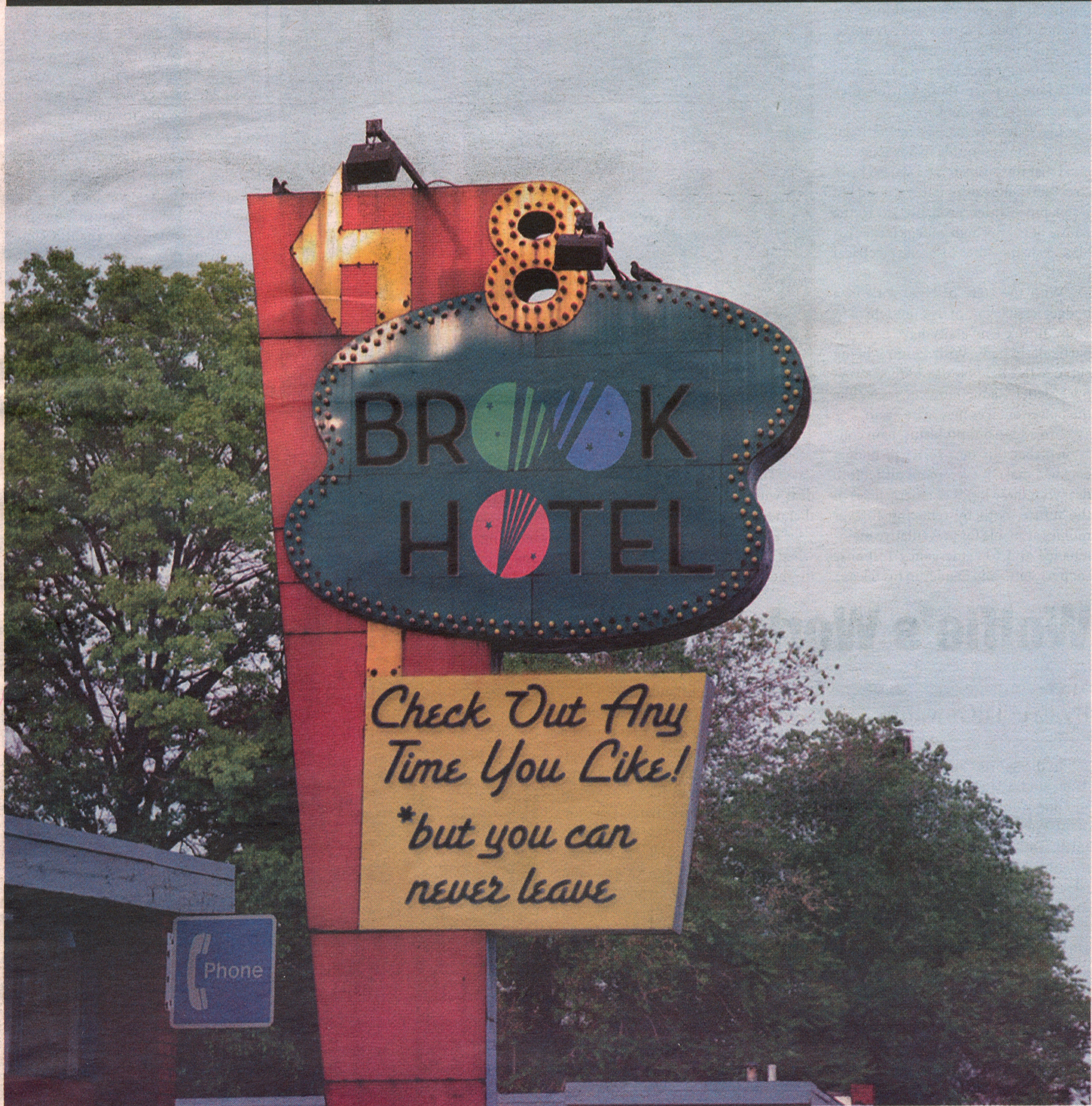


# THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 5

"IF YOU WISH TO MAKE AN APPLE PIE FROM  
SCRATCH, YOU MUST FIRST INVENT THE UNIVERSE"

NOVEMBER 11, 2009



# E-Lack-Tricity at Stony Brook

By Daniel Murray

On Monday October 26 a series of power outages began at Stony Brook University. These outages affected areas from Roosevelt Quad to the Engineering buildings and even buildings on South Campus. Power wasn't restored to normal until November 2, one week from when the problem started. Generators were in place, though, while they worked to fix the problem.

In a statement released by President Samuel Stanley on this major issue, he cited that the problem was caused by "a structural failure of an underground hot water pipe, which probably led to the failure of nearby high voltage feeder cables, causing the loss of electrical power."

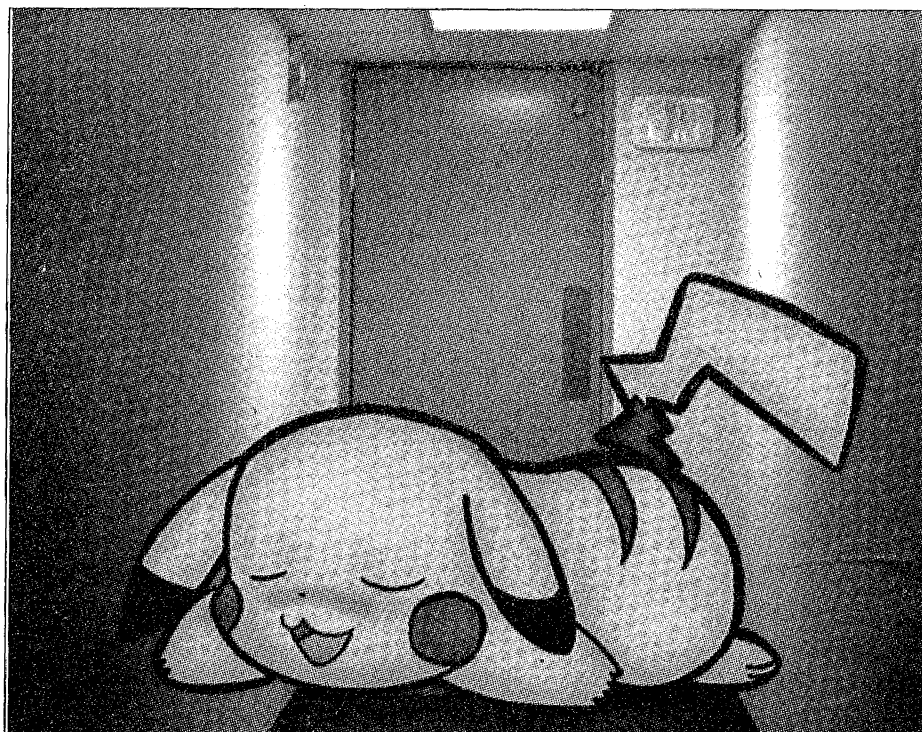
With the state of New York in a budget crisis, the SUNY system and Stony Brook University have been hit particularly hard. With funding being cut to SUNY schools due to the Governor's Deficit Reduction Plan, issues like the power outages may arise again.

"To add to our problems, I am concerned that this new series of budget cuts will make it even more difficult to deal with these kinds of emergencies in the future, both by reducing further monies available for preventative maintenance and for emergency response support staff," said Stanley in his release.

The residents living in Roosevelt Quad were hit especially hard by these power outages for the obvious reasons that they have to live there. They had no hot water, heat or electricity for two

freshman who lives in Greeley, a building in the Roosevelt Quad. "I couldn't take a shower because there was no hot water and it was really dark."

Roosevelt Quad would finally get



If Stony Brook were run by pokemon, this is what it would look like.

asleeponthesubway.com

days. That can be extremely difficult to deal with especially if you have work that needs to be done for classes.

"I went out to play soccer, and when I got back it was completely dark in the dorms," said Kevin David, a

power back that Wednesday morning, when the workers set up small generators to start giving electricity back to the building. However, these people still had to live like this for two days on cold nights.

"They had little generators outside the dorms that were really loud," said Ed Fillemyr, a freshman living inside Greeley. "I'm kind of used to the noise because of the construction going on right next door, but for the people on the other side of the building that aren't used to that, they started to complain."

Some classes were also affected by these power outages. However, it did seem a little confusing how Stony Brook was putting out these messages. At first, a SOLAR message went out stating that classes in the specified buildings were cancelled for the day due to the power outages. Later on though, on the website it stated that classes were back on because the power was back on in the buildings. This was confusing for some.

"On Monday I got a SOLAR message saying that my class was cancelled due to the power outages so I didn't go," said Leo DeMino, a senior engineering major. "But only half of the Heavy Engineering building was out of power and my class was in the half that had power, so they held class and I missed my extra credit assignment."

With the state deficit looming overhead, it is difficult to find ways to fix major problems on campuses such as old pipes, but it needs to be done. The SUNY system needs to find a way to fix these problems.

# Wolfie's Workout Plan!

By Eric DiGiovanni

In the Sports Complex, over by the dance studio, is a gym that is free to use, and doesn't have any of the restrictions of the Wellness Center in the SAC. It's a small, fairly humble place, where weight machines, a few treadmills and stairmasters occupy the corridor-shaped room. Most of the machinery is old, and to use it, you need to buy the necessary pins. With no radio playing in the background, and not much chitter-chatter going on, it's a quiet place to work out. The only sound is the clacking of metal or the hum of the cardio machine. Mostly faculty and graduate students use it, although sometimes a few athletes from the varsity gym next door pop in for a quick set.

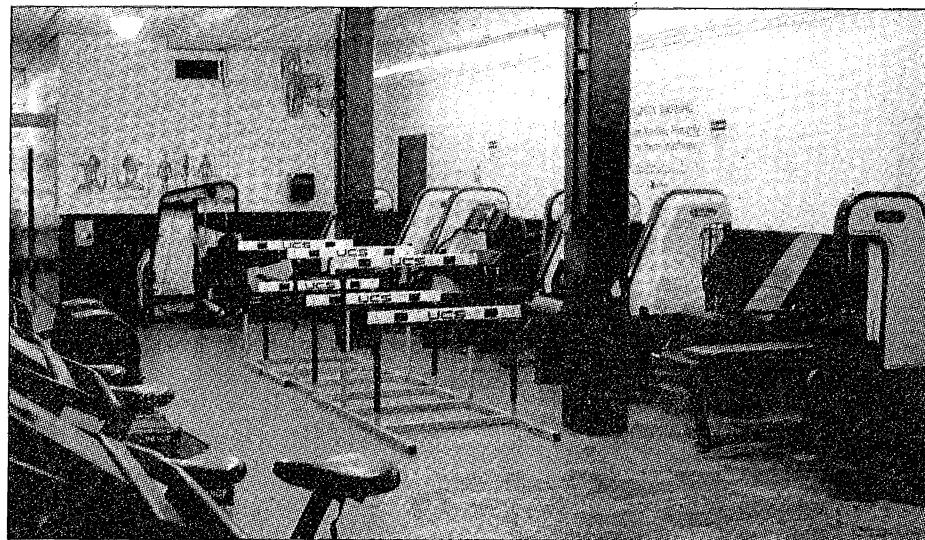
The Athletic Department is shutting this far from stellar gym to expand the Varsity weight room, which it feels

is below Division I standards.

As of now, the plans are on hold to expand the weight room as the university considers various options. There will be a brand new gym in the planned recreation center, but the construction is expected last more than a year, and even that number can't be guaranteed.

The regulars there have heard rumblings about this change for years, but now the Athletic Department is more serious. Still, they don't have a place to go. "A lot of people depend on it being so close to work," says Oded Gerber, a professor of Neurology who has been using the facility for 17 years. "And the hours are good too. It opens at 6 a.m."

Jeromino Pan finds the gym conveniently located in the same building as the pool, but complains about the quality. "Stuff never gets fixed around here," Pan said. "Machines have been broken for a while, and the [instruction] stickers on the machines are faded away or



"That's right put in work, move your ass, go wizzerk, get your salad, no dessert"

Eric DiGiovanni

peeled off. I've sent numerous e-mails, but no effective response."

The regular patrons would prefer that the varsity gym be expanded after the completion of the recreation center, but the Athletic Department prefers a temporary location. However, there

does not appear to be space available to accommodate an interim weight room elsewhere in the Sports Complex.

The Athletic Department was reached for comment but did not respond.

# "Hotel, Motel, Whatcha Gonna Do Today?"

By Natalie Crnosija

While some Stony Brook University professors express dismay at the possibility of a five story, 135 room hotel that will be built near the Main Campus Entrance, Research Professor Robert J. Frey of Applied Math and Statistics is taking a different approach entirely. He is building it.

"I am doing this as a good citizen of the university," said Frey.

Frey, who specializes in Quantitative Finance at SBU, is the President and CEO of Harbor Construction Management, LLC, a real estate and construction firm that has been taken on as the tenant of the Stony Brook Foundation Realty, Inc., an extension of the Stony Brook Foundation. The Stony Brook Foundation, a private, nonprofit corporation which raises funds on behalf of SBU, owns the lease to the 11-acre swathe of forest which separates the university from Nicholls Road. The New York State Legislature granted the lease to the Stony Brook Foundation in 1989.

The land, located to the south of the SBU entrance, was granted for the explicit purpose of building a hotel on SBU campus, said Vice President for Facilities & Services Barbara Chernow during a meeting of the University Senate Environmental Committee.

Chernow explained that since 1989, campus hotel developers interested in building the hotel had wanted direct access to the hotel from Nicholls Road for commercial visibility, which would completely eliminate the forested buffer between the highway and the university. These proposals were all rejected by SBU and the Stony Brook Foundation.

"Here, we keep the buffer as big as possible," said Chernow. "The ground lease prescribes that there must be the least amount of negative impact possible." Currently, the hotel and parking is expected to occupy seven of the 11 acres of the available land with the possibility of future expansion.

Frey said that he and his company were the only entity to date who were willing to follow the parameters that had been set for on-campus hotel construction by the SBU administration.

We offered [the Stony Brook Foundation] the best deal financially and met all the conditions," said Frey, who will earn a modest profit from the hotel's construction. Prior to Harbor Construction Management, LLC's deal with the Stony Brook Foundation, Frey was

a trustee on the board of the Stony Brook Foundation. He stepped down when Harbor Construction Management, LLC was proposed as the sub-leasee for the land.

The hotel itself is being financed by foreign investors, said Frey, without SBU investing any capital in the venture. The university will, however, receive three percent ownership equity.

Though the company that will manage the hotel has not been finalized, both Frey and Chernow said that Hilton Garden Inns would most likely be signed by Harbor Construction Management, LLC as the hotel's managers.

Hilton Garden Inns Public Relations Officer Dawn Ray said that the corporation's management of the hotel on campus had not yet been finalized,

ident Samuel L. Stanley, Jr. appealed to the New York State Legislature and asked for another lease in another location, the forest could be preserved.

"If President Stanley sat down with Senator John J. Flanagan (R, C, IP), if President Stanley sat down with State Legislator Englebright and if President Stanley sat down with State Senator Ken LaValle, that suitable arrangement could be made for a new land lease," said Bowman. "A new land lease requires the agreement of the state legislature."

Senator Flanagan said he has heard the environmental concerns and the university must determine the best way to approach the hotel and find a way to protect the university and its surrounding areas.

Schiff Preserve and the 11 acres of woods by the main entrance.

"The removal of 11 acres will further fragment the habitat [of native species]," said Bowman.

Professors are not the only group that does not view the hotel's construction with enthusiasm. Undergraduate Environmental Club President Michelle Pizer organized a student protest against the hotel plans during family weekend to show students and their families how students opposed the hotel's construction. Pizer said that President Stanley had repeatedly ignored her and the club's concerns regarding the hotel.

"He might perceive that we are fighting with him," said Pizer. "He is not listening unless it is in accordance with what he believes in."

Pizer stressed that the administration should search for other locations for the hotel, like the Student Union. President Stanley responded that the New York State Legislature was the only entity that could grant another lease and, in this current economic climate, there is not an option to build anywhere else.

"It is very difficult to grow without making some compromises," said Stanley.

The hotel is a necessity for the future of the university as a research conference center and university, said Stanley, because of its proximity to the university itself and the possibility of housing Health Center patients' families.

Though environmentally-aware faculty oppose the ecological impact of the hotel, faculty like Dr. John Robinson, chair of the University Senate Environmental Committee, and Professor Robert C. Aller said they recognize the necessity for the hotel, a site for conferences and housing for university and hospital patients.

"I am convinced with the need for a hotel," said Robinson. "But there are trees and I feel for them."

Frey said his company would preserve the "green belt" but said the hotel's construction was essential for SBU.

"Add up students, faculty and patients [of the Stony Brook University Hospital], it's a city of 40,000 people," said Frey. "It's not as if we are opening a Sears on campus. It is fitting in directly with the campus mission."

Chernow similarly emphasized the necessity for the hotel as an academic conference center. The planned 5,000 square feet of conference space in the hotel would be used in conjunction



but said she believed that both SBU and Hilton Garden Inns could both benefit from the relationship.

"We really think it's going to be a great addition to Stony Brook Campus and the Hilton Garden Inn brand," said Ray.

Although the plan is in motion and building plans will be established within the next four to five weeks, Chernow said the builders must perform an environmental impact assessment of the area as per the State Environment and Quality Review Act.

It is the environmental impact of the hotel that has professors on the University Senate's Environmental Committee worried. Professor Malcolm Bowman of the School of Marine and Atmospheric Sciences said that if Pres-

"To have an amenity [like the hotel] can only help," said Flanagan. "Stony Brook needs to continue to reach out to local businesses like the Three Village Inn to make sure what they do is comparable."

Internally, Bowman is looking for the administration to commit to on-campus environmental protection as former university President Shirley Strum Kenny had. Bowman said he had asked for President Stanley's promise to protect the Ashley Schiff Nature Preserve, a 26-acre wooded area adjacent to Circle Road. Bowman said he received no answer from the president. Bowman spoke of an idea proposed seven years ago of a "green belt," or an area which would surround the university composed of private and public lands like Clara's Woods, the Ashley

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# editorials

## Campus Residences Takes You to the Cleaners Because They Can't Machine Wash You in a Building with no Power

After Campus Residences evacuated Roosevelt and Kelly Quads last winter over some broken pipes and a pesky lack of heat, residents thought the worst of their troubles were over. Little did they know that the new year would bring new problems, new inconveniences and new safety hazards.

Residents of Roosevelt Quad spent two hours on October 25 without power, only to find their hot water would be lost as well. Not that they could check their email for updates when they had no power and are the only quad on campus without wireless Internet.

The following night, they suffered another power outage. The kicker? This one outlasted the generators and emergency lights, leaving hundreds of students to lurk the halls of dark, unlocked buildings without working fire alarms. Resident Assistants confirmed that they had to spend the night patrolling the hallways for fires. Residents complained that by the time they got power back, they still couldn't shower in their own buildings because of the lack of hot

water.

Campus Residences has made no form of apology to these students either in the form of an email, for which they've become infamous, or in the form of a monetary refund.

President Stanley has already advocated raising tuition. But on a campus that forces most passers-by to scoff at the incessant construction, that can't finish one project before starting another, and maintains a ranking on *The Princeton Review* for unhappy students, whom does he plan to attract? Perhaps prospective students can step on a rusty nail and be moved by the swift and painless tetanus shots at the SBU Medical Center. (It's right next door, guys!)

President Stanley, you would never send your kids to an institution with this much rampant ineptitude. So take control. Campus Residences is charging students more than \$6,000 per year for dormitories lacking basic 20th-century technology, and they show no remorse. What do you have to say for yourself?

Students, you're being taken for a ride by a university that your parents

fund with their tax dollars. But your only effort towards standing up against such mistreatment is creating a Facebook group. It's a cute start, but it's time to make your statement into a campaign.

You want reimbursement? Write a letter. Stand outside of President Stanley's office until he has no choice but to listen to you. It's on the third floor of the Administration Building. His office number is (631) 632-6265.

Pissed about those e-mails that "thank you for your patience"? Call the guy who writes them at (631) 632-6750 or the campus residences financial director at (631) 632-6921. Tell them, "Patience my ass!"

And Campus Residences: Take \$6,000, divide it by the number of days (including weekends) in the school year, and multiply it by the amount of bullshit you put your residents through every year. Send a check for that amount to each affected student, and beg for our forgiveness. It's time for you to answer to us for a change.



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# Poet for Palestine

By Najib Aminy

When members of the Social Justice Alliance invited Palestinian poet Remi Kanazi to perform at Stony Brook University, they were worried that the event would turn into an emotional and heated argument between pro-Israeli and pro-Palestinian supporters.

Last year, the SJA had screened a documentary, *Occupation 101*, which highlighted the Palestinian plight in the Palestinian-Israeli conflict encited fake fliers and a salient police presence. After the film was shown, supporters from both camps argued that the opposing side was to blame and were biased in their views.

"I was expecting sort of the same thing and was relieved that it didn't happen," said Alex Saiu, president of the SJA. "I just wanted everyone to enjoy the show." As the event winded down, there were no protests, no shouting matches or heated arguments. It ended with a conversation amongst those in attendance about what they had just heard.

"I am relieved," concluded Saiu.

For roughly one hour, Brooklyn resident Kanazi recited poetry that reflected his American born Palestinian-rooted background and his views on the conflict in the Middle East.

"I was the dark kid, trying to be a white kid acting like a black kid in my middle class economy. But my mom didn't speak this language perfectly. And I was reminded with certainty, my name wasn't Ali or Punjabi MC, not Khalid, Rashid, or anyone from Aladdin's family, I was just me," recited Kanazi, to a diverse crowd of roughly 40, from his poem, "Palestinian Identity."

Kanazi, who is bulky and had blown his hair back, was born in Western Massachusetts to Palestinian parents who had immigrated from the region. Straying away from his parents' wishes to become a doctor or engineer, Kanazi began writing poems after his frustration with the way middle-east-

erners and south Asians were being treated in the early months and years after 9/11.

"The second that you let people push you into a position where you feel afraid to speak your mind, when this country was founded or was supposed to be founded on civil liberties and freedom of speech and freedom of ideas, is when you become a second class citizen," Kanazi said.

Since writing his thoughts into lines and stanzas, from topics about his identity as a Palestinian-American to his

common stereotypes and his appearance.

"It was an interesting event that tackled the pathos of the issue and hit home that people aren't involved in the situation," said sophomore Dustin Peters, 19, of Auburn, Maine. "He tried to keep it as light hearted as possible because it's such a serious issue, but during his poetry, it came out, and he was very passionate about the issue," said Peters, a sociology major and Middle Eastern studies minor.

"But it's funny being seen. I know, I

Bangladesh. Rahman said she was pro-Palestinian, but after listening to Kanazi, she said that she would reconsider the message in her poems and focus on pro-equality, the message conveyed by Kanazi.

"It's kind of something we have to grow up, especially our generation, we have to learn how to say things, mean them, defend them, but still understand at the end of the day we're not supposed to be hostile to each other," Rahman said. "It's a friendly environment, it's just we have different opinions and it should be an open discussion and I feel that's really hard."

