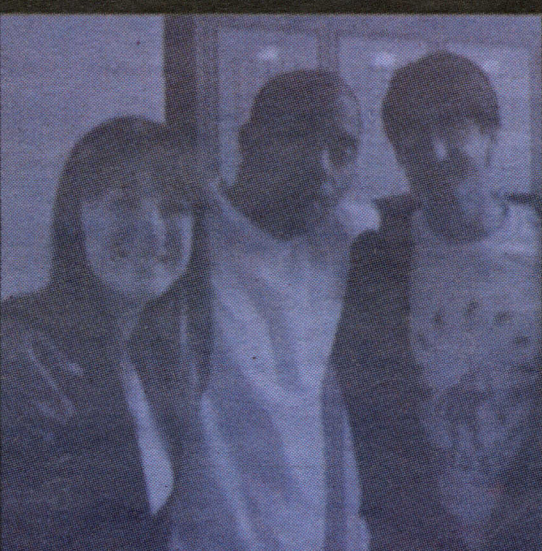
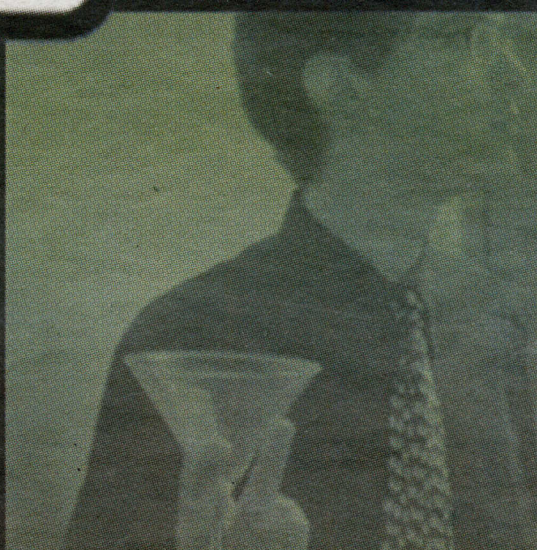
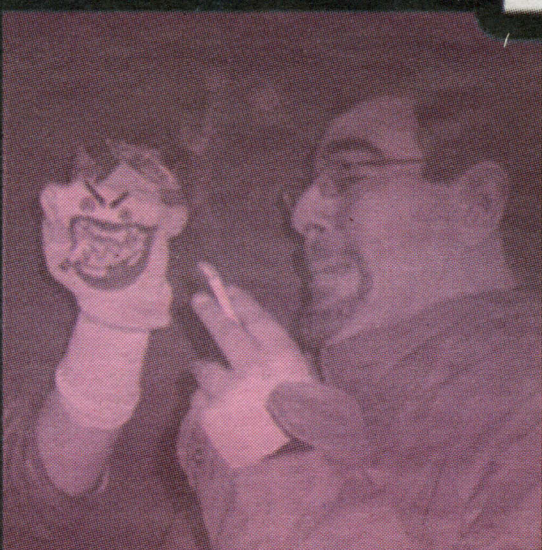
Here lies the bombshell of all bombshells. That a man so envied and established could fall from football's highest

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