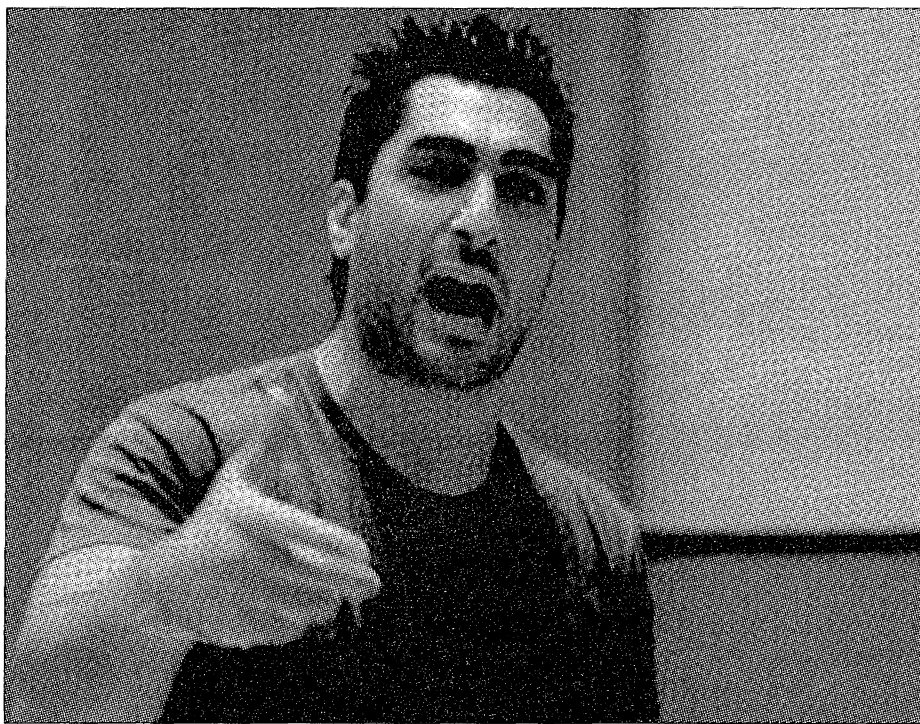
But Kanazi said attempts to facilitate discussion in a coordinated manner are less effective than intended. "If we are going to meet for a cumbayah, let's hug it out circle, well most of those events have been a way to mask somebody who is coming from a position of strength from the position of the powerless," Kanazi said. "I don't want to meet on Israeli terms or Palestinian terms. I want to meet on equality terms," he said, adding, "I am not an ethnocentrist, I'm not fighting to free Palestine so they can act like Israel."

Arslan Rahman, 18, of Brooklyn, had attended last year's *Occupation 101* screening and noticed how much calmer the event was. Arslan, a sophomore majoring in political science with a concentration on international relations, found the event represented the poet's views and the listener could choose to take it or leave it.

"I think it's really great this event was done," Arslan said. "Palestine is an issue that's not really talked about a lot and definitely something we should see more of."

Dressed in inexpensive, casual American clothing, Kanazi defined both who he was and his cause.

"You see these schemes aren't just a dream. It's what I say, know, and mean. And one day the truth will be seen with transparency. So I step forward, a part of a team: the true essence of what I believe to be, American Palestinian identity," Kanazi recited.



Remi Kanazi spittin' his poems.

Dan Woufflin

personal experiences in Palestine, Kanazi has turned it into his profession. He founded "PoeticInjustice," a blog he updates on matters related to the middle-east conflict and the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq and has put together a compilation of poems in the book, *Poets for Palestine*.

"I'm not going to be ashamed and I'm not going to be afraid to speak my mind on this issue in the same regard that I wouldn't want to silence another community who is going through a similar human rights issue," said Kanazi, who alleviated the severity of the matter with jokes about his life,

look like the terrorist in that movie. Yup, the biggest nose in three countries. Yet, I think I figure it out eventually. I'm a Palestinian-American, standing proudly with one foot on democracy, and the other seeking autonomy—while the media tries to rewrite my peoples' history," Kanazi said, moving around from one side of the audience to the other.

In the audience was sophomore Noreen Rahman, 19, of Queens, who, like Kanazi, has taken to spoken word and the topic of Palestine. "This is the epitome of what my life is," said Rahman, whose parents migrated from

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# Maybe They Should've Aborted iCare...

By Samuel Katz

The "iCare" advertising supplement that was in the October 8 issue of *The Statesman* has circulated through campus stirring controversy along the way. Many have expressed concern about the contents of the ad and judging from the multiple responses released by *The Statesman*. On October 25, *The Statesman* defended the publishing of the ad calling it "a clearly labeled 'advertising supplement.'"

"When this organization approached the advertising department, staff carefully reviewed the pamphlet and considered its potential impact on *Statesman* readers before agreeing to run it," the statement read.

On October 28 senior Meghan Shalvoy decided to go a step further to oppose the controversial newspaper insert and get students to sign a petition demanding that *The Statesman* refuse such advertisements in the future. Joined by professors Kelliann Flores and Ritch Calvin from the Women's and Gender Studies department at Stony Brook, Shalvoy set up a table at the Sprit Lounge in the Stony Brook Union to inform students about the misleading facts of the ad. Amongst the papers given out by Shalvoy were refutations of many of the "scientific" claims made in

the "iCare" supplement. With quotes from the World Health Organization and the Journal of the American Medical Association pointing to false claims made in the "iCare" supplement, Shalvoy called the ad, "sensational [and] clearly promoting an agenda."

Shalvoy says that the response to the petition has so far been positive. "The only negative response I get is from claims of freedom of press," she said. "Publications on campus should have more respect for their community. This is advertising of a specific agenda. This is not science."

Expressing her concern about the ads, Flores said the ad was false in the information it presented. "You have to look closely to see that it is not an ad," Flores said. Professor Calvin added that the risk of such advertisement is that it creates a hostile environment for students who might choose to have an abortion. Ads like these, he said, make students feel silenced and judged.

"[Abortion] is a difficult decision, too often the element of choice doesn't show up in the literature. It's not anti-child; it's about choice," Flores said.

Shalvoy points out that the Long Island Life Center, which advertises weekly in *The Statesman*, is with a similar anti-choice agenda. And the resources those places claim to provide are available for students on campus



And what about rape and incest? This thing has all the pseudo-scientific answers you crave!

through the Student Health Center and the University Counseling Center.

*The Statesman* said that it carefully reviewed the pamphlet and considered the potential impact on *Statesman* readers before agreeing to run it, but Shalvoy points out, this is a question of integrity. "Not only is it dishonorable to

disseminate such biased and sensational information," Shalvoy said, "it is potentially harmful to the health of its readers."

To find out more about the petition you can email: [sbstudentscaretoo@gmail.com](mailto:sbstudentscaretoo@gmail.com).

HOTEL CALIFORNIA continued from page 3



A shot of Admin Parking with the forest in question in the background. It's hard to see. Whatever

Andrew Fraley

with the Wang Center and the Simons Center for Geometry and Physics, the latter of which is still under construction. This triad of conference space, said Chernow, would turn SBU into an ideal location for academic conferences and raise SBU's profile.

In order to mitigate the environmental impact of forest clearing, the hotel would be following Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) specifications according to Public Relations Officer Lauren Sheprow. SBU's other LEED building, a library, was just opened on Southampton Campus, a SBU satellite where sustainability and environmental consciousness is capitalized upon as a shining virtue.

Pizer said she believed SBU, on the whole, tries to be green, but added that this consciousness is not uniform.

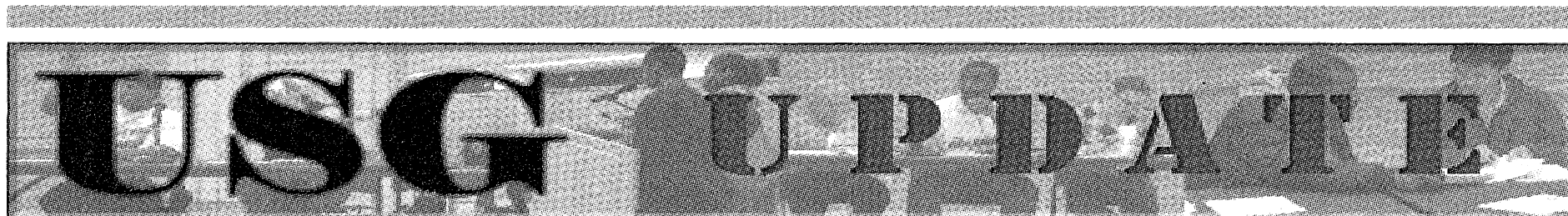
"I think if Stony Brook wanted

to go green, there wouldn't be only one school dedicated to sustainability," said Pizer.

Aller, a member of the University Senate Environmental Committee and professor in the School of Marine and Atmospheric Sciences, similarly cited SBU's patchy approach to sustainability.

"The minimal destruction of natural forested areas... is a set of values," said Aller. "There is this 'can't do' attitude [towards finding other sites] because destruction is the easiest thing to do."

With the forest's fate all but determined, arguments against the hotel's construction seem to have little affect on the plans to push forward. However impassioned the debate, students, faculty and the administration seem to share in the benefits of SBU's continuing expansion by the exchange of one type of green for another.



## Paying for Proxies

By Natalie Crnosija

USG Senate's approval of an act that created a staff for the Vice President of Student Life, Programming and Activities nearly fizzled into a filibuster twice during the November 5th USG Senate meeting. The Office of Student Life, Programming and Activities Act stipulates that the Vice President of Student Life, Programming and Activities can have an unspecified number of paid agents to act as his proxies during administrative meetings and manage paperwork for up to 20 hours per week. The act was approved by twelve votes, with two votes against the act and five abstentions.

Vice President Student Life, Programming and Activities Keith Tilley, a fifth year Political Science and Philosophy student, proposed the act and argued that the requirements of the office, as written in the constitution, were too demanding

*"So [the responsibilities of the VP of Student Life, Programming and Activities] are too much to handle?"*

for any official to fulfill within any given week without the help of agents. Apart from the addition of

assistants, Tilley proposed stricter financial oversight of the Roth Regatta and Brookfest, both of which are campus-wide student events funded by USG.

The proposed act was tacked immediately with an amendment and a side of senatorial dissent.

The amendment to the act, presented by Senator Daniel Graber, aimed to eliminate passages of the act that had been copied from the USG Constitution with regard to the scope of Vice Presidential responsibilities and agent employment. Tilley argued that because the passages of the Office of Student Life, Programming and Activities Act were nearly exact echoes of the USG Constitution they should remain intact. The Senate voted down the amendment by twelve votes, with six in favor and one abstention.

Apart from the attempted amendment, Senator Runyu Fan said Tilley's proposal for a paid staff to help him manage the responsibilities was a way to for Tilley to shirk the responsibilities of his office.

"So [the responsibilities of the VP of Student Life, Programming and Activities] are too much to handle? There are too many agents, that means you are avoiding your job," said Fan.

The vice president of Student Life, Programming and Activities oversees the Student Activities Board, sits on the University Senate Committee for Student Life, must have frequent meetings with Dean of Students Jerrold L. Stein and various administrators and manage

ALERT, the program which provides low-price LIRR tickets to students. Tilley said he knew the terms of his office when he was elected, but the requirements were impossible to fulfill and would have to be changed.

*"The office needs a staff," said Forbes.  
"The act doesn't reflect the person, it reflects the position."*

"There are just so many hours in a week," said Tilley. "[The Office of Student Life, Programming and Activities Act] is what I came up with."

Vice President of Academic Affairs Shamell Forbes lent his support to the creation of Tilley's office and staff. Other USG offices, like that of the Treasurer and the Vice Presidents of Academic Affairs and Communications and Public Relations have agents to help manage their officer's workload.

"The office needs a staff," said Forbes. "The act doesn't reflect the person, it reflects the position."

Previous Vice Presidents of Student Life, Programming and Activities have been impeached because of their inability to manage the manifold responsibilities of the office as stipulated in the USG Constitution.

Tilley assured that the Senate will have oversight power and con-

trol the number of agents that could be hired and paid. He also assured that agents would not be paid for more than 20 hours of work and that only four of these hours could be spent out of the office, attending relevant committee meetings.

Senator Aneta Bose found fault in Tilley's need for paid assistants. Bose, a member of SAB, opposed Tilley's proposed sending of paid agents to SAB meetings which are open to the student body.

"I don't think you need to attend meetings," said Bose. "I don't think anyone should be paid for attending SAB meetings. Nobody gets paid for it."

Tilley asserted that he, as vice president of his office, is required to attend SAB meetings and is paid for it as per the USG Constitution. Though the Senate ultimately ruled in favor of Tilley's act, the floor was dominated by debate over the act and its amendment in excess of half an hour. Senator Syed Haq called the debate to question for both the amendment to the act and the act itself, which forced the end of debate and a vote.

Newly-elected Senator Deborah Machalow said Haq feared that the Senate would be mired in debate without a result, forcing discussion to continue late into the night. Machalow said she supported the Office of Student Life, Programming and Activities Act.

"If [Tilley's] job is easier, then he will attend to student needs much easier," said Machalow.

Do you want to know how I got these scars?

By joining **THE PRESS**

**UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME**

# A Purple Prophecy

By Bernie Lubell

Whether it is the name of an African child for whom she fostered education decades ago, or a university student who encountered her iconic purple persona today, Sister Margaret Ann Landry never forgets a name.

Landry, 78, is one of almost 60,000 religious sisters in the United States, according to the 2008 United States Catholic Demographic.

Landry is a profound example of a woman religious who has dedicated herself to an altruistic life of serving others as a missionary, teacher and advisor. In her wise and seasoned 78 years, Landry has touched lives on local, national, and global levels.

Landry's life has inspired others to look at themselves with a more critical eye. Not only has she reminded others that a strong faith isn't necessary to be a good person, but she has also continuously emphasized the power of good. She has built bridges among communities and individual persons, encouraging them to get involved in justice and peace issues.

Roger Keller, Professor of Church History and Doctrine at Brigham Young University, said that despite the salient responsibilities of being a missionary, the missionary life is risky with unforeseeable dangers. "The one thing about being a religious missionary is that you can be sent anywhere and you lay your life on the line because you have no attachments," Dr. Keller said. "Nuns have lost their lives across the world because they will go where they believe God sends them."

"Clementine, Cecilia, Frederick, Silas, Nyamedzawo," she recalled. "I remember all 40 of their names," Landry said of the African students she taught. "I always remember names."

Rhodesia, the present-day war torn Zimbabwe where Landry was sent to be a missionary in the 1960s, was safe when Landry was missionary there, although she could feel the tensions rising between the Africans and the British who owned Rhodesia.

She called her missionary work in Rhodesia her "Peace Corps" stint despite being assigned to go to Africa by her Provincial. She said that being exposed to another culture was a very rewarding experience that she carries with her today.

Despite Landry's own hope to spread the glory of God in Rhodesia, the program did not come without qualms. Her initial concern was that she was teaching at a Marymount school in the British ruled Rhodesia.

"Why would I want to teach white, af-

luent students in Africa when I could do so in America?" Landry said. As a result, she became a catalyst for change, advocacy and reform by petitioning to her supervisors to begin a mission at St. Killians to teach the African students. Not only was she successful in this endeavor, but it presaged the concern and commitment she would show for a vast amount of students in the future.

Landry recalled a time when Clementine, a young girl, approached her to leave school early to go to her mother's funeral. A few weeks later, Landry said Clementine approached her yet again. "May I go home so I can go to my mother's funeral?" Clementine asked.

Landry thought the girl was up to no good. "Clementine," Landry recalled saying, "You already went to your mother's funeral."

"No, Sister, this is the mother from whose womb I came," Clementine replied.

Landry went quiet for a few seconds and then said that in Rhodesian culture, all male and female elders were referred to as father and mother, respectively.

She said of these students, "They saw me as someone who really cared." She also gained a new appreciation for the Rhodesian culture.

Brother Tony LoGalbo, director for the Center for Franciscan Spirituals and Spiritual Direction at St. Francis of Assisi in Manhattan, called his three years as a missionary in Brazil very positive. "I was a kind and compassionate presence," Bro. LoGalbo said of his impact on the fifth grade students he taught in Brazil. "We preach by example."

As one of approximately 850 missionaries worldwide with the Christian and Missionary Alliance, John Ellenberger agreed that the missionary experience is a life-changing one indeed. "It gave me a perspective of the need to honor other people in their own cultures that I would have in no other way," the elderly Ellenberger said of his 27 years of missionary experience on the island of Java. "It expanded my horizons, my understanding and appreciation of people and their unusual cultures that I believe are a gift of God."

Both Landry's impact and sacrifice for the African students is undeniable.

"The students were so upset I left," Landry recalled. After the experience, Landry admitted to crying every time she "bumped into an African" because she missed them so dearly.

During Landry's Rhodesian stint, the historic Vatican Council II sent shockwaves across the Catholic world, impacting women of the church and eventually creating Landry's iconic purple persona.

However, purple didn't come so easily to Sister Margaret at first.

"If I didn't make that move, I may have

been entrenched in an old way of life and I wouldn't have progressed," Landry exclaimed proudly. "I would have regressed."

The "move" refers to Landry's rebirth as a contemporary woman following the Vatican Council II. This Council of the Roman Catholic Church was convoked by Pope John XXIII and continued by Pope Paul VI in the mid 1960s. Its purpose was spiritual renewal and reconsideration of both the role and position of the Church in the modern world.

"I was reluctant at first to make the change," Landry said demurely. "Women were contained and the thought of this change was a freeing, yet scary new way of life." Landry changed her name from the religious Mother Immaculee, to her baptismal name of Margaret Ann. She converted her name and her appearance, yet continued her commitment to God.

Sister Rose Anthony Waklshk, OP, of Queen of the Holy Rosary Convent in Amityville, NY related to Landry's experience, echoing Pope John XXII, saying "All the churches needed fresh air."

"The change into contemporary attire was gradual, as habits should suit the type of work you're doing," Waklshk explained.

*"Nuns have lost their lives across the world because they will go where they believe God sends them"*

"Since then, sisters have more responsibility to make decisions to help people across the world."

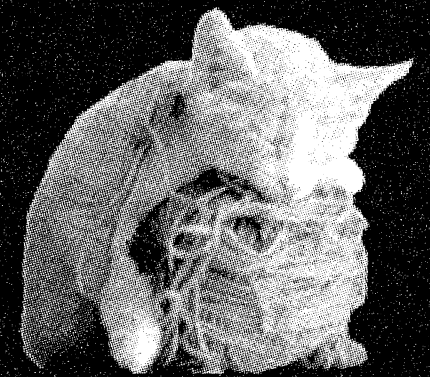
Dr. Jane Linahan, professor of systematic theology at St. Bonaventure University said one of the major themes of the Vatican Council II was acknowledging the dignity of the human person. "It was important to understand that the world had changed in regards to the attitude towards women," Linahan said. "It was a step forward out of a patriarchal society."

With increased dignity in hand following the Vatican Council II and her rebirth, Landry continued living up to her commitment and disciplines as a Religious of the

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm  
060 Student Union



The Stony Brook Press:

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

Sacred Heart of Mary. Dedicated to education, she served God much like "the army, navy, and marines serve their country," she said.

Landry recalled that she was often assigned to certain tasks not only because she was a religious, but also because she was a woman in the Catholic Church.

The first choice in Landry's religious life was to be the assistant director of admissions at Marymount College. "Making this decision was a major step for me," Landry said. "We were usually told where we would be and we were not used to options or choices."

Not only was it Landry's first professional choice, but it also shaped her passion. She continues this today at Stony Brook University not only as the Chaplain at the Catholic Campus Ministry in the Interfaith Center, but also as an advisor for a half-dozen student clubs and organizations.

Richard Gatteau, director of the Academic and Pre-Professional Advising Center, said of Landry, "She is an incredible student advocate and is probably the most well-known person on campus." Gatteau added that Landry makes him feel part of something bigger. "I am on the prayer chain, and when I receive an e-mail asking for support for another member of our campus from Sister Margaret, it reminds me that I work at a special place that values the importance of the human spirit."



# Write Until Your Little Hands Bleed

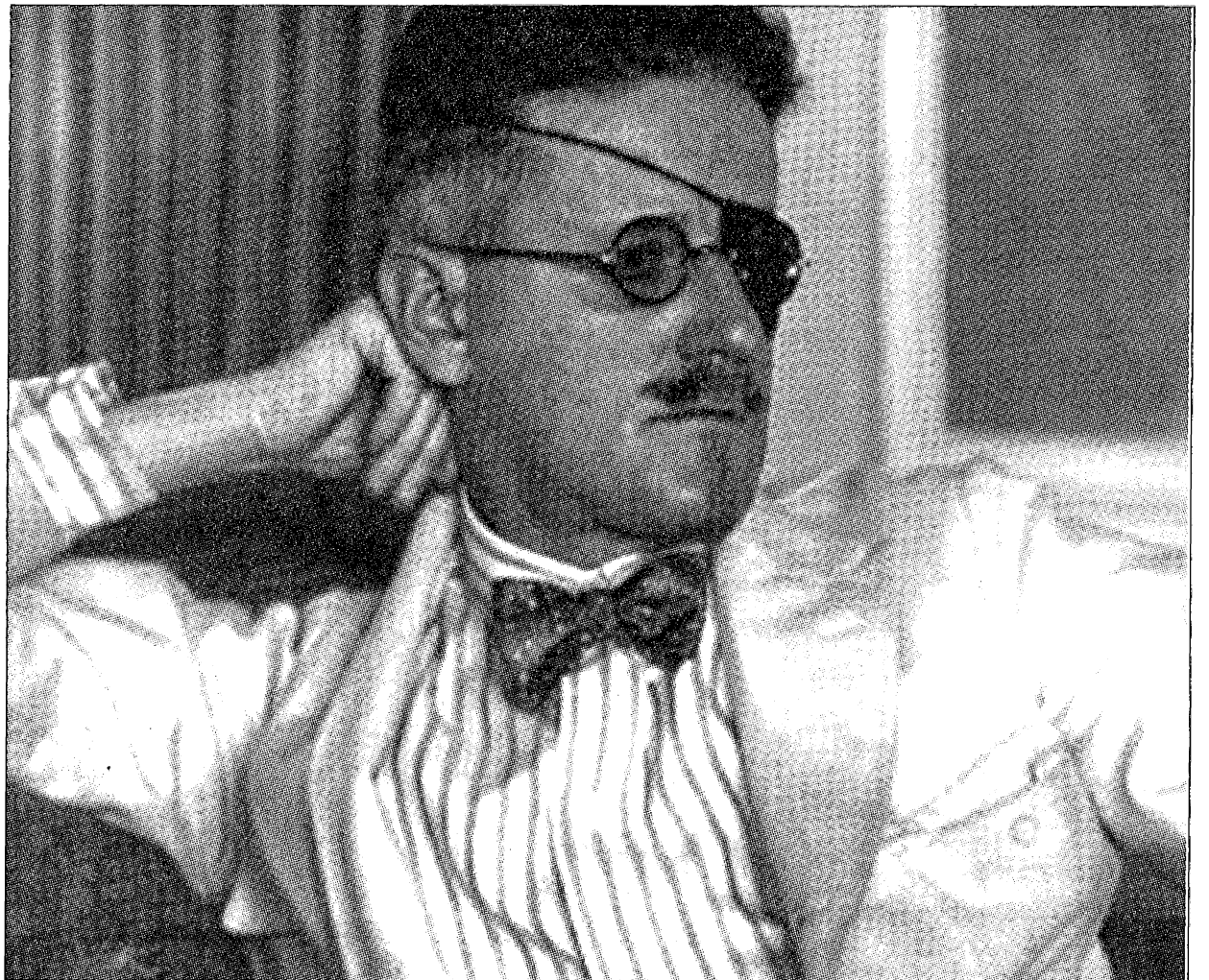
By Eric DiGiovanni

National Novel Writing Month is an annual challenge to produce a 50,000 word novel in the month of November. It's frantic, nerve-racking, and chances are your final product won't be the next *Catcher in the Rye* or *Ulysses* to hit the bookstands.

But that doesn't matter. NaNoWriMo is about motivation, not quality. How many people have you met who've said, "Yeah, I'm working on a novel." Everyone acts impressed and they feel better because they're so creative and smart and can leave their job at Starbucks anytime. Then they can live out their dream of being a famous writer and have white people tell them how awesome they are. NaNoWriMo kicks those pretentious douchebags in the balls (or ovaries) and says, "You want be a writer? Then do it!"

Let's look at why it works. First off, it gives a definitive deadline: midnight, November 30th. Even the laziest of us can obey a deadline for a paper for class. "30 days?" you say, burning your barista apron, "I've done 10-page papers in one night!" Sure, but that's when you have the convenience of copy-pasting from Wikipedia. You have to come up with 50,000 of your own words, for a story you make up.

Second, it establishes a daily habit of writing, or at the very least making your time productive. For the math inhibited, to meet the deadline, you'd need to type 1667 words a day. Finally, it encourages enthusiasm for something of your own creation. Only suckers get psyched for school papers. You get a grade, that's it. No one ever speaks of that time you wrote a five-page paper telling exactly one person what string



James Joyce spent slightly more than a month writing *Ulysses*

theory is. With your novel, you can share it with anyone and everyone, and actually have a reason to take pride in it.

50,000 words. 30 days. 1 novel. Can you do the write thing?

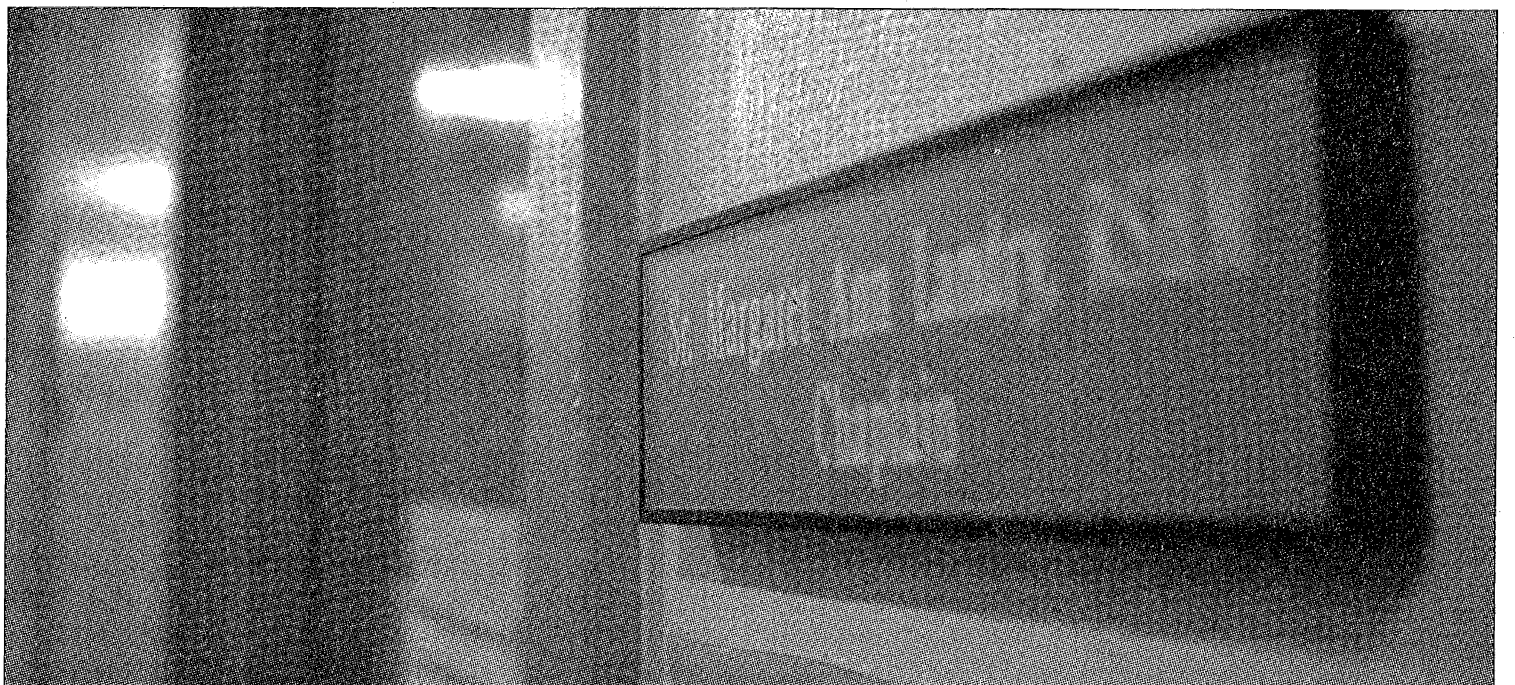
## PROPHECY continued from page 8

Sanhita Reddy, a senior majoring in health science, noted Landry's distinct universality among students. "I worked with her last year at the 9/11 memorial," Reddy said. "She was so gracious to everyone who participated, and really made the effort to mix all the groups of people who were there to remember that day."

Reddy, who has worked closely with Sister Margaret in the Student Ambassador Program, added, "I love that she has such an open-door policy and seems to always remember what I'm doing with my spare time whether it be internships, clubs, or even homework from class."

Jerrold L. Stein, dean of students and associate vice president

for student affairs, has worked closely with Landry during her 20 years at Stony Brook. "She provides continuity, stability and strength," Stein said. "Her willingness to give so much of her time to advise and mentor led to an award being



That's Landry, not laundry.

Andrew Fraley

named in her Honor—The Sister Margaret Ann Landry Lifetime Achievement Award for Advisement."

Landry, who describes herself as enthusiastic, spiritual, and caring, thinks students see her as caring and loving person

who "doesn't discriminate against any class or religion."

Sister Margaret Ann Landry believes "The glory of God is a person fully alive." To those who may be skeptical of her commitment to God, she offers a wise remark.

"A person can give glory to God even if they don't believe – you could be a humane person, doing the right thing," Landry said with a smile.

"Now that's deep," she added with a smirk.

# The Quest for the Windows 7 Whopper

By Alex Walsh

## Part I: The Challenge

I've got beef with East Asia. Specifically, the fact that they've got beef. More than me. Consistently. That doesn't sit well with me. Not that the amount of food soon to be discussed could possibly sit well in my stomach, but that's beside the point. I'm more than willing to inflict grievous harm on my body when principles are on the line.

You may be aware of the moderately popular fast food franchise known as Burger King. You may also be aware of the corporate behemoth called Microsoft. Well, they teamed up. For the launch of Windows 7, the latest iteration of Microsoft's near-ubiquitous operating system, Burger King rolled out a "Windows 7 Whopper." This culinary improbability promised to combine the exquisite flavor and inherent health risks of Burger King's flagship sandwich with the sheer, inconceivable size of the Redmond-based software giant by stacking seven patties between its golden buns.

The news of this new scion of sliders caused my brain to skip past questioning the marketing sense of promoting grandiose claims of a new product's benefits by coupling it with a food whose name is synonymous with "lies" and hop right on into fantasizing about the burger. Matthews-esque shivers raced down my leg. Its towering, brazenly inconvenient height catapulted it into the realm of pure art. Form over function, indeed.

That, of course, was when I finished reading the sentence and saw that it was exclusive to Japan. Memories of the betrayal of the BK Seven-Incher came flooding back. (It's exactly what it sounds like. A cheeseburger stretched out to the size of a seven-inch hero. The ad campaign was an almost insultingly blunt fellatio reference. I drove ten miles to get the damn thing only to find out it was released in Singapore.) Asians only. I knew there was only one way to vent this rage.

I tweeted about it.

**PlanesNoSnakes:** Unhappy that the Windows 7 Whopper is only in Japan. I want seven layers, damnit!

**rhymeswithhappy @PlanesNoSnakes** The whopper has 2 patties, right? That's 800 calories. 7 patties? Basic math says Windows 7 whopper clocks in at 2,700

**rhymeswithhappy @PlanesNoSnakes** that's not food. that's a dare.

**rhymeswithhappy @PlanesNoSnakes** ps - this weekend we're buying 4 whoppers, building this burger, and making you eat it.

I decided then and there that I would do it. For the American people, who gave birth to both Windows and the Whopper, who fought for the idea that anything worth doing was even more worth doing if you could add more beef, and who steadfastly refused to concede that bigger is anything other than better, I would build and consume that monstrous sandwich!

**PlanesNoSnakes @rhymeswithhappy** You're on, bitch.

Be warned: I'm hungry for victory.

**p0pr0cks518 @PlanesNoSnakes** consuming well over the daily amount of calories in a single sandwich knowingly? Your blood will turn to sludge

**p0pr0cks518 @rhymeswithhappy** we're giving @PlanesNoSnakes a death dare

**rhymeswithhappy @p0pr0cks518** lol

President Obama and will.i.am warned me this would happen.

"We have been told we cannot do this by a chorus of cynics; they will only grow louder and more dissonant.

We've been asked to pause for a reality check.

We've been warned against offering the people of



Delish!

this nation false hope.

But in the unlikely story that is America, there has never been anything FALSE about hope."

Fuck the haters, this was to be my challenge. And when I completed it, standing atop the summit of my own greasy Everest, I would go ahead and brush my shoulders off.

## Part II: The Attempt

After much anticipation, the day was finally upon me. The cast was as follows: Erin (p0pr0cks518), the looks; Dan, the muscle; Matt (rhymeswithhappy), the wild card; and Cassandra, the youth. Astonishingly, in light of what you're about to read, I had been designated the brains of this outfit. The conditions were ominous. Matt's eleven year old sister – the aforementioned youth – had come to visit, and a sky full of menacing rain clouds followed closely behind. I tried to keep my food

intake light as we traveled through the soggy streets of Manhattan in search of Halloween pumpkins. When the time came for the challenge, I had only eaten an appetizer plate of fried calamari at Puglia's (a small restaurant in Little Italy with good food, lousy service and an endearingly creepy shrine to an Elvis impersonator) and a blondie from Magnolia's.

The L deposited us back in Bushwick and the trek to the Myrtle/Seneca Burger King was on. Upon arriving, we found that our earlier estimate of calories was flawed – the Whopper's a one-patty affair. At least we wouldn't be discarding any patties. My order: two Triple Whoppers, a Whopper, and a medium Dr. Pepper. Total calorie count on the three sandwiches came to an incredible 3,100. It was at this point that I realized I would not be eating the cupcakes I had saved from Magnolia's any time soon.

Back at the apartment, the first task was construction. After establishing the first Triple Whopper as my foundation stone, I shucked the remaining beef patties from their coverings and stacked them up. At long last I was face to face with my opponent, perhaps the only specimen of its kind in the Western hemisphere. Like the old dude from *Jurassic Park*, I had tampered with the order of things, introducing a mighty force into an environment that had no place for it. I felt my hair stand on end as fight or flight kicked in, but Erin had already grabbed her camera so I had to act tough. You know, for America.

As all present gathered to watch, I hefted the awkwardly tall burger and took my first bite. Post-bite examination showed that I had barely made a dent. Laughter was general as I pulled a fork and knife from the drawer. Lest you look down on me at this point, dear reader, I will remind you that between the two sesame seed buns on my plate lay 1.74 pounds of beef. That's nearly a kilo of cow.

Progress after that first bite was fairly slow. Seven Whoppers' worth of beef with one Whopper's worth of toppings gets dry and dull fast. But Lauren Walsh didn't raise a quitter. I kept trudging on, consuming more and more despite rapidly disappearing hunger. Cassandra's presence was very helpful. Whenever I slowed my pace she'd glance at her phone and disapprovingly inform me of how long I was taking. There's really nothing

like being judged by a fifth grader to restore flagging motivation.

About two awful hours after first bite I sat staring at one last chunk of cold beef on my plate next to a single solitary pickle slice. No feast has ever appeared more daunting. With shaking hands I positioned the remaining food on my fork and raised it a few inches. Dan alerted everyone that I was about to finish. As the challengers gathered, the journey from plate to mouth resumed. Here I made a critical mistake. Rather than mechanically shoving the last remains of the Whopper into my face, I thought about eating it. A wave of nausea rocked my body harder than a Timberlake jam.

I took a moment to settle down, then tried to eat it again. No dice. The gathering adjourned from the living room to the bathroom. Just in case.

I was determined not to lose on the boss fight, but for the life of me I couldn't bring myself to do anything

Want your club/organization to be featured in a future Club Spotlight?

E-mail *The Press* at  
editors@sbpress.com

## Pretentious Douche Won't Shut Up About Sartre

By Ross Barkan

A pretentious douchebag claimed that Jean-Paul Sartre, a 20<sup>th</sup> century French existentialist philosopher, can only be properly comprehended in French, according to eye-rolling Stony Brook University sources.

The 21 year-old unnamed asshole floated around Tabler Quad for two hours, lecturing to any students in earshot that no one can possibly understand Sartre's core tenets unless they are fluent in the French language. Cradling a bottle of Jack Daniels and a two dollar cigar, the shallow douche with-his-head-so-far-up-his-own-asshole-he can't-see-the-light-of-day interrupted multiple conversations to spread his unfounded and wholly invalid viewpoint

"Excuse eh moo-ah, par lay voo francness?" the fucker asked in broken, deplorable French to no one in particular. "Is anyone acquainted with the works of Jean-Paul Sartre?"

When freshman Randy Finkelshtein enthusiastically and foolishly responded that he had read and enjoyed Sartre's landmark play *No Exit*, the arrogant fetus-head immediately launched into a three minute and 24 second diatribe about the poor quality of English translations of Sartre's work.

"It's a shame you read *No Exit* in English already," said the smug prick. "Did you know that Huis Clos, the French name of the play, actually translates to In Closed Wells? I bet you didn't. Americans are so ignorant they think Sartre actually wanted his play to be called *No Exit*. No Exit, really? Then why does the exit door open in the play? *Exactly*."

The incorrect translation of Huis Clos (Behind Closed Doors) did not stop the cock-gobbling dunce and Great

Neck, Long Island native from harassing other students during the evening gathering. When junior Rick Black argued that he understood existentialist philosophy even though he didn't know French, the shit-tongued ass clown who never actually lived in Montpellier,

Existentialism is more Freudian, Proustian, and Lincolnian than actually believed."

As the verbal diarrhea continued to pour from his mouth, some students tried to intervene and save the night. Local hero Jim Pesci, a senior and phi-

making his way toward a female with large breasts. "I'm philosophizing."

The asshole with no regard for history or people then proceeded to spread his pseudo-philosophical detritus among the female population of Tabler. The self-described "metaphysical wizard" asked freshman Ashley Popovich if she had read any Sartre or Camus. When she responded "no" and began to walk away, the faux-intellectual fucknut seized her shoulder and began speaking barely discernable French.

"Mon cheri, mon cheri, wait! Haven't you ever wondered about why we're really here?" When Popovich timidly responded "yes," the complete and utter waste of human life filled the air with another vapid and worthless monologue that wasted the time of everyone within a six mile radius.

"You see, Ashley, the world is a complicated place. No one knows how we got here. And Sartre, a true master of Darwin's theory of thermal emotion, realized that God is like the Sun. He makes stuff grow and shines but you just don't know where he is or where he came from. That's why we're all unhappy."

The Sun is a G-type main sequence star located 93 million miles from the Earth. Clearly not armed with this knowledge, the rotting tree stump of a human being attempted to touch Popovich's breast before she finally scurried away.

"I can teach you French!" he shouted to the uncomfortable onlookers who could learn more French browsing Wikipedia in five minutes than the brain-dead fucker will absorb in his entire existence.

As of press time, the living-challenged Francophile has yet to have sex with any women.



France as he falsely claimed at an Alpha Nu Omega frat party last Friday, told Black that he didn't know "what the hell he was talking about."

"If you understood even rudimentary French, you would know that existentialism has nothing to do with man feeling anguished because he is completely free to carve his own destiny," he said as he chugged the last half of the Jack Daniels and pulled out a can of Coors Light from his pants pocket, "in French, destiny, or destinee, is a cognate of destinau and purlieu, meaning environmental despair, and as everyone in Europe knows, is an indicator that true

philosophy major, calmly explained to the total ponce that his interpretation of existentialism was not based in any kind of fact. Even after Pesci correctly pointed out that Sartre could not have possibly served in World War I (he was thirteen when World War I ended in 1918), the misguided fecal-hearted moron insisted that Sartre's philosophy was a direct response to his service as a latrine operator in the war and that Pesci didn't know this because he never took "Introduction to French" in 5<sup>th</sup> grade.

"Seriously man, you gotta back down," he said, pushing Pesci aside and

### WHOPPER continued from page 10

more than grimace at the paltry scraps whose continued existence heaped more and more shame on me with each passing moment. Once again lifting the fork, I put on a brave face but faltered at the last moment.

"Just put it in your mouth," Erin offered helpfully. That was the tipping point.

"Oh no..." I groaned, pivoting from

my plate. "This is happening. This is happening!"

My failure was complete.

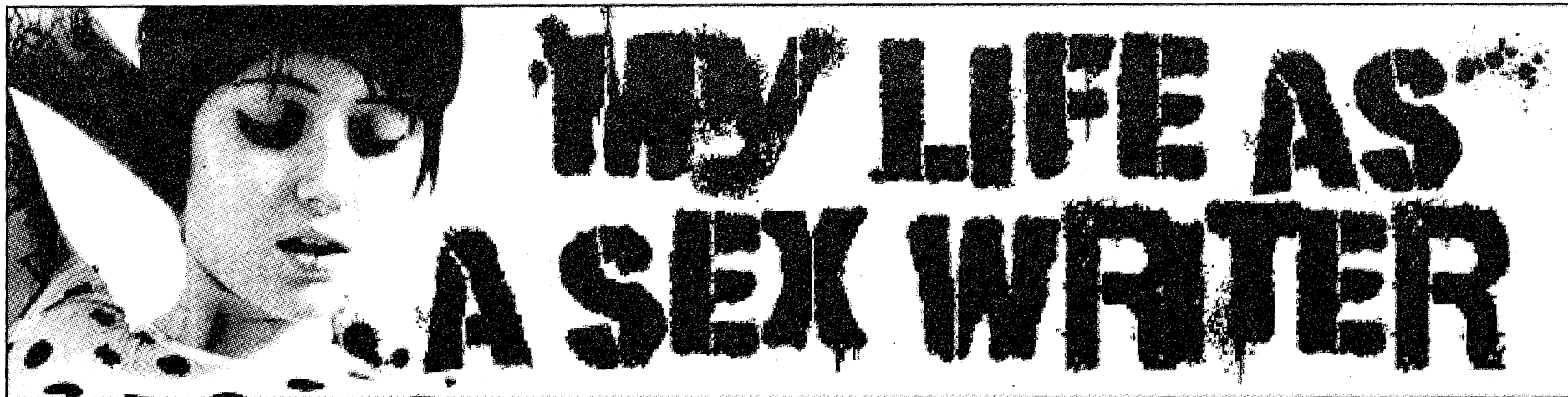
It took me some time to come to terms with what had happened. For too long I cursed the whole affair. I had failed, I thought. The Windows 7 Whopper was a vile, cruel joke after all, and its creators black hearted men who cared not for the lives they shattered. But the next morning, my spirits lifted by a delicious Western omelet at the Kellogg Diner, I made a breakthrough.

All along, I said I was doing this for America. But perhaps I was coming at it wrong. My idealistic hope for a wholly pure triumph over the Whopper was entirely born of Obama's America. To pull a win out of this, I had to get in touch with my inner Bush. If at first you don't succeed, redefine victory.

With your permission, dear reader, I'd like to lay some knowledge on you. Windows 7 is a misleading name. Technically speaking, it is actually version 6.1.7600 of the Windows software. 6.1!

By my estimate, I consumed about 6.9 Whopper beef patties. And I probably could have actually held down 6.5-6.7. So by even the most cautious of estimates, I totally outconsumed what would have been an accurate amount of burger.

It's morning again in America. (Seriously, though, never try to eat one of these things. It isn't fun.)



## By Chris Mellides

I was sent on assignment to a local sex club. Yes. There's no point in telling you of my professional qualifications and skills. I have them. Do you? No, that's not fair, now is it? It was a wondrous Saturday night lust affair; my business associates should be none of your concern. The club in question was a few rungs above a sty and I went there as a journalist. Although, truth be told, sexual perversity had this profound hold on me. I suppose I was also there as a pervert on holiday. Immorality seized me by the throat and squeezed tight. Waves of guilt crashed over me like a goddamn tsunami of terrible sin. How exciting.

I thought, "Hell, this is it!"

Upon my arrival, I was numb and brutally exhausted. The deep groan I issued outside the neon-lit entranceway was enough to send my cigarette crashing to the asphalt, but I held it tight with my teeth, yellowed and stained from years of abuse. I felt an intense and hot sensation come over me. Clearly, what was in store for us sex patrons that evening was not of the norm.

My fleshy member had yet to brush against female skin that night, but I was positively electrified, my body set ablaze with dirty thoughts. I dared not take a sip of alcohol during my stay there, for fear of exploding; those bright and burning embers in my belly knew no bounds and would not take kindly to unexpected surprises.

I knew, oh boy did I know that something was going to happen. Story or not, I was certain to tear into a slice of virgin pussy or at the very least, have my shot at some old whore.

There were two floors there. Two floors. I could very well have afforded to cover just one of them, but, to be honest, how many self-respecting journalists would cover such a story to begin with? A right publication wouldn't send one of their own to cover the fucking parking lot of one of these God-forsaken places, let alone all two floors that were sure to contain within them wild debauchery of Romanesque proportions.

"Fuck it," I thought, "I'll cover the whole stinking establishment!"

Drugs.

Of course, I was on a few that night. Sure. In my backseat alone there was enough grass to take down a troupe of circus elephants—really—really powerful stuff. I had an extra pack of squares in the glove, dope in the back and the trunk was a paradise for two-bit pill poppers and burn out hippie scum. Funny.

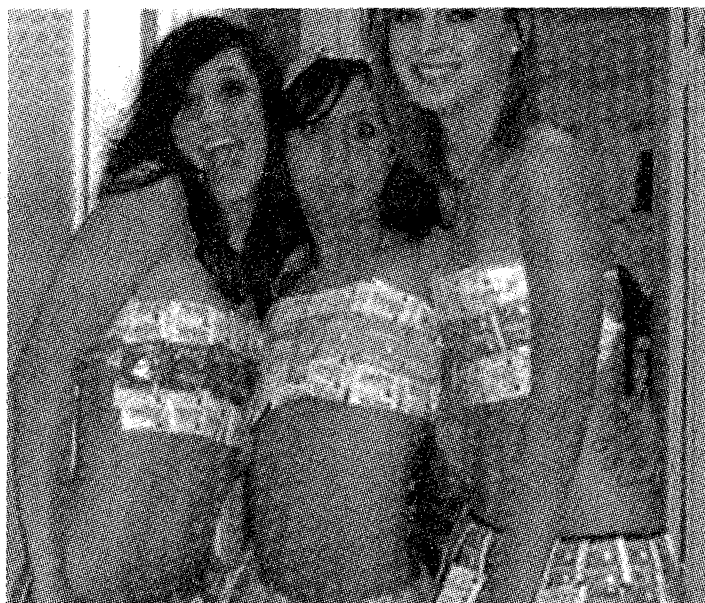
Barbara was there to greet me at the lobby. She and her husband Paul ran the festivities on the first floor. Oh what an honor. The admission that night was 50 dollars for singles and 30 dollars for couples. Thankfully, my editor called ahead of time and saved me the trouble of reaching for my wallet.

I was given the grand tour and treated like a guy who

had just felled the King of England. Rock stars would've wept if they saw me in there. I was a man of high status among the ever-growing pool of liars, derelicts and cheats. What a rush!

The first floor had an ATM in the lobby and a selection of adult DVDs were strewn in a back storefront, which was manned by an irate Pole. Not surprisingly, the Pollack's shop hid a rather large peepshow area behind a burgundy curtain where old fags presumably hung out to prey on one another's foreskins.

I, on the other hand, had entered a club-like environment for straights, as I mentioned before, which was actually quite nice.



I was geeking pretty hard, though and the drugs started wearing off around the time Barbara was showing me the club's sex swing, which, according to my hostess, was capable of holding up to 450 pounds. Not bad, I guess, let's not leave out the horny obese. No, of course not.

Fat people and those dangerously obese many need their kicks too. After all, this is the land of the fat and horny, no? America, the land of milk and honey, what a tired cliché! What should pass is: America, the land of beer and rib eye. Yes, that's more like it.

I was crashing.

There was a slight burning in my retinas and my cheap plastic shades did little to fight the sting. Barbara sent for Paul who was positively sure that I'd turn into a liability and fast had he not acted quickly to prevent me from slipping into the depths of drug exhaustion. He handed me a Budweiser and a shot of Irish whiskey. It was a good medicine.

"So," he began, "How do you like my place?"

I managed to tell him that I liked it a whole lot, but that it seemed unusually dead for a cold Saturday night. I expected something more lively, vibrant and insane.

He assured me that more people were on the way and he recommended that I stay in the dimly lit back room away from all of the couches and stripper poles that the main area offered horny couples only.

I staggered into the back, as Paul requested.

There was a collection of rooms with curtains. These rooms, I was told, were meant for small groups of people. If the curtain was drawn closed and the room roped off, then passerby's were limited to just watching the action and made to deal with palming their pricks all night. If however, this minor inconvenience were non-existent, then anything was go.

I sat down on a plush couch and waited for the action to come. There was a bed of sorts that was padded with what looked like gym mats, directly in front of me. An old couple entered and found a seat by my side.

"Who are you supposed to be?" said the woman.

"Me, I'm nobody. Just a sex writer on assignment is all."

She didn't believe me. But who cares.

Soon I heard some commotion erupt from behind me in a roar. A man wearing a dirty white pullover sweater led a blonde woman of about 35 or 40 inside. She was instructed to lie down on the mats and did so without the slightest complaint. Then she began peeling off her clothes and this attracted a lot of attention from the male patrons who quickly surrounded her like a pack of starved hyenas.

I came to realize that she was drugged and possibly a prostitute, escorted in by a man who paid her by the hour and liked to watch her being violated by a team of beastly young animals.

I watched as 10 or 15 men dropped trou around me. They proceeded to have sex with her. It was a violent spectacle and not for the faint of heart. The blonde's legs were spread apart, her stockings torn away and her vagina exposed to the world. Soon, the smell of semen and sweat filled the air, which grew hotter as more and more bodies shuffled inside the room.

I edged myself out of there and began walking towards the exit when the man who brought in the blonde stopped me.

"Do you like to watch?"

"Sure."

"Well," he said. You can have your turn if you want. I don't mind."

I thanked him and told him that I'd best be on my way. It was 5 o'clock in the morning and I could no longer see what was in front of me.

What I just witnessed was ugly and morally reprehensible. It wasn't fun. It was dark and horrible. I no longer considered visiting the upstairs. As I began to quicken my pace I passed Barbara on my way out.

"Did you enjoy your stay?"

"I think I've seen my fill for one night, Barbara. Goodbye."

She was puzzled at my lack of enthusiasm. My sense of excitement had been sapped by the end of the night and she noticed it.

As I made my way to my gold Impala, I fished around my jacket pocket for a filterless, lit it and sucked up the smoke till it filled my lungs. Then, I sank deep into the driver's seat, started the engine and watched as the first rays of dawn washed over my car.

For the first time, I no longer knew who I was.

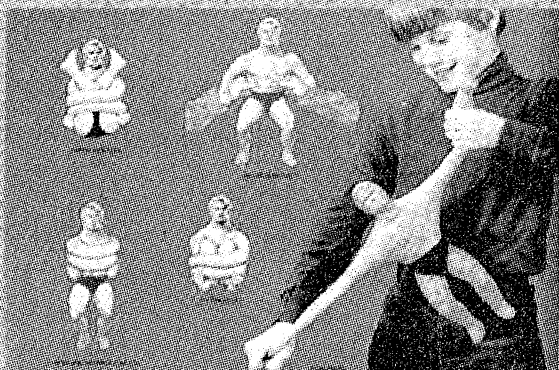
# Stony Brook Press Picks of the Fortnight

## Toy of the Fortnight - Stretch Armstrong

By Mike Cusanelli

Remember when you had those cool G.I. Joe figures with the realistic weapons and features and the badass army gear? Now, do you remember that year you were bad and you got a Stretch Armstrong doll for Christmas instead?

Much like an ill conceived Mr. Fantastic rip-off, Stretch Armstrong had the ability to twist and stretch his limbs into all sorts of wacky positions (even though you know all you did was pull on him with your little brother until he snapped like a man-shaped tug of war rope). As one of the most ill conceived toys ever made, Stretch basically consisted of a four fingered rubber glove filled with corn syrup and attached to a broad-chinned G.I. Joe reject. Now, you may think this sounds fun, but think again. Every



time the stupid doll was in any sort of sunlight or got cold, the damn corn syrup would get all freaky, resulting in a much less stretchy Stretch or, at worst, a shriveled leaking mess of a doll. But did this stop Stretch from being a total badass? I don't think so. Go ahead and insult Stretch in front of any child of the 80's and prepare for a colossal whuppin'. For his corn-syrupy goodness, Stretch Armstrong has managed to wrap his fingerless mitts around the title of a truly epic retro toy.

Stretch Goddammit! Stretch!!!!

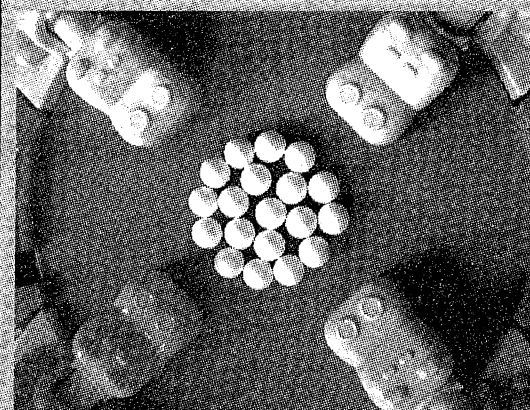
## Board Game of the Fortnight - Hungry Hungry Hippos

by Chris Mellides

When I was young and just barely out of my feety pajamas, Hungry Hungry Hippos was the game to play. Board games were for the boring. Monopoly was too difficult and far too complicated for my little mind to comprehend, and a game like Operation, while fun, put me under a lot of unneeded pressure. I mean, a concept like intensive surgery wasn't my bag back then. Having to pay for and take part in complicated medical procedures on a rainy afternoon with your friends was a ridiculous concept. And when you botched the job, the vibrating metal edges really did a trick on

the nerves. Fuck that game. On the other hand, Hungry Hungry Hippos was valued by my childhood friends and me, both for its simplicity and its mindlessness. The whole concept was to man a gluttonous hippo and gobble up as many little white plastic balls as you could. The player whose hippo eats the most balls wins. You can't get much simpler than that. The game is a bulimic's dream. Binge on some white ball confectionery and then puke it back up at your friends' hippos. Priceless. The only problem is that we'd all get too into it. After a few rounds we'd lose our shit and white balls would start flying across the room. They'd bounce off the fucking walls, behind

the sofa, in between couch cushions. Forget about it. There reached a point where we'd lose most of the balls and get too lazy to retrieve them all. And Hungry Hungry Hippos was no fun to play with just two or three balls on the board. Luckily, a few years later, I discovered masturbation, and the Hippo racket paled in comparison to the five-knuckle shuffle.



## Album of the Fortnight - Evangelicals - *The Evening Descends*

By Andrew Fraley

The Evangelicals—wait, just Evangelicals—are an independent style rock band from Oklahoma. Don't let their name fool you though; they aren't Christian or religious or anything of the sort. Far from it, in fact. They sing about monsters and insanity wards and demons and drugs and stuff. Following their 2006 debut album, *So Gone*, they released one of my favorite albums ever in 2008, *The Evening Descends*. A cacophonous blend of glam rock instrumentals, pop synths and subdued whispery conversations, the album is as bizarre and surreal as it is catchy.

Songs like "Skeleton Man" and "Bellawood" help lend to the album's spooky, haunted house feel. Lead singer Josh Jones' vocals range from drearily subdued, as with "Paperback Suicide", to a manic falsetto, as with



"Party Crashin'" and "Midnight Vignette".

The final result of all this is a brilliant album that blows you apart with the opening titular track, "The Evening Descends", and puts you back together by the end. Jones once described this album as "Marvin Gaye meets *Rocky Horror Picture Show*". That would be true if Marvin Gaye were much cooler, and if Tim Curry hadn't later done *Congo*. Bottom line, this album rules.

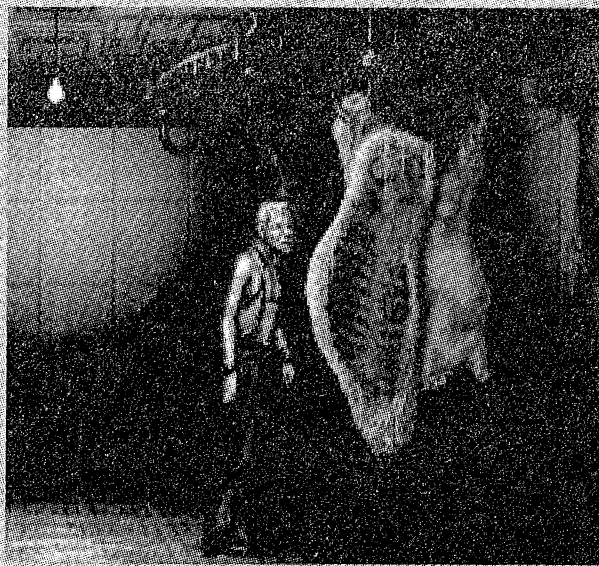
## Game of the Fortnight - *I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream*

By Eric DiGiovanni

Think about that phrase for a minute. Doesn't it evoke sheer terror, culminating in an ultimate feeling of suffocation and helplessness? That, my friends, is life under AM, a malevolent supercomputer created to wage

a war too complex for humans to conceive. Like all powerful AI, he wiped out humanity save for five survivors, whom he has tortured for the past 109 years. The game is based on the short story by sci-fi author Harlan Ellison of the same name, and expands tremendously on the themes and backstories presented in the original six paltry pages.

It's a traditional point-and-click adventure game that takes the survivors and puts them through a traumatic psychodrama based on their previous transgressions. You'll play as a former Nazi scientist, a rape victim, a womanizer, and other characters in this twisted mindfuck that's worth tracking down.



## arts&amp;entertainment

**Living Past '96 Not Good Idea For Rivers Cuomo**

By Henry Schiller

If Weezer frontman Rivers Cuomo was hoping to be remembered as a credible musician, then he made a massive career mistake by living past 1996. Weezer releases since that year (perhaps due to the departure of Matt Sharpe, the critical bombing of *Pinkerton*, or Cuomo's epiphany that good musicians tend to make very little money) have ranged from mediocre to abominable.

To Cuomo's credit, each Weezer album tends to have a unique sound, and while their first two albums were forerunners for mid-90s power-pop and emo, respectively, their more recent releases have been undisguised attempts at latching onto whatever facet of pop-rock was popular two years prior. On *Raditude*, released November 3, Weezer dives headfirst into the aurally experimental world of abhorrent mainstream pop.

The album's opener, "(If You're Wondering If I Want You To) I Want You To" is admittedly catchy. Sure, the vocals and bro-strums of the acoustic guitar sound more like the All American Rejects (who are either being lampooned or revered throughout this entire album) than anything Weezer might have put out in the past decade and a half, but the song goes through some enjoyable, if not particularly interesting, progressions before resting on a barbershop quartet style vocal breakdown. The harmonies will be too clean for Blue Album fanatics, but then Cuomo tries to

do that dumb melodic talking thing that made songs like "El Scorcho" so awesome, and you know everything is going to be okay. Oh, and if it feels like you've heard the album's opening track before it's because you probably did: when it was called "Beautiful Girls" by Sean Kingston.

The album's second track, "I'm Your Daddy," making an appeal to god knows what demographic, has a generic but admittedly sticky chorus, but begins a downward spiral in terms of songwriting and production quality that will continue through the album's tenth and final song.

Possibly the biggest disappointment on the album (though at this point, to expect anything other than complete mediocrity from Weezer bespeaks masochistic intent) was "Can't Stop Partying," the demo of which (sans Lil' Wayne) was available on Cuomo's *Alone II* release. The home-recorded version (circa 1999) was an almost hauntingly remorseful, though not humorless, song about (probably fictionalized) excesses. Lil' Wayne's mid-song rap was far and away the best part of producer Jermaine Dupri's "improved" version of Cuomo's demo; one must wonder if Cuomo is aware of the fact that he is deliberately destroying his own music. I also can't help but wonder if guitarist Brian Bell is even playing on this fucking song.

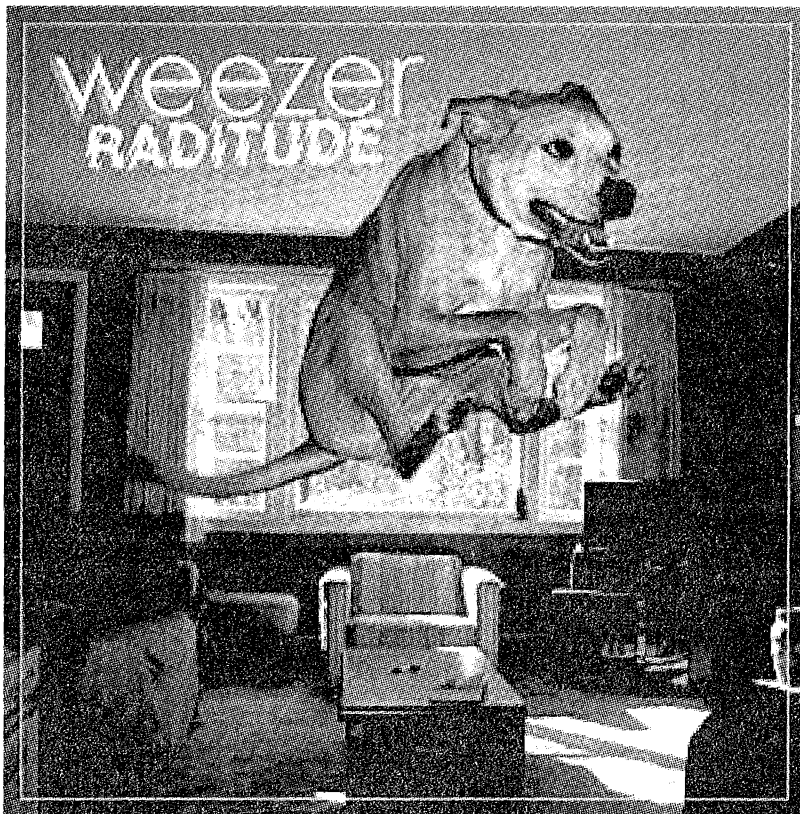
"Trippin' Down the Freeway," one of two songs on the album penned by Cuomo alone, has initial remnants of Weezer's *Maladroit* album. However, producer Jackknife Lee's apparent hate for music squashes Weezer's shaky, awkward, but endearing harmonies into processed pop shit. All live instruments on this song have been reduced to a single tone. Also, I don't know how it took so many peo-

ple to produce this album, but the result is an album with no sense of direction or musical coherence.

"Put Me Back Together," co-written by All American Rejects' Tyson Ritter and Nick Wheeler is, not surprisingly, the worst song on the album. I'm assuming Cuomo approached the pair, asked them how to write a song that would make middle school students fall in love with him, and as a result "Put Me Back Together" was conceived.

By track seven, "Love Is the Answer," (which has the sitar on it) I was dreading having to listen to any more of this album, and honestly the last three tracks are kind of a blur. *Raditude* has slipped back into the mélange of absolute mediocrity perfected by the *Green Album*. Cuomo's guitar solos have, over the years, gone from brilliantly inventive (*Blue Album*, *Pinkerton*), to a repeat of the vocal melody (*Green Album*, *Maladroit*), to fodder even Kurt Cobain couldn't mess up.

The fact of the matter is, though many have attributed Weezer's musical success to Cuomo alone, it has always been more of a group effort. While this is certainly the case on *Raditude*, the group seems to be Cuomo and friends (Ritter, Lee, Dupri) as opposed to Weezer's four core members. There is an obvious sense of levity to all of Weezer's most recent releases, as if they're ruining music on purpose. Maybe Cuomo has a sense of humor about his music, and maybe he just wants us to be in on the joke too. Well, Cuomo may have gotten his wish, this album is a hysterical fucking joke.



**If you get too anxious or frightened...**

The Stony Brook Press will kickstart your heart.  
Meetings every Wed at 1pm in Student Union 060

# Practicing *Sainthood*

By Katie Knowlton

Tegan and Sara are an interesting case in the modern music industry: a band that has slowly built their fan base over the past ten years, touring constantly and working their asses off to get their large cult following. But with the release of their latest album, *Sainthood*, Tegan and Sara are finally poised to make their well-deserved break into the mainstream consciousness.

Their sixth full-length, *Sainthood* is a distinct step forward in the Canadian sister's evolution. In many ways, it is a logical progression after 2007's *The Con*, but it's not incredibly obvious after the first, or even fifth, listen. While *The Con* was a very dark album—predominantly slow and synth heavy, dealing with issues related to the end of a romantic relationship—*Sainthood* is upbeat and optimistic. It's almost a new wave album with 80s synth lines and fuzzy guitars. It's all about the excitement and trepidation of starting a new relationship. But without *The Con*, I don't think this album would have sounded the way it does. The 2007 LP allowed the duo to explore electronics, synthesizers, and electric guitar in a way they had never done before. Prior to that disc, Tegan and Sara were known more for their acoustic indie-pop, frequently being called a folk-rock band by music press. *The Con* managed to get them out of that pigeon hole and allowed them to make an album that I think has set the tone for at least the next five or ten years

of their career.

Like I said before, *Sainthood* has much in common with 80's new wave and pop-rock. There is enough modern indie sensibility that it doesn't sound dated or cheesy, but it's a much easier listen than *The Con*. The songs on this album were recorded live as opposed to doing a track-by-track style, and there are fewer layers of sound. It sounds like a band rather than a carefully constructed aural puzzle. The songs are not dense, and there are no extraneous layers of synth or other sounds. This is Tegan and Sara: the rock band. Despite my immense love of *The Con*, I'm glad they went this route for the album, it takes many of the best aspects of their previous releases and puts them onto one disc. It also shows that instead of replicating their biggest album to date they aren't afraid trying new things.

The songs on *Sainthood* are, like their previous albums, split fairly evenly between ones written by Tegan and ones written by Sara. The two have very distinct styles, and after a few listens you can really get the feel of whose songs are whose. I've always been more of a fan of Tegan's songs, as they tend to be faster, more guitar-centered and punk influenced as opposed to Sara, who often writes slower, more musically complicated tracks. *Sainthood* is no exception to this. The first single, "Hell," is a guitar driven indie-rock song about Tegan's Vancouver neighborhood as a thinly veiled metaphor for love. In contrast, "Alligator Tears," a song written by Sara, has no guitar whatsoever, just



drum, bass and three synth parts. This may mark the first time that a song by Sara is my favorite off an album. "Sentimental Tune" is a fairly 80's influenced track, with the bass fairly low key, the drums driving with fairly simple beats, and, of course, great synth. But what really caught me on this track was Sara's lyrics, particularly "Hard-hearted don't worry I'm ready for a fight/Unnerved, the nerve, you're nervous, nervous that I'm right." What can I say? I'm a sucker for great word play. *Sainthood* does feature one anomaly however: a song co-written by Tegan and Sara, something that has never happened before on one of their albums.

According to various interviews with the sisters the song, "Paperback Head" was written during a session they had in New Orleans. The two had never tried to write a song together, and part of me thinks that's not an awful thing. The song is easily my least favorite off the album. It's a slow number that feels like a rejected demo from *The Con*. Also, given its position on the album, it kills the momentum built to that point. I don't know if this is the best song to come out of that New Orleans session, but if it is, I'm not sure I want any more collaboration between the two to that extent.

Outside of that one down moment though, *Sainthood* is amazing. Produced by Chris Walla of Death Cab for Cutie, who also produced *The Con*, he

seems to have really gotten the hang of figuring out how to get the most out of Tegan, Sara and their band members. Walla plays bass on all the tracks, and Jason McGerr, the drummer for Death Cab lays down all the percussion. McGerr is an integral part of Tegan and Sara's current sound. His beats are inspired and unexpected in many ways, but not overpowering. He's not afraid to rock a straight-forward beat for a punk tinged song like "Northshore." He just gives a depth that was lacking on the duo's first few albums. Luckily, Tegan and Sara's touring drummer, Johnny Andrews can replicate them wonderfully.

*Sainthood* might not be Tegan and Sara's best album to date (that award goes to *The Con*) but it is a brilliant album nonetheless. There has been a maturation in their songwriting that keeps their common theme of love and relationships fresh and exciting, despite it being well worn territory not only for them, but for many musical acts. If you haven't listened to this record yet, I highly recommend it, even if you've never listened to Tegan and Sara before, or heard that they're "the gay, twin, folk/acoustic chicks." They aren't, and this album is more than solid enough proof. If you like indie-rock or miss 80's new wave, pick up this album, it is sure not to disappoint.



# TUNES FOR TWITTERS!

"A GLANCE AT THE PAST 30 YEARS OF MUSIC"

## 1981: A not so Forgettable Year

By Alexander Cardozo

1981! Soft-cell's "Tainted Love," was on the Billboard Top Ten, and Bob Marley had just passed beyond his own mortal coil (not the 4AD mortal coil). Music continued on its merry way, with genre fusions, and the artist formerly known as Tiffany. On the positive side, Iran decided to release our hostages, and the Raiders defeated the Eagles 27-10 in Super Bowl XV. But for every upside there is a downside. Dengue fever outbreaks ravaged Cuba with all that body orifice bleeding that makes us glad we don't live in the tropics. US sponsored massacres went largely unreported in El Salvador, and worst of all, Metallica formed.

So what did 1981 have to offer the discriminating listener in such times of trial? For one, the good ol' 70s punk rock was branching out, and long before the "revolution summer sound" would even start on a rainy night in Washington D.C., hardcore punk was a tiny fetus in an unforgiving aye-aye womb. Meanwhile, post-punk was raging on as the dominant rock sound of the day, proving that Americans really could justify buying Interpol records 20 years later.

### Bad Religion: "Bad Religion EP"

The punk in me died a long time ago, but this little 10-minute-long record is still something to go back to with much more than just a sense of nostalgia.

Hardcore punk was a blanket genre that covered a faster more aggressive, quick tempo sound in the punk rock movement. The six-track *Bad Religion* EP,

epitomizes the sound in its purest form. Early Bad Religion, along with the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag, were perhaps the most esteemed representatives for hardcore. The EP goes beyond the standard three chord structure of hardcore prior to the 80s while still sounding simplistic and to the point in terms of song structure. The politics of the lyrics are amateur at best compared to what the band would represent later on, but still damn fun to listen to.

The album possesses a fairly uniform sound, save, "Drastic Actions," the one track on the album that regresses to a more soft, even grungy sound. The song just might be the jewel of the album itself. It's something unexpected wedged between a consistent record.

I highly recommend the record to any fans of the newer more familiar Bad Religion you've probably all heard, and to any rock fans looking for an unfamiliar artifact from the roots of the modern rock sound. At 10 minutes, it is a casual listen at most, but one you won't regret.

### Bauhaus: "Mask"

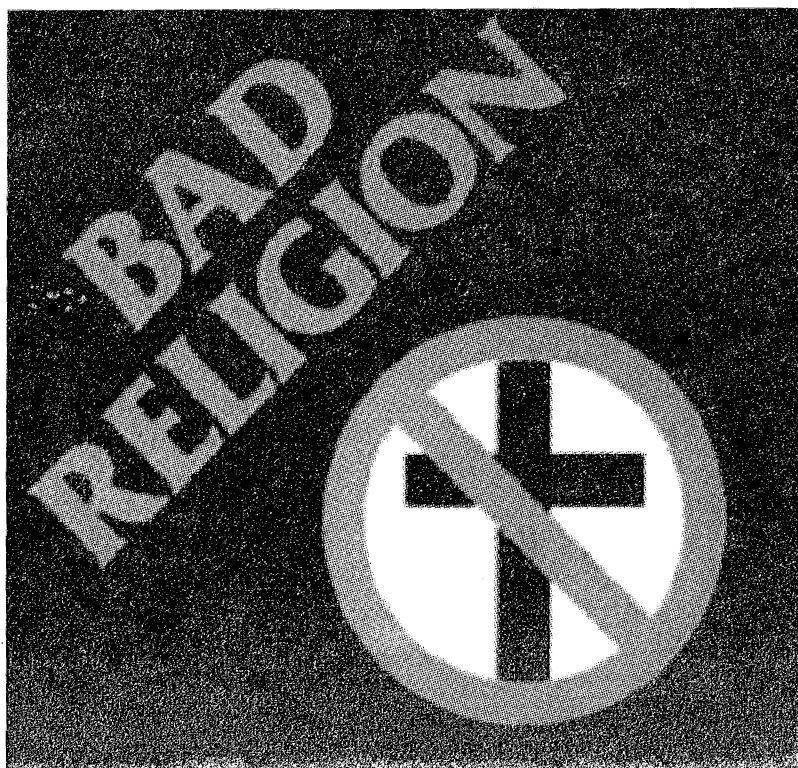
Bauhaus is the kind of band that is hard to classify. While it would be easy to pass them off as goth assholes, I unfortunately cannot let my instincts get the best of me. Bauhaus's first record, *In the Flat Field*, easily fits the early goth, post punk formula. It's dark, it's moody and it sounds like Ian Curtis's balls were fitted into a vice grip. It's the same old same old darky dark, misty British Hills sound that all the uncool cool kids listened to. In other words, *In the Flat Field* is pure shite, an unlistenable mess of moans, and black teared trash that could not be more typical or more conventional. *Mask* on the other hand, is anything but generic. I would go so far as to call it the strangest funk record I have ever listened to. That's right, funk.



While not being *funk* rock, or *funk rock*, *Mask* does incorporate the sound into a post-punk formula. The inclusion of dub gives it an extra unique sound. Imagine morbid modernists with the spirit of funk and a dub beat. These are pasty skinny British kids with soul, and as hard as it is to imagine, the clash of cultures makes this sophomore effort by Bauhaus proof that the band could actually do something new. Peter Murphy's voice has layered and lush tones to fit Daniel Ash's surprisingly diverse guitar work. Ash shows talent well beyond his given niche in rock music. His sound resonates with themes that have groove and rhythm.

The album's sixth track, "Kick in the Eye," illustrates the sound best. It has a hip catchy beat, and a soulful rhythm that catches the listener by surprise. Don't let the album's first two tracks fool you, this is not a gothic rock record. By the time "Passion of Lovers" starts, you will hear what I mean. "Passion" incorporates acoustic guitar, a surfer rock style guitar riff and a total shift in the album's tone, one that continues to warp as the album continues. "Of Lillies and Remains" picks it up even more, with spoken word lyrics and a heavy drum and bass sound.

*Mask* took me by surprise. I expected a miserable album, and what I got was a miserable album with groove. I must concede here: I can respect goth musicians, if and only if they have groove.





# Dethklok

By Alex H. Nagler

Dethklok is a cartoon band on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim lineup. It features a fake metal band performing fake metal songs to fake metal fans. Someone seems to have forgotten to mention these facts to the people at the Hammerstein Ballroom on October 30 in New York City or to thousands of fans across the country for the past month. Despite the fact they don't really exist, Dethklok is on tour.

The Dethtour is a cross country endeavor for the band, their second in the past three years. This one is to highlight their new album and that of co-headliner, Mastodon, as well. Mastodon played their new album in its entirety, acknowledging the presence of their screaming and moshing fans only towards the end of their set. The set itself was accompanied by one part colorful visuals, one part pulp movie from the 1930s. Their set, lasting an hour, was predominately prog-metal with some heavier stuff mixed in between.

Prior to Mastodon, Convergence and High on Fire performed. I'm not going to review them not because I have anything unfavorable to say about them, but because I missed both their sets as I was too busy downing vodka and red bulls.

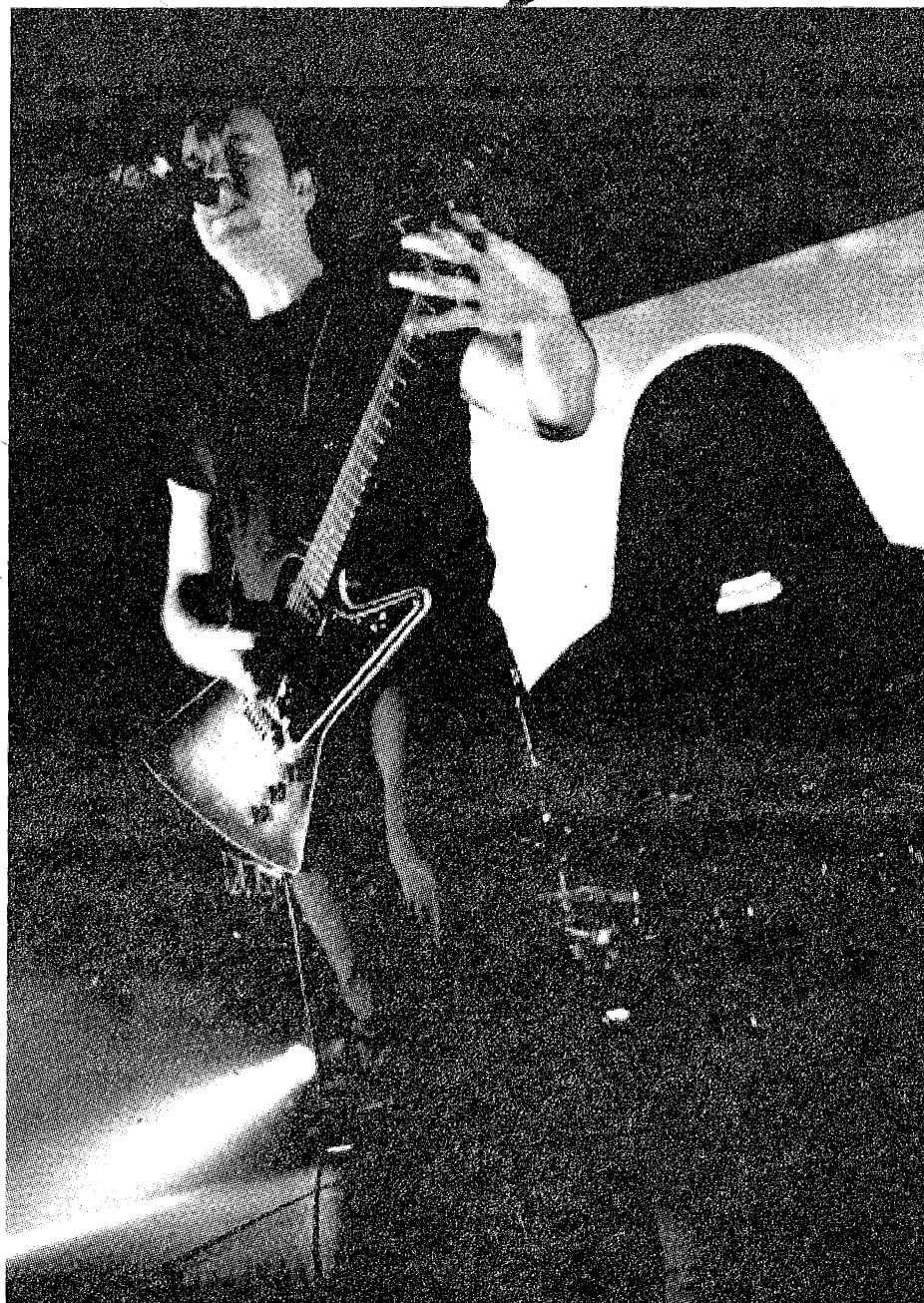
I should take this time to confess that I am not a metal fan. This was my first metal show and I saw it only for the Dethklok aspect. The audience represented this fact as well and was divided accordingly. One third of the audience were fans of the first two heavier acts who most likely saw

the people there for the final act as posers and not real metal fans. One third were more prog fans of Mastodon, or at least liked their previous albums. The final third were the sort of people who think two teens atop one another's shoulders chanting "Mecha-Shiva! Mecha-Shiva!" is hilarious – the Adult Swim fans. For the record, it is. If you don't laugh at Venture Brothers, something is wrong with you.

Finally, it was time to die for Dethklok. The set started out with an ad for Brütal Legend, a game that Dethklok music happens to be in and that happened to be demoed in the lobby. After that, the crowd was informed that the Board of Shadowy Figures had finally been given permission to do something and that a deadly neurotoxin was going to mutate us all. Then Dethklok came out to melt our faces, save the day with their urine, and move merchandise while they were at it.

There are obvious constraints to a fake band performing, but no one seemed to clue series creator and frontman Brendan Smalls in to that fact. Along with his band of musicians and animated music videos projected onto a backing screen, Smalls and company rocked the ever-loving fuck out of the audience. Their hour long set consisted of more old than new, but that wasn't a problem. The audience knew the words and sang along. It was totally brutal.

So, \$40 and 5 red bull and vodka lager, I write this on my train ride back. I survived my first metal show, owing mainly to my friend faking an allergic reaction to marijuana smoke and getting her, her brother and me up to the first bal-



Brooklyn Vegan

He's not as angry in real life

cony where we ended up eye level to the stage (thanks Sarah). The show was awesome, my throat is sore, and I'm overly perky due to too much Red Bull.

Would I go to another Dethklok concert? Of course. Am I about to don all black and go to a general metal show? Hell no. I'll keep my yuppie wannabe ass safe with jazz, classical, mashcore and electronica,

thank you very much. I'm much more at home at Lincoln Center or with The Hood Internet or Deadmau5 than I am with any of the non-cartoon bands I saw tonight.

Word on the street is they filmed the Chicago show for a tour DVD. If they did, pick it up. You might just want to chop off your fingers and smoke them out of sheer brutality.



Ben doesn't  
want you  
to join  
the *Press*.

Ben wants you  
to want  
to join  
the *Press*.

Meetings every  
Wed at 1pm in  
Student Union  
room 060.



# ADULT SWIM IN A BOX

## Space Ghost: Coast-to-Coast

By Jesse Schoepfer

How to Review an Awesome Adult Swim Show:

Step 1: State the show you are reviewing.

*Space Ghost: Coast-to-Coast*

Step 2: State the episode and season you are sampling out of that show. Episode 11 "Brilliant Number One" Vol. III: This is 1997.

Step 3: Write your review!

Awesome, ok, ok, here I go... The episode starts with the three main characters Space Ghost, Moltar and Zorak sitting around a table with the show set in the background. Space Ghost says, "I'm a idiot." Black letter boxing slowly creeps onto the top and bottom of the screen and we begin to lose color... Then Ramstein begins to swell in the background. I've seen some pretty funny episodes of *Space Ghost Coast to Coast* (ex. "Flipmode" aka Space Ghost, acid and you!). But at this point I'm like totally pumped. This is going to rock.

The episode starts with incomprehensible babble and a dim subtitle read-

ing, "Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can." which is a quote from *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, Scene 7. At this point my brain just shut off. The shine of the floor beings to hypnotize Space Ghost, "Da Oooh, Daddy wants a shine too, doesn't he, wittle Woobie?" You really have to see this to believe it. Then Peter Fonda enters. Fonda begins to complain about Space Ghost's lack of pupils and acartoon hand pops in and draws them, a typical carton gag. Then for some odd reason we are treated to an art shift to the style of Dr. Katz, no joke. Peter Fonda gets blown up, big surprise.

The next guest to enter is Buzz Aldrin, yes, the astronaut. The humming, god why won't it stop, the whole dam time, it's like there's a swarm of bees in my brain, stabbing me with their stabbers, gahhhhh.

I close with two thoughts. One, the greedy duck squeezer, obviously a union position, was manned by Vignal Roney, and two, I want my 12 minutes back, preferably in five minute denominations.

## Metalocalypse - Season 1

By Kenny Mahoney

Metalocalypse is an animated series chronicling the lives of the world's most popular metal band and seventh largest economy, Dethklok. The first episode does a fantastic job of expressing just how insanely popular this band is. The band is going to play a concert, but not just any concert.

They're only going to play one song, a coffee jingle, and they're going to perform suspended above the mouth of an active volcano. Thousands of fans are seen literally signing their lives away for a chance to see Dethklok perform a 30-second commercial.

Expect to see plenty more of these over-the-top situations as the series goes on. Their on-air escapades are just as ridiculous as their names imply. Singer Nathan Explosion, lead guitarist Skwisgaar Skwigelf, second

guitarist Toki Warthooth, bassist William Murderface, and drummer Pickles are exactly how you'd expect members of the world's most popular metal band to act - like a bunch of assholes.

They're full of themselves, they drink too much, and they hate their fans, but each one has a charmingly distinct personality that makes the show an absolute riot to watch.

There's also an underground group of military and religious leaders who are keeping watch on Dethklok out of fear of a "Metalocalypse" that could destroy the entire world, but that's really neither here nor there.



## Adult Swim Pilots

By Mike Cusanelli

*Captain "Sully" Sullenberger Would Have Been Ashamed of These Pilots*



Down in the underwater fortress where the Stony Brook Press operates, I foolishly volunteered to review unreleased Adult Swim Pilots from the "Adult Swim in a Box" DVD collection. What happened next was a blur of cheaply animated nonsense that successfully turned my brain into a useless gray lump.

The series collected on this DVD are strange in every sense of the word. Most of the episodes are like bad trips one might have upon ingesting massive amounts of drugs, or perhaps the writers were simply stoned when they wrote them. Either way, if you enjoy crude humor with the occasional awkward laugh thrown in, there are still plenty of other shows you can watch that are much better. One of the shorts,

Cheyenne Cinnamon and the Fantabulous Unicorn of Sugar Town Candy Fudge was particularly disturbing.

Not even an art style in the vein of *Tripping the Rift* could save this colossal stinker from the scrap heap. That is unless cocaine snorting magical unicorns are your thing, I would attempt to explain the plots of some of the other shorts, but they honestly defy any logical synopsis.

However, I did learn never to take a cream filled pickle from the Totally Teens gang, and how to not to be eaten by a giant pigeon in Korgoth of Barbaria. The only short on here that was coherent, called Welcome to Eltingville was reminiscent of The Big Bang Theory, painfully accurate nerd trivia and all. For the brave of heart, I dare you to watch this DVD.

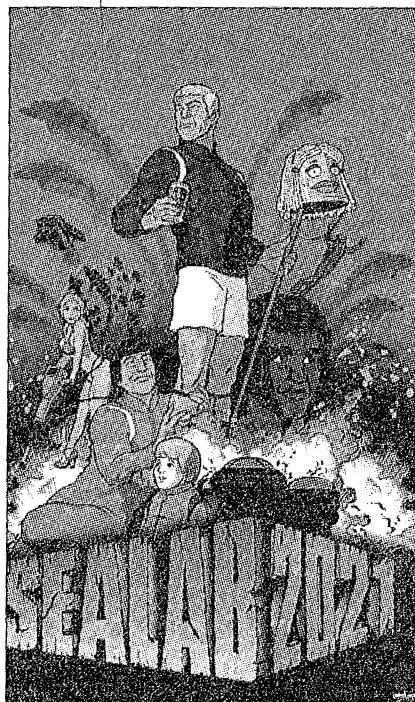
For the rest of you, be like Indiana Jones and look away, for the resulting mess of cartoons could cause some serious damage to your psyche.

Warning: This DVD is face-meltingly awful.

*Additional reporting by Amelia Kelly*

## Sealab 2021

By Alex H. Nagler



*Sealab 2021* is one of the shows responsible for making Adult Swim what it is. Along with *Space Ghost Coast to Coast* and *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*, it launched the network. Season two, which is featured in "Adult Swim In A Box," is home to such great episodes as "Bizarro" and "7551."

*Sealab* as a show deals with some of the least competent people doing... things. What *Sealab* is is anyone's guess. What is certain is that many of the people involved with it should be nowhere near an underwater research facility.

*2021* is the spiritual follow-up of the old Hannah Barbera cartoon *Sealab 2020*. The lapse of one year seems to have made the once competent crew go mad and now Captain Murphy cares more about mustache on or off than anything else. The humor is best described as bizarre and probably best suited for those who may be slightly altered. Go watch it and try not to laugh at Murphy or Quinn. Seriously. I'll be eating corn with the British in the nude until then.

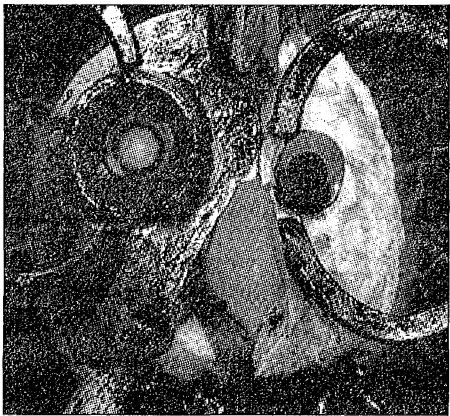
# ADULT SWIM IN A BOX

## Robot Chicken - Season 2

By Najib Aminy

If you like *Girl Talk*, *Family Guy* and *Sportscenter*, you will undoubtedly enjoy Season 2 of *Robot Chicken*.

All these forms of entertainment focus on one thing—short attention spans. From a talking black stallion to a drunk leprechaun to Detective Oprah—all in one episode—there are so many wild tangents that offer brief yet strong comedic movements to keep you tuned for the duration of each episode.



Unlike *Family Guy's* humor, which is mediocre at best, *Robot Chicken* has

no plot, no story line, and no Meg. But what it does have is Seth Green, who does the voice for Chris Griffin, and a team of talented writers that manage to turn any and every societal reference into hybrid action figure/clay-animation and make crude, at times jaw-dropping, entertaining comedy.

The two-dvd set comes with commentary from the creators, Matt Senreich and Green along with other members of the production team that puts together each 10-minute show. The commentary, surprisingly, is just as good to watch as the episodes themselves, providing interesting stories for each sketch, and what the creators thought about it.

All together, there are 20-episodes to watch, each as entertaining and awesome as the last. There are also behind-the-scenes of how a show is made, deleted animatics, video blogs, and a Christmas Special.

So rather than waiting at night to catch a collection of societal paradoxes encapsulated in a 15-minute slot, you can have an array of episodes and skits to choose from.

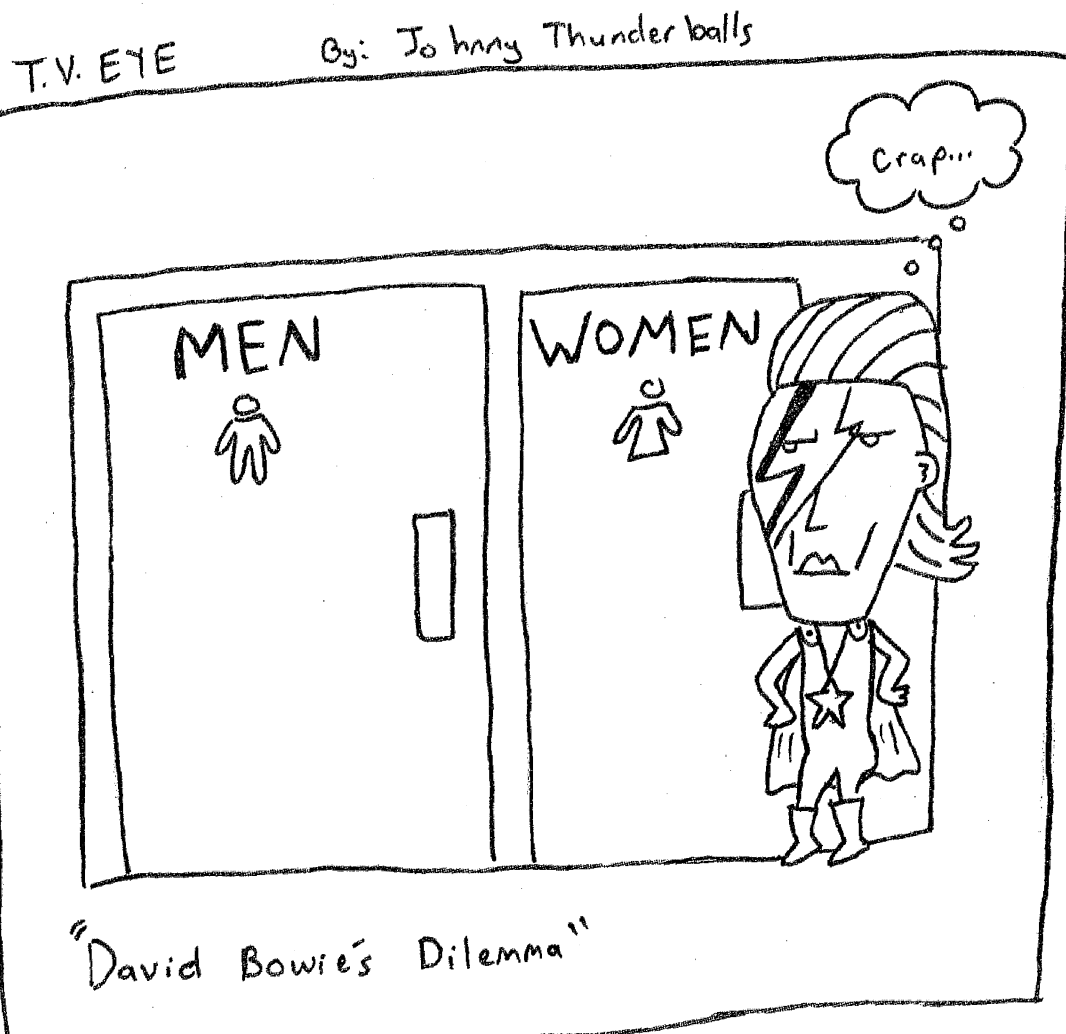
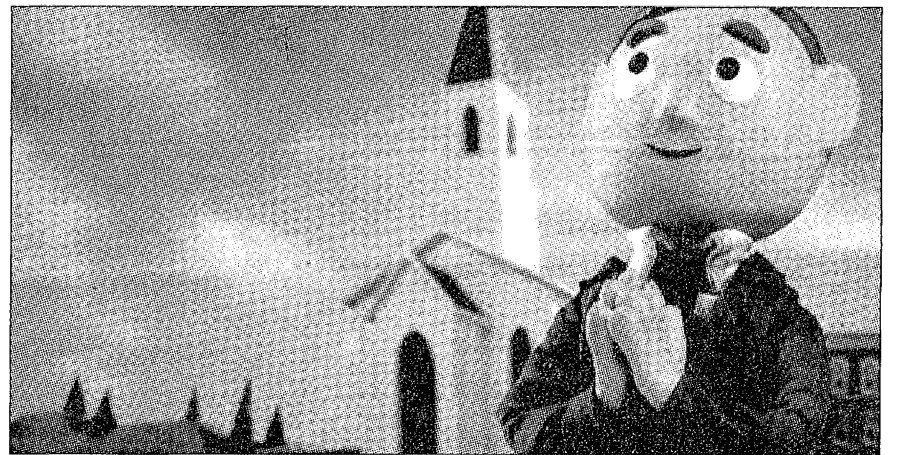
*Robot Chicken*, which is currently in its 4th season, is funny. *Family Guy* is ok. *Girl Talk* is ok. *Sportscenter* rocks!

## Moral Orel

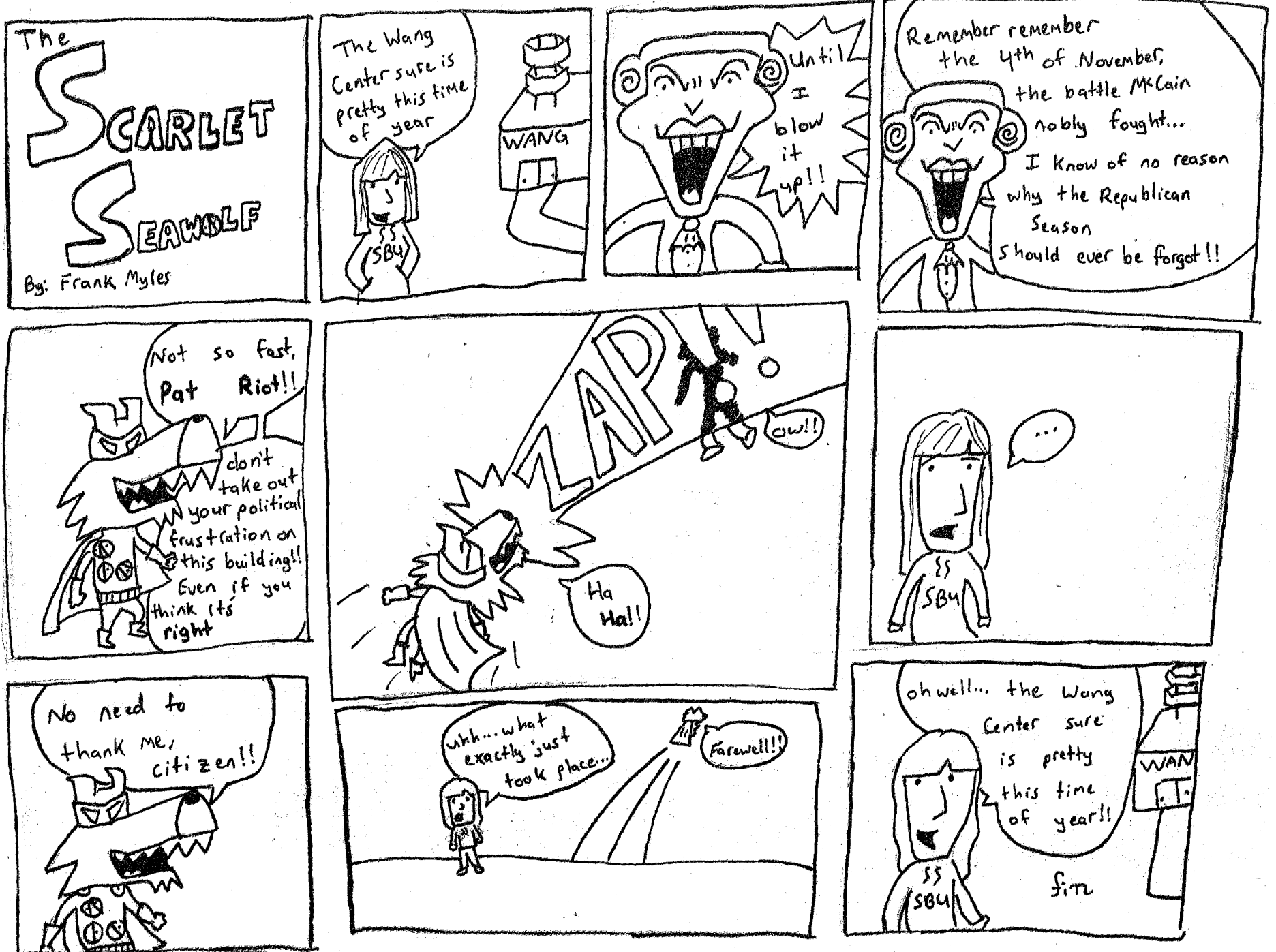
By Kenny Mahoney

Easily one of the most disturbing television shows I've seen in which the characters are made out of clay, *Moral Orel* shows you what happens when you take religion a little too seriously. Meet Orel, a young Protestant boy living in the town of Moraltön, who really takes those Sunday sermons to heart. When he hears Reverend Putty say that you should never take God's gift of life for granted, Orel takes it upon himself to resurrect the dead. After all, you can't take advantage of God's gift of life if you're no longer living. The show just

gets weirder from there, and each episode has Orel bastardizing another biblical reading or misinterpreting another word of advice. The stop-motion clay animation makes each event seem all the more absurd, and Orel's discovery of the "Lost Commandments" his father tells him about are wittingly poignant. Commandments such as "Thou shalt be ashamed of thy natural anatomy," "Thou shalt only have sex face-to-face, man on top," and "Thou shalt not masturbate" really resonate with anyone who has been or knows someone who was raised in a strict, religious household.

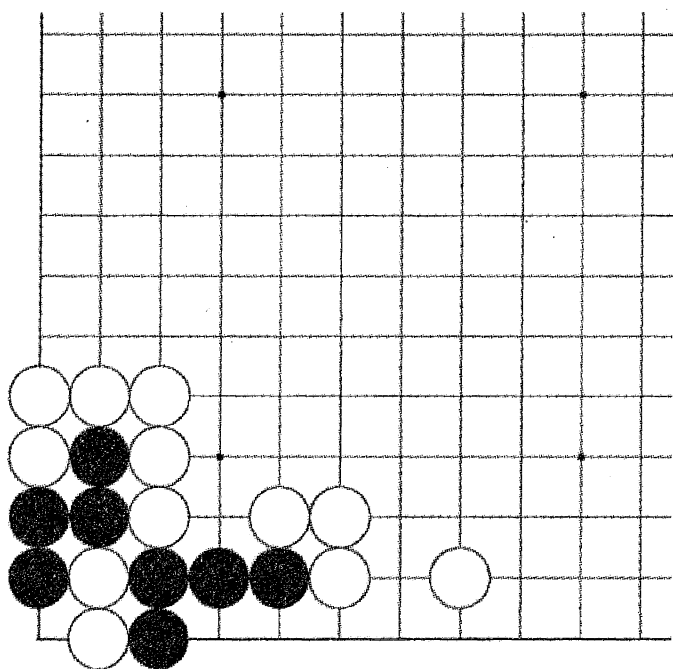


# THE COMICS SECTION

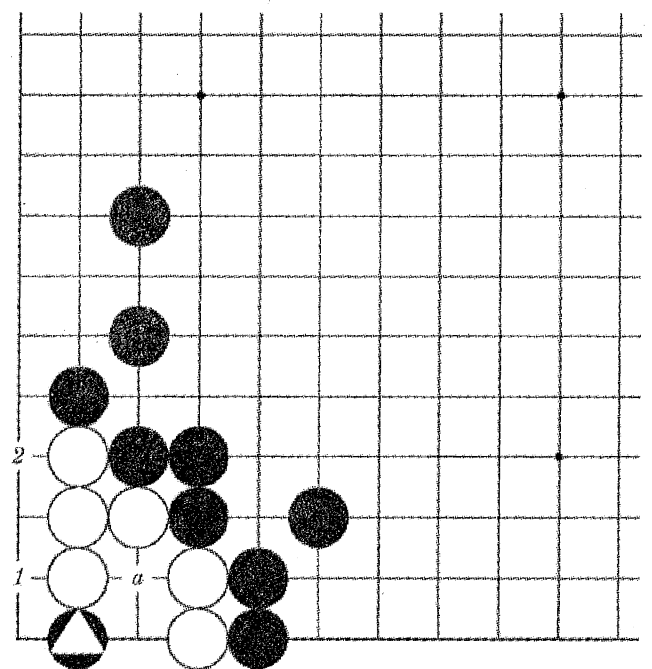


I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

## Go for it, Man!



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



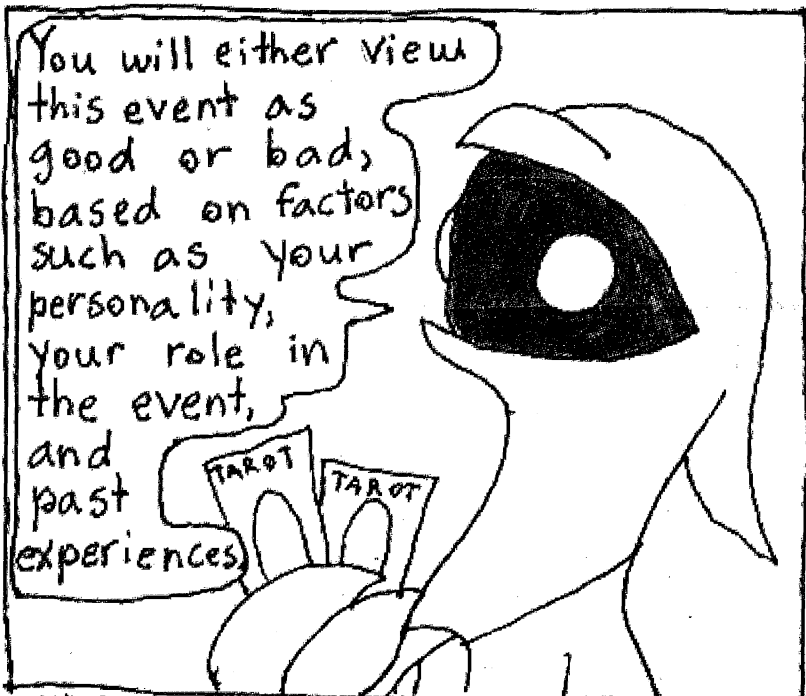
**Black to move, kill Whitey to save yourself!**

**Last issue's solution**

For last issue's solution, the triangle stone is the key move. if white plays at a, you don't have to do anything until white plays either 1 or 2, in which case you have to play the other. then white has but one eye! Bam! (If white plays in between 1 and 2, you should play the corner to prevent a ko).

# THE COMICS SECTION

THE BORING ROCKS a comic strip invention by EVAN "SG" GOLDAPER

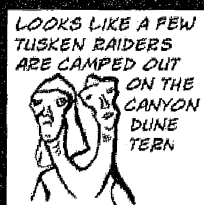


READ MORE BORING ROCKS COMICS ONLINE AT [HTTP://BORINGROCKS.TRIPOD.COM](http://BORINGROCKS.TRIPOD.COM)

Ev SG '01

## Speed Trap

Dorky Land: #2

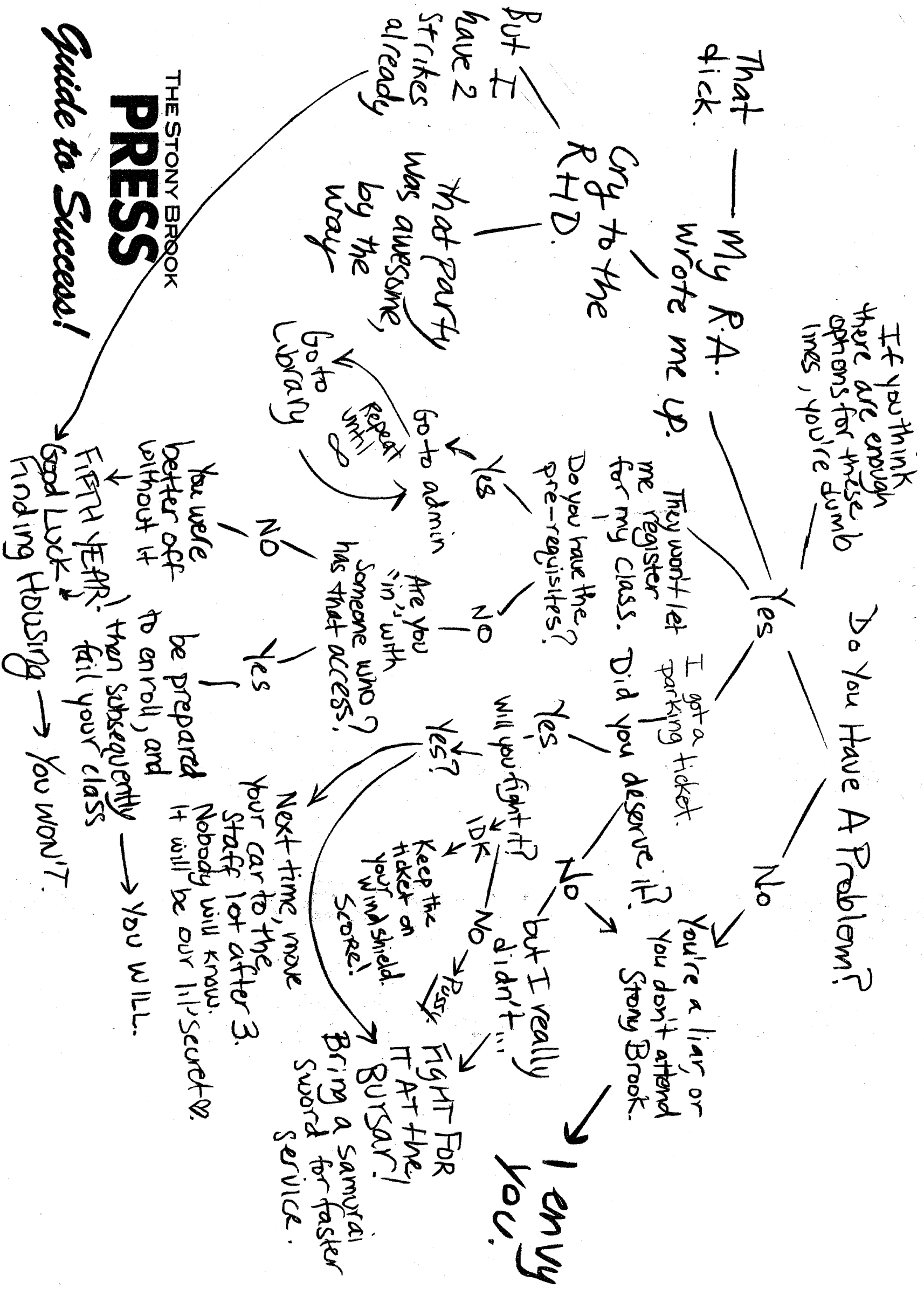


# KABOOM



Chris "King James" Kordiak

# THE COMICS SECTION



# H1N1 and the VA Cheerleader

By Samuel Katz

There is one anecdote that seems to come up every time I have a discussion with someone about getting the H1N1 vaccine. I am talking of course about the Virginia cheerleader, Desiree Jennings, who claims she has developed a rare muscular disease in reaction to the vaccine. The videos on YouTube of her story have received over 10 million combined views. Many of my friends have posted links to it on their Facebook pages, and on Jennings' own Facebook page she has over 1600 fans.

The story was first reported by a local Washington D.C. Fox news station. Jennings, a 25-year-old aspiring cheerleader for the Washington Redskins, went to take the seasonal flu shot and ten days later she claimed she couldn't eat without passing out. Now, she claims that she has been diagnosed with dystonia. She can't walk normally or speak normally. However, she can walk backwards without any problem and she can also run, and while running she can talk without any difficulty.

As soon as the story was released the chorus began. Generation Rescue, an organization run by former Playboy bunny Jenny McCarthy and actor Jim Carrey, started promoting the story. McCarthy and Carrey jumped on the opportunity to scare people about the flu vaccine. After that came the Facebook groups, with names like "We Heart Desiree Jennings", "Against the flu shot—Desiree Jennings' story" and, of course, "Daily Prayer for Desiree S. Jennings".

I am not a journalist and I'm in no position to define what counts as good journalism and what doesn't, but I know bad journalism when I see it. This story has everything a good piece of journalism can have: an attractive looking subject, a story about a shattered dream, and an uncommon situation, except for one thing, quality journalism. Not only is this story full of misinformation, it fails to live up to any standard of reporting. The facts are neither checked nor challenged. Throughout the entire report we don't get a single expert's opinion, all we get is Ms. Jennings, who last time I checked has no background in medicine, saying the vaccine caused it.

What's disconcerting about this story is not so much how misinformation is being fed and how so many people are ready to capitalize on it; but how prone we still are to buying into these

stories even with the rise of the "New Media" when information is available at our fingertips. Most of my friends know about the cheerleader in Virginia and her sad symptoms, yet virtually none of them actually checked to find out what this disease is and what is the actual number of reported cases associated with the flu vaccine.

Let's review the story. The report claims that she has been diagnosed with dystonia, a rare neurological movement disorder that comes in many forms. It is estimated that dystonia affects about 300,000 people in North America, according to the Dystonia Medical Research Foundation (DMRF). When doctors saw the video most said that it doesn't appear to be dystonia. Fox in Washington D.C. followed up on that and invited Dr. Steven Grill, of the Parkinson's and Movement Disorder Center to talk about the disease. Dr. Grill said that he hasn't examined Jennings, but from the video it appears that what she has is a psychogenic movement disorder, not dystonia, which is neurological. If the symptoms are so easily identifiable as not fitting a diagnosis of dystonia, couldn't those reporters have sought opinions from actual professionals and uncover the actual problem?

Yet, to my knowledge, none of the Facebook groups dedicated to saving people from developing dystonia through flu shots have posted this follow up video debunking their claim. They didn't inform their readers that the DMRF—which is run by doctors, unlike Generation Rescue—released a statement saying: "There have been continuing inquiries and comments about the Maryland woman who reports developing dystonia as a result of getting a flu shot. The DMRF is not aware of any information or research showing that the seasonal flu vaccine causes dystonia. However, Jennings' case has caused concern among individuals with dystonia as to whether or not they should get a flu shot. Dystonia experts reassure the public that based on the widely circulated footage, it is their unanimous consensus that this case does not appear to be dystonia.

Ms. Jennings recently released another video on her YouTube channel in which she says that she is recovering. In the video she is seen sitting in a hospital chair and appears to be speaking perfectly.

Generation Rescue writes on their website, "The condition dystonia is listed in the Vaccine Adverse Event Reporting System as a possible side effect



from vaccines and there are 67 reports of dystonia in the system. Any journalist could validate these 67 reports." Well, fortunately for us somebody did. Rene Nejure at examiner.com checked the system at the Center for Disease Control and found that "This is true. There are 67 cases of dystonia entered in the system. However, there are only 5 related to flu vaccines since 1990. The other 62 are associated with other vaccines."

Reflecting on this story, Dr. Steven Novella of Yale Medical School writes on his blog, "Neurologica", "This is an unfortunate story... But this is not a story of a woman injured by a vaccine. This is not even a rare vaccine reaction. It is something else. Neurological experts know it, and the dystonia community knows it. This is also a story of irresponsible journalism. This is also a story of how irresponsible the anti-vaccine movement is. They were quick to exploit this case for its emotional appeal, pretending to have expertise they lack, and got it completely wrong. That's a good summary of the anti-vaccine movement as a whole."

For me this story is also a reminder of how with the promise of the new age of media also comes a greater need for vigilance. The fact that many of my friends have chosen not to get a vaccine based on information they received from a cheerleader, actor, Playboy bunny and an incompetent journalist, is disconcerting.

The new age of information-sharing promised to bridge the gap between novice and expert, allowing one to access a wealth of information with the click of a button. Yet too often we chose

to forget that as we become empowered, so do others who might wish to impose their ideas on us. Part of the appeal of the new form of media sharing is its speed. And in an environment where speed and brevity are preferred, quality and substance get sacrificed. News outlets know that if they want to remain popular in today's age they need to produce the kind of content that can be posted on your friend's Facebook page and checked during the two-minute break you took to confirm a friend request.

If we are to counter these trends it will only be if we utilize the promise of the information age as well. We can all be journalists; we can all fact check information before we make decisions that affect our lives.

Ms. Jennings now has her own website. While she says that it is "her" site to give "her" the opportunity to communicate with people, it appears, judging by the website's classy and professional design, that Ms. Jennings has been getting some help with her campaign. Her site even has a corporate sponsor. McCarthy and Carrey from Generation Rescue now have a page for Desiree Jennings at their site. And the sacred cow is still alive.

As Dr. Novella said, this is a story about journalism and the anti-vaccine movement. This story exposes them both. And this story should also remind us that in a time where all information is shared, *all* information gets shared. And it falls on the individual receiving the information to be the journalist and sift through the data before making an informed decision.

## essay

# Fixing Our Economy, Saving Our Souls

By Ross Barkan

One year after a monumental presidential election, reality's harsh hammer has descended upon the nation. Like his predecessor George W. Bush, President Barack Obama has failed to resuscitate an economy now bleeding to death. Good-old American prosperity seems to be nothing more than a ghost, doomed to haunt our memories and remind us of what once was and will never be again.

Of course, that is at least partially rubbish. The American golden era was never golden: inequality, both economical and racial, ruined countless lives since the Constitutional Convention in 1789 ensured our society, like those across the sea, would be dependent on wage slavery (and eventually consumerism) to drive profits for an elite corporate class. The true problem of our time, the beast hidden in shadow, is *economy*. But not the economy you and your professors and the mainstream media are probably thinking of. No, the problem runs deeper than taxes, stimulus checks, and ordinances.

No leader from the Democratic or Republican Party would ever acknowledge publically that the basic values of our country are morally corrupt and spiritually destructive. A few intellectuals might. We are

*"Modernity should have borne more joy, not sorrow" all quote,*

caught in the savage cycle known better as the consumerist economy.

The consumption of material goods drives our nation: without consumption, the system collapses. Ironically and sadly, the "good American" is the one who consumes the most, gobbling up gadget after gadget, whether it is necessary for their existence or not. If we all collectively stopped consuming on the level we do, enterprises would fail and millions (along with the already unemployed millions) would be left jobless.

Is there something implicitly wrong with a society tied so tightly to consumption? Is this economy the best path America and the world can imagine? Our lives are inundated with advertisements—in a single day, our eyes receive countless exhortations from businesses encouraging us to *buy buy buy* and why shouldn't we when the fate of

the wretched economy is reliant on us to add another plastic goodie to our homesteads? Think clearly about the point we've reached in history. Think critically about whether you'd call this an enlightened time.

Think about *fixing* the economy. Fixing, for most people, is returning the system to its previous high, to a kind of 20<sup>th</sup> century status quo that promoted the American lifestyle and exulted in surging corporate decadence. *Fixing* the economy is keeping the American and the world citizen of industrialized nations frozen in the mire of work-eat-sleep-work-eat-sleep, a seemingly "noble" path that has turned the human being into a dismal machine, jamming the individual into occupations they don't want to accept and shouldn't need. Modernity should have borne more joy. Instead, we see only more sorrow.

Please, stop whatever you are doing for just one moment and ask this question: Are we happier? Look around and see that the ills that have plagued man since he first fashioned the wheel remain. They fester in full force—greed, jealousy, violence, hatred, all swirling in the midst of existence, polluting every first step toward *actual* change. President Obama knows nothing about change.

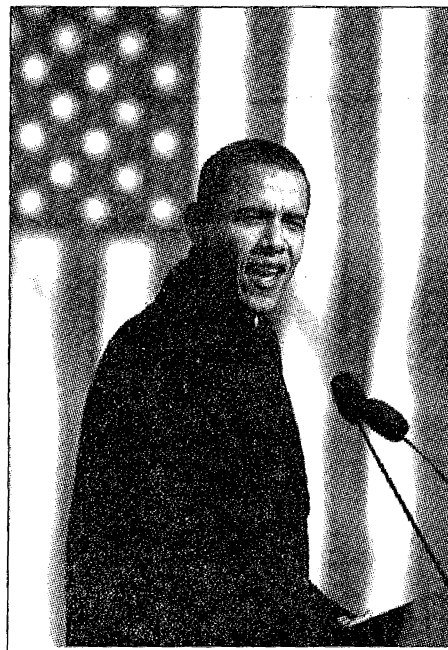
"Men labor under a mistake," wrote Henry David Thoreau 155 years ago in *Walden*. Nothing has changed. "It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself... The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation." These words should be carved into the edifices of every building in America and bellowed from every town square, city street, and back country road. When we drive ourselves into lives we don't want to live—when we choose freedom over slavery—we doom our futures.

Work is taught to be a noble and valuable act, especially when this work results in monetary gain. "Learn the value of a dollar," parents will parrot, echoing the sentiments of their own descendants who set them upon the path of toil. We are taught that sacrifice is a brave thing, a wonderful thing. The American must burn his soul so he and his country can prosper. *Prosper* is the accumulation of material goods. Once it was good enough to be warm, quenched of thirst, and rid of hunger. Once it was good enough to love, be loved, and move through the waking hours in peace.

Or maybe it wasn't. We are a young species, after all. Turn back the clock one millennium and see a world drenched in dirt, disease, and death. We've come a long way. Yet we have a very long way to go. Most, if not all of us, are destined to labor at occupations we might not enjoy at all until

a distant retirement. Think about the number of complaints heard concerning college course work. Think about the pre-Med majors—how many actually talk about the thrill of wanting to be a doctor to help people? How many see the medical profession as a true calling? Students assign themselves the burden of a pre-Med major often because there is money to be found in the profession or because their parents are pressuring them. They emerge from college with a miserable academic experience, simply because they didn't desire this path. The same holds true for any other profession on Planet Earth that the individual is forced to occupy like a pig locked in a pen.

The goal is always to "make a living" and not "to live." The first question and answer that determines a person's worth in this or any other society is "what does he do for a



Barack Obama doesn't know what change is

living?" It is considered more noble for a person to resign himself to a lifelong occupation that he utterly despises than to stop and say "No." No one is willing to say "No" to drudgery. No one is willing to look the system in its grotesque face and spit on it. The rebel is viewed as the idler. We want the economy to work again even though we know it will bring us no closer to any real liberation.

The prison that is the economy was built to wed us to attachments. We are slaves to electronics—cars, televisions, video games, iPhones—and slaves to comforts we simply don't need. Electricity is a necessity, yes, but not the myriad of consumer goods it breeds. Not all consumption is bad but when consumerism begins to drive the thoughts and actions of the individual, conflict arises. Material attachments breed fear. When we accumulate toys, we fret about them, guard them, rob them, fight for them, kill for them. We guard our pristine auto-

mobiles as if they were children and despair when pure artifice is dented. We are never satisfied. Why is consumerism such a powerful force? Because it can depend on the illusion that material goods lead to self-fulfillment. If a cell-phone or laptop truly made anyone happy, there would be no need for new models and generations to be thrown at the public. One would be enough. A shallow dependence is built on false spurts of joy, warping our values. We value the transitory—our frail and useless trinkets.

All the industrialized economies of the world need us to be psychologically reliant on *things*—the more things, the merrier. Plastic things, shiny things, and things that go fast fill our lives, muddle our hopes, and distort our dreams like potent drugs. We don't dream for peace; we dream for three-story houses, driveways, dogs, and Dodges. If these things aren't achieved, we are taught that we are failures and the fear grows. So we race toward these goals, join the savage currents, and sacrifice ourselves to the economic machine. All forms of this race are only a temporary escape from this fear that can only be defeated when we realize that most of what we compete for is mere con-fabulation, artificial markers invented by a society that thrives on needless conflict and revolting consumption. Beware the beast bearing sweets in his fangs.

The modern society is no more divorced from fear and misery than societies of the past. There are improvements, true, but most gains are instantly negated by the maddening and ceaseless cycle of work and death. We work for these material gains, painting our crumbling houses with coats of thin bright paint. The coats will rot away, leaving truth. Yes, we all need to eat.

Yes, we need to be warm and healthy. Sadly, the holy system requires work for this to be possible, work that can degrade the soul and foster new miseries. Think of all the low-paying and menial jobs that are necessary to keep everything afloat. Think of all the lives that are thrown to the fire so several million elites can fan themselves in their towers, awash in cash that is the product of the masses.

If the economy is to ever be truly fixed, it must—like all facets of modern society—not further the intellectual and spiritual barriers between individuals. It must not foster conflict and needless competition. It must not breed a sad reliance on material goods that only offer temporary solutions to ancient human failings. It must not perpetuate a system that is predicated on profit over joy. Joy is the truth. Joy will set us free from our fears, our ailments, and allow us to transcend our conditioned lust for conflict.

That is *real* change, President Obama.



# FOR THE JAZZ AGE GHOST

By Ross Barkan

When the winds blue bright off the stage  
of night—a whirling florescence, dappling street corner and sage alike,  
the event left shadow to be a reality.

Empyreal vines weaving the wallpaper seemed to say  
in their old silent way that clocks break, tongues freeze, and  
continuity is simply a lie—Max Bodenheimer closed an eye.

“To port! To port...” he drawled from drunken theater,  
dislodged, wet, upon the sandpaper floors,  
dreams in dinghies crashing slowly as he laughed  
to pasts of neon, gone.

Gray hands rapped at floorboard and roach, the knuckle  
striking like a match on wood—aureole flame, ah yes, sleep  
in bronze, old soldier, your deeds have sadly been done.

Ellen slips from the bed to find her husband splayed,  
a hoary carpet, flesh decorated with despair  
she wonders how giants can plummet this way  
for once they called him a genius, language saint,  
smoking atop mesas beyond platitude and reverie,  
perched like a birch in stone, unfailing, he tempered city lights  
screaming forth from noxious navels, tenement angst  
he knew too well yet they came the kings of east and  
west to see the noble Bodenheimer scrawl verse,  
painting sun drop and blood drop as one golden eye.

The boy, 25, stirs angrily in the den  
a mind half-opened, body sweating again,  
they found him last Tuesday on a Village street  
while he begged for cash and coughed in the din of  
chaos, ignorance—cobblestone lies in the raving gutter,  
wanton tires slashing mud in bloody rivulets,  
the mentals make their peace on Hudson Street  
flailing at silver skies—he came upstairs.

He falls like sleet on her quivering frame  
to maim and love and drink her flame,  
he watched the poet stagger from afar and knew the  
waves were cresting his way,  
he knows no waste lands, cantos, nor Dubliners,  
only gin and a time fragmented, slow, that reels onward  
when he needs a place to go and jump beyond the husk  
that berates him with sad existence.

“Oh you” she smiles, a dripping surrender,  
eyelashes coy on cheek’s rim, Bodenheimer sleeps—awake awake!  
the paws slip beneath the silk in shadow  
he grunts, stiff, pulling her to oceans of quilt,  
livid venom a lust with hands and feet  
that runs until the room is slanting, wailing heat,  
the old man can’t give her what the young can and she takes

his body to the feathers, to flight, spreading  
like an angel swollen in dusk,  
glory’s glint faded from dust.

The boat docks, the waters seethe—Boddenheimer uncoils from the  
dungeon of crumbs and tobacco, ash drizzles away  
as he rears like an adder without his  
supper.

Ellen is mid-swell, the boy imbing her will her bone  
her pant that belonged to Maxwell Bodenheimer,  
poet, scholar, genius,  
now staggering mad across chairs and carpet,  
thumping loafered nails tingling for a  
confrontation in indigo; his heart roars veins cackle  
he pulls the sheet and beholds the naked

imagery, captured for him like glass dashed in his  
damp eyes, *Honey this isn’t what it*—he can’t listen,  
sixty-three years locked in the prison  
skin sagging senses whining signals slammed hair  
slicked and gone, he hates the youth how they mock his  
sallow demise in the blackbread shitcloud 12th street,  
*c’mon you off my wife off* his words frayed throat punctured  
leaking steam of yesteryear.

The boy they trusted, once a good nutcase maybe,  
claws for the old man’s throat,  
Ellen’s a waxwing choking on her own  
song, she wants the carousel to stop and leave them still  
to can the lights, the thunder—Boddenheimer slams  
the boy in the jaw and cracks a whiskey bottle  
on the skull, she cries in shards the plaster quakes neighbors  
murmer through cola dreams,  
canes rap the walls  
Boddenheimer glowers out the window.

No one sees him reach under the bed and  
cradle the cold skin of the .22 caliber,  
blood-streaked eyes see the outline in the breeze  
Ellen skirling *turn Max turn* but he is ossified  
in shadow, in light, in age, unable to pivot and  
meet the

bullet.

Four through his back and head he is slaughtered on the sill  
the boy gleams like a deranged moon  
bleeding through orbits he can’t fathom,  
Ellen heaves, her body crackles her bone  
numbing like autumn cold for the boy’s approach  
he throws the rifle through the vase  
and runs for a greater perdition.

Maxwell Bodenheimer, poet and friend  
falls from the sill, an end to an end,  
his visions lost, his blood now dry,  
the wind howls blue, no one asks why.

# The Story of the Night I Stayed

By Roman Beloposky

The day had come, to say goodbye to an old world so foreign and yet eerily so familiar. Scott and I awoke in our cheap stale, hostel beds and headed out for breakfast. As we walked together, our eyes darted from sight to sight. We were trying to suck it all into our heads, we were reaching out to grab something that was already evaporating. We bullshit a bit as we walked, but both of us knew it was over. Scott kept telling me that he couldn't wait to get home, to see his family, his friends, and his home. I spit out something similar, but I wasn't sure if I really meant it. I did miss my family, but I wasn't sure if that was home anymore. At the same time, I wasn't sure if this was home anymore. All the people who once populated this home were gone.

We arrived at the home of Juan Romero and Cristina Terry, my Spanish parents. We stepped inside that beautiful villa, knowing it was most likely our last glimpse of its insides. I grabbed my things and we sat down with the family for one last meal. I savored it. I appreciated it as I could not appreciate all the others, because this would be my last home-cooked Spanish meal. We finished, and prepared ourselves for goodbye. The kids were not home, I never did say goodbye to them. They were pests, but still, it would be an incomplete goodbye. We stood in front of the doorway and Cristina and Juan smiled. They had probably become accustomed to goodbyes of this sort, housing students like myself for years. Cristina hugged me and told me I would always be welcome. Don Juan repeated her words a bit hurriedly, probably itching to get back on his favorite couch and light up another Winston cigarette. It hit me then, I would not be able to return. I could return to this villa years later, but it would no longer be my home. In fact, the moment I stepped past that thick heavy wooden door, it would cease to be my home and Cristina and Don Juan would cease to be my family.

I looked over at Scottie as we made our way back to el Centro, he took off his sunglasses, and revealed red eyes straining to hold back tears. He was lucky. I would have loved to cry at that moment. Instead, I was forced to shove the pain down, down into my guts, where it ripped and tore at me from inside. We stepped off the bus, and we were back at el Centro. We began walking the very path we had taken count-

less times over the past few months. It was the path that led to our favorite bars and clubs, our seats by the rio, Karl's place, the Catedral and some of our most beloved memories. But on this occasion, we would not follow it to any of those places. On this day, we crossed the street and stopped. We were the last two from our program still in the city. We had become very close. Closer than I could remember being with any of my friends back home. Scottie looked at me and smiled, just as Cristina, Juan and every other person I cared for and had to say goodbye to had smiled. He was going to the airport early, he knew he had to, he knew I had to see her. And I knew it too, but it still tore me apart to say goodbye sooner than we had to. We



hugged and I told him I would try to catch him at the airport before his flight, but I knew I would never make it. Again the wretched clawing of grief, pushed down and held in, started to rattle and shake me.

I watched him walk off, and I turned and started in the other direction. I would make it a bit further down the path, but not even to the rio. I arrived at the door of the Starbucks, and a thousand thoughts flooded my mind before I opened the door. I had no phone, I had to return it to my school earlier that day, so I had no way of knowing if she had tried to reach me. My only hope was that she'd stick to the plan we made the night before. I was late by twenty minutes; what if she thought I'd forgotten, or got tired of waiting and left? What if she never

came, what if she never cared to begin with?

I walked in and started scanning the room for her until my eyes locked onto her. She was sitting with another girl, a fellow study-abroad student who took her cue to exit. I came over and sat with her. To my surprise, in her eyes, at the precise moment she saw me, I saw something that reflected my own pain. It shot past like lightning, but it was there, and with it I sank ever further into love. I met her two weeks ago, two fucking weeks. And with every day that passed, I had to work harder and harder to convince my friends that I knew what I was doing, that I wasn't in love. But now, she was the last one left in this Spanish life of mine, and I finally openly

old winding Spanish streets behind the towering Catedral. I had to buy souvenirs for my family. I love my family, but the whole time I kept thinking, "Why am I wasting these last moments in tourist trinket shops?" But she seemed to be enjoying herself, so I played the part. We stepped into an old guitar shop to look at the handmade guitars of a proud Spanish family. Her eyes lit up at the sight of their unique little capos. She picked one out, and I spent most of the money I had left on it. She radiated with joy at the sight of it in her hands. And I radiated with joy at the sight of her.

We walked down the narrow street back to the open space where the Catedral stood. The sun had set already and it was getting chilly. We sat down on a bench and I kissed her. Her lips and cheeks were cold and colored by the soft light of street lamps. Time was running out. I had to be sensible. I had to be tough. She was tough enough for the both of us, and she told me she really did have to get volumes of schoolwork done. I said I understood. I stood, carefully hiding my wound. Before we left I asked a Spanish couple if they could take one last photo of us. We walked over to a spot where the Catedral could be seen behind us, and assumed our positions. I smiled and looked at the man with the camera. But as I did, I saw his girlfriend standing alongside him. I wondered if he knew how lucky he was that it was not his last day with her. What I would have given to be on the other side of that lens. Looking at them was too much to bear. So instead I looked at her, "Fuck the picture," I thought.

The picture was taken and we walked to the rio. We stopped at the corner, but I couldn't cross the street to the side where the bridge was. That was where she was going, and I was going the other way. Immediately, a rush of impulsive thoughts crashed together inside of my head. "Fuck England. Fuck London. Fuck Liverpool. Fuck New York. Fuck it all, don't let her go, stay here. Tell her you changed your flight to the day she's leaving. Tell her you'll book a hostel. No money? Live on the streets if you have to, the streets here are more beautiful than the insides of those rotted hostels anyway, just stay. No, be tough, this is just a girl, just one of the many loves you'll experience. You still have all your mates in England to see. You'll finally see Liverpool, see where the Beatles came from. Fuck it, she's just a girl." I looked at her, she hugged me and kissed me again. I said some cheesy

admitted to myself that I was a love struck asshole.

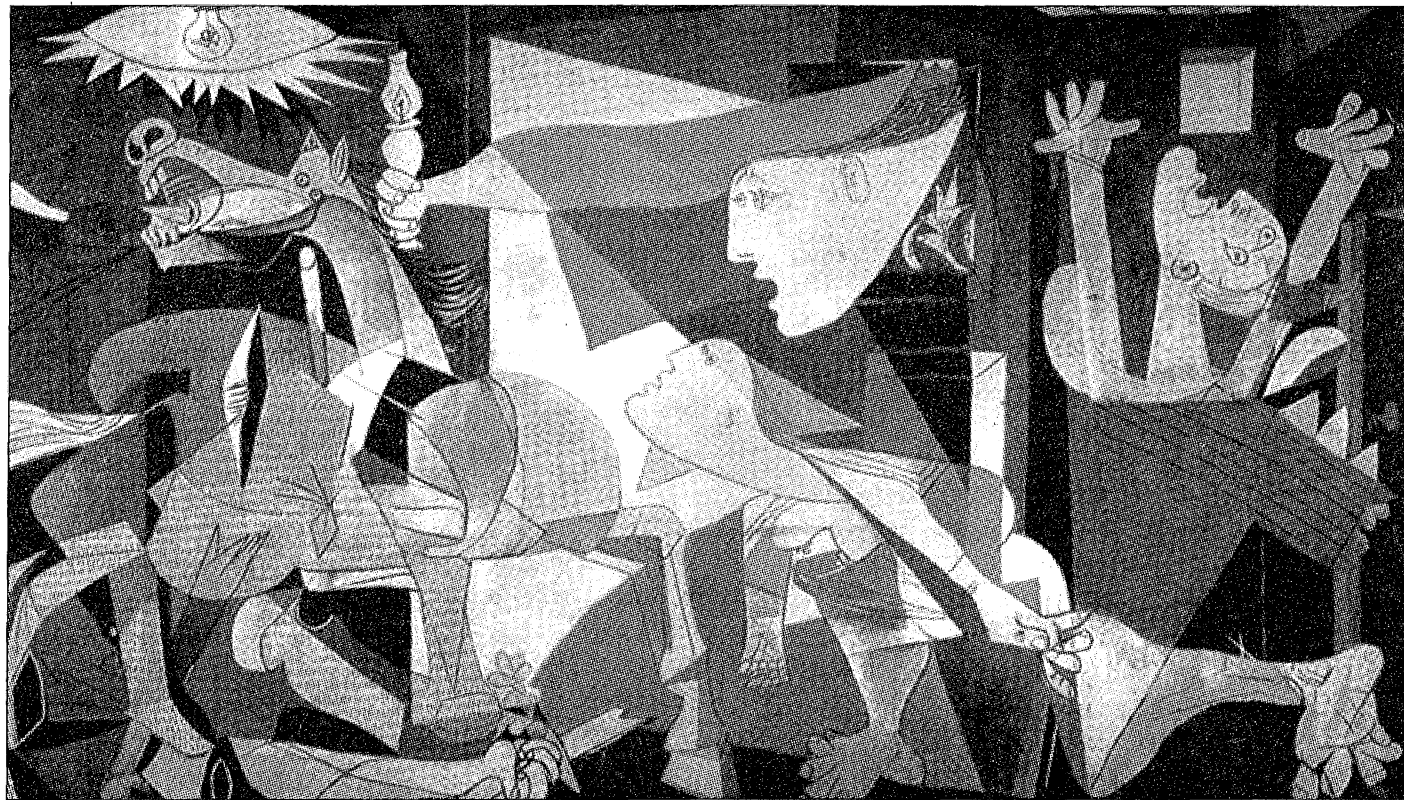
We sat and drank our Starbucks lattes. I barely had any money left, so I was forced to use my credit card to get coffee there, because they accepted credit cards (a rare thing in the south of Spain). That aside, the logo on the cup looked to me like a sneer, foreshadowing my impending return to chain-covered New York City. I distracted myself by taking some pictures of her, purposely taking my time with every shot. Not because I wanted to take a memorable picture, I did it because I loved staring at her through the lens. I wanted to chisel every curve and line of her face into my head so I wouldn't lose her, because a digital picture would never show her as how I saw her.

We got up and made our way to the

sentimental bullshit. But I could never speak my own truth and I had no time to write it down. So we said goodbye. I watched her cross the street and she looked back and smiled. I gave her some kind of twisted raise of the eyebrows and immediately felt angry with myself for doing so.

She started onto the bridge, and I turned around to head to the airport-shuttle bus stop. Then I felt a searing pain, her soul was pulling apart from mine. Stretching my soul, tearing the lining where we had so hastily stitched them together. I realized England would always be there. This Sevilla, my Sevilla would not. I realized a few hundred dollars to change a flight would be cheaper than a minimum of a year of wondering 'what if?' If I didn't finish what I started with her, she would become even more than what she was already: a ghost, a goddess, a giant whose presence tramples and destroys all other thoughts. I couldn't let that happen, it was far too great a price to pay for two weeks of passion.

I turned around and ran across the street. I ran onto the bridge and over the rio I loved so much. I ran as fast as I could, my smoke-infested lungs, shocked by this sudden change in rou-



tine. I saw her at the end of the street and I ran faster. I tried to slow down as I neared her, but it's hard to drop so many gears so fast, and I crashed into her. "What the hell, what's wrong Roman?" I looked at her, as she picked herself up. I lay on the ground panting, just looking at her, smiling. A mouth-

ful of corny poetic bullshit filled my esophagus like vomit. But I swallowed it down. And the first great rational thought of the night came into my head, "Just be in love, don't bother with your tired words, you're just a stupid kid. Just be with her, just show her, with your eyes, with your hands, with your

mouth, with your muscle, with every part that's real. 'Fuck the words.' I caught my breath and said, "I'm an idiot, I mixed up the departure time of my flight, it took off twenty minutes ago. You need some help with your homework?"

## Poems

# Everything That is Connected and Beautiful

By Liz Kaempf

To think as I grow older  
I'll only learn more and lose more.  
Friends will come and leave,  
Love will burn out,  
and Family will pass away.  
Even my beloved dog has left already,  
and I'm only 19.

I'm only 19, and I haven't forgotten.

I have yet to lose the sight of my 13-year-old self  
in the bathroom mirror of the funeral home  
where my grandmother lay in casket.

I still recall the last light fading from my dachshund's eyes  
on the exam room table.

I remember how long I held my boyfriend at his father's wake,  
and I remember how the Eucharist melted  
between the grit of my teeth  
at his funeral.

And I remember how he started to forget.

Because, it is said, with time, we all forget.

The memories of the lost and dead fade like your black sweater did  
after the ninth funeral.

But I can still feel the sweet, burning tears rolling down my cheeks; the cold, porcelain sink crushing under my hands; the slowness of the world as I looked out through the window of the car going 90 miles per hour; the lugubrious walk to my seat on the bus in Washington D.C. when I called him back.

I have yet to lose those feelings,

Although I'm told I should have by now.

It's been way too long to still be able to feel the tears piling up behind my eyes.

With death, you are supposed to forget,

But every time, parts of me die with them,

and maybe that's why I feel incomplete.

I lose my head to my lovers.

My strength to my friends.

And my heart to my family.

With every passing soul I seem to decay.

Less and less of me ventures on to the next day rising,

because I'm stuck in an eternal funeral procession.

In death you are supposed to forget

that Death becomes us all

Until we forget what it is we lost.

But then, when we have succeeded in this,

have we managed to forget ourselves in the fall?

## sports

# I Dreamt Once of a Mets-Knicks World Series

By Josh Ginsberg

Anyone who knows me knows that I love the Yankees. My haircut is modeled after A-Rod's. My license plate reads Y4NKF4N1. It is bordered by a authentic Yankees license-plate border. The most played songs on my iPod are "Crash Into Me," "Dani California" and "Yankees (Hay You Doin')." In fact, I have "Yankees (Hay You Doin')" tattooed in size 72 font, three times in succession along the underbelly of my well, anyway—I love the Yankees more than anyone ever and more than anything ever. Seriously, I love the Yankees more than my dad. Yet there is something tragic that nags at the very essence of my soul.

"The greatest Yankees team in the history of the franchise," say some. "The most climactic and surprising event since Christ's resurrection and eventual disappearance" others scream from the open windows of Manhattan skyscrapers. From the leveled valleys, the housing projects and expensive cars comes, "Dude, I'm all like 'fuck the Phillies,' and dogg, you can't see it 'cuz you know, this is aint like no fuckin' comic book or some shit, but you just fuckin know I'm like FUCK THE PHILLIES with a capital PH. You know of 'fuck' not 'Phillies.' Cuz that obvious starts with a PH."

As I sit head in hands my eyes bear that same sadness, evocative of the Trail-of-Tears and the 2003 World Series, as those of Mariano Rivera. Joe Girardi may have 27 rings to gild both hands. But the Yankees did not truly win the World Series last night. Nay! They did not win a'tall.

A lot of people were walking around campus today in Swisher T's. They were all high-fiving, their eyes rolling effortlessly up to the chilly November sun. They were blessed out and euphoric. One young man with the general disposition of a

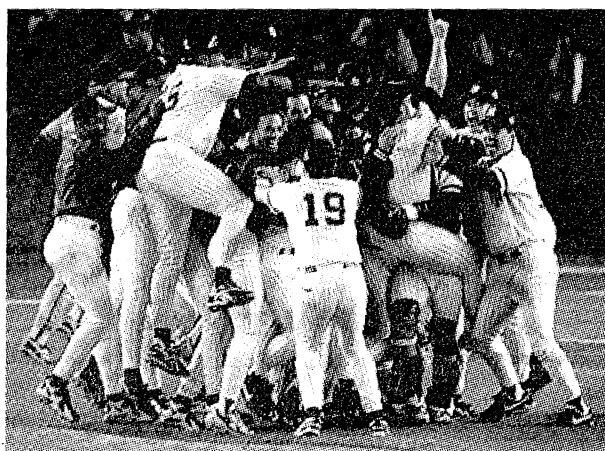
Goose and the volume of *Death Magnetic*, cried out to a fellow fan:

"HAHAHAHA MAN! YANKEEZ 4ever We a DIE-Nestea again!"

His friend embraced him warmly, with a slap on the back and a "whoohoo" that could raise Whitey Ford from his grave. A wave of spittle splashed from broad-chapped lips. Crazy eyes roll up to the heavens, wherefrom the specter of Yogi Berra proudly smiles down at him.

"We fuckin' did it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

And there, by the Melville Library, a swarm of



disparate disconnected souls—Italians, Blacks, Jews, even a homosexual—who on any other day would have spoken not a word, embraced warmly.

I simply slink by this massive-platonic-orgy. I drop my gaze to the pavement which flows endlessly behind me and every piece of dried gum becomes another failure...another memory...another ring.

Let's get to the point here. The man known as Hideki Matsui is an android. Androids can't legally play in Major League Baseball (which is why Benny Agbayani's days were numbered). I was on baseball-reference dot com, sitting hunched and bearded. No one has ever driven in 6 RBIs in one game six. And shit man, let's not go

crazy with the numerology. I mean Matsui, who had six RBIs in game six in his sixth season with the Yankees.

My real qualm with game six is that they didn't play the bottom of the ninth. People say, "What's the point? Do you not get the rules of baseball? Have you ever watched baseball before?"

My answer is as the many-headed Hydra. It rears back on a thousand legs, spewing venomous bile. It goes:

"Fuck you Ross, do you think I seriously give a shit about this gay-ass bullshit? Sports are for people who don't spend six hours on their college campus a week and who don't sleep with their high school sweetheart while they wait for their little brothers to get home from school every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Shit-fuck, you curly haired little whore. I don't have time for this, I've got to go shave and eat Green Cactus. Give me a call when you are old enough to do either of those things."

Sometimes I feel as though I'm wading through a boggy dream. My head throbs. My heart beats hard in my throat. My eyes gaze upon an oscillating wave of navy blue which has spilled upon the Staller Steps, enveloping all that was once green. There are dogs everywhere—you know like in the video for the "Sweater Song." Except they are ravenous and rabid. I take a long, sad draw from a glass pipe and look into the eyes of the warlock. His face changes. His long beard falls out in clumps. His eyebrow splits down the middle in two. His skin becomes very slightly darker. His eyes go from a glowing red to a pale green. He grows in stature. He looks like the sort of dude who'd bang 2008-era Madonna.

"Hey mang, this is A-Rod. The Mets suck. You suck. Fuck you. We dominated."

Alright, A-Rod, fair enough.

## Why Pennsylvania is the Worst

By Doug Cion

In light of recent events, (a.k.a. the New York Yankees taking care of the *Sil-lies* in the World Series) as I watched the three games that took place in the city of Philadelphia, I began to acknowledge how awful a place it actually is. The fans have absolutely no class and have this high sense of undeserved accomplishment, which made me start comparing them to other fans I hate, like those of a Boston/New England team in any sport or a New York Giants fan. This is not the first time I have noticed how awful

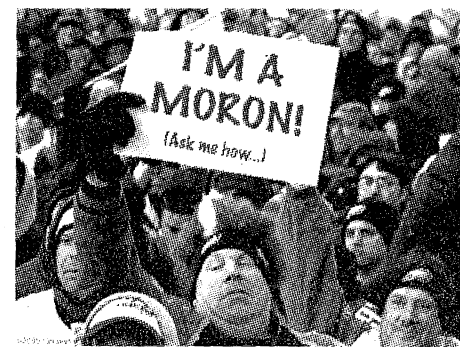
these people are. I am a Dallas Cowboy fan and I often deal with the sewage that comes out of their cheese steak-stuffed mouths (that is until the NFL playoffs). So, as I put down my three rounds and about my 18<sup>th</sup> medium degree buffalo wing on the night of November 3rd, I began compiling a bunch of reasons why the state of Pennsylvania is positively the worst state in the country, leading us to this Top 10 list.

Let us focus on the sport franchises first, shall we?

**The Philadelphia Eagles:** You are the symbol of our nation yet you cannot ever get to the Super Bowl. If America

were a football team, they would win it every year and have no problem doing it. This leads me to speculate you support Al Qaeda.

**The Philadelphia Phillies:** You have the creativity of a retarded pelican when it comes to naming your teams. "We don't have a mascot, so why don't we just name our team after the city name that comes before the team name." Besides that, in the home park, there is a mock liberty bell that is illuminated in bright lights every time a player hits a home run. Are you trying to remind the world of poor American craftsmanship? I think you are, thus you are communists and you hate America.



**The Philadelphia 76ers:** Need I say more?

**The Pittsburgh Penguins:** If you were actually penguins, then you would win the Stanley Cup every year. Ya know, because penguins and ice go together very well.

# I Hate Baseball, Little Babies and Kittens

By Liz "Anti-Fun" Kaempf

I was driving to school two days after the much-appreciated and much-welcomed end of the baseball season, and I found myself strongly wishing to drive my car right into the trunk of the SUV in front of me. I couldn't figure out why I was thinking like this whilst I was busy trying to open my Nesquik with one hand. But after the first chocolately sip I came to a conclusion.

The New York Yankees.

A Yankees logo plagued the poor back windshield of the vehicle in front of me. "How cruel!" I thought. "That windshield can't fight back. It's unfair to defile it in such a grotesque manner!" And then I proceeded to drive the next seven minutes with this monstrosity in front of me, trying quite admirably to maintain a full car-length distance against the will of my lead foot.

I was more than relieved when it finally turned into the parking lot of a 7-11, and I thought I was in the clear until someone with Mets stickers wound up in front of me, not once, but twice!

My dilemma here, my audience, is that I thought I was finally rid of the insanity that is the baseball season, and most importantly, the World Series. But, no. It haunts me still.

It's not like I have anything against sports and their fans; I'm down for the cause. However, I would prefer if we could keep it out of my Facebook news feed next time. I was so sick of seeing "A-ROD!", "Matsuiiiii", "Umpires suck!",

and "27!!!!!" plaguing all 300 of my news updates every day for a week.

News flash! Not everyone gives a shit about the umpires! Or any of the players! Believe it or not, I don't care about who's pitching for the Phillies, and why he'll never beat the Yanks. If I did I would be watching these games myself, no?

So do me a favor, and keep your rants to yourself next time. Facebook does not need to know the play-by-play of your ridiculous excuse for a pastime. Yeah, I said it. *Ridiculous.*

Aside from the traffic on my poor, innocent Facebook page, baseball itself irks me a bit. Let's be honest here, this is the most untalented of all the sports a man (or woman) could play.

Yeah, I'll give it to you, trying to hit a small, white, leather-bound ball traveling at a speed of 96 mph isn't exactly what I would call a cakewalk. But that about sums up the extent of baseball's obstacles.

You're not worried about five other men that are 6'4" stealing the ball from you and knocking your ass to the ground.

The wrath of egotistical European players on a turf field does not concern you.

It's not like you have to worry yourself over a 300-pound man getting ready to tackle you and break you in half.

Nor are you out of your element by competing on ice skates and then being crushed between two defensemen and the surrounding walls.

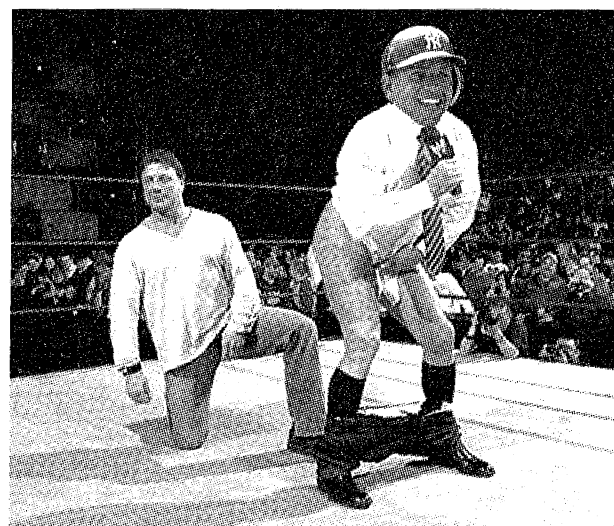
And you're not even moving at all

points of the game! A majority of your "sport" is played sitting on a bench sharing your Big League Chew with the guy next to you. It's by far the laziest of all sports. Guess that's why it's the "Great American Pastime!"

And really guys, it's not even exciting. Where's the violence that our society feeds off of? An angry coach yelling at an old umpire is hardly what I would call riveting. I don't know about everyone else, but I like the prospects of blood and broken bones. It's not because I want to see another person get hurt, but it shows me that you are willing to put your body on the line for what you love. It shows pride, heart and spirit. And in the great words of Keanu Reeves, "Chicks dig scars."

I know from experience just how boring this so-called sport can be. I played T-ball once. I was forced to. I was actually a soccer kid growing up, but in the off-season I had to stand in the outfield instead of guarding the goal net. And, surprise, surprise! It was a waste of time! I spent more time chasing butterflies than I did playing the game!

Not to mention, baseball is more of a business than it is a sport. I find that so much of it is having the money to buy the "talent" than it is utilizing what you've got. I'm sure if the Mets had the means to buy Derek Jeter, maybe they would make it farther into the season. The Yankees have the money to piss



away to acquire all their players. I find myself overjoyed every time someone says to me, "Looks like the Yankees bought another World Series." Give all the teams an even budget and I bet they wouldn't have "27!!!!!" World Series wins. But that's a communist stand point, I suppose, and it doesn't fit the American capitalist motif.

I don't think I would have so much hatred for baseball right now if it didn't try to succumb all the fibers of my life to its will. If it politely left me alone then baseball and I would be acquaintances. But no. Baseball had to go and overstep its boundaries and pry its little spindly legs into my day-to-day activities. So this is it for you and me, baseball. I hardly knew ye. And I never really wanted to anyway.

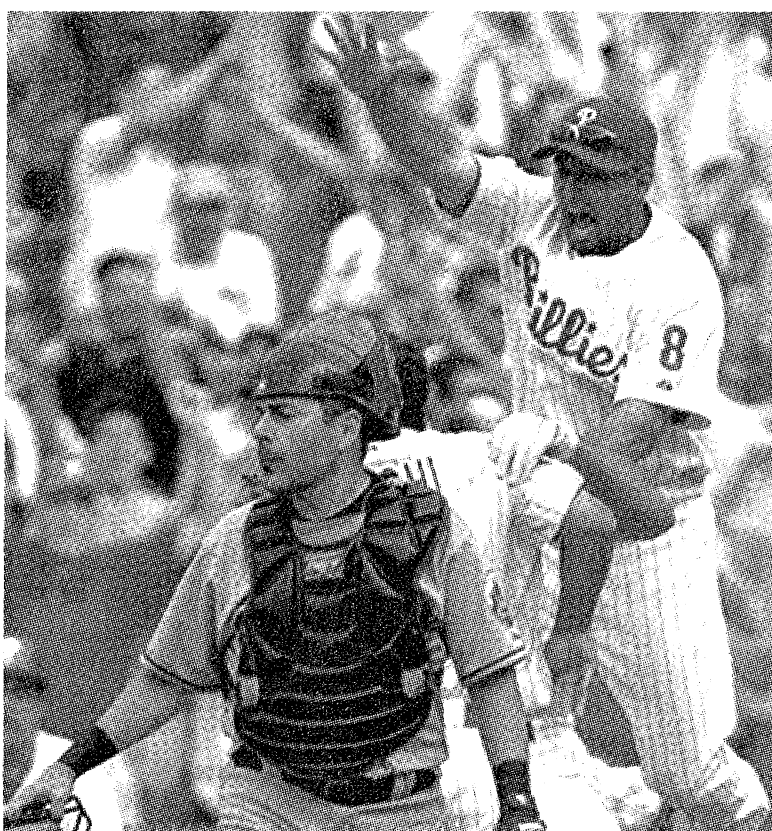
So baseball, take your time squirming into my life on the next round, and tell that A-Rod to take his steroids and join the WWE or get the fuck off my T.V.!

**The Terrible Towel:** As a means of cheering for your teams, you bring towels to the stadium and swing them over your head. Well, I say you use those towels for their industrial purpose and clean up your disgusting city streets.

For practically every meaningful sport there are two teams representing the state of Pennsylvania (usually through the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh). So basically there is double the chance that the winning team will derive from this state, which explains the lovely year of 2008 when the Phillies, Penguins and Steelers won their sport's respective championships. Okay, New York usually has two teams as well but that is because... well there really is no purpose in explaining it because it just makes sense.

Moving aside from sports, here are the last five reasons why Pennsylvania is the worst state.

**Villanova:** The little school that thinks



it is the big school... The only thing produced from this private institution is mediocre athletics and a vast student body compiled of douchebags.

**Penn State University:** The really big school with the little G.P.A. average.

**The City of Philadelphia:** If you were a good national capital, you still would be the national capital.

**The State Itself:** For anyone who has ventured through this state, you understand that the size is very misleading. It took me a solid six hours to drive west to east across this state that looks like what Mars probably looks like on the surface, sans the red of course. The state of Pennsylvania is not the first thing that comes to mind when you say "a big state," however it is much bigger than regarded.

**That's What She Said**

Yeah, I only have nine in a Top 10 countdown. Do you know why? It is because I am from New York and I am allowed to. If you don't like it, my lovely Pennsylvanian resident, why don't you cry into that stupid Terrible Towel of yours?

# Fedor Wins. Lesnar's Out.

## What's New on the Ultimate Fighter?

By Matthew Maran

In the Strikeforce main event on CBS Saturday night, decorated heavyweight Fedor Emilianenko defeated previously undefeated Brett Rogers by second round TKO.

Emilianenko was busted open after a big right landed by Rogers in the first round. Both fighters landed heavy hits on each other throughout the first round, but Rogers hung in there with Emilianenko, who is widely recognized as the best heavyweight fighter in the world.

In the second round, Emilianenko caught Rogers with a big right that took him off his feet and pounced on top. Referee Big John McCarthy stopped the fight when it appeared that Rogers could not defend himself.

Rogers was coming off an upset victory over former UFC Heavyweight Champ Andrei Arlovski, but came into the fight with Emilianenko as the underdog with a 9-1 record. While Emilianenko still has never fought in the UFC, and many feel that he is not facing the best competition in MMA, with this victory he has retained his spot at the top of the Heavyweight division in the minds of most MMA insiders.



Brock Lesnar was scheduled to defend his UFC Heavyweight championship at UFC 106 November 21<sup>st</sup> against the undefeated Shane Carwin, but has had to cancel due to illness. Lesnar was so ill that he was unable to train and would not be ready for the fight. MMA is not like other sports. A fighter absolutely cannot be sick going into a fight. At first there was speculation that Lesnar had the H1N1 virus, commonly known as swine flu. However, it has now come out that Lesnar has mononucleosis, or "mono".

The original make up date for the fight was scheduled to be at UFC 108 on January 2nd, but that date may need to

be changed as well. As of now, it is unsure of when the championship bout will occur.

The UFC 106 main event will now be two former UFC light heavyweight champions facing off. Tito Ortiz will be making his long-awaited return to the UFC to take on Ultimate Fighter Season one winner Forrest Griffin.

In the most recent weeks of the Ultimate Fighter things have certainly heated up. Two weeks ago Matt Mitrione defeated Scott Junk in what many considered an upset. Many people on the show felt that Junk was a contender to win the show. This win gave coach Rashad Evans his seventh straight win

improving his record to 7-0. With only eight preliminary fights in the first round of the show, this left Coach Quinton "Rampage" Jackson with only one final chance to get one of his fighters into the next round. Rampage took out his frustration on one of the not so sturdy doors in the Ultimate Fighter training facility by completely destroying the door, and ripping it off its hinges.

In the last first round fights, former NFL first round draft pick Marcus Jones defeated Mike Wessel by first round submission. Jones surprised a lot of people by locking on an armbar out of nowhere and gave Coach Rampage his first and only win in the first round of the show.

UFC 105 is coming up Saturday November 14<sup>th</sup> and will be airing live on Spike TV from Manchester, England. MMA Legend Randy Couture will be facing Brandon Vera in the main event, and Michael Bisping will be fighting in front of his home crowd. Dan Hardy will be facing Mike Swick in a match that will determine the number one contender to Georges St. Pierre's Welterweight Championship. Also the winners from last season's Ultimate Fighter: United Kingdom vs. United States, James Wilks and Ross Pearson respectively, will be competing as well.

## Newcomer's Guide to MMA: A Lexicon

By Matthew Maran

Many of our readers have read or seen my recent Mixed Martial Arts articles, and not fully understood everything that I have said. This article is for those of you who do not know that much about MMA and are looking to learn more.

First of all, the name of the sport is Mixed Martial Arts (MMA). There have been variations of MMA dating back to the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, but modern day MMA began in 1993 with the founding of the Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC). MMA was originally created so that people all over the world who were experts in a variety of different styles of martial arts could compete against each other. While there have been, and still are other MMA companies, the UFC remains the largest and most successful

MMA company in the world.

All fights in the UFC are fought in an eight-sided cage known as "The Octagon." All MMA companies have weight classes. In the UFC the classes are divided as so:

Lightweight: 146-155 lbs.  
Welterweight: 156-170 lbs.  
Middleweight: 171-185 lbs.  
Light Heavyweight: 186-205 lbs.  
Heavyweight: 206-265 lbs.

There are also other weight classes not currently used in the UFC, but used in the UFC's sister company, World Extreme Cagefighting (WEC):  
Featherweight: 136-145 lbs.  
Bantamweight: 126-135 lbs.  
Flyweight: under 126 lbs  
Super Heavyweight: over 265 lbs.

Every fight in the UFC is scheduled for three five-minute rounds, except championship bouts, which are scheduled for five five-minute rounds. Each fight has a one-minute rest period in

between rounds. There are four ways to win a fight. These include the following below:

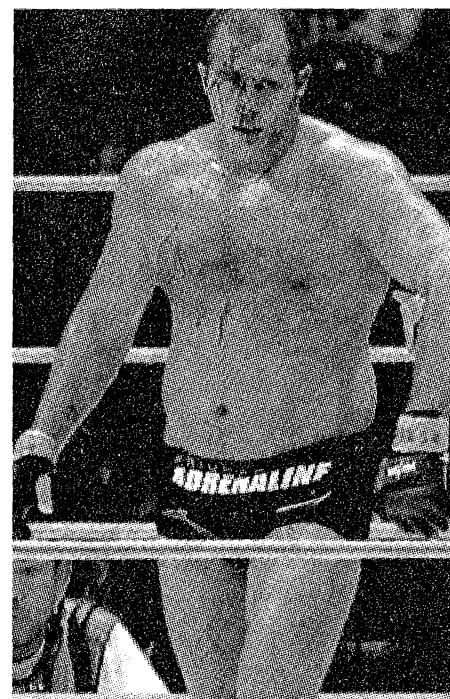
**Knockout (KO):** A knockout is when a fighter is either unconscious or "knocked out."

**Technical Knockout (TKO):** This is when either a referee, a doctor, or a fighter's coach determines a fighter cannot continue due to not being able to "intelligently defend" themselves, an injury occurs and a doctor determines that they cannot continue, or a corner surrenders the fight for their fighter.

**Submission:** This is when a fighter taps out or verbally admits defeat.

**Judges Decision:** If a fight does not end by the end of the scheduled time the decision will go to the judges. The way a fight is scored is that after each round the fighter who won the round is awarded ten points. The fighter who loses the round is given nine points or fewer depending on how they perform.

Hopefully this has clarified some of the things you may not have understood in my past articles.



# Fight Club(s): Karate

By Eric DiGiovanni

Style: Shotokan Karate

When: Mondays and Wednesdays 7:30-9:00 PM

Where: Mat Room in the Indoor Sports Complex

Who's Known for It: UFC Lightweight Champion Lyoto Machida, Jean Claude Van Damme and of course, Chuck Norris.

Think back to when you were a kid, and you were having some problems with bullies at school. What was the first thing your parents suggested, other than rational discourse? Karate. In every movie, what martial art did the tough guy/badass know? Karate. He then went on to beat the crap out of all the big, tough guys who thought good old fisticuffs would beat the Ancient Tiger Crane style he learned from the wise old man who lives in/near a place with a picture of a monastery. Would a trip to Stony Brook's Karate Club teach me how to focus my chi and kill a man with an one-inch punch?

No. No one can really do that. If you're looking for fighting tips here, then you might as well read *Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas* to find out who won the Mint 400 in 1971.

The class I attended was much smaller than I figured. After seeing the flyers plastered all over campus, I figured it would be more than four, including me. The instructor, Jerry Cymerman, a doctor of dentistry seemed nervous at the prospect. "Two more people said they'd come," he said, giving me just enough time to head back to the office and get the camera. I couldn't write a proper story without, you know, other people.

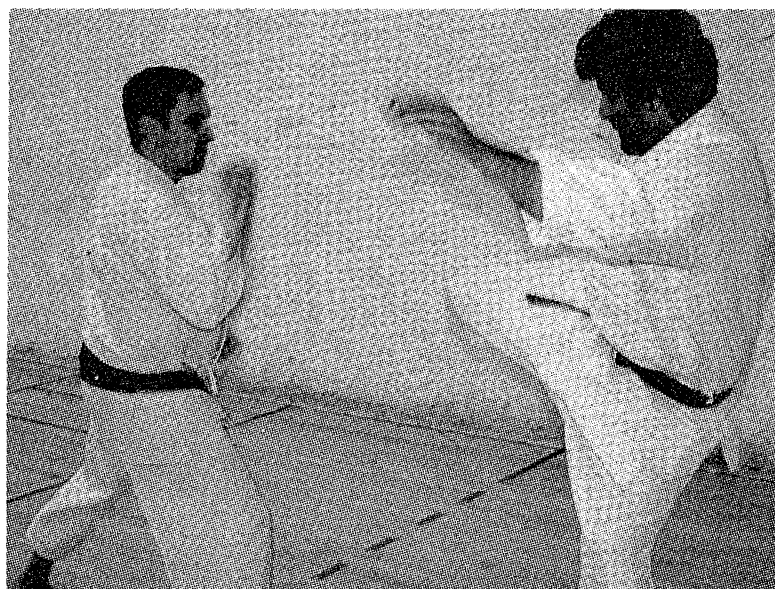
Fortunately, more came, and the class started. The whole thing definitely took me back to my days of taekwondo, with the familiar rituals of bowing to the master, and then to the hall. Even those weird stretches that you

never think would work, like moving your knees in a circle, were there too. The kicks and punches are all more or less the same, except that in Karate, kicks are done with the ball of the foot as opposed to the top of the foot.

I apologize for not almost dying in these recent Fight Club(s). There aren't any primal thrills or calls for a medic when things go wrong in this club. When I ask the question "Why?" Cymerman's response is discipline, focus and all those other mental aspects your parents use to justify letting you go hog wild in a bathrobe and breaking planks of wood. In the Karate Club there's method to that line of madness. Everything is done very deliberately. He breaks down all kicks and maneuvers, step-by-step. These are practiced even more in kata, which are pre-arranged forms, another similarity between karate and taekwondo. While some of the more advanced forms are impressive, it's not meant to be some epic battle that's choreographed.

Even sparring (at least for beginners) is done in a similar fashion: in planned, segmented motions. As a trainee gets more advanced, the sparring becomes a lot more natural. Everyone starts off with "Three Step Sparring", which means one calls out the name of the attack they will perform, and the other person has to block it three times. Then it's only one step, and then free sparring. "We practice the basics a lot, because it's important to have perfect technique," says Cymerman.

One of the kids who came brought his gi (uniform) and brown belt with him. Why someone would bring such a thing to a club is beyond me, but it is recognized by the Japan Karate Association (JKA), the governing Shotokan Karate organization. So I guess the kid's looking



to earn some of his stripes here.

The club does have quite a pedigree on its side. Jerry C. (whose name is impossible to spell right the first time around) has been practicing for 20 years. The Chief Instructor, Sensei Masataka Mori, is an 8th-dan (level) black belt and is Standing Director of the JKA Pan American Region. He was one of the original masters who brought karate over to America from Japan in 1963, and studied under Gichin Funakoshi, the founder of Shotokan.

These days, karate and other striking arts are being marginalized due to the rise of Mixed Martial Arts. Muay Thai and boxing are more prevalent, but are losing ground (no pun intended) to the grappling disciplines of jujitsu and wrestling. Jerry sees the difference as this: "MMA is something you can do right now, when you're young. Karate is more of a lifelong thing. I go to these summer camps, and I saw a 75-year old monk execute a perfect roundhouse kick. There was this one 86-year old guy who's five times my speed."

So, basically, go for the art, not the martial.

# Men's Rugby Heads to NRU Final Four

By Erin Mansfield

The Stony Brook Seawolves Men's Rugby team beat Boston University's Terriers 31-27 in the Northeast Rugby Union quarterfinals, pushing their record to 9-0.

The Seawolves weren't facing bitter cold, but they were facing a bitter team determined to make them work for every last try, and so they battled.

The game began with a try for Boston, answered by a converted try for the Seawolves. The struggle continued with Stony Brook intercepting sloppy passes and Boston breaking away on the wings. A yellow card on a high tackle by Stony Brook's wing left their team a man down; the Seawolves were caught leaving the weak side of a 5-meter scrum undefended, and Boston's loosehead

prop was able to drive in a try. At the end of the first 40 minutes, the Terriers led 17-10.

But the second half was a different story. The Seawolves came back with a bang, with a converted try by fly half Alex Mitchell just after kickoff to tie up the game 17-17, and rally the team back on a winning streak. Stony Brook's lineouts remained virtually unstoppable in



the second half: As the front jumper, lock Joe Russo, won most of them including the ones thrown in by Boston. The Terriers led in the scrums.

The Seawolves cemented their lead on their last two tries. One was mauled in by the entire team and awarded to outside center Sean Rafferty, making it his second try of the game. Then after Boston failed to receive a punt properly, senior Jasper Wilson scored the final try by kicking the ball past two Boston players and touching it down in the try zone.

"Our game plan was just to get the ball out wide," said Dan "Shaggy" Yarusso, Stony Brook's head coach. "In order to do that, we had to use at least three guys [in the rucks]."

"I think we had a tough time in the scrums," Yarusso said of the forwards' struggles. But he added, "Joe Russo is just unstoppable."

More than 200 fans stood on the sidelines that Saturday afternoon at the campus recreation fields, an anomaly for a team who sings that their fans "never come." An even bigger anomaly, however, is the way the Seawolves cleared out the Met-NY Division II this year, leading to their undefeated record.

"I think it was the overall performance of the guys," said Yarusso, who's been with the team for five years. "They were underclassmen, and they're developing into upperclassmen."

Sunday, November 15, the men's rugby team will play in the Northeast Rugby Union Final Four. For next year, they have received the opportunity to move up a division and play in Division I of the Met-NY Rugby Football Union, alongside West Point, Fordham, Kings Point and SUNY New Paltz.

"It's up to the guys," Yarusso said, "But I think they're ready for it."

# ARE YOU AMERICA?



**YES? YOU ARE?  
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FRIDAYS 2PM